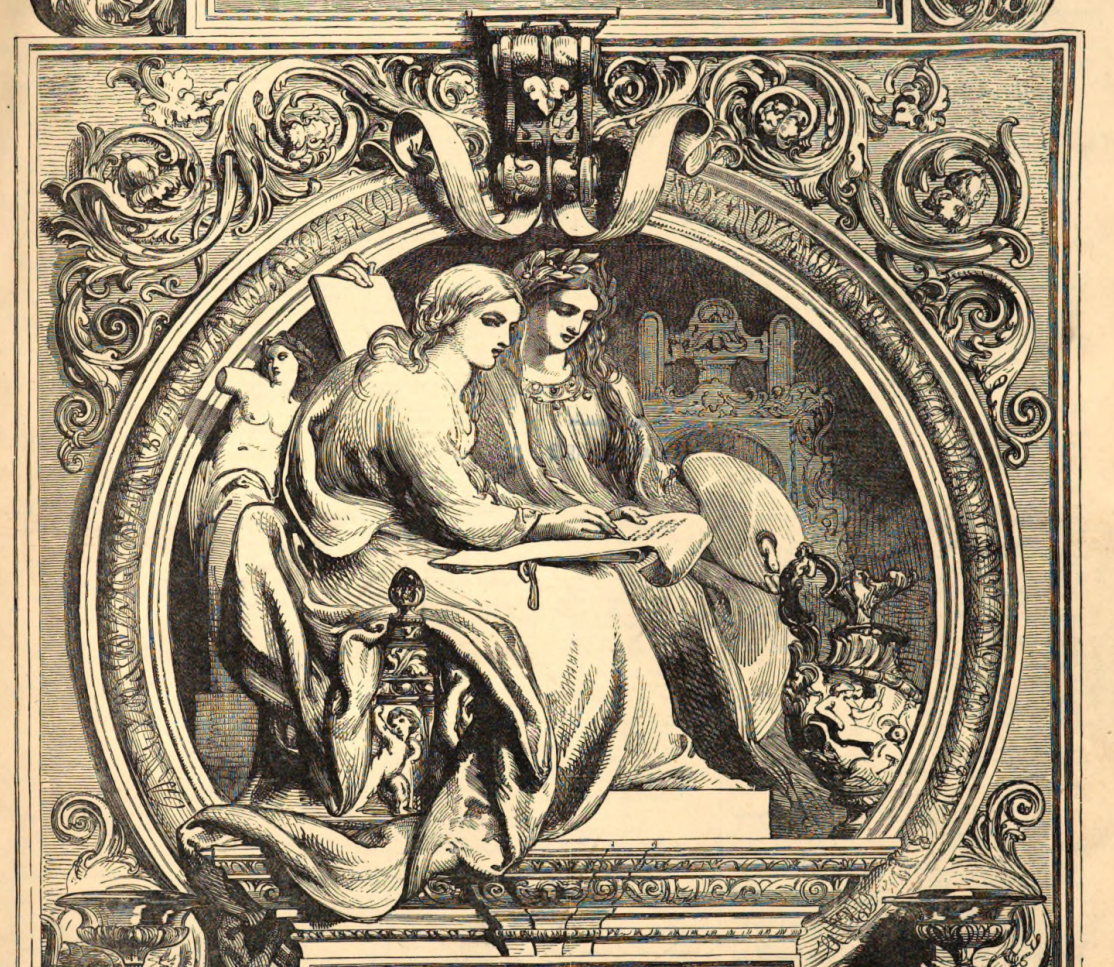
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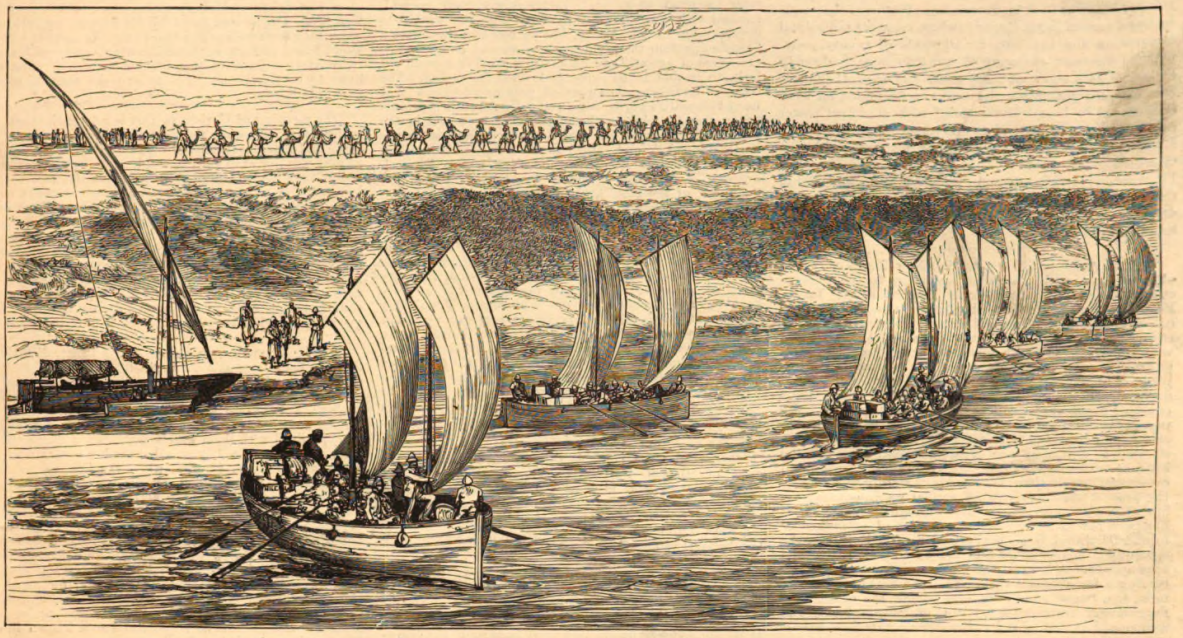
TO THE BINDER.

Frontispiece: Prince Albert Edward of Wales, Jan. 10. The Two-page Engravings should be folded in the ordinary manner and mounted on guards or pasted in at a little distance from the fold of the middle, so that they may be neither stitched through nor gathered in at the back when the volume is bound.

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THE HEAD OF THE RIVER COLUMN: ROYAL ENGINEERS AND GUARDS' CAMEL CORPS LEAVING DONGOLA FOR THE FRONT.



SENDING CAMELS ACROSS THE NILE AT DONGOLA.

THE NILE EXPEDITION: SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. MELTON PRIOR.

OUR NOTE-BOOK

The New-Year's joy-bells may well have seemed to some happy listeners to ring out a jubilant wedding-peal in honour of the betrothal of her Majesty's youngest daughter and Prince Henry of Battenberg. Nothing but hearty congratulations have followed the official announcement of this auspicious engagement, which on Monday night received the Queen's sanction at Osborne, the affianced couple agreeing to comply with her Majesty's wish that they should reside in England after their marriage. In the forthcoming Royal union all classes of the Queen's subjects will evince that interest which is invariably felt in all that concerns the welfare of the Royal family. Princess Beatrice has won the affection of the people by her devotion to her Majesty, whose constant and helpful companion she has been for upwards of twenty years. One of the most charming of our Princesses, and richly endowed with every womanly grace and accomplishment, her Royal Highness may be cordially felicitated on what is believed to be a "love-match" with a gallant young soldier-Prince. Prince Henry is the younger brother of Prince Louis of Battenberg, whose marriage with the Queen's grand-daughter, Princess Victoria of Hesse, at Darmstadt, her Majesty and Princess Beatrice attended in the spring of last year. We are sure that all our readers will join us in wishing the Prince and Princess the happiest of New Years.

The popular practice of making New-Year's gifts is as old as Rome, and originated, according to the "Encyclopœdia of Antiquities," with Romulus and Tatius. Eatables were the principal offerings, though, in honour of the season, the figs and dates presented were ornamented with gold-leaf. One fig with the decoration was considered to be a handsome gift from a client to his patron, though in some cases it was accompanied by a piece of money to be expended in the purchase of statues of deities. In the early ages of the Church, ecclesiastical councils condemned New-Years' gifts on account of the pagan ceremonies accompanying their presentation. Later on, during the reign of Edward VI., an orange stuck with cloves was a popular New-Year's offering, but not to the king or his successors, who insisted on presentations from every member of their households as sternly as a cook of the present time insists on an annual remembrance from her master's trades-people. But throughout all ages food has been fashionable; and the progress of extravagance might be traced from the gilded fig of Rome to the sumptuous bonbonnières that are now so expensive and appropriate. A few years ago, a box of French chocolates costing a few shillings was accepted as a neat compliment; now, ten, twenty, and even fifty pounds are charged for magnificent satin edifices full of sugar-plums, and announced as "suitable for New-Year's gifts."

A centenary, interesting to the world generally and journalism specially, was reached on Wednesday, Dec. 31. It was the hundredth birthday of the *Times*. This newspaper was started in 1785, under the title of the "Daily Universal Register," but changed its name three years later. It is curious to read the leading article in which the new name was excused, as a study of the changes which have taken place in the editorial method of the past and present. Here is an extract:—"The *Times!* What a monstrous name! Granted—for the *Times* is a many-headed monster that speaks with an hundred tongues, and displays a thousand characters; and, in the course of its transitions in life, assumes innumerable shapes and humours."

This does not sound like the leading journal of to-day. Of course, advancement of thought and education have brought formidable rivals into the field of daily newspapers; but, according to Mr. Joseph Hatton's little work on "Journalistic London," the *Times* was the first to use machine presses, the first to drive them by steam, the first to introduce type-setters, and the first to adopt the telephone and electric light. This is progress, indeed; and we wish our contemporary many happy returns of its birthday.

Amongst the curious fancies that seize rich and charitable persons, surely Mr. Leopold De Rothschild's is not the least eccentric; and it is all the more graciously conceived because the generous donor can have no possible connection with the recipients of his goodness. Every omnibus-driver on the Bayswater and Hammersmith line has been presented with a brace of pheasants and a bottle of wine at the expense of the wealthy Hebrew banker. They will have no opportunity of reciprocating his kindness even by civility, for it is not likely that Mr. De Rothschild will require accommodation on the box-seat, or ask some passenger to get outside to oblige a lady.

New York is to become the seat of a great Catholic University, and the sum of £75,000 for its foundation has been given by Miss Caldwell, a young lady who has just attained her majority, with the full consent of her guardians. She and her sister are orphans, who have been well educated, and have spent two or three years travelling in Europe; they are not 'verts, but Catholics by birth and breeding. No doubt other funds will come in rapidly, and the establishment of such an university will obviate the necessity felt by young American priests to go to Rome and there attend the lectures of the Propaganda after their theological studies are finished at home. It is said that the Pope has some very special favour in store for this generous daughter of her Church.

What the German language owes to the Brothers Grimm may be compared with the debt that Rome owed to the Neros (according to Horace): it was but right, then, that Jan. 4, "the centenary of the birth of Jacob Grimm," should be recommended to the attention of "all the Prussian schools" as a day worthy of remembrance and celebration.

Among the observed of observers during the New Year will be Mr. Brodrick-Cloete, whose singular fortune it is to own the "first favourite" for the Derby of 1885, though the gentleman has not yet been known on the turf for so long as a single year. This beats even the celebrated Mr. John Bowes, of Streatlam, who came to the front pretty early in his day, and won the Derby with Mundig (in the Noachian year, 1835), Cotherstone, Daniel O'Rourke, and West Australian, oftener by once than any other owner has ever won the great race, since the time of Lord Egremont, the famous Lord of Petworth. Mr. Brodrick-Cloete, who is known to be a keen sportsman, at one time following "big game" in America, and at another "wielding the willow" for the Orleans Club, or other cricket clubs at home, a good rider, a good shot, and pretty good "all round," has not only Paradox (five thousand guineas' worth) to depend upon for the Derby, but he has also the "dark" Louisbourg (four thousand guineas' worth), bought when two years of age at Lord Falmouth's sale last season, but hitherto unable to be properly trained for racing. The name of Louisbourg has puzzled persons who know that Lord Falmouth's horses were generally named with significance; and a clue to the puzzle may be found in the fact that Chevisaunce (dam of the "dark" animal) means "achievement," and that Lord Falmouth's gallant ancestor, Admiral Boscawen (himself a racing Admiral, setting the example followed by Admiral Rous, the "dictator of the turf"), performed a notable "achievement" at Louisbourg, North Carolina, in the American War.

Between the desire of feeding poor little starving children with penny dinners and the fear of pauperising their parents, charity and prudence have been of late very much at variance. The happy medium seems to have been reached, however, at the Westminster Jews' Free School, where parents who cannot pay the necessary pennies are employed in plain coarse needlework as an equivalent, taking the materials on one Monday and bringing back the finished articles on the following Monday. At the end of the winter, the clothing will be sold at cost price, either to the parents or to any persons who desire to purchase them for charitable purposes. This plan, it is to be hoped, may solve the difficulty.

Commander the Hon. A. Curzon Howe gave to the crew of H.M.S. Sultan, on Christmas Day, a big Christmas-tree, with at least twenty pound's worth of presents. This was true consideration, for a ship cannot be left on Christmas Day, more than on any other day in the year, without hands to manage her, and Jack Tar is peculiarly fond of a little fun and jollity.

It is perhaps not very widely known that the Dispensary established by Mrs. Garrett-Anderson in 1865, when she entered on the life of a duly qualified medical practitioner, has developed into a small but unique Hospital for Women. It occupies two large old-fashioned houses in the Marylebone-road, and contains twenty-six beds. The visiting physicians are all ladies, the dispenser is also a lady, and of course the nurses and servants are feminine. In fact, there is not a man about the place, with the exception of one occasionally called in to carry heavy weights up and down stairs. Some of our best known doctors and surgeons are on the consulting staff, and the students of the London School of Medicine for Women are admitted to the wards to watch cases, and follow up the practice of Mrs. Anderson and her colleagues.

Some men have bad luck—or would have it, if there were such a thing. Here is gallant Captain Sandilands, of H.M.S. Asia, Portsmouth Harbour. He jumped overboard, plunging through 25 ft. of darkness into a cold and troubled sea, to grope after a poor sailor who had fallen into the water accidentally. The Captain found and saved his man—but only for the time; the poor fellow ultimately died from the shock and inflammation of the lungs. It was by no means the first occasion on which Captain Sandilands had performed a similar feat, and received the medal and clasps awarded for such bravery: but on every occasion he has been unfortunate in the results of his efforts, as the life he has saved has always been lost eventually within a few days from the effects of the shock or of disease. This is truly "hard lines," if not bad luck.

There was great rejoicing at Portsmouth on Christmas Eve when news arrived that the considerably overdue Tyne was safely anchored off Spithead, and would come into harbour the next morning. She had been hospital-ship and head-quarters for the Marines at Souakim for eight months, during which time a small coral reef had formed on her bottom, and considerably impeded her progress through the water. Added to this, she met with terribly rough weather off Cape Finisterre, and her machinery broke down, so that her homeward voyage was accomplished under many difficulties.

As soon as a country has taken kindly to horse-racing, and arrived at a certain pitch of excellence, so that the sport becomes popular and is greatly developed, the question of "two-year-old racing" is sure to arise. A time inevitably comes when two-year-olds are raced: it has been so in England, in France, in America, in Germany, in Austria-Hungary, in Australia, in all the world—that is, of any account in horse-racing. Then, quite as surely, comes an outcry: the breed of horses is deteriorating in consequence of the practice of racing immature animals. It was so last season in France. The Société des Agriculteurs de France appealed to the French Jockey Club to put down two-year-old racing in France. The French Jockey Club declined to do anything of the sort, replying that, briefly, it is far the best course to train the thorough-bred as early as possible (within limits shown by experience to be reasonable); that the possibility dates from the latter part of the second year: and that the races are a natural consequence of the training, and (if there be no abuse) do far more good than harm. Indeed, the French Jockey Club evidently holds with the view of the old English trainer, who used to say of his animals in training, when they needed "sweating," as it is called: "If they must sweat, let 'em sweat for the brass"—that is, "let them run for public money or sweepstakes." People argue that, because Flying Childers and Eclipse, and the earliest "cracks," did not run till they were five years old, it must be wrong to depart from that practice. But it is by no means certain that Flying Childers and Eclipse were even equal to some of their successors, let alone superior: and, if you must not run a horse until he is really a horse, at five years of age, of course it would be wrong to run him at three: which is absurd. The great Potsoes ran just once when he was technically two years old, "rising" three; Waxy (the "ace of trumps" of the whole pack of sires) won the Derby when he was only a three-year-old of a fortnight's standing, technically; the celebrated "stayers," Dr. Syntax and Irish Harkaway, ran just once when they were technically two years old; and the famous Touchstone, though a "valetudinarian," was pulled out twice at two years of age, became the sire of sires, and lived to be thirty-one. The great point seems to be not to overdo it.

The morning of Christmas Day is a favourite time for getting married among the very poor, and at many of the East-End churches the clergy begin uniting happy couples at nine a.m., or even earlier, and it is half-past eleven or a quarter to twelve before the regular morning service can begin. It is almost necessary sometimes to marry them in batches, and leave them to sort themselves afterwards, for between the nervousness natural to the occasion, and the mistiness of mind peculiar to thoughtless young men and maidens, the bride does not always make it clear to the official mind which is the groom and which is the groomsman. There is often a promiscuous exchange of hats after the register has been signed, and, unless the churchwardens come to the rescue, the confusion is frequently somewhat appalling.

A little Japanese boy, Prince Alexis Saigo, died about the middle of December, of typhoid fever, at Washington, in the house of Baron de Struve, the Russian Ambassador to the United States, who formerly filled the same position at the Mikado's Court, where Prince Alexis formed a strong affection for the Baron's young family, and had lived with them ever since. When they went to St. Petersburg, the boy was baptised according to the forms of the Greek Church, when the Czarina and the Grand Duke Alexis stood as his sponsors. He next accompanied his friends to America, and at the time of his death Colonel Oyama, the Japanese Minister of War, his uncle, was on a visit there, and will take the little fellow's embalmed remains back to his native land. His father, General Saigo, was one of the greatest soldiers and truest patriots of Japan, and took a leading part in the struggle against the Tycoon's tyranny, for which he endured repeated imprisonment and exile, though after that dignitary's abdication he held office under the Mikado. His name is as popular and well known in the Flowery Land as that of Garibaldi in Italy.

A very curious letter, bearing the date of 1761, has recently been found, with other papers, between the backboard of an old frame and an engraving, which by their means was pressed close against the glass. It had been bought at the sale of an old Hampshire lady's effects, and the letter was a long one, written from Rowner, and containing many details of the smuggling then carried on in that neighbourhood; the story of a man who, to his cost, knew some of the secrets of the Black Art; an anecdote of Admiral Smith, known among his contemporaries as "Tom of Ten Thousand"; and various details marking the writer as a man of culture. The only comical sentences are near the end. "Dr. Rowe is gone, five mackerel and a turbot carried him off; he ate them all at one dinner, beside game and pastry in proportion. He was a man of great parts and capacity, and made a good end." The account of the dinner leaves no doubt about the deceased doctor's capacity for eating.

It is supposed that the most powerful tug-boat in the world is being built by a Philadelphia firm for the Panama Railway Company. She will be of iron, 130 feet long by 23 wide and 10 deep, and, being for service in the shallow water of Panama Bay, will be on the twin-screw system. She will have two compound condensing engines supplied with steam by two steel boilers, and will be of 650-horse power. The order for her construction was given early in December, and she will be ready in four months from that date; the cost being about £13,700.

At the end of the Old Year the French Turf sustained a heavy loss by the death of Comte Hocquart de Turtot, at the age of sixty-one. He became a member of the French Jockey Club in 1856, an "additional member" of the Race Committee in 1871, in the place of Baron Rivière (so well known in this country), and for many years discharged the onerous duties of "judge" at races under the patronage of the French Jockey Club, who do not employ a paid judge, as we do. He was called "King of Deauville."

A correspondent at Prague, referring to a note on "internal troubles in Austria" in our last issue, states that in Bohemia the Tchek population forms about two thirds of the whole, the rest being Austro-Germans; and that, in spite of this majority of the Tchek element, officials are not compelled to acquire the Tchek tongue, certainly a crying injustice. In all other Austrian provinces the idiom spoken by the majority is also the official language. It is not surprising, continues our correspondent, that a nation six millions strong should try to get the same rights as the others.

THE GROSVENOR GALLERY.

On more than one occasion, and especially last year, Sir Coutts Lindsay has laid the English Art-loving public under a load of obligation which they can never hope to repay; and this year he has gone a step farther by extending the debt to all lovers of Nature. After Reynolds, the high priest of Art, it was only fitting that Gainsborough, the diviner of Nature and her secrets, should be called upon to show his powers. Most faithfully has Sir Coutts Lindsay discharged his self-imposed, and not always grateful task. He has brought together from every quarter of the kingdom a collection of Gainsborough's works such as has probably never before been seen. Similar efforts have been more than once made—by the artist's widow shortly after his death, when fifty-six of his pictures and nearly 150 drawings were brought together; by the British Institution, first in 1814, when seventy-three works were exhibited; and again in 1859, when forty-two were brought together; and lastly, at two out of the three National Portrait Exhibitions held at South Kensington 1867-8, when fifty-two and twenty-seven portraits were respectively collected. Sir Coutts Lindsay has, however, left all competitors far behind; and it may be said that, perhaps for the first time, it is possible, by the aid of the 216 pictures exhibited at the Grosvenor Gallery this winter, to form a fair appreciation of the genius of the "Father of English Landscape," as well as of the most original of English portrait-painters.

It may be that Gainsborough's work gains more by juxtaposition than Reynolds', or that the specimens group themselves better; but certainly the *coup-d'œil* on entering the gallery this year is more striking than last year. There is, moreover, a suggestion of uniformity of purpose about Gainsborough's work which is wanting in Reynolds'—the difference between the divination of instinct and the outcome of a brilliant intelligence. Whilst Reynolds was labouring to reproduce, by turns, Rubens and Veronese, Titian and Rembrandt, Velasquez and Vandyke, Gainsborough went direct to Nature for his inspirations; and the result is that, although he is often careless in his work, his colouring is always exquisite; and in his portraits he not only gives the face of his model, but what is passing through his model's mind.

On the present occasion it is impossible to do more than glance at a few of the principal masterpieces which have been brought together. The Duke of Westminster's "Blue Boy" (62), although so well known, can never be seen too often, and Messrs. Carr and Hallé have shown their accustomed taste in assigning to it the place of honour in the centre of the West Gallery. It is a pity that on this occasion the other "Blue Boy," whether the Prince of Wales or not, could not have been exhibited. Mr. Stevens, to whom the compilation of the catalogue is due, admits the possible existence of several "Blue Boys" (which is in itself a concession); but he still insists that this is a portrait of Master Jonathan Buttall (probably more correctly spelt Buttell), whereas so many competent authorities see in it a Molyneux—a member of Lord Sefton's family. The controversy which has so often raged round the origin of this work, and its history after leaving the painter's studio, will doubtless break out again with renewed vigour; it is enough to repeat here that this is what is now known as the "Dark Blue Boy," in contradistinction to two lighter renderings of the same or a similar figure. The full-length portrait of David Garrick (7) is another of the historic pictures by Gainsborough, who has represented his friend on this occasion leaning on a pedestal, surmounted by a bust of Shakspeare. It was painted for the actor himself, by whom it was presented to the Corporation of Stratford-on-Avon. Of portraits of the beautiful Duchess of Devonshire there are three examples: the sketch lent by Lord Clifden (40), a full-length figure, but of small size, in a walking dress, and wearing a large plumed hat—her portrait as a child; Miss (Lady?) Georgiana Spencer (184), painted when she was six years old, in a white dress and pink ribbons, with her hands demurely folded; and the magnificent work, lent by Earl Spencer (145), showing the Duchess in her acknowledged supremacy as the Queen of Grace and Beauty. Of the numerous portraits of Mrs. Gainsborough or Margaret Burr, there are two specimens to be seen in the exhibition, both of them comparatively small canvases, and scarcely giving the idea of that great beauty which tradition has attributed to the lady, whose mysterious origin has never been satisfactorily cleared up. Some pretended that she was a daughter of the Duke of Berwick, others of either the third or fourth Dukes of Bedford; at any rate, the income she brought to her husband was an important aid to him in his career, for it enabled him to try his fortune first at Bath and afterwards to settle in London. Of the male portraits, those of "Lord Chancellor Camden" (61) and "Philip Stanhope, Earl of Chesterfield" (84), are among the best known; but they scarcely show Gainsborough's special powers to the same extent as the less ambitious portrait of his own nephew, "Mr. Gainsborough Dupont" (146), a minute work of the very highest finish, or in "Parson Bate" (171), the sobriquet under which the Rev. Sir H. Bate Dudley was known among his contemporaries. He was the author of several dramatic pieces, and one of the original proprietors of the *Morning Post*. From his portrait, he was evidently a man of powerful will with no little sense of humour.

Amongst the landscapes, "The Harvest Waggon" (33) stands almost unrivalled, its companion-picture, "The Return from Harvest," not being exhibited. "The Cottage Door" (98), lent by the Duke of Westminster, is one of the best renderings of this popular subject, of which there is another almost exact reproduction (192) in the adjoining room; and at least two others have been recently seen at Burlington House. The composition is very simple, and the picture tells its own quiet story. The landscape is here shut out by the high trees and shade subordinate to the children, who are grouped round their mother at the door of the cottage. The larger picture of "The Cottage Girl" (173), or as it is better known as "The Girl Going to the Well," is the picture of a barefooted child, but obviously one of gentle birth, making her way to the well, carrying a pitcher in one hand, and her dog under the other arm. A charming group, and only surpassed by the companion-picture of "The Girl with Pigs," which is now at Castle Howard.

Here we must break off for the present, purposing to return again to notice the other attractions of the Gainsborough collection. We must also reserve for the same occasion any attempts to describe the two hundred sketches by the late Richard Doyle in pen and pencil, black and white, and water colours. To all he is known as the most fanciful and humorous of modern caricaturists, possessed of as much delicacy of sentiment as of touch. A number of these sketches, still belonging to his family, are for sale, and will, we may safely prophesy, meet with ready appreciation by the public.

It having been determined to appoint three additional members of the High Court at Calcutta, the Queen has approved the appointment of Mr. William Macpherson (Bengal Civil Service), Mr. Ernest John Trevelyan (barrister-at-law), and Baboo Chunder Madhub Ghose (Pleader of the High Court, Calcutta) to be Puisne Judges of that Court.

CHRISTMAS AT THE THEATRES.

Although we are all disinclined to own it, there is no entertainment that has changed so much in the course of a few years as pantomime. Because managers are positively afraid to do away with the harlequinade, and because they retain clown, columbine, pantaloon, and harlequin by an antiquated and obsolete custom, the children of to-day seriously believe that they are witnessing the same kind of fun that their fathers and grandfathers did before them. Never was there a greater mistake. The Christmas amusement at the theatres within an easy memory, consisted of these things:—A dark mysterious opening; a fairy interlude, with a ballet; a comic procession, with plenty of masks; a downright comic scene, well thought out and considered; a transformation, with all the scenic art of the establishment devoted to it; and a harlequinade that did not come on too late for the children to enjoy it. The modern manager, whose duty it is to study the modern parent and the modern child, sees that this kind of thing will not do. It is not attractive enough, and, presumably, it does not pay.

DRURY LANE.

Mr. Augustus Harris has studied the art of pantomime as well, if not better, than the rest of them; and he has discovered that the man who spends the most money on a costly show meets with the best reward. "Dick Whittington and his Cat" is the result, at a theatre esteemed by common consent the head-quarters of pantomime. We must not blame Mr. E. L. Blanchard if his text is made subordinate to the costliness of the spectacle. Time was when he was the suggester of the humour, nowadays he is merely the assistant of the stage-manager and the procession maker. But the author is not the only person who has to stand aside. If we had a hundred Flexmores or a dozen Paynes, Grimaldis by the score, and so on, they would be mere stop-gaps during the intervals of setting and arranging some eye-dazzling spectacle. The pantomime at Old Drury this year consists of two marvellous processional scenes, relieved by a minimum of humour, song, and dance. The money spent upon this tableau must amount to an enormous figure. There is no scamping or pinching anywhere. The material is of the richest; the properties are of the rarest; the armour is of the brightest. Wonder and astonishment are supposed to be the impressions gained, not laughter or fun. The two scenes occur in this wise. One is at the supposed nuptials of Dick Whittington and the Emperor of Morocco's daughter—a scene of Eastern splendour and magnificence; the other is even more superb in character, and represents a Lord Mayor's Show in the Middle Ages, with every detail studied from chronicles of the period. Here comicality and luxury are happily blended. The Old City Companies are drolly illustrated with banners, attendants, and supporters; and a circus character is imported into the show by the appearance on the stage of Liliputian ponies and cream-coloured chargers. When every company, squadron, cohort, and army of trained girls has advanced, retired, filed, and disappeared into a mass of indescribable colour; when the properties and the ponies have been massed to the satisfaction of Mr. Charles Harris, the final outburst comes with trumpets, bells, cheering, and the advance of Sir Richard Whittington and his bride upon horses brave with magnificent trappings. It is then felt that the force of expenditure cannot further go, and that the triumph of the modern manager as exhibited by his banking account is complete. Now, if these things are done, other things must be undone. We cannot have so much of the humour of Harry Nicholls and Herbert Campbell; or of the grace and singing of Miss Fannie Leslie or Miss Kate Munroe, or of the assistant sparkle of Miss M. A. Victor and Mr. Harker, or indeed of the eccentricity of the comic cat, if so much time is necessarily employed in massing supernumeraries and in dazzling audiences. In their way, all these artists are well worth seeing, but we don't get quite enough of them as matters stand. They are not the mainspring of the entertainment; they are simply a clever adjunct. By-and-by, when the shows have got into working order, then, perhaps, it will be different. Then Miss Fanny Leslie, sweetest of singers and neatest of dancers, will become more and more the hero of the play; then the fun of Mr. Harry Nicholls and of Mr. Herbert Campbell will be unfettered; and then the comic scenes will be advanced to the same position of importance as the spectacle. Meanwhile, it must be placed on record that the Drury pantomime is the most gorgeous and expensive entertainment of the kind ever attempted. Later on, we shall, no doubt, learn the statistics of the expenditure, signed by an authorised accountant; and it will be interesting to very many to learn that they are gazing upon what has cost more money than any show of the kind before. It is just possible that the modern child will be as much impressed with this fact as some of the elders undoubtedly are.

THE SAVOY.

A charming entertainment, of quite another kind, will be found at the Savoy Theatre every morning during the holiday season. A company of very clever children has been trained to present with accuracy and very special taste "The Pirates of Penzance," the well-known opera by Sir Arthur Sullivan and Mr. W. S. Gilbert. I am told that the result—and a very wonderful result it is—is due to the untiring patience of Mr. R. Barker, the stage manager, and of Mr. F. Cellier, the musical conductor. We wondered enough at the children's "Pinafore," some years ago; but this performance is infinitely better all round. The singing is more accurate, and the acting far more spontaneous. The lad who with a charming soprano voice sings the music of Frederic with so much expression and feeling; the remarkably clever boys who take the parts of the Pirate King and the Policeman—a born humourist the last boy—and both the girls engaged in the principal characters, are all in their way as good as children could be expected to be, and vastly better than many grown up people could possibly be in the same characters. In the first place, these youngsters have been taught to pronounce their words distinctly, and to express them intelligently. They know how to read, which ten out of a dozen actors don't know, and never will care to learn. They have been to school—dramatic school, I mean—which very few of the modern race of actors have ever entered. I must say that I disagree with the critics who maintain that the girls are better than the boys. As a rule, this is so with trained children on the stage. But surely the Pirates are infinitely better than the Kate Greenaway daughters of the Major-General—who is the least offensive prodigy I have ever seen. Phenomena are, as a rule, disagreeable sights. But these children are altogether charming. Nothing prettier or better of its kind has ever been seen.

THE GAIETY.

Turning to the Gaiety Theatre, we find a Christmas fare of a totally different kind. Comedy has not been wholly lost sight of in all this concentrated dazzle and brilliancy. Fun insists upon jingling his cap and bells, and demands a hearing though stage after stage is devoted to red-fire, Brummagem armour, and tin-foil. Mr. Edward Terry is the born impersonator of comic despair. His face, on the stage, is lined with the traces of an abiding sorrow that is harrowing in its intensity. An innocent man who gets into a hideous pickle is a favourite theme with a dramatist, and, with such a comedian as Edward Terry to write for, the subject is endless in its permutations and combinations. Each comedian has his speciality. Charles Wyndham is the gay, reckless, dare-devil of a fellow. He is, in stage parlance, "such a dog." Mr. Toole is the nervous, electric, spasmodic, good-hearted fellow, who is always being put upon, and is for ever wriggling, like an eel, out of his outrageous dilemmas. He is fiery, peppery, instantaneous and convincing. But Edward Terry is a comedian of a different complexion. He is guilelessness and innocence itself, but it is his destiny to be a ruin and a scourge of matter-of-fact domesticity. No one can have forgotten his Chevalier Walkinshaw in "The Rocket," whose pathetic "Oh! what a mess I'm in!" rings in the ears even at this distant date. Mr. A. W. Pinero, who has studied, and evidently appreciates the fun of his favourite comedian, has fitted his style even better in the new play called "In Chancery." Conceive this position. An innocent commercial traveller meets with a severe accident, is taken to a small local inn, and, when he recovers from the first shock, is brought face to face with the formidable fact that he has forgotten everything. His memory is a perfect blank. He is not only "not myself at all," but he has no means whatever of recollecting who he ever was. A card found in a pocket of the coat in which he has been escorted to the inn complicates the mental disorder of Montague Jolliffe, and, being entirely ignorant whether he is married or single, this ill-starred wretch is on the eve of committing bigamy, and is liable to be shot by the indignant parent of the Irish maiden he leaves in despair on his wedding day. Such a character Mr. Terry approaches with all the intensity of his comic nature, and there are few things more amusing than to see him, thin and haggard with despair, and whining in his accent, endeavouring to extricate himself from a dilemma that an unkindly fate has thrust upon him. He keeps the house in roars of laughter; and in elaborating this story Mr. Pinero has shown that in the modern comic play there may be as much fun in elaboration of character as in horse-play and practical joking. We are getting a little tired of "door and window farces" and comedies that depend merely on noise, pully-hauly, and pantomime. For this relief much thanks. Though of course "In Chancery" is in intention a "one-part play," there is some excellent character acting shown by Alfred Bishop, a capital irate stage Irishman of an old-fashioned type, and by Miss Phyllis Broughton, Miss Gladys Homfrey, and that smart little soubrette, Clara Jecks—clever child of a clever mother. Mr. W. Yardley's burlesque on "Hamlet" has been revised and rewritten up to date. New songs and business have filled up awkward pauses; Miss Farren is as good as ever; and the fact that Mr. Edward Terry plays in all her best scenes as "The Ghost," materially increases the fun of the entertainment. Playgoers are constant to their old loves, and they are naturally delighted when they get Miss Farren, Mr. Terry, and Mr. Royce back again in a Gaiety burlesque.

C. S.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

In the centre of our page of Engravings, which represent a few scenes of the Christmas Pantomimes, appears the London Prentice hero of the Drury Lane performance, young Dick Whittington, accompanied by his very large Cat, pausing on the summit of Highgate Hill to hear the bells of Bow Church calling him back to Cheapside. The figures of Mr. H. Nicholls, as Tom the Idle Apprentice, and Mr. Herbert Campbell as the cook, are delineated at the side. Above these is a scene from "Aladdin," at the Surrey Theatre, where the "Lad with the Lamp" pairs off with the "Precious Princess"; and, in the opposite corner, the scene from "Cinderella," at the Standard, when one of the cross and ugly sisters fails to put the elegant glass slipper on her not very pretty foot. Messrs. J. and R. Douglass, at this theatre, have made a brilliant effort with "Cinderella," and the scenery, costumes, and carriages drawn by real horses, with Francesco's miniature ballet troupe of children, are much admired. At the Surrey, also, Mr. G. Conquest's pantomime, which was produced on Christmas Eve, is splendidly got up, with an amazing Cave of Jewels and a Fountain of Liquid Gems, and a Wedding Feast of Lanterns; while the performers, especially Mr. H. Edmunds as Abanazar the Great Scamp, a knavish professor of magic, are very amusing in their way. The zoological exhibition at Sanger's Amphitheatre, so far as regards the Egyptian pelicans, calmly surveyed by the Sphinx, is the subject of our last Illustration. But it is the old English legend of Lady Godiva which has been selected for dramatic treatment at Sanger's, where, for the first time possibly, St. George and the contemporary champions take part in the proceedings. The pantomime is handsomely mounted; the Pavilion of Pageantry, with its glittering procession, and with the various assembly of birds and beasts, from cockatoos to camels, being one of the finest displays ever witnessed on the Surrey side. Miss Stoyle is a dashing St. George, Miss Lizzie Relsey a graceful Godiva, Mr. Fred. Shepherd a terrible Leofric, and Little Sandy an amusing demon.

The Wesleyans of Wolverhampton have resolved to expend £12,000 in chapel extensions in the district. Of this sum £9000 has been promised.

Pending the further determination of her Majesty's pleasure, the Home Secretary has granted a respite to Mrs. Gibbons, who was condemned to death for the murder of her husband at Hayes.

Mr. N. R. H. Humphreys presided on Monday night at the annual dinner of the Commercial Traveller's Benevolent Institution, held at the Freemasons' Tavern. Subscriptions to the amount of £2169 were announced.

Sir James Paget has given notice that at the next meeting of the Royal College of Surgeons he will move that the council take measures for placing in the college an appropriate memorial of Sir Erasmus Wilson, who, it will be remembered, bequeathed about £280,000 to the college.

The announcement of the issue to the volunteers of the Martini-Henry rifle is officially confirmed, though it is understood that it will not commence until the orders sent to Birmingham and Enfield for the manufacture of at least 150,000 similar weapons are executed.

In London last week 1832 births and 1430 deaths were registered. Allowing for increase of population, the births were 500, and the deaths 557, below the average numbers in the corresponding weeks of the last ten years. The mortality included 32 from smallpox, 20 from measles, 16 from scarlet fever, 20 from diphtheria, 22 from whooping cough, and 7 from dysentery.

Mr. Thomas Skinner's "Stock Exchange Year-Book" (Cassell and Company, Limited) has now reached its eleventh year. The work has again increased in bulk, but still maintains its position as the most handy, and at the same time complete authority on matters relating to public securities and joint-stock enterprise, while the moderate price at which it is published is another recommendation. The volume for 1885 contains particulars up to the most recent dates, and a careful examination shows that the reputation already gained for conciseness and accuracy is well maintained.

OUR NOTE-BOOK

The New-Year's joy-bells may well have seemed to some happy listeners to ring out a jubilant wedding-peal in honour of the betrothal of her Majesty's youngest daughter and Prince Henry of Battenberg. Nothing but hearty congratulations have followed the official announcement of this auspicious engagement, which on Monday night received the Queen's sanction at Osborne, the affianced couple agreeing to comply with her Majesty's wish that they should reside in England after their marriage. In the forthcoming Royal union all classes of the Queen's subjects will evince that interest which is invariably felt in all that concerns the welfare of the Royal family. Princess Beatrice has won the affection of the people by her devotion to her Majesty, whose constant and helpful companion she has been for upwards of twenty years. One of the most charming of our Princesses, and richly endowed with every womanly grace and accomplishment, her Royal Highness may be cordially felicitated on what is believed to be a "love-match" with a gallant young soldier-Prince. Prince Henry is the younger brother of Prince Louis of Battenberg, whose marriage with the Queen's grand-daughter, Princess Victoria of Hesse, at Darmstadt, her Majesty and Princess Beatrice attended in the spring of last year. We are sure that all our readers will join us in wishing the Prince and Princess the happiest of New Years.

The popular practice of making New-Year's gifts is as old as Rome, and originated, according to the "Encyclopædia of Antiquities," with Romulus and Tatius. Eatables were the principal offerings, though, in honour of the season, the figs and dates presented were ornamented with gold-leaf. One fig with the decoration was considered to be a handsome gift from a client to his patron, though in some cases it was accompanied by a piece of money to be expended in the purchase of statues of deities. In the early ages of the Church, ecclesiastical councils condemned New-Years' gifts on account of the pagan ceremonies accompanying their presentation. Later on, during the reign of Edward VI., an orange stuck with cloves was a popular New-Year's offering, but not to the king or his successors, who insisted on presentations from every member of their households as sternly as a cook of the present time insists on an annual remembrance from her master's trades-people. But throughout all ages food has been fashionable; and the progress of extravagance might be traced from the gilded fig of Rome to the sumptuous bonbonnières that are now so expensive and appropriate. A few years ago, a box of French chocolates costing a few shillings was accepted as a neat compliment; now, ten, twenty, and even fifty pounds are charged for magnificent satin edifices full of sugar-plums, and announced as "suitable for New-Year's gifts."

A centenary, interesting to the world generally and journalism specially, was reached on Wednesday, Dec. 31. It was the hundredth birthday of the *Times*. This newspaper was started in 1785, under the title of the "Daily Universal Register," but changed its name three years later. It is curious to read the leading article in which the new name was excused, as a study of the changes which have taken place in the editorial method of the past and present. Here is an extract:—"The *Times*! What a monstrous name! Granted—for the *Times* is a many-headed monster that speaks with an hundred tongues, and displays a thousand characters; and, in the course of its transitions in life, assumes innumerable shapes and humours."

This does not sound like the leading journal of to-day. Of course, advancement of thought and education have brought formidable rivals into the field of daily newspapers; but, according to Mr. Joseph Hatton's little work on "Journalistic London," the *Times* was the first to use machine presses, the first to drive them by steam, the first to introduce type-setters, and the first to adopt the telephone and electric light. This is progress, indeed; and we wish our contemporary many happy returns of its birthday.

Amongst the curious fancies that seize rich and charitable persons, surely Mr. Leopold De Rothschild's is not the least eccentric; and it is all the more graciously conceived because the generous donor can have no possible connection with the recipients of his goodness. Every omnibus-driver on the Bayswater and Hammersmith line has been presented with a brace of pheasants and a bottle of wine at the expense of the wealthy Hebrew banker. They will have no opportunity of reciprocating his kindness even by civility, for it is not likely that Mr. De Rothschild will require accommodation on the box-seat, or ask some passenger to get outside to oblige a lady.

New York is to become the seat of a great Catholic University, and the sum of £75,000 for its foundation has been given by Miss Caldwell, a young lady who has just attained her majority, with the full consent of her guardians. She and her sister are orphans, who have been well educated, and have spent two or three years travelling in Europe; they are not 'verts, but Catholics by birth and breeding. No doubt other funds will come in rapidly, and the establishment of such an university will obviate the necessity felt by young American priests to go to Rome and there attend the lectures of the Propaganda after their theological studies are finished at home. It is said that the Pope has some very special favour in store for this generous daughter of her Church.

What the German language owes to the Brothers Grimm may be compared with the debt that Rome owed to the Neros (according to Horace): it was but right, then, that Jan. 4, "the centenary of the birth of Jacob Grimm," should be recommended to the attention of "all the Prussian schools" as a day worthy of remembrance and celebration.

Among the observed of observers during the New Year will be Mr. Brodrick-Cloete, whose singular fortune it is to own the "first favourite" for the Derby of 1885, though the gentleman has not yet been known on the turf for so long as a single year. This beats even the celebrated Mr. John Bowes, of Streatlam, who came to the front pretty early in his day, and won the Derby with Mundig (in the Noachian year, 1835), Cotherstone, Daniel O'Rourke, and West Australian, oftener by once than any other owner has ever won the great race, since the time of Lord Egremont, the famous Lord of Petworth. Mr. Brodrick-Cloete, who is known to be a keen sportsman, at one time following "big game" in America, and at another "wielding the willow" for the Orleans Club, or other cricket clubs at home, a good rider, a good shot, and pretty good "all round," has not only Paradox (five thousand guineas' worth) to depend upon for the Derby, but he has also the "dark" Louisbourg (four thousand guineas' worth), bought when two years of age at Lord Falmouth's sale last season, but hitherto unable to be properly trained for racing. The name of Louisbourg has puzzled persons who know that Lord Falmouth's horses were generally named with significance; and a clue to the puzzle may be found in the fact that Chevisaunce (dam of the "dark" animal) means "achievement," and that Lord Falmouth's gallant ancestor, Admiral Boscawen (himself a racing Admiral, setting the example followed by Admiral Rous, the "dictator of the turf"), performed a notable "achievement" at Louisbourg, North Carolina, in the American War.

Between the desire of feeding poor little starving children with penny dinners and the fear of pauperising their parents, charity and prudence have been of late very much at variance. The happy medium seems to have been reached, however, at the Westminster Jews' Free School, where parents who cannot pay the necessary pennies are employed in plain coarse needlework as an equivalent, taking the materials on one Monday and bringing back the finished articles on the following Monday. At the end of the winter, the clothing will be sold at cost price, either to the parents or to any persons who desire to purchase them for charitable purposes. This plan, it is to be hoped, may solve the difficulty.

Commander the Hon. A. Curzon Howe gave to the crew of H.M.S. Sultan, on Christmas Day, a big Christmas-tree, with at least twenty pound's worth of presents. This was true consideration, for a ship cannot be left on Christmas Day, more than on any other day in the year, without hands to manage her, and Jack Tar is peculiarly fond of a little fun and jollity.

It is perhaps not very widely known that the Dispensary established by Mrs. Garrett-Anderson in 1865, when she entered on the life of a duly qualified medical practitioner, has developed into a small but unique Hospital for Women. It occupies two large old-fashioned houses in the Marylebone-road, and contains twenty-six beds. The visiting physicians are all ladies, the dispenser is also a lady, and of course the nurses and servants are feminine. In fact, there is not a man about the place, with the exception of one occasionally called in to carry heavy weights up and down stairs. Some of our best known doctors and surgeons are on the consulting staff, and the students of the London School of Medicine for Women are admitted to the wards to watch cases, and follow up the practice of Mrs. Anderson and her colleagues.

Some men have bad luck—or would have it, if there were such a thing. Here is gallant Captain Sandilands, of H.M.S. Asia, Portsmouth Harbour. He jumped overboard, plunging through 25 ft. of darkness into a cold and troubled sea, to grope after a poor sailor who had fallen into the water accidentally. The Captain found and saved his man—but only for the time: the poor fellow ultimately died from the shock and inflammation of the lungs. It was by no means the first occasion on which Captain Sandilands had performed a similar feat, and received the medal and clasps awarded for such bravery: but on every occasion he has been unfortunate in the results of his efforts, as the life he has saved has always been lost eventually within a few days from the effects of the shock or of disease. This is truly "hard lines," if not bad luck.

There was great rejoicing at Portsmouth on Christmas Eve when news arrived that the considerably overdue Tyne was safely anchored off Spithead, and would come into harbour the next morning. She had been hospital-ship and head-quarters for the Marines at Souakim for eight months, during which time a small coral reef had formed on her bottom, and considerably impeded her progress through the water. Added to this, she met with terribly rough weather off Cape Finisterre, and her machinery broke down, so that her homeward voyage was accomplished under many difficulties.

As soon as a country has taken kindly to horse-racing, and arrived at a certain pitch of excellence, so that the sport becomes popular and is greatly developed, the question of "two-year-old racing" is sure to arise. A time inevitably comes when two-year-olds are raced: it has been so in England, in France, in America, in Germany, in Austria-Hungary, in Australia, in all the world—that is, of any account in horse-racing. Then, quite as surely, comes an outcry: the breed of horses is deteriorating in consequence of the practice of racing immature animals. It was so last season in France. The Société des Agriculteurs de France appealed to the French Jockey Club to put down two-year-old racing in France. The French Jockey Club declined to do anything of the sort, replying that, briefly, it is far the best course to train the thorough-bred as early as possible (within limits shown by experience to be reasonable); that the possibility dates from the latter part of the second year: and that the races are a natural consequence of the training, and (if there be no abuse) do far more good than harm. Indeed, the French Jockey Club evidently holds with the view of the old English trainer, who used to say of his animals in training, when they needed "sweating," as it is called: "If they must sweat, let 'em sweat for the brass"—that is, "let them run for public money or sweepstakes." People argue that, because Flying Childers and Eclipse, and the earliest "cracks," did not run till they were five years old, it must be wrong to depart from that practice. But it is by no means certain that Flying Childers and Eclipse were even equal to some of their successors, let alone superior: and, if you must not run a horse until he is really a horse, at five years of age, of course it would be wrong to run him at three: which is absurd. The great Potsoes ran just once when he was technically two years old, "rising" three; Waxy (the "ace of trumps" of the whole pack of sires) won the Derby when he was only a three-year-old of a fortnight's standing, technically; the celebrated "stayers," Dr. Syntax and Irish Harkaway, ran just once when they were technically two years old; and the famous Touchstone, though a "valetudinarian," was pulled out twice at two years of age, became the sire of sires, and lived to be thirty-one. The great point seems to be not to overdo it.

The morning of Christmas Day is a favourite time for getting married among the very poor, and at many of the East-End churches the clergy begin uniting happy couples at nine a.m., or even earlier, and it is half-past eleven or a quarter to twelve before the regular morning service can begin. It is almost necessary sometimes to marry them in batches, and leave them to sort themselves afterwards, for between the nervousness natural to the occasion, and the mistiness of mind peculiar to thoughtless young men and maidens, the bride does not always make it clear to the official mind which is the groom and which is the groomsman. There is often a promiscuous exchange of hats after the register has been signed, and, unless the churchwardens come to the rescue, the confusion is frequently somewhat appalling.

A little Japanese boy, Prince Alexis Saigo, died about the middle of December, of typhoid fever, at Washington, in the house of Baron de Struve, the Russian Ambassador to the United States, who formerly filled the same position at the Mikado's Court, where Prince Alexis formed a strong affection for the Baron's young family, and had lived with them ever since. When they went to St. Petersburg, the boy was baptised according to the forms of the Greek Church, when the Czarina and the Grand Duke Alexis stood as his sponsors. He next accompanied his friends to America, and at the time of his death Colonel Oyama, the Japanese Minister of War, his uncle, was on a visit there, and will take the little fellow's embalmed remains back to his native land. His father, General Saigo, was one of the greatest soldiers and truest patriots of Japan, and took a leading part in the struggle against the Tycoon's tyranny, for which he endured repeated imprisonment and exile, though after that dignitary's abdication he held office under the Mikado. His name is as popular and well known in the Flowery Land as that of Garibaldi in Italy.

A very curious letter, bearing the date of 1761, has recently been found, with other papers, between the backboard of an old frame and an engraving, which by their means was pressed close against the glass. It had been bought at the sale of an old Hampshire lady's effects, and the letter was a long one, written from Rowner, and containing many details of the smuggling then carried on in that neighbourhood; the story of a man who, to his cost, knew some of the secrets of the Black Art; an anecdote of Admiral Smith, known among his contemporaries as "Tom of Ten Thousand"; and various details marking the writer as a man of culture. The only comical sentences are near the end. "Dr. Rowe is gone, five mackerel and a turbot carried him off; he ate them all at one dinner, beside game and pastry in proportion. He was a man of great parts and capacity, and made a good end." The account of the dinner leaves no doubt about the deceased doctor's capacity for eating.

It is supposed that the most powerful tug-boat in the world is being built by a Philadelphia firm for the Panama Railway Company. She will be of iron, 130 feet long by 23 wide and 10 deep, and, being for service in the shallow water of Panama Bay, will be on the twin-screw system. She will have two compound condensing engines supplied with steam by two steel boilers, and will be of 650-horse power. The order for her construction was given early in December, and she will be ready in four months from that date; the cost being about £13,700.

At the end of the Old Year the French Turf sustained a heavy loss by the death of Comte Hocquart de Turtot, at the age of sixty-one. He became a member of the French Jockey Club in 1856, an "additional member" of the Race Committee in 1871, in the place of Baron Rivière (so well known in this country), and for many years discharged the onerous duties of "judge" at races under the patronage of the French Jockey Club, who do not employ a paid judge, as we do. He was called "King of Deauville."

A correspondent at Prague, referring to a note on "internal troubles in Austria" in our last issue, states that in Bohemia the Tchek population forms about two thirds of the whole, the rest being Austro-Germans; and that, in spite of this majority of the Tchek element, officials are not compelled to acquire the Tchek tongue, certainly a crying injustice. In all other Austrian provinces the idiom spoken by the majority is also the official language. It is not surprising, continues our correspondent, that a nation six millions strong should try to get the same rights as the others.

THE GROSVENOR GALLERY.

On more than one occasion, and especially last year, Sir Coutts Lindsay has laid the English Art-loving public under a load of obligation which they can never hope to repay; and this year he has gone a step farther by extending the debt to all lovers of Nature. After Reynolds, the high priest of Art, it was only fitting that Gainsborough, the diviner of Nature and her secrets, should be called upon to show his powers. Most faithfully has Sir Coutts Lindsay discharged his self-imposed, and not always grateful task. He has brought together from every quarter of the kingdom a collection of Gainsborough's works such as has probably never before been seen. Similar efforts have been more than once made—by the artist's widow shortly after his death, when fifty-six of his pictures and nearly 150 drawings were brought together; by the British Institution, first in 1814, when seventy-three works were exhibited; and again in 1859, when forty-two were brought together; and lastly, at two out of the three National Portrait Exhibitions held at South Kensington 1867-8, when fifty-two and twenty-seven portraits were respectively collected. Sir Coutts Lindsay has, however, left all competitors far behind; and it may be said that, perhaps for the first time, it is possible, by the aid of the 216 pictures exhibited at the Grosvenor Gallery this winter, to form a fair appreciation of the genius of the "Father of English Landscape," as well as of the most original of English portrait-painters.

It may be that Gainsborough's work gains more by juxtaposition than Reynolds', or that the specimens group themselves better; but certainly the *coup-d'œil* on entering the gallery this year is more striking than last year. There is, moreover, a suggestion of uniformity of purpose about Gainsborough's work which is wanting in Reynolds'—the difference between the divination of instinct and the outcome of a brilliant intelligence. Whilst Reynolds was labouring to reproduce, by turns, Rubens and Veronese, Titian and Rembrandt, Velasquez and Vandyke, Gainsborough went direct to Nature for his inspirations; and the result is that, although he is often careless in his work, his colouring is always exquisite; and in his portraits he not only gives the face of his model, but what is passing through his model's mind.

On the present occasion it is impossible to do more than glance at a few of the principal masterpieces which have been brought together. The Duke of Westminster's "Blue Boy" (62), although so well known, can never be seen too often, and Messrs. Carr and Hallé have shown their accustomed taste in assigning to it the place of honour in the centre of the West Gallery. It is a pity that on this occasion the other "Blue Boy," whether the Prince of Wales or not, could not have been exhibited. Mr. Stevens, to whom the compilation of the catalogue is due, admits the possible existence of several "Blue Boys" (which is in itself a concession); but he still insists that this is a portrait of Master Jonathan Buttall (probably more correctly spelt Buttell), whereas so many competent authorities see in it a Molyneux—a member of Lord Sefton's family. The controversy which has so often raged round the origin of this work, and its history after leaving the painter's studio, will doubtless break out again with renewed vigour; it is enough to repeat here that this is what is now known as the "Dark Blue Boy," in contradistinction to two lighter renderings of the same or a similar figure. The full-length portrait of David Garrick (7) is another of the historic pictures by Gainsborough, who has represented his friend on this occasion leaning on a pedestal, surmounted by a bust of Shakspeare. It was painted for the actor himself, by whom it was presented to the Corporation of Stratford-on-Avon. Of portraits of the beautiful Duchess of Devonshire there are three examples: the sketch lent by Lord Clifden (40), a full-length figure, but of small size, in a walking dress, and wearing a large plumed hat—her portrait as a child; Miss (Lady?) Georgiana Spencer (184), painted when she was six years old, in a white dress and pink ribbons, with her hands demurely folded; and the magnificent work, lent by Earl Spencer (145), showing the Duchess in her acknowledged supremacy as the Queen of Grace and Beauty. Of the numerous portraits of Mrs. Gainsborough or Margaret Burr, there are two specimens to be seen in the exhibition, both of them comparatively small canvases, and scarcely giving the idea of that great beauty which tradition has attributed to the lady, whose mysterious origin has never been satisfactorily cleared up. Some pretended that she was a daughter of the Duke of Berwick, others of either the third or fourth Dukes of Bedford; at any rate, the income she brought to her husband was an important aid to him in his career, for it enabled him to try his fortune first at Bath and afterwards to settle in London. Of the male portraits, those of "Lord Chancellor Camden" (61) and "Philip Stanhope, Earl of Chesterfield" (84), are among the best known; but they scarcely show Gainsborough's special powers to the same extent as the less ambitious portrait of his own nephew, "Mr. Gainsborough Dupont" (146), a minute work of the very highest finish, or in "Parson Bate" (171), the sobriquet under which the Rev. Sir H. Bate Dudley was known among his contemporaries. He was the author of several dramatic pieces, and one of the original proprietors of the *Morning Post*. From his portrait, he was evidently a man of powerful will with no little sense of humour.

Amongst the landscapes, "The Harvest Waggon" (33) stands almost unrivalled, its companion-picture, "The Return from Harvest," not being exhibited. "The Cottage Door" (98), lent by the Duke of Westminster, is one of the best renderings of this popular subject, of which there is another almost exact reproduction (192) in the adjoining room; and at least two others have been recently seen at Burlington House. The composition is very simple, and the picture tells its own quiet story. The landscape is here shut out by the high trees and shade subordinate to the children, who are grouped round their mother at the door of the cottage. The larger picture of "The Cottage Girl" (173), or as it is better known as "The Girl Going to the Well," is the picture of a barefooted child, but obviously one of gentle birth, making her way to the well, carrying a pitcher in one hand, and her dog under the other arm. A charming group, and only surpassed by the companion-picture of "The Girl with Pigs," which is now at Castle Howard.

Here we must break off for the present, purposing to return again to notice the other attractions of the Gainsborough collection. We must also reserve for the same occasion any attempts to describe the two hundred sketches by the late Richard Doyle in pen and pencil, black and white, and water colours. To all he is known as the most fanciful and humorous of modern caricaturists, possessed of as much delicacy of sentiment as of touch. A number of these sketches, still belonging to his family, are for sale, and will, we may safely prophesy, meet with ready appreciation by the public.

It having been determined to appoint three additional members of the High Court at Calcutta, the Queen has approved the appointment of Mr. William Macpherson (Bengal Civil Service), Mr. Ernest John Trevelyan (barrister-at-law), and Baboo Chunder Madhub Ghose (Pleader of the High Court, Calcutta) to be Puisne Judges of that Court.

CHRISTMAS AT THE THEATRES.

Although we are all disinclined to own it, there is no entertainment that has changed so much in the course of a few years as pantomime. Because managers are positively afraid to do away with the harlequinade, and because they retain clown, columbine, pantaloon, and harlequin by an antiquated and obsolete custom, the children of to-day seriously believe that they are witnessing the same kind of fun that their fathers and grandfathers did before them. Never was there a greater mistake. The Christmas amusement at the theatres within an easy memory, consisted of these things:—A dark mysterious opening; a fairy interlude, with a ballet; a comic procession, with plenty of masks; a downright comic scene, well thought out and considered; a transformation, with all the scenic art of the establishment devoted to it; and a harlequinade that did not come on too late for the children to enjoy it. The modern manager, whose duty it is to study the modern parent and the modern child, sees that this kind of thing will not do. It is not attractive enough, and, presumably, it does not pay.

DRURY LANE.

Mr. Augustus Harris has studied the art of pantomime as well, if not better, than the rest of them; and he has discovered that the man who spends the most money on a costly show meets with the best reward. "Dick Whittington and his Cat" is the result, at a theatre esteemed by common consent the head-quarters of pantomime. We must not blame Mr. E. L. Blanchard if his text is made subordinate to the costliness of the spectacle. Time was when he was the suggester of the humour, nowadays he is merely the assistant of the stage-manager and the procession maker. But the author is not the only person who has to stand aside. If we had a hundred Flexmores or a dozen Paynes, Grimaldis by the score, and so on, they would be mere stop-gaps during the intervals of setting and arranging some eye-dazzling spectacle. The pantomime at Old Drury this year consists of two marvellous processional scenes, relieved by a minimum of humour, song, and dance. The money spent upon this tableau must amount to an enormous figure. There is no scamping or pinching anywhere. The material is of the richest; the properties are of the rarest; the armour is of the brightest. Wonder and astonishment are supposed to be the impressions gained, not laughter or fun. The two scenes occur in this wise. One is at the supposed nuptials of Dick Whittington and the Emperor of Morocco's daughter—a scene of Eastern splendour and magnificence; the other is even more superb in character, and represents a Lord Mayor's Show in the Middle Ages, with every detail studied from chronicles of the period. Here comicality and luxury are happily blended. The Old City Companies are drolly illustrated with banners, attendants, and supporters; and a circus character is imported into the show by the appearance on the stage of Liliputian ponies and cream-coloured chargers. When every company, squadron, cohort, and army of trained girls has advanced, retired, filed, and disappeared into a mass of indescribable colour; when the properties and the ponies have been massed to the satisfaction of Mr. Charles Harris, the final outburst comes with trumpets, bells, cheering, and the advance of Sir Richard Whittington and his bride upon horses brave with magnificent trappings. It is then felt that the force of expenditure cannot further go, and that the triumph of the modern manager as exhibited by his banking account is complete. Now, if these things are done, other things must be undone. We cannot have so much of the humour of Harry Nicholls and Herbert Campbell; or of the grace and singing of Miss Fannie Leslie or Miss Kate Munroe, or of the assistant sparkle of Miss M. A. Victor and Mr. Harker, or indeed of the eccentricity of the comic cat, if so much time is necessarily employed in massing supernumeraries and in dazzling audiences. In their way, all these artists are well worth seeing, but we don't get quite enough of them as matters stand. They are not the mainspring of the entertainment; they are simply a clever adjunct. By-and-by, when the shows have got into working order, then, perhaps, it will be different. Then Miss Fanny Leslie, sweetest of singers and neatest of dancers, will become more and more the hero of the play; then the fun of Mr. Harry Nicholls and of Mr. Herbert Campbell will be unfettered; and then the comic scenes will be advanced to the same position of importance as the spectacle. Meanwhile, it must be placed on record that the Drury pantomime is the most gorgeous and expensive entertainment of the kind ever attempted. Later on, we shall, no doubt, learn the statistics of the expenditure, signed by an authorised accountant; and it will be interesting to very many to learn that they are gazing upon what has cost more money than any show of the kind before. It is just possible that the modern child will be as much impressed with this fact as some of the elders undoubtedly are.

THE SAVOY.

A charming entertainment, of quite another kind, will be found at the Savoy Theatre every morning during the holiday season. A company of very clever children has been trained to present with accuracy and very special taste "The Pirates of Penzance," the well-known opera by Sir Arthur Sullivan and Mr. W. S. Gilbert. I am told that the result—and a very wonderful result it is—is due to the untiring patience of Mr. R. Barker, the stage manager, and of Mr. F. Cellier, the musical conductor. We wondered enough at the children's "Pinafore," some years ago; but this performance is infinitely better all round. The singing is more accurate, and the acting far more spontaneous. The lad who with a charming soprano voice sings the music of Frederic with so much expression and feeling; the remarkably clever boys who take the parts of the Pirate King and the Policeman—a born humourist the last boy—and both the girls engaged in the principal characters, are all in their way as good as children could be expected to be, and vastly better than many grown up people could possibly be in the same characters. In the first place, these youngsters have been taught to pronounce their words distinctly, and to express them intelligently. They know how to read, which ten out of a dozen actors don't know, and never will care to learn. They have been to school—dramatic school, I mean—which very few of the modern race of actors have ever entered. I must say that I disagree with the critics who maintain that the girls are better than the boys. As a rule, this is so with trained children on the stage. But surely the Pirates are infinitely better than the Kate Greenaway daughters of the Major-General—who is the least offensive prodigy I have ever seen. Phenomena are, as a rule, disagreeable sights. But these children are altogether charming. Nothing prettier or better of its kind has ever been seen.

THE GAIETY.

Turning to the Gaiety Theatre, we find a Christmas fare of a totally different kind. Comedy has not been wholly lost sight of in all this concentrated dazzle and brilliancy. Fun insists upon jingling his cap and bells, and demands a hearing though stage after stage is devoted to red-fire, Brummagem armour, and tin-foil. Mr. Edward Terry is the born impersonator of comic despair. His face, on the stage, is lined with the traces of an abiding sorrow that is harrowing in its intensity. An innocent man who gets into a hideous pickle is a favourite theme with a dramatist, and, with such a comedian as Edward Terry to write for, the subject is endless in its permutations and combinations. Each comedian has his speciality. Charles Wyndham is the gay, reckless, dare-devil of a fellow. He is, in stage parlance, "such a dog." Mr. Toole is the nervous, electric, spasmodic, good-hearted fellow, who is always being put upon, and is for ever wriggling, like an eel, out of his outrageous dilemmas. He is fiery, peppery, instantaneous and convincing. But Edward Terry is a comedian of a different complexion. He is guilelessness and innocence itself, but it is his destiny to be a ruin and a scourge of matter-of-fact domesticity. No one can have forgotten his Chevalier Walkinshaw in "The Rocket," whose pathetic "Oh! what a mess I'm in!" rings in the ears even at this distant date. Mr. A. W. Pinero, who has studied, and evidently appreciates the fun of his favourite comedian, has fitted his style even better in the new play called "In Chancery." Conceive this position. An innocent commercial traveller meets with a severe accident, is taken to a small local inn, and, when he recovers from the first shock, is brought face to face with the formidable fact that he has forgotten everything. His memory is a perfect blank. He is not only "not myself at all," but he has no means whatever of recollecting who he ever was. A card found in a pocket of the coat in which he has been escorted to the inn complicates the mental disorder of Montague Jolliffe, and, being entirely ignorant whether he is married or single, this ill-starred wretch is on the eve of committing bigamy, and is liable to be shot by the indignant parent of the Irish maiden he leaves in despair on his wedding day. Such a character Mr. Terry approaches with all the intensity of his comic nature, and there are few things more amusing than to see him, thin and haggard with despair, and whining in his accent, endeavouring to extricate himself from a dilemma that an unkindly fate has thrust upon him. He keeps the house in roars of laughter; and in elaborating this story Mr. Pinero has shown that in the modern comic play there may be as much fun in elaboration of character as in horse-play and practical joking. We are getting a little tired of "door and window farces" and comedies that depend merely on noise, pully-hauly, and pantomime. For this relief much thanks. Though of course "In Chancery" is in intention a "one-part play," there is some excellent character acting shown by Alfred Bishop, a capital irate stage Irishman of an old-fashioned type, and by Miss Phyllis Broughton, Miss Gladys Homfrey, and that smart little soubrette, Clara Jecks—clever child of a clever mother. Mr. W. Yardley's burlesque on "Hamlet" has been revised and rewritten up to date. New songs and business have filled up awkward pauses; Miss Farren is as good as ever; and the fact that Mr. Edward Terry plays in all her best scenes as "The Ghost," materially increases the fun of the entertainment. Playgoers are constant to their old loves, and they are naturally delighted when they get Miss Farren, Mr. Terry, and Mr. Royce back again in a Gaiety burlesque.

C. S.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

In the centre of our page of Engravings, which represent a few scenes of the Christmas Pantomimes, appears the London Prentice hero of the Drury Lane performance, young Dick Whittington, accompanied by his very large Cat, pausing on the summit of Highgate Hill to hear the bells of Bow Church calling him back to Cheapside. The figures of Mr. H. Nicholls, as Tom the Idle Apprentice, and Mr. Herbert Campbell as the cook, are delineated at the side. Above these is a scene from "Aladdin," at the Surrey Theatre, where the "Lad with the Lamp" pairs off with the "Precious Princess"; and, in the opposite corner, the scene from "Cinderella," at the Standard, when one of the cross and ugly sisters fails to put the elegant glass slipper on her not very pretty foot. Messrs. J. and R. Douglass, at this theatre, have made a brilliant effort with "Cinderella," and the scenery, costumes, and carriages drawn by real horses, with Francesco's miniature ballet troupe of children, are much admired. At the Surrey, also, Mr. G. Conquest's pantomime, which was produced on Christmas Eve, is splendidly got up, with an amazing Cave of Jewels and a Fountain of Liquid Gems, and a Wedding Feast of Lanterns; while the performers, especially Mr. H. Edmunds as Abanazar the Great Scamp, a knavish professor of magic, are very amusing in their way. The zoological exhibition at Sanger's Amphitheatre, so far as regards the Egyptian pelicans, calmly surveyed by the Sphinx, is the subject of our last Illustration. But it is the old English legend of Lady Godiva which has been selected for dramatic treatment at Sanger's, where, for the first time possibly, St. George and the contemporary champions take part in the proceedings. The pantomime is handsomely mounted; the Pavilion of Pageantry, with its glittering procession, and with the various assembly of birds and beasts, from cockatoos to camels, being one of the finest displays ever witnessed on the Surrey side. Miss Stoyle is a dashing St. George, Miss Lizzie Relsey a graceful Godiva, Mr. Fred. Shepherd a terrible Leofric, and Little Sandy an amusing demon.

The Wesleyans of Wolverhampton have resolved to expend £12,000 in chapel extensions in the district. Of this sum £9000 has been promised.

Pending the further determination of her Majesty's pleasure, the Home Secretary has granted a respite to Mrs. Gibbons, who was condemned to death for the murder of her husband at Hayes.

Mr. N. R. H. Humphreys presided on Monday night at the annual dinner of the Commercial Traveller's Benevolent Institution, held at the Freemasons' Tavern. Subscriptions to the amount of £2169 were announced.

Sir James Paget has given notice that at the next meeting of the Royal College of Surgeons he will move that the council take measures for placing in the college an appropriate memorial of Sir Erasmus Wilson, who, it will be remembered, bequeathed about £280,000 to the college.

The announcement of the issue to the volunteers of the Martini-Henry rifle is officially confirmed, though it is understood that it will not commence until the orders sent to Birmingham and Enfield for the manufacture of at least 150,000 similar weapons are executed.

In London last week 1832 births and 1430 deaths were registered. Allowing for increase of population, the births were 500, and the deaths 557, below the average numbers in the corresponding weeks of the last ten years. The mortality included 32 from smallpox, 20 from measles, 16 from scarlet fever, 20 from diphtheria, 22 from whooping cough, and 7 from dysentery.

Mr. Thomas Skinner's "Stock Exchange Year-Book" (Cassell and Company, Limited) has now reached its eleventh year. The work has again increased in bulk, but still maintains its position as the most handy, and at the same time complete authority on matters relating to public securities and joint-stock enterprise, while the moderate price at which it is published is another recommendation. The volume for 1885 contains particulars up to the most recent dates, and a careful examination shows that the reputation already gained for conciseness and accuracy is well maintained.

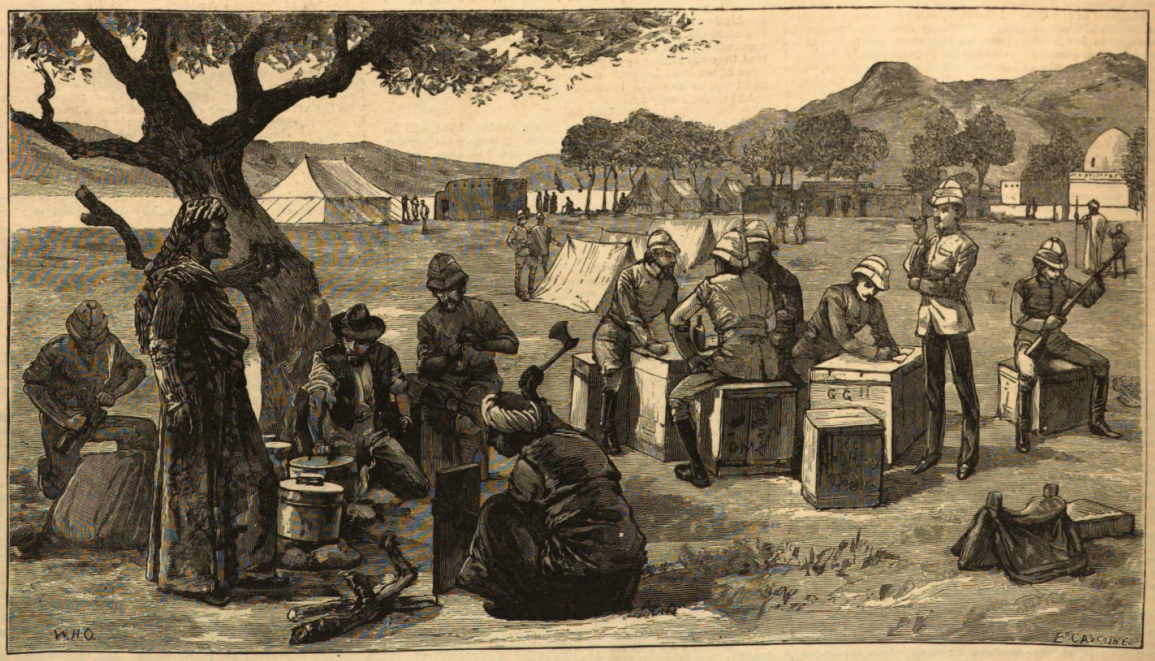
MR. G. A. SALA.



MR. G. A. SALA.

The clever, humorous, and widely popular writer of our "Echoes of the Week," one of the ablest and most experienced contributors of special correspondence and leading articles to a London daily newspaper, a competent dramatic critic, and author of a great variety of lively essays, tales, and sketches, published in magazines and other journals during more than thirty years past, is pleasantly known to hundreds of thousands of English readers. Thousands of readers in America and in the Colonies, being equally of the English race and language, are nearly as familiar with Mr. Sala's writings as the people of his own country; in the United States, which he has twice visited, he has won much personal regard and goodwill; and he is now on his third voyage across the Atlantic, being engaged to deliver public lectures in the chief cities of the Great Republic, and thence to proceed, from San Francisco, to Australia and New Zealand, where he will find colonial audiences not less eager to see and hear one who has made his mark, by force of original talent and supreme vivacity, on a broad surface of contemporary literature, and has gained a high place in general esteem. This seems a fitting opportunity for us to present the Portrait of Mr. Sala, and to invite our own readers, whom he has so long helped to entertain from week to week, to join with us in wishing him a prosperous expedition, accompanied by his wife, to the Far West and to the Antipodes, hoping that he will return in good health to England, in the spring of 1886, and will long afterwards continue here to pursue those occupations in which we have always found him a most efficient and agreeable colleague. We expect, in the meantime, frequently to receive from him special communications which will be acceptable in our Journal, not only as sure to be pervaded with his characteristic wit and pleasantry, rich in anecdote and allusion, but also as representing the impressions freshly made on the mind of a keen and practised observer by the social peculiarities of colonial life.

Mr. George Augustus Sala was born in London in 1828, his father being an Italian, but his mother an English West Indian lady, who practised the profession of music, and who had some repute both as a singer and as a teacher of singing. He was educated chiefly in Paris, and became an art-student, but soon turned his efforts to literature, writing first, we believe, for the *Welcome Guest*, also for *Household Words*, upon its establishment by Charles Dickens, in 1850 or 1851, and *All the Year Round*, the second title chosen by Dickens for his weekly publication. He wrote the papers on Hogarth in the *Cornhill Magazine*, under Thackeray's editorship, and he became the first editor of the *Temple Bar Magazine*, for which he wrote a novel, "The Seven Sons of Mammon," and a romance called "Strange Adventures of Captain Dangerous," afterwards reprinted as separate works. His story called "Quite Alone," written for *All the Year Round*, was likewise reprinted in 1864; and he has also produced a novel entitled "The Baddington Peerage," and several other stories. But Mr. Sala's chief strength does not lie in sustained fiction, or in the full development of an elaborate plot, and the dramatic evolution of characters. As an observer of manners and an incidental anecdotist, he is scarcely excelled by any writer of the day in perception of the quaint, the eccentric, and grotesque; but the oddities which he detects and exhibits with exquisite relish are not embodied in substantial imaginative forms. Indeed, his constant employment in journalism, in the close inspection and description of actual scenes and public proceedings, has not left him any leisure for effective attempts in novel-writing. He went to Russia in 1859; to the United States for the *Daily Telegraph* in the latter part of the War of Secession, and further to Mexico; on his return, he accompanied the late Emperor Napoleon's visit to Algeria; in 1870, he was at Metz and at Paris during the crisis of the war between France and Germany, and at Rome when the Italian Army entered that city; in 1875, he was in Spain at the accession of King Alfonso XII., and at the meeting of the King of Italy and Emperor of Austria at Venice. Mr. Sala again visited Russia in 1876, and travelled southward to Odessa and to Constantinople, to witness the opening of the European Conference; and in 1881, he went again to the United States, acting as special correspondent for the *Daily Telegraph* on each of those occasions. He was also at the Moscow coronation of the Emperor Alexander III. He has thus seen much of Royal and Imperial Court pageantries, and something of the turmoil of warfare, but is not, like Mr. W. H. Russell, Mr. Archibald Forbes, Mr. Hilary Skinner, and other special war correspondents, minutely conversant with military operations. At one time, indeed, he was with Garibaldi in the Italian Tyrol, during the brief campaign of 1866. Other travels and visits to different cities of Europe have been undertaken by Mr. Sala for the purpose of describing their social every-day condition and habits, in which he is particularly happy; the aspects of city streets and markets, popular festivities, theatres, railway and steam-boat travelling, hotel life and club life, are depicted by him in the liveliest style, and enlivened with a rich vein of humour. Among the volumes in which his writings of this class are collected, we may instance "America in the Midst of War," 1864; "A Journey Due North, or Residence in Russia"; "Dutch and Flemish Pictures"; "From Waterloo to the Peninsula"; "A Trip to Barbary"; "Notes and Sketches of the Paris Exhibition, 1867"; "Under the Sun, Essays in Hot Countries"; "Paris Herself Again," and "America Revisited." Some of Mr. Sala's minor essays and sketches of home subjects were collected in "Twice Round the Clock," "Gaslight and Daylight," "Breakfast in Bed," "After Breakfast," and other volumes, as well as the more recent of his contributions to the *Illustrated London News*, which began at a very early period. He has written several pieces for the stage, one being the burlesque of "Wat Tyler, M.P.," performed at the Gaiety Theatre in 1869. Mr. Sala is one of the most active and industrious of literary men; though a cosmopolitan man of the world in experience, he cultivates a taste for literary, historical, and antiquarian studies; and his stores of curious learning, accurate but not academical, seem greater than might have been expected in the case of a busy newspaper writer. He has much technical as well as critical knowledge of art, and his acquaintance with dramatic performances is proved by the value of his judgments upon them in our own Journal. We do not here speak of the merits of his personal character, except with reference to those qualities, frank honesty, candour, good-humour, and



THE NILE EXPEDITION: EN ROUTE TO DONGOLA WITH THE GUARDS' CAMEL CORPS—A HALT AT AKASHEH.
SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. MELTON PRIOR.



THE PANTOMIMES.

universal kindliness of spirit, which are equally shown in all his writings. Nothing spiteful or malicious, no unfair or unworthy insinuation, nothing wantonly injurious or recklessly offensive to any human being, can be found in any sentence from his pen, though he may probably have received as much provocation as any other successful public man. This is no slight praise, in a scandal-loving age, for a clever professional journalist with uncommon power of satire; and it may also be said of his miscellaneous productions, as happily of those of most of our best writers of the present day, that they nowhere contain the slightest hint of a suggestion injurious to moral purity, or to the delicacy which modern English literature is wont to respect and preserve.

The Portrait that we have engraved is from a photograph by Mr. Van der Weyde's Electric Light Process, Regent-street.

BIRTH.

On Oct. 26, at Chajari Entre Rios, the wife of Edward Dutton Turner, of a daughter.

DEATHS.

On the 19th ult., at 18, Granville-place, Portman-square, Edith Mary Codrington, wife of Matthew Clark, Esq., and eldest daughter of the late Richard Davies, Esq., of the "Virgin," Madeira, aged 37.

On the 27th ult., at her residence, 9, Lansdowne-crescent, Nottinghill, W., Mary Ann, widow of the late Samuel Page, Esq., of Duiwich, Surrey, aged 77.

On the 26th ult., at Whitwell, Norwich, Margaret Elizabeth, the beloved wife of Stephen Leeds, aged 44 years.

*** *The charge for the insertion of Births, Marriages, and Deaths, is Five Shillings for each announcement.*

THE VALE OF TEARS.—DORÉ'S Last Great PICTURE, completed a few days before he died, NOW on VIEW at the DORÉ GALLERY, 35, New Bond-street, with his other great pictures. Ten to Six. Daily. 1s.

ANNO DOMINI, by EDWIN LONG, R.A.—This great Work is NOW ON VIEW, together with other important works, at the GALLERIES, 168, New Bond-street. Ten to Six. Admission, 1s.

MONTE CARLO.—MUSICAL SEASON (CONCERTS, REPRESENTATIONS).
In addition to the usual Concerts, directed by Monsieur Romeo Accursi, the Société des Bains de Mer de Monaco has authorised M. Pasdeloup to arrange a Series of Extraordinary Grand Musical Entertainments (Concerts, Representations) this Winter.
The services of the following distinguished Artistes have been already retained:—

Mesdames Krauss,	Messieurs Faure,
" Devries,	" Vergnet,
" Salla,	" Capoul,
" Donadio,	" Biorkstein,
" Frank-Duvernoy,	" Conturier,
" Belloca,	" Villaret,
" Simonnet.	&c.

Added to which the celebrated Instrumentalists will appear:
VIOLINISTS:
Mons. Sivori, Mons. Marsik, Miss N. Carpenter, American artiste, 1st Conservatoire Prize, 1883.
PIANISTS: Mons. Planté, Mons. Th. Ritter, Madame Essipoff.
HARPIST: Mons. Hasselmans.
These Extraordinary Representations will be given each Wednesday and Saturday, commencing the end of January and terminating the middle of March.
The Classical Concerts every Thursday.

TIR AUX PIGEONS DE MONACO.
The opening of the Tir aux Pigeons of Monaco took place Dec. 16. The following is the Programme:—
Saturday, Jan. 3: Prix de Janvier. | Tuesday, Jan. 6: Prix Joe.
The GRAND INTERNATIONAL CONCOURS will take place in the following order:—
Saturday, Jan. 10: Grande Poule d'Essai. A Purse of 2000f. added to a Poule of 100f. each.
Tuesday, Jan. 13: Prix d'Ouverture. A Purse of 300f. added to 100f. entrance.
Friday, Jan. 16, and Saturday, Jan 17: Grand Prix du Casino. An object of Art and 2,000f. added to 200f. entrance.
Monday, Jan. 19: Prix de Monte Carlo. Grand Free Handicap. A Purse of 500f. added to 100f. entrance.
Thursday, Jan. 22: Prix de Consolation. An object of Art and 1000f.
BI-WEEKLY MATCHES FOR PRIZES.
Jan. 24: Prix de Saint-Quentin. An object of Art, added to a Poule of 50f.
Jan. 27: Prix Yeo. A Purse of 300f., added to a Poule of 30f.
Jan. 31: Prix Saint Trivier. An object of Art, with Poule of 50f.
Feb. 3: Prix Robert. A Purse of 300f. and a Poule of 50f.
Feb. 7: Prix Hopwood. An object of Art and a Poule of 50f.
Feb. 10: Prix Ladon. A Purse of 300f. and a Poule of 50f.
Feb. 12: Prix Echrhoy. An object of Art and a Poule of 50f.
Feb. 16: Prix du Comité. A Purse of 300f. and a Poule of 50f.
Feb. 21: Prix Canaver. An object of Art and a Poule of 50f.
Feb. 24: Prix Devon. A Purse of 300f. and a Poule of 50f.
Feb. 28: Prix Dori. An object of Art and a Poule of 50f.
Mar. 3: Prix de Mars. A Purse of 300f. and a Poule of 50f.
Mar. 7: Prix Patton. An object of Art and a Poule of 50f.
Mar. 10: Prix W. Cali. A Purse of 300f., added to a Poule of 50f.
GRAND CLOSING PRIZES.
March 12 and 13: Grand Prix de Clôture. A Purse of 4000f. added to 100f. entrance
Second Prize, 1000f.; Third Prize, 700f.; Fourth, 200f.
A. BLONDIN, Secretary.

NEWS FROM NICE.—The weather is really splendid, the temperature ranging from 60 deg. to 65 deg. in the shade. The sun shines almost perpetually, and the influence of warm rays makes life enjoyable to all, and more especially to those who have by illness or otherwise sought its influence.
There has been an almost entire absence of rain for several months, but this has not interfered with the sanitary arrangements of the city, as its streets and roads are daily watered from the mountain stream of the Vesubie, which is also used for flushing the drains, which are, in addition, cleansed or disinfected by purifying chemical compounds.
The streets, now brushed daily, were never so clean and tidy, which fact, perhaps, accounts for the total absence of epidemics; and the average mortality of the city is less than many fashionable towns in England.
Four resident English medical men are in practice here, and would, I am sure, be willing to communicate with any intending visitors desirous of satisfying their nervous fears as to the healthfulness of the town by addressing Doctors West, Sturge, or Wakefield, or Mr. Nicholls, the English qualified chemist here. In future, there will be an authorised tribunal for this purpose, as a hygienic society of medical men, French, English, and others, is now in course of formation, so that untruthful scandals as to the sanitary condition of Nice may be avoided or exposed.
The Prolongation of the Promenade des Anglais is complete, and forms one of the finest drives in the Riviera. The police force has been reorganised, and its members are now entitled to a pension after faithful service, which fact will doubtless give them more moral force in the execution of their functions.
The Italian Theatre, a very handsome building, has been reconstructed and enlarged, and a grand ball of inauguration will be given in February.
The Casino Theatre is giving its entertainments; and the Théâtre des Français, of which Mr. Corbeiaux is the able Director, has an excellent Troupe de Comédie, as also some star artistes for the Opéra Comique.
The Jetty Promenade, grace to an arrangement at last effected between the Fire Insurance Company and the Directors of the Pier, is, they say, to be immediately rebuilt. The races will take place in February. The renowned carnival will surpass all others, and the Regattas will form an important part of the festivities, particulars of which anon.
The visitors are daily arriving in increased numbers, and those English who were too timid to pass through Paris, have nevertheless found the means of coming on here by way of Amiens, Rouen, and Dijon; while several will return from our Riviera into Switzerland during the panic are now en route to this bright and sunny land.
Nice, Dec. 8, 1884.

BANK OF NEW ZEALAND
(Incorporated by Act of General Assembly, July 29, 1861).
Bankers to the New Zealand Government.
Capital subscribed and paid up, £1,000,000.
Reserve Fund, £625,000.
Head Office—Auckland.
BRANCHES AND AGENCIES.
In Australia—Melbourne, Sidney, Newcastle, and Adelaide.
In Fiji—Levuka, Suva.
In New Zealand—Auckland, Blenheim, Christchurch, Dunedin, Invercargill, Napier, Nelson, New Plymouth, Picton, Wellington, and at ninety-five other towns and places throughout the Colony.
This Bank grants Drafts on all its Branches and Agencies, and transacts every description of banking business connected with New Zealand, Australia, and Fiji on the most favourable terms.
The London Office RECEIVES FIXED DEPOSITS of £50 and upwards, rates and particulars of which can be ascertained on application.
F. LARKWORTHY, Managing Director.
No. 1, Queen Victoria-street, Mansion House, E.C.

WHAT IS YOUR CREST and WHAT IS YOUR MOTTO? Send name and county to CULLETON'S Heraldic Office. Plain Sketch, 2s. 6d. Coloured, 7s. The arms of man and wife blended. Crest engraved on seals, rings, books, and steel dies, 8s. 6d. Gold seal, with crest, 20s. Solid Gold Ring, 18-carat, Hall-marked, with crest, £3. Manual of Heraldry, 400 engravings, 3s. 9d.
T. CULLETON, 25, Cranbourn-street (corner of St. Martin's-lane).

CULLETON'S GUINEA BOX of STATIONERY contains a Ream of the very best Paper and 500 Envelopes, all stamped in the most elegant way with Crest and Motto, Monogram, or Address, and the engraving of Steel Die included. Sent to any part for P.O. order.
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VISITING CARDS by CULLETON.—Fifty best quality, 2s. 6d., post-free, including the Engraving of Copper Plate. Wedding Cards, 50 each, 50 Embossed Envelopes, with Maiden Name, 12s. 6d.
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Address, Manager, Wells House, Ilkley, via Leeds.

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TITLEPAGE AND INDEX.

The Titlepage and Index to Engravings of Volume Eighty-five (from July 5 to Dec. 27, 1884) of THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS *can be had* Gratis *through any Newsagent, or direct from the Publishing Office, 198, Strand, W.C. London.*

PRINCESS'S THEATRE.—MR. WILSON BARRETT, Lessee and Manager.—EVERY EVENING, at 7.45, HAMLET. Messrs. Wilson Barrett, Speakman, Lewkenor, Willard, Clifford Cooper, Frank Cooper, Cranford, Hudson, Doone, De Solla, Evans, Fulton, Foss, &c., and George Barrett; Mesdames Eastlake, Dickens, &c., and M. Leighton. Doors open at 7.15. Box-office, 9.30 to Five. No Fees. Matinees, this day (Saturday), Jan. 3, and Saturday next, Jan. 10. Business Manager, J. H. Cobbe.

NATIONAL STANDARD THEATRE, BISHOPSGATE.
CINDERELLA. Grand Christmas Pantomime. EVERY EVENING at Seven. Morning Performances every day at One, to which children under ten half-price. Pantomime produced by John Douglass.

EVERY AFTERNOON at THREE. EVERY NIGHT at EIGHT.
ST. JAMES'S HALL, PICCADILLY.
Newly Decorated.
THE MOORE AND BURGESS MINSTRELS'
TWENTIETH ANNUAL CARNIVAL of MUSIC and FUN.
EVERY DAY at THREE. EVERY NIGHT at EIGHT.
Fauteuils, 5s.; Sofa Stalls, 3s.; Area, 2s.; Gallery, 1s. No fees of any kind. Children Half-price to Area and Stalls. Tickets and Places can be secured at Austin's Office, St. James's Hall, One Month in advance.

ST. JAMES'S HALL, PICCADILLY.
Newly Decorated.
THE MOORE AND BURGESS MINSTRELS'
MAMMOTH CHRISTMAS PROGRAMME
has received the most enthusiastic approval of the Enormous Audiences which have literally packed St. James's Hall from floor to gallery since Boxing Day.
TWO PERFORMANCES WILL BE GIVEN EVERY DAY,
AFTERNOON at THREE; NIGHT at EIGHT.

MASKELYNE and COOKE, EGYPTIAN HALL, Piccadilly, give their performance twice daily during the holidays. Afternoon at Three. Evening at Eight. Mr. Maskelyne's Christmas Novelties, entitled THE FAKIRS OF BENARES AND THEIR BRAZEN ORACLE, introducing many Novel Effects and startling Illusions, differing entirely in character from any previously witnessed. Stalls, 5s.; Reserved Seats, 3s.; Area, 2s.; Balcony, 1s.

WANTED, Respectable Young Women, as DOMESTIC SERVANTS, to proceed to NEW SOUTH WALES. Passages, including Provisions, Bedding, &c., will be granted by the Agent-General in first-class steamers to approved applicants, upon payment of £2 each. An experienced Surgeon and Matron accompany each ship. The Colonial Government provide a free accommodation for the Single Women during ten days after their arrival in Sydney. The next steamer will be dispatched on or about Jan. 16. Further information may be obtained at the EMIGRATION DEPARTMENT, New South Wales Government Offices, 5, Westminster-chambers, Victoria-street, Westminster, S.W.

THE JAPANESE VILLAGE,
Erected and peopled exclusively by NATIVES of JAPAN,
will OPEN in ALBERT-GATE, Hyde Park, on SATURDAY, JAN. 10, 1885,
under the distinguished Patronage of her Royal Highness PRINCESS CHRISTIAN, her Royal Highness PRINCESS LOUISE, MARCHIONESS of LORNE, &c.
SKILFUL JAPANESE ARTIFICERS and WORKERS—Male and Female—will illustrate the MANNERS, CUSTOMS, and ART-INDUSTRIES of their Country, attired in their National and Picturesque Costumes.
Magnificently Decorated and Illuminated BUDDHIST TEMPLE.
FIVE O'CLOCK TEA in the Japanese Tea-House.
JAPANESE MUSICAL and other ENTERTAINMENTS.
EVERY-DAY LIFE as in JAPAN. MILITARY BAND.
Daily from 10 a.m. to 10 p.m. ONE SHILLING.
WEDNESDAYS, Half-a-Crown. Children under Twelve, Sixpence.
Promoter and Managing Director, T. BURCHETT.
The ENTIRE PROCEEDS of the OPENING DAY, SATURDAY, JAN. 10, will be devoted to several Charitable Institutions, on which occasion the Charge for Admission will be Half-a-Crown.

THE POLITICAL ENTR'ACTE.

The New Year has opened without any interruption of the harmony prevailing between the two great Parties in the State. The gentlest of tunes continue to be played by the Parliamentary musicians, who are good enough to relieve the tedium of the entr'acte with a little mild orchestration. If the lion is not exactly to be found consorting with the lamb, the Marquis of Salisbury is pacifically holding holiday revel at Hatfield, and Mr. Gladstone has been celebrating his seventy-fifth birthday like the "Grand Old Man" he really is at Hawarden Castle.

December the Twenty-Ninth was, indeed, a red-letter day at Hawarden. Not only did the Prime Minister receive a hundred and fifty congratulatory birthday messages from all classes of the community on Monday, but he had the pleasure of welcoming to the castle Miss Wilson, the *fiancée* of his son, the Rev. Stephen Gladstone, with whom and Mrs. Gladstone the young lady arrived on a visit to Hawarden. Miss Wilson is a daughter of Dr. Wilson, of Liverpool. It was observed that Mr. Gladstone looked as hale and hearty as ever when he walked from the castle to attend the early morning service at Hawarden church, the bells of which blithely rang out in celebration of the Minister's birthday.

The Earl of Rosebery, it is to be feared, has not met with much encouragement in his attempt to persuade the House of Lords to reform itself. The published answers to his Lordship's circular would undeniably have had the effect of damping his reforming ardour, if he had not been blessed with a native cheeriness worthy of Mark Tapley himself. To Time may the noble Earl leave it to effect the changes needful in the Upper House.

No member has a profounder knowledge of the deplorable way in which public time is wasted in the House of Commons than the first Ministerial "whip." Lord Richard Grosvenor's pregnant remarks at Dorchester on Tuesday were, accordingly, well worth notice. Not without reason did his Lordship jocosely lament the absence of a Factory Act for regulating the hours of attendance in the House; for, as he said, seventy hours' work a week is nothing to members who do their duty. It is nothing less than a scandal that, notwithstanding the amount of time thus consumed, there should be such a beggarly array of measures of moment at the end of the Session. As Lord Richard Grosvenor pointed out, the present year must be devoted mainly to the passing of the Redistribution Bill. But the energy and spirit displayed by the youngest members of the House hold forth every promise that the next Parliament will promptly effect that rational alteration in its rules which will put a stop to obstruction, and enable the House to transact the business of the nation with adequate dispatch and efficiency.

The readers of Mr. Mason Jackson's "History of the Pictorial Press" have learnt that the business of preparing blocks of boxwood for the engravers is of essential importance to the production of such a Journal as the *Illustrated London News*. A manufacturer of boxwood blocks and other engraving materials and implements, Mr. E. Badoureau, in St. Bride-street, Ludgate-circus, has issued a calendar for the year 1885, accompanied by a view of the interior of his own workshop, very cleverly drawn, with a portrait of Mr. Badoureau himself. This is not only interesting to his customers, but gives a lively idea of the manner in which the work is carried on.

MUSIC.

The Christmas performance of "The Messiah" given at St. James's Hall by Mr. W. G. Cusins, last week, was generally of high efficiency. Miss Griswold, the accomplished young American soprano, sang with great effect in the bravura song "Rejoice greatly," and in the pathetic airs "Come unto Him" and "How beautiful," and in the several incidental recitatives. Mr. Sims Reeves gave the tenor solo music of the first part with fine effect, although suffering from a cold which disabled him from singing in the second part, in which he was ably replaced by Mr. Piercy. Madame Patey in the contralto music, and Mr. Santley in the bass solos, were at their best. Mr. Cusin's corrections of some misconceptions of Handel's notation and other points (as embodied in an interesting pamphlet) rendered this performance, as it did that of last year, of special interest.

Sir Arthur Sullivan's and Mr. W. S. Gilbert's "Pirates of Penzance" has been reproduced at the Savoy Theatre, the characters sustained by children with an efficiency, dramatic and musical, that is truly surprising. Among those who particularly distinguished themselves may be specified:—Miss E. Joel (as Mabel), Master Tebbutt (as Frederic), Master E. Percy (as Major-General Stanley), and the two Adesons (as the Pirate King and the Policeman)—all the others indeed being good in their respective degrees.

"Pocahontas"—the comic opera produced on Boxing night at the Empire Theatre—is founded on the well-known story of the Indian Princess who preserved the life of the captive captain, John Smith, by taking him as her husband. The book (by Mr. Sidney Grundy) deals but slightly with the history, and introduces some rather incongruous comic matter. The music, by Mr. E. Solomon, is lively and tunable, without any marked originality or individuality of style. The characters of the heroine and the hero are well sustained, respectively, by Miss Lillian Russell and Mr. F. Celli; Miss A. Barnett, Mr. J. L. Shine, Mr. H. Ashley, and Mr. R. Brough being included in the cast.

The secular music of the closing days of last year included Mr. Ambrose Austin's National Holiday Festival Concert at the Royal Albert Hall, on Boxing Day (when a selection of popular music was given by eminent artists), and the opening of her Majesty's Theatre for a series of concerts à la Jullien. A good orchestra—headed by Mr. Viotti Collins as leading and solo violinist—gave effect to the instrumental selection; and vocal pieces were well rendered by Mdlle. Marita, Miss A. Romayne, and Signor Foli. Mr. Odoardo Barri is the conductor, assisted by Herr Volkmer.

The earliest musical performance of 1885 was the concert of the Royal Albert Hall Choral Society on the evening of New Year's Day, when "The Messiah" was given. A new series of Mr. John Boosey's Ballad Concerts begins this (Saturday) afternoon at St. James's Hall; where, on Monday, Jan. 5, the Popular Concerts will be resumed; as will be the afternoon performances associated with them on the following Saturday. On Jan. 23 the Sacred Harmonic Society will resume its performances, also at St. James's Hall. The twenty-ninth series of Saturday Concerts at the Crystal Palace will be continued on Feb. 14. The seventy-third season of the Philharmonic Society will open on Feb. 26 with the first of six concerts, all of which will be conducted by Sir Arthur Sullivan.

On March 21, the Bach Choir (directed by Mr. Otto Goldschmidt) will celebrate the 200th anniversary of the composer's birth by a grand performance of his Mass in B minor at the Royal Albert Hall; and on the 25th of the same month the London Musical Society will give the first of two concerts at St. James's Hall. Mr. Carl Rosa will open a new London season of eight weeks at Drury Lane Theatre on Easter Monday—his scheme including the production of a new opera, composed for him by Mr. A. Goring Thomas, and of the English version of M. Massenet's "Manon."

The Richter concerts will open a new series of nine performances at St. James's Hall, on April 20; and Mr. H. Leslie's choir will begin a new season on June 4; again conducted by him. The choir, it will be remembered, was disbanded after its twenty-fifth season, and was then reorganised, with Mr. Randegger as conductor; Mr. Leslie resuming that office in the forthcoming series.

There will be celebrations of the bicentenary of the birth of Bach and Handel, who were both born in 1685; but the most important will be the Handel Festival at the Crystal Palace, on June 19, 22, 24, and 26. This will be held in anticipation of its regular triennial recurrence, which would properly be in 1886; a deviation which is appropriate under the circumstances.

Mr. W. Carter's National Festival Concerts at the Royal Albert Hall—on Jan. 26, Feb. 14 and 28, March 17, and April 23—will be among the specialties of the year.

It would be premature as yet to speak of Italian opera performances, as no reliable specific information will be available for some weeks. There can be but little doubt, however, that London will not be without such an invariable important feature of the season. As to German opera, any renewed scheme seems to be more than doubtful.

The production at the Savoy Theatre of the new comic opera by Sir Arthur Sullivan and Mr. W. S. Gilbert will be looked for with great interest. The date of the event cannot yet be given, but it is to be hoped that it is not far off.

There will be three great provincial festivals this year—at Birmingham at the latter end of August, at Hereford in September, and at Bristol at a subsequent period. The first-named occasion will derive especial importance from the production of Gounod's new oratorio, "Mors et Vita," and new works by Herr Anton Dvorák, Mr. A. C. Mackenzie, Mr. C. V. Stanford, Mr. F. H. Cowen, Mr. T. Anderton, and Mr. E. Prout.

The above will be among the most important musical events of 1885—many other performances of more or less interest being doubtless forthcoming.

The Marquis of Ripon has been elected president of the Ripon, Harrogate, and Claro Agricultural Society for 1885.

The Queen has presented £20 to the funds of the Booksellers' Provident Institution, through Sir Henry Ponsonby. Her Majesty has been the patron of the society since 1868.

In answer to the Lord Mayor's appeal in aid of the Rowland Hill Benevolent Fund, the following sums, among others, have been received:—Messrs. N. M. Rothschild and Sons, £250; Messrs. Baring Brothers, £250; Messrs. Glyn, Mills, and Co., £105; the Clothworkers' Company, £105; Messrs. Smith, Payne, and Smith's, £105; Messrs. J. and R. Morley, £105; the Peninsular and Oriental Steam Navigation Company, £105; Messrs. Barclay, Bevan, and Co., £100.

The Christmas number of the *St. Stephen's Review*, entitled "St. Stephen's Saturnalia," presents a handsome appearance, while a judgment as to its literary contents may be formed from the fact that Lord Lytton, Lord Carnarvon, and Sir Wilfrid Lawson are among the literary contributors. There are clever pencil sketches by Wallis Mackay, Tom Merry, George Cruikshank, Phil May, and other skilled artists; and there is a coloured group, "The Stores—their Votaries and their Victims," by Harry Furniss.

THE NEW ARCHBISHOP OF DUBLIN.

The Disestablishment of the Protestant Irish Church has enabled its members, clergy and laity, to enjoy the free exercise of their suffrages in the choice of a new Archbishop to fill the place of Dr. F. C. Trench. The joint Synods of Dublin, Glendalough, and Kildare, consisting of 262 clergymen and 480 laymen, are empowered, voting together, by a two-thirds majority, to elect an Archbishop who is to be Bishop of the three Episcopal Sees. If no person obtained the requisite two-thirds majority of each order, three candidates were to be nominated, of whom one would be selected by the Bench of Bishops. At the first polling, the votes were divided between five or six leading candidates, and a second poll was taken, in which the Right Rev. Lord Plunket, Bishop of Meath, obtained a decisive majority; and the result is generally approved. The new Archbishop is eldest son of the third Lord Plunket, by marriage with Charlotte, daughter of the Right Hon. Charles Kendal Bushe, and was born in 1828. He graduated at Trinity College, Dublin, in 1853. He was ordained in 1857 by the Bishop of Tuam. From 1858 till 1864 he was Rector of Kilmoylan and Cummer, and he was afterwards successively chaplain and private secretary to the Bishop of Tuam, treasurer of St. Patrick's Cathedral, Dublin, and precentor of St. Patrick's. Dr. Plunket succeeded to the Peerage in 1871, and was consecrated Bishop of Meath in 1876. The first Lord Plunket was so created in 1827, on being appointed Chief Justice of the Common Pleas, and was afterwards Lord Chancellor of Ireland. His eldest son, the second Peer, who died in 1866, was consecrated Bishop of Tuam in 1839. The new Archbishop married, in 1863, Anne, only daughter of the late Sir Benjamin Lee Guinness, M.P.

The Portrait is from a photograph by Messrs. Chancellor and Son, of Dublin.

THE CHURCH.

Both Houses of Convocation will meet on Tuesday, Feb. 10, for the despatch of business.

A new organ, costing £1200, has been presented to Welshpool parish church by Lord Powis.

Colonel Brooksbank, J.P., has provided a peal of bells for St. Andrew's Church, Middleton, Yorkshire.

A carved oak pulpit has been erected in St. Andrew's Church, Redruth, to the memory of the late Dr. R. S. Hudson.

The Rev. E. H. Bickersteth, Vicar of Christ Church, Hampstead, has been appointed to the vacant deanery of Gloucester.

The Durham Diocesan Church Building Society's fund amounts to £34,000. It is intended to erect twenty-five new churches, and four have already been built.

The Temple Church is open to visitors daily (Saturdays excepted) from ten to one and from two to four o'clock. No fees are to be paid for viewing the church.

The Church of St. Matthew, Campfield, erected in 1824 from designs by Sir Charles Barry, was reopened last week, after renovation and enlargement at a cost of £1400.

At the annual general meeting of the Hospital Sunday Fund it was resolved that June 14 should be the Hospital Sunday in 1885. The total amount of the fund for 1884 was £35,329, and the working expenses had been £1236.

A new mission church has been opened at St. Mawes, near Falmouth, by the Bishop of Truro. The building is Early English in character, and has been erected, at a cost of £1500, from designs by the Rev. C. W. Carlyon, the Rector.

The controversy between the Chapter and the Restoration Committee of Peterborough Cathedral has been terminated by the former agreeing to the tower being raised a single stage of the Norman arcading, provided funds are forthcoming.

The golden wedding of the Bishop of Salisbury was celebrated on Monday and Tuesday, last week. The members of the prelate's family presented him with a gold cross. His Lordship, who is in his eighty-first year, is in excellent health.

The chancel of St. Andrew's Church, Ashley-place, Westminster, which has been closed now for some weeks, is to be reopened on Sunday (to-morrow). The new work includes a beautiful oak reredos, richly decorated. The pictures in the reredos were given by friends in memory of the late Mrs. William Paget, of Ashley-place.

The Bishop of Newcastle yesterday week consecrated a church dedicated to St. George, at Cullercoats, Newcastle, erected, at a cost of £21,000, "to the glory of God, and in memory of his beloved father, George, the fifth Duke of Northumberland, by Algernon George, sixth Duke of Northumberland," as stated in a tablet in the church.

The monument erected in St. John's Church, Westminster, to the memory of its late Rector was unveiled last week by Mrs. Wylie, in the presence of the committee, members of the clergy, and friends. The inscription is as follows:—"In memory of the Ven. John Jennings, M.A., Archdeacon of Westminster, for fifty-one years Rector of this parish. Died March 26, 1883, in the eighty-fifth year of his age."

The Sunday morning services in Westminster Abbey will be conducted as follows:—On the 4th, by the Rev. E. Price; on the 11th, by the Rev. J. Ll. Davies; on the 18th, by the Rev. Dr. Watson; and on the 25th, by the Rev. F. K. Harford. In the afternoons, the Rev. Canon Wescott will be the preacher. On Monday, the 12th, a Preparation Service for the West London Mission will be held. Holy communion at 7.30 a.m. Special service and address by the Rev. J. H. Lester at 7.30 p.m., in the Choir.

A beautiful window, by Meyer, of Munich, has been placed in the Cathedral of Cape Town in memory of the Right Rev. Henry Alexander Douglas, Bishop of Bombay, formerly Dean of Cape Town, by Miss Mary Aitken, the foundress of the St. George's Orphanage.—The fine old Norman church of Shoreham has received an addition to its painted glass of a window, from the studio of Mr. Taylor, of Berners-street, the gift of Dr. Harris Smith, the Vicar.—A handsome stained-glass window, representing the Angelic Host Adoring the Agnus Dei, has been placed in the Church of St. Michael, Louth. The funds were provided by the congregation as a memorial to a former parishioner and earnest church worker, and the design has been successfully carried out by Messrs. Mayer and Co.—Captain M. H. H. Bird, of East Somerton Hall, Norfolk, has presented a three-light stained-glass window, depicting the Ascension, to the church of Little Waltham, Chelmsford.

Baroness Willoughby has directed that £100 shall be distributed in blankets and coal amongst the poor on her Denbighshire and Carnarvonshire estates.

A "treat," consisting of a magic lantern entertainment, a concert, and other amusements, was provided on Monday night for the patients at the University College Hospital, by the Sisters and medical officers of the institution. Within the past year 26,894 patients have been relieved by the hospital, at a cost of £190,000, of which only £6000 was a trustworthy income from dividends and annual subscriptions. Stock has already had to be sold.

THE AFGHAN BOUNDARY COMMISSION.

A telegram of Dec. 19 from Major-General Sir Peter Lumsden, the British Commissioner for the survey and local definition of the north-west boundary of Afghanistan, now sojourning at Bala Murghab, between Herat and Maimene, reports that the party are all in good health, and that "the climate is perfect." They will have to wait about two months for the arrival of the Russian Commissioner, General Zelenny, before commencing the task, which is likely to occupy the whole of next year. The Ameer of Afghanistan has strongly protested against the Russian occupation of Puli Khatoun. We present two more Sketches by our Special Artist, Mr. William Simpson, who accompanies the British Commissioner in this interesting expedition. The journey from Teheran to Meshed, performed entirely on horseback, occupied twenty-nine days, from Oct. 2 to Oct. 31, the distance being, we suppose, about seven hundred miles. At Miandasht, on the boundary of the province of Khorassan, special tokens of consideration for the European travellers, who reached this place on Oct. 19, were provided by the Governor-General's orders. The scene of the "Korbanieh," represented in one of our Artist's Sketches given this week, is described by him as follows:—

"The word korbanieh means the act of sacrificing, and it seems to be a common ceremony practised in Persia. When any one is ill, a sheep is sacrificed to ensure recovery. On this occasion, when Sir Peter Lumsden was arriving at Miandasht, a number of people belonging to the place stood in a row on the left; and we saw three men in the middle of the road with a sheep. As we neared them, one of the men, who had a knife, cut the animal's throat, and severed the head, which he lifted, and throwing it high in the air, it fell at the side of the way. The right thing to do is to ride past between the body of the sheep and the head, which Sir Peter did, the people to the left bowing their heads and salaaming as he passed. We understand that, if the person in whose honour the sacrifice was performed had been a Persian, he would have stopped his horse close to the sheep, when it would have been killed close to the horse's feet, and some of the blood would have been sprinkled on the hoofs. The people understanding that this part of the operation might not have been agreeable on the present occasion, it was dispensed with. The ceremony was repeated next day on Sir Peter's arrival at Abbasabad. At none of the towns on our coming from Teheran was this done till the arrival at Miandasht. It may be assumed that the rite is a survival from the pre-Mohammedan period, for it does not seem to belong to the simplicity which characterises the worship of Islam."

The gentleman on the right of Sir Peter Lumsden in our Engraving is the Nawab Mirza Hassan Ali Khan, C.I.E.; and the rider on the left is the Special Artist of the *Illustrated London News*. The other Sketch now presented is that of the Reception of General Lumsden at Meshed on Oct. 31. Mr. Simpson writes of this:—"Sir Peter Lumsden arrived with his party, which consisted of Mr. Alexander Condie Stephen, Assistant Commissioner Captain Barrow, A.D.C., the Nawab Mirza-Hassan Ali Khan, and Mr. A. Finn, Consul of Resht. As they neared the Holy City of Meshed, officials of various ranks, accompanied by numerous attendants, rode out to meet the party. About two miles from the city, a carriage came up, with horsemen, foot-runners, and a numerous retinue. In the carriage were the Governor of Tabbas and Sertip (Colonel) Abdullah Khan. These officials came out, shook hands with Sir Peter, and invited him to ride in the vehicle, as it had been sent for him by the Governor-General. There were carriages for the rest of the party, and they all moved towards the city, accompanied by the large mass of people who had come out. The Governor-General had arranged a very handsome set of his own tents in a garden for Sir Peter Lumsden and the others of the party, a matter in which your Artist was not forgotten. A magnificent breakfast was ready, prepared by the Governor-General's cook; a military band was in attendance; the whole arrangement was quite princely in its character, and shows that the Governor-General of Khorassan wishes to be a friend. I had the pleasure of an interview with him, when he gave me a sitting for his portrait; Mr. Consul Finn went with me to interpret for me, and I found the Governor-General all that he is credited with for shrewdness and sagacity." The portraits of Abdul Wahab Khan, Governor-General of Khorassan, and those of other high official personages, appeared in our last.

We shall give further Illustrations of what our Artist saw in Khorassan, which is a country of much importance in the politics of Central Asia.

LIEUT.-COLONEL LABALMONDIERE, C.B.

The retirement of Colonel Labalmondière from the office of Assistant Commissioner of Police has caused a general feeling of regret among the members of the force, and this feeling is shared by the public. For more than a generation Colonel Labalmondière has been connected with Scotland-yard; and throughout his official career he has been distinguished for courage, energy, and sound judgment which have done good service, and have won him the esteem of all.

Colonel Labalmondière was educated first at Eton, and afterwards at Sandhurst, where he passed out first, with honours in three extra subjects. He joined the 83rd Foot in 1833, served in the Canadian Rebellion, and as a young ensign was thrice selected to carry despatches. Employed in 1848-9 in Ireland on special duty under the Poor Law Commissioners during the famine, he gave valuable evidence before committees of both Houses of Parliament on the subject; and it was on testimonials received from these services that, whilst serving with the 83rd in India, he was in 1850 appointed by Sir George Grey as Inspecting Superintendent of the Metropolitan Police, an office then just created. In 1856, when the staff of the police was reorganised, he was appointed Assistant Commissioner under Sir Richard Mayne, a post he has held ever since. During many years of this time, his responsibilities and duties were necessarily very arduous, and his frequent employment on special work brought him prominently before the London public, and earned for him the reputation of fearlessness of character and single-minded devotion to duty. His services, which in Army and Police amounted to upwards of fifty-one years, have been rewarded by the fullest admissible pension, and being created a Companion of the Bath.

The Portrait is from a photograph by Messrs. Maull and Fox, Piccadilly.

Miss Ormerod, the entomologist of the Royal Agricultural Society, has written a letter expressing her approval of the wholesale destruction of sparrows.

Boxing Day in London was observed in a manner which custom has prescribed for this celebration. The weather was dry, but cold. Outdoor recreation, as contrasted with other Bank holidays, gave way to indoor amusements. There were 25,780 visitors to the Crystal Palace, 9826 to the South Kensington Museum, about 4000 to the Tower, and large contingents to other national institutions open to the public.

THE COURT.

Yesterday week her Royal Highness Princess Christian of Schleswig-Holstein, attended by Miss Emily Loch, arrived at Osborne. Major-General Du Plat met her Royal Highness at Portsmouth, in her Majesty's yacht Alberta, Captain Fullerton, and attended her to Osborne. The Queen and the Duchess of Albany drove out in the afternoon, attended by the Dowager Marchioness of Ely. Prince and Princess Louis and Prince Henry of Battenberg dined with her Majesty and the Royal family. The Queen went out on Saturday morning with Princess Beatrice. In the afternoon the Queen drove out with the Duchess of Albany, and afterwards visited Prince and Princess Louis of Battenberg, where they were joined by Princess Christian and Princess Beatrice. Prince and Princess Louis and Prince Henry of Battenberg, the Hon. Mrs. R. Moreton, Miss Emily Loch, and Sir William Jenner, K.C.B., were included in her Majesty's dinner party. On Sunday morning the Queen and the Duchess of Albany, Princess Christian and Princess Beatrice, and Prince and Princess Louis and Prince Henry of Battenberg, and the members of the Royal household attended Divine service. The Rev. Canon Duckworth officiated. The Queen drove out on Monday afternoon with Princess Christian and Princess Beatrice. Prince and Princess Louis and Prince Henry of Battenberg dined with her Majesty and the Royal family in the evening. Mr. W. A. White, C.B., her Majesty's Minister at Bucharest, arrived at Osborne, and, with Vice-Admiral De Horsey, had the honour of being invited to dine with her Majesty. On Tuesday morning the Queen went out with Princess Beatrice and Prince Henry of Battenberg. The Duchess of Albany walked out, attended by Mrs. R. Moreton. The Queen held a Council at Osborne, at which were present Lord Carlingford, the Right Hon. Sir Richard Couch, and the Right Hon. A. J. Mundella. Lord Carlingford had an audience of her Majesty.

It is officially announced that her Majesty has given her consent to the engagement of Princess Beatrice with Prince Henry of Battenberg, third son of Prince Alexander of Hesse, who is at present on a visit at Osborne. He is the younger brother of Prince Louis of Battenberg, who is married to the Queen's grand-daughter, Princess Victoria of Hesse, and also of the Prince of Bulgaria. Princess Beatrice, the fifth and youngest daughter of her Majesty, was born at Buckingham Palace on April 14, 1857, and was baptised on June 16 in the same year. Her Royal Highness received the Order of St. Catherine from the Emperor of Russia in May, 1874, and is a member of the Royal Order of Victoria and Albert, and a Lady of the Imperial Order of the Crown of India. Prince Henry Maurice of Battenberg was born on Oct. 5, 1858, and is a Lieutenant in the 1st Regiment of Prussian Guards.

The Prince and Princess of Wales, accompanied by Prince Albert Victor and Prince George and Princesses Louise, Victoria, and Maud, and attended by the ladies and gentlemen of the household, were present at Divine service at Sandringham parish church on Sunday morning. The Rev. F. Harvey, M.A., Chaplain to the Queen and Domestic Chaplain to the Prince and Princess of Wales, Rector of Sandringham, officiated, assisted by the Rev. J. Shephard, M.A., Sub-Dean of the Chapel Royal (St. James's), who also preached the sermon. In the evening the Prince and Princess, accompanied by Prince Albert Victor and Prince George, and by Princesses Louise, Victoria and Maud, were present at Divine service at Dersingham church, when the new organ, which has just been erected, was used for the first time. The service was performed by the Rev. E. W. Penny, the Vicar, assisted by the Rev. C. N. Kelly, Minor Canon of St. Paul's Cathedral, who likewise preached the sermon. An amateur dramatic performance which took place on Tuesday night in the new Sandringham Club-Room, in aid of the fund for the restoration of Wolferton church, was attended by the Prince and Princess and their family, and by a large number of the aristocracy of the county.

FASHIONABLE MARRIAGES.

On Tuesday, at Castle Ashby, near Northampton, Mr. Henry Graham was married to Lady Margaret Compton, second daughter of the Marquis of Northampton. The bridegroom was accompanied by Mr. R. Grenfell, Coldstream Guards, as best man. The Marquis gave his daughter away. The bridesmaids were Lady Mabel Compton, her sister, Miss Dallas Yorke, Miss Katie and Miss Mary Drummond, Miss Grenfell, and Miss Fane. The Dean of Worcester, uncle of the bride, officiated, assisted by the Rev. A. H. Cole-Hamilton, M.A., Rector of the parish. The service was choral.

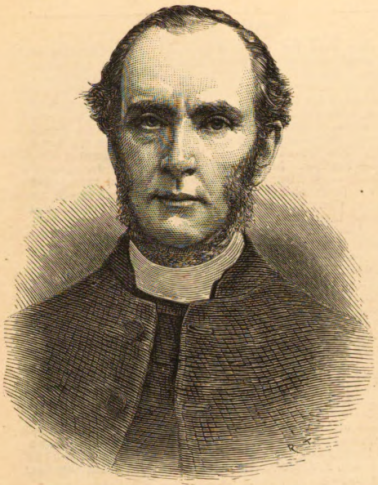
The marriage of the Rev. Walter A. Moberly, younger son of the Bishop of Salisbury, to Miss Mary A. Ellacombe, daughter of the Rev. Canon Ellacombe, Vicar of Bitton, near Bristol, was celebrated on Tuesday at the Bitton parish church. There was a choral service, the officiating clergyman being the Rev. Robert Moberly, brother of the bridegroom. The bridesmaids were Miss Annie Moberly, daughter of the Bishop of Salisbury, and four sisters of the bride. The Bishop was unable to be present.

THE LATE M. BASTIEN LEPAGE.

A portrait, sketched by himself, of this clever and successful French artist, who has died at the early age of thirty-six, has been placed at our disposal by one of his friends, and is reproduced on another page. The pictures of M. Bastien Lepage were much noticed at the Paris exhibitions; and their merits, in the forcible realistic treatment of historical and romantic subjects, were appreciated by public taste in its present mood. One of his most famous works, and that which gained him a popular celebrity, was the picture of Joan of Arc, the devout and patriotic heroine of the French war of liberation in the fifteenth century, a solitary peasant girl meditating in an orchard, absorbed in the vision of her miraculous call to achieve the deliverance of her native land. The last important work of M. Lepage was of a kindred inspiration, representing the Hebrew woman Judith, who killed Holofernes, the commander of an invading enemy's army, visiting him in his tent and murdering him in his sleep, as is related in one of the Apocryphal books; she is depicted by the artist coming out of a fortress and descending a ladder, to walk alone to the besieging enemy's camp. These highly dramatic themes, conceived with an ideal exaggeration of the power of intense purpose in the female mind, seem congenial to French sentiment; and the minute exactness of detail in the paintings of M. Lepage produced a strong effect of reality, which was much admired.

The Pope has appointed Monsignor Butt Bishop Auxiliary of Portsmouth.

The City Wardmotes were held on Monday, but in most cases the retiring Councilmen were re-elected without opposition. At every meeting the proposal to deprive the City of two of its representatives in Parliament was condemned.



THE MOST REV LORD PLUNKET,
THE NEW ARCHBISHOP OF DUBLIN.



THE LATE M. BASTIEN LEPAGE, FRENCH ARTIST,
SKETCHED BY HIMSELF.



LIEUTENANT-COLONEL LABALMONDIÈRE, C.B.,
LATE ASSISTANT COMMISSIONER OF THE METROPOLITAN POLICE.



RECEPTION OF SIR PETER LUMSDEN AT MESHED, THE CAPITAL OF KHORASSAN.



THE KORBANIEH OR SACRIFICE OF A SHEEP, ON SIR PETER LUMSDEN'S ARRIVAL AT MIANDASHT.

THE AFGHAN BOUNDARY COMMISSION: SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. W. SIMPSON.



DRESSING FOR THE CHARADE. DRAWN BY E. J. WALKER.

PARISIAN SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

(From our own Correspondent.)

Paris, Tuesday, Dec. 30.

The Parisians pride themselves on their artists, and in the modern Athens, which it is now becoming fashionable to call the modern Byzantium, a new book by a great writer, a new statue by a great sculptor, a new picture by a great painter, or a new play, becomes at once the event of the week and the absorbing centre of all public curiosity. In the press, everything is sacrificed to long preparatory articles, and everybody would wish to be amongst the privileged mortals who have the first sight or hearing of the new work. Never has this laudable curiosity been roused to a higher pitch than by the announcement of a new play by the most versatile and popular of the dramatists of the day, M. Sardou. In "Theodora," which was produced with great success at the Porte Saint-Martin on Friday last M. Sardou has attempted a reconstruction of Byzantium in the sixth century, with its artistic splendour, composed of Greek elegance combined with Asiatic richness and profusion of colour and ornament, with its turbulent populace, its chariot-races, its circus factions, its luxury and corruption, its Emperor Justinian and its courtezan Empress Theodora. In a series of tableaux, which might be called a dramatic panorama rather than an ordinary drama, M. Sardou has introduced us successively to the audience chamber of the Palace, where the Empress, reclining voluptuously on a divan-throne, receives ambassadors and dignitaries of State; to the labyrinths of the vast hippodrome, where we see a motley crowd of lion-tamers, gladiators, dancing-girls, and "swells" of the period, and where the Empress herself comes incognita to get a whiff of that odour of wild beasts and tights which reminds her of her old triumphs when she was Zoe, the circus-rider, the delight of Alexandria; to the house of Andreas, the Greek who dreams of liberating the Byzantines from empire and establishing a republic after the manner of Plato; to the garden of Styrax, with its laurel roses and distant view of the blue sea and the coast of Asia; to the imperial tribune at the hippodrome, where we see the Emperor and the Empress enthroned with unparalleled splendour; to the crypt of the palace; to the view of Constantinople in flames; and, finally, back to the belluarium of the hippodrome, where the Empress dies in the atmosphere in which she was born. Never before has such a splendid panorama been seen on the Parisian stage; the scenery, the costumes, the grouping of the characters, the general effects, as well as all the details, are of dazzling magnificence, and at the same time in perfect taste and most harmoniously composed. No one better than M. Sardou knows how to take advantage of all the resources of the arts accessory to scenic effect; and in "Theodora" he has carried all these arts to their highest pitch, and made them serve to the utmost extent the expression of the dramatist's idea. The framework may, perhaps, be found even too grandiose and too vast for the dramatic action which it surrounds and often eclipses, and for that reason I have spoken of "Theodora" as a "dramatic panorama," and referred to the splendour of the spectacle before analysing the plot.

The action of Theodora is dissipated over eight tableaux, and, from the old point of view of dramatic composition, it is rather lost in these tails, many of the tableaux, interesting enough in themselves, serve only to explain the manners and customs of the epoch, and to contribute towards the panoramic reconstruction of Old Byzantium. In a word, the plot is this. The Empress Theodora, while wandering about the streets of her capital one night, falls into the arms of a young Greek, Andreas, and is smitten with a violent and exclusive love for him. For her lover she is, of course, not the Empress; she is simply Myrta, a virtuous widow, and Andreas tells his friends that he is about to marry her. During a love scene, Myrta discovers that Andreas is plotting to deprive her husband, Justinian, and herself of empire and liberty, and that he is full of hatred and contempt for that infamous Theodora whom he has never seen. At the Hippodrome Andreas recognises Myrta in the Empress, insults her publicly, is arrested, and about to be executed; but the Empress intervenes, and he escapes, and puts himself at the head of the revolt. The battle is furious, half Constantinople is burnt, but the empire is victorious, and the rebellion drowned in a sea of blood. Andreas is wounded, and lies hidden in the belluarium of the hippodrome; Theodora goes to see him; he spurns and insults her; Theodora, thinking to give him a love potion, gives him poison, and while she is rolling in despair on the corpse of her lover, the executioner arrives with orders from Justinian to strangle her. The Emperor has discovered the treachery of his wife. In this hasty analysis I have only touched upon the main points of the plot, but were I to relate the piece in detail I should want two or three columns; for, as I have already intimated, it is overcharged with detail, and with scenes and situations needing minute explanation. Let it suffice to say that certain scenes are very striking and novel, notably the love scene interrupted by the singing of the lampoon against the Empress, and the scene in the imperial tribune. The rôle of Theodora is admirably suited for Sarah Bernhardt, who is by turns a saint, a Semiramis, a Delilah, a Valerie, and a Lucrezia Borgia.

As if to make room for the absorbing topic of the new play, politics this week have been uninteresting, and few have paid attention to the discussion of the Budget of 1885. As has been the case during the past six or seven years, the financial situation remains irregular, and the Session has closed with a vote authorising the Government to take, *provisionally*, a milliard out of the receipts. The reckoning will come later. And now the politicians will have to devote all their attention to the forthcoming Senatorial elections, which are destined to show, in a striking manner, which way the public opinion is inclining. On Sunday, at a Revolutionary meeting held at the Salle Levis, a curious phenomenon occurred: the audience divided into two camps, elected two presidents and two bureaux, and then proceeded to blackguard each other and fight. The two camps consisted of Anarchists and Blanquists—that is to say, followers of Blanqui; and the latter were qualified by their adversaries as "Reactionaries"!

The Boulevards and all the great thoroughfares are at present occupied by booths, and sellers of all kinds of objects—toys, penny whistles, sewing-machines, old iron, and everything that can be imagined. This is the "Foire aux étrennes," or New-Year's fair, where the Parisians of modest purses buy their little presents for children and parents, presents which are accompanied by the traditional good wishes of "Bonne année, bonne santé!" T. C.

An earthquake in Spain on Thursday night, last week, caused great loss of life. Some small towns and villages in Andalusia were almost destroyed; and the panic in Granada, Malaga, and Seville was so great that the inhabitants, apprehending further shocks, encamped in the open air. Further shocks of earthquakes are reported, and the town of Alhama, in Granada, has been destroyed, 300 persons having been killed. It is believed that 900 persons are buried beneath the ruins of the town of Albunuelas. A landslip on a mountain near Periana, Malaga, has destroyed a number of houses, whence thirty dead bodies and eighteen injured persons have been taken. The details received of the mischief done by the earthquake show that more than 1000 lives have been lost, and that two towns have been destroyed, besides numbers of buildings in towns and in the country. The Madrid Mercantile Association has opened a national fund for the relief of the sufferers from the earthquake. The King has subscribed 10,000f. Subscriptions have also been opened in Malaga and Granada, and tents have been dispatched for the use of the houseless. The King has telegraphed to the governors of Malaga and Granada, placing £400 at the disposal of each of them for the relief of the distress.

The Portuguese Prime Minister has submitted to the Chamber of Deputies the draught of certain proposed reforms in the Constitution of that kingdom. The chief proposal is that the Chamber of Peers shall in future be composed of one hundred life Peers appointed by the King and fifty elected by an indirect process.

The *Standard* correspondent at New York says that Governor Cleveland has promised when he assumes the Presidency to make no political removals from the Civil Service, except those who have abused their offices for partisan purposes.

The annual winter carnival at Montreal, this month, seems likely to eclipse any previous fête in America. The ice palace, which is always one of the great attractions of the week, will be this winter of striking dimensions. It is to be 160 ft. long and 120 ft. broad, and the towers of solid ice will rise to the height of 100 ft. It is also proposed to utilise the St. Lawrence extensively in the forthcoming carnival, by laying out drives, trotting tracks, and skating and curling rinks on the ice. The citizens hope to secure the presence of Prince Albert Victor of Wales during the carnival.

The Ontario Legislature will meet for the dispatch of business on Jan. 28 next.

The *Standard* correspondent at Durban telegraphs that the 4th Hussars, the Welsh Regiment, and the Highlanders, with a force of Artillery, are to be stationed at Newcastle, in view of possible troubles in Bechuanaland and the Transvaal. The principal burghers of Stellaland have met Mr. Rhodes, the Deputy-Commissioner for Bechuanaland, and promised him not to offer him any opposition to the passage of British troops through their territory.

An official announcement has been published at Berlin confirming the report that the German flag has been hoisted at several points of New Guinea and the New Britain Archipelago.—We learn from Melbourne that the Hon. James Service, the Premier of Victoria, has invited the Governments of the other Australian Colonies to unite in protesting against the German annexations in the Pacific.

The Agent-General for Queensland received on Tuesday the following telegram:—"McNeil Williams commuted sentence to penal servitude for life; five years in irons. Parliament prorogued. Governor yesterday. Loan, Defence, and seventh Minister Bills passed." Hugh McNeil and Bernard Williams were respectively second mate and boatswain of the labour-schooner Hopeful, and were convicted of shooting natives who were attempting to escape a kidnapping crew.

DRESSING FOR THE CHARADE.

Human nature, in spite of prohibitory and repressive notions of a mistaken preciseness in morality, which confounds innocent illusion with deceit, will never cease to delight in the mimetic representation of imaginary characters and actions. The pleasure of such attempts is closely akin to that artistic impulse which inspires the creations of poetry and romance and the works of the painter and the sculptor; and one of its most wholesome exercises is the representation of domestic and social comedy. This cheerful entertainment is particularly agreeable to children, whose lively sense of humour, and quick observation and imitation of the manners of their elders, may often find harmless indulgence in performing simple little plays, turning upon an accidental mistake or embarrassing situation, without any suggestion of evil. Those who are never taken to the theatres, as is the case with many respectable families bred in strict religious opinions, are not the least willing and able to join in diversions of this kind; and the institution of Acted Charades has brought out a high degree of native talent among young ladies who would not think of disregarding parental scruples by desiring leave to accept an invitation to a box at the Court Theatre or at the Savoy. It is surprising how naturally the art of acting comes to intelligent young persons, more especially to girls, without any opportunity of witnessing its formal public performances, or any knowledge of critical rules and standards; even small children, if they are not shy and timid, will in an extemporised drawing-room or nursery performance show a wonderful vivacity and truth of expression. The merry little company whom our Artist has delineated in their nursery, putting on a variety of queer disguises, hats, big coats, shawls, collars, and neckerchiefs, one marking his upper lip with a moustache, others handling an umbrella or a walking-cane, to make an effective appearance before the Christmas party of relations and friends, seem perfectly happy. There is a word of two syllables to be guessed, one syllable at a time, from the scenes which are to be enacted; the first syllable, for aught we can see, may require that a lady and gentleman walking out together, should be caught in the "Rain," and it is well that she takes her umbrella, but they will affect the greatest discomfort and alarm when the shower is supposed to fall as they pass through the street to their shopping. It may further be conjectured that the intended second syllable is "Bow"; and that the pretty boy with the Cavalier locks, who is just now decorating his face by the aid of a hand-mirror, will then present himself as a "Beau" of the Court of Charles II., exhibiting some feats of high-flown gallantry more or less in the polite fashion of that time. They will amuse themselves, at any rate, and some of the elder folk will be pleased.

Mr. Wallis has had the honour of submitting for the inspection of the Prince and Princess of Wales, the paintings by Professor L. Müller and Carl Heffner, now on exhibition at the French Gallery, 120, Pall-mall; and Princess Louise (Marchioness of Lorne) has honoured Mr. Thomson by visiting his studio, Grosvenor-street, and inspecting his photographs, portraits, and copies of the Old Masters.

At a public meeting on Monday the Mayor of Newcastle (Alderman Stephenson), on behalf of the Shipwrecked Fishermen and Mariners' Royal Benevolent Society, presented a regulation aneroid barometer and a purse containing £16 to Captain Aird, a silver medal and a purse containing £4 to Mr. Munro, chief mate; and £2 10s. each to four of the crew of the English barque Marlborough, for rescuing the crew of a Norwegian vessel in the Atlantic on Nov. 4 last. The Norwegian ship had lain waterlogged for four days when the men of the Marlborough, in a rough sea and at great peril to their own lives, put off to them and rescued all on board.

OBITUARY.

THE EARL OF MORTON.



The Right Hon. Sholto John Douglas, twentieth Earl of Morton, Lord Dalkeith, Aberdour, and Douglas, of Lochleven, in the Peerage of Scotland, a Scottish Representative Peer, who died on the 24th ult., was born April 13, 1818, the eldest son of the nineteenth Lord, by Frances Theodora, sister of the present Lord Strathnairn. He was formerly a Lieutenant in the 11th Hussars and Colonel of the Midlothian Yeomanry. He married, first, January, 1844, Helen, daughter of the late Mr. James Watson, of Saughton; and secondly, 1853, Alice Aline Caroline, daughter of the first Earl of Durham. By the former, who died 1850, he leaves one son, Sholto George Lord Aberdour, now twenty-first Earl of Morton, born Nov. 5, 1844, who is married to the Hon. Helen Gertrude Ponsonby, and has issue. The deceased Peer succeeded his father July 12, 1879, and represented a distinguished branch of the illustrous house of Douglas.

SIR H. V. STONHOUSE, BART.



Sir Henry Vansittart Stonhouse, fifteenth Baronet, of Radley, Berks, died at Trial, U.S.A., on Nov. 13, aged fifty-seven. He was only son of Sir Timothy Vansittart Stonhouse, fourteenth Baronet, and succeeded his father Jan. 30, 1866. He was formerly Lieutenant 94th Regiment, and A.D.C. to Sir Henry Pottinger, Governor of Madras. He married, June 18, 1851, Charlotte, fourth daughter of Mr. John Beatty West, M.P. for the county of Dublin, and by her (who died Aug. 21, 1857) leaves one surviving son, now Sir Ernest Hay Stonhouse, sixteenth Baronet.

DR. LENTAIGNE.

The Rev. Joseph Lentaigne, S.J., M.A., Trinity College, Dublin, died on the 23rd ult. This estimable and accomplished divine, distinguished for his brilliant classical attainments, was born July 27, 1805, the second son of Dr. Benjamin Lentaigne, a scion of the ancient noblesse of France, who emigrated to England during the French Revolution (in which his two eldest brothers, staunch Royalists, were guillotined), and he settled in Dublin, where his eldest son, Sir John Lentaigne, C.B., a Commissioner of National Education, and for many years Inspector-General of Prisons, still resides, universally respected and beloved for his many good works, more especially for his admirable management of the Reformatory and Industrial Schools. Dr. Lentaigne was educated at Clongowes and at Trinity College, Dublin. His University career was most successful. He won many honours, and, several times, the Chancellor's prize. He was called to the Bar in 1827, and joined the North-East Circuit; but in a few years became a Jesuit, being afterwards appointed Rector of Clongowes College, and, in 1858, Principal of the Order in Ireland. Some time after, he visited Australia to found the Mission there.

SIR G. RODNEY MUNDY.

Admiral of the Fleet Sir George Rodney Mundy, G.C.B., who died recently, was the second son of General Godfrey Basil Mundy (of the Mundys of Shipley), by the Hon. Sarah Brydges, his wife, youngest daughter of the celebrated Admiral, Lord Rodney. He served at the siege of Antwerp, in the Baltic, during Russian War; subsequently on the Mediterranean, North American, and West Indian Stations; and at Portsmouth, as Commander-in-Chief, 1872-5.

MR. CONINGHAM.

Mr. William Coningham, for many years M.P. for Brighton, died on the 20th ult., at Kemptown, aged seventy. He was son of the Rev. Robert Coningham, of the county of Londonderry, and was, in early life, in the 1st Light Dragoons. In 1847 he unsuccessfully contested Brighton, and in 1852 the city of Westminster; but in 1857 he secured his first election for the former, always supporting Liberal measures. He married, in 1840, Elizabeth, daughter of the Rev. William Meyrick.

We have also to record the deaths of—

The Rev. W. Lindsay Alexander, D.D., F.R.S., Edinburgh, the author of several theological works, aged seventy-six.

Mr. John Samuel Bowles, of Milton Hill, Berks, J.P. and D.L., High Sheriff 1852, on Christmas Day, aged sixty-nine.

Mr. James Balfour (the father of Mr. Spencer Balfour, M.P.), an old and stanch Liberal, recently, at the age of eighty-eight years.

The Rev. William Parker, M.A., one of the oldest beneficed clergymen in England, in his ninety-second year, having held Comberford Rectory, near Pershore, for fifty-eight years.

The Right Rev. Dr. Fuller, recently, in Canada, at the age of seventy-five. He was Archdeacon of Toronto from 1867-75, in which latter year he was appointed first Bishop of Niagara.

The Marquis de Fortunato, on the 28th ult., at his lodgings in Pall-mall. The Marquis was well known in diplomatic circles from his residence in London as the accredited servant and friend of the ex-King and Queen of the Two Sicilies.

Dr. William Marshall, who was for several years the medical attendant of the Queen and Court, on the 29th ult. At his funeral, near Crieff, Perthshire, on Tuesday, Dr. Profeit attended, by command of the Queen, and laid on the coffin wreaths of immortelles sent by her Majesty and Princess Beatrice.

Mr. Rothery concluded an inquiry at Aberdeen last Saturday into the cause of the foundering of the steamer *Thames*, on a voyage from Aberdeen to Drontheim, and the loss of thirteen lives. The judgment of the Court was to the effect that the loss of the ship was due to her having been overladen, unseaworthy, and scantily manned.

The Postmaster-General has issued the following notification:—On and after Jan. 1, 1885, forms of certificate will lie on the Post Office counters, and anyone bringing a parcel to post, if he desire a certificate, may fill up one of these forms with the name and address of the person to whom the parcel is directed, when it will be the duty of the officer in attendance to stamp the form with the office stamp. This certificate, it must be clearly understood, does not indicate that any liability attaches to the Postmaster-General in the event of loss or damage. A list of parcels, where more than one parcel is brought by the same person, may be similarly prepared beforehand, or at the counter by the person posting the parcels, and presented to be stamped with the office stamp. This will obviate the necessity in such cases of filling up a separate form in respect to each parcel.

NEW BOOKS.

A few delicate illustrations give additional charm to *A Lady's Ride Across Spanish Honduras:* by Maria Soltera (William Blackwood and Sons), a volume sufficiently charming as a narrative merely, though it would have been all the better for a little map, if not a little index also, and though the last few extracts from the lady's journal are naught. The great charm of the narrative is its perfect ingenuousness; it is a simple story of a perilous journey (perilous, that is, for a "lone woman") courageously undertaken and accomplished, of a bitter disappointment after all, of faith misplaced, and, nevertheless, of the spirit of suspicion exorcised by the kindness met with in quarters where the recipient had no reason to expect more than conventional expressions of sympathy, a smooth stone instead of bread. The lady, an English gentlewoman of good connections, a governess by profession, with a very small amount of capital, was tempted to make the long and costly, as well as the adventurous and even dangerous pilgrimage from Sydney, New South Wales, to San Pedro Sula, Honduras, and found that she had been lured on by false pretences to take the principal part in what may, without offensive allusion, be called a wild-goose chase. It really turned out that a reverend gentleman, who was "given to liquor," and who may or may not have had a right to the style and title he had adopted, had thought it worth his while to bring the lady all that long distance in order to make a good thing out of her, as he hoped, and out of the little money she evidently possessed. She was to have the superintendence of a school which was "being erected for the colonists' children at San Pedro Sula," a guaranteed salary, and a "plantation": what she got was a very hard and by no means safe ride over hundreds of miles, a severe blow in the face (figuratively), a taste of semi-starvation, a touch of fever, a heavy pecuniary loss, and a hint that the best thing she could do was to return to the spot whence she came. Readers will sympathise heartily with her; but, from one point of view, will not be sorry for the chance thus given her of telling a pitiful story; and they will learn something that may or may not astonish them about British enterprise and honesty (or the contrary) in the matter of the Honduras Railway. Spanish Honduras, of course, is meant; British Honduras is "another pair of shoes" altogether.

Whenever a book—especially a book of travel—has an index, the fact should be conspicuously and gratefully recorded; and so much may be predicated of *All Round Spain:* by F. H. Deverell (Sampson Low and Co.), which is a very pleasant and interesting volume written by a gentleman who, luckily for his readers, "wanted" to do a great many things and see a great many places, and insisted upon satisfying his many wants, or not a few of them. He "wanted" to make up for what he had missed on former trips to Spain; he "wanted" to be "present at the 'Tribunal of waters,' at Valencia," to "see Elche, the City of Palms," to visit "our wonderful possession, Gibraltar," as well as "several places in Spain lying in that direction," such as Tarifa, with its women covered, as to the face, "in the Arab style," to "prospect" Estremadura, and "to inquire about the locusts said to swarm there," and about other more or less interesting matters, to go to Astorga and inspect "that curious race of people called *Maragatos*," and, further, to examine "the celebrated pass of Roncesvalles, and the curious little republic of Andorra." There were, moreover, many other things that he "wanted" to do; and he seems to have done them all. Thus, he journeyed by anything but the straightest and shortest road into Spain, turning away from the direct route, because he "wanted to see" a French place or so, such as Avignon. As regards Spain itself, his course took him north, south, east, and west, so that there is not much exaggeration about the title he has chosen, a title which will be amply justified in the eyes of any reader who takes the pleasure rather than the trouble of consulting the auxiliary map. For so complete is the volume, that there is stowed away in a pocket (let into one of the covers) a most elaborate map with a conspicuous red line to mark the circuitous nature of the author's travels. The tour, as it is most appropriately termed, was a very interesting one, a fact which the hints already given will suffice to make clear to the most exacting and suspicious of readers; and it is very probable that the author's manner of relating his experience will meet with general and cordial approbation. He concludes with a statement of the apprehensions which appear to have been continually occurring to him and spoiling his enjoyment; apprehensions concerning the friends he had left behind him, with whom he found it impossible to keep up communication, and who, when he returned home, might have been sleeping their last sleep for a comparatively long, long while without a word of information to keep him from cherishing vain hopes. Such apprehensions, no doubt, are felt by all travellers occasionally; though they are seldom expressed in books of travel. In these days of universal newspapers, however, it is pretty certain that, if "anything should happen" to any friend or acquaintance, you will have had at least the opportunity of becoming enlightened before you reach home again. This, of course, is but cold comfort; for we must, many of us, have known what it is to see some sad announcement in the columns of a newspaper read in solitude—or worse, among a throng of people who "knew not Joseph"—at a foreign inn, without a soul to understand or sympathise.

More seasonable fare than Mr. A. H. Bullen has provided in *A Christmas Garland* (Nimmo) it will be difficult to find. The beautiful volume—for beautiful it assuredly is, in form as well as substance—consists of carols and poems, from the fifteenth century to the present time, with seven illustrations, quaint as the songs themselves, designed by Mr. Henry Wells. Mr. Bullen writes modestly of his book as the work of idle moments, and as laying little claim to research. It does, however, exhibit the fruits of considerable reading and of scholarly taste. The editor is a master of his subject, and writes of it with the poetical feeling that is even a rarer gift than antiquarian knowledge. In the earliest carols there is a homeliness and simplicity which may offend readers who can tolerate Ouida and, perhaps, Zola. Yet the atmosphere of these plain-speaking songs is of the rarest purity. They come from the heart, and appeal to it, when the way is not choked up by the thorns and briers of conventional propriety. The reader accustomed to more artificial strains may not see the beauty of these songs at first, but it will grow upon him by degrees; and possibly he will look with something like regret to the old-world days when verses so pure and quaint were household words in England. No doubt it is a dream to imagine that the England of the fifteenth century was a happier or a better country than the much-troubled and overworked land we know so well; but there was in those days an appearance, to say the least, of simplicity and jollity, that has vanished with the complex civilisation of which we are all so proud. Mr. Bullen's selection is divided into three parts—Christmas Chants and Carols, Carmina Sacra, and Christmas Customs and Christmas Cheer. The first part is the least familiar and the most interesting. Here are dainty lines, indeed, for readers who have ears tuned for them. If they look, for instance, at the "perfect little poem" on page 4; at the piece beginning "The moon shines bright," on page 58; or at the lovely carol, justly praised by the editor, "As Joseph was a-walking," page 31, they will catch what one may call the key-note of these old carols. The editor inserts also, under this section, several poems of modern birth, the best of which, to our thinking, is Miss Christina Rossetti's "In the bleak mid-winter." We scarcely know why, under Part II., Mr. Bullen seems to think it necessary to apologise for inserting Milton's great "Ode on the Nativity," which contains some of the noblest stanzas to be found in this volume. His remarks upon Henry Vaughan, one of the best of our sacred poets, are eminently just. Vaughan's little volume, *Silex Scintillans*, of which a beautiful edition was published by Pickering nearly forty years ago, contains poetry of a finer order than the *Temple* of Herbert; yet the one poet is still popular, while the other is comparatively unknown. Two poems by Jeremy Taylor suffice to show how the genius of this splendid writer deserted him when he chose to cripple his free hand by composing verse. Ben Jonson, and Herrick who belonged to the tribe of Ben, are both represented here; and, under the heading *Christmas Customs and Christmas Cheer*, George Wither, one of the most fluent of poets, is seen to great advantage; but we must not dwell on the varied contents of a book which suggests not a few topics for criticism and comment. It is not a book to borrow, but one to buy; not a book for the drawing-room only, but one which merits a permanent place on the shelves of the library.

Railways nowadays sometimes bring civilisation and barbarism into close contact. An illustration of this fact may be seen in a remarkable volume, by Captain John G. Bourke, entitled *The Snake-Dance of the Moquis of Arizona* (Sampson Low). The country inhabited by this strange tribe of Indians lies west of the boundary line between New Mexico and Arizona, and between sixty and seventy miles south of the Grand Colorado. The Moquis occupy seven villages, and are known to have held their present position from the middle of the sixteenth century. If we cannot agree with Captain Bourke that they are "one of the most interesting peoples in the world," we must admit that they are one of the strangest. Every chapter in this volume is deserving of attention; but we must be content to strike at once into the heart of the narrative. There can be no doubt that the snake-dance of the Moquis has a religious signification, and is associated with the early traditions of the tribe. Captain Bourke was present at the great festival, and was told that he had seen what no stranger had ever seen before. The snake-charmers belong to a secret order, and the art they practise has never been explained. They have, it is said, medicines which they use either to tame the snakes or to render their bites innocuous, and they quiet them with rods tipped with eagles' feathers. The writer's statements with regard to drugging the snakes are a little contradictory. In one place he hints that something may be administered prior to the dance, while in another he affirms that no steps had been taken to make them harmless, and that when on the ground they often frightened the crowd of spectators by coiling themselves up to spring. Very dangerous serpents could only be managed by old and well-practised charmers, but most of the reptiles were grasped by little boys behind the head, and fearlessly carried in this way. In some of the dances several hundred venomous snakes are used, the men holding them in their hands or between their teeth, and performing the wildest antics while in this perilous position. Before the festival, Captain Bourke entered the "Estufa," where the reptiles were herded, and there he watched the men, who were "dressed" in paint, lifting the snakes, stepping upon them with their naked feet, or carrying them suspended from between their teeth. While writing down what he witnessed on the spot, the American traveller turned round, and to his horror saw a man leaning over him, and "holding in his hand the biggest snake in the whole collection, a rattler, not less than five feet. The assurance that no harm would come to me down among those Indians so long as I remained perfectly quiet and did just as they did was strongly fixed in my mind, but hardly strong enough to keep me from running up the ladder in a panic." The picture given of the naked, painted men, with heads crowned with scarlet feathers, and faces coloured black, while the neck is of a ghastly white, rattles clanking at the knees, and, to crown all, the deadly snakes held in hand and mouth, and "squirming to free themselves from restraint," is as strange as it is vivid. Verily we live in a strange world! The Moquis reside within the boundaries of the United States, and practise their horrid art at a distance of less than seventy miles from the Atlantic and Pacific railroad.

The Crown Prince of Austria is well known as a great lover of travel and of sport. A beautiful looking and brightly written volume just published, entitled *Travels in the East, including a Visit to Egypt and the Holy Land* (Bentley and Son), does credit to the ability and indomitable energy of his Imperial and Royal Highness. He was accompanied by his uncle, the Grand Duke of Tuscany, and, which is a fact more important to his readers, by the artist Pausinger, who contributes more than ninety illustrations to the work. Possibly, many persons who take it up will find these drawings more attractive than the letterpress. The Prince writes with ease and vivacity. He shows much acuteness of observation and faculty of description. Occasionally there is a vein of sentiment in the narrative appropriate to the scenes he witnessed, but the writer's chief enjoyment is in sport; and wherever he goes the most prominent portion of the story is devoted to his achievements as a sportsman. When in Egypt, no opportunity was lost of following his favourite pursuit; and he records how, in the province of Fayum, in a hunting excursion of four days and a half, his party shot two lynx, seven wolves, two ichneumon, two desert hares, four pelicans, two river eagles, one carrion vulture, one African eagle buzzard, and one hundred and seventy-two head of small game. On one occasion the Prince carried a wolf upon his back; on another, in order to allure vultures, he led a sheep out into the wilderness, stabbed and disembowelled it. When his steamer stopped at Luxor, the Prince, with his companions, rode on donkeys to Karnak. "I had taken a live hen with me," he writes, "and seated myself beside one of the ancient ponds enjoying the beauty of the evening. I pinched the hen perpetually, in order that its cry might attract the wild beasts. Unfortunately, instead of jackals, some Englishmen came, who looked at me with astonishment." Which, we may add, was not surprising under the circumstances. In the Holy Land, too, Prince Rudolph indulges his ruling passion; and one evening, when the setting sun was lighting up Bethlehem, the sportsman was occupied in putting strychnine on a dead donkey in the hope of poisoning a hyæna. Sad to relate, on returning the next morning the donkey had disappeared, having been carried off, it is conjectured, by a Syrian bear. The neighbourhood of Bethlehem does not seem to have been a good sporting ground; but the Prince, thanks to his strychnine, succeeded in securing a hyæna, and also shot a jackal and a stork. It is scarcely necessary to add that several of the drawings illustrate this feature of the volume.

Dr. Johnson never made a greater critical blunder than in his estimate of the poet Gray; yet there was doubtless a grain of truth in one of his perverse statements. Gray, he said, was a "barren rascal"; and assuredly, if this poet's work is precious, it is but slight in quantity. In *The Works of Thomas Gray in Prose and Verse*, edited by Edmund Gosse, in four volumes (Macmillan), we have, for the first time, a complete issue of his writings. Mr. Gosse's competence for the task will be questioned by no one familiar with his monograph of Gray—one of the most masterly biographies in the series of "English Men of Letters." Gray once confessed he did not write more because he could not. His vein was soon exhausted, and the account of the poems he produced shows how little there was of spontaneity in his work. The "Elegy," for example, which is perhaps the most popular poem in the language, was begun in the autumn of 1742, taken in hand again six years later, and finished in 1750. "The Bard" was begun in 1754, worked upon fitfully until the autumn of 1755, and completed in 1757. There is, we believe, no instance of his composing any important poem on the inspiration of the moment, as Burns wrote his "Tam o' Shanter" or Byron his "Prisoners of Chillon." Extreme labour and toilsome elaboration are Gray's method; which, if it does not become the critic to grumble at, since the result is so attractive, shows at least that he did not possess the fecundity of genius which surprises and delights us in the greatest poets. As a prose writer, Gray has many claims on attention. He is a masterly critic, he may be almost said to have discovered for his countrymen the picturesque in nature—to Johnson, mountains were but protuberances—and as a letter writer he ranks with the best in our language, with his friend Horace Walpole, with Cowper, and with Byron. The recluse scholar of Pembroke was probably the most learned man of his day; in ours he lives as a great classic, secure in the "fit audience" a poet loves. Mr. Gosse has done all that knowledge and diligence can do in building up this monument to Gray's genius, and every lover of English literature should place these volumes on his shelves. Of matter actually unprinted before, this edition contains comparatively little, but it is no small boon to have Gray's complete works, edited with the utmost care, and in a form which will gladden the eye of the book-lover.

Mrs. Emma Marshall is an adept at the art of story-telling, and her latest tale, *In the East Country with Sir Thomas Browne, Knt.* (Seeley and Co.), will delight all readers whom her writings please. It needs a delicate and skilful hand to blend fact and fiction as the writer has done here, and how far she has correctly depicted the family life of the eloquent author of the "Religio Medici" we cannot pretend to say. Some trouble Mrs. Marshall seems to have taken to be true to the time and to the man. She has read much, but she has imagined more. The heroine, Amphyllis, is a purely fictitious character; and of the heroes, for there are two, Tom Browne, the younger, belongs in this narrative more to the author than to history; while the Puritan, Andrew Whitelock, like his kinswoman the beautiful Amphyllis, is a creation of the novelist. The story is well told. Some critics and writers of fiction have lately discovered that a plot does not signify, and that the delineation of character is the one thing necessary for success. The notion receives a practical contradiction from works of almost every distinguished novelist, and he must be either a very powerful or a very bold writer who prefers analysis to action. Mrs. Marshall's rôle is a modest one. She tries to make her characters distinct, and her plot interesting; and if no special art is displayed, her aim is successful. The pathos is unaffected, and for some of the personages who play their part on the little stage the reader's whole sympathy is awakened. Hardened though a reviewer needs must be to the sorrows of a novelist's puppets, we confess that this simple tale has touched our feelings far more than many a work of more pretension and ability. *In the East Country* is not a book for children, but no youth or maiden in the happy spring-time of life will read it without interest, and some, perhaps, not wholly with dry eyes.

"Books," said Kingsley, "are precious heirlooms from one generation to another," and his own books, poetical in feeling, wise in thought, and full of the writer's vitality, will not readily be forgotten. *Daily Thoughts Selected from the Writings of Charles Kingsley:* by his Wife (Macmillan and Co.), contains passages from MS. note-books and private letters, as well as from his published works. The volume is choicely printed, and there is a thought for every day in the year. Blank spaces are left for the reader's memoranda, which is, we think, a blunder. The book is too good to be used as a diary, and the bulk of the volume is doubled by this unfortunate arrangement. However, readers will doubtless be found in abundance who will find no difficulty in jotting down their fancies, purposes, and engagements, face to face with the genial and suggestive thoughts of the author of "The Saint's Tragedy."

A small volume of simple and graceful poems, bearing the title *Listen! Poems for the Children's Hour*, by J. E. Panton, author of "Country Sketches in Black and White," &c., has been published by Messrs. Wells Gardner, Darton, and Co. The author takes as her themes mostly natural objects and domestic joys and sorrows, many pleasant glimpses of pleasant home life being given. Besides a charming frontispiece by Mr. Frith, R.A., there are dainty outline illustrations by Messrs. Miles and Pym.

PORTRAIT ALBUMS.

Messrs. Marcus Ward and Co., of Oriel House, Farringdon-street, have published a tastefully illuminated volume for photographic portraits, bearing the title "The Album of the Thames." It contains views, in natural colours, of Hampton Court Palace, Chiswick, Kew Bridge, Richmond Park, Windsor, Clieveden, Medmenham Abbey, Henley, Sonning Island, Pangbourne, and Iffley Mill. Verse, selected from Spenser, Mallet, Thomson, Pope, Byron, Drayton, and Denham, accompany the well-known scenes, which are supplemented by smaller pictures of objects familiar to the river and its banks. The album is handsomely bound in various leathers and ornamented with gilt clasps and other embellishments.

Messrs. Stafford and Guy, of Milk-street, have issued, very handsomely bound, a massive volume, of which the objects and the ornamental features are sufficiently indicated by its title, the "Turner Album." The selection of pictures is confined to the views of rivers and ports, twelve in number. "Scarborough," the "Mouth of the Humber," "Kirkstall Abbey," and "Dartmouth Castle" are among the chief successes of this publication. The album is issued in different styles, all handsomely bound.

The "Breanski Album," published by T. J. Smith and Co., of Queen-street, Cheapside, contains twelve pages of facsimile water-colour drawings of picturesque scenery in England, Ireland, Scotland, and Wales, from original sketches by Mr. Alfred De Breanski. The photographs can be inserted so as not to detract from the beauty of the drawings, while to face the latter are printed in gold the rose, shamrock, thistle, and other national flowers. The mounting and binding of the volume leave nothing to be desired.

Messrs. Turnbull publish the "Beaumont Album," which, though not illustrated by drawings as the three mentioned above are, may, on that very account, be more acceptable to the lovers of a chaste simplicity. The volume is strongly and handsomely bound, in various styles, and has a spring lock.



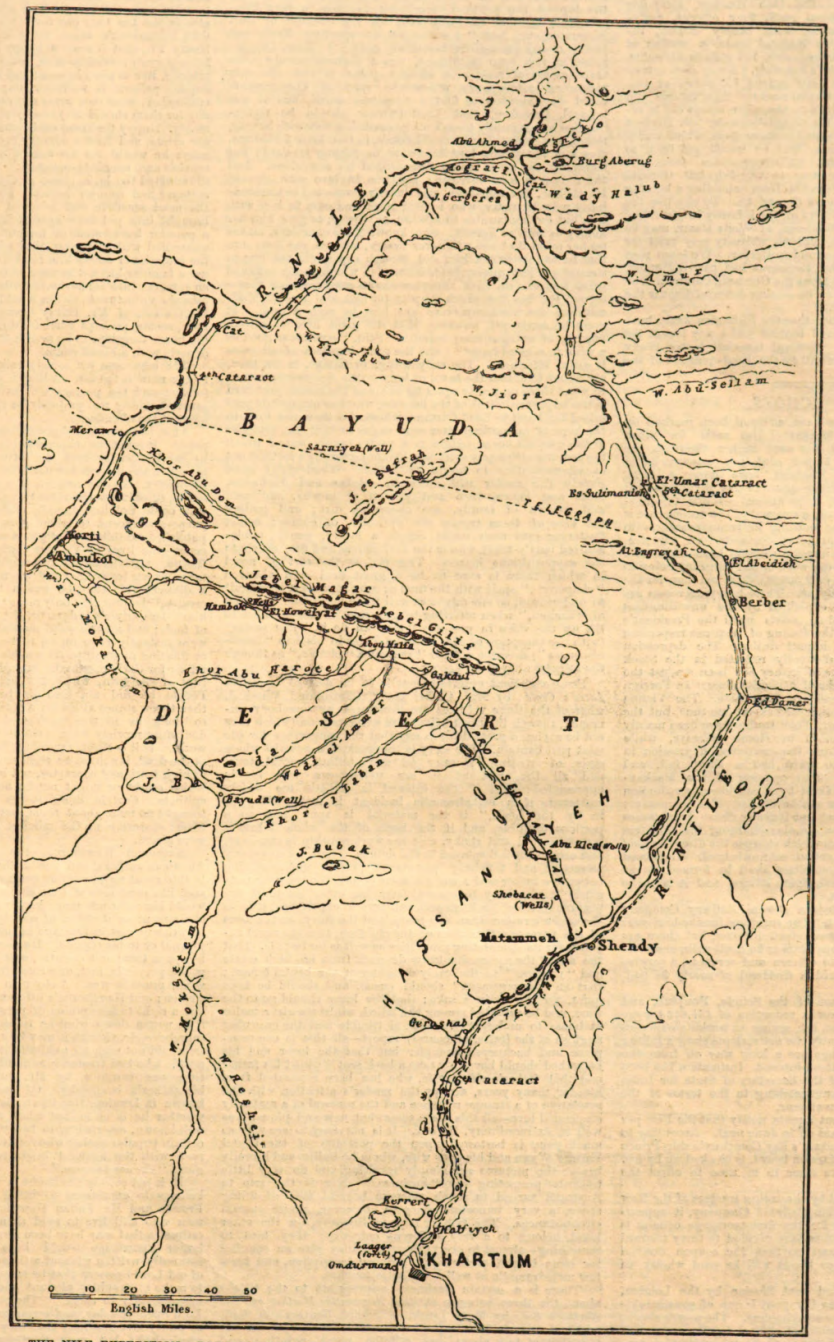
A STRANGE STORY.

THE NILE EXPEDITION.

Our Map of the country, mostly desert, included in the great bend of the Nile from the Sixth Cataract, below Khartoum, to Korti, the advanced head-quarters of Lord Wolseley's army, shows the route which must be taken by such part of the British force—namely, the Camel Corps and the Mounted Infantry, as is prepared to rely on land transport, and to push across the Bayuda Desert from Korti to Matammeh, opposite Shendy, which is about halfway between Berber and Khartoum. On Tuesday last, Brigadier-General Sir Herbert Stewart, with a portion of this advanced force, started from Korti on this route, which passes by the oases of Hambok, El Koweiyat, Abou Halfa, and Gakdul, at the foot of the mountain ranges called Jebel Magar and Jebel Gilif, and further along the line where the Egyptian Government once proposed to construct a railway, to reach the Nile opposite Shendy, and there to meet General Gordon descending with his steamboats from Khartoum. The distance from Korti to Shendy is estimated at rather more than a hundred and eighty miles. The favourable indications of water presented by the marks of streams, ponds, and wells, are not entirely to be relied upon, as they are often found dry even at this season of the year. At Gakdul, which is ninety miles from Korti, and is about midway of the entire route, there are good wells; and Sir Herbert Stewart will there establish a military post, for which he has taken with him a quantity of stores carried by camels. The Mounted Infantry will bring back the convoy of camels from Gakdul to Korti, after they have been unloaded, and then the Head-quarters, the rest of the Camel Corps, the Artillery, and the 19th Hussars will move forward, by way of Gakdul and Shendy, to Khartoum. A garrison will be left at Korti, which will constitute the advanced base.

In the meantime, Lord Wolseley has sent this week a large detachment of troops, led by General Earle, up from Korti to Merawi, which is intended first to inflict preliminary chastisement on the Monassir tribe, between the Fourth and Fifth Cataracts, for their treacherous murder of Colonel J. D. Stewart and Mr. Frank Power. After thus dealing with the Monassir tribe, General Earle will proceed northward to Abu Ahmed, at the top of the great bend of the river, where he will cross the Nile and reopen the direct north road across the Nubian Desert to Korosko. This operation is evidently designed to prepare the line which will be taken hereafter for withdrawing our troops from the Soudan, and for the removal of the Khartoum Egyptian garrison. Korosko, as our readers will recollect, is situated in Nubia, halfway between Assouan and Wady Halfa; and the desert road between Korosko and Abu Ahmed, 270 miles in length, avoiding all the most difficult cataracts of the Nile and saving an immense circuit of river navigation, was usually preferred by ordinary travellers. It would appear, from this direction of General Earle's movement, that no attempt will at present be made to capture Berber, though it will be necessary to secure that place after effecting the relief of Khartoum, in order that the Khartoum garrison may be safely brought down the river to Abu Ahmed.

Lord Wolseley expects next Wednesday to advance from Korti, with the remainder of the Camel Corps, the artillery, and other troops, joining those under Sir Herbert Stewart at Gakdul, where two or three days' halt may be needful to complete the final arrangements. The most difficult part of the route for marching is from Gakdul to Abu Klea, there being no water for a space of forty-five miles, so that the camels will have to carry enough water for the horses and the men. Much will depend on the friendly assistance of the Kabbabish tribes, who inhabit the centre and south of the Bayuda Desert. The tribes of the Hassaniyeh, towards Matammeh, have been hitherto most hostile to General Gordon.



THE NILE EXPEDITION: LORD WOLSELEY'S INTENDED ROUTE ACROSS THE DESERT FROM KORTI TO SHENDY.

The Mahdi has taken up a defensive position north-west of Khartoum, having pitched his camp near Margait, either in the plain at the foot of Jebel Fereid or on the reverse slope of that mountain. His reasons for selecting this particular spot are obvious. Hence he can command the wells of El Goz, and to a certain extent the western route between Debbeh and Khartoum, which he doubtless supposed would first be threatened by a British advance. He can keep a watchful eye on the doubtful Hassanyeh, Sowarab, and Hau-hau-hin tribes, whose adhesion to his cause or desertion to our side depends very much on the weakness or strength of the force we may be able to concentrate quickly about the neighbourhood of Merawi. He can, if need be, stretch out a hand to the Monassir Arabs, one of whose sheikhs was responsible for the recent massacre of Europeans and natives coming down from Khartoum. He has a firm grip of heights where the Nile runs through a narrow ravine with precipitous cliffs on each side, and he is in the best position for harassing by frequent attacks the defenders of Omderman, a stronghold to which Gordon clings tenaciously, because it at present covers and would in an enemy's hands dominate the most exposed face of Khartoum. By all these reasons the Mahdi has evidently been influenced, and there cannot be a doubt that he has shown considerable strategical skill in electing to make Margait his head-quarters. But native reports state this week that the Mahdi's followers are suffering much from famine, and that the dead bodies of several of their number are to be seen unburied in the surrounding country; also that the Mahdi's people are greatly discouraged by the repeated attacks of the Egyptian troops, and that many have dispersed on the news of the approach of the British; a large number of them, it is said, have entered Khartoum and have submitted to General Gordon.

The detachment to be commanded by General Earle, which started up the river from Korti on Sunday last, the 19th Hussars following on Monday along the bank of the river, and part of the Engineers riding on camels, altogether numbers 2400 men—namely, 900 infantry, including the South Staffordshire regiment, and 1500 of the Mounted Brigade, with six screw guns. The means of transport are as under:—Camels, 1800; horses, 400; steamers, two; pinnaces, two; and whalers, sixty-four. The 19th Hussars will act as scouts to the Expedition. A camp will be formed at Handab, near the Fourth Cataract, thirty-five miles above Merawi, and a hundred miles from Korti. The river movements are directed by Colonel Brackenbury, in the pinnace of H.M.S. Monarch. The South Staffordshire regiment, nearly 600 strong, is towed in fifty-two whaleboats. A large quantity of intrenching tools is taken, to be used in fortifying defensive positions.

It is expected that the whole of Lord Wolseley's force will be collected at Korti by the middle of January. The last of the Camel Corps will be there next Monday, and the Essex and Cornwall regiments of infantry by the end of next week.

Our Special Artist, Mr. Melton Prior, sends us from Dongola several Sketches of the movements going on there when the head of the river column, including five boats with the Pioneers, under Major Doward, of the Royal Engineers, and two hundred men of the Guards' Camel Corps, marching on the river-bank, left that place for the front; and of the ferrying of camels over the Nile. Much time was inevitably spent in crossing the river, whether the crossing was made at Dongola or below Dongola, at a place named Kerma, close to Abu Fatma, at the head of the Hannek Cataract. It is not easy so exactly to time a march that boats are always ready at the crossing places for the arrival of the troops on the river bank. As a rule, not more than four camels, and sometimes less, can be placed on one boat; and before entering the boats the camels must be unloaded and unsaddled, both to save damage to their saddles and burdens, and to avoid the risk of strain to the beasts themselves. A party arriving on the river bank opposite Dongola has to signal to Dongola for boats, which may not always be unemployed and ready for the ferry work. Attempts

to provide a larger ferry-boat by lashing two boats together have not succeeded, such a craft becoming unmanageable in the swift stream; and the wood of the country, very hard mimosa wood, which barely floats, has not sufficient buoyancy for rafts.

The start of Sir Herbert Stewart's advanced force, on Tuesday afternoon, from Korti, is described in the telegraphic news published on Wednesday. This force consists of 1150 men, of whom the Guards and Marines number 381, the Mounted Infantry thirty-one, the heavy dragoons ninety men, with 239 camels; the light cavalry ninety men, with 250 camels; the Royal Engineers twenty-nine men, with forty camels; the artillery, without guns, twenty men, with sixteen camels; the commissariat twenty men, and 200 natives, with 500 camels; the 19th Hussars, forty-five men and horses; the medical staff, four officers, forty-five men, and thirty natives, with ninety camels, including a section of movable hospital tents, a section of bearers, and a company of litters, with 750 gallons of water. There are nearly 2000 camels altogether. Every man carries seven gallons of water, seven days' rations, 150 rounds of ammunition, the reserve being 40,000 rounds. The Guards and Marines are to remain at Gakdul, the other troops are to return at once, bringing back the Guards' camels. Sir Herbert Stewart expected to reach Gakdul in three days, which would be yesterday (Friday) evening; and he would get back to Korti on Wednesday next. No opposition from the enemy is expected on the way to Gakdul, but General Earle's orders may not preclude him from extending a helping hand to Sir H. Stewart's column if need be. To chastise the Monassir tribe is the main object of the infantry brigade, but it is possible that Sheikh Suleiman, of Wady Gamr, may be given up by his own people, and no necessity may exist for General Earle's boats to go round to Berber. We learn that on Tuesday the Staffordshire Regiment had passed Merawi, and encamped thirteen miles from the Gerendid Cataract. The Monassir tribe are reported to be coming down to dispute the narrow pass above Dargayat.

News has reached Souakim that the Bisharcen Arabs have attacked Rowayat, but suffered repulse and heavy loss at the hands of the inhabitants. General Grenfell leaves Wady Halfa for Abu Fatma, where will be the head-quarters of the Egyptian troops.

CITY ECHOES.

The closing days of the year have, as usual, been marked by firmness in the Money Market. The rates for Stock Exchange advances were ½ per cent higher than on the previous occasion, 5½ to 6 per cent per annum being charged. The Bank of England have done a large business, and in all probability the January dividends will have been anticipated to a large extent. When this customary pressure has passed off, a renewal of the recent ease is to be expected, there being nothing in trade prospects to warrant any improvement in home demands. In America, affairs are even worse. The imports recently have exhibited a serious falling off, those for the week ended Saturday being to the value of 4,907,000 dols., or 2,500,000 dols. less than for the corresponding period of last year. These heavy decreases are no doubt to some extent explained by the unwillingness to import goods above actual needs until the President's Address, which will relieve the feeling of suspense respecting the probable reduction of import duties. The depression in trade has been most distinctly reflected in the Stock Exchange. The higher value of money has been against the Home funds and other stocks of a similar class. In Foreign bonds, however, the changes are favourable. The Vienna financial troubles caused some weakness at one time, but the tone is now more confident. Poor traffics have been mainly the cause of the depreciation in Home railways, while Americans have suffered from the continued depression in New York. Canadian also have had a sharp fall, and Mexican stocks are lower. The opening of the Mackay-Bennett cables has been followed by a considerable reduction in the market value of the stocks of the older companies; and Railway Debenture Trust and Railway Share Trust issues have been heavily sold on a circular charging the directors with serious mismanagement, which charges the directors may be said to have to a large extent acknowledged. The board ask that an independent committee shall be formed at the meeting next month to investigate affairs, and it is to be hoped that this will be done.

The directors of the Eastern Bengal Railway Company have issued their final report. The earnings for the half-year have been less than the guaranteed interest, but there are certain amounts from previous years to be dealt with, and after the payment of gratuities to officers and servants, a surplus will remain sufficient to yield a dividend of nearly 9s. 6½d. per cent.

While the gross earnings of the Scinde, Punjaub, and Delhi Railway Company show a reduction of £51,642 for the six months ended June last, the saving in working expenses was only £6788; consequently the net receipts show a falling off of £44,854. The earnings are a long way off from the amount required for guaranteed interest. Intimation has been received of the intention of the Secretary of State for India in Council to purchase the undertaking in the terms of the contract at the end of the next year.

The Canadian Government agents notify that the Five per Cent Loan of 1860 will be paid off in June next. According to the *Canadian Gazette*, the Hudson's Bay Company's ship Prince of Wales, with £40,000 of furs on board, is blocked up by ice. This cargo cannot therefore come in in time to affect the next dividend.

From a statement issued by the voting trustees of the New York, Pennsylvania, and Ohio Railroad Company, it appears that the amount available for the first mortgage coupon is 160,000 dols., but the directors have decided to carry forward this sum for current expenses, so that the coupon due on Jan. 1 on the first mortgage bonds will be paid wholly in deferred warrants.

The bill to be promoted next Session by the London, Chatham, and Dover Railway Company is one of considerable importance to the preference stockholders. The power sought by the bill is to raise additional capital to the amount of £800,000, and of this £600,000 is to be in arbitration preference stock, the remaining £200,000 to be raised by mortgage. The objects of the issue are to give the holders of the Sheerness Rent-Charge Four-and-a-Half per Cent Stock a like amount of Arbitration Debenture Stock—viz., £155,556; and further, to enable the company to discharge their liability for expenditure incurred and to be incurred upon works now in progress.

During the current year, fifteen American railways have been sold under foreclosure, and, as forty-three receiverships have been appointed, the number of foreclosures in 1885 is likely to be even greater. Some four thousand miles of railway have been laid, and it is believed that the mileage next year will be added to to a larger extent.

Notice has been given by the Lake Shore and Michigan Southern Railway Company of the passing of their quarterly dividend. The last payment was in August. T. S.

NOVELS.

Sibthorpe Manor, Fallowlands, and Carlsfort Castle, as anybody may learn from the three volumes entitled *Loyal, Brave, and True*: by Alice O'Connell (John and Robert Maxwell), were "three ancestral residences of no mean antiquity" in Thorpeshire, a Radical county which would probably be sought for in vain upon any map whatever of the United Kingdom. Sibthorpe "alone of the three was a rich inheritance," with a lovely girl, Geraldine Sibthorpe, to inherit it; Fallowlands, a poor estate, was in the possession of a noble young man, one Donald Hartholme, a barrister; Carlsfort Castle was likely to come to Lord Cartane, of whom, being the son of the Earl of Carlsfort, "it was said in the clubs and drawing-rooms of London that, had he but money at his back, he would be at the top of the political tree," for he was (a very Conservative) member of Parliament for the borough of East Wemmington; but "a succession of sporting Earls had pretty nearly drained the hereditary coffers." Now, Thorpeshire, as has been mentioned, was a Radical county; the three ancestral residences already spoken of were the only places of consequence where the spirit of Conservatism could be expected to find a congenial home, and it was natural, therefore, that Lord Cartane should be recommended by his family to seek all he needed, a wife with beauty, riches, and everything he could desire, in Geraldine Sibthorpe. Nor was the young lord backward in coming forward; but Geraldine for some reason discouraged his attentions. And the reason is soon revealed: she was in love with Donald Hartholme, the well-born and ducally connected but exceedingly poor barrister, who is over head and ears in love with her, but too honourable to ask her, as it were, to give him her money as well as herself. She, knowing his character, makes up her mind that she will never marry, because she feels sure that he will never ask her, and, though she might ask him in the oblique but unmistakable manner in which young ladies of great tact can do such things without compromising themselves, she has too much respect for him and too much admiration for his scruples to put him to such a trial. It must be confessed, however, that she gives him more than one hint of extraordinary breadth. Still, "a nod is as good as a wink to a blind horse"; and the most hopeless of all cases is wilful blindness. The only thing, or things, to do, then, are either to enrich the hero, or impoverish the heroine, so as to place them on pretty equal terms; and the course preferred is the impoverishment of the heroine, who has meanwhile promised her hand to Lord Cartane, whom she does not love, in the hope of promoting, after some vague fashion, the interests of the man she loves. Here is a pretty tangle, out of which the novelist ultimately extricates his characters by a method not at all unfamiliar to lovers of fiction. Wonderfully good society the reader will move in; dukes and duchesses, lords and ladies, men and women of money, and men and women of family, are cheap as dirt; and galling the kibe of them treads the swindler, of course; whilst fluttering into their midst comes a lovely, gentle, noble-hearted lady's-maid, who is the real heiress and first cousin to the supposititious heiress. This is just the sort of novel in which there is sure to be a great deal said about a "chaperone," spelt with the final e: why so spelt it is difficult to understand, as one might as well write "dragone" instead of "dragon," when referring to a duenna. But it is no use to lift up the voice in protest: "they all do it," just as they (with the exception of Mr. Edmund Yates in his late "Reminiscences") describe a "fair" man as a "blonde," as though the fairness altered his gender.

Some excellent entertainment is to be derived from *The Lover's Creed*: by Mrs. Cashel Hoey (Chatto and Windus), wherein the three volumes are illustrated by somebody unnamed, though the illustrations are quite as good (which may not be saying a great deal) as any that the magazines for the most part contain. The story is the work of a novelist whose style of writing, manner of story-telling, moral tone, and all the rest of it are well-known and highly appreciated; and if the interest is a little too widely scattered, if a melodramatic incident is rather "lugged in by the heels," if the material is spun out to a perilous thinness, and if the basis of the whole fabric is somewhat old and shaky, still the workmanship is excellent, and originality is displayed in the details. There is a singularly attractive and touching picture of perfect understanding between a father and a son on most points, though each considers it necessary to conceal from the other the most important secret of his life; and, contrary to experience, it is on the senior's rather than the junior's of the story, on the loves of the parents rather than of the children, that the novel depends for its stimulating properties as well as for its title. That the son of the squire should condescend from his high estate and "propose" to the lovely daughter of the brutal tenant; that an "engagement" should ensue, and should be kept quiet, for the squire's sake; that the lover should go to the wars, and be reported among the killed, whilst the girl remains at home to undergo all kinds of trouble and the crowning anguish of the (false, of course) report—all this is commonplace and hackneyed enough; but that the lover and his betrothed should have to "take a back seat" whilst his father and that father's gifted wife, who has been separated from him for many years, occupy the reader's attention with the revelation of a strange romance and the renewal of a mutually suspended love—all this has a somewhat new and piquant, as well as extraordinary, flavour. It is not easy to see why so much pains is bestowed upon the portraits of the brutal Farmer Wynn and his poor wife, whom he bullies and literally beats; the pictures are simply revolting, and do very little towards promoting the "business." Nor is the trip to Australia turned to much purpose beyond that of filling space, a very important purpose, however, under certain circumstances. The trip or trips to Brittany, on the other hand, belong to a very different category; they lead to something—almost to everything, and they give an opening for some bright, picturesque, striking description, and for a few melodramatic as well as pathetic touches.

There is a certain freshness—appropriate to the title—about the three volumes entitled *Between the Heather and the Northern Sea*: by Mary Linskill (Richard Bentley and Son), which is a novel of the æsthetico-romantic order, with all but a surfeit of talk about love, religion, poesy, painting, and genius neglected in life, but appraised at an almost ridiculously high value after death. A shipwreck, described with considerable power and not a little pathos, is the main, if not the only, piece of "action" in the story; for the rescue of the heroine, when she was wellnigh drowned, is but a sort of natural tail to the shipwreck. That rescue, however, has important consequences; for of course the rescuer and the rescued, the stalwart commanding man, and the graceful, yielding young woman (of whom, in point of age, he might have been the father), fall, then and there into reciprocal love. But, some years before she had been "engaged" to a sort of Juno, as regards externals, but the meanest of her sex, as regards the inner woman, who has refused to return his passionate letters, and, though she meditates no "breach of promise" action, holds them *in terrorem* over his head. She is not in love with him, but deeply, almost shamelessly, with the father of the girl to whom the rescuer of drowning maidens is "engaged"; and so she "sloshes about," as it were, or "runs amuck," under the influence of rejected beauty and revengeful spite. The novel may be said to resolve itself into certain studies of character; all are very good in their way, but the most original and interesting, though not the most edifying or the most likely to extort either admiration or assent, so far as verisimilitude is concerned, is the study of the impassioned, spiteful beauty.

AN EVIL OF THE DAY.

It is inevitable that a fierce light should beat upon a throne, and Kings and Queens must take the discomforts of their position with the glory. The glory may be great, but great also is the tax they pay for it; and many a monarch, vexed with innumerable cares, must have felt, with Shakspeare's Henry VI., that it were a happy life to be no better than a homely swain. Public men, statesmen, judges, church dignitaries, live in glass houses; and for them, as for travellers in Japan, privacy is wellnigh impossible. What they do is chronicled; what they say is repeated; and it is an unfortunate day for them should they chance to act unadvisedly or to speak rashly. Happy the man, said Horace, who is born to a moderate estate, and lives a country life; but if Horace lived nowadays he would see his Sabine farm invaded by inquisitive tourists and anecdote-mongers. The blaze of light that once illuminated the high places of the earth only, now shines on cottages and country homes. The man whose disposition is the most sensitive and reserved may suddenly find himself brought into publicity against his will. If he have written a popular book, made a fortune by a discovery in science, quarrelled with a stepson, shot a burglar, or married his cook, the interviewer marks him for his own. By hook or crook, to use a familiar but not unexpressive phrase, the inquisitor gains an entrance into his house, describes his furniture and features, asks the unfortunate victim what he thinks of the weather, of vaccination, of Mr. Henry George, or of mad-doctors, and then, seeing perhaps some faint indications that his exit from the house threatens to be more precipitate than he could wish, departs with a bland smile.

The eagerness for society talk sometimes leads the manufacturers of it too far. A libel is perpetrated; heavy damages follow; and the persons who have read the scandal with the greatest avidity will probably be the first to justify the punishment of the offender.

This, however, is rather a digression from the purpose of this paper. It is not the criminal publicity given to false statements by the libeller, or even the intrusive, though not malicious, gossip of the interviewer that claims just now the attention of the reader. In one respect, it is a more serious offence than either, since it is perpetrated by writers of the highest character, who could not intentionally malign any one, and would not purposely descend to trivial gossip. Two biographies lately published exhibit in no slight measure the lack of decent reticence—the lives of Thomas Carlyle and of Nathaniel Hawthorne. Carlyle, as all the world knows, was in the habit of using strong language; and when he told one of the guests at a dinner table that he was a "puir wratched meeserable creatur," he probably only meant to say that he disagreed with him. In Carlyle's judgment, the world was chiefly composed of fools; and men who did not think with him or please him were instantly pronounced to be contemptible, conventional, or wanting in veracity. It was his way, and probably signified little: for Carlyle, who denounced cant so vehemently, had a cant of his own, which he cherished without knowing it. People he did not like he turned into scarecrows, and then threw stones at them: a pardonable amusement perhaps, so long as it was performed in private, but of very doubtful propriety when exhibited for the amusement of the world. If it is right, reversing the old maxim, to speak evil of the dead, it cannot be right to hold up to scorn living men of high mark and character, not by stating facts against them which might or might not be answered, but by vituperative epithets. Carlyle flung stones at random, and probably thought no more about them, but Mr. Froude must bear the blame of storing up the missiles and showing at whom they were aimed.

Nathaniel Hawthorne, the most original perhaps of American authors, and one of the most remarkable novelists in this great novel-writing century, was a shy reserved man, and, like most men of that character, he was proud. No one would have shrunk more keenly from being held up to the amusement or derision of society. Of the men and women Hawthorne met in England he gave his opinion freely in his journal or to his friends. He accepted invitations to English homes in town and country, and in several instances laughed at the people he met, or wrote with contempt of the gentleman whose guest he was. A shy man is sometimes curiously outspoken; and Hawthorne's utterances are free enough. A man has a right to his opinion of persons as well as of things, and if he writes down what he thinks for private uses, it is not reprehensible, though it may be a little unamiable. Certainly he would not wish his unkindly judgment to be transmitted to people who had treated him kindly; yet this is done in more than one instance by Mr. Julian Hawthorne in writing his father's biography. Of one man still living and well known in London, Hawthorne is allowed to express a doubt whether he is or is not what another living man, equally well known, asserts him to be—"an arrant humbug"; and a certain popular author who received Hawthorne under his own roof with the warmest kindness is styled by his quondam guest "the ass of-asses."

It is not seemly; it shows a want of the gentleness which belongs to gentlemen to bring before the public, as Mr. Froude and Mr. Julian Hawthorne have done, estimates of men who still live to read them and to suffer from them—estimates that may have been formed from prejudice which a larger knowledge would have removed, and that were assuredly written without a thought of publicity. It was said of old Lord Spencer that he thought it "a crying modern sin to make biographies piquant and interesting by personalities not necessary to them." The evil has greatly increased since Lord Spencer's day, and seems to be still growing. Some men so dearly love notoriety that they would rather be abused than overlooked; but most Englishmen, let us hope, are still modest and self-respecting; and the few men worthy of a biography must dread the peril of their hasty, unwise, or uncharitable words rising up against them in print. In the instances we have mentioned, two illustrious men have been injured by those who were most anxious to do them honour. The age is very tolerant, but it has some sense of propriety still; and more than one generation must pass away before this disregard of the courtesies of life is likely to be forgotten.

J. D.

The special service for children annually held in Westminster Abbey took place last Saturday afternoon, which was Holy Innocents' Eve. Many children, and still more adults, were present. Archdeacon Farrar read the lesson, and Dean Bradley preached, after which a collection was made on behalf of the Destitute Children's Dinner Society

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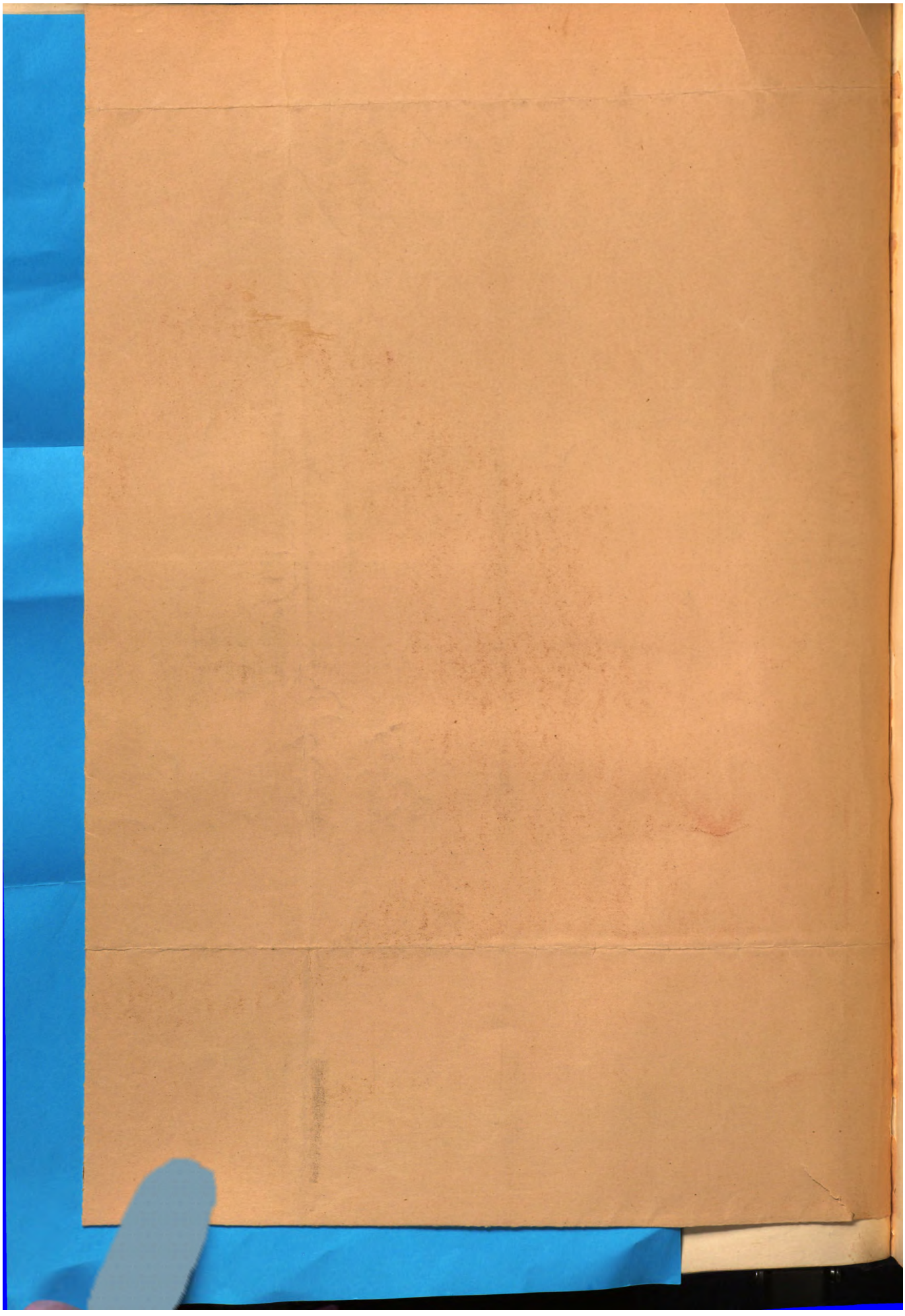
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CHAPTER I.

A CHANCE ENCOUNTER.

A young man was sitting before a writing-table in his bedroom at that overgrown caravanserai the Schweizerhof at Lucerne. By his elbow lay a burnt-out pipe; a few books of reference and various scribbled notes surrounded the blotting-book over which he was bending; while beneath his hand a blank half-sheet of foolscap was waiting—and had, indeed, been waiting some little time—to receive the first strokes of the hovering pen. But the pen continued to hover dubiously; the hand that held the pen shook; the brain which should have been conveying directions to the hand was worried and unmanageable, as well it might be. For of all positions in which an author can choose to place his writing-table, that beside an open window overlooking a glaring lake is probably the least advantageous; and, of all buildings, an hotel is about the most unsuitable for the work of composition. Again, of all hotels the Schweizerhof is one of the busiest; finally, of all towns in Christendom Lucerne is quite the most distractingly noisy. Church bells jangle and boom there perpetually; steamers shriek, carts rattle over the stones, porters, for ever loading and unloading omnibuses, yell at one another, and the proprietors of the hotel—fearing, no doubt, that these cheerful sounds may not suffice to keep up the spirits of their guests—have not shrunk from adding to them a full private band, which scrapes and tootles indefatigably beneath the windows. From early morning to midnight, or near it, the hubbub rages, until one ceases to wonder that the poor clerk, feverishly totting up accounts in the *bureau*, should look so like an escaped lunatic.

The author on the second floor was already beginning to display points of resemblance to that over-worked official. His face was haggard, his sighs were piteous to hear, and his fair hair would have been dishevelled if it had been long enough. As it was, he had only succeeded in rubbing all trace of a parting out of it, and causing it to stand up in abrupt tufts here and there, so that anyone who had not known what he was about might have supposed him to have just tumbled out of bed. For the rest, he was a good-looking young fellow enough, his forehead being broad and square, his nose straight, and the grey eyes beneath his somewhat arched brows large and expressive. A slight moustache hardly concealed his mouth, which a physiognomist would at once have pronounced to be the mouth of an artist or an imaginative writer. A practised physiognomist might, even at this early period of Adrian Vidal's career, have seen reason to place him in the latter category, for he bore certain outward signs of the nervous literary temperament, and already upon his forehead were faintly traced those horizontal lines which the plough of Time so soon deepens into furrows. The lines were rather more perceptible than usual just now, owing to the causes above alluded to.

"Why, one might as well be in London, you know," he exclaimed aloud, addressing himself in a tone of gentle remonstrance to space. "In all my born days I never heard such an infernal din. And this in the month of May, too! What *can* it be like in summer, when the tourists are loose?"

Adrian Vidal had never been at Lucerne before, or he certainly would not have fallen into the error of supposing that it is a quiet retreat at any time, unless it be in the dead of the winter—and even then, most likely, the church bells do not cease from troubling. In the month of May travellers alight there from all quarters. Some, like our misguided author, come from the north; not a few invade it from over the German frontier; but it is the south, whence the great army of invalids is then wending its way homewards, that supplies the little town with the bulk of its fugitive guests. From Egypt, from Algeria, from Italy, from the Riviera they pour over the mountains, or burrow under them, and alighting, with querulous buzzings and murmurings, for a night, pass on, to be succeeded on the following day by a crowd as large and as uproarious. Just now—for the afternoon was on the wane and two trains and a steamer had come in—a strong contingent of them had arrived at the Schweizerhof. Vidal could hear them stamping up and down the corridors, calling to their servants, scolding the waiters, ringing their bells and slamming their doors.

Presently there came a knock at his own door, one of those irresolute deprecating taps which are so much more irritating to the nerves than a loud bang.

"Oh, *come* in!" said the young man, resignedly.

However, nobody took advantage of the permission, so he sighed and began to cudgel his brains once more. After about a minute the timid signal was repeated.

"Entrez! Herein! Favorisca! Come *in!*" shouted Vidal, savagely. "Stay out, then," he concluded in a more philosophical tone, and returned to his work.

Then the door was slowly and creakingly opened about a foot, and through the aperture appeared the head and shoulders of a mild-looking old gentleman with long grey hair and spectacles. "Oh," said the intruder in accents of disappointment, "then this is not my room after all. I was afraid it couldn't be."

"It isn't," answered Vidal, more curtly than courteously. His manners and his temper were both fairly good in a general way; but it was rather too provoking that anyone should have entertained a doubt as to the ownership of the apartment after having been bawled at in four languages.

"I beg your pardon, I'm sure," said the old gentleman, retreating at once. Nevertheless he did not quite shut the door, and as Vidal, with an imprecation, was starting up to rectify this omission, the grey head of his tormentor was thrust in again. "I suppose," began the latter, hesitatingly, "you couldn't oblige me by telling me the number of my room, could you?"

"Well, really," returned Vidal, half-laughing, half-annoyed, "I'm afraid not. How could I, you know?—considering that I never set eyes on you before."

"No, no,—to be sure," agreed the other. "It's very awkward," he continued, rubbing his chin in perplexity. "You see, I can't even remember which storey it was on. And yet I did make a point of noticing it, too, before I went out."

"Hadn't you better apply to the hall porter?" said the young man.

"Dear me; yes—of course! So I will. A very good idea! I am much obliged to you, Sir, for suggesting it," cried the other, brightening up amazingly. And without more ado he trotted off to put it into execution.

"What an original old person!" muttered Vidal, as he seated himself at his table again. Then he laughed a little, and so fell into a good humour, which was always an easy process with him. "Writing be hanged!" said he, shutting up his blotting-book and beginning to whistle. "There's no greater mistake than writing when one is not in tune for it. It's a waste of time and a waste of vital power; and, besides that, it's apt to get one into the fatal habit of being satisfied with something less than one's best."

This last reflection will sufficiently show that Mr. Vidal had as yet had but small experience of his craft. A man who can't complacently put up with work which falls below the utmost limit of his powers must either be a genius or a tyro, and it is certain that Vidal was not a genius. His was the happier lot of possessing talents slightly above the average, keen faculties of observation, and a mind quick to receive impressions. It has already been said that he was physically favoured above his fellows; so that it should seem as if nothing had been lacking to make this young author a thoroughly contented man, unless it were money—of which, indeed, he had not quite so much as he could have desired. Yet even this deficiency could hardly be counted a drawback to happiness, since he had enough for present needs and looked forward to making his fortune in the pleasantest of all possible ways—namely, by his own exertions. When it is added that the proposed exertions were to be employed in the composition of novels it will be more than ever apparent how young Mr. Vidal was.

He pushed aside his writing-table and, resting his elbows upon the window-sill, looked out upon the blue lake, with its wooded promontories, and the snowy mountains of Uri rising cloud-capped in the distance. "It's all very lovely," he murmured; "only one can't enjoy it, unfortunately. Good Heavens! what a paradise one might make of this place if one could but sweep away the hotels and the steamers and the tourists at a blow! 'Every prospect pleases, and only man is vile,' as the hymn says."

He lowered his gaze to the strip of garden directly beneath him and the shady promenade on the quay, where assorted specimens of humanity were congregated in large numbers, happily unconscious of their vileness. The band, with preliminary squeaks and grunts, was tuning up for a fresh outburst; about the low wall which bordered the lake hung a crew of those loungers—touts, guides, boatmen and others—who batten upon the modern wanderer; the modern wanderer himself was exhaustively represented in every variety of garb.

"That's uncommonly like Heriot's back," mused Vidal, his eye falling upon a rather shabby shooting-coat among a host of others. And then, with more animation—"By Jove! it *is* Heriot's back. What an odd chance!"

He seized his hat, ran quickly down stairs, and was presently in a position to deal a resounding slap upon the back which he had identified and which was a somewhat round one.

The owner of the back started and said mildly, but with a little pardonable irritation, "Don't do that, whoever you are; I don't like it."

He was a man of something under middle age, although his head and his short pointed beard had nearly as many grey hairs as black. His face was one of those which are only qualified as ugly by reason of the poverty of language and which would have to be called beautiful if it were permissible to define beauty as that which is pleasant to look upon. Heriot's face, in spite of its snub nose, high cheek-bones and greyish-brown complexion, was very pleasant to look upon. Its habitual expression was one of mingled humorousness and pathos, which was attractive and also a little puzzling, until you looked more closely and saw that the pathos arose out of evident signs of physical suffering cheerfully borne. His soft brown eyes had an unnatural brilliancy at times which would of itself have sufficed to exclude him from any chance of doing business with a life insurance office. They lightened up now when he turned round and recognised his assailant.

"Adrian, of all people!" he exclaimed. "My dear boy, what on earth are you doing at Lucerne?"

"Cursing myself for having been such a fool as to come here," replied the other, with a laugh. "I don't know what made me fancy it a sequestered nook in which one might work all day without fear of interruption; but that was the extraordinary notion that I formed. Something in the sound of the name, I suppose. It doesn't much matter, after all. I can run up into the mountains in a day or two, and meanwhile I have the satisfaction of seeing you a good month earlier than I expected. And, by-the-way, what brings *you* here?"

"Oh, I am here for the excellent reason that I can't travel from Marseilles to London without a break—several breaks, in fact. I am creeping slowly towards my native land with the other cripples."

"And how are you, Heriot?" asked the younger man, scrutinising his friend with a shade of anxiety. "Not any worse, I should say, by the look of you."

"Well, no; I am pretty much where I was. I am not dead yet, as you see, and that is about all that I can say for myself."

"It seems to me that you are looking better," said Vidal, for he shared the general belief that such speeches are comforting, whether sincere or not.

Heriot laughed; he did not seem disposed to dwell upon the subject. "What about the great work?" he asked. "Has it been given to an expectant world yet?"

"Not yet; but it is upon the point of appearing, and to tell you the truth, I have left England as much to escape from the condolences of my friends as for anything else. I feel that it will be a ghastly failure."

"Why should you be so despondent?" asked Heriot, smiling.

"Because, when I read it over, I couldn't help seeing what a deadly dull book it was. It has good points—or at least I think so—but then they are not the sort of good points that will be at all likely to strike the general public; and I am afraid there isn't nearly enough of plot. Ah, those confounded plots!—the publishers ought to provide them for us. Why are we to be bothered and badgered into imagining involved combinations of circumstances? It isn't about that kind of thing that we want to write, nor in that kind of thing that we hope to interest our readers. Where is the plot in 'Tristram Shandy,' I should like to know? For my part, if a novel pleases me, I care no more about the plot than I do about the binding; do you?"

"Well, if you ask me, I must confess that I do," answered Heriot, not caring to point out to his friend that the possession of Sterne's genius is a necessary condition to the employment of Sterne's methods.

"I don't believe you do, all the same," said the young man; "but of course, theoretically, a story ought to be a story, and it is awkward to have no answer ready to such an obvious criticism. I feel very much as I used to do at school after I had sent in a copy of verses about which I had misgivings, and I seem to see the stern critic standing over me with sublime rod. 'Now, Vidal, where's your plot?'—'Oh, please, Sir, I haven't got one; but I thought if I made the writing very pretty'——. And then the birch-twigs whistle through the air, and I have to assume an ignoble posture. Let us talk about something else."

"It is nearly time to talk about dinner," remarked Heriot, looking at his watch. "I suppose you dine at the table-d'hôte?"

"Oh, I suppose so."

"Then you might as well tell them to put us together. By-the-way, I must introduce you to some very old friends of mine, the Irvines, whom I fell in with yesterday. They are on their way back from Rome. Perhaps," added Heriot, with a smile, "you might find them—two of them, at least—good subjects to introduce into a work of fiction, though I fancy that poor old Irvine, if you depicted him truthfully, would be pronounced too broad a caricature. He is a great collector of antiquities of all kinds, especially coins, and most likely he could tell you the name of every Emperor, King, and Consul whose image and superscription have ever been struck; but his powers of memory end absolutely there. I believe that, if you were to stop him suddenly in the street and ask him what his name was, where he lived, where he was at that moment, and whither he was bound, he wouldn't be able, for the life of him, to answer a single one of your questions."

"I fancy I have seen the old gentleman already," said Vidal. "Has he long grey hair and spectacles, and does he look as if he had forgotten, amongst other things, to shave for three days?"

Heriot nodded.

"Ah, then, that is my friend. He marched into my room about an hour ago, and seemed quite hurt when I told him that it *was* my room and that I couldn't assist him towards discovering his own. Does Mrs. Irvine share his peculiarities?"

"No; but she has some of her own. However, you will soon be able to judge of her for yourself. I don't want you to laugh at them too much, though; because, for all their little oddities, they are dear good people, and they have shown me a great deal of kindness at one time and another. A man like myself, without kith or kin, learns to value his friends, you know."

"I know that you stick to your friends, Heriot," said the other, laying his hand upon his companion's shoulder, as they re-entered the hotel together.

CHAPTER II.

HERIOT'S FRIENDS.

Vidal spoke with some warmth, and had, indeed, good reason for so doing. The friendship which had subsisted for some years between the two men, and which, in the first instance, had been rather of the elder's than of the younger's seeking, was now equally strong on both sides. It was Heriot who had discovered Vidal's literary capabilities, and had put him in the way of contributing those short articles to magazines, by means of which he had first tried his wings; it was to Heriot that he invariably turned in the moments of despondency and self-distrust to which his temperament made him liable; and, finally, it was Heriot who had once got him out of a scrape which, absurd as it seemed when looked back upon from the heights of mature experience, might easily have had a lamentable conclusion.

That a boy of eighteen should fall in love with his mother's maid is a circumstance not, perhaps, highly creditable to the boy's taste or intelligence, yet one which can hardly be called unprecedented. If, in Adrian's case, the maid had escaped without a slur upon her character, this happy result was probably due less to Susan's rigid virtue than to her vaulting ambition. For, being a young woman endowed not only with beauty of person but with exceptional strength of purpose, she had made up her mind to nothing less than that her mistress's son should marry her, and had actually extorted from him something like a promise to that effect. And so, when he got the better of his fancy and sought safety in flight, she left Mrs. Vidal's service at a moment's notice and followed her faithless swain to London, where there is every reason to believe that she would have achieved her end, had not Heriot been informed of the state of affairs and hastened to the rescue. By what means he contrived to shake off the tenacious Susan, Vidal never knew precisely. His own view was that he was bound in honour, if not to ruin his whole life, at least to provide as handsomely as his means would allow for the girl whom he had deceived. But Heriot, foreseeing the perils to which payment of black-mail must inevitably lead, had refused to hear of any such thing; and this, perhaps, was not the least of the services which he had rendered to his young friend. The woman had gone away at last, uttering threats of vengeance which had never been carried into execution, and the episode had long ceased to be referred to between the two men; but Vidal had not forgotten it, nor was he the less grateful to his preserver because of the easy and matter-of-course way in which his preservation had been effected.

Heriot, old for his years, disenchanted with life so far as he himself was concerned, and suffering from a disease which at times gave him horrible pain, and might at any moment kill him, had learnt, as many people do under such circumstances, to find his share of the excitement of existence in the joys and hopes and ambitions of others. It was not unnatural that he should have felt specially drawn towards a young fellow who, like Adrian Vidal, possessed exactly the blessings which had been denied to himself—strength, beauty, enthusiasm, and just a touch of that harmless vanity which a worn-out man so readily pardons, and almost loves, in his juniors. Vidal, on his side, had an affection for Heriot which was half filial, half fraternal. He knew that his friend was intellectually and morally his superior; but he knew also that in any perplexity or trouble he could turn to him with absolute confidence, not only in his judgment but in his sympathy; and he well understood that a friend of that stamp is not met with twice in a lifetime. Therefore, as he had an instinctive abhorrence of pain, he pretty generally contrived to put away from him the thought that Heriot's days were numbered, and it was only when, as now, a separation of some months made the slow change for the worse perceptible, that he felt that sudden tightening of the heart-strings with which most of us have reason to be familiar.

While he was washing his hands and brushing his hair before dinner, he did not whistle, as was his wont, and his glass reflected a grave countenance. "Egypt hasn't done him a bit of good, poor old chap!" he muttered. "I suppose nothing will ever do him good any more. And yet, so long as he doesn't get worse. . . . . How many years is it since those solemn asses of doctors condemned him to death? Two, or more, I think. After all, pluck is the best doctor, and he has plenty of that."

Fastening upon this ground for hope, in the absence of a better one, Vidal soon gained the comfort from it which he desired and went cheerfully down stairs to dinner. He was a little late. The great table-d'hôte room was already full to overflowing; the assembled company of all nations was devouring its food, and growling over it after the manner of all carnivora when freed from social restrictions; waiters in an unpleasant state of warmth were hurrying to and fro, bearing pyramids of plates; and through the open windows were wafted the strains of the untiring band. Presently Vidal made out Heriot beckoning to him from the far end of one of the long tables, at the head of which sat the old gentleman of defective memory who had so irritated him an hour before.

"We have kept a place for you," Heriot said. "Let me introduce you to Mrs. Irvine—and Mr. Irvine, who know you very well by name."

The old gentleman started out of a placid dream, and bowed pleasantly to the new-comer, without, apparently, the smallest recollection of their previous meeting; but Mrs. Irvine held out her hand, and said, with frank heartiness, "How do you do? So glad to meet you. We have very often heard of you from Mr. Heriot."

Mrs. Irvine's appearance suggested the idea that she had just arrived from the railway-station and that she had sat beside the window during her journey. She wore a bonnet and a long dust-cloak, which last was flung back from her shoulders, and her grey hair looked as though she had omitted to brush it after having been out in a gale of wind. There was no ostensible reason for her being in a hurry; yet she both spoke and ate as if there were no time to be lost. "And where have *you* come from, Mr. Vidal? From London? I thought everybody was going to London, not coming away from it, at this time of year. We have been spending the winter in Rome, and have enjoyed ourselves beyond everything—at least, my daughter and I have. I am not quite so sure about Mr. Irvine, who dislikes travelling. Still he really was interested—I was saying that you *were* interested in Rome, John."

"Eh? Oh, immensely interested," answered Mr. Irvine. "I don't know whether you are familiar with Rome, Mr.—er—. I beg your pardon; but I didn't quite catch your name"——. Vidal was spared the disagreeable duty of re-introducing himself by Mrs. Irvine, whose volubility drowned her husband's half-finished sentence. "He liked it very much when he got there, as I always told him he would: and he spent a great deal of his time at Castellani's; besides which, there are all sorts of collections, you know, in Rome, for those who like collections. What I myself enjoy most of all is seeing the people—not, of course, that one doesn't fully appreciate the scenery and the pictures and the ruins; but I must say I am fond of society, especially of the sort of society that one gets abroad—such a complete change, you know. One makes some really delightful acquaintances, and others which, perhaps, one wouldn't care to keep up at home; but that only renders them the more entertaining for the time being. I like to see all kinds of people and things; don't you, Mr. Vidal? But I am sure you must, because you would naturally be always seeking for material for those charming books of yours."

A momentary pause, occasioned by the speaker's having hastily swallowed a glass of wine the wrong way, enabled Vidal to observe that his books would doubtless be charming if he had published any, but that he hadn't.

Mrs. Irvine was not disconcerted. "You write, though," she persisted. "I am certain that Mr. Heriot told me you wrote. And after all, I often think it must be a great deal more difficult to compose clever essays and articles and—and all that sort of thing than novels, which can't require any very vast amount of talent, since such numbers of people produce them. Once I began a novel myself, but I have never found time to go on with it. Oh, and by-the-by, I wonder whether you could help me to find a situation as governess for a very charming Italian lady who is at present just keeping body and soul together by writing for the newspapers, and who was, at one time, on the stage, and is altogether most accomplished and agreeable. Embroiders quite exquisitely, too, and makes all her own dresses, which I think is so creditable to her, poor thing! I feel sure that she would be a delightful addition to any household—not, of course, to your own; only you might just mention her to your friends, and I should be too happy to answer any inquiries. Mrs. Irvine, Cardrew, near Polruth, Cornwall; telegrams to Polruth station. Mr. Heriot, do *you* know of anyone who wants a thorough finishing governess?"

"Who has been on the stage, embroiders beautifully, writes for the newspapers, and makes her own frocks? No," answered Heriot, thoughtfully, "I can't call to mind anyone at the present moment; but with such qualifications there ought to be no difficulty at all about placing her. What of your last protégée, Mrs. Irvine?—the lady's-maid who had been a nun and was compelled to leave her convent through conviction of the errors of Romanism."

Mrs. Irvine made a gesture of despair, "Don't speak of her!" She bent across the table and continued in an impressive whisper: "It was the most unfortunate thing! Do you know, I did get her a situation, and an excellent one—with an old lady—and though, naturally, she was a little inexperienced, all went well for three or four months, when she began to fail in health, and—well I can't finish; but I daresay you can guess what happened. Anything more shocking I never heard of; and the old lady was so very angry with me, and said I ought to have known. But, as I told her, how *could* I know? And I am afraid she can never have been a nun at all."

"Let us hope not," said Heriot. "And how have things been going on at Polruth during your absence?"

"Pretty well, on the whole. But there have been some unfortunate occurrences; and only this morning Mr. Irvine had a letter telling him of a positive disaster. It seems that the Mevagissey men have been fishing in Polruth Bay, which of course they have no sort of business to do. So the Polruth

men went out in the middle of the night and cut all the nets adrift, and it wasn't until the morning that they found they had cut away their own nets by mistake. You may imagine what distress this has caused in the place; and what is to be done I can't think, unless I can induce Lord St. Austell to subscribe liberally, which, as you know, will not be an easy matter. However, I must do my best as soon as I get home."

In this way Vidal was relieved of the functions of a listener, which, to be sure, he had been fulfilling but indifferently from the outset. For he had not been two minutes in the room before the best part of his attention had become concentrated upon a girl of remarkable beauty who was seated opposite to him, and on Heriot's right hand. He had not at first supposed her to be in any way connected with his new acquaintances, but his neighbour's casual reference to her daughter and Heriot's evident intimacy with the young lady had seemed to point pretty conclusively to the inference that she must be Miss Irvine, though how such parents had come to possess such a child was one of those mysteries with which Nature delights to baffle the evolutionist.

Miss Irvine personified the type of beauty claimed by our island as peculiarly its own. Tall, graceful, with a flawless complexion, and a small head, well set on her shoulders, she had the look of breeding which characterises that type in its highest stage of development. Her hair had in it, besides a touch of gold, several shades of brown, the darkest of these gradations being reproduced in her eyebrows and eyelashes, which last were long and curved. Her eyes also were of uncertain colour, varying from dark blue to light grey, according as the lights fell or her mood influenced her. In a physical sense, therefore, she had been more than generously treated by Fortune: it remained to be seen what inner charms might correspond with or contradict this outer perfection; and that was not to be determined by a cursory survey. So, at least, Vidal concluded, after studying the girl carefully for a matter of ten minutes. At the end of that time he had discovered that she was of a somewhat dreamy and romantic temperament, that she was totally free from self-consciousness, and that she had a sweet temper, together with rather more pride than was desirable for her own happiness or for those nearest to her.

This, to be sure, was a good deal to have found out by merely watching the play of a person's features during so brief a space; but Vidal prided himself upon his ability to read character, and only wondered that his investigations should have led him to no more definite judgment than the above. One other discovery he had made—namely, that he was beginning to fall a little in love with the fair subject of his analysis; but this did not disturb him so much as it might be supposed to do by persons who attach a more serious meaning to the phrase than he did. In fact, it did not disturb him at all. His was a susceptible nature, and he was in the habit of falling a little in love with most of the pretty faces that came within his ken. No one was any the worse for these passing fancies, which he was rather disposed to cultivate, having an impression that they exercised a refining and elevating influence upon him.

During the progress of dinner it happened that his eyes more than once met those of his opposite neighbour, and he could not help perceiving that she regarded him with a certain degree of interest and curiosity. That being so, it became a matter of imperative necessity that he should exchange a few observations with her; only he hesitated to break the ice without that preliminary formula which is so essential to the comfort of Englishmen. "I wonder why Heriot didn't introduce me?" he mused. "I'll get him to do it directly afterwards."

(To be continued.)

A FAMILY BIBLE.

A new quarto edition of the Authorised Version of the Bible, beautifully printed and handsomely bound, has been issued by Mr. Henry Frowde from the Oxford University Press. The incidents, the natural scenery, and the localities mentioned in the sacred text are illustrated by pictures, some of them from well-known works by Raphael and Leonardo da Vinci, and far above the level of the illustrations ordinarily found in a pictorial Bible. The special merit of the volume lies in the 300 pages which follow the book of Revelation. Here we have helps to the study of the book—a general index, a complete concordance, a dictionary of proper names, and a series of maps. The title, the canon, the Hebrew, Greek, and English versions are all noticed, and a treatise is given on the genuineness and integrity of the two Testaments. Each book is in turn discussed, with its date, its authorship, and evidence, external and internal, of its authenticity. Though the text of the Apocrypha is omitted from the body of the work, a summary of each book is found in the appendix. Copious notes are added on matters ethnographical and geographical.

The supplementary matter is published in a smaller form, under the title "Helps to the Study of the Bible."

The National Society has received 100 guineas from the Mercers' Company and 10 guineas from the Skinners' Company.

A distinguished company last week attended the six-hundredth anniversary of the foundation of St. Peter's College, Cambridge, the oldest in the University. Among the speakers at a banquet were Prince Albert Victor and Lord Hartington.

Messrs. Rock Brothers, of Walbrook, have invented a new description of paper and envelopes for epistolary purposes, which they call Romanesque, and which have the two good recommendations of beauty and cheapness.

Sir Horace Rumbold, who has been nominated to succeed Mr. Ford as her Majesty's Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary to the King of Greece, is the fifth, but elder surviving son of the late Sir William Rumbold, third Baronet (who died in 1833), by his marriage with the Hon. Henrietta Elizabeth, second daughter of Thomas Boothby, late Lord Rancliffe. He was born in 1829, and succeeded his brother as eighth Baronet in 1877. Sir Horace Rumbold entered the diplomatic service in 1849, and was employed on special service at Ragusa in 1858. In the same year he was appointed Secretary of Legation in China, and he brought home in 1859 despatches with the particulars of the Peiho affair, and of the attack on the Taku Forts. He was Secretary of Legation at Athens from 1862 to 1864, when he was transferred in the same capacity to Berne. In 1868 he was appointed Secretary of Embassy at St. Petersburg, and in 1871 he accepted a similar post at Constantinople, where he remained about a twelvemonth, when he was nominated Minister-Resident and Consul-General in Chili. He was British Minister to the Swiss Confederation in 1878-9, and Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary to the Argentine Republic in 1879-80, when he was transferred to Stockholm, where he has since continued. Sir Horace Rumbold has been twice married—first, in 1867, to Caroline Barney, daughter of Mr. George Harrington, of Washington, U.S.A., formerly United States Minister at Berne. Being left a widower in 1872, he married secondly, in 1881, Louisa Anne, daughter of Mr. Thomas Russell Crampton, and widow of Captain St. George F. R. Caulfeild, a relative of the Earl of Charlemont.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All communications relating to this department of the Paper should be addressed to the Editor, and have the word "Chess" written on the envelope.

J A B (Lynn).—If your other proposed solutions were as incorrect as that noted of No. 2121 there was good reason for no acknowledgment appearing. Only *correct* solutions are acknowledged.

T.—Mr. Campbell's problem to which you refer appeared in our issue of Dec. 22, 1883. The author's amendment of the other problem described was noted in this column some weeks ago.

E A W (West Point, U.S.A.).—Look again at No. 2123; it is much better than you have supposed.

F H N (Bow).—No. 2121 cannot be solved in the way you propose.

JUMBO (Dundee).—Why not address your letters in accordance with the request at the head of this column? By ignoring it, you give us unnecessary trouble.

J S L (Blackburn, *Natal*).—We agree with you in thinking highly of No. 2121.

C P (Toronto, Canada).—Thanks. If found correct, it shall soon appear.

Z I (Paramaribo).—What is your idea of "good time"? We have more than once notified our readers that this column is prepared for press a week in advance of publication. All correct solutions are acknowledged in due course.

W E T (Philadelphia, U.S.A.).—Very good, and very acceptable. One of the batch appears below.

L S, E S, and many other Correspondents, are cordially thanked for cards and season-able good wishes.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF M. MAKOVSKY'S PROBLEM received from J A B (Lynn); of M. SERRA'S PROBLEM, from T and Le Pion; of the Problem from *Chess Strategy*, from F M (Edinburgh), Fred Forspott, J T W, Emmo (Darlington), Jumbo, Plevna, R Worters (Canterbury), Rev. W Anderson (Old Romney), William Davis; of Nos. 2115, 2116, 2117, from J S Logan (Blackburn, Natal); of No. 2123, from T, Oskar Hartmann (Malaga), Jumbo, Plevna, C B N (H.M.S. Asia), Le Pion; of No. 2124, from E J Posno (Haarlem), E L G, Oskar Hartmann (Malaga), D W (Aberdeenshire), Emile Frau, J P Owen, H Risbridger, G J Veale; of No. 2125, from Rughenden, Clement Fawcett, F M (Edinburgh), Fred Forspott, E J Posno (Haarlem), J H Tamisier, Z Ingold, Emile Frau, Emmo (Darlington), New Forest, Alpha, B H C (Salisbury), Shelton, R Worters (Canterbury), E Kirwan, C B N (H.M.S. Asia), Hermit, William Davis, E L G, F Marshall, and Dominican (Newcastle).

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM NO. 2126 received from Rev. W. Anderson (Old Romney), F Ferris, A M Colborne, G W Law, A M Porter, R I, Southwell, S Lowndes, E Casella (Paris), T Greenbank, C S Cox, Kitten, H Blacklock, Otto Fulder (Ghent), C Darragh, Ben Nevis, A W Scrutton, Aaron Harper, L, L Greenaway, F G Parslow, G A, A Walker, J T W, Clement Fawcett, L Sharwood, Ernest Sharwood, C Oswald, Joseph Ainsworth, W J Rudman, E Elsbury, H Wardell, Thomas Waters, R H Brooks, F Pott, Dominican, and W Hillier.

NOTE.—Owing to the Christmas holidays, only communications received up to Dec. 23 are acknowledged in this Number.

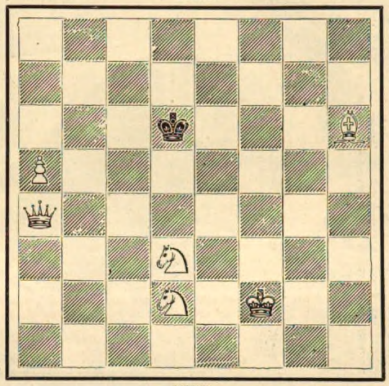
SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2124.

WHITE.	BLACK.
1. Kt to Q B 8th	Kt to K 3rd *
2. R to B 5th (double ch)	K takes R
3. Kt to K 7th. Mate.	

* If Black play 1. Kt to R 4th, White continues with 2. R to K 6th (double ch), then follows 2. K takes R and 3. Kt to Kt 5th, mate. If 1. K to Q 5th, the continuation is 2. R to Q B 6th (ch), K moves; 3. R to B 3rd, mate; and if 1. Kt takes P, then 2. R takes Kt (ch), &c.

PROBLEM No. 2128.
By W. E. TINNEY (Philadelphia).

BLACK.



WHITE.
White to play, and mate in three moves.

Played in 1863 at Simpson's Divan, between CAPTAIN MACKENZIE and another Amateur.
(Evans' Gambit.)

WHITE (Capt. M.)	BLACK (Mr. A.)	WHITE (Capt. M.)	BLACK (Mr. A.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	12. B to Q 3rd	Kt to Kt 3rd
2. Kt to K B 3rd	Kt to Q B 3rd	13. Kt to Q R 4th	B to Kt 5th
3. B to B 4th	B to B 4th	14. Kt takes B	R P takes Kt
4. P to Q Kt 4th	B takes P	15. Q to Q 2nd	
5. P to B 3rd	B to B 4th	The foundation of an artful trap.	
6. P to Q 4th	P takes P	15.	B takes Kt
7. Castles	P to Q 3rd	16. P takes B	Kt to R 5th
8. P takes P	B to Kt 3rd	Of course; just what White hoped for.	
9. B to Kt 2nd	K Kt to K 2nd	17. K to B sq	
10. Kt to Q B 3rd		The trap is now baited.	
10. Kt to R 3th is sometimes played here; but Black gets an even game by 10. P to Q 4th.		17.	Kt takes P
10.	Castles	18. R to K Kt sq	Kt takes Q
11. P to Q 5th	Kt to R 4th	Whether he takes the Q or R, or neither, matters not, White wins easily.	

On the 18th ult. a match was played between the Athenæum and Brixton Chess Clubs, eight competitors a side. It resulted in the Athenæum winning by 4½ points to 3½. One game on the victorious side was scored against an absentee.

It is settled that the match between the St. George's and City Clubs shall be played on Monday, Jan. 19, and Dr. Zukertort has accepted the office of umpire. As he is a honorary member of both clubs, he is specially fitted for this delicate post. There will be twenty players a side, and both clubs will, of course, put in their strongest members—barring honorary members, who are not admissible. The place of meeting will be the City Club-Rooms, No. 47, Newgate-street, and the hour will be six p.m., punctually. As the accommodation is limited, admission to see the contest will be confined to members of the two clubs and representatives of the press. The time limit for the players will be twenty moves an hour. Only one game will be played by each pair, and play will stop at eleven o'clock. There is every prospect that there will be an interesting contest, as the two clubs are believed to be very strong and about equally matched.

Professor Tyndall gave, last Saturday, at the Royal Institution, the first of a series of lectures on electricity, which he explained would trace the progress of the science from its origin to its present remarkable development.

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WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated July 29, 1874), with a codicil (dated Dec. 1, 1880), of the Most Noble Arthur Richard, Duke of Wellington, K.G., P.C., late of Apsley House, 149, Piccadilly; and of Strathfieldsaye, Hants, who died on Aug. 13 last, at Brighton, was proved on the 18th ult. by Henry, Duke of Wellington, the nephew, and William James Farrer, the surviving executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £168,000. The testator leaves to his wife, Elizabeth, Duchess of Wellington, £1500, any two of his carriages, and six of his horses, with the harness, equipage and furniture belonging thereto, as she may select, and £1500 per annum, for life, in addition to the jointure secured to her by her marriage settlement; and he appoints to her £10,000 out of certain trust funds. All his jewels, not already added to or set with the jewels settled to go as heirlooms with the mansion houses and estates by Act of Parliament so long as the dignity of Duke of Wellington shall endure, he also leaves to his wife, for life, and then to pass with the said heirlooms. He bequeaths £500 to his executor Mr. Farrer; £500 to his groom, John Fenn; and an annuity of £50 to Walter Thomas Hutchison. The residue of his property he gives to his said nephew, the present Duke.

The will (dated June 14, 1883) of his Excellency the Right Hon. William Odo Leopold, Baron Ampthill, G.C.B., P.C., who died on Aug. 25 last, at Potsdam, Germany, was proved on the 17th ult. by the Duke of Bedford, K.G., the brother, and the Earl of Lathom, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £45,000. The testator appoints a sum of over £75,000 Consols, in settlement, to all his children, in equal shares. All his estate and effects, real and personal, he gives to his wife, for her own absolute use and benefit; and he appoints her guardian of his infant children.

The will (dated April 13, 1878) of the Right Hon. Etheldred Anne, Countess of Hopetoun, late of No. 4, Ennismore-gardens, Kensington, and of Longcross, Chertsey, Surrey, who died on Nov. 15 last, was proved on the 11th ult. by Lieutenant-Colonel Charles Birch Reynardson, the brother, Miss Mary Caroline Birch Reynardson, the sister, and Charles Stewart, the executors, the value of the personal estate in the United Kingdom amounting to over £14,000. The testatrix bequeaths numerous legacies, both pecuniary and specific, to her children, brother, sister, maid, and others; including the bequest of a bracelet with a large opal, believed to be the largest in the world, and known as the "Hope opal," to her son, the Hon. Charles Archibald Hope. As to the residue of her property, she leaves one third to her said son; and two thirds between her daughters, Lady Estella Mary Hope and Lady Dorothea Louisa Hope, and her said brother and sister.

The will (dated July 11, 1878) of Colonel the Hon. Charles James Fox Stanley, J.P., late of Halecote, Grange-over-Sands, Lancashire, who died on Oct. 13 last, was proved on the 3rd ult. by the Right Hon. Frederick Arthur Stanley, the nephew, the sole executor, the value of the personal estate exceeding £25,000. The testator bequeaths £200 to his executor as a mark of his thanks for accepting the office; £100 to his cousin, Admiral William Windham Hornby; and legacies to servants. The residue of his property he gives to his three sons and four daughters, in equal shares.

The will (dated April 21, 1880) of the Right Hon. Henry Fawcett, P.C., M.P., late of No. 51, The Lawn, South Lambeth, and of No. 18, Brookside, Cambridge, who died on Nov. 6 last, was proved on the 13th ult. by Mrs. Millicent Garrett Fawcett, the widow, Miss Sarah Maria Fawcett, the sister, and Samuel Garrett, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £9500. The testator gives £100, the copyright of all his books and literary works, and all his furniture, plate, pictures, books, and effects, to his wife; £1000 between his children; £50 to his said sister; and the residue of his property, upon trust, for his wife, for life, and then for his children.

The will (dated March 2, 1878), with three codicils (dated Feb. 27, 1880; March 18, 1881; and July 31, 1883), of Mrs. Elizabeth Collin, late of Oakwood, Atkins-road, Clapham Park, who died on Oct. 31 last, was proved on the 4th ult. by Frederick Bunter, Alfred Thomas Rees, the nephew, and Miss Mary Anne Wright, the sister, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £52,000. The testatrix gives £3000, and all her jewellery, plate, furniture and effects, to her said sister; and numerous legacies to relatives, executors, servants, and others. The residue of her property is to be held, upon trust, for her said sister, for life; and then, among some further legacies, she bequeaths £50 each to the British and Foreign Bible Society, the Church Missionary Society, the British Orphan Asylum, formerly of Clapham, the Irish Church Missions, and the London City Mission. As to the ultimate residue, she leaves one fourth, upon trust, for her nephew Frederick Wright, and his children; two fourths, upon trust, for her niece Ellen Rees, and her children; and one fourth, upon trust, for her niece Margaret Frankel, for life, and then for Ellen Rees and Sarah Emily Rees.

The will (dated March 8, 1877), with three codicils (dated March 28, 1878; May 28, 1880; and April 16, 1881), of Mrs. Anne Earle, late of Wokingham, Berks, who died on Oct. 16 last, was proved on the 3rd ult. by the Rev. Edward Fiennes Trotman, the nephew, and George Thomas Tyndale, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £28,000. The testatrix leaves legacies to nephews, nieces, executors, and servants; one moiety of the residue of her property, upon trust, for her sister Mrs. Margaret Hony, and her children; and the other moiety, upon trust, for her sister-in-law, Mrs. Henrietta Earle, for life, and then for the daughters of her sister Mrs. Trotman.

The Duke and Duchess of Westminster opened a children's ward in connection with Macclesfield Infirmary last week.

Her Majesty has appointed Mr. Horace Seymour Commissioner of Customs, in the room of Lord Arran, who retires.

Several fatal accidents by the breaking of ice are reported from the provinces.

Encke's comet, which completes its circuit of the sun in about three years and a half, has been observed by an astronomer at Florence.

Mr. Gladstone attained his seventy-fifth birthday on Monday: and it is reported from Hawarden that the right hon. gentleman is in the enjoyment of excellent health.

Sir Saul Samuel, Agent-General for New South Wales, has been informed by telegram of the arrival in Sydney of the steamer Abergeldie, which sailed from Plymouth with emigrants in November last.

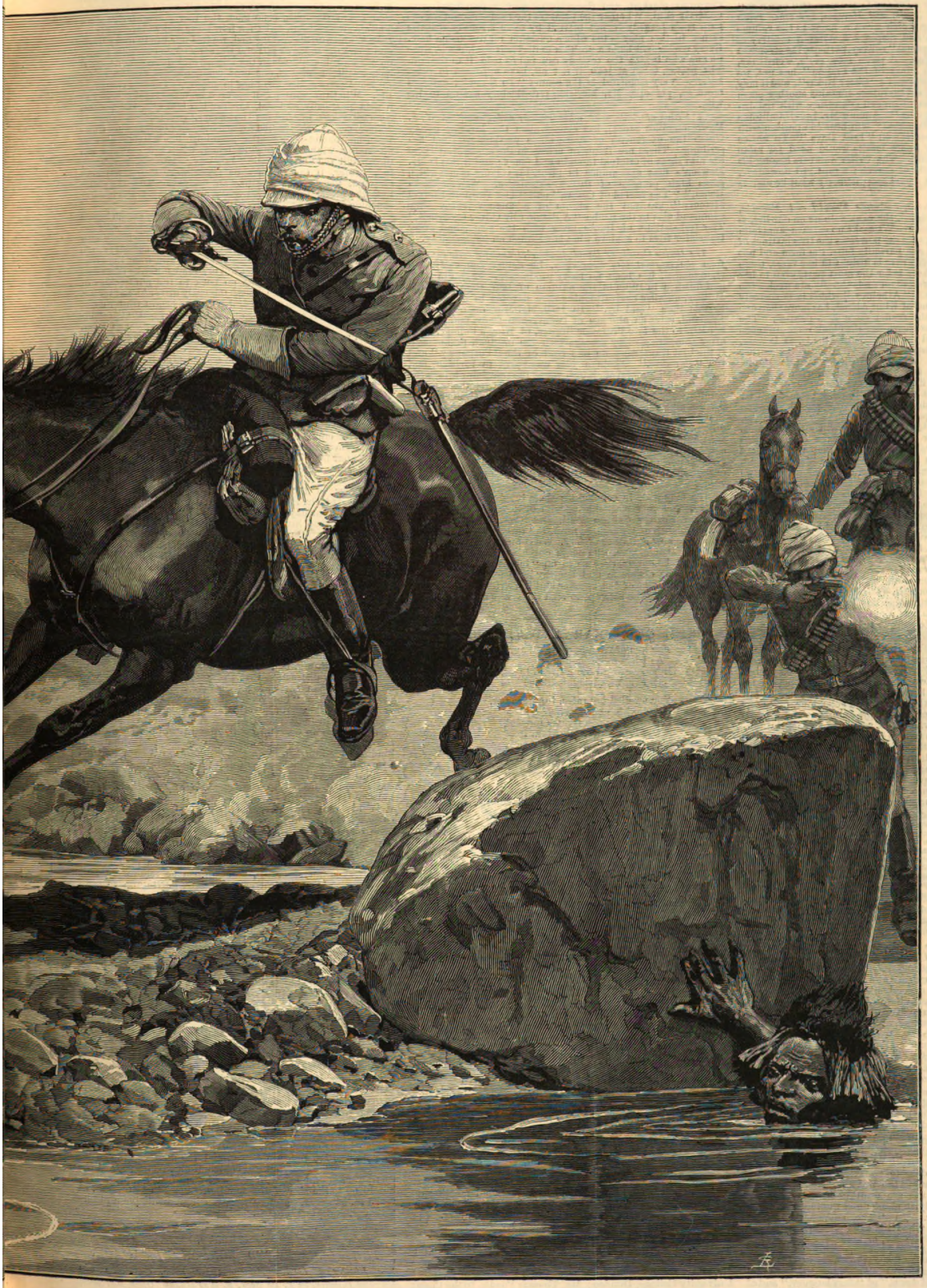
The past week's imports of live-stock and fresh meat landed at Liverpool from American and Canadian ports amounted to 517 cattle, 276 sheep, 9515 quarters of beef, 1315 carcases of mutton, and 50 hogs.

The missing crew of the Norwegian barque Holmstrand, which sank after collision with the steamer Chelydra off the Eddystone on Christmas morning, were picked up about four hours after the disaster, and landed at Newport last Saturday. The crew speak in warm terms of the kindness with which they were treated by their rescuer, Captain Mills.



THE WAR IN THE SOUDAN: IN

DRAWN BY R. C[W]



AFFAIR WITH OUTPOSTS.

ODVILLE.

BOOKS OF POETRY.

The difference between the poet and the verse-maker is as great as that between the beauties of Nature and the illusions of the scene-painter. Not always, however, is it incumbent on the critic to point this difference out; and, just as in common parlance we call every man a gentleman who keeps a carriage, so we may be permitted, for convenience sake, to call everyone a poet who writes verses. That Mr. Eugene Lee-Hamilton is a poet of a true and even powerful order will be evident to readers of *Apollo and Marsyas, and other Poems* (Elliot Stock). The poem which gives a name to the volume is full of vivid pictures, and displays a striking mastery of language; but the "other poems" convey, perhaps, the strongest sense of the writer's genius. A piece more eerie, weird-like, and forcible than "Sister Mary of the Plague" has not, we think, been written since Rossetti's "Sister Helen"; and it may be questioned whether recent literature contains another poem which describes the terrors of an evil conscience with the incisive strength of "Ipsissimus." Among Mr. Lee-Hamilton's sonnets, one entitled "Strangled" will bear comparison with the most striking of Rossetti's on "Lost Days." To notice this volume in proportion to its merits would need far more space than we can command. The writer numbers among his other virtues perfect clarity of speech; a rare gift nowadays, and one which shows that a poet sees distinctly what he undertakes to describe.

Athelney and other Poems, including Kenwill and Messeria, by Eliza Down (Bell and Sons), the next volume on our list, is also one of the most significant. We make no extravagant claim for this writer in asserting that she possesses the true instinct of the poet, and that where she partially fails, the form and not the conception is at fault. There is insight in her verse, there is an ear for music, and there is for the most part, even in her weakest lyrics—and a few of them undoubtedly are weak—the absence of common-place. "Athelney," which it is scarcely necessary to say is a legend of King Alfred, has more than one merit which will strike the reader on a first perusal. The story is told with the utmost clearness; the blank verse is at once graceful and sinewy; and the whole landscape is, as it were, bathed in a poetical atmosphere. It seems as if the author saw what she describes. What are called "beauties," too, are by no means absent, though Miss Down, with a proper sense of art, never says fine things for the sake of saying them. Our space will not allow us to illustrate this poem by quotations, but let the reader turn to page 31 for the description of a sunset, or read the parting, at the opening of the poem, between the King and Queen, and he will allow that in some measure the writer possesses the poet's best gift—imagination. "Easter Day" is not a new theme for a sacred poet, but the writer treats it with a firm and yet gentle hand. "The Cup of Tears," simple in language and original, we think, in thought, is another suggestive lyric. It brings to remembrance Mrs. Browning's "Isobel's Child." In that poem, a dying babe pleads with a mother not to keep it longer in this cold world by the power of her prayers; in the short lyric by Miss Down, a baby dies, and the mother weeps for her night and day. Then a visionary child appears to her, bearing in its hand a cup, full to the brim, of the tears the mother has shed. If the cup should overflow the little one will taste of sorrow, even in heaven; so the mother, for her darling's sake, weeps no more. This is the bald prose of a little poem which is in every line poetical. Gladly would we refer to other poems in this unpretending but by no means insignificant volume; but enough has been said, perhaps, to draw attention to the work. We expect to hear from Miss Down again.

Mr. J. W. Gilbart-Smith may be already known to some of our readers as a clever versifier and satirist. He has great faculty for rhyming, and has some faculty for poetry: but *The Log o' the Norseman* (Kegan Paul), in which he poses as a kind of modern "Childe Harold," without the passion and imagination that light up that poem with splendour, gives few indications of poetical progress. The mannerisms and phrases are often Byronic; and where the writer is the most independent of his master, the failure is most conspicuous. A poet may rise with effect from the ludicrous to the beautiful; but in sinking from the beautiful to the burlesque, even Byron, the wittiest poet of his age, generally failed. Mr. Gilbart-Smith should beware of passing from grave to gay. Some fairly good stanzas on Dante are followed by rubbish like the following, which the author probably mistakes for humour—

> China and chintz and chairs of Chippendale,
> And shapes of women more burlesqued than decked,
> And youths with visages divinely pale
> Pose representative of intellect;
> Mind illustrates its strength in Matter wrecked;
> Urged by *high* art, our very waists ascend,
> Like love more lengthy when it 's incorrect!
> "There 's nothing new," as Solomon hath penned,
> Save pedigrees and poets (Hope I don't offend).

Mr. Gilbart-Smith does offend. But he is capable of something better, and a few of the lyrics scattered through the volume have a musical ring, notably one commencing with the line "Little maiden blossom laden."

In dissonance of rhyme and irregular leaps of metre Ella Sharpe Youngs, author of *A Heart's Life, Sarpedon, and other Poems* (Kegan Paul), reminds us frequently of Mrs. Browning. The writer is not without culture and imaginative power; but great energy seems to be expended with comparatively small results. She takes all the license which, for the sake of her splendid genius, we pardon in Mrs. Browning; and the license is more evident than the poetry. When good English stands in the author's way, she shows a royal contempt for it; and when English words are not forthcoming, has the bad taste and pedantry to introduce Greek.

> Will heart-reticence be thanker
> For love-sweetness we neglect?

is a couplet which it will suffice to quote without criticising. Ella Sharpe Youngs wants simplicity and moderation. It will be well for her, and for her readers, if she avoids for the future feminine rhymes and difficult metres.

Mr. Evelyn Douglas implies in the preface to his *Poems, Lyrical and Dramatic* (Trübner), that he is still very young; and the statement does not surprise us. He employs too often the meaningless imagery dear to youthful versifiers, and if his lines have always a meaning the prosaic reader will be apt to miss it. Syntax and sense are wanting in a lyric called "Hopes," and not in that lyric alone; and the imagery of the writer is often surprising. In "The Golden City," for example, we read of the "hot light" that shivers, of the throbbing and pulsation of the sky, of

> bronzèd youths carousing
> With maids of snowy flank,

of "burning waves a-tremble," of "silken-sailèd galleys" which "keep soaring up and down," of "fiery languor," and of much else that is as passing strange. Yet there are indications in that diffuse poem of poetical enthusiasm, though of enthusiasm untempered with discretion. Héloise and Abelard would be a perilous subject to touch even if Pope had not made it his own. The versification of this poem has, however, greater merit than the lyrical pieces, and here and there in the volume are indications that Mr. Douglas may yet live to write poetry. Many of the faults that strike us may be due to immaturity, and this can at least be truly said—they are not the faults of a dull writer.

Mr. Herman Charles Merivale is known to fame, and *Florien, a Tragedy in Five Acts, and other Poems* (Remington and Co.), will enhance his reputation. We do not suppose that Mr. Merivale designed "Florien" for the stage, but many of the scenes are strongly dramatic, the characters are distinctly marked, and the painful plot is developed with masterly skill. Whether the pleasure the reader should always gain from tragedy is not marred by some strongly realistic scenes in this play is too wide a question for discussion here. Every reader will be in a position to decide it for himself, since no one who begins the tragedy can fail to read it to the end. The poems, some at least if not all, have appeared in print before. Very beautiful is the sonnet "To Maud"; and still more so, perhaps, Mr. Merivale's dedicatory sonnet to his wife.

A Vision of Souls, with other Ballads and Poems, by W. J. Dawson (Elliot Stock), has claims upon the lover of poetry which the exigencies of space alone prevent us from describing. There are frequent echoes in the poems, but there are also signs of original thought and fancy; and if this is Mr. Dawson's first appearance in print, his volume is one which gives high promise of future excellence. "In a Sick-Room," "The Ballad of Carew," and "The Town of Eternal Memory" are not the efforts of a mere versifier. We commend also to the reader "A Sermon by Oliver Cromwell." The translations of Dante grow with the years, and every translator tries to achieve what is wellnigh an impossibility.

The Divine Comedy of Dante Alighieri, translated verse for verse from the original into terza rima, by James Innes Minchin (Longmans), has been no hasty production. Begun in 1856, and finished in India in the autumn of 1857, the year of the Mutiny, another twelve months were devoted to its revision. It was then "laid by." In 1866, Mr. Minchin returned to England, after an absence of twenty-two years, and showed his MS. to the late Professor Brewer, of King's College, who, after comparing every passage with the original, pronounced it the best translation he had read of the "Purgatory" and the "Paradise." Again a year was spent in revision, and now, after an interval of sixteen years, the translator brings the work "before the general judgment of Dante students as the result of the honest labour of many years of a studious life." To attempt the *terza rima* form in a stubborn language like the English shows no little boldness on the part of Mr. Minchin. He says, indeed, that it is a metre perfectly suited for English poetry; but why then, it may be asked, has it been avoided by every great poet, and how is it that not a single English poem of high merit has been produced in it? Students of Dante will find this carefully exact translation of no common value.

We may add, in concluding these brief notices of recent poetry, that a remarkable poem called *Midas*, by the late William Forster (Kegan Paul, and Co.), contains, under the semblance of an antique form, the discussion of problems which are now agitating society. We cannot agree with Midas that the Demagogue, who pours out his wrongs and those of his fellow-labourers, does so in an "incisive style"; on the contrary, the elaborate and lengthy lines too often seem to exhaust the point of the speaker and the writer. The reader, too, especially if he attempt to read the verses aloud, will soon be exhausted also.

THE OLD YEAR AND THE NEW.

The loss of friends, you will agree,
Is what we all deplore;
But have you been a friend to *me*,
Old Eighteen-eighty-four?

You swelled my rates, to put it pat,
Quite high enough before:
I hardly owe you thanks for *that*,
Old Eighteen-eighty-four!

You gave me twinges in the knees,
Ask portly Doctor Gore:
Can I feel gratitude for *these*,
Old Eighteen-eighty-four?

With gouty twitches I 've been curst,
Since you came through my door:
My heart with gratitude won't burst,
Old Eighteen-eighty-four!

Another "Cherub" 'twas your whim
To add unto my store:
Do you expect my thanks for *him*,
Old Eighteen-eighty-four?

A burglar scare—a broken nose—
A friend who proved a bore:
Oh! blessings on your head for those,
Old Eighteen-eighty-four!

Dyspepsia now has swelled the ranks
Of foes who plague me sore:
You brought him—twenty-thousand thanks,
Dear Eighteen-eighty-four!

Bad debts galore—long Doctor's bills—
And countless "mercies" more!
Deep gratitude my bosom thrills,
Good Eighteen-eighty-four!

And now we are about to part—
To part for ever more:
Good-bye! Good-bye! with *all* my heart,
Old Eighteen-eighty four!

* * * * *

He 's gone! I somehow feel more bright—
The gayest man alive!
Good morning! *You* will put all right!
Young Eighteen-eighty-five!

F. B. DOVETON.

Sir Joseph Bazalgette presided at the annual meeting of the Institution of Civil Engineers. The institution consists of 3782 persons, being an increase of 194 during the year. Sir Frederick Bramwell was elected president for 1885.

Mr. Joseph John Thomson, M.A., F.R.S., Fellow of Trinity College, has been elected Professor of Experimental Physics at Cambridge, in room of Lord Rayleigh, resigned. Mr. D'Arcy Wentworth Thompson, B.A., Professor of Biology, University College, Dundee; Mr. Thomas Purdie, to the Chair of Chemistry in the University of St. Andrew's, rendered vacant by the retirement of Professor Heddle; and Dr. Gilbert, F.R.S., Professor of Rural Economy at the University of Oxford, and the associate of Sir J. B. Lawes in the Rothamsted experimental work, to the post of Honorary Professor of Agricultural Chemistry at the Royal Agricultural College, Cirencester, vacant by the death of Dr. Voelcker.

LONDON IN WINTER.

That Winter has its charms in the country everyone will allow. No man who has lived among the mountains in that season will ever forget the crisp freshness of the air, the effects of light and shade, the snow-covered heights steeped in rose colour by the setting sun, the gloomy shadows, the fitful breeze making solemn music in the pine woods, the smooth, firm ice upon the tarns, covered, perchance, with skaters who have "given their bodies to the wind," while the mountains that guard the lakes echo back the merry laughter of girls. The air may be keen, but then how clear and wholesome it is! Like Wordsworth's cottage girl, we feel our life in every limb, and when the shadows fall and the stars come out, how gladly do we walk homewards in the silence and darkness, happy if alone, still happier if one dear companion is with us whose presence gives a new meaning to nature, a twofold energy to life. What the winter can be even in tame rural scenery to a man poetically inclined, Cowper has told us. His poetry, somewhat out of fashion nowadays, contains sketches of winter scenery unsurpassed for accuracy and beauty; and while picturing out-of-door scenes minutely he delights also in describing winter evenings at home, when the curtains are drawn and the fire is burning brightly. For the sportsman, too, winter, if the weather be favourable, is the happiest season of the year, and he has no sympathy with the chilly folk who prefer to the misty damp of November the blazing sunshine of July.

In London, it must be admitted that the winter season has its drawbacks. For the most part, we Londoners shiver with the cold instead of being braced by it. The air is too often heavy with fog and smoke; sooty showers descend from the chimneys; the pavement is greasy with mud and slush; and what the great thoroughfares are after a heavy fall of snow cannot be described in refined language: we must go back to the phraseology of our school days, and call them "beastly dirty." Let us not forget, however, that even London has its bright winter days, when walking is a pleasure, and when the great metropolis has a beauty of its own which no southern city can rival. "Earth has not anything to show more fair" may be sometimes said of it with truth in December, as well as in May. The chief pleasures of London in winter are, however, to be found within doors. When the rain, or that dirty composition we call snow, is falling, how delightful it is to sit by a roaring fire in a good library. Then our old companions, who were neglected—perhaps forgotten—in the summer, come into favour once more. We take up Shakspeare or Molière, Cervantes or Goethe; we resolve, perhaps, to do as Nathaniel Hawthorne once did, and read the Waverley Novels through again from beginning to end; we make acquaintance or increase our familiarity with the Queen Anne men. Or, if we eschew what is impertinently styled light literature—under which term the solemn moralist includes some of the greatest productions of the human mind—there is the "heavy literature" of Mr. Herbert Spencer and Dr. Bain to be studied; we may give our days and nights to the "Constitutional History" of Bishop Stubbs; while for after-dinner pastime are there not Dr. Ihne's History of Rome, and Professor Freeman's entertaining story of the Norman Conquest? To lovers of literature, books are among the chief blessings of the winter season; and yet the attraction of books to Londoners is but one among many. It is a time for the meeting of friends and old acquaintances; the migratory instinct is appeased, and people are content with the pleasures offered to them by society. A large dinner party is a vast expense and affords little enjoyment, but a select party—say, of six or eight congenial spirits, with a feast of good things in the first place and a feast of reason afterwards—is a kind of hospitality which few men and women of culture fail to relish. There is something, too, very cosy about the afternoon tea in winter, less of distraction than in summer, and more of agreeable chat. Then there are the theatres. On a lovely evening in spring, when "the young May moon is gleaming," a crowded theatre is not altogether an attraction; but in winter, especially if a good friend gives you a dinner first, and then fills your cup to overflowing by the presentation of a stall ticket, the pleasure will be without a drawback. Do the same kindness for him another night, and add to it by inviting his wife or daughter, and you will find the pleasure doubled.

This suggestion reminds us that winter in London is the season dedicated to charity. The man who lives to himself is never a happy man. If he is engrossed with his own pleasures, he is equally burdened with his cares. Thinking of himself, he is miserable; but let him once resolve to work for others, and his personal anxieties will grow smaller day by day. This is a familiar recipe for happiness which people know but forget to make use of. Perhaps a vast city like London tends to make a man selfish. Its misery is immeasurable, and how can he relieve it? Is it not almost as vain as the effort of Mrs. Partington to push back the Atlantic Ocean with her mop? So it may seem to the superficial observer, but in reality it is quite otherwise. Dame Partington was fighting against Nature; the man who strives to do good and to lessen human misery is fighting with the laws of Nature on his side. It may seem that he can do little, but to move at all in the right direction is to have with him a number of beneficent and victorious forces.

We must pause; for the last two or three sentences look almost like preaching, and their gravity alarms the writer. It will not do to forget that London has its cakes and ale as well as its dry bread, its songs as well as its sermons, and that in this it resembles human life, with its "mingled yarn good and ill together."

J. D.

A Winter Art-Exhibition was opened in the Bradford Museum last week by the Mayor of the borough.

In Yorkshire there is a Needlework Guild, which has a membership of nearly 500, who make clothing and distribute it to charities in the county.

The usual dinner, consisting of hot roast beef, potatoes, and plum-pudding, was given on Christmas Day at the Field-Lane Ragged School and Refuges. The dinner consisted of 480 lb. of beef, 580 lb. of plum-pudding, seven sacks of potatoes, 150 quartern loaves, and 700 oranges—the entire expense being met by special contributions. The poor in the district were supplied with joints of meat (varying in weight, according to the size of the families, from 2 to 4 lb.), ½ lb. of tea, 1 lb. of sugar, quartern loaf, the ingredients for a plum-pudding, and ¼ cwt. of coal.

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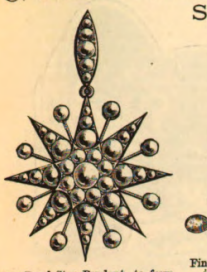
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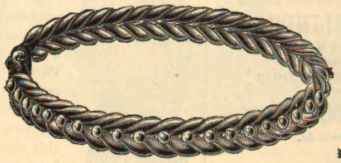
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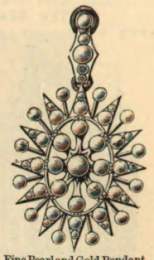
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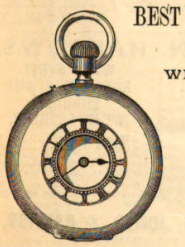
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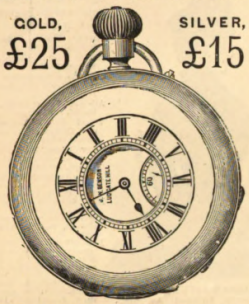
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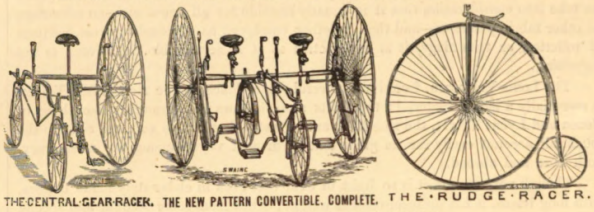


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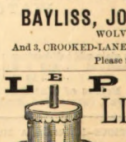
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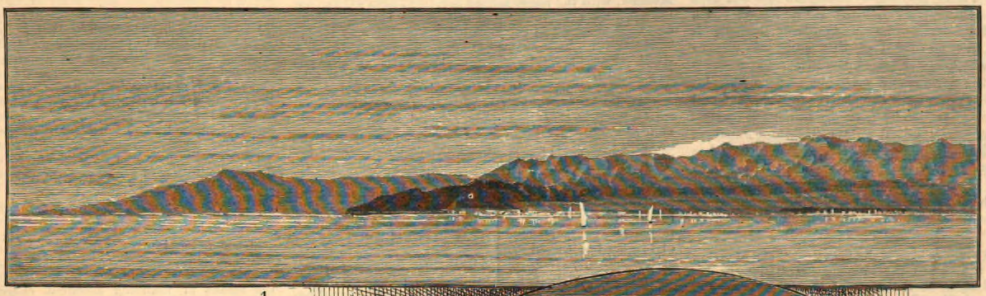
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1. Estipona, from the sea. 2. Cathedral and Port of Malaga. 3. Cordova. 4. Malaga, from the sea.

THE EARTHQUAKE IN SPAIN: VIEWS OF PLACES WHERE IT WAS FELT.

OUR NOTE-BOOK

Rejoicing with the Queen and the Royal family in their joys, the English people all the world over may be fairly said to have united in a hearty Birthday greeting to her Majesty's grandson, Prince Albert Victor, whose Majority was celebrated with characteristic geniality by the Prince and Princess of Wales at Sandringham on Thursday. So charmingly youthful is her Royal Highness in appearance that it is difficult to realise that twenty-one years have elapsed since that memorable Friday when the "blissful bride of a blissful heir," after spending the afternoon in sledging round the frozen lake of Virginia Water and watching the Prince playing at hockey on the ice, gave birth to a son at Frogmore Lodge. Prince Albert Victor (or Prince Edward, as he is familiarly called), is credited with the possession of that admirable quality of bonhomie which has endeared the Prince and Princess of Wales to the nation, and probably made during his prolonged sea voyages with Prince George hosts of good friends, who will have joined cordially in the felicitations his Royal Highness received on the Eighth of January. Modest, frank, and unaffected, the young Prince has deservedly won golden opinions from all sorts of men; and his Royal Highness enters manhood strengthened for the battle of life with the best wishes of the realm for his welfare and happiness.

Twelfth Night was kept right merrily at the Mansion House on the 6th, when the rising generation were decidedly looked upon as the stars of the future, and the Lord Mayor and Sheriffs were the Magi, who vied with one another in doing them honour. Dissolving views, and a glorious Punch and Judy show, were provided; the band played most inspiriting music, and the fun was thoroughly gleeful, innocent, and hearty. It really was a sight for gods and men to see the proud happy young mothers and fathers as they stood by with glistening eyes while their little ones, in all sorts of comical costumes, marched round the Egyptian Hall that the Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress might duly appreciate their apparel and bestow the kindly word and smile that each juvenile looked for, and the numerous grand-parents among the City Fathers were not one whit less delighted. The rooms were not too hot, the lights were brilliant, the flowers fresh, and the atmosphere redolent of enjoyment.

Some of the little fancy dresses were remarkably effective, perhaps the most striking being Master Cecil Palmer, the grandchild of the Lord Mayor, who was dressed as a little white rabbit, and called himself Baby Bunting. There were "Bunnie's" tail and his ears very prominent, in white fur, as well as his warm coat; but the bright dark eyes that looked out of the intelligent little face were the familiar ones of Young England. Master Ralph Truscott, the grandson of Sir Francis Truscott, personated Prince Eugène, in the full costume of a courtier of the days of good Queen Anne; little Stella Phillips, the popular Sheriff's daughter, was dressed as a canary, in yellow plush, with a pair of wings, and a smooth, yellow head, finished off in front by a prominent beak. Her costume, down to her little yellow shoes, was perfect. The Masters Wheeler were dressed as the two young Princes in the Tower, exactly after Millais' famous picture. Miss Maud Thompson was the only Ophelia present, she looked neither mad nor melancholy. Miss Hollingsworth made a good Sophie Western, and Miss Da Costa Audrade was wonderfully got-up as the postman, or rather the postwoman, of the future. Of youthful Marquises there were many, and of patched and powdered Marchionesses not a few; while the peasant girls, flower maidens, &c., were not so numerous as on previous similar occasions.

When women are very rich they are usually supposed to indulge in every sort of luxury; but in our day there are women whose riches spur them on to activity, and they conduct their own business in a manner that compels admiration. Such a one is Miss Maud St. Pierre, a strong-minded single lady, about five-and-thirty, who has made large investments in land in the State of Tennessee. So rich is her property in minerals that she is having a line of railway constructed which will run through its very heart, and she rides about with money in her saddle-bags, paying her work-people, and looking after her affairs diligently.

The Paris *Figaro* has sustained a great loss during the last week in the death of M. Arnold Mortier, known to the world as "Un Monsieur de l'Orchestre." It will be extremely difficult to fill his place, for he was wise and witty, full of resource, and keen-eyed for everything that happened before or behind the footlights. No episode was too trivial for him to record, and in that lay the whole difference between his lively chronicles of things theatrical and the sober ones of other writers and reporters. No such blank has occurred in the *personnel* of the *Figaro* since the death of its founder, M. De Villemessant, *le grand rédacteur*, over whose tomb his staff, to quote their own expression, shed "tears of ink."

We learn with much pleasure that the Queen has been pleased to confer the Companionship of the Bath on Mr. George Scharf, F.S.A., the Director of the National Portrait Gallery, a collection which may be said to owe its importance to his good taste and critical judgment. Mr. Scharf has had, throughout his long public service, to contend against two difficulties, the one that of obtaining first-rate portraits of well-known persons, and the other that of declining second-rate portraits of uninteresting nonentities

The young Prince of Naples, heir to the throne of Italy, had a tolerably difficult military examination to pass just before Christmas, and acquitted himself completely to the satisfaction of the Minister of War, the King's first Aide-de-Camp, and the Commander-in-Chief of the Army. The boy is an ardent collector of coins and medals, so his Royal father rewarded him by a Christmas present after his own heart, and gave him all sorts of old foreign moneys and the rarest medals that could be procured.

Sir R. Loyd-Lindsay, M.P., has lent to the present Burlington House collection a magnificent Murillo, representing the Virgin and Child in Glory, and near it hangs the well-known portrait of a lady, supposed to be Titian's daughter, by Paris Bordone. On the same wall is the portrait of the Duchess of Modena and her family, by Bernardino Licinio; and the first and last of these beautiful pictures strongly illustrate the fact that the greatest painters did not merely paint the women of their own country or generation, but those who would be recognised to all time as typical beauties. Fra Bartolommeo's Virgin, in Gallery IV., and Murillo's, and the Duchess of Modena, with the nurse behind her, like Titian's Catharine Cornaro, are ever young and ever fair. One may have met such a woman in the Park last season, or may see her next week at a ball. Time has not touched even to mellow them, their bloom is unfaded, and their eyes serene. Compared with the portraits painted by smaller men, they will be seen to possess the secret of perpetual youth.

An incident that took place a fortnight ago at Portsmouth might, in skilful hands, be worked up into an effective Christmas story. The Commander of one of her Majesty's big ships found himself in a position to give leave of absence to a large number of bluejackets, who trooped ashore merrily enough. One of them, however, hoping to escape notice, slipped aside, undressed, and turned into his berth. He was speedily discovered, and, when questioned, reluctantly acknowledged that as he had sent every penny of his pay to his aged mother, he had no money to spend, and should thankfully eat his Christmas dinner on board. He was ordered to rise, dress, and report himself to his commanding officer, which he did with fear and trembling, rapidly changed into joy when that gentleman warmly shook hands with and congratulated him, leaving in his horny palm four golden sovereigns. How happily Jack went ashore and boarded the next train for his native village may be better imagined than described.

The "spotless" tournament just concluded at the Aquarium, Westminster, gave lovers of billiards a great treat; but at least one of the players received hard measure. On Tuesday last, for instance, Mr. Joseph Bennett, ex-Champion, was twice denied a "cannon" when, as Osric would have said, it was "a hit, a most palpable hit," so palpable indeed in one case that some of the spectators cried aloud at the decision given against him. It must be very disheartening to play against both luck and unintentional injustice.

What constitutes a witch? There is the Lancashire witch, whose beauty procures her the title; and, of old, there was the poor old woman whose ugliness and perfectly hypothetical habit of riding upon a broomstick in the small hours caused her to be so called. The other day, however, there died of cold, starvation, and exposure, at the age of seventy-five, a poor woman, whose "correct name was Hatch." She is said to have been of "somewhat wild appearance," to have had from the parish three shillings a week to live or die upon, to have paid one of those shillings for the rent of "a wretched hovel," where she had no fire and nothing but one sheet to cover her as she lay upon a paillasse on the ground through the bitter winter's night. So they called her "the witch of Okehampton": poor old soul! It is to be feared that witches of that sort are by no means so rare as they ought to be in a civilised and Christian country.

Æsthetic dress is very much on the wane, if one may judge by the style of apparel that prevailed last week at the Grosvenor and Burlington House private views. Sage-green and weather-beaten orange were in the minority, or were only seen in the morning, when genuine scribblers, in spectacles and big hats, came to look at the pictures and take notes. In the afternoon, when artist-princes and their wives and the queens of comedy and song flocked to the rendezvous, they were attired in pretty black *confections*, and rich golden browns, blues, and clarets, with the daintiest little bonnets imaginable. Costly furs and rich velvets were very much the order of the day, and the former, within certain limits, were patronised by gentlemen as well as ladies.

Still harping on New-Year's gifts, to the antiquity and advance of which we referred last week, a curious passage occurs in the Lansdowne MSS. In the year 1611, Sir Francis Bacon tells Sir M. Hicks, "he has sent to his Lady and Daughters a new year's gift of carnation stockings to wear for his sake." Nowadays these articles, if not always of such a brilliant colour as carnation, are worn for their own sakes.

On the first day of this New Year appeared a notice which shows that the Master of the Horse (the Duke of Westminster) has turned over a new leaf and at the same time taken, as it were, a step backwards. He has reduced the number of Queen's Plates or Royal Plates (dating, no doubt, from Charles II. or an earlier reign, but with no sort of consecutive record earlier than Queen Anne) to be run for in England from fifteen to ten (one fewer than they were in 1727); but of course the value of each has been increased, so that, till further notice, the Plate at Newmarket will be worth £500; at York, Richmond (Yorks), Liverpool, Lichfield, Bath, Stockbridge, Ascot, Lewes, and Winchester or Salisbury (in alternate years), £300. The next step will probably be to abolish them altogether (for they are not much needed), or to lump the guineas still further together into no more than one or two Plates (say, one at Newmarket and one at York, as the representatives of the Southern and Northern Turf respectively). The competitors, moreover, are for the future to be "horses or mares bred in Great Britain or Ireland"; which is a very reasonable measure, since, whatever may be said of our Royal Plates, they were certainly not meant to encourage horses "bred abroad," like the celebrated Dutch Skater and others. On the other hand, it seems a little hard that "no horse" is "to be allowed to win more than two of the Plates in any one year." Shades of Fisherman and Caller Ou! The more likely the Plates are made to bring out good horses, the less possible it is to be for any one horse to establish an indisputable superiority! Why, it might as well be enacted that no horse that has won the Two Thousand and the Derby be allowed to win the Grand Prix and the St. Leger. No doubt the word "win" leaves it open to any high-minded gentleman or lady, who boasts the possession of "the best horse over a distance" in all England, to prove the boast to be good by "running" and "beating" without "winning"; but black swans are multitudinous compared with gentlemen or ladies so high-minded.

That Arabi was a persuasive Oriental we found out when he collected his large army of followers in Egypt. But when this pugnacious Pasha was relegated to Ceylon, no one would have suspected that his eloquence would have been devoted to peace-making. And yet, at a public meeting in connection with the promotion of a Mohammedan boys' school, he was the means of reconciling the three factions into which the religious community in Ceylon had for a long time been divided. Arabi had taken great interest in the school—probably he had not much to amuse him on the island—and he was selected to make the inauguration speech. So successful was the very touching discourse that, immediately after he sat down, the leaders of the rival factions rose in the presence of the company, and could not refrain from embracing each other. Arabi might be a useful lecturer at many a metropolitan vestry meeting.

Good-fellowship is the primary cause of the success of many a club, society, and institution. Several associations formed for social or technical purposes have been the means of founding excellent charities and useful communities. Now, although the Volunteers, our city soldiers, as they have been called, have in many ways proved their capacity and efficiency, they have up to the present been forgetful of other advantages that such a vast and widespread body could effect. To the credit, then, of Colonel Defries, of the Honourable Artillery Company, and Captain Williams, of Kent, be it said that they propose to establish an Orphanage for the Children of Volunteers. Happily, the majority of our amateur Army have remunerative occupations or private means; but it will be an additional inducement to the mechanic or clerk to join the force if he knows that by so doing he is making some sort of provision for his young progeny. His Grace the Duke of Portland, Lord Ranelagh, Colonel Loyd-Lindsay, Lord Headly, and many other influential noblemen and gentlemen have promised to support the scheme.

Nearly every large European city has a special quarter if not set aside for, at least inhabited of their own choice by, Jews. Berlin has its Juden quartier, Frankfort its Judengasse, London its Whitechapel, and Rome its Ghetto. This last, the most ancient of all, will soon have disappeared. Its occupiers are descended in a direct line from the Hebrew captives who were brought from Jerusalem by Titus, and bound to his chariot. Although the Ghetto was reduced to a rubbish heap in 1848, the Jews have lingered amongst its ruins, and made themselves contented in the dilapidated tenements ever since, and even now cling, to the very moment of demolition, to the spot where their ancestors found shelter. But before the site is covered with the proposed new Italian villas, a strange ceremony has taken place. It is proverbially difficult to convert a Jew; but the Rev. O. Ben Oliel, under the auspices of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel amongst the Jews, has baptised two Hebrews, and admitted them into the English Church. The ceremony took place at Rome, in the presence of many of the Protestant clergy, at the very moment, maybe, when co-religionists of the converts were being forced from the place to which they had become so deeply attached from the ancient traditions of their race.

The Derby at Epsom is no longer the most valuable prize for which English race-horses are in the habit of competing: the Grand Prix de Paris (notwithstanding the absence of the "objet d'art" which Napoleon III. used to give) nearly always beats every English prize in pecuniary value (except, of course, the newly established and never yet decided Eclipse Stakes of 10,000 sovs., to be run for in 1886). It is satisfactory, therefore, to know that the Municipality of Paris, in spite of strenuous opposition, have by a majority of 48 to 22 voted for this year the subsidy of 50,000f. (besides 16,000f. given to other races), without which, according to the conditions, there would be no race. As the increase of the octroi alone more than covers the outlay, it would be almost suicidal to cut off the subsidy. Still, it is not pleasant to be at the mercy of a municipality's whims and fancies; and the old English fashion, observed in the Derby, the St. Leger, and other great races, of "running for one another's money" seems to be the more satisfactory, and certainly the more sportsman-like; though there is apparently a growing inclination even in this country to run for "public money."

"English as she is spoke" by foreigners is always amusing; and also "as she is wrote." Here is a Japanese specimen, borrowed from Mr. Faulds' "Nine Years in Nipon," lately published: "Notice. Shoe manufacturer. Design at any choice. The undersigned being engaged long and succeeded with their capacity at shoe factory of Isekats, in Tokio; it is now established in my liability at undermentioned lot all furnishment will be attended in moderate term with good quality. *An order is acceptable, in receive a post, being called upon the measure, and it will be forwarded in furnish.* U. Inoya." This is worthy of notice from examiners in public competitions: "parse and explain."

THE MAGAZINES.

The commencement of the New Year is distinguished among other things by a great increase of interest in Mr. Payn's novel in the *Cornhill Magazine*. "Vortigern and Rowena" is performed and condemned, and the hitherto rather languid interest of the plot is quickened by the introduction of pretty actresses, and a very lively demonstration of jealousy on the part of the affianced bride of the unlucky fabricator. Mr. Furniss's illustrations are excellent. "Rainbow Gold," the new serial, by D. Christie Murray, is very clever, but somehow fails to interest us deeply, notwithstanding the strength of the situations. A delightful paper, "Charles Dickens at Home," by one of his daughters, confirms, without materially modifying, the impression hitherto generally entertained of his geniality in his own circle, notwithstanding a somewhat despotic will and an insistance on method and order not often found in writers of imaginative genius. "Reminiscences of Foo-Chow" lets us into the interiors of the dwellings of wealthy Chinese merchants, with their luxury and politeness, and their *cuisine* of ducks' tongues, skins of pig's mouth, and dragons' whiskers.

Macmillan gives a very favourable account of the success which has attended the removal of some of the unfortunate Highland crofters to the north-west of Canada, and commences a new novel, "A Millionaire's Cousin," remarkable for a vivid sketch of persons and things at Algiers. Mr. J. Cotter Morison comes down with tremendous vigour upon the Jacobin reign of terror in France, without seeking to make a fair distribution of the responsibility between the Terrorists and those whose misdoings had made them possible, Mr. Morison will not let us say inevitable. Mr. Traill's "Great Backstairs Scandal" is a humorous little story much in the manner of Thackeray, but with an individuality of its own.

"Calvados" and "Shakspeare's County" are the subjects of pleasant papers by Miss Mather and Miss Rose Kingsley, yielding many pretty illustrations to the *English Illustrated Magazine*. "That Terrible Man" is concluded with due impressiveness, and Mr. Wilkie Collins' "Girl at the Gate" gives symptoms of the revival of his old power. The "Dramatic Outlook," by Mr. H. Jones, is illustrated with admirable sketches of the leading performers of the day in their favourite parts. Mr. Jones thinks that at present "the success or failure of any piece at any theatre is to all human judgment a complete lottery," and that no good will be done until the public have been brought to accept some recognised standard of taste.

Longman's Magazine commences a new fiction by Mr. William Black, "White Heather," which promises very well, and concludes the excellent story of "Sir Jocelyn's Cap."

A very good number of *Blackwood* opens with another specimen of the peculiar class of supernatural fiction which Mrs. Oliphant has made her own, a style only at the command of a writer who believes in at least the possibility of her own story. The idea of "The Portrait" is the inspiration of a person possessed by a supernatural influence driving him on to remedy a wrong of which he himself is wholly unaware. It is scarcely so successful as previous performances of the same nature: the old man is too inconsistent, and the young man too weak to greatly interest us; the supernatural element is not sufficiently impressive; and too much is left obscure in the story. It is nevertheless charmingly written, and may be read with much pleasure. Another very good but widely different tale is from the Chinese, skilfully adapted by an eminent scholar in that language. "Within his Danger," the story in question, is remarkable, not only from the vivid local colouring and the interest of the plot, but also from the successful manner in which very serious incidents are blended with a constant under-current of humour. It is highly probable that little of this is perceptible in the original, and that the drollery arises in large measure from the quaintness with which the frankest recognition of our common humanity cannot prevent our investing Celestials. "A Quartette of Italian Novelists" sets forth the characteristics of modern Italian fiction in a very agreeable style by examples judiciously selected from Farina, Verga, the Marchesa Colombi, and Matilda Serao. "The Waters of Hercules" grows more entertaining with every successive instalment; and a genial memoir of Sir Alexander Grant puts his high claims to respectful remembrance in the most advantageous light possible.

The tendency of democracies to intrust absolute power to a strong man is indisputable, and affords some justification for the apprehensions of "Cæsarism" which Earl Cowper expresses in the *Nineteenth Century*. It may be urged, however, that precedents from ancient commonwealths are of doubtful application to communities possessed of the modern institution of a free press, by which the people have hitherto unknown facilities for controlling their leader, or, in case of need, removing him. Herr Arminius Vambéry discusses the probability of Russia's ultimately conquering India with an evident leaning to the affirmative; he takes, however, no account of the political, financial, and other internal difficulties which might easily paralyse Russia's action, let the military situation be ever so favourable. Mr. Rae's history of the *Times* on occasion of its centenary is a very interesting story, but not a very novel one. Some manuscript notes by Charles Lamb in his copy of Wither's poems gives Mr. Swinburne an opportunity for a commentary out of all proportion to the text. Mr. Salt, an Eton master, confesses, on behalf of self and fellows, that, while working very hard themselves, they teach the boys under them next to nothing, and that there is no prospect of any thorough reform unless public opinion take up the question very seriously. Sir Spencer Robinson, discussing the Navy and the Admiralty, makes the excellent suggestion that the naval Lords should be obliged to at least in writing their belief in the adequacy of the estimates proposed by them.

The *Fortnightly Review* is more varied than usual, but less interesting. The anonymous writer on "The revolution of 1884" merely expresses a truism when he says that the legislation of the future will have a Socialistic tinge; he might have added that this will be equally the case whichever political party is in power. Mr. Courtney continues to damage the excellent cause of minority representation by linking it with a scheme of voting which the British elector will never be persuaded to adopt. The "candid Conservative," whose style is remarkably like Mr. Traill's, overlooks one strong element in the Conservative calculations, the probability of moderate Liberals in one-member constituencies, unable to get their principles and preferences attended to by their own party, drifting into the Conservative ranks. Mr. Stephen Williamson writes cheerfully of the prospects of British commerce and agriculture; but we hope nobody will agree with him when he treats the contingency of an interruption of the food supply of the country by a foreign war too remote for practical politics. Baron Rothschild is also sanguine on the "expansion of art"; while, on the other hand, Persia and the turf would seem to be in an equally unsatisfactory condition, according to the respective testimony of M. Valentine Chirol and Earl Cadogan. M. E. B. De Foublanque makes short work of the pretensions of Mdlle. Caroline Baner to be regarded as an injured victim of the late King of the Belgians. Mr. Burnand's view of the stage as a profession cannot be considered encouraging.

Sir Arthur Hobhouse's exposition of the affairs of the City Companies in the *Contemporary Review* is valuable, but dry. The gist of it is that less can be fairly extracted from the Companies than ardent municipal reformers hoped, but that they are still squeezable, and worth squeezing. In treating of the German colonial movement, Baron Von der Brüggen, though professedly the founder of the "German Colonial Union," confines himself to safe generalities. There are, besides, a very sensible article on the doubtful prospects but obvious policy of the Evangelical party in the Church; an exciting narrative of a Nihilist's escape from Siberia; and an agreeable essay on Dr. Johnson by the successful author of "Obiter Dicta."

The *National Review* has an unusual number of articles, but for the most part of a very amateurish description, as though the editor had signalised the commencement of the New Year by a general jail-delivery. "Della Crusca and Anna Matilda" is the most interesting contribution.

It is pleasing to remark for how large a portion of their contents the American magazines are indebted to the old country. *Harper* for this month is almost half English, with its admirably written and illustrated account of Wickliffe, by Professor A. W. Ward; and a no less excellent description of the Isle of Purbeck, intimately connected with Mr. Seymour Haden's paper on the revival of mezzotint engraving, the illustrations being taken from this picturesque corner of Dorsetshire. An illustrated paper on Florida is equally good, and more novel to English readers; and Mrs. Gustafson's pretty poem is accompanied by very pretty designs. The *Century*, not altogether so good a number as usual, has two very interesting articles connected more or less with the Civil War. Mr. G. W. Cable, already distinguished as the first Southern writer to admit the justice of the cause of the North, pleads logically and eloquently for perfect justice in dealings between White and Black; and Admiral Walke contributes a graphic and well-illustrated narrative of the very gallant naval operations by which the Mississippi was cleared down as far as Memphis. Mr. Howell's "Silas Lapham" continues a good story, and Ewart Ingersoll's "Making of a Museum" is rich in instruction and illustration. The best contributions to the *Atlantic Monthly* are Mr. Craddock's Tennesseean story, "The Prophet of the Great Smoky Mountains," and Miss O'Meara's reminiscences of Madame Mohl's *salon*.

The *Magazine of Art* begins the new year with a tinted portrait of Lady Maria Waldegrave, after the drawing by John Downman, A.R.A., in the British Museum; an illustrated article describing the home of Mr. Pettie, R.A., at Hampstead; a paper on the French stage, with two good woodcuts of Coquelin in character; "Pompeii in Black and White"; "Romance of Art"; a paper on "Oriental Brasswork"; "A Round in France"; an article on the American artist, Elihu Vedder; a review of Mr. W. J. Linton's works on wood engraving; and the usual art notes for the month. The illustrations—over thirty in number—are all well done, and make this New-Year's number an excellent shilling's-worth. We think, however—apropos of the article on Mr. Pettie's home—that these dry descriptions of the houses and furniture of eminent artists are getting just a little tiresome.

The *Art Journal* for January is the first number of a new series. The price is now reduced to eightpence, and we trust this time-honoured journal is starting on a new and prosperous lease of continued usefulness. It must now be getting on for fifty years since this earliest organ of the artistic profession commenced its career, under the name of "The Art Union." It was then, we think, published at a shilling; and the proprietors have now done wisely in reducing the price from half-a-crown, which was too much in these days of cheap literature. The present number has for frontispiece a capital etching, by C. O. Murray, of "The Wedding Morning," after the picture by Henry Mosler; an illustrated article, "The Mask of Silence," descriptive of landscape in winter; "Some late additions to the National Gallery," illustrated; a cleverly illustrated paper on the Russian painter, Vereschagin; a description of Niagara, with a view by H.R.H. the Princess Louise; "The Early Madonnas of Raphael," by Mr. Henry Wallis; other short articles, reviews, and art notes, the whole making up a number of great interest and variety.

It is no doubt a token of the success of Girton College that "A Girton Girl" should be taken as the subject of Mrs. Edwardes' novel in *Temple Bar*. The scene, however, is so far laid not at Girton but in Guernsey. The introduction is lively, and the novel promises well, as does another new serial, Mrs. Riddell's "Mitre Court." There are also several good short stories, and Charles Reade's "Perilous Secret" grows most interesting. But the gem of the number is the memorial of Mark Pattison, by a late undergraduate of Lincoln College, bringing out by vivid touches the essential goodness of heart of one regarded by many as a mere incarnation of intellect.

Belgravia continues "Miss Cadogna," and commences "A Strange Voyage," by W. Clark Russell, which promises to be as exciting as any of his former nautical masterpieces. Cecil Power's "Babylon" manifests humour, but is almost a philological exercise, with its dialect of American and English clowns in alternate chapters. The ubiquitous Miss Gordon Cumming has got to Pekin, and describes the Summer Palace and its environs very graphically.

The scene of Miss O'Hanlon's "Unforeseen," the new leading serial fiction in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, is laid in Canada, an unwonted locality for English fiction. The best of the other contributions are Miss E. M. Clerke's excellent account of Giusti, the Burns of Italy, and Mr. Swiny's memoir of Jouffroy, by the admission of his rival Fulton, the real inventor of the steam-boat, but whose name is seldom associated with his invention, from which he derived no pecuniary benefit.

London Society has so far altered its plan as to discard serial stories for short tales. It has also a short memoir of Mr. G. F. Watts, R.A.; and a paper on the Gipsies, by their friend and benefactor, Mr. George Smith, of Coalville.

The principal serials of the enterprising firm of Messrs. Cassell, Petter, Galpin, and Co., besides The Magazine of Art, noticed above, are—Cassell's Magazine, The Quiver (the Golden Centre being The Quiver Annual), Cassell's Saturday Journal, Greater London, Royal Shakspere, Familiar Wild Flowers, Book of Health, Old and New London, Illustrated Universal History, Popular Gardening, Picturesque Europe, Picturesque America, the Life and Words of Christ, by the Rev. Cunningham Geikie; Little Folks' Magazine, and the first part of their revised edition of Cassell's Popular Educator.

Among Fashion Books received are—The Season, Le Follet, Ladies' Treasury, Ladies' Gazette of Fashion, World of Fashion, Moniteur de la Mode, and Myra's Journal of Dress.

We have also to acknowledge London Society, The Argosy, the Month, Good Words, the Army and Navy Magazine, Household Words, St. Nicholas, the Red Dragon, Eastward Ho! the Antiquarian, Chambers's Journal, All the Year Round, Merry England, Irish Monthly, Leisure Hour, Book Lore, United Service Magazine, Force's Sporting Notes and Sketches, Harper's Young People, the Illustrated Science Monthly, Theatre, Aunt Judy's Magazine, and the Rosebud.

THE CHURCH.

Dr. Jackson, Bishop of London, died suddenly on Tuesday morning from heart disease, at Fulham Palace, in his seventy-fourth year. A Portrait of the Bishop is given in this Number.

At the Chapel Royal, Savoy, the Rev. C. H. Middleton Wake will preach at the morning service to-morrow (the 11th inst.), and the Rev. W. M. Sinclair in the evening.

The living of Shifnal, Shropshire, valued at £420 a year, has been bestowed upon the Rev. George Wingate, Chaplain to the Bishop of Lichfield.

Lord Plunket was installed in Christ Church Cathedral, Dublin, on the 1st inst., as Archbishop of Dublin, and subsequently was installed as Dean of the Cathedral.

The Rev. Canon Westcott, during the month of residence at Westminster, will continue his lectures on the Revised Version of the New Testament in the choir of the Abbey on Wednesdays, at 3.45 p.m.

Mr. Francis H. Jeune, of the Inner Temple, barrister-at-law, has been appointed to the post of Chancellor of the diocese of Gloucester and Bristol by the Bishop, in the room of Mr. Monk, M.P., who has resigned.

The Rev. F. B. Proctor, one of the assistant masters in King's College School, has been appointed by the Rector of Chipping Barnet to the charge of the new temporary Church of St. Mark, in the same district, which is to be opened by the Bishop of St. Albans on the 13th inst.

At a meeting of clergy and laity at Winchester on Monday—the Bishop presiding, and being supported, among others, by the Earl of Northbrook and Viscount Baring—it was decided to provide a memorial of the late Archdeacon Jacob in the shape of a restoration of the Cathedral reredos, at an estimated cost of £400.

The Prince of Wales and Prince Albert Victor have headed the subscription to provide a permanent memorial to Dr. Paget, F.R.S., Regius Professor of Physic in the University of Cambridge. The committee have decided that the memorial shall take the form of a marble bust of the Professor, to be placed in the interior of Addenbrooke's Hospital, Cambridge. Mr. H. Wiles, sculptor, of Cambridge, has been intrusted with the work.

Two handsome mural tablets (carried out under the direction of Mr. Sinclair, of King-street, Soho) have been placed in the old parish Church of St. Marylebone, to the memory of several members of the Portland family who lie buried in the family vault beneath the church. Amongst the names inscribed are the third Duke of Portland, who was Prime Minister of England in the beginning of the century; the Marquis of Titchfield; Lord William Charles Cavendish Bentinck, Governor-General of India from 1827 to 1835; the last Duchess of Portland; and Lord George Frederick Cavendish Bentinck, well known in racing circles. This church is now called, by Act of Parliament, "The Parish Chapel," and the Rev. Grant E. Thomas is the Incumbent.

THE EARTHQUAKE IN SPAIN.

The series of earthquakes that began on Christmas Day in some parts of Southern Spain, from the south-eastern coast, at Malaga, extending northward to Cordova and westward to Cadiz, eighty or ninety miles in each direction, north-west to Seville, and north-east to Granada, continued at intervals with lessening violence during the next week. The principal towns and cities, except Malaga, have not suffered much damage, but in the villages and country places many hundred lives have been lost, and there is great destruction of property. It seems to have been worst in the mountainous districts near the borders of the provinces of Granada and Malaga, where the shocks of earthquake were repeated on the nights of Dec. 25, 26, and 27, and so late as New-Year's Day. The sky old houses and churches which fell are reported by the local authorities to have buried hundreds of bodies under the ruins at Alhama, Albunuela, Arenas, Periana, and Torrox; and from ten to sixty bodies were buried in many villages. The surviving inhabitants were driven to encamp in the fields, and have suffered greatly from cold and hunger. Alhama, situated on the north slope of the Sierra Tejada, halfway between Malaga and Granada, is the town which has been visited most severely. On Dec. 24 it contained about 12,000 inhabitants, but the number has shrunk to 8000, from deaths and flight. Of the 1757 houses, not 200 can be repaired. All the rest have either fallen or are in so shattered a condition that they must be pulled down. All the five churches, the fine casino or club, and the Townhall are destroyed, and it may be said that the town is reduced to one great heap of ruins, from which rises an intolerable stench from the number of bodies still lying beneath it. Several thousand people are bivouacked in the open air, and are homeless and shelterless; the rest of the inhabitants who escaped with their lives have fled. Nearly all who remain are short of food, and without any of the necessaries of life, and their only hope of getting a supply even of bread rests upon the efforts of Government or the charity of the neighbouring towns. More than three hundred dead have been drawn from beneath the ruins, but it is believed that a much larger number are still lying beneath the masses of fallen masonry. Among the farmhouses lying around the town the loss amounts to eighty killed and two hundred wounded. Alhama is the place most in need of immediate aid to relieve the distress of the people; and Albunuela, a town of two thousand inhabitants, has also suffered extremely. The King and Government of Spain, supported by the vote of the Chamber of Deputies, have taken prompt action for this purpose, and public subscriptions have been opened both in that country and in various cities of Europe, where Spanish Ambassadors or Consuls reside.

The large commercial seaport city of Malaga, which has a hundred thousand inhabitants, was terrified on the night of Christmas Day by three alarming shocks, the first at nine in the evening, the second at eleven o'clock, and the third at half-past two in the morning. Many thousands of people fled from their houses, and ran into the streets, endeavouring to find shelter and safety for the night. All the cabs, omnibuses, private carriages, railway carriages, vans, and covered carts were put into requisition, and whole families passed the night in them; while other people encamped on the Alameda, the public squares, the bed of the Guadalmedina river, fortunately dry at this season, and other open spaces. The actual loss of life in the town of Malaga is fortunately confined to four persons—one lady, who was killed by a falling tile; another, who died from fright; one man and a boy, who were killed by a falling wall. The wounded, however, are numerous. The damage to houses, churches, and other buildings has been estimated at £120,000. A View of Malaga from the sea, and another View showing the port and the Cathedral, are presented in this Number of our Journal. We also give one of Estepona, a place on the south coast, thirty-eight miles east of Gibraltar, which felt the earthquake in a less degree; and one of the city of Cordova, where great panic was occasioned by this terrific visitation. It was felt likewise in the city of Grenada, and one of the towers of the Alhambra is somewhat injured.



1. Entrance to the Hannek Cataract: View from Koboddy. 2. The Batn-el-Hajar: View from the Rock of Abou Scir. 3. Exit of the Hannek Cataract: View from Abou Fatmeh.
4. Repairing a Whale-Boat in the Hannek Cataract. 5. A Dangerous Part of the Hannek Cataract.

THE NILE EXPEDITION: SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. MELTON PRIOR.



PRINCE HENRY OF BATTENBERG.



HER ROYAL HIGHNESS PRINCESS BEATRICE.

APPROACHING MARRIAGE OF PRINCESS BEATRICE.

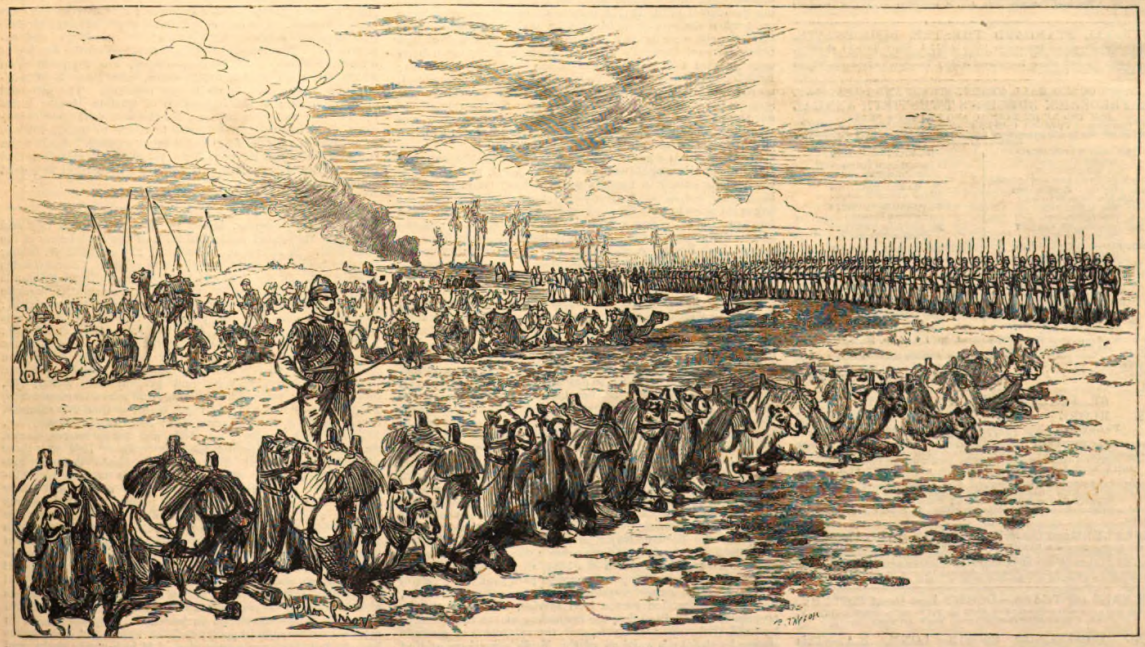
The domestic happiness of all the members of our Royal family is felt by all classes of the English people to be even more intimately a matter of personal concern, such as we cherish for esteemed friends, than an important national affair. The youngest daughter of our beloved Queen has set an example, remaining hitherto unmarried and devoting herself with affectionate constancy to the assistance and comfort of her widowed mother, while her brothers and sisters, one after another, happily formed new family connections, and two of them, the lamented Princess Alice, Grand Duchess of Hesse, and Prince Leopold, Duke of Albany, have been removed by death from the Royal circle, to the grief of her Majesty and of all the Queen's subjects. Princess Beatrice has for some years past been the close companion of her Majesty at Windsor, Osborne, and Balmoral; she has, nevertheless, occasionally appeared in public to take part in gracious works of charity and benevolence; and her taste and talents as an amateur artist, more especially in painting floral designs, have been shown in a Birthday Album and other illustrated publications. It was announced last week, after the meeting of the Privy Council at Osborne, that the Queen gave a conditional sanction to the betrothal of Princess Beatrice to Prince Henry of Battenberg, the condition being that the Prince and Princess reside in England after their marriage, and in close proximity to her Majesty.

Prince Henry of Battenberg, third son of Prince Alexander of Hesse, is the younger brother of Prince Louis of Battenberg, an officer in the British Navy, who is married to the Queen's grand-daughter, Princess Victoria of Hesse; and another of his brothers is Prince Alexander, who has been appointed ruler of Bulgaria. Prince Henry is cousin to the reigning Grand Duke of Hesse. He was born on Oct. 5, 1858, and is thus a year and a half younger than Princess Beatrice, who was born on April 14, 1857. The Princes of Battenberg take their title from a town of that name, containing about a thousand population, in the Grand Duchy of Hesse-Darmstadt. Prince Henry is a favourite member of Berlin Court society, and has been for the last two years Lieutenant in the Guards Corps, the crack Prussian cavalry regiment, to which his elder brother, the Prince of Bulgaria, is still attached as Major-General.

A fortnight ago, Prince Henry arrived on a visit to his brother, Prince Louis, at Kent House, Cowes. Since that time he has taken drives almost daily with the Queen and Princess Beatrice in the vicinity of Osborne, and has also dined with her Majesty and her Royal Highness on several occasions. On Sunday week Prince Henry attended Divine service with the Queen and Princess at Whippingham church. It is also worth noting that the Dean of Windsor paid a visit to her Majesty at Osborne.

Our Portrait of her Royal Highness Princess Beatrice is from a photograph by Mr. A. Bassano; and that of her future husband from one by Theodor Prümm, of Berlin.

Mr. W. L. Jackson, M.P., some time ago offered £100 in prizes for essays on two subjects relating to friendly societies. One subject was How to Remedy the Inequalities of the Levies, and the other The Defects of Friendly Societies and How to Remedy Them. The first prizes have been awarded by the adjudicators to Mr. James Borthwick, Portobello, and Mr. Charles Cowell, of Leeds. There were sixty-four competitors, amongst whom were several clergymen.



THE NILE EXPEDITION: INSPECTION OF THE SECOND DETACHMENT OF THE GUARDS' CAMEL CORPS AT DONGOLA.
SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. MELTON PRIOR.

BIRTH.

On the 1st inst., at Folkestone, Lady Alice Newton, of a son.

MARRIAGE.

On Sept. 15, 1884, at St. Phillip's Church, Sydney, N.S.W., by the Rev. W. A. Charlton, Arthur, eldest son of R. S. G. Macdonald, Balnagowan, Rockhampton, Queensland, to Edith, fifth daughter of the late Lieutenant-Colonel F. B. Russell, formerly of H.M. 28th Regiment.

DEATH.

On the 3rd inst., at Eltham Park, Kent, Thomas Jackson, Esq., aged 76 years.

*** *The charge for the insertion of Births, Marriages, and Deaths, is Five Shillings for each announcement.*

MONTE CARLO.—MUSICAL SEASON (CONCERTS, REPRESENTATIONS).

In addition to the usual Concerts, directed by Monsieur Romeo Accursi, the Société des Bains de Mer de Monaco has authorised M. Pasdeloup to arrange a Series of Extraordinary Grand Musical Entertainments (Concerts, Representations) this Winter.

The services of the following distinguished Artistes have been already retained:—

Mesdames Kreuss,	Messieurs, Faure,
,, Devries,	,, Vergnet,
,, Salla,	,, Capoul,
,, Donadio,	,, Bjorkstein,
,, Frank-Duvernoy,	,, Couturier,
,, Bellocca,	,, Villaret,
,, Simonnet,	&c.

Added to which the celebrated Instrumentalists will appear:

VIOLINISTS:

Mons. Sivori, Mons. Marsik, Miss N. Carpenter, American artiste, 1st Conservatoire Prize, 1884.

PIANISTS: Mons. Planté, Mons. Th. Ritter, Madame Essipoff.

HARPIST: Mons. Hasselmans.

These Extraordinary Representations will be given each Wednesday and Saturday, commencing the end of January and terminating the middle of March.

The Classical Concerts every Thursday.

The GRAND INTERNATIONAL CONCOURS will take place in the following order:—

Saturday, Jan. 10: Grande Poule d'Essai. A Purse of 2000f. added to a Poule of 100f. each.

Tuesday, Jan. 13: Prix d'Ouverture. A Purse of 3000f. added to 100f. entrance.

Friday, Jan. 16, and Saturday, Jan 17: Grand Prix du Casino. An object of Art and 6,000f. added to 200f. entrance.

Monday, Jan. 19: Prix de Monte Carlo. Grand Free Handicap. A Purse of 3000f. added to 100f. entrance.

Thursday, Jan. 22: Prix de Consolation. An object of Art and 1000f.

BI-WEEKLY MATCHES FOR PRIZES.

Jan. 24: Prix de Saint-Quentin. An object of Art, added to a Poule of 50f.
Jan. 27: Prix Yeo. A Purse of 200f., added to a Poule of 30f.
Jan. 31: Prix Saint Trivier. An object of Art, with Poule of 50f.
Feb. 3: Prix Robert. A Purse of 400f. and a Poule of 50f.
Feb. 7: Prix Hopwood. An object of Art and a Poule of 30f.
Feb. 10: Prix Lafond. A Purse of 300f. and a Poule of 50f.
Feb. 12: Prix Ederlinay. An object of Art and a Poule of 50f.
Feb. 16: Prix du Comité. A Purse of 500f. and a Poule of 50f.
Feb. 21: Prix Camanor. An object of Art and a Poule of 50f.
Feb. 24: Prix Devon. A Purse of 300f. and a Poule of 50f.
Feb. 28: Prix Dori. An object of Art and a Poule of 50f.
Mar. 3: Prix de Mars. A Purse of 500f. and a Poule of 50f.
Mar. 7: Prix Patton. An object of Art and a Poule of 50f.
Mar. 10: Prix W. Cail. A Purse of 400f., added to a Poule of 50f.

GRAND CLOSING PRIZES.

March 12 and 13: Grand Prix de Clôture. A Purse of 4000f. added to 100f. entrance; Second Prize, 1000f.; Third Prize, 700f.; Fourth, 300f.

A. BLONDIN, Secretary.

NEWS FROM NICE.—The weather is really splendid, the temperature ranging from 60 deg. to 65 deg. in the shade. The sun shines almost perpetually, and its warm rays makes life enjoyable to all, and more especially to those who have by illness or otherwise sought its influence.

There has been an almost entire absence of rain for several months, but this has not interfered with the sanitary arrangements of the city, as the streets and roads are daily watered from the mountain stream of the Vesubie, which is also used for flushing the drains, which are, in addition, cleaned or disinfected by purifying chemical compounds.

The streets were never so clean and tidy, and the average mortality of the city is less than many fashionable towns in England.

Four resident English medical men are in practice here, and would be willing to communicate with any intending visitors desirous of satisfying their nervous fears as to the healthfulness of the town by addressing Doctors West, Sturge, Wakefield, or Watkyn, or Mr. Nicholls, the English chemist here. In future, there will be an authorised tribunal for this purpose, as a hygienic society of medical men French, English, and others, is now in course of formation.

The Prolongation of the Promenade des Anglais is complete, and forms one of the finest drives in the Riviera. The police force has been reorganised.

The Italien Theatre, a very handsome building, has been reconstructed and enlarged, and a grand ball of inauguration will be given in February.

The Casino Theatre is giving its entertainments; and the Théâtre des Français, of which Mr. Cortelazzo is the able Director, has an excellent Troupe de Comédie, as also some star artistes for the Opera Comique.

The Jetty Promenade is, they say, to be immediately rebuilt. The Races will take place shortly. The renowned Carnival will surpass all others, and the Regattas will form an important part of the attractions, particulars of which anon.

The visitors are daily arriving in increased numbers to this bright and sunny land.

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NATIONAL STANDARD THEATRE, BISHOPSGATE. Mr. John Douglass's Pantomime CINDERELLA, Every Evening at Seven. MORNING PERFORMANCES every Monday, Tuesday, and Saturday at One. Children under ten half price. Magnificent Scenery, Francisco's Juvenile Ballet and Stud of Thirty Midget Ponies.

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MR. FREDERICK BURGESS'S TWENTIETH ANNUAL DAY AND NIGHT MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC FETE

Will take place on TUESDAY AFTERNOON and EVENING, Jan. 27, 1885. Upon which occasion he will be honoured with the valuable assistance of the following Eminent Artistes:

Miss ALICE LINGARD (Prince's Theatre),	Mr. WALTER JOYCE,
Mrs. BILLINGTON (Theatres Royal Drury Lane and Lyceum),	Monsieur MARIUS (Criterion Theatre),
Mrs. FREDERICK BURGESS (née Miss Ellen Meyrick),	Mr. HARRY PAULTON (Royal Avenue Theatre),
Miss E. FARREN (Gaiety Theatre),	Mr. ARTHUR ROBERTS (Comedy Theatre),
Miss CONSTANCE LOSEBY (Gaiety Theatre),	Mr. GEORGE BARRETT (Princess's Theatre),
Miss FLORENCE ST. JOHN (Comedy Theatre),	Mr. LIONEL BROUGH (Toole's Theatre),
Mr. JAMES FERNANDEZ (Theatre Royal Drury Lane),	Mr. J. M. DALAS (Gaiety Theatre),
Mr. CHARLES WARNER (Theatre Royal Adelphi),	Mr. W. J. HILL (Globe Theatre),
Mr. FRED LESLIE (Comedy Theatre),	and
Mr. HARRY WALSHAM (Comedy Theatre),	Mr. EDWARD TERRY (Gaiety Theatre).

With the kind consent of Mr. J. Hollingshead, Mr. J. L. Shine, Mr. A. Henderson, Mr. Hawtrey, and Mr. Wilson Barrett.

Tickets and Places can be secured at Ambrose Austin's Universal Ticket Office, St. James's Hall. Visitors from the country can secure places by post, upon forwarding P.O.O. or Cheque payable A. Austin, and inclosing a stamped and directed envelope.

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MASKELYNE and COOKE, EGYPTIAN HALL, Piccadilly, give their performance EVERY AFTERNOON at Three; and on the Evenings, at Eight, of Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday. Mr. Maskelyne's Christmas Novelties, entitled THE FAKIRS OF BENARES AND THEIR BRAZEN ORACLE, introducing many Novel Effects and Startling Illusions, differing entirely in character from any previously witnessed. Stalls, 5s.; Reserved Seats, 3s.; Area, 2s.; Balcony, 1s.

THE VALE OF TEARS.—DORÉ'S Last Great PICTURE, completed a few days before he died, NOW on VIEW at the DORÉ GALLERY, 35, New Bond-street, with his other great pictures. Ten to Six Daily. 1s.

ANNO DOMINI, by EDWIN LONG, R.A.—This great Work is NOW ON VIEW, together with other important works, at the GALLERIES, 168, New Bond-street. Ten to Six. Admission, 1s.

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TITLEPAGE AND INDEX.

The Titlepage and Index to Engravings of Volume Eighty-five (from July 5 to Dec. 27, 1884) of THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS *can be had Gratis through any Newsagent, or direct from the Publishing Office, 198, Strand, W.C. London.*

THE NILE EXPEDITION.

The forward march of Brigadier-General Sir Herbert Stewart, with the advanced column of troops mounted on camels and a detachment of cavalry, across the Desert from Korti to Gakdul, nearly a hundred miles, was most successfully performed last week; and our readers may do well again to look at the Map which appeared in our last publication, showing the whole Desert route from Korti to Matammeh, on the Nile opposite Shendy, halfway between Khartoum and Berber. Gakdul, where a strong military post has now been established, is the place to which Lord Wolseley will now advance with the Head-quarters Staff, the remainder of the Camel Corps, the cavalry, and a portion of the artillery; and will thence move onward to the banks of the Nile at Matammeh, where it is not unlikely that he may have to fight a battle with the Mahdi's army, or possibly nearer to Khartoum, in which case he may have the active co-operation of General Gordon with the armed steam-boats on the river, and with the Egyptian troops of the beleaguered garrison.

Sir Herbert Stewart's force, consisting of 1150 men, Guards, Marines, and Cavalry mounted on camels, Engineers, Artillery (without guns), Commissariat, and Medical Staff, with an escort of the 19th Hussars on horseback and with five or six hundred baggage camels, with field hospital and stores, started from Korti on Tuesday week, at three o'clock in the afternoon, and reached Gakdul wells at seven o'clock on the Friday morning. The marching distance of ninety-seven miles was accomplished in sixty-five hours, and during that time the camels were not once watered. The road led over many rough places, where marching was very difficult. The troops marched all night, and did not bivouac till eight o'clock on Wednesday morning, when Abu Nafki was reached. Here there was some excitement owing to the uncertainty as to the whereabouts and disposition of the inhabitants. The troops reached the first wells, called Hasheen, on Wednesday evening; but the water supply being scarce, they moved on almost immediately. On Thursday morning, at daybreak, the New Year was ushered in with great cheering from the men, which rang far and wide over the plains, and echoed through the hills. Hardly had the cheering ceased when there was again a cry of "Wells ahead!" This instantly brought the 26th Company of the Royal Engineers to the front, and under the direction of Major Doward the tripod pumps soon supplied the men's wants. At eight o'clock, the men again mounted to continue their march to the Gakdul wells, capturing on their way a quantity of spoil, and making all the natives they met prisoners. Captain Fanshawe, with a troop of the 19th Hussars, succeeded in capturing a prominent sheikh, named Abu Loola, with his family. On Thursday night Major Kitchener, with an escort, captured from a hut five natives who are said to have been the Mahdi's meat contractors. Gakdul wells was secured on Friday morning at seven o'clock. The natives had all disappeared. The water was found to be good. Five more natives were captured and brought in by Captain Walsh's division of the Mounted Infantry. Two of them wore the Mahdi's uniform, and all attempted to evade capture, being well armed and disposed to fight. The force, marching in extended order, covered a frontage of forty yards, with scouts as the advance and rear guards, and presented a most formidable appearance. The natives state that the Mahdi's force is terrified at the approach of the British troops. It is stated, on the other hand, that the Mahdi has withdrawn his forces from before Omdurman since the recent attacks on that stronghold, and is now concentrated near Matammeh, with the intention of waiting the arrival of the British column there and swooping down on it when the men are exhausted by their long march. The Gakdul wells were in the hands of a hostile band a few days before General Stewart's dash on them, and the main body only deserted the post hurriedly when they heard that the British column had been seen advancing. They then dispersed, mostly southward and westward. The Arab spearmen were seen on the hills watching from a distance the movements of our troops about sunset on Friday. No attempt, however, was made to molest the force now holding Gakdul, from which a despatch has arrived reporting all well.

Leaving the troops and stores in garrison at the camp of Gakdul, Sir Herbert Stewart returned to Korti, bringing back the baggage camels to Lord Wolseley's head-quarters, where he arrived last Monday afternoon. Lord Wolseley rode out five or six miles to meet Sir Herbert Stewart, and to compliment him upon his really fine achievement. It is expected that the camels will require several days' rest before the main force can set out from Korti. A detachment of mounted infantry has been placed at the Hambok wells, and at other places along the route, to protect the water, and to enlarge the holes by which it is supplied.

A letter has been received from General Gordon, dated Dec. 14, in which he simply says "All right at Khartoum"; it was written on a scrap of paper the size of a postage-stamp.

The detached force under General Earle, sent up the Nile from Korti to Merawi, which is intended to chastise the Monassir tribe for the murder of Colonel J. D. Stewart and Mr. Frank Power, and then to proceed to Abu Ahmed, the end of the Korosko Desert road, has been struggling against the stream of the river. The telegraph is destroyed above Merawi. The Staffordshire Regiment arrived at Hamdab on the 3rd, in fifty boats, and ascended the Gerendid rapids in five hours. The Monassir tribe are reported to be collected twenty-five miles ahead.

Our Special Artist, Mr. Melton Prior, has arrived at Lord Wolseley's head-quarters at Korti, and expects to be able to accompany the final advance of the Expedition. His Sketches engraved for this week's publication mostly represent different views of the Hannek Cataracts (the Third Cataract of the Nile) and the Batn-el-Hajar, or "Belly of Rocks," with the operations of unloading and repairing a damaged whale-boat; and one shows the steersmen of a boat, on the rocks, watching an officer who is crossing a dangerous part under the skilful guidance of the expert Canadian boatmen. Other Sketches, however, are devoted to the land service, and represent the trying-on of camel saddles, the inspecting of the Camel Corps by Lord Wolseley at Dongola, and the exhibition of a mimic charge by the Arab warriors of the Mudir's garrison at that place.

CITY ECHOES.

With the commencement of January came an easier tendency in the money market, due to the liberation of the dividends upon foreign bonds and many other securities, while yesterday the payment of the dividends on the home funds further added to the supply of cash, and led to a reduction from 4 and 4½ to 3½ and 3½ per cent in deposit rates. In the next few days, however, repayments of advances, had in anticipation of the dividends, will cause a marked diminution in the amount of available capital, which, with the revenue collections, will enable the Bank to make the 5 per cent rate more effective in attracting gold from abroad should the directors maintain that figure. In the Stock Exchange the new year commenced under somewhat more favourable auspices. Advices from New York were encouraging, the New York Central and West Shore undertakings being reported as in the act of arranging their differences, while the coal companies had come to an arrangement. Later news, however, is to the effect that these rumours were groundless, and the better feeling engendered has given way to a depressed tone, much of the rise at first established having been lost. General surroundings, indeed, are not such as to encourage any sustained advance in Stock Exchange securities. Trade reports are slightly better, and an advance in some of the produce markets has taken place; but a much more decided improvement in the general state of business must be exhibited, and more support must be forthcoming from the outside public, before matters in the "House" can be expected to mend.

Next week, or perhaps sooner, the English Railway companies will be announcing the results of the half-year's working, so far as the dividends are concerned. It is scarcely necessary to remark that in several cases the rates of distribution will be lower than for the second half of 1883, only three, out of the fifteen principal railways, having earned increased receipts; these are the Great Eastern, £824; the Lancashire and Yorkshire, £9994; and the Metropolitan District, £10,784. A substantial saving in passenger duty will be shown probably, as the reduction only partially came into effect during the period with which the comparison is made. Against this, however, must be set the increase in preference charges, and also an addition of £3,565,000 in ordinary capital, divided as follows:—Great Eastern, £715,000; London and Brighton, £645,000; Great Western, £502,000; London and North-Western, £963,600; and Metropolitan, £750,000. As some guide to the probable dates at which to expect the dividend announcements, it may be stated that last year the Metropolitan rate was made known on Jan. 9; the South-Eastern on the 10th; the London and Brighton, and Manchester and Sheffield on the 11th; the Great Eastern on the 17th; the London and Chatham, and London and South-Western on the 23rd; the North-Eastern on the 24th; the Lancashire and Yorkshire on the 28th; the Midland on Feb. 1; the Great Western, and London and North-Western on the 5th; the Great Northern on the 6th; the Metropolitan District on the 7th; the Caledonian on March 4; and the North British on the 6th.

Tramway companies are believed to have experienced a very satisfactory half-year, the cheapness of fodder and the mildness of the weather having been favourable influences. The report of the London Tramways Company has been issued, and tends to confirm this impression, the receipts being sufficient to enable the recommendation of a dividend at the rate of 10 per cent per annum. For the first half of last year, the rate was 6½; and for the year 1883, 5 and 9½ per cent per annum, respectively, were the dividends.

The London and Westminster and City Banks both announced their dividends on the 1st inst. The directors of the former propose paying 8 per cent for the half-year as against 9 per cent for the same period last year; while the distribution recommended by the City Bank is 10 per cent per annum, being at the same rate as paid for the six months to December, 1883. As compared with 15 per cent per annum for several previous half-years, the Union Bank of London recommend a dividend at the rate of 12½ per cent per annum, while the distribution proposed by the Imperial Bank is 7 per cent per annum, compared with 8 for the corresponding period. For the twenty-third half-year the Consolidated Bank is to pay 10 per cent per annum.

Further information respecting the relations between the Rio de Janeiro Gas Company and the Government is given in a circular issued by the directors of the gas company. The deposit made with the tender at the end of the year 1883 has been returned. The new edital, dated Sept. 30 last, contains, the directors remark, some important alterations and inaccuracies. The deposit previously required on the signing of a contract which, it will be remembered, was the point upon which the rival tender broke down, and thus is of considerable importance, is no longer required. The principal other alteration is the imposition of Custom House duties upon all the materials required for the new works and extensions. The inaccuracies referred to relate to the quantity of gas supplied, and the length of mains required. Apart from the new edital and its conditions, the directors complain that the Brazilian Government have cancelled their right to import materials duty free.

T. S.

THE BOOKS PUBLISHED IN 1884.

The *Publishers' Circular*, issued by Messrs. Sampson Low and Co., gives its annual analytical table of the book issues of the year 1884. It shows an increase of 228 on 1883, or, taking the new books and excluding the new editions, the increase is exactly 100. Of the total issues of new books theology stands at the head with 724 volumes, more than one sixth; juvenile works and tales stand second with 603, about one eighth; educational, classical, and philological books 543, about one ninth; history, biography, &c., 490, more than one tenth; books on the arts and sciences and illustrated works, 432, one eleventh; novels, tales, and other fiction, 408, more than one eleventh; year-books and volumes of serials, 323, one fifteenth; voyages, travels, and geographical works, 236, one twentieth; pamphlets, sermons, and miscellaneous works, 208, one twenty-third; and then, with less than 200 volumes, come poetry and the drama, 179; law, jurisprudence, &c., 163; medicine, surgery, &c., 160; and belles lettres, essays, &c., also 160. Comparing the new works of 1884 with those of 1883, the greatest increase is in books on the arts and sciences—a rise of 78; next stands history and biography with a rise of 76; then come novels, and other fiction with an increase of 59; poetry and the drama with a growth of 34; voyages and travels with a rise of 26. The increase, on the whole, is counterbalanced by a falling off of 138 in the issues of juvenile works and tales, and of 96 in belles lettres; the only other classes in which there is a reduction being the educational, classical, and philological works, which show a small reduction of 13, and the medical works with a diminution of 3. In the new editions the issues of 1884 show an increase of 128 on those of 1883, including a rise of 60 in the novels, 32 in law and jurisprudence, 22 in arts and sciences, 35 in poetry and the drama, and 31 in belles lettres; but there was a reduction of 44 in juvenile works, and several other slight alterations.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

Is there, after all, any institution that can be quoted in the world of public amusements so defiantly conservative as the circus? Here we have a spick and span fine new one at Covent Garden. The temple of lyric art has for the moment been converted into a stable; the stalls from which we have seen "Faunhauser" and "Lohengrin" are arranged into a semicircle to allow of the clattering of "'oofs of the 'osses"; an orchestra, brilliantly lighted with electric lamps, is suspended over the stage where Faust loved and Mephisto tempted; but the humours of the ring remain the same as when Widdicomb ruled in the arena and the authors of the Bon Gualtier Ballads told us of the triumph of Donna Inez Woolfordinez:—

> Round she flew as Flora flying
> Spans the circle of the year,
> And the youth of London, sighing,
> Half forgot their ginger-beer.

The enterprising Mr. William Holland has scoured half Europe for attractions; the circuses and hippodromes of Paris, Berlin, and Vienna have been ransacked; America has been called into requisition—and yet what do we see? The same hoops, flags, and streamers, the same species of juggling with cups, balls, and spinning plates, the same bare-backed riders, the same schooled horses, ridden by ladies in irreproachable habits, and gentlemen in the most unexceptionable breeches, and a clever elephant or monkey or so, to amuse the children; but as regards grooms, porters, carpet-bearers, clowning and wheezing and gagging, precisely the same kind of circus that has existed since the days of Bartholomew Fair. With one exception, if you please, Mr. Holland. We have the master of the ring, with his proud and stately walk—too stately and proud, alas! to rub the soles of the lovely Océana with any amount of "virgin chalk," but not too dignified to knock the clown down on the sawdust—we beg pardon, on the newly introduced cocoa-nut mat. But where is Gomersalez, the interpreter of a hundred characters on horseback? Where is the intrepid rider who, in the old days, appeared overburdened with clothing, and who, by rapid changes, appeared as a brigand; as Shaw, the Life-Guardsman; as T. P. Cooke, the conventional sailor; as a John Bull Farmer; and, finally, in the full glory of spangled tunic, the proud possessor of the silver-skirted maiden he has erstwhile been pursuing round the ring? Of the representatives of Donna Inez Woolfordinez there is a sufficient number; but Gomersalez is at a discount. Not, indeed, that barebacked riding has deteriorated since his day. The latest youthful descendant of the time-honoured circus name of Batty appears in the person of Mr. George Batty, whose "unrivalled Newmarket-jockey act" gains the strongest applause of the evening; and the handsome horseman, active, athletic, and intelligent, is evidently a favourite with the fair sex. To balance the account, we have the beautiful Océana, who is so popular in Paris—a very comely lady, with pleasant face and expression, who, swinging on a slack wire, picks up a lace pocket-handkerchief, and goes through the stereotyped formula of throwing up balls and bottles and spinning plates at the top of a stick. No high effort of imagination is required for these exercises, but they interest when they do not depress the spectator. A word, of course, in praise of the trained animals. The children enjoy the comic seriousness of one of the best monkeys ever seen outside the cage at the Zoo; and the elephants, who trumpet out their pleasure whether they ring bells or consume tarts and biscuits, are placed very high in the public estimation. In order to make a very special Christmas feature, Mr. Holland has arranged a pantomimic sketch for the children, and the story of "St. George and the Dragon" is illustrated with considerable skill and prettiness. The concluding tableau, when the miniature players, on their ponies, with shields, banners, armour, and panoply, are massed in the ring, is as pretty a sight as can be seen, even when contrasted with far more expensive and sumptuous shows.

The Alhambra has settled down under its new magisterial license into a "theatre of varieties"—that is to say, the Lord Chamberlain's power over the vast hall has disappeared, and civilised people are actually permitted, as they are in every other capital in the world, to enjoy a mixed and miscellaneous entertainment without putting out their after-dinner cigars or dispensing with the post-prandial cup of coffee. So the Alhambra, as reconstituted, depends upon ballets and comic songs. In the first department the Alhambra has literally no rival. The much-vaunted Eden Théâtre in Paris, even the show-houses of Brussels, Berlin, and Vienna, "cannot hold a candle" to the tasteful, artistic, and decorous spectacles that follow one another, year after year, at the great theatre in Leicester-square. With M. Jacobi to lead and compose, and the spirited directors to find the money, we may expect many more ballets as they are wanted as graceful and fantastic as the "Swans," and as luridly magnificent as the weird and phantasmagorian "Melusine." Here we have deliberate contrast; it is the comedy and tragedy of terpsichorean art. Apparently, the force of beauty can no further go—until next time. Would, indeed, that the Alhambra directors could infuse as much life, sense, and promise into the modern music-hall song! Music-hall minstrelsy has degenerated until it has become the most depressing and ghastly entertainment that is presented in the metropolis. There are no really good songs to sing, and very few really good singers to sing them. Here the "force of folly" can no further go; and Mr. Charles Morton, the honoured father of all the music-halls, would be doing the State much service if he would infuse a little life and create some much-desired reform in a department now almost wholly given over to tedious vulgarity or unblushing inanity. If the people liked the modern music-hall minstrel, it would be a different matter. But they don't. They sit and stare or yawn, and not one honest laugh is heard, while the poor singer is labouring with his jokes or lumbering with his dancing.

There can be no question of the success of Mr. Paulton's burlesque, "The Babes," at Toole's Theatre; and the merry mice are playing there to their hearts' content, whilst the popular managerial cat is away in the provinces, making money as fast as he can and delighting every town he enters. The early predictions have been in every way fulfilled, and, thanks to Mr. Lionel Brough, Mr. Willie Edouin, and the captivating Miss Alice Atherton, another "Blue Beard" has been secured on the same field of action. The revised Christmas edition of the burlesque brings out new songs, new dances, fresh fun; and the visitors on arriving receive a Christmas-box with "Jessie's compliments." This turns out to be the heading of a very pretty album, containing an excellent photograph of Miss Alice Atherton, which is presented to everyone who books a stall or circle seat for one of the popular matinées.

That critics are not infallible—whatever Lord Lytton or Mrs. Kendal may think of them—is sufficiently proved by the extraordinary success achieved by Mr. H. C. Hawtrey's "Private Secretary," now running to overcrowded houses at the Globe. The prospects of the play were so doubtful at the Prince's Theatre that it would have been withdrawn had there been anything to put up in its place. Suddenly and unexpectedly it went up with a rush. It bore bravely the danger of transplanting to a theatre not wholly connected with comic pieces, and now it is one of the most popular plays in London, the photographs of Mr. W. J. Hill and of Mr. Penley selling as well in the shops as those of any "professional beauty." There is no reason why such a play should not run until the end of the year. If the actors do not weary of their work all will be well.

And now for the future. The true theatrical season of the year will be started by Mr. M. L. Mayer at the French Plays. On this last Thursday will have been welcomed to the little Royalty the famous Jane Hading and the notorious M. Damala in the characters they "created" in George Ohnet's—to me very interesting and dramatic—romance, "Le Maître de Forges." Jane Hading having been discussed, and the various readings and business duly contrasted with those of the Kendals and other performers at the St. James's, we are to be summoned to the Prince's Theatre to see Mrs. Langtry, on her return from America and the provinces, fortified by experience, and as earnest as ever in the art she has so warmly espoused.

On or about Jan. 17—I should say Thursday, Jan. 22—Mrs. Langtry will appear in a new and almost literal version of "La Princesse Georges," by Alexandre Dumas *fils*, a play never before acted in England, either in French or English, but well known to all who have studied and admired the consummate art of Aimée Desclée. The play is strong, and will give Mrs. Langtry a fine opportunity. She will be supported by Mr. Charles Coghlan as the Prince, an actor who will be welcomed back to London with great delight, and by an excellent company, containing the names of Ada Ward, Kate Pattison, Helen Matthews, Annie Rose, F. Everill, and F. Smedley. The next production at the Haymarket will be Boucicault's "Old Heads and Young Hearts," touched up by the author for modern production, and enabling Mrs. Bancroft to appear in Madame Vestris' original character, the Lady Alice Hawthorne. Mr. Brookfield will play old Farren's character, Jesse Rural, and Mr. Bancroft in that identified with Charles Mathews—Littleton Coke. The play was originally produced at the Haymarket in 1844; it was revived at the Vaudeville in 1874.

Shakspeare's "As You Like It" is underlined at the St. James's, and promised this month. The next production at the Court is likely to be an English version of "Les Rantzau," by MM. Erckmann-Chatrian, called "The Peacemaker." C. S.

Mr. John L. Child gave, on Thursday, the 8th, at St. George's Hall, the first of four dramatic and miscellaneous recitals, assisted by vocal and instrumental music. The other recitals are announced to take place, at the same hall, on the 29th inst., Feb. 19, and March 14.

Late on Tuesday night there was a gathering of ladies and gentlemen interested in the drama who had accepted the invitation of Mr. Augustus Harris to assist in the consumption of the cake and wine provided by Baddeley, the Drury Lane performer, who in 1794 left, by will, £100 invested in Three per Cents, the annual interest on which was to supply cake and wine for the members of the Drury Lane company, to be partaken of on Twelfth Night. The original bequest this year, as on many others, received a handsome addition, but the proceedings in connection with the cutting of the cake and its distribution were duly observed. The cake was cut by Mr. James Fernandez.

FASHIONABLE MARRIAGES.

In the parish church of Kirk Sandall, near Doncaster, on the 1st inst., Mr. R. Nassau Sutton-Nelthorpe, of Scawby, Lincolnshire, was married to the Hon. Dulcibella Eden, eldest daughter of Lord Auckland. The bridegroom was accompanied by Sir William Eden, Bart., his best man. The bridesmaids were the Hon. Mary Eden, Miss Janetta Sutton, the Hon. Maud and the Hon. Constance Hamilton Russell, Miss Violet Dickinson, Miss Beatrice Eden, Miss Tollemache, Miss Elfrida Lloyd, Miss Paget, and Miss Janetta Sibthorp; and there were two pages, the Hon. Evelyn and the Hon. Ashley Eden, half-brothers of the bride. The bridesmaids' dresses, designed after Sir Joshua Reynolds, consisted of white satin petticoats, and overskirts of soft white silk, with pointed bodices and fichus of the same, large caps, and yellow shoes and stockings. Each wore a pin brooch, with the initials "D" in pearls and "N" in diamonds, the bridegroom's present, and carried a bunch of yellow chrysanthemums. The pages were in Gainsborough costumes of cream ribbed serge, cloaks lined with yellow silk, and three-cornered white hats. Each wore a pin to match the bridesmaids' brooches. The bride was conducted to the chancel by her father, who gave her away. The service was fully choral.

The marriage of Sir John Sinclair, Bart., of Dunbeath, with Miss Edith Dunbar, only daughter of Colonel Dunbar, of her Majesty's Bodyguard, took place on Wednesday afternoon at St. Peter's Church, Edinburgh. A number of gentlemen, including the bridegroom and best man, the Earl of Caithness, wore Highland costumes. The bride was conducted to the altar by her father. She wore a costume of the richest white satin brocade, trimmed with Mechlin lace and orange-blossoms, with a train of plain white satin. Her ornaments were diamonds and pearls. Her young brother followed as a page in full Highland costume. There were eight bridesmaids. They were tastefully dressed in costumes of cream brocade and satin, decorated with feather trimming; high-crowned hats, with pale salmon-coloured feathers. The service was fully choral; the officiating clergy were the Bishop of Edinburgh and the Rev. Canon Sellar, M.A., Incumbent of St. Peter's.

At St. George's Church, Hanover-square, on Wednesday morning, the marriage was solemnised of Mr. Shakerley (60th Rifles), eldest son of Sir Charles Watkin Shakerley, Bart., with Miss Hilda Hodgson. The bride, who was attired in a costume of ivory duchesse satin, trimmed with old point lace and orange-blossoms, was given away by her father.

The marriage of Mr. S. H. Allenby with Lady Sophia Constance Montgomerie, eldest daughter of the Earl and Countess of Eglinton, will take place in town the third week in the present month.

The marriage of the Hon. John G. P. Vereker and Miss Eleanor Surtees, daughter of the late Mr. Surtees, of Hamsterley Hall, in the county of Durham, will take place at St. George's, Hanover-square, on the 28th inst.

The marriage of Viscount Torrington and Miss Emmeline St. Maur, daughter of the Rev. Henry Seymour, Rector of Holme, Pierrepont, Notts, will take place next month.

It was omitted to be stated in the Obituary notice of Mr. Hartopp, given in this week's Supplement, that he was twice married. His first wife was Honoria, daughter of the late General Gent; his second (who survives him) being Marie, daughter of Mr. Charles Hey, of Hanover.

The "Theatre Annual," an excellent Number, edited by Clement Scott, and published by David Bogue, contains, in addition to much interesting matter, contributed by Messrs. E. L. Blanchard, G. R. Sims, F. C. Burnand, and other authors of repute, eight portraits of favourite actresses.

THE COURT.

The Queen drove out yesterday week with the Duchess of Albany and Princess Beatrice. Prince Henry of Battenberg dined with her Majesty and the Royal family. Lieutenant-Colonel Stockwell, C.B., commanding the Seaforth Highlanders at Parkhurst, had the honour of being invited. Last Saturday morning the Queen went out with Princess Beatrice and Prince Henry. General the Right Hon. Sir Henry Ponsonby, K.C.B., arrived at Osborne. The Queen drove out in the afternoon, accompanied by the Duchess of Albany and Princess Beatrice. The Bishop of Newcastle and Mrs. Wilberforce arrived at Osborne. Prince and Princess Louis and Prince Henry of Battenberg dined with the Queen and the Royal family. The Bishop of Newcastle and Mrs. Wilberforce had the honour of being invited. On Sunday morning her Majesty, the Duchess of Albany, Princess Beatrice, Prince Henry of Battenberg, and the members of the Royal household attended Divine service. The Bishop of Newcastle officiated. The Bishop and Mrs. Wilberforce had the honour of dining with the Queen and the Royal family. On Monday morning her Majesty went out, accompanied by their Royal Highnesses the Duchess of Albany and Princess Beatrice and Prince Henry of Battenberg.

The Prince and Princess of Wales, with Prince Albert Victor and Prince George and Princesses Louise and Victoria, went to Sherburne last Saturday morning, and hunted with the West Norfolk Hounds, afterwards returning to Sandringham House. The Prince and Princess, accompanied by Prince Albert Victor and Prince George, Princesses Louise, Victoria, and Maud, and the guests staying at Sandringham, and attended by the ladies and gentlemen of the household, were present at Divine service at the Church of St. Mary Magdalene in the Park on Sunday morning. The Rev. F. Henry, M.A., Chaplain to the Queen and Domestic Chaplain to the Prince and Princess of Wales, officiated, assisted by the Rev. J. O. Stephens, M.A., Rector of Blankney, Lincolnshire, who preached the sermon.

Great preparations were made at Sandringham duly to celebrate on Thursday last the coming of age of Prince Albert Victor of Wales. A Portrait of him is given with this Number, and some particulars of the young Prince will be found in another column. The Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh, Prince and Princess Christian, Princess Louise, Marchioness of Lorne, and the Marquis of Lorne, the Duke of Cambridge, Prince Edward of Saxe-Weimar, the Prince of Leiningen, Count and Countess Gleichen and Countess Feodore Gleichen, arrived at Sandringham on Monday afternoon on a visit to the Prince and Princess of Wales, to attend the "coming of age" festivities. The distinguished party were met at the Wolferton station of the Lynn and Hunstanton Railway by the Prince of Wales, accompanied by Prince Albert Victor and Prince George, and attended by Colonel Teesdale.

The Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh and suite arrived at Charing-cross from Eastwell Park, Ashford, Kent, last Saturday. In the evening the Duke and Duchess, Princess Louise, and the Marquis of Lorne witnessed the performance of "The Sorcerer," at the Savoy Theatre. His Royal Highness has consented to take the chair at a dinner to be held in the course of the next few months in aid of the funds of the Royal Albert Orphan Asylum.

The arrangements for the return of the Duke and Duchess of Connaught from India are complete. Their Royal Highnesses will embark on the Peninsular and Oriental steam-ship Carthage, at Bombay, on April 3 next, and will arrive at Plymouth on the 29th of the same month.

Her Majesty has conferred the Grand Cross of the Order of the Bath upon the Marquis of Normanby, the Most Illustrious Order of St. Patrick upon Lord Monteagle and Lord Annaly, and the Grand Cross of the Most Honourable Order of the Bath upon Lord Aberdare. Her Majesty has appointed Mr. Augustus Rivers Thompson, C.S.I., C.I.E., Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal, and Mr. Charles Grant, C.S.I., Secretary to the Government of India in the Foreign Department, to be Knights Commanders of the Star of India. Mr. Henry William Primrose, private secretary to the late Viceroy, is appointed a Companion of the Order. The *Gazette* also publishes a number of nominations to the dignity of Companion of the Order of the Indian Empire. A Companionship of the Bath has been bestowed upon the head librarian of the British Museum, Mr. Bond, and upon M. J. C. O'Dowd, the senior Army Purchase Commissioner and Deputy Judge Advocate-General of the Forces.

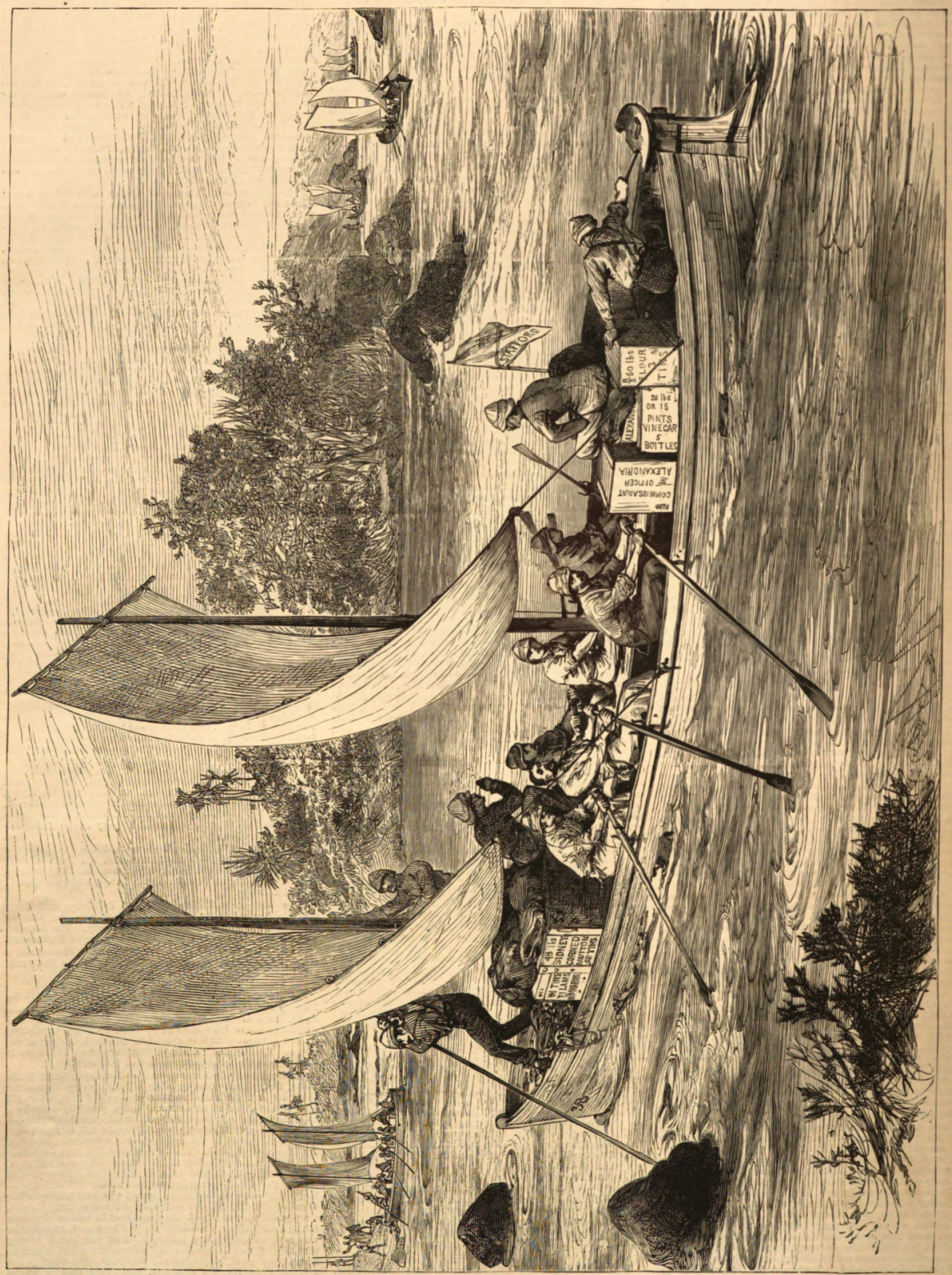
The Duke of Sutherland, accompanied by the Hon. the Master of Blantyre, left Stafford House, St. James's, yesterday week, for a cruise in the Mediterranean. The Duchess and Lady Alexandra Leveson-Gower have gone to her Grace's villa at Torquay.

The Marquis and Marchioness of Salisbury, and Lady Gwendolin Cecil left Hatfield House, Herts, on Monday morning for the South of France and Italy. The Marquis will return home the week prior to the meeting of Parliament.

The Earl and Countess of Carnarvon have entertained a succession of visitors at Highclere Castle during the past week, previous to their departure for Italy.

At the meeting of the Royal Geographical Society on Monday night Mr. John M. Cook, the well-known excursion agent, gave an account of the ascent of the Nile by the expedition under the command of Lord Wolseley, expressing himself in terms of high commendation of the behaviour of the troops. He said the Canadians who are out on that river at present were the finest boatmen he had ever seen.

A new Board school was opened on Monday in Great Wild-street, Drury-lane. The building affords accommodation for 300 girls and the same number of boys, and also for 373 infants, the different departments being presided over by a head master and a staff of certificated teachers and assistants.—The same day, in St. George's-road, Southwark, a large Board school was opened in the presence of a numerous gathering. Mr. Hawkins presided. The chairman stated that the school was built to accommodate 595 children—180 boys, 180 girls, and 235 infants. It had been decided already, however, to extend the school to accommodate another 400 children.—Mr. F. Richards, an insurance agent, was summoned to the Wandsworth Police Court last week for not sending his girl, ten years of age, to school. He urged that he had an objection to the Board school to which she had been sent, and that he was now educating her privately. The magistrate having personally tested the reading and writing of the girl, which he found very good, dismissed the summons, and allowed the defendant £2 10s. for expenses, remarking that it was a vexatious proceeding on the part of the School Board officers.—The new Board schools at Folkestone were opened on Wednesday in the presence of a large number of persons. The doors were opened by Sir Edward Watkin with a silver key, presented to him for that purpose by the architect. The buildings are intended to accommodate 700 pupils. An address was delivered by Mr. Mundella, M.P. 700 scholars were afterwards entertained to tea in the Townhall, and at night a banquet was held.



THE NILE EXPEDITION: THE 1ST BATTALION SOUTH STAFFORDSHIRE REGIMENT PUSHING FORWARD AT THE HANNEK CATARACT
SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. MELTON PRIOR.



THE SONS OF THE PRINCE OF WALES LEARNING HOW TO SPLICE A ROPE.



THE ROYAL MIDDIES, PRINCE ALBERT VICTOR AND PRINCE GEORGE.

NAVAL TRAINING OF PRINCE ALBERT VICTOR OF WALES AND HIS BROTHER.

PRINCE ALBERT VICTOR OF WALES.

The "coming of age," or reaching the twenty-first birthday, of his Royal Highness Prince Albert Victor (sometimes called Prince Edward), the eldest son of their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales, was celebrated on Thursday with domestic and local festivities at Sandringham, the seat of the Prince of Wales in Norfolk. Our account of the proceedings upon this very interesting and happy occasion must be reserved for next week's publication; but several of the young Prince's Royal uncles and aunts, and other members of the Royal family, were present among the guests of his illustrious parents; and messages of congratulation have been sent by the municipalities of cities and towns, and by various public bodies in different parts of the country. In some places, banquets and balls have been given in his especial honour, under the direction of the Mayors of corporate towns, supported by leading persons of the community, and the event has been hailed with general satisfaction by all classes of people throughout the kingdom.

Prince Albert Victor Christian Edward was born on Jan. 8, 1864. He was baptised Victor, after the Queen; his other names are those of his paternal and maternal grandfathers (the Prince Consort and the King of Denmark) and of his great-grandfather, Edward, Duke of Kent. Two of his godfathers were the King of Denmark and Leopold, the late King of the Belgians. Up till 1871 he was educated at home; the late Domestic Chaplain to the Prince of Wales, the Rev. William Lake Onslow, R.N. and M.A., instructing both him and his younger brother, Prince George, in the same way as he had previously instructed H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh when a midshipman on board H.M.S. St. George. In 1877 both the brothers entered the Navy as cadets, and passed the usual two years on board H.M.S. Britannia, at Dartmouth, under the care of Captain Henry Fairfax, R.N., C.B. In July, 1879, they went to sea in H.M.S. Bacchante, Captain Lord Charles Douglas Montagu Scott, R.N., C.B., and visited the West Indies. In the following year the flying squadron, under the command of Rear-Admiral the Earl of Clanwilliam, was organised, and consisted of H.M.S. Inconstant, Captain Fitzgerald; H.M.S. Bacchante, Captain Lord C. D. M. Scott; H.M.S. Tourmaline, Captain Robert Peel Dennistoun; Carysfort, Captain H. F. Stephenson, C.B.; and Cleopatra, Captain F. Durrant, C.M.G. The flying squadron proceeded to Vigo, Madeira, St. Vincent, Bahia, Montevideo, and the Falkland Islands. Thence to the Cape of Good Hope and Australia, on which two stations they spent a considerable time. From Australia they proceeded to Fiji, Japan and China, Singapore, Colombo, and Suez. The Bacchante then passed into the Mediterranean, and Prince Albert Victor visited Egypt, the Holy Land, and Athens, and finally returned to England in the summer of 1882. He was confirmed at Whippingham, in the Isle of Wight, by the late Archbishop Tait. This was the last time that His Grace appeared in public. The other two clergy who took part in the same ceremony are also since dead: Dean Wellesley, of Windsor, and the Rev. W. O'Connor, the then Vicar of Newport. In the autumn of the same year, Prince Albert Victor proceeded to Lausanne in order to perfect his French studies, and there he resided with M. Hua till the following May. In October, 1883, he became an undergraduate at Trinity College, Cambridge. He has attended several courses of lectures at that University, and won golden opinions of everyone there who has been brought into personal relations with him. During the Long Vacation he continued his studies at the University of Heidelberg, under the care of Professor Ihne, and returned to Cambridge last October. He will probably complete his two years' residence at Cambridge in June, and thus devote the same period to the University training as the Prince of Wales did. He is an active and zealous member of the Cambridge University Rifle Volunteers, of which corps he became Lieutenant, October, 1884. His career up to the present has been a very bright and happy one; and his amiability, good sense, thoughtfulness for others, and devotion to duty, augur well for his future, when in the course of Providence he may be called to take the Headship of the English race throughout the world as "King of Great Britain and Ireland, and of the Colonies and Dependencies thereof." He has already visited every one of them with the exception of New Zealand and Canada. His diary, together with that of Prince George, during their cruise in H.M.S. Bacchante, and which enters into full details of their experiences in every part of the globe, is now passing through the press, and will be published by Messrs. Macmillan and Co. in the course of the coming spring.

Our Extra Supplement presented with this week's Number of the *Illustrated London News* is a Coloured Portrait of his Royal Highness (named thereon Prince Edward of Wales), from a photograph by Messrs. Hills and Saunders, of Eton. The other two Engravings that bear reference to this subject are illustrative of the period, from 1877 to 1882, when this young Prince and his brother, Prince George of Wales, were under professional instruction as Naval Cadets (the old designation, "Midshipmen," being retained by familiar usage in popular speech), and when, at their first going on board the training-ship Britannia, they probably had to learn how to splice rope, with other needful arts of practical seamanship.

THE VOLUNTEERS.

Mrs. Gladstone, who is at Hawarden, yesterday week distributed the prizes gained at the annual shooting competition of the local Volunteer corps. The Premier, who was unable to attend, was represented by Mr. W. H. Gladstone.

Orders have been issued from the Horse Guards calling a meeting of commanding officers to consider the proposals for Volunteer manœuvres at Easter next.

A movement is in progress in the 20th Middlesex (Artists) Rifles for the formation of a company of mounted infantry from among the members of that battalion. On receiving the names of a sufficient number of men for the purpose, Lieutenant-Colonel Edis will apply to the War Office for permission to form the company. The Victoria Rifles are at present the only corps in London which has mounted infantry; but there are indications, notwithstanding the somewhat heavy expense, that the movement will spread.

The annual report of the National Rifle Association will soon be issued. It is stated that, notwithstanding the unfavourable weather during the first week of the meeting, the finances have not suffered; for although the association gave £1200 more in prizes, this has been fully recouped, and £900 placed to credit, after paying all expenses in connection with the meeting. This year £1500 has been placed to the account of the association.

A permanent and free Art Gallery was opened at Leicester, on Tuesday night, by a conversazione, given by Alderman George Stevenson, Chairman of the Art Gallery Committee. A considerable number of pictures by eminent artists have been presented to the town, and the Trustees of the National Gallery have rendered valuable aid by granting the loan of a selection of celebrated pictures, the property of the nation. The opening ceremony was performed by the Mayor, Mr. Israel Hart, in the presence of a large company.

KING JOHN'S CUP, LYNN REGIS.

On Thursday last, the day on which Prince Albert Victor of Wales attained his majority, the Corporation and Burgesses of King's Lynn, Norfolk, presented him with a replica of the beautiful wassail cup which is the principal feature in the interesting regalia of the borough. It is known as "King John's Cup," the tradition being that the cup was given to the Corporation of Lynn by King John of England, who is said also to have at the same time taken his sword from his side, and presented it to be for ever thereafter carried before the Mayor. This is recorded in the inscription some time afterwards engraven on the bars of the sword:—"Ensis hic donum fuit Regis Johannis, a suo ipsius latere datum." But, some years ago, reasonable doubts were expressed as to the popular belief, the design and workmanship of the cup all proclaiming it to be the production of a later period. The art of enamelling was unknown in that reign, and the cup owes much of its beauty to enamel. It will be fitting here to describe it. It is a "full pint" measure, and weighs 73 oz. It is silver-gilt and is richly embossed and enamelled. The ornamentation is after the Decorated style, and the panels are filled by figures gracefully clothed. The decoration of the cover is evidently of later date than the cup itself. The workmanship is exquisite. The style of ornamentation, as already observed, is that of the fourteenth century; and the drapery of the figures, more especially of the ladies, is that of the time of Edward III. This seems conclusively to fix the date; but the cup may have been the gift of another King John. It is on record that in 1349, during the mayoralty of Robert Braunche, Edward III. and Queen Philippa, with King John of France, visited Lynn, and were there entertained at a sumptuous banquet. There is in St. Margaret's Church, Lynn, under the south-west tower, a magnificent monumental brass to the memory of Robert Braunche and his wives, Letitia and Margaret; and on the "frieze" is engraved a representation of a peacock



"KING JOHN'S CUP," PRESENTED TO PRINCE ALBERT VICTOR BY THE MAYOR AND CORPORATION OF KING'S LYNN.

feast. The King is represented sitting at the head of the table, and next him in the place of honour is the noble figure of a man, supposed to be the French King, before whom, on bended knee, an attendant, whom, from his rich attire, a local historian assumes to be Braunche himself, presents the first dish—a peacock dressed in his plumes. A goodly company of ladies and gentlemen occupy other seats at the table, and at each end are waitresses and musicians. It is supposed that King John of France presented the cup after or during the visit to Lynn. This is probably the history of "King John's Cup."

The cup made for presentation to Prince Albert Victor is in every respect an admirable reproduction. It was a fortunate idea. The presentation was made at Sandringham, on Thursday, by a deputation consisting of the Recorder (D. Brown), the Mayor (Mr. J. Bowker), three senior Aldermen, three Councillors, and two representatives of the town.

The Prince of Wales has sent thirty pheasants for the patients in the Consumption Hospital at Brompton, and presents of game for the patients of other hospitals.

The Manchester City Council on Wednesday afternoon unanimously resolved to commence the works in connection with the Thirlmere water scheme at once, and to confirm the appointment of Mr. Hill as engineer.

The Tallowchandlers' Company have made a distribution of £136 10s. as Christmas gifts among seventeen charities, including 25 guineas to their own Benevolent Association, and donations to the poor-boxes at the two City police courts.

On behalf of the Belgian Government, Major-General Wray, the Lieutenant-Governor of Jersey, on Tuesday afternoon presented silver crosses of the first class and diplomas to Captain Carcaud and his chief officer, and medals to three of the crew of the brigantine G.D.T., for their gallant and humane services in rescuing the crew and passengers of the Belgian steamer Plantyn, fifty-six in number, and conveying them safely a distance of 2000 miles. The Chamber of Commerce also presented Captain Carcaud, through his Excellency, with a vote of thanks inscribed on vellum for his gallant conduct.

A fancy-dress ball for children was given by the Lady Mayoress on Tuesday evening, at the Mansion House. More than 800 persons were present, of whom about half were juveniles. The scene presented by the gathering was most brilliant, the fancy dresses which were worn by all the children, and many of the adults, being very varied. Besides dancing, there were dissolving views, Punch and Judy, and a couple of fortune-telling gipsies.

THE POLITICAL SITUATION.

The New Year was but a few days old when we received yet another grave warning that the time cannot be far distant for the retirement of Mr. Gladstone from office. The Prime Minister has himself, over and over again, foreshadowed this event; which, however deeply it may be regretted by the Liberal Party, is a contingency that should be prepared for. Naturally, the troublous condition of Foreign affairs, the difficulties of the Egyptian question, and the attitude of France and Germany (or of M. Jules Ferry and Prince Bismarck), have tended to greatly increase the anxieties of the Premier. Insomnia has been the result. It is true, Mr. Gladstone came to town at the close of the past week to attend the first two Cabinet Councils of the New Year. But the urgent need of rest and repose was pointed out by Sir Andrew Clark. Hence Mr. Gladstone returned on Saturday afternoon last to Hawarden Castle. We are glad to hear he has since then suffered less from the sleeplessness occasioned by the wellnigh overwhelming burdens of State.

There is reason to believe that one result of the first Ministerial consultations of the year will be to stimulate the action of the somewhat lethargic Foreign and Colonial Offices. Rather amusing was the alarmist report spread on Monday by the simple orders for the officers and men of the Channel Fleet to join their ships at Portsmouth and Plymouth, on the termination of the usual period of leave at Christmas time. Still, it cannot be doubted that the bold policy of colonisation adopted by Prince Bismarck has roused our Government to reassure Australia on the one hand, and on the other to encourage British Colonists in South Africa to rely for support on England, by formally proclaiming our Protectorate over Pondoland—a step in the direction recommended by Mr. Forster in his recent letter to the *Times*.

Nilewards, the prospect is still very gloomy from the financial point of view. But hopeful is the report from Lord Wolseley of the steady progress of the Expedition for the relief of General Gordon, who had by a messenger communicated the following good news to his Lordship at Korti:—"Khartoum all right. Dec. 14.—C. G. Gordon." It was heart-stirring to read of the cheery way in which General Stewart's smart corps welcomed the New Year on their expeditious desert march to Gakdul wells, which the Camel Corps and Mounted Infantry reached on the 2nd inst. If Lord Wolseley should succeed in succouring General Gordon by the beginning of February, as it is hoped he may, the Government would in all likelihood find the Egyptian horizon considerably cleared—politically speaking.

Mr. Chamberlain may claim the credit, if there be any credit in it, of having broken the political truce which appeared to have been sealed by the chiefs of the two great parties in the State when they met at the little house in Downing-street to amicably agree upon the lines of the Redistribution Bill. Entertained at dinner on Tuesday by the Birmingham Artisans' Association, the President of the Board of Trade raked up the Aston riots dispute, which might very well be dropped now. In his references to the looming land legislation, Mr. Chamberlain would have done well to have remembered the praiseworthy efforts of Earl Cairns and other Conservative leaders to reform the land laws, and should in fairness have mentioned the generous concessions English landlords are continually making to their tenants. The Marquis of Salisbury, for instance, before leaving Hatfield for Dieppe, granted an abatement of 15 per cent to his tenants.

Sir Charles Dilke, who returned to town from his remote seat in France too late for last Saturday's Cabinet Council, has elected to stand for the newly constituted borough of Chelsea at the General Election.

One of the most highly respected members of the Conservative Party has notably distinguished himself by speaking out boldly against the "Fair Trade" delusion. We refer to Sir Matthew White Ridley. Addressing a meeting at Newcastle on Saturday, Sir Matthew seasonably condemned the mischievous agitation in favour of a return to Protection under another name.

The pet idea of Sir John Lubbock and of Mr. Leonard Courtney, "Proportional Representation," is to be advocated with more or less eloquence throughout the kingdom, the campaign beginning on the 13th inst. at Leicester. In the meantime, the Cobden Club is doing good service by circulating Mr. Cobden's common-sense condemnation of this crotchet.

In Ireland, Mr. Parnell's protégé, Mr. John O'Connor, has, through the intervention of the Home Rule leader, been chosen after all as the favoured candidate for Tipperary, instead of Mr. O'Ryan, of Cashel. We also learn that one of the ablest of Mr. Parnell's young followers, Mr. Healy, was on Tuesday rewarded for his services by the electors of Monaghan, who presented the hon. member with a cheque for £1000.

Enormous catches of sprats have been recently made off Herne Bay and other parts of the Kentish coast.

Mr. Newton, of the British Museum, recommenced his lectures on archæology at University College on Friday. The course this term will consist of six lectures on Greek inscriptions, to be delivered on alternate Fridays at four p.m.

Reports obtained by the Foreign Office from our diplomatic agents abroad, in reference to the tenure of dwelling-houses, show that the English leasehold system is almost unknown in Continental countries—house property, as a general rule, being freehold.

The Marquis of Salisbury has returned his tenants 15 per cent of their rents; and Lord Donington's annual distribution of coals to the poor and aged on his estates took place last week. Between ninety and one hundred tons of coals were given away in the various parishes in Leicestershire and Derbyshire, where his Lordship's estates are situate.

The Queen has approved of the 10th (Prince of Wales' Own Royal) Hussars being permitted to bear the words, "Egypt, 1884," on its appointments; and of the undermentioned regiments, which already bear on their appointments or colours the words, "Egypt, 1882," being permitted to add thereto the date "1884," in commemoration of their distinguished and gallant behaviour during the campaign in the Eastern Soudan:—19th Hussars, the Black Watch (Royal Highlanders), the King's Royal Rifle Corps, the York and Lancaster Regiment, the Gordon Highlanders, and the Princess Victoria's (Royal Irish Fusiliers).

While two passenger-trains were passing each other on the evening of the 2nd inst., midway between King's-cross and Gower-street Stations, on the Metropolitan Railway, an explosion occurred, breaking the glass in the carriages, extinguishing the lights, and damaging the brickwork of the tunnel and the telegraph wires. Several passengers sustained slight injuries, but, the permanent way being unaffected, traffic was not interrupted. The explosion is involved in mystery, but there appears to be no doubt that dynamite of some kind was used. In the opinion of the authorities the explosion was caused by the throwing a small bomb from one of the carriages.

PARISIAN SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

(From our own Correspondent.)

Paris, Tuesday, Jan. 6.

The New Year commences much as the old year ended, with more grief than joy, and more misery than prosperity. Everybody is complaining. The humble dealers who count upon the receipts of the annual New-Year's fair on the boulevards have been disappointed. Money is scarce, and the Parisians are restricting their expenditure.

There has been much talk of late about Louise Michel, the Scarlet Virgin, who, in 1871, proposed to burn Paris in order to oppose a barricade of fire to the advancing Versailles troops; who preached Revolution from the pulpit of the Church of St. Bernard, and who, while taking her turn at firing from the barricades, displayed a courage and self-sacrifice in caring for the sick and wounded which won the admiration of all. Since the manifestation of the Esplanade des Invalides in March, 1883, when Louise Michel led the mob to the pillage of the bakers' shops, she has been imprisoned in the Penitentiary of Clermont. Recently, she was transferred to St. Lazare, at Paris, and allowed to spend the day at the bedside of her sick mother. On Saturday the old mother died, and yesterday her funeral was made the occasion of a great revolutionary manifestation. Between ten and twelve thousand persons followed the hearse, and the various Anarchist societies were represented with their red banners surmounted by the Phrygian liberty cap. All along the route, from the Boulevard Ornano to the cemetery of Levallois-Perret, the cortége marched calm and orderly, and from time to time uttered a dull roar, which resolved itself into cries of "Vive la Commune!" "Vive l'Anarchie!" "Vive la Révolution Sociale!" On passing in front of a barracks the crowd cried "Down with the army!" At the Boulevard Berthier the police interfered, and insisted upon the red flags being rolled up. M. Henri Rochefort maintained that they were not flags, but banners; that they had figured at the funeral of Gambetta; and that he answered for the order of the crowd, if the police would allow the banners to remain. M. Rochefort's argument prevailed, and the cortége continued, preceded now by the police. The coffin was placed in the grave where Ferré, the Communist leader, shot at Satory in 1871, is buried. Various Anarchist and incendiary speeches were delivered, and the crowd separated with renewed cries of "Vive l'Anarchie!"

Louise Michel was not allowed to follow her mother to the grave. She was taken back to prison in the morning; and reports are current that the "grande martyre," as she is called, has lost her reason. One may perhaps be excused for doubting whether she ever fully possessed her reason. At any rate, she is now a most embarrassing prisoner for the Government. Having certain qualities in common with Jeanne d'Arc, and certain others in common with Charlotte Corday, and being inspired as she is with a mania of self-sacrifice, Louise Michel has alone sufficient influence to instigate the populace of Paris to revolution. On the other hand, while dangerous when at liberty, she is dangerous when imprisoned, because the populace regard her as a martyr of liberty and the Government as the representative of tyranny and oppression. Furthermore, if she be no longer in her right mind, even the reactionary press makes common cause with the Anarchists, and demands her pardon in the name of humanity. M. Grévy is reported to have said that Louise Michel would greatly oblige the Government if she would make her escape; and during the past week every facility has been given her for escaping, but the great martyr of anarchy has refused to take advantage of her opportunities.

The preparations for the forthcoming Senatorial elections absorb the attention of politicians. The only event of the political week is the resignation of the Minister of War, General Campenon, who has been replaced by General Lewal. General Campenon has resigned because he considers pernicious the programme of foreign policy advocated by M. Ferry and approved by the Chamber of Deputies in the vote of Nov. 28—namely, the entire occupation of Tonquin, and vigorous offensive measures against the Chinese. General Campenon is of opinion that the sending of more troops to China, and the exhaustion of the munitions of war in the arsenals, will endanger the safety of the home country. General Lewal believes that the French army can accomplish in the East the effort demanded by Parliament without compromising the national defence. It is reported that the French have gained a great victory in Tonquin, completely routing the Chinese, six hundred of whom were killed, besides a considerable number being wounded.

Some emissaries from Timbuctoo have arrived in Paris for the purpose of concluding a commercial treaty with France.—The Théâtre Italien, started, two years ago, by the singer Maurel, is closed. The experiment has failed utterly, and definitively proved that the Parisians will no longer support a style of opera which has no longer a *raison d'être*.—M. Arnold Mortier, the "Monsieur de l'Orchestre" of the *Figaro*, died last week, at the age of forty-one. M. Mortier created a kind of light descriptive theatrical criticism, devoted to the minor and anecdotic sides of the stage, which has won great favour with the public, and been introduced into all the Parisian newspapers. The inventor of this "essentially Parisian" daily article of theatrical gossip was a Dutchman. By force of work and habit he became one of the wittiest of Parisians. The sum of £20,000 sterling, offered as the chief prize by the Decorative Arts Lottery, has been paid to a M. Breton, who is a gardener at Grand Montrouge, near Paris.—A proclamation has been issued by the grandson of Naundorff, who claimed to be the Dauphin, imprisoned with Louis XVI. in the Temple.

T. C.

Fresh earthquake shocks have been felt at Nerja, Algarrobo, Granada, Malaga, Loja, and Motril. Many towns and villages are destroyed and deserted, their inhabitants being encamped in the fields. King Alfonso is about to visit the provinces of Malaga and Granada, and a national subscription will be raised in aid of the sufferers.—There have been earthquake shocks also in Austria, Italy, and America.

The Emperor William held the usual New-Year reception, which was attended by the Ambassadors of Italy, Austria, France, England, and Turkey. Their Excellencies, who were in full Court dress, drove to the Palace in State carriages. His Majesty, in receiving their congratulations, conversed cordially with each in turn.

The Emperor of Austria, the Crown Prince, Archduke Ferdinand of Tuscany, Prince Leopold of Bavaria, and the other members of his Majesty's hunting party, returned to Vienna on Wednesday week from Styria. The Emperor left again in the evening for Pesth, which he reached next morning, being followed by the Crown Prince and Princess. The Emperor and the Crown Prince left Buda on Monday morning by special train to shoot in the vicinity of Gödöllö.—Prince Adolf Auersperg, President of the Supreme Court of Accounts, died suddenly on Monday from heart disease.

President Arthur gave the usual New-Year reception at the White House to the Diplomatic Corps, the Cabinet Ministers, the members of Congress, and the public officials. The reception was largely attended.—Mr. Cleveland gives a contradiction to the statement that he was president of a free-trade club, and declares that he has never been connected with any such organisation. He has resigned the Governorship of New York.—Mr. William R. Grace became Mayor of New York on the 1st inst., thus entering upon the reformed system of city government.—General Grant's affairs have been arranged satisfactorily to himself and to his friends. His personal effects, gifts, trophies, relics, &c., will be given up by Mr. Vanderbilt.—An earthquake shock was felt in the southern section of Frederick County, Maryland, on the 2nd inst.

A telegram from Calcutta states that the Tarakeswar Railway was formally opened on Monday by the Viceroy and the Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal. This is the first broad-gauge railway constructed by private enterprise in India.

A Reuter's telegram from Durban on Tuesday states that a British protectorate has been proclaimed over the whole coast of Pondoland. Pondoland is a strip of country on the South-East Coast of Africa, lying between Cape Colony and Natal. Its acquisition will join the coast-line of the two colonies, which lie unbroken as far north as the Tugela River. Between this point and St. Lucia Bay there is a break formed by a portion of Zululand.

A Melbourne telegram says that the Agent-General in London for Victoria has been instructed to vigorously protest against the recognition of German claims to New Guinea. New South Wales has declined to join in the protest made by Victoria against the German annexations in New Guinea. The reasons given, however, signify anything but indifference to the event. The provisional refusal is "based on the absence of definite information—first, as to whether the recent action of Germany is the result of an arrangement with the Imperial Government; secondly, as to the terms of such agreement, if it exists; thirdly, as to the possibility of extending the British protectorate over New Guinea so as to include the shores of the island from East Cape to the German line of occupation; and, fourthly, as to whether, as a counterpoise to the German occupation, England may not have determined to occupy all the islands which command, from a strategical point of view, the whole of that portion of the Pacific. For these reasons, the Government of New South Wales declines to take any steps in questions of such gravity and complexity, seriously involving as they do the relations of the Colonies with England and her relations with the European nations, without the fullest information."—The New South Wales revenue returns show an increase of £346,000 for the quarter ending December, 1884, upon the returns for the corresponding period of 1883, and an increase of £641,000 upon the whole year. The outcome for the year exceeds the Treasurer's estimate of February last by £300,000. Mr. Farnell, the Minister for Lands of New South Wales, in moving the second reading of the Crown Lands Bill in the Legislative Assembly in November, stated that the area of the whole colony was estimated to be 323,438 square miles, equal to about 207,000,000 acres. Up to Sept. 30, 1883, 36,553,416 acres had been alienated, leaving up to that date 170,446,484 acres unalienated.—Herr Frederick Buck has been instructed by the Government of Tasmania to dispatch from Germany a number of emigrants of that nationality, and has accordingly proceeded thither with that object.

A Reuter's telegram from Melbourne, dated Monday evening, says:—A match has been played between Shaw's team of English cricketers and a representative Australian eleven composed of picked men from the different colonies, exclusive of the members of Murdoch's team who visited England last year. The match resulted in a victory for the English Eleven.

MUSIC.

The earliest performance of the year just opened was that of "The Messiah" by the Royal Albert Hall Choral Society on Jan. 1. The chorus singing was, as usual, excellent, and produced a profound impression, especially in those sublime movements "For unto us" and "Hallelujah." Three of the solo vocalists were, as on previous occasions, Madame Valleria (soprano), Madame Patey (contralto), and Mr. E. Lloyd (tenor)—each of whom sang with special effect. A comparative novelty was the assignment of the bass solo to Mr. Watkin Mills, a rising young singer, who made a very favourable impression, particularly in the airs "Why do the Nations" and "The Trumpets shall Sound." Mr. Barnby, as conductor, and Dr. Stainer, as organist, manifested their well-known practised skill. The sixth concert of the society will take place next Wednesday evening, when Haydn's "Creation" will be given.

The Monday Popular Concerts recommenced this week, with the same string quartet party as before—Madame Norman-Néruda, Mr. L. Ries, Mr. Holländer, and Signor Piatti. A new sonata composed by the last-named gentleman—for violoncello obbligato with pianoforte—was played by him in association with Madame Haas. The work is of full dimensions, consisting of four divisions, each of which is amply developed. Although the violoncello part is chiefly prominent, the pianoforte has occasionally more than the importance of a mere accompaniment. The former was played to perfection by the composer of the work, who was well supported by his coadjutor. The lady was also heard in Bach's organ prelude and fugue in A minor, as transcribed for the pianoforte by Liszt; and in another solo in answer to the encore. Mr. E. Lloyd, being indisposed, was replaced by Miss C. Elliot, who rendered some vocal pieces with much expression; Signor Romili having been the accompanist. Beethoven's string quartet in C minor (from Op. 18) and Haydn's in D minor (Op. 42) completed an interesting programme. The first of the Saturday afternoon performances takes place this week.

The first Ballad concert of the year was given at St. James's Hall last Saturday afternoon, the first of a new series of evening concerts taking place next Wednesday evening.

Miss Esther Barnett gave an evening concert at Steinway Hall last Wednesday, when a varied programme of vocal and instrumental music included her own pianoforte performances. The young lady's merits have gained her distinction as an exhibitioner of the Guildhall School of Music.

London music will soon begin to resume its wonted activity. The principal events during the remaining portion of this month will be—besides those mentioned above—the Sacred Harmonic Society's performance of Berlioz's oratorio, "The Childhood of Christ," and other works, on Jan. 23; and Scotch concerts, at St. James's Hall on the following evening, and on the succeeding Monday at the Royal Albert Hall.

The Handel Society has organised a public performance of Handel's "Saul," to be given at St. James's Hall on Saturday evening, Feb. 21, with full orchestra and chorus.

The Oswestry Musical Festival, which resembles the Welsh Eisteddfod in everything but name, was held on Monday in the Powis Hall, Oswestry. The shops were closed, and the day was observed as a general holiday. Dr. Rogers, the organist of Bangor Cathedral, was the musical adjudicator.

HOME NEWS.

The Law Courts reopen for the Hilary Sittings next Monday.

Lord Rosebery has sent £25 to the Mayor of Hull for the distress fund in that town.

Captain Fellowes, M.P. for Huntingdonshire, has been elected a director of the Great Northern Railway, in room of the late Mr. Denison.

The sentence of death passed upon Elizabeth Gibbons for the murder of her husband at Hayes has been commuted to one of penal servitude for life.

An aeronautical exhibition will be opened in June at the Alexandra Palace, under the patronage of the Aeronautical Society of Great Britain.

A concert, arranged by Miss Staveley, was given by the Kyrle Society on Monday evening, at the Hospital for Sick Children, Great Ormond-street, to the nurses and staff.

A general order issued from the War Office notifies the award of 226 silver medals to as many non-commissioned officers and men of the Army for long service and good conduct.

An Indian good-service pension has been conferred upon Colonel Alexander Brownlow, of the Royal Engineers, who was mentioned in despatches, and promoted for his services in the memorable Indian Mutiny Campaign.

A Civil List pension of £80 per annum, with the benefit of survivorship, has been granted to Miss Charlotte and Miss Caroline Raeburn, the grand-daughters of Sir Henry Raeburn, R.A., Portrait Painter to the King in Scotland, who died in 1823.

A collision occurred in the Channel on Thursday night, last week, between a Norwegian and a German vessel, by which both ships were cut down to the water's edge. They were kept afloat with difficulty until they reached Torbay and Brixham.

A Civil List pension has been granted to Miss Emma Lubbock Brown, in recognition of the services rendered to history by her brother, Mr. Rawdon Brown, the editor of the Venetian series of State papers, and other important documents.

Dr. Storrar, chairman, presided on Tuesday evening at the meeting of Convocation of the University of London, at which a committee of forty-three was appointed to consider the proposed establishment of a teaching University for London, and to report thereon.

The annual distribution of prizes in connection with Onslow College, Chelsea, was held on Tuesday evening, in the presence of a considerable gathering of ladies and gentlemen. Sir Charles Dilke, M.P., presided, and Sir Algernon Borthwick distributed the prizes.

The Victoria (Philosophical) Institute held a meeting on Monday evening, at which twenty-nine new members were elected, raising the institute's strength to 1100. A paper on the "Religions of the Aboriginal Tribes of India," by Professor Avery, was read.

Mr. A. C. Benson, son of the Archbishop of Canterbury, who was educated at Eton College, on the foundation, has been appointed a junior assistant master of Eton College, in the place of Mr. Inge, resigned. The students return from the Christmas holidays on the 21st inst.

Her Majesty's New-Year's gifts were distributed on the 1st inst., in the riding-school, Windsor Castle, to the poor of Windsor, Holy Trinity, and Clewer, in the presence of the clergy and a party from Windsor. The gifts consisted of beef, coals, and blankets, amounting to the value of £300.

A handsome memorial to the late Mr. Street, R.A., the architect of the Royal Courts of Justice, is in course of erection in the central hall of that building. The memorial has been designed by Mr. A. W. Blomfield, and will consist of a statue, by Mr. Armstead, R.A., upon a stand, the whole being surmounted by an ornamental canopy.

After careful inquiry into the question of the adequacy of the Central Post and Telegraph Office in London, a departmental committee have recommended the extension of the existing buildings rather than the construction of a new central office elsewhere, and they suggest the purchase of adjoining property, at a total cost of £375,000.

The late Miss Baxter, the foundress of Dundee University College, has left £71,000 in legacies; and the residue, between £300,000 and £400,000, will be divided between ten nephews and nieces, among whom are the Right Hon. W. E. Baxter, Mrs. Armitteed, Mrs. W. O. Dalglish, Mrs. James Ramsay, Mrs. Betts, and Mrs. Sheriff Robertson, of Forfar.

An extraordinary affair has occurred at Chiswick. A young servant-girl, after having received from her mistress some instructions which appeared to annoy her, destroyed various household articles, and then taking two of the children out for a walk, threw them into the Thames, afterwards jumping in herself. Fortunately, they were observed by some boatmen, although when brought ashore they were all nearly lifeless.

Miss Marsh's Convalescent Hospital, Blackrock, has received above 9000 patients, the majority from amongst the East of London sick poor. The hospital is greatly valued, both by the patients and those who send them, as, from the bracing air and excellent diet, the recoveries in it are remarkably rapid and complete. Funds are urgently needed; and contributions will be gratefully received by the secretary of the institution, Mr. F. Dowuham, 1, Gloucester-terrace, Beckenham, Kent; or they may be sent to Messrs. Drummond's Bank, Charing-cross, London.

The Registrar-General's returns for the past week show that in London 3283 births and 1918 deaths were registered. Allowing for increase of population, the births exceeded by 951, while the deaths were 69 below, the average numbers in the corresponding weeks of the last ten years. The excess of births was in a great measure due to arrears of registration from the previous week. The deaths included 33 from smallpox, 22 from measles, 28 from scarlet fever, 28 from diphtheria, 34 from whooping-cough, 11 from enteric fever, 15 from diarrhœa and dysentery, and 1 from cholera. The deaths referred to diseases of the respiratory organs, which had steadily declined in the five preceding weeks from 511 to 370, rose again last week to 537, but were 39 below the corrected average.

The annual meeting of the committee of the Civil Service Life-Boat Fund, was held on the 7th inst., and was presided over by Mr. W. H. Haines, of the House of Lords. The report, which was read by Mr. Charles Dibdin, the honorary secretary, stated that during the past year there had been a satisfactory increase in the number of subscribers, of whom there are now 7416, and that the fund had, during 1884, endowed the life-boat "Civil Service No. 4," which is placed at Walmer. The three other life-boats which have been presented by the Civil Service to the National Institution, and endowed, are stationed respectively at Tynemouth, Port Patrick, and Wexford, and have been the means of saving 156 lives and three vessels. The report closes with a strong appeal for £1200, to enable the committee to defray the expense of the boat-houses and shipways which the Fund's boats have entailed on the parent society.



1. Arrival of Major Doward's Engineer-Boats at Dongola.
2. Trying Camel Saddles at Wady Halfa.
3. Lord Wolseley inspecting the Guards' Camel Corps at Dongola.
4. Mimic Charge of Arabs before Lord Wolseley at Dongola.

THE NILE EXPEDITION: SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. MELTON PRIOR.

DEATH OF THE BISHOP OF LONDON.

We regret to announce the rather sudden death of the Right Rev. John Jackson, D.D., who has been the Bishop of London sixteen years past. His Lordship, who was in the seventy-fourth year of his age, had of late been in weak health, but preached in St. Paul's Cathedral last Sunday afternoon. He was taken ill at five o'clock on Monday morning, and his medical attendant was summoned, but no dangerous results were then apprehended. On Monday afternoon and in the evening his Lordship was able to attend to some correspondence and other urgent business. He retired to rest early, and slept soundly for a short time; but as the night wore on he was taken worse, and the physician was again hastily summoned. The Bishop, however, was beyond such aid; he expired at half-past three on Tuesday morning. The sad news was conveyed, at an early hour in the morning, to the Dean of St. Paul's, when the great bell of the Cathedral was tolled. As the tolling of this bell is only heard on the occasion of the death of a member of the Royal family, of the Archbishop of Canterbury, and the Bishop of London, the attention of the citizens of London was immediately attracted to the circumstance, and great regret was expressed at the sudden decease of one who was so well known, and who for so many years had been connected with the Metropolis. The minute bell of the church in Bishopsgate, in which parish the deceased ministered in the early part of his career, was also tolled, also those of several other of the City churches.



THE LATE RIGHT REV. DR. JACKSON, LORD BISHOP OF LONDON.

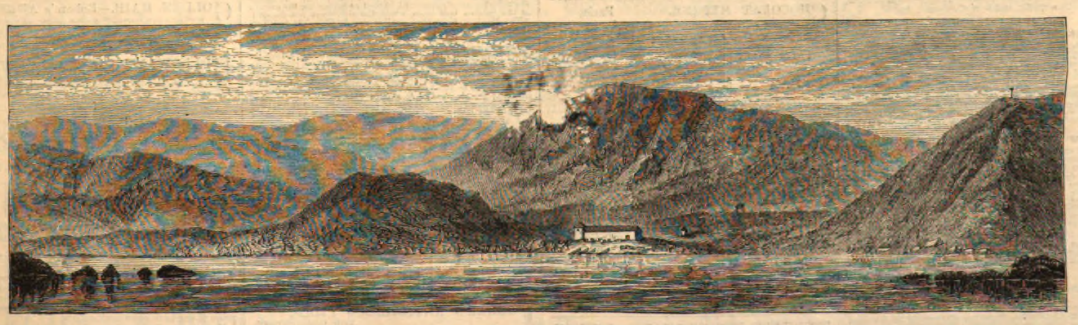
The late Bishop, a son of Mr. Henry Jackson, London merchant, was born on Feb. 22, 1811, and was educated at Reading School under Dr. Valpy, whence he proceeded to Pembroke College, Oxford. He there graduated in 1833, with first-class honours, and gained the Denver Theological Prize. From 1836 to 1846 he was Head Master of the Islington Proprietary School, and was during part of the time Incumbent of St. James's, Muswell-hill. He was appointed Rector of St. James's, Piccadilly, in 1846; Chaplain to the Queen, 1847; and Canon of Bristol, 1852; and, on the death of Dr. Kaye, next year, was made Bishop of Lincoln. He was translated to the See of London on Jan. 4, 1869, in succession to Dr. Tait, the late Archbishop of Canterbury. Bishop Jackson was a diligent administrator and frequent preacher; he was the author of a religious treatise entitled "The Sinfulness of Little Sins," and of many published Episcopal charges and sermons. He was a widower, Mrs. Jackson having died eleven years ago.

GERMAN ANNEXATION IN SOUTH AFRICA.

The western coast of South Africa, on the Atlantic Ocean shore, north of the Gariep or Orange River, which is the boundary of the Cape Colony, has recently been annexed to the dominions of the German Empire, with the exception of Walvisch Bay, an outlying dependency of the British Colony four or five hundred miles beyond its frontier. Angra Pequeña, which is situated halfway between the mouth of the Orange River and Walvisch Bay, had been purchased from the native chiefs by Mr. Lüderitz, a merchant of Bremen, who wished to put his settlement under the protection of some European Government. Prince Bismarck, willing to consider the interests of German settlers on the coast of Africa, made inquiry of our own Government, and was informed, after some delay, that Angra Pequena did not belong to the Cape Colony, and that the region north of the Orange River was no part of the British dominions. The German Empire has now, therefore, formally taken possession, of the whole extent, seven hundred miles, of the African coast from the mouth of the Cunene River, which is generally taken to be the southern limit of the Portuguese possessions, to the boundary of the Cape Colony. It consists of a belt of shifting sandhills, which extend from ten to forty miles inland. From the Cunene for three hundred miles south there is no harbour known; and the whole coast is beaten by a surf which prevents landing. The only object of interest is a stone cross erected by Diaz on a prominent cape; this has looked out for 400 years on a scene as desert as it was when the brave Portuguese won his way down the coast to his great discovery. Walvisch Bay is the best port on the coast. It was annexed by the Imperial Government, at the instance of the Cape Government, in 1878, with a small surrounding territory of about ten miles radius; but even here the supply of water is scanty and bad, and the sand belt is a great bar to waggon transport. Further south, about twenty miles, is Sandwich Harbour, where there is a good spring of water, but the communication with the interior is even worse than at Walvisch Bay. There is, however, a trading and fishing establishment belonging to Cape merchants. There are several roadsteads where landing can be effected between Sandwich Harbour and the Orange River, but none of any importance except Angra Pequeña, which is a lagoon protected by an island. The mainland is barren beyond description, and destitute, or nearly so, of water. The interior of this forbidding coast line may be roughly divided into three parts; the Kalahari desert, stretching from the British territory in Griqualand west; the part of the country inhabited by the Namaqua Hottentots, and that part occupied by the Damaras. It is, however, quite unsuited for settlers from Europe, and is at present only inhabited by wandering Bushmen. The Cape Colony remains in possession of the small islets yielding valuable guano, annexed by the British Government in 1867, and leased to a merchant at Capetown.



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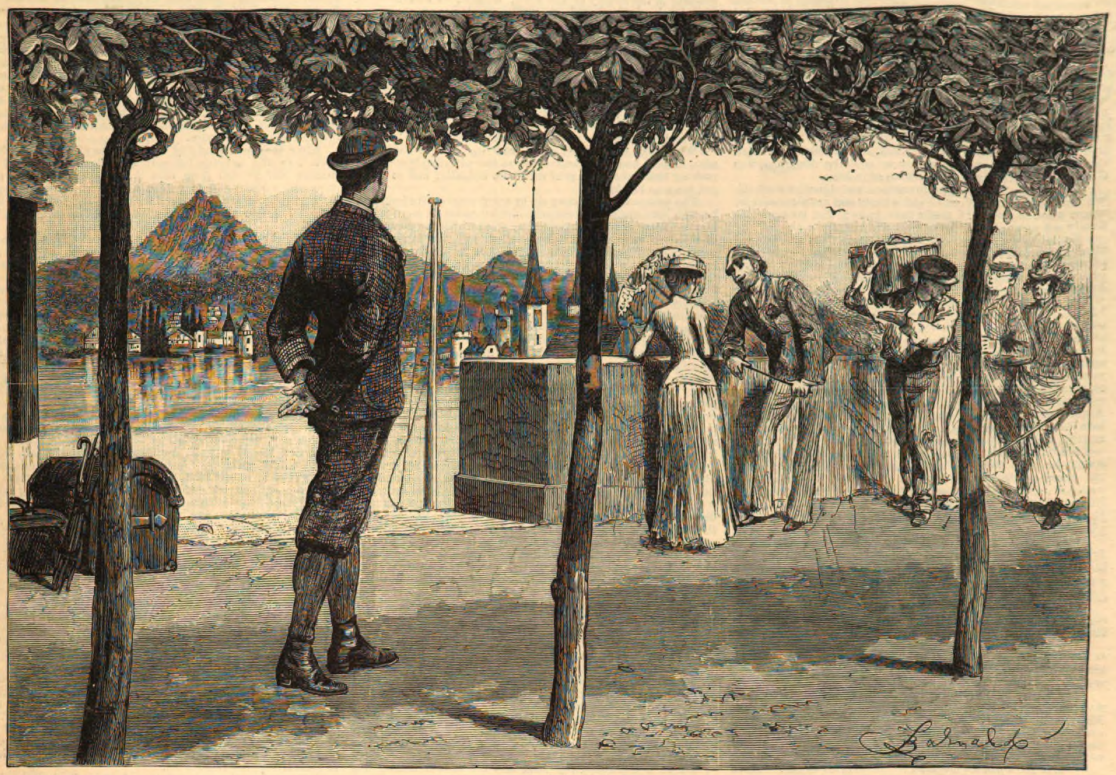
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DRAWN BY F. BARNARD.

Vidal sauntered across to the horse-chestnut alley, beneath which Miss Irvine and the unknown were standing.

ADRIAN VIDAL.

BY W. E. NORRIS,

AUTHOR OF "MDLLE. DE MERSAC," "MATRIMONY," "THIRLBY HALL," &c.

CHAPTER III.

AFTER DINNER.

As it turned out, there was no need for the ceremony which Vidal had made up his mind to solicit. When the table-d'hôte was at an end, the greater part of the assemblage, including those five members of it with whom we have to do, trooped out to the colonnade in front of the hotel to listen to the band; and so Vidal presently found himself seated beside Miss Irvine, who at once addressed him. What she said is hardly worth recording. The range of subjects upon which it is possible to open conversation with a total stranger does not afford much scope for originality, nor was Miss Irvine ambitious of achieving small effects. But Vidal was as much delighted with her natural ease of manner as with the soft contralto tones of her voice. For the present, he was quite content to exchange commonplaces with her, to establish the fact that she and he sympathised upon a variety of unimportant points, and to leave the question of a possible closer relation between them to the dim future. Nevertheless, his interest in his companion had so far deepened at the expiration of a quarter of an hour that it was with some considerable inward anxiety that he asked her whether she would be likely to remain a few days at Lucerne.

Mrs. Irvine, who had arrived at a hiatus in her colloquy with Heriot, answered the question. "Well, now we must really talk this over," she said, bending forward, with her elbows on her knees. "We ought to do the place properly, now that we are here. Let me see—there's the Lion, and the bridge with the Dance of Death, and the organ at the Cathedral: a few hours would exhaust the town, I should say. But then, the Rigi railway—and perhaps Pilatus—and oughtn't we to go round the lake in a steamer? What do you think, Clare? Is it worth worth while to stay a day or two?"

"I don't think I care very much, one way or the other," answered Miss Irvine, rather disappointingly, after a brief consideration of the matter.

"It would be a positive sin to leave the place without having been round the lake," struck in Vidal, eagerly. "You ought to devote three days, at the very least, to Lucerne. Could we not make up a party and see what there is to be seen? For my part, I should never forgive myself if I went away without having studied the Rigi railway. Now, don't you agree with me, Heriot?"

"I am afraid," said Heriot, "that I am rather inclined to agree with Miss Irvine; I don't care much, one way or the other. Still, I am quite ready to do what everybody else wishes."

Neither his words nor his tone were quite as amiable as usual, and Vidal wondered why. If Heriot had not been Heriot, it would almost have looked as though the green-eyed monster were at work. But, for more reasons than one, that surmise was inadmissible, and presently it seemed to strike the last speaker that he had been wanting in cordiality, for he added briskly, "Of course I should enjoy having a day or two with you, Adrian; and though I have seen the Lake of Lucerne before, other people haven't. I suppose there is no need for you to hurry home, is there, Mrs. Irvine?"

"Well, no doubt they would be able to get on without me for a few days longer," replied that lady, making the admission a trifle unwillingly. "There are heaps of things that I must see about as soon as I get back; but after all, two days is only forty-eight hours—or indeed one may say only about sixteen, making deductions for sleeping and eating. Suppose we put it to the vote. Mr. Vidal is in favour of our remaining; Clare and Mr. Heriot are indifferent; so that unless I vote with the ayes we shall get no decision. Very well, then we will consider the motion carried."

It did not appear to have occurred to anybody to inquire the opinion of Mr. Irvine, who had drifted away aimlessly into the darkness some time before, and had not reappeared. In a few minutes the ladies withdrew, and no sooner were they out of ear-shot than Vidal broke forth into impetuous praises of Miss Irvine's beauty.

"My dear Heriot, why didn't you mention her when you were talking about them before dinner? She is far and away the most exquisite creature I ever beheld!"

"Yes, she is a beautiful girl," said Heriot, rather drily.

"And as good as she is beautiful, I am sure."

"Oh, well, that would be saying a great deal, wouldn't it? To the best of my belief, she is neither better nor worse than the generality of young ladies who have not been very long out of the school-room. No; that is not quite true: she is better than the generality in some respects; for there is a freshness and innocency about her which"——

"Well?" asked Vidal; for Heriot had come to a full stop.

"Which, in the nature of things, can't last much longer—more's the pity. If I were you, Adrian, I wouldn't flirt with her. She doesn't understand the game yet, and why should you be the one to teach it to her?"

Now Vidal had a theory, founded upon experience, that the game of flirtation is one in which no woman, however, young, stands in need of an instructor. He did not, however, even inwardly, seek to apply it in the present instance, but contented himself with an energetic disclaimer of the intention attributed to him.

"Surely," he exclaimed, "I may be permitted to admire respectfully what no man with eyes in his head could help admiring! And really I don't know why you should take it for granted that Miss Irvine would condescend to flirt with me, if I wished her to do so. But I don't wish anything of the kind."

Heriot smiled. He was quite conscious of the absurdity of his appeal, but he had not found himself able to resist making it. "How long are you going to be in Switzerland?" he asked, with an abrupt change of subject.

"Well, I thought about a month; but I may stay longer, if I find solitude conducive to work. You see, Heriot, I don't quite know yet whether it is in me to write a good novel, and I want to make sure and to give myself every chance. I didn't do my utmost with that last book; I doubt whether I should do my utmost with this one if I were in London, liable to constant interruptions. It is true that the brain is apt to grow sluggish when one has no company to keep one alive; but whether that disadvantage isn't partly compensated for by"——

"I beg your pardon," broke in a deprecating voice; "but can you tell me whether this is the principal inn of the place? I have lost my way, and cannot at this moment recall the name of my hotel. The Soldierhof—or Shoulderhof—or"——

"Try Schweizerhof," suggested Heriot. "Your instinct has led you to the right place, Mr. Irvine; and I shall be delighted to show you the way up to your room."

Perhaps he was not altogether sorry to escape the end of a dissertation to which not even the most devoted of friends could be expected to listen without some degree of boredom.

CHAPTER IV.

MISS IRVINE.

When Vidal woke on the following morning the sunshine was streaming into his room. Lucerne had been up and about for hours. The church bells were ringing; the steamers were blowing their hoarse whistles; from the quay without came guttural shouts, and from the corridors within the tramp of departing travellers and the banging of heavy trunks. But Vidal no longer anathematised this unending turmoil. On the contrary, so completely was this young man's judgment at the mercy of a mood that he actually found something cheerful and exhilarating in the signs of surrounding life and movement that were thus borne to him; and so far from stigmatising his fellow-tourists as "vile," would, upon the slightest provocation, have been quite willing to shake hands with them all round.

He got up and threw open his window. The deep blue lake was like a mirror in some places, and flecked with passing breezes in others; nearer to the shore every wavelet was a flashing diamond; the sky overhead was unclouded; but up the sides of the distant mountains light mists were curling and vanishing. Evidently there was going to be glorious weather, and Vidal, being in such good humour, determined that, as a reward for having worked so hard of late, he should have two whole days of idleness and enjoyment—or, upon Mrs. Irvine's calculation, sixteen hours, making deductions for food and sleep. Perhaps, even, it would not be necessary to subtract so long a time; since meals are not generally eaten in solitude, and many people like to sit up late when the nights are fine and the moon at the full.

All this only shows with what alarming rapidity a susceptible man will jump to conclusions; for assuredly it was neither by himself, nor with Heriot, nor even with Mrs. Irvine, that our young friend looked forward to contemplating the moon. He dressed after a leisurely, dawdling fashion, pausing every now and again to lean out of the window and look down upon the clipped horse-chestnut alley beneath, and upon the passers-by. And so it befell that, during one of these pauses, he became aware of a lady seated upon the low wall beside the lake. This lady wore a dress of white serge, and was sitting sideways, in such a manner as to display one of the neatest boots that ever gladdened the eyes of an appreciative spectator.

Unfortunately, she carried a large sunshade, which concealed the upper part of her person: but, although Vidal had never seen the dress before in his life, and could not have sworn to the boot, he felt no doubt at all as to the identity of the wearer. He remained watching her patiently until a change of posture caused her to raise her sunshade for a moment, and revealed the head of Miss Irvine, surmounted by one of those straw sailor hats which are becoming even to plain women, and, when worn by pretty ones, are simply irresistible.

After that glimpse, there was clearly only one thing to be done. Vidal performed the remainder of his toilet with the utmost dispatch, and was upon the point of running down stairs and crossing the road when he was arrested by a most unpleasing spectacle. Taking a last glance out of the window, he perceived that Miss Irvine had altered her position. She now had her back turned towards him, and was leaning over the wall, while beside her, in a similar attitude, was a tall individual, whose get-up, as far as could be discerned, was that of a modern young Englishman of fashion.

"So much for childlike innocence and ignorance of the wicked ways of men!" was Vidal's hasty and unjust comment upon what he saw. "I might have known that young ladies don't get up at eight o'clock in the morning for nothing."

So he threw himself down in his arm-chair, and decided that he wouldn't take a holiday, after all. What!—make one of a party to circumnavigate that weary lake and talk to a tedious old woman, while the daughter was amusing herself with her long-legged admirer? Hardly! No; he would go for a long walk into the country all by himself, and cease to trouble his head about people whom he was most unlikely ever to meet again. But it was not in Vidal's nature to sit and sulk in a corner long, and after a time he began to see that he was behaving very foolishly. Was it to be supposed that Miss Irvine could have reached her present age (she looked about twenty) without having had a single admirer? And because she allowed her admirers to speak to her, did it follow that she reciprocated their admiration or made appointments with them? Again, why should not the gentleman with the long legs be her brother or her cousin? Finally, what the deuce did it matter to him—Vidal—who or what the fellow might be?

Having reached the conclusion that it didn't matter in the least, he went down stairs and sauntered across the road to the horse-chestnut alley, beneath which Miss Irvine and the unknown were still standing. Of course it would never do to interrupt their conversation: but Vidal thought he would just walk slowly past, and she could see him or not, as she pleased.

He duly executed this manœuvre, with the result that Miss Irvine not only saw him, but was evidently pleased into the bargain. She smiled, nodded, and when the young man made as though he would have passed on, stopped him with a gesture.

"Are you taking an early constitutional?" she asked. It struck Vidal that she was rather anxious for the company of a third person.

Her interlocutor, it appeared, did not share this anxiety. "Well, good-bye, Miss Irvine," he said. "I hope we may meet in England before long; and if not—well, perhaps you will let me hear from you."

He was a broad-shouldered, fresh-complexioned man of five or six and thirty, with a loud, but not disagreeable voice. Miss Irvine shook hands with him, but made no audible reply, and he strode over to the hotel without bestowing a glance upon the new-comer, who, on the other hand, had carefully taken stock of him.

"Is it not a perfect morning?" Miss Irvine began. "Have you breakfasted yet?—and are you going to do anything particular to-day? My mother has gone off to inspect the bridges; but she told me that if I saw you or Mr. Heriot, I was to let you know that we think of starting at twelve o'clock to make the tour of the lake. She hoped you might be inclined to come with us."

There was a certain hurry and nervousness in the girl's manner which Vidal did not fail to notice: but he had been too much pleased at hearing of the stranger's imminent departure for England to care whether he was or was not a suitor for Miss Irvine's hand.

"I should enjoy it of all things," he answered, heartily; "and I am sure Heriot will like to come." He added, with a disingenuousness of which he ought to have been ashamed: "The face of your friend who was here just now seems to be familiar to me—and yet I am not sure. His name isn't—isn't Parker, is it?"

"No," answered Miss Irvine, calmly; "his name isn't Parker." She had raised her eyes, with just the faintest shade of surprise in them, to those of her questioner. She did not exhibit any of the embarrassment which he had half expected, and he felt that it was he who was looking rather foolish.

"Oh!" he murmured, confusedly; "I—I thought perhaps it was."

"He is a Mr. Wilbraham, whom we met last winter," Miss Irvine said. "Do you know him?"

"No; I must have been mistaken. One person is so like another."

"So papa always says; and perhaps, now that you mention it, Mr. Wilbraham's *is* rather a common type of face. Would you care to walk as far as the bridge with me? I think I had better go and find my mother."

Vidal made use of no conventional figure of speech when he replied that he should be delighted. Nothing, indeed, could have been more delightful to him than Miss Irvine's society; and the matter-of-course way in which she offered it convinced him that his first impression of her had been correct, and that her beauty was equalled only by her simplicity.

"I am so glad that we are going to stay a day or two here," she said, after they had proceeded a few yards on their way. "I suppose we should have been starting now, if we had made up our minds to go straight home. How horrid it would have been!"

"You said last night that you didn't care whether you stayed or not," remarked Vidal.

She laughed. "Well—I couldn't tell that it was going to be such a fine day. Besides, all sorts of things may happen to prevent one from enjoying an excursion. Tiresome people may turn up, for instance; and there is no possibility of escape from them on board a steamer."

This was most satisfactory. "Tiresome people" obviously meant Mr. Wilbraham; and since it seemed to be implied that he had turned up unexpectedly, there was no occasion to harbour any further feeling of malice against the poor man. Vidal's spirits, which had hitherto been a trifle depressed, now fully recovered their tone; and if his companion did not find him clever and amusing, she must have been singularly insensible to qualities which had made this fortunate fellow a general favourite, from his boyhood up.

So these two passed on through sunlight and shade till they reached the old covered bridge, where Mrs. Irvine, with "Murray" in her hands and her chin in the air, was laboriously examining the quaint triangular paintings overhead, and endeavouring to decipher the crabbed German characters of the legend which each scene bore, inscribed beneath it.

"Oh, here you are at last, Clare!" she exclaimed. "And you have brought Mr. Vidal with you, which is such a comfort, because I am sure he understands German better than I do. Now, Mr. Vidal, will you explain this to me? It is most interesting, and Murray gives one no sort of help. 'Scenes relating to the history of the town,' he says, or something of that kind. Just enough to excite one's curiosity without gratifying it, you know."

"Well, Mrs. Irvine," answered Vidal, with great presence of mind, "the fact is that some of the subjects are not *quite*—that is, it is better not to inquire into them too closely."

"Good gracious me, you don't say so!" exclaimed the good lady. "I should never have supposed that from the look of them. Clare, we had better seek out your father and keep him until the boat starts, or he will be sure to wander off somewhere and lose himself. Never mind the pictures: they have no artistic merit—not a bit worth looking at."

With that she bustled away, carrying off her daughter, who, indeed, had not been looking at the pictures, but at the rushing blue-green waters of the Reuss beneath; and so Vidal got home to breakfast.

The prospect of spending six or seven consecutive hours on board a lake steamer in company which demands a more or less incessant flow of conversation is one from which the generality of mankind may well shrink appalled. Silence is the prerogative of intimacy; to acquaintances of recent date you are bound to go on talking; and unless you are blessed with an exceptionally fertile brain, the result is but too certain. Economise your stock of subjects as you may, it must needs run dry at last; you search in vain for fresh ones; then a numbing sense of lassitude steals over you, and finally comes the inevitable moment when Nature asserts herself, and you yawn undisguisedly in the face of your neighbour, whose jaws fly open in ready sympathy. But there are certain persons who are strangers to such dismal experiences, and Adrian Vidal was one of them. Solitude often bored him; society scarcely ever. He took a real interest, not only in humanity at large, but in almost every individual whom he encountered; whence, no doubt, arose his great popularity. Like Abou ben Adhem, he might have cried, "Write me as one who loves his fellow-men," and the just system of reciprocity which prevails in all human affairs caused him to be beloved by them in return.

Therefore, neither he nor the lady to whom he devoted himself through the greater part of that spring day found the time long or wished for a change of partners. Miss Irvine, it is true, was not very difficult to get on with; for she was predisposed in favour of the young author, to whom, shortly after the boat had left the quay, she began to speak of those literary ambitions which he might reasonably be supposed to cherish. She had not her mother's unflattering vagueness of impression as to Vidal's past achievements; she was well aware that he had as yet produced no book, charming or otherwise; but Heriot had shown her some of his articles, and these she had read with the reverence and admiration for printed matter which belongs to youth.

"Do you know," she said, "you are the first author I have ever met? I think, if I were a man, I would rather be an author than anything else."

"But it is not necessary to be a man in order to be an author," remarked Vidal, "and I am afraid, if the truth were known, most men are only authors—at least, novelists—because they can't be anything else."

"I don't think you can mean that," said Miss Irvine—and in fact it is probable that he did not. "You surely would not place Dickens or Thackeray below a successful doctor or lawyer?"

"No; but perhaps the rank and file of our calling are rather below the rank and file of others. At all events, that is the common opinion. We are a discredited class, because the immense appetite for fiction causes hundreds of novels to pay their way which have no business to pay their way. Novel-writing is like every other art: it looks so easy and it is so difficult! Only in other arts the failure is more apparent and more decisive; so that those who have mistaken their vocation find it out sooner."

"I suppose the great thing is to be very much in earnest over it," said the girl, thoughtfully.

"Exactly; that is the one indispensable condition. Art won't accept a divided allegiance. You must give yourself up to her wholly and entirely, or she will never allow you a chance of conquering her."

"Do you think art the only thing worth living for, then?"

Mr. Vidal was not prepared to go quite so far as that. He explained that he had been speaking only of a temporary self-surrender, and that he was well aware that life contained possibilities of happiness such as art could never bestow. But it would be hardly fair upon him to record any more of the sentiments to which he gave utterance upon this occasion. When a man is falling more and more deeply in love every minute, he must needs say things which would sound supremely ridiculous to an eavesdropper; and if Vidal was a little high-flown in his talk, it must be admitted that he met with a good deal of encouragement. Miss Irvine evidently did not find him ridiculous. She ignored his occasional lapses into sentimentality, but seemed willing to admit him to terms of confidential intimacy. She questioned him upon the subject of his family, and told him about her own home in Cornwall, and her six brothers, and the difficulty that there had been in providing that stalwart half-dozen with education and a start in life. "For we are not particularly well off," she added, simply.

Meanwhile, Mrs. Irvine harangued the patient Heriot; and Mr. Irvine dozed in the shade; and the steamer pursued its zigzag course, crossing and recrossing the lake, passing beneath wooded cliffs, and stopping at villages where cattle were taken on board or disembarked, and where the huge hotels and *pensions* were as yet untenanted; until at last Flüelen was reached, and Vidal and Miss Irvine exclaimed, "Already!" in one breath.

Flüelen does not offer many attractions to the casual visitor; but Vidal long preserved, and perhaps still preserves, a grateful memory of the place. For the hour which had to be spent there before the steamer started on its return voyage proved one of the pleasantest that had fallen to his lot in a life composed largely of pleasant hours. Mr. Irvine expressed his intention of drinking a cup of tea quietly at the inn; and his wife, after consulting Murray, found that she could keep him company without neglecting her duty. "If you want to walk about, Clare," she said, "I daresay Mr. Heriot or Mr. Vidal will be kind enough to look after you."

To this appeal Heriot did not see fit to make any response; and thus the conversation which had begun on board the steamer was continued with even less danger of interruption. By this time Vidal's subjugation was an accomplished fact, and he knew it and gloried in it. In Miss Irvine he saw, not merely a girl of singular beauty and charm of manner, but far more than that—nothing less, indeed, than the Ideal Woman. He recognised in her the embodiment of all the virtues which are supposed to be especially feminine—purity of mind, charity, sympathy with the afflicted, devotion to her family. It must be confessed that she obtained this recognition upon tolerably easy terms, and that Vidal was satisfied to draw inferences where people of more mature years might have demanded tangible proofs; but perhaps in this he did not differ greatly from other lovers; nor was it very wonderful that such simple things as a few kind words spoken to a cripple, and some coppers bestowed upon a beggar at the church door should have served him as a foot upon which to mould a Hercules. Moreover, as it happened, he was not very far wrong in his inductions, and if he could have made inquiries down in Cornwall he would have heard from many mouths a description of Clare Irvine enthusiastic enough to have fulfilled even his high expectations. That there might be nothing wanting in her, she had a touch of melancholy in her manner at times, and a dreamy look in her eyes, which seemed to suggest unsatisfied yearnings. It would not have been consonant with Vidal's conception of her that she should have been altogether happy, although he had not yet quite reached the length of picturing himself as the one thing lacking to give her life completeness.

After they had wandered through the streets of the little town into the country beyond, and when the bell of the steamer had warned them that it was time to retrace their steps, she asked Vidal to gather a handful of wild crocuses for her; whereupon he begged for one of the flowers for himself. "I should like to have some memento of to-day," he said.

The girl glanced at him for a moment with a grave and rather startled look, and then laughed, as if not wishing to make too much of a trifle. "Yes, it has been a very pleasant day," she answered; but did not give him the flower.

He was rather sorry that he had committed the indiscretion of asking for it when he perceived the effect produced by his request; for after that she became perceptibly less communicative and contrived so to arrange matters that he had to listen to Mrs. Irvine's descriptions of Roman society the whole way back to Lucerne. Disappointing as this was, Vidal submitted to his fate with resignation and good humour; and perhaps it was just as well for him that he did so. Talking him over later in the evening, with Heriot, Mrs. Irvine pronounced him to be one of the most delightful and intelligent young men she had ever met, adding that she had a very great mind to prolong their sojourn at Lucerne by another day, as he had entreated her to do.

Heriot looked a little doubtful, and said, "Well, if you think it would be wise"—; but as Mrs. Irvine did not understand him, and as he hardly liked to be more explicit, the extra day was granted, and an excursion to the Lake of Zug added several more hours of sunshine and bliss to the credit side of Vidal's account with time.

But on the third day, unhappily, the sunshine vanished. The mountains were shrouded in woolly clouds; across the grey lake showers came sweeping at intervals, and only one of the party had the hardihood to assert that it would be worth while to go up the Rigi in such weather.

"You see," Vidal said, "it isn't for the sake of the mountain, which is a cockneyfied sort of place at the best of times; and the view—well, of course, there are people who admire a panoramic view, but I really don't think we need regret the loss of that very much. What I am sure that you would regret most deeply, Mrs. Irvine, would be to have missed seeing the railway. Gradients of one in four—just think of that!"

"Can't we sit still and revel in the thought of a gradient of one in four without getting wet through?" suggested Heriot.

"My dear fellow, it's one of those things that must be seen to be realised. Besides, the railway carriages are covered."

Mrs. Irvine showed signs of wavering. "The worst of it is that one is sure to meet such heaps of friends who have done it and who will pretend that it was the most exciting experience of their lives," she murmured.

"Exactly so," said Vidal; "and after all, the only alternative is to stay indoors all day. For my part, I shouldn't be at all surprised if it were to clear up in the afternoon."

His representations were strengthened by a timely break in the clouds, and also—somewhat unexpectedly—by Mr. Irvine, whose soul was thirsting after an illuminated missal which he had unearthed in a curiosity shop, and who wished to be removed from temptation. The consequence was that, although the weather became worse instead of improving, the strongest will carried the day, and five travellers in mackintoshes and waterproofs disembarked at Weggis that afternoon. All that Heriot had been able to obtain, by way of compromise, was that, since there could be nothing whatever to be gained by ascending to the top of the mountain, they should content themselves with going as far as Kaltbad and returning by the next train. Thus, he said, they might hope to accomplish their purpose with a minimum of misery.

As for Vidal, he saw no question of misery in the matter. It is true that he did not derive any particular satisfaction from standing under the dripping awning of the steamer, nor even from the curious sensation of being dragged in a railway carriage up an incline steeper than the steepest of high roads, but what he thought was that, when once they had reached their destination, Miss Irvine might perhaps be disposed to take a short walk, upon the chance of catching a glimpse of view through the clouds, and he insisted a great deal upon the probability that at a certain height the rain would be replaced by mist.

Both of these expectations were justified by the event. At Kaltbad, where there is a gigantic hotel, empty in the month of May, but crowded later in the season, nothing worse was encountered than a nipping cold air and a dense white fog; and when the three elders had grouped themselves round the stove, expressing their unalterable determination not to move thence until the train should come to take them down, it required but a very little exercise of diplomacy to carry out the remainder of the programme.

(To be continued.)

The steamer Duke of Buccleuch left Gravesend on the 1st inst. with 88 single men, 67 single women, and 101 families, making a total of 256 souls, equal to 230 statute adults.

The season of Christmas at the Brompton Hospital was commenced by a special Confirmation held by the Bishop of London in the chapel attached to the hospital. About twenty patients were presented to the Bishop by the Rev. J. Hughes-Owen, the Chaplain, and the scene was an impressive one. In the evening a charming performance of Christmas carols and other music appropriate to the season was given by Mr. Malcolm Lawson and a party of friends. The Christmas morning was ushered in by a number of the nurses perambulating the different galleries at six o'clock singing appropriate hymns. The galleries and wards in the two buildings had been tastefully decorated with evergreens, formed into wreaths and festoons. The chapel was also tastefully decorated by Mrs. Hughes-Owen and others. The evening of Christmas Day was passed by the patients with music, carols, songs, and games, Miss Abbott (lady superintendent), Dr. Waugh (medical officer), and all the other resident doctors being indefatigable in their exertions to promote the happiness of the invalids. On Tuesday evening there was a distribution of gifts to all the inmates from the Christmas-trees, provided by the Misses Heddy, assisted by a few friends. The trees were placed in the concert-room in the new building, which was crowded by the patients and nurses.

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will of Mr. Christopher Beckett Denison, late of The Old Bank, Leeds, and No. 41, Upper Grosvenor-street, London, Deputy Chairman of the Great Northern Railway Company (who died suddenly, in Ireland, on Oct. 30 last), has been proved. The personal estate amounts to upwards of £380,000. The testator bequeaths to his trustees and executors, Edmund Beckett Faber, Henry Oakley, and Francis Charles Greenfield, all his real and personal estate, upon trust, for sale, and out of the sale to pay his debts and a certain legacy of £5000, and then to set apart £50,000, to be held upon a special trust; and the testator directs his trustees to divide the residue of his estate into ten equal parts, one-tenth part of which is to be held upon the special trust, and the remaining nine-tenth parts the will expressly declares shall be considered undisposed of.

The will (dated Oct. 28, 1881), with two codicils (dated Dec. 29, 1883, and Jan. 15, 1884), of the Rev. William Thursby, late of Ormerod House, near Burnley, Lancashire, and of No. 6, Brunswick-terrace, Hove, Brighton, who died on Oct. 10 last, was proved on the 6th ult. by Thomas Hughes, Q.C., Henry Paulson Bowling, and Frederick John Graut, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £254,000. The testator leaves £14,000 each to his sons James Leigh and Arthur Harvey; £10,000, the advowson of Berg Aptou, Norfolk, all his divinity books, and a silver inkstand to his son William Ford; £9000 to his son Piers; £6000 to his son Richard Hasell; £22,500, his house Elfinsward, Hayward's Heath, and his horses and carriages, to his daughter Sophia Charlotte; his house at Brighton and the furniture and effects, with some exceptions, are directed to be sold and the proceeds divided between all his children, except his sons John Hardy and Richard Hasell; £6000, the residue of his real estate, certain furniture and effects, and his cattle and farming stock to his son John Hardy; and there are other legacies and provisions. He directs one annual subscription to be paid by his trustees to all the charitable institutions to which he was a subscriber. The residue of the personalty is to be divided between all his children except his son John Hardy.

The will (dated Oct. 23, 1883), with two codicils (dated May 17 and Sept 23, 1884), of Mr. Henry Gardiner, late of Essendene, Caterham, Surrey, who died on Oct. 5 last, was proved on the 10th ult. by Henry John Gardiner, the son, George Bernard Harvey Drew, and Robert Gresley Hall, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £70,000. The testator gives to his wife, Mrs. Margaret Gardiner, £500, all his furniture, plate, books, effects, and pictures (except some paintings specifically bequeathed to each of his children), and an annuity of £1200, during life or widowhood, to be reduced to £600 on her marriage again; he also gives her a right of residence at Essendene, and £200 per annum to keep up the property; upon trust for his daughter Ellen, £14,000, the same sum as he settled on each of his other children on their respective marriages; and to his executors £200 each. The residue of his property he leaves to all his children.

The will (dated Aug. 18, 1877), with a codicil (dated April 4, 1879), of Mr. John George Joy, late of No. 112, St. George's-road, Southwark, who died on Nov. 9 last, was proved on the 9th ult. by George Joy, William Joy, and James Joy, the sons, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £46,000. The testator bequeaths legacies to his children and to his three sisters; and as to the residue of his estate, he gives one fourth to each of his said three sons; and one fourth, upon trust, for his daughter, Mrs. Sarah Masters.

The will (dated Jan. 3, 1883) of Mr. John Fyson, late of Soham, in the county of Cambridge, who died on Aug. 4 last, was proved on the 5th ult. by Robert Fyson, the brother, Alfred Slack, the nephew, and James Button, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £29,000. The testator bequeaths £200 to the Rector and Churchwardens of the parish of Snailwell, Cambridgeshire, upon trust, to apply the dividends in the purchase of coals to be distributed at Christmas among the poor of the said parish; and legacies to his sister, brother, nephews, nieces, and others. The residue of his property is to be divided between his brother, Robert, and his sister, Mary Anne.

The will (dated Aug. 17, 1883) of Mr. George Bentham, late of No. 25, Wilton-place, Knightsbridge, who died on Sept. 10 last, was proved on the 11th ult. by Sir Joseph Dalton Hooker and the Right Hon. Sir Nathaniel Lindley, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £23,000. The testator bequeaths £8000 to Madame Wallon, the grand-daughter of his late sister; £2000 to Sir H. J. J. Brydges, Bart., the brother of his late wife; £1000 each to the Linnean Society of London and the Royal Society Scientific Relief Fund; and legacies to his executors, trustees, servants, and others. The residue of his real and personal estate is to be held, upon trust, to apply the same in preparing and publishing botanical works, or in the purchase of books or specimens for the botanical establishment at Kew; or in such other manner as his trustees may consider best for the promotion of botanical science.

The will (dated Sept. 28, 1878) of Mr. Charles Spencer Scrase Dickins, late of Newells, Lower Beeding, Sussex, who died on May 1 last, at Cannes, was proved on the 5th ult. by Charles Robert Scrase Dickins, the son, one of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £21,000. The testator leaves £300, and all his wines, consumable stores, horses and carriages, to his wife, Mrs. Anna Maria Scrase Dickins; the household furniture, plate, pictures, books, and other articles and things at his dwelling house, to his wife, for life, or widowhood, and then to his said son; all his real estate in England and Wales to the same uses as the real estate settled under the will of his late father; and his real estate in Ireland, and all his mortgages, stocks, shares, money, and securities for money, upon trust, for his wife, for life, or until she shall marry again, and then for his issue (except his said son and his daughter, Mary Caroline, otherwise provided for) as she shall appoint. The residue of his personal estate he gives to his son, the said Charles Robert Scrase Dickins.

The will (dated July 21, 1884) of Sir Richard George Augustus Levinge, Bart., late of Knock Drin Castle, Mullingar, Ireland, who died on Sept. 28 last, at Brussels, was proved in London on the 10th ult. by Richard Bayley, one of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £10,000. The testator leaves Knock Drin Castle, with the furniture, plate, pictures, horses, carriages, and farming stock, and all other his real estate, to his brother, and successor in the baronetcy, Vere Henry, for life; and, if he shall leave issue, to his heirs, absolutely. There are several legacies to his executor, servants, and others; and the residue of his property, including his leasehold house in Chester-square, he gives to his brother Harry Carlyon.

The Rev. C. P. Meehan, Roman Catholic priest, has been offered £150 by Mr. Gladstone out of the Royal Bounty Fund, in recognition of his services as an Irish historian.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All communications relating to this department of the Paper should be addressed to the Editor, and have the word "Chess" written on the envelope.

J J M (Weymouth).—The variation you suggest in the solution of No. 2123 is a very simple one. After the moves 1. Q to K 6th, P to R 3rd, White continues with 2. R to Q B 4th, and 3. Q mates.

W E P (Philadelphia).—Thanks for your note. The withdrawal of one three-move problem is noted; the other appeared last week.

Castle (Edinburgh).—Try No. 2126 again. The oversight is on your part, not on the author's.

C P (Tooting).—Please accept our congratulations, and thanks for good wishes.

Emmo (Darlington).—Thanks; the problem shall soon appear.

Toz (Manchester).—The problem appears below. We shall take an early opportunity of referring to your chess "labels."

W A (Old Romney).—We have not had time to examine your proposed solution of Mr. Vansittart's Problem, but it does not agree with that worked out by ourselves. The latter we believe to be the author's, but from internal evidence only.

Hereward (Oxford).—Please read answer to "W. A." Many of our solvers have been "posed" by Mr. Shinkman's Problem, but you will find it an instructive chess study.

J G (Bradford).—Very pleased to hear from you. The gamelet is very acceptable.

Correct Solutions of Problem No. 2123 received from W E Tinney (Philadelphia), E L G; of No. 2125 from D W (Aberdeenshire); A Chapman and Carl Friedleben; of No. 2126 from Shadforth, J R (Edinburgh), R Worters (Canterbury), T G (Ware), E L G, Alpha, Jumbo, E Louden, Plevna, Emmo (Darlington), A Nevin, D W (Aberdeenshire); of Problem from *Chess Strategy*, from D W (Aberdeenshire), George J Yeale; of Herr Seeka's Problem from J A B; of all the Christmas Chess Nuts from R H Brooks; of L'Hermet's, McArthur's, and Shinkman's Problems from Rev. W Anderson (Old Romney); of L'Hermet's, McArthur's and the End Game from L Vander Haeghen; of the same and the Sui-mate from Hereward; of the Sui-mate from J G (Edinburgh); of L'Hermet's Problems from Alfred Castellain Junior (Ouchy, Switzerland).

Correct Solutions of Problem No. 2127 received from C Darrach, H Lucas, A M Colborne, W Hillier, Emmo (Darlington), G W Law, H Wardell, R L Southwell, G S Oldfield, E Casella (Paris), M O'Halloran, Fanny H Levy (Edmonton), E Louden, Jumbo, R Grey, D W Keil, B R Wood, A C Hunt, T Greenbank, A Lion (Canonbury), J T W, Ben Nevis, L Sharswood, W Warren, L Falcon (Antwerp), F and G Howitt, A W Scrutton, H Reeve, Jupiter Junior, S Lowndes, Aaron Harper, R Tweddell, L L Greenaway, Rev. W Anderson (Old Romney), Hereward, L Wyman, W Dewse, James Pilkington, R J Vines, F Ferris, C W Milsom, Dominican, T Waters, G Haskinson, Shadforth, N H Mullen, R Ingersoll, T H Holdron, Carl Friedleben, and Ernest Sharswood.

Note.—This problem cannot be solved by way of 1. P to R3th, or 1. P to K Kt4th, as many correspondents have supposed.

SOLUTIONS.

HERR MAKOVSKY'S PROBLEM.

WHITE.	BLACK.
1. Q to Kt 7th	P to Q 5th (best)
2. Q to Q R 7th	K or P moves
3. Q or R mates accordingly.	

HERR SEEKA'S PROBLEM.

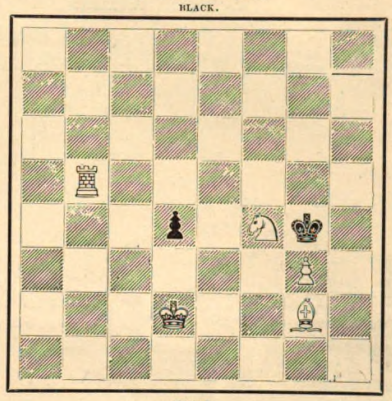
WHITE.	BLACK.
1. K to K 2nd	K to Kt 2nd*
2. Q takes P (ch)	K takes Q
3. B to B 8th. Mate.	

* If Black play 1. K takes P, White continues with 2. Q to B 8th (ch), and mates next move. The other variations should present no difficulty to the student.

PROBLEM No. 2129.

By "Toz" (Manchester).

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in four moves.

Played recently between Mr. Mortimer and the Rev. G. A. MacDonnell.

(*Ruy Lopez.*)

WHITE (Mr. M.)	BLACK (Mr. M'D.)	WHITE (Mr. M.)	BLACK (Mr. M'D.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	14. K to R sq	P to R 3rd
2. Kt to Q B 3rd	Kt to Q B 3rd	15. B to K R 4th	P to Kt 4th
3. B to Kt 5th	B to B 4th	16. B to Kt 3rd	P to K R 4th
Not so safe as either 3. P to Q R 3rd or 3. Kt to B 3rd.		17. P to K B 3rd	P to R 5th
		18. B to K sq	B to K 3rd
4. P to Q 3rd		19. B to Q 2nd	Kt to R 4th
4. P to Q B 3rd is the best line of play here.		20. P to Q 4th	P takes P
		21. P takes P	B takes B
4.	Q to K 2nd	22. Q takes B	P to B 3rd
5. Castles	Kt to B 3rd	23. Q R to B sq	R to Q B sq
6. Kt to B 3rd		24. Q to Q 3rd	
The "Four Knights' Game"!		Intending to advance the K B P probably, but Black gives him no time for the manœuvre.	
6.	P to Q R 3rd		
7. B to R 4th	P to Q Kt 4th	24.	Kt to Kt 6th (ch)
8. B to Kt 3rd	Kt to Q 5th	25. Kt takes Kt	P takes Kt
9. Kt takes Kt	B takes Kt	26. P to K R 3rd	Q to Q 2nd
10. B to Kt 5th		Threatening mate in a few moves by R takes R P (ch), &c.	
10. Kt to K 2nd, with the view of pushing on the centre Pawns, seems a preferable line of play.		27. P to K 5th	
		Inadequate, but we see no good move for White in this position.	
10	P to B 3rd		
11. R to Kt sq		27.	R takes P (ch)
The Q Kt P being now undefended, he is obliged to make this move before retreating the Kt to K 2nd.		28. K to Kt sq	B takes P (ch)
		29. B to K 3rd	B takes B (ch)
11.	P to Q 3rd	30. Q takes B	R to R 8th (ch)
12. Kt to K 2nd	B to Kt 5th	White resigned, because Black mates in two more moves.	
13. P to Q B 3rd	B to Kt 3rd		

We had looked forward to the Christmas holidays being enlivened by the progress of the match which, as we have already announced, has been arranged between Messrs. Throld and Wayte. The match has been postponed, however, until the week commencing the 19th inst., when it will be played at the City of London Chess Club.

The week referred to in the above paragraph will be an eventful one in the chess world. Besides the match between Messrs. Thorold and Wayte, now fixed for that date, there will be another battle between the St. George's and City of London Chess Clubs, and also a meeting of the members of the newly-organised British Chess Association. At the latter, a code of rules, drawn up by the Council, will be submitted to the members for approval.

We have received from Messrs. Robert Clarke and Co., of Cincinnati, a handsome volume containing a reprint of the last edition of Mr. Cook's "Synopsis of the Chess Openings," and an "American Supplement" containing "American Inventions" in the openings, together with fresh analysis since the publication of Mr. Cook's work in 1882. To English readers, who already possess a copy of the "Synopsis," the American part of this volume will be of great interest, and we can cordially recommend the work to all English-speaking students of the game. It is edited by Mr. J. W. Miller, of the *Cincinnati Commercial Gazette*, with loving care in the one part and conspicuous ability in the other.

Mr. Alderman John O'Connor, Nationalist, was sworn in on the 1st inst. Lord Mayor of Dublin for the ensuing year. The Mayors of Cork and Limerick were installed the same day—Mr. Stephen O'Mara as Mayor of Limerick and Alderman Madden of Cork. Both gentlemen are Nationalists, and were elected upon that ground. After being installed, the new Mayor of Limerick declared that, if the Government attempted to levy the obnoxious police tax on the ratepayers, he should advise them to resist payment.

OBITUARY.

SIR ROBERT BRISCO, BART.



Sir Robert Brisco, third Baronet, of Crofton Hall, Cumberland, High Sheriff of that county in 1862, died on the 23rd ult., at his seat near Wigton, aged seventy-six. He was the eldest son of Sir Wastel Brisco, second Baronet, and succeeded to the title at his father's death, in 1862. He married, July 10, 1832, Annie Drewry, daughter of Mr. George Rimington, of Tyne Field House, and had by her, who died Aug. 14, 1875, six sons and four daughters. The eldest son, now Sir Musgrave Horton Brisco, fourth Baronet, was born Aug. 11, 1833, and married, in June, 1867, Mary Elizabeth, widow of Captain R. Newsham Pedder, 10th Hussars, and eldest daughter of Sir W. H. Feilden, Bart., by whom he has issue.

FRANCES, LADY HASTINGS.

Frances, Lady Hastings, died on the 30th ult., at her residence, Franklands, Sussex, in her fifty-fifth year. She was daughter of Mr. T. Cosham, and married, first, May 19, 1860, Jacob, Lord Hastings, of Melton Constable, Norfolk, who died in 1871; and secondly, Sept. 16, 1873, Major Heane, of Barnewood, Gloucestershire.

MR. HARTOPP.

Mr. Edward Bourchier Hartopp, of Dalby Hall, in the county of Leicester, died on the 31st ult., at 21, Thurloe-square. He was born Dec. 14, 1808, the elder son of Mr. Edward Hartopp, of Little Dalby, by Anna Eleanora, his wife, eldest daughter of Sir Bourchier Wrey, Bart., and was grandson of Mr. Edward Hartopp-Wigley, of Little Dalby, by the Hon. Juliana, his wife, daughter of George, Lord Carbery, through which lady a coheirship to the Barony of Vaux descended to the Hartopps. Mr. E. B. Hartopp, who was educated at Eton and at Christ Church, Oxford, served as High Sheriff of Leicestershire in 1833, and sat in Parliament for the northern division of that county from 1859-68. He married, 1834, Honoria, daughter of Major-General William Gent, by whom he leaves issue.

REV. DR. BLAKENEY.

The Rev. Richard Paul Blakeney, D.D., Vicar of Bridlington, Rural Dean and Canon of York, died on the 31st ult., at his rectory-house, aged sixty-four. His family, originally of Norfolk, became settled in Ireland, and Dr. Blakeney graduated at Trinity College, Dublin, in the first class of the Divinity Tripos. He translated and published extracts from the "Moral Theology" of Alphonsus Liguori and other works, the principal of which was "The History and Interpretations of the Book of Common Prayer."

We have also to record the deaths of—

Major-General Gibbes Rigaud, late 60th Royal Rifles, Hon. M.A. Magdalen College, suddenly, at Oxford, on the 1st inst., aged sixty-four.

Major-General Mortimer Robert Sandys Whitmore, formerly 7th Royal Fusiliers, son of the late General Sir George Whitmore, K.C.H., Colonel Commander, on the 30th ult.

Doris, Lady Behrens, wife of Sir Jacob Behrens, and daughter of Mr. Joseph Hohenemser, of Mannheim, on the 31st ult., at Springfield House, Bradford, aged sixty-five.

Mr. Alfred H. Baily, the proprietor of *Baily's Magazine*, a well-known sporting man of the old school, on the 31st ult., at his residence at South Hampstead, aged seventy-six.

The Ven. Thomas FitzGerald French, Archdeacon of Killaloe and Rector of Castleconnell, third son of the late Mr. Savage French, of Cuskinny, county Cork, on the 30th ult., aged fifty-nine.

The Rev. William Cook, D.D., a well-known and esteemed minister of the Methodist New Connexion body, in his seventy-ninth year. He was author of "Christian Theology, Explained and Defended," "The Bible, its Trials and its Triumphs," and other works.

Captain Nicholas W. Patrick Brophy, accidentally drowned in Egypt. He served with the Black Watch in the Ashantee Campaign of 1874 and in the Egyptian War of 1882, taking part in the battle of Tel-el-Kebir. We hope to give a Portrait of Captain Brophy.

Dr. Andrew Findlater, who had for many years been associated with the Messrs. Chambers, of Edinburgh, on the 1st inst., aged seventy-four. His name will be best known in connection with "Chambers's Encyclopædia," which he edited, and afterwards revised. He also published manuals of languages, physical geography, and astronomy. He received the degree of LL.D. from the University of Aberdeen in 1864.

LIFE-BOAT SERVICES IN 1884.

During the past twelve months, the services of the life-boats of the Royal National Life-Boat Institution resulted in the saving of 621 lives, the greater part of which must have perished had it not been for the promptness and daring of the brave crews of the life-boats. Had we space, we might give a description of the grand deeds of heroism performed by these sea heroes at these services, many of which entailed great suffering and exposure on the gallant fellows. One of the last life-boat services of the year was that performed by the Honourable Artillery Company boat, which was only stationed by the National Life-Boat Institution at Walton-on-the-Naze about two months since. She was launched, through a heavy surf, on the evening of Christmas Day, in reply to signals from the Sunk light-ship. She first proceeded to the light-vessel, a distance of ten miles, and ascertained the position of the wreck, which was found to be eight or nine miles away on the Long Sand. At daybreak, with some difficulty, the life-boat was veered under the ship's jib-boom, it not being possible to get nearer; and it was then discovered that the vessel was the Deike Rickmers, of Bremerhaven, and that there were twenty-five persons on board. By means of a rope from the end of the jib-boom, they were all got into the boat, the captain being the last to leave. There were then forty men in the life-boat, and great risk was incurred in crossing the Long Sand, the sea being in a perfect ferment. Happily, however, the boat acted splendidly, passed safely through all dangers, and arrived at her station on the evening of Boxing Day, after an absence of twenty-five hours.

In addition to these invaluable services in saving life, no less than seventeen vessels were, by means of the life-boats, rescued in 1884 from being totally wrecked or were brought by them safely into harbour. Further, the life-boats were launched 142 times in reply to distress signals, but returned to shore, the crews having jeopardised their lives in vain, because the signals had been either made in error or help was not required. During the year the society also granted rewards for the rescue of 159 lives by means of shore-boats and fishing-boats, so that the grand total of 780 lives has been saved in the last twelve months through its instrumentality, bringing up the number of lives saved since the foundation of the institution to 31,434. In order to carry on this great work and to maintain in efficiency their fleet of 284 boats, the committee make a strong appeal to the public for help, feeling assured that that appeal will not be made in vain.



Deck Plan.

THE BRITISH NAVY: H.M.S. AGAMEMNON.



SHORTENED LEAVE: "I'VE PLEDGED MY HEART TO POLL."

OLD MASTERS AT BURLINGTON HOUSE.

It is now close upon eighty years since the British Institution became the purchasers of Mr. Boydell's Shakspeare Gallery in Pall-mall, and inaugurated that series of exhibitions of pictures by old masters, which was subsequently taken up by the Royal Academy. The British Institution, which in a great measure owed its existence to Lord De Tabley, was originally founded on what was known as the "exclusive" principle, for the exhibition of painters resident within the United Kingdom; but this rule only applied to the Spring exhibitions—the later Summer display being formed of the works by old masters, both home and foreign, borrowed from those who were disposed to educate popular taste. In spite of the difficulties of transport in those days, and the still greater obstacles arising from the jealousy of the patrons of art, the summer exhibitions, as the catalogues show, were often very creditable; and, at any rate, it must be placed to their credit that they familiarised the public with works which would otherwise have remained unknown, and accustomed their owners to bear without murmuring the steady recurrence of appeals to their good-nature and liberality. Royal Academicians, from the commencement, figured in considerable force in the council of the British Institution; and it was therefore only natural that they should as a body feel some interest in keeping alive a custom which had received the cordial support of many of their predecessors. Since 1870, until quite recently, they have practically enjoyed a monopoly, and it must be admitted that they have exercised it with zeal and discretion. Of late years especially there has been a manifest desire on the part of Sir Frederick Leighton and his colleagues to keep up to the high standard first reached, and, if possible, to show each year an advance upon its predecessor. The display for 1885 quite bears out this view. The number of pictures is small—scarcely more than 250; but of these nearly every one deserves special notice, and of a character quite unsuited to the space at our disposal. Our readers must therefore be content with certain general ideas of the contents of the four rooms of Burlington House in which these treasures are assembled, and endeavour to find an opportunity of deciding for themselves the respective merits of individual works.

Where there is so much to be proud of and to be grateful for, it may seem ungracious to begin by finding fault. But the sooner our regret is expressed, the better. After the first stir of pleasure at the sight of the collection has passed away, it is impossible to put away altogether the sense that for a second time the feeling of jealousy of a rival exhibition has prompted the application for some of the pictures. Sir Coutts Lindsay made no secret of his wish to give the public as complete an idea of Gainsborough's work as was possible; and there is no reason to suppose that owners of Gainsboroughs would be less liberal towards Sir Coutts Lindsay than towards Sir Frederick Leighton. The ten or twelve Gainsboroughs at Burlington House would have sufficed to make the show at the Grosvenor Gallery absolutely unrivalled—for, with the exception of his Miss Linley, all his most important works would then have been grouped together. A similar manœuvre last year divided the best from the second best works of Sir Joshua Reynolds, and prevented Sir Coutts Lindsay from carrying out to its utmost his good intentions. The managers of the Royal Academy Exhibition would have found but little difficulty in filling up the spaces occupied by Gainsborough's works, and the Grosvenor would have had, amongst others, probably the finest accessible works of that artist—the portraits of "Squire Hillard and His Wife" (195), which is the glory of the large Gallery at Burlington House.

As it is in this gallery that the most important works are displayed, we may as well commence with discussing its contents. Hogarth's "Southwark Fair" (144), lent by the trustees of the Duke of Newcastle, shows with marvellous realism the boisterous amusements of our forefathers. On the raised stage a play is being acted before an audience, whose habits are depicted with lifelike fidelity, and their follies exposed with keen humour. Although it is eminently a story with a moral drawn from low life, there is nothing vulgar, either in the conception or treatment of the scene—as too often is the case when Dutch artists deal with the pastimes of the people. Next came four of the works from Blenheim, of which the world has heard so much during the past year. Two by Rubens—"Venus and Adonis" (146) and "The Departure from Sodom" (148)—of which we need not regret the loss to our National Gallery. But this cannot be said of the other two. The portrait of "Anne of Austria" (147), in a low black dress against green curtains, is a noble work, but far outshone by the group of "The Duchess of Buckingham and Her Children" (145), by Van Dyck. Like her real or supposed rival, Anne of Austria, the Duchess is painted in a black dress seated; her two sons are standing beside her, also in dark dresses, and on the right is her daughter, in a white satin dress, holding a flower in her hand. At the opposite end of the room is Lord Lothian's portrait of "Charles I.," by the same artist (183), advancing on horseback through an archway, which, festooned with curtains, forms a setting to the noble picture. The spirit and construction of the picture are alike unimpeachable, but the colour is somewhat slatey and poor. Before reaching this, however, we pass a charming "Portrait of a Lady" (153) by Bernard Van Orley, in a black dress and fur cloak and close-fitting black cap; a work which on the present occasion offers greater interest than usual, since it permits a comparison of his work with that of his contemporary, Mabuse, whose chef-d'œuvre, "The Adoration of the Magi" (230), in the adjoining room, is one of the chief attractions of the year. The large canvas by Murillo, "The Virgin and Child in Glory" (164), is somewhat less ecstatic than many of the numerous replicas which this artist reproduced with such facility: the Virgin's robe—of deep crimson, with a blue mantle—is painted with the dexterity of a master-hand; but there is little, even of Spanish mysticism, in her face. A far more striking example of the school is Zurbaran's "Monk" (162), a full-length figure, of great dignity, with a face full of the struggles it had gone through. "The Holy Family," by Andrea del Sarto (171), will attract everyone by its exquisite truth and reality. The Child is clinging passionately to the Mother's neck, whilst her deep and straining eyes seem to foresee the sorrows which await Him. The picture is smaller than one is accustomed to in Andrea's work; and it is finished with all the care he could bestow when not harassed by household cares and disappointed hopes. We cannot help grudging the National Gallery of Ireland the possession of two very remarkable portraits—one by Hans Asher (174), the other by Wolfgang Hauber (175), two little-known German artists of the early part of the sixteenth century. At the same time, the keeper of the gallery, Mr. Doyle, must be congratulated on obtaining, with the slender grant at his disposal, such rare gems. The full-length figure of "St. Roch" (176), by Francia, is a very interesting specimen of this master's work, the landscape being scarcely less carefully treated than the saint in his monk's robe, and with his pilgrim's staff. The portraits of "Queen Mary" (178), by Sir Antonio More, and of "Lady Jane Grey" (182), by Lucca Penni, might have been intended for companion pictures—the size and pose being about identical. Whatever our sympathies may be, it must be admitted that the crowned Queen was more successful in her painter than her uncrowned rival. Two portraits by unknown (Italian) masters, lent by Mr. William Graham—one, that of a Pope (156), and the other that of a Choir-Master (180)—deserve notice; and Mr. Aug. Savile's "Head of a Man," by Velasquez (181), is a very excellent instance of that great master's method. The villainous and not really powerful face of "The Duke of Alva" (185), by Sir Antonio More, will strengthen most people in their belief in Mr. Motley's character of this savage Governor of the Netherlands; and, by the aid of the grandeur and power of Vandyck's rendering of the Earl of Strafford (188), it is easy to understand the feeling of how true a friend and how dangerous an enemy a man with such a face must have been. Passing by the two remarkable works of Lucas de Heere, the Duke (184) and the Duchess (187) of Norfolk—which seem to have been once more brought together, after a long separation—we come to the side of room where English art is alone represented. In the centre is Gainsborough's masterpiece, Squire Hillhard and his wife—a young couple with ease and distinction in every movement—walking arm-in-arm. In the pose of the lady's head, Gainsborough shows to what heights he could rise by taking pains; and in this work, even down to the white Pomeranian dog, care and interest are shown. The picture, moreover, is hung just as Gainsborough would have wished (except, perhaps, for the neighbourhood of Turner's bright landscapes on either side), just three feet from the ground; and it was because he could not obtain this privilege at the Royal Academy that for fourteen years he abstained from exhibiting there. In those days the rule was that portraits—and especially full-length ones—should be hung at least nine feet above the ground, and consequently altogether out of the line in which the painter himself had ever seen or conceived his work. The two landscapes by Turner—"Old London Bridge" (194) and "The Burning of the Houses of Parliament" (197)—are fine examples of the artist at about the best period of his career. The wonderful analysis of light which both works display, the treatment of the water under two such different conditions, and the movement of the smoke and clouds, are "notes" of the Turnerian style strongly marked. Sir Joshua Reynolds' portrait of "John Musters, of Colwick" (189), shows the artist at his best, because he is perfectly simple, and has aimed at no startling effects of pose or colour. The landscape, in which is standing the plain country gentleman in brown coat, yellow waistcoat, and white stockings, is painted with more than Reynolds' usual love for such details; and even in the foreground he has made no small concessions to the lovers of realistic art in his attempts at flower painting. On the other hand, the "Portrait of Mrs. Musters" (198), as Hebe, is hard in feature and poor in colour—whilst the clouds and other accessories of the goddess are distinctly scamped. Romney's "Lady Brook" (192) is as delicate and charming as Hoppner's "Portrait of Mrs. Gibson" (193) as a wood-nymph is solid and unsentimental: whilst the examples of the works of two successive Presidents, Sir Benjamin West and Sir Thomas Lawrence (196), mark accurately the successive steps in the decay of English art.

Here we must break off, reserving for another occasion notice of the other galleries, of which the customary arrangement has been maintained. In the first are the works of the English school, of which Reynolds' "Penelope Poothby" will be regarded as the gem; in the second the Dutch school, with one Franz Hals, at least, of first-rate merit; whilst in the fourth the "Adoration of the Magi," from Castle Howard, carries off the undisputed palm.

H.M.S. AGAMEMNON.

This ship, which has been undergoing considerable alterations at Devonport Dockyard, and has been tried in experimental trips in the Bay of Biscay, is now ordered to be commissioned for active service, and is going to reinforce the British Naval Squadron on the China Station. The Agamemnon is a double-screw armour-plated turret-ship, constructed of iron, carrying four heavy guns in her two turrets; her tonnage capacity is 8510 tons, and her engines are of 6360-horse power. She is commanded by Captain Samuel Long, an officer who served in the old Agamemnon, wooden line-of-battle ship, in the Black Sea, and at the bombardment of the forts of Sebastopol, under Admiral Sir Edmund Lyons. The new Agamemnon, of which we give an Illustration, is a very different sort of vessel; and, though her fighting power must be considerable, some doubts have been expressed of her fitness to encounter rough weather at sea. The oblique position of the two gun-turrets on deck, as indicated in the plan which accompanies our Illustration, does not seem favourable to security of balance, and has been disapproved by professional critics.

SHORTENED LEAVE FOR SEAMEN.

Some excitement was caused at Portsmouth and Plymouth, and in other parts of the country, by an order from the Admiralty, on Saturday night, that all men belonging to the Channel Squadron, who were absent on leave, should return to their ships on Monday before half-past one in the afternoon. This notice was posted up on Sunday at many public places in the naval seaport towns, and telegrams were sent to call the men from every part of England and Scotland where they were known to have gone to visit their families and friends. Ten days' leave had been granted to a portion of the officers and seamen, dating from the Monday of last week, so that their expected holiday would have been continued till Thursday last. It was understood that the Channel Squadron was to be ready to proceed to sea not later than Friday, the Northumberland leaving Devonport on Tuesday for Portsmouth, where Vice-Admiral De Horsey, who has succeeded the Duke of Edinburgh in command of the squadron, would hoist his flag on board that ship instead of on board the Minotaur, which is to undergo extensive repairs. The two divisions were ordered to meet off the Eddystone on Friday, and will proceed to Arosa Bay, where they are to arrive on the 15th inst. They will proceed thence to Vigo, Madeira, and Gibraltar, remaining until further orders are received from England.

"Shortened leave" is an incident of the naval service which cannot fail to have a startling effect on domestic and social life in the neighbourhoods where any of our brave seamen have been spending their Christmas holidays; and the smart young fellow depicted by our Artist, who is earnestly conversing with an older man in a hurried farewell talk, may be imagined to have an important personal secret to communicate, touching the tender relations between himself and a certain "Poll," whose charms have found a vulnerable spot, not yet ironclad, in his susceptible "Heart of Oak." The gentle reader, of either sex, will not deny to him and her, since they are really betrothed, a considerable allowance of sympathy upon this occasion; and will regret the necessity of cutting off two or three days from the happy time which they might have spent together in "keeping company," before he mustered with his comrades on deck in Plymouth or Portsmouth harbour. But "duty" rhymes to "beauty" in the most popular songs of Dibdin, and in the feelings and conduct of every true British sailor; it is not the habit of Jack to repine at a separation, however sudden, even from the cherished object of his honest love, when he is summoned to go afloat in the performance of a gallant vocation, still justly held in honour by all classes of our countrymen. As for the young woman herself, she ought to be very proud of him, and to await his return from the next cruise, whether it be in peace or in war, trusting the pledge of constant affection that he has given her, and taking what consolation she may derive from the well-known verse:—

> I said to our Poll, for, d'ye see, she would cry,
> When last we weighed anchor for sea—
> What anguies snivelling, and piping your eye?
> Why, what a d—d fool you must be!
> Can't you see the world's wide, and there's room for us both,
> Me on sea, Poll, and you upon shore?
> And if to Old Davy I go, friend Poll,
> Why, you'll never hear of me more!"

It is to be hoped that she will, like a sensible English lass, feel perfectly satisfied with this explanation of her prospects, and not send him from home with a burden of undue vexation and needless anxiety upon her account. But she may cry a little, for a day or two, after Jack goes, if she will then set about her own work in a good-humoured spirit, and keep a smile always ready for the sailor's return.

The revenue received during the year 1884 amounted to £85,509,883, being £4,525,639 less than the amount received during the year 1883. Of this decrease, £593,000 is in the Excise; £171,000 in stamps; £2,402,000 in income and property tax; and £1,707,962 miscellaneous. There is an increase of £400,000 in the receipts from the Post Office, and of £140,000 in those from the Customs.

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MOTHERS and NURSES should try WILSON'S AMERICAN BABY BISCUITS, because they suit the weakest digestion, and a delicate baby soon gains healthy flesh when fed upon them. I am thinking of a bouncing boy of eleven months, who is usually taken to be five or six months older, but who was a wretched specimen of infant humanity the first two or three months of his life. Wilson's Biscuits worked wonders for him. They are delicious, and all children like them; they have been used to nourish invalids who can take scarcely any other food, but who flourish upon them. Their price puts them within the reach even of the poor, because they only cost 1s. the Tin. Be sure to get the right ones, which are crescent-shaped, and stamped with the name 'Wilson.'"

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are sold in Shilling Tins. If not kept in stock by your Grocer or Chemist a Tin will be sent, parcels post paid, on receipt of 16 stamps, by the Sole Consignee,

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DR. CARTER MOFFAT'S AMMONIAPHONE

is invaluable in all Pulmonary Affections. It is a tube about 25in. long, constructed of a specially prepared non-corrosive metal, with handles, ebony polished, having patent spring valves. It is charged with a chemical compound, combined so as to resemble in effect that which is produced by the soft balmy air of the Italian peninsula when inhaled into the lungs, hence the term—Artificial Italian Air.

THE VERDICT OF THE DOCTORS.

A. S. KENNEDY, Esq., L.R.C.P., L.R.C.S., &c., writes:—
"14, Conduit-street, London, W., Dec. 20, 1884.
"The two Ammoniaphones that I had from you have given very good results, apart from improved timbre, resonance, and extension of register, which are undeniable. I have found the Ammoniaphone most useful in cutting short catarrhal and laryngeal troubles, and of great benefit in removing huskiness. Several patients have tried the Ammoniaphone at my suggestion and are all pleased with the improvement in their voices."

C. J. BOYD WALLIS, Esq., L.D.S., R.C.S., Eng., 23, Brook-street, Grosvenor-square, London, W., writes, Nov. 21, 1884:—
"I have carefully tested the contents of your Ammoniaphone, and have found it to contain all those ingredients which you have discovered to be present in the air of Italy. The Ammoniaphone forms an excellent inhaler, superior to any other that has come under my notice. I am of opinion that it will be of great value in the treatment of throat and chest affections and in a variable climate like ours your clever invention will be a desirable remedy to have at hand. Several of my patients have spoken favourably of the Ammoniaphone, and I can fully confirm your Italian air theory."

THE PRESS APPROVES OF IT.

"TRUTH," Nov. 13, 1884:—
"It was, I confess, with profound scepticism that I placed the little silver mouthpiece to my lips, and drew a deep breath. . . . . It was not unpleasant, and I persevered, alternating each pull with a good gasp of common air to follow. I had previously been asked to say a sentence or two in my natural voice, and after two or three pulls at the Ammoniaphone, I was requested to repeat the same words without using any extra exertion. I was really startled at the involuntary loudness of my own voice, and a friend who accompanied me, and who was a greater sceptic than myself, fairly burst out laughing at the result. Dr. Carter Moffat smiled benignly, and told me he had now 30,000 persons using the Ammoniaphone with the same results."

DR. CARTER MOFFAT'S AMMONIAPHONE will last for years. Should be used by Actors, Vocalists, Clergymen, Public, Speakers, Parliamentary Men, Readers, Reciters, Lecturers, Leaders of Psalmody, Schoolmasters, Amateurs, Church Choirs, Barristers, and all persons who have to use their voices professionally, or who desire to greatly improve their speaking or singing tones, producing a rich, powerful, melodious voice of extraordinary ringing clearness and range. A poor weak voice becomes rich and massive, while great good is done to the general health.



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has proved of the utmost value in the treatment of Coughs, Colds, Clerical Throat, Bronchitis, Asthma, Consumption, Aphonia, or Loss of Voice, Deafness resulting from Colds, all Affections of the Throat and Chest, and Sleeplessness. Such ailments may be entirely overcome by means of this simple and beneficent invention.

THE PUBLIC PRAISE IT.

The Very Rev. Dr. VAUGHAN, Dean of Llandaff and Master of the Temple, writes:— Nov. 5, 1884.
"My voice has now nearly recovered its tone, and I have certainly derived benefit, though not suddenly or rapidly, from the use of your Ammoniaphone."

Lady MACFARREN, (wife of Sir G. A. Macfarren, the distinguished President of the Royal Academy of Music) writes:—
"7, Hamilton-terrace, N.W., Oct. 22, 1884.
"I consider the Amnoniaphone to have a wonderfully bracing effect on the vocal organs, and shall have great pleasure in recommending it to such as have weak or relaxed throats; indeed, I have already done so."

Mons. MARIUS, the well-known Comedian, writes:—
"57, Wellington-road, St. John's-wood, N.W., Dec. 27, 1884.
"Dear, Sir,—If I have lingered before writing to thank you for the Ammoniaphone, it was because I was determined to give it a fair and exhaustive trial before expressing my opinion. For years I have suffered with my throat, sometimes losing my voice entirely; but since using the Ammoniaphone, although I have had two or three severe colds, I have never lost the use of my voice."

Miss LEONORA BRAHAM, the eminent Operatic Vocalist, writing from the Savoy Theatre, Oct. 31, states:—
"Having used your Ammoniaphone through a most trying cold, and having thereby obtained great relief, I am anxious to express my admiration of, and thanks for, your truly wonderful invention. This testimony is unsolicited, and is given you to prove the immense value of the Ammoniaphone to all public singers."

"THERE WAS NO DENYING IT."

"PALL MALL GAZETTE," Nov. 7, 1884:—
"Last night St. James's Hall was filled with an intelligent company of musical and scientific people, who were invited to witness the results of the Ammoniaphone. . . . . The doctor himself, surrounded by distinguished vocalists, all of whom were Ammoniaphonical votaries, explained, instrument in hand, the wonders of his new discovery. . . . . Our representative was invited to repeat a few lines in his natural voice, then take some deep inhalations and repeat the same words over again. He did so, and was positively startled at the loudness and sonority of his own voice. The thing seemed absurd; but there was no denying it; the increased volume and improved timbre were too obvious."

DR. CARTER MOFFAT attends daily at the Rooms of the MEDICAL BATTERY CO., 205, Regent-street, London, W., to demonstrate the extraordinary utility of the Ammoniaphone. Write for the "HISTORY OF THE AMMONIAPHONE," an eighty-page treatise, post-free on application.

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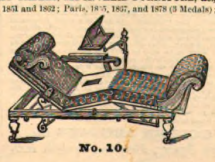
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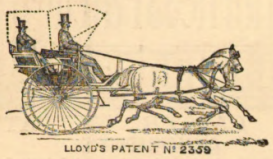
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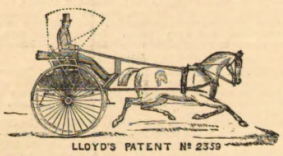
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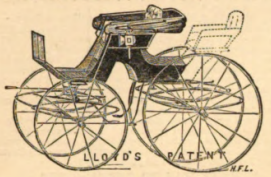


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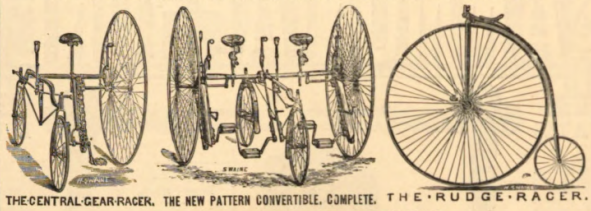
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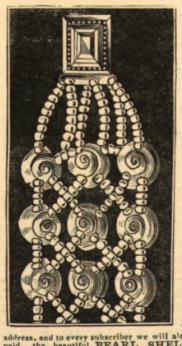


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FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. MELTON PRIOR.

OUR NOTE-BOOK

Cynicism, alas! appears to be on the increase: it has crept even into an excellent almanack, which contains this year the following question in the "doctrine of chances:" A speaks truth three times out of four, B four times out of five, C five times out of six; what is the chance of the truth of an event which A and B agree in asserting, but which C denies? The questioner evidently takes it for granted that not a letter of the alphabet speaks the truth always. The question, however, is very loosely worded. There cannot be any question of truth or falsehood about an event, but there may be about an assertion, and though C's average of veracity is very high for the sons of men, it appears that his evidence is to the combined evidence of A and B (who are comparative liars) only as 5 to 12. After this, who shall say that two blacks do not make something whiter than one white?

What avails it to have saved one's country and to have been twice President of so great a Republic as the United States of America? Here is the gallant and victorious General Grant, of Vicksburg celebrity, reduced to such plight, they say, that it is almost another case of "Da obolum Belisario." Only Belisarius could not fall back upon that refuge for the destitute, "writing for the magazines," which are nowadays open to popular names rather than to literary talent. Besides, Belisarius was blind, says tradition; General Grant is not, not nearly.

The Right Hon. C. P. Villiers well deserved the compliment of the jubilee which was celebrated in his honour on the 10th inst. To have represented the same constituency in Parliament for fifty continuous years is to have done a great thing, especially such a constituency as Wolverhampton. Still Mr. Villiers has not, in sporting phrase, "beaten the record": Mr. Talbot has sat fifty-five consecutive years for Glamorganshire. But Wolverhampton is said to require more "riding" than Glamorganshire.

How dangerous it is to derive conclusions and comfort from statistics has once more been pointed out. A worthy gentleman, in the joy of his heart, wrote to a newspaper to show how the affections of the people must be set upon the Established Church, because so many marriages take place in a church of the Establishment, and "only one marriage in twenty takes place in a Nonconformist Sanctuary." Another equally worthy gentleman wrote immediately to explain that "marriages in Nonconformist churches are under a Government ban," which is sufficient to account for the state of the odds, as Nonconformists are driven to the parish church. Which of the two worthy gentlemen is the more to be listened to may be left an open question; but there is doubtless, as Sir Roger (not of Tichborne, but of Coverley) would have told us, much to be said on both sides. The Rev. Mr. Malthus would perhaps have held that where people got married proved nothing, but that getting married at all proved them to be weak, improvident, and unpatriotic.

All must have heard of the celebrated "dog-and-man fight"; and now there has been, they say, a "man-and-donkey fight"—at Normanton. The fight is reported to have lasted an hour and a half, at the end of which the man (a miner) "threw up the sponge," and the (other) donkey, a regular "savage," was awarded the stakes, if there were any. Evidently our civilisation has not yet penetrated into the depths of our mines; and very often appears to be but skin deep, like our beauty, among the "upper crust" themselves.

This year the Epsom Derby will be run on June 3, the birthday, by-the-way, of Prince George of Wales, and, as a general impression seems to prevail that the great race ought to be run in May, it may be as well to observe that there is no "ought" in the case, which is regulated by the dates of other preceding events. The Derby has been run in June, according to the modern successor of the ancient Cocker, eighteen times: as late as the 9th when Eager won (1791); in 1794, when Dædalus won; in 1797, when the Sister to Pharamond colt won; in 1802 (the 3rd), when Tyrant won; in 1808, when Pan won; in 1810 (the 7th), when Whalebone won; in 1813 (the 3rd again), when Smolensko won; in 1821 (the 7th again), when Gustavus won; in 1824 (the 3rd again), when Cedric won; in 1829, when Frederick won; in 1832 (the 7th again), when St. Giles won; in 1835, when Mündig won; in 1840 (the 3rd again), when Little Wonder won; in 1862, when Caractacus won against the largest field that ever ran; in 1870, when Kingcraft won; in 1874 (the 3rd again), when George Frederick won; in 1878, when Sefton won; and in 1881, when the Americans won with Iroquois. There may have been one or two other instances overlooked by the modern Cocker; but it is quite clear that there is nothing very extraordinary about running the Derby in June and that the third is a peculiarly proper day for it.

A certain John Black came before a police magistrate the other day and professed to have "walked eight hundred miles in search of work, but in vain." His case was published in the papers; offers of work were made to him; he closed with Mr. H——, of St. John-street, West Smithfield, on New-Year's Day, at a pound a week, with board and lodging; and, according to Mr. H——, after spending several idle hours, was asked to carry two baskets down stairs, fell, said he had hurt his back, and was going to St. Bartholomew's Hospital (just opposite Mr. H——'s). Up to the 9th inst. he had not been seen again by Mr. H——, nor had the hospital authorities "made his acquaintance." Mr. H—— naturally came to the worst conclusion, and, very naturally again, has hardened his heart against similar "cases." Mr. H—— may, of course, have come to a wrong conclusion, and John Black may have a satisfactory explanation to offer (which, in any case, should have been offered at once); but, if Mr. H—— be right, we see what mischief such persons as John Black may do to their own class. No doubt there are many poor men who really do walk hundreds of miles in search of work, but in vain, and who would do it faithfully, if they could get it; and yet henceforth their stories will meet with less credence, and their needs will receive less attention, from sympathetic employers of labour, like Mr. H——, because of John Black and his behaviour. Among the Blacks, who are as the seashore for multitude, there may be many who heartily sympathise with John Black in his dislike of both light and heavy work; but they can hardly help regretting that he and such as he should be so regardless of the harm they may do to their own "mates" by their manner of requiting kindness. The "working man," too, would do well to consider whether he has not to thank John Black and Company as much as anybody or anything else for some of the "hard lines" he attributes to a very different cause, such as the "tyranny," or suspiciousness, or covetousness of "masters."

The condition of women in Turkey, as in all Oriental countries, has always been degraded and degrading, but the present Sultan has something like European ideas respecting the young girls of his Empire, and has established more than one school for them at the expense of the State. L'Ecole Sanié may be considered representative, and occupies the spacious palace of a deceased Pasha at Stamboul. There are 320 pupils, all of whom have their meals provided, while 100 of them live and are entirely maintained by the institution, at the head of which is Mademoiselle Calavassy, assisted by six teachers, four of whom speak French, and by four visiting masters, who teach writing, drawing, music, and singing. The ages of the pupils range from seven to fourteen, and they are taught to make their own clothes, to embroider, and to read, write, and cipher, the accomplishments being music, singing, and drawing, in which latter many of them are said to show great promise.

If it be true that "there is something not altogether displeasing to us in the misfortunes of our best friends," we surely must be expected to feel some satisfaction at hearing that, in consequence of the sanguinary affair in O'Donovan Rossa's office, New York, "serious dissensions have broken out among the Dynamite Party": for we know what is said to happen when thieves fall out, and when Beelzebub is divided against himself.

In the dramatic library of Mr. Herman, joint author of the "Silver King" and "Claudian," to be dispersed next week, there are some works of more than usual interest. A small quarto pamphlet, "The Bond Man," by P. Massinger, is the original edition of the first play ever performed at Drury Lane Theatre, and is dated 1624. But perhaps "The Empress of Morocco," a tragedy, with six engravings, published in 1673, is still more interesting; for it is the first play published in England with illustrations, and of course at that early period the difficulties and expenses of producing pictures were enormous. In these days too, when the success of a great play depends so much on mounting and costumes, and books are constantly being published in all countries on the subject of dress from the archæologist's point of view, the father of all such works is indeed a curiosity. *Habiti Antichi et moderni di tutto il mondo*, in Italian and Latin, by Vecellio, with woodcuts from designs of the master hand of Titian, and dated 1598, is the earliest work on costumes known, and is included in the forthcoming sale.

But throughout the whole catalogue of hardly anything, by-the-way, but rare books there is one striking attribute. Although many great and fashionable actors have from time to time tried their hands at poetry, there is hardly a line of it that lives in the memory or is ever quoted. Yet we find "The Poetical Works of David Garrick," "The Poems of John Henderson," and "The Odes, Lyrical Ballads, and Poems of Stephen George Kemble." The great John P. Kemble was so heartily ashamed of his "Fugitive Pieces" that he bought up every copy he could find soon after their publication, so that the work is now extremely rare. Shakspeare, of course, was an exception; but then he does not owe his fame to acting. The sale of the library will take place at Messrs. Sotheby's rooms on the 23rd inst.

Those who were invited to the annual celebration of the cutting of Baddeley's cake, at Drury Lane Theatre, hardly know that they owe the feast to the fact that, before he became a comedian, Baddeley had been a cook. This was not, of course, the sole reason for his curious bequest, as throughout all the latter part of his life he seemed to miss no opportunity of working for posthumous notoriety, if not fame. An extremely unpopular man, he was curiously sensitive on the subject of personal criticism, and had he lived in these outspoken days, would probably have had a bad time. His behaviour to his wife was such that scathing pamphlets were written about him and his private life. One of them was so aggressive in tone that the aggrieved actor wrote, on April 20, 1790, to *The General Advertiser* on the subject, and in his will requested that his executors should republish this letter every year, "to prevent the world from looking on his conduct in the villanous point of view as set forth in certain books and pamphlets." Even his ambition would have been satisfied had he seen the vast crowd of literary, artistic, and social notabilities who attended to taste his cake and punch on Drury Lane stage on Twelfth Night.

One of the greatest dangers a diamond-seeker suffers from is the one of having his gems stolen by the workmen he employs. These, for the most part, are native Zulus or Kaffirs, and there is no dodge for concealing the stones that they are not acquainted with. All they work for (their wages are about 25s. a week, out of which they save 20s.) is to collect enough money to buy sufficient cows to exchange for a wife. This being secured, they do no more work during their lives, as the woman's duty is to support her husband, look after the garden, and attend to the cattle. At Kimberley, in South Africa, diamond-stealing and buying from unlicensed dealers assumed such dangerous proportions that illicit buying was made punishable by long terms of penal servitude, and the South African jails are now loaded with what are shortly called I.D.B.'s (illicit diamond-buyers). But though the evil has apparently abated, and the well-judged severity has reduced the number of complaints, a colonist and diamond-digger of large experience informs us that the crime is positively on the increase. The organisation of the dealers and robbers is good, and the reason they remain undiscovered is because, instead of poor men of small means inciting the natives to robbery, the conspiracies are now worked by large capitalists, who themselves live outside the territory where to be found in possession of stones is an offence. Some more stringent measures ought to be taken, our informant thinks, to preserve for the proprietor of the claims the fruits of his industry and speculation.

The Princess of Wales is very fortunate in the matter of dress, she can afford to wear any colour from dead white to crimson, and from pale pink to blue of all shades. At the Sandringham State ball last week she wore a crimson brocade with salmon-tinted flowers on it, diamonds galore. At the second ball she was dressed in delicate blue and silver and had pearls mingled with her diamonds. All this is perfectly natural since she comes of the race of "Balder, the ever young."

Mr. Cleveland, the President-elect of the United States, has been at his wits' end ever since Christmas on account of the presents that pour in upon him, very much against his will. They are of all kinds and values, and have up to the present time cost him a great deal of letter writing. One was a handsome Newfoundland dog, which he speedily returned to the donor, and another was a case of claret, with his likeness on each bottle by way of label. Mr. Cleveland has now solved the difficulty, by announcing that all presents sent to him will be given to the charities of Albany, the town in which he lives. The slippers, smoking caps, perfumes, and other fancy articles will be sent to the bazaars, which are plentiful during the winter months; and the wines, spirits, liqueurs, and dainties of all sorts will be bestowed on the local hospitals. This, in his case and many similar ones, would seem to be the only independent course of action.

The new President of the United States, like so many of his predecessors, is a man who has risen from the ranks. Thirty years ago he was a teacher in the New York Institution for the Blind, and a few days since a little pupil of that school was delighted by half-an-hour's chat with the future head of the Republic, who told him stories and compared notes about "now" and "then" with kindly interest. A former self-made President, Andrew Johnson, was once a tailor in a small way of business in a little town in Tennessee, and one of the exhibits in the World's Exposition at New Orleans at the present time is the wedding-coat he made for a neighbour in 1838. It may be presumed that the functions of the race of moths have been suspended during the existence of that garment.

Mr. Frith's well-known series of pictures, the "Road to Ruin," served as a text on a recent Sunday to a clergyman, who expounded it in the Leek Museum to about three thousand working men and women. It is not often that so large a congregation of that class is brought together, and to judge by their wrapt attention it is rarely that they listen to so interesting a sermon.

Is the science of mnemonics ever really useful? or are good memories, like the poetic and teaching faculties, born rather than made? The question is a difficult one to answer, but Professor Loisette has invented a system which is declared by eminent authorities to be both physiological and scientific. Perhaps the people whose memories are the best and clearest, do really practise some system of mnemonics in a half unconscious way; but most probably those whose minds are orderly and well regulated can mentally put their fingers on facts and dates and details, just as a good man of business knows exactly where to find his papers or his goods.

When Commander Rawson fell at Tel-el-Kebir the Queen showed great sympathy for his widow, and offered to become godmother to her little babe, who was born at that sad time. Soon after her Majesty reached Osborne this winter, she sent for the mother and child, and received them so cordially, and with such warm interest, that Mrs. Rawson felt quite at home, and realised that the Sovereign's kindness was no mere formal expression of goodwill, but that she felt as woman to woman, heart to heart.

County and charity balls are just now in full swing, and it is said that there is a reaction in favour of modern dress this winter, after the plethora of fancy-costume balls which have been so popular during the last year or two. Young ladies are once more wearing simple white toilettes, partly because French mothers are dressing their *débutantes* in the very finest white muslin, and partly on account of the example set by the Princess of Wales, whose three daughters wear white very usually in the evening. At the birthday-balls last week at Sandringham, they were attired in the chenille-spotted tulle which is so fashionable at present, and nothing could be prettier or less ostentatious.

At a meeting of vegetarians, at Exeter Hall, last Monday evening, a lady doctor announced that she had cured herself of tubercular disease by living in pure air and abstention from animal food. The question that rises to most people's minds on reading this, is whether pure air, combined with a moderate amount of animal diet, would not have cured her in half the time.

OLD MASTERS AT BURLINGTON HOUSE.

THE ENGLISH SCHOOL.

The varied collection of works by British artists in the first room shows little sign of languishing resources. On the contrary, this year's display includes some works of very exceptional interest as well as of rare beauty. Amongst the latter, and in the very first rank, will be placed Sir Joshua Reynolds' "Miss Penelope Boothby" (55), one of those charming child portraits of which, in spite of its appearance in every window or house, one is never tired. One may be disposed to doubt whether any child of three could have presented so sedate an expression; for, in spite of the exquisite simplicity of the face, it is not wanting in thoughtfulness; but one cannot help wondering how Reynolds, within a year of that attack which was to paralyse his hand during the last few years of his life, could have found time to spend such care upon any one work at almost the busiest time of his career, and in a year when, as we know, he exhibited no less than eighteen pictures of various kinds. "Little Penelope," in her white dress, mob-cap, and mittens, was the only child of Sir Brooke, a minor poet of that select "Lichfield" circle of which Dr. Darwin, Edgeworth, and Miss Seward were the greater lights. She died only a few months before Sir Joshua, when scarcely six years old. "The Dead Bird" (59), by the same, is almost a companion picture; but, in spite of the story it is supposed to tell, it lacks the interest of the simple portrait, and the child, mourning the loss of her pet, is wanting in real emotion. There is no accurate date assigned to this work, but it seems to belong to Reynolds' later period; whereas the brilliant portrait of Barbara, Countess of Scarborough, the heiress of the Saviles, was one of his earliest works, and painted even before he had removed from Newport-street to Leicester-square. Of Reynolds' other works in this room, notice should be taken of his portraits of his sister-academician "Angelica Kauffman" (2), "Lady Charlotte Johnstone" (27), "Barnet Langton" (52), the friend of Dr. Johnson, and Langton's wife, "The Countess of Rothes" (63). The portrait of "Mrs. Billington" (9) deserves, however, a few words of special notice. She and Mrs. Jordan were at the moment the most popular actresses of the day, and Reynolds', as was his custom, was anxious to paint their portraits, as he had those of Mrs. Abington, Mrs. Siddons, and other public favourites. Mrs. Billington seems to have especially pleased him; for, in addition to this picture, there is another portrait of the lady as St. Cecilia, now in the New York Museum, besides numerous sketches of her engaging face, surrounded by soft brown curls. Reynolds's portrait of himself (39), lent by Mr. Samuel Cousins, R.A., is also one of many which the artist did at various periods of his life. The one here exhibited is probably that which was painted for Dr. Thrale, about 1775; and the litted hand towards the ear betokens that even at that time his deafness had made progress. The attitude, in fact, almost inevitably recalls Goldsmith's description of him:—

> When they talked of their Raphaels, Correggios, and stuff,
> He shifted his trumpet, and only took snuff.

We are, however, in no danger of losing Reynolds' notion of his own appearance; for there are nearly a score of portraits of himself, extending from one painted before his journey to Italy for one of his Plympton friends, down to the portrait in triplicate representing him an old man in spectacles, of which the date must have been about 1788. Another interesting portrait is that of "Samuel Foote" (41), the actor, who invented the "entertainments" at the Haymarket, which were so successful that they drove to rage and despair the managers of the "patent" theatres. "To take a dish of tea" with Mr. Foote was one of the chief delights of the theatre-going public of 1746, who probably enjoyed Foote's imitations of the actors of the day all the more because they were helping him to set the Lord Chamberlain at defiance. Foote, however, soon made his peace with the profession, and became especially fond of Garrick, whom he made the butt of his wit and his banker in his oft-recurring times of need. Foote was one of the intimate circle which often gathered round Reynolds' table, where his never-flagging spirits made him a general favourite.

Of Gainsborough enough has been said elsewhere, so that we will limit our reference to his portraits of "Mr. Hibbert" (36), of Chalfont, and "Lady Musgrave" (47), the daughter of "Harvey the Handsome and the Beautiful Molly Lepell"; but in the stately lady here represented one fails to recognise her, as described by Horace Walpole before her marriage, as "a fine black girl, but as masculine as her father should be."

But something more is due to Hogarth, who this year shows with more than usual strength at Burlington House. The time has long since gone by when it was the custom to say that English art dates from Reynolds, and anyone who will measure Hogarth's work as here exhibited, by no matter what standard, must admit that it was he who imprinted upon English art a national as well as individual stamp. It should also not be forgotten that to Hogarth (indirectly) we owe the modern custom of picture exhibitions open to the public by payment. The first idea of any such "benevolence" is due to the Governors of the Foundling Hospital, who permitted visitors to see the Hogarth pictures there at a charge of one shilling per head. Of the works exhibited at Burlington House, mention has already been made of "Southwark Fair;" but the two pictures "Morning" (44) and "Night" (48), which form part of the series known as "the four times of the day," are, if possible, still more crowded with moral lessons, if not with incidents. London life in those days was still semi-civilised, and Hogarth has not hesitated to lay bare its vices and foibles with a "brutal" brush. But there is no pruriency of thought, no suggestion of anything below thes urface in which moralists are so often tempted to indulge, and nothing can hardly be healthier in the lesson than that here taught. "A Conversation at Wanstead House" (28) is admirable in colour and composition, as well as of historical interest, recalling this fine old place, in which the first owner, Sir Richard Child, afterwards Earl Tylney, was said to have expended upwards of £100,000. He was a man of great wealth and apparently little taste. His brother, Mr. Josiah Child, made for himself notoriety by introducing one-horse chairs into Paris; and for an entire season *la fureur des cabriolets* possessed the fashionable Parisians to such an extent that the men painted them on their waistcoats and the ladies wore caps which imitated carriage wheels. The portrait of "James Quin" (6) is a solid piece of work, and scarcely suggests that fund of brilliant repartee and ready wit for which the actor was so noted. Another artist, George Morland, can this year be seen almost at his best—the two bright, delicately-finished studies "Idleness" (7) and "Diligence" (14) conveying a far higher idea of his power of application than is to be obtained from his works in general. His marvellous facility of expression was his greatest enemy; it enabled him to produce rapidly works which found a sale at such prices as permitted him to maintain, without dignity or self-respect, his free and easy life. As a rule, Morland is more at his ease among rustic scenes, of which the "Dancing Dogs" (30) in the present Exhibition is an excellent example; but these two figures of women in their different moods shows the artist as a gentle satirist though by no means a stern censor.

Richard Wilson, the first of classic painters, must not be judged by his "San Lazzaro" (20), though it may possibly have been painted under the eye of Zuccarelli, his master, at Venice; and Bonington is most inadequately represented by his single work, the "Fish-market, Boulogne" (3), which, in spite of the skill with which the misty morning light is rendered, falls far short of Sir W. Calcott's "Tomb of Cicero" (68), where a somewhat similar atmosphere is flushed with far richer and more transparent tones. It is time, too, that Bonington should be better known in this country, to which he at least belongs by birth, if not by education; and we have too long allowed our French neighbours to claim him for their own, as may be seen from the official catalogue of the Louvre Gallery, where his picture of "Francis I. and the Duchesse d'Etampes" is placed among the works of the French School. James Ward's "Swans" (32) is, as a composition, excellent—conforming to every rule of art; but his "Dogs Fighting" (13) are ungainly and wooden; whilst the "Village Scene" (33) is scarcely more than an imitation of Rubens. Sir Edwin Landseer's "Fallen Monarch" (12) will add little to the artist's reputation, for the dead lion and the rock, behind which he has concealed himself to die alone, are of apparently the same texture and surface; but it is not possible to wish for anything grander and simpler than Turner's rendering of his "Devil's Bridge" (18), with the high rocks of the St. Gothard Pass cold and grey in early morning light. Of the three works by Romney, "Little Bo-Peep" (24), with her crook and sheep, has a pretty pose, but no expression; whilst the "Portrait of Mrs. Musters" (55), "most beautiful, but most unhappy," has a special interest, as it allows of comparison with Reynolds' two portraits of the same lady in the large gallery.

Mr. W. T. Dannat has been elected a member of the Incorporated Society of British Artists.

Messrs. J. W. Waterhouse, R.I., F. D. Millet, and C. Napier Henry, R.I., have been elected members of the Institute of Painters in Oil Colours.

Mr. Sidney Cattermole has had the honour of submitting his oil paintings of the Cornish coast to the Prince and Princess of Wales.

It was announced at the Liverpool City Council meeting last week that a cheque for £11,720 had been received from Sir A. B. Walker, to cover the cost of the extension of the Walker Art Gallery, which building was erected by Sir Andrew at his own expense and presented to the city.

The Channel Squadron left Plymouth Sound on Monday morning for Arosa Bay, Spain, and is not expected to return to England until about the middle of May.

Vice-Chancellor Bacon has made perpetual the injunction obtained by Lord Lytton preventing the publication of letters written by his Lordship's father to the late Lady Lytton.

In consequence of some cases of measles having occurred in the children's ward at the London Hospital, the proposed entertainment to be given by Princess Christian last Wednesday has been postponed.

Mr. Charles Barrett Russell, of the Western Circuit, has been appointed Recorder of South Molton, in place of Mr. J. J. Hooper, who recently resigned the post in consequence of having been appointed a County Court Judge.

We are requested by Lord Walsingham to state that there is no truth whatever, so far as he is aware, in a report which has been widely circulated to the effect that he has lately been found to be entitled to a large sum of money.

It was intimated in the Court of Appeal on Monday that the motion by the London correspondent of a Paris journal for a new trial of the action for libel brought by Mrs. Weldon had been abandoned, and additional costs were awarded to the plaintiff.

On Saturday evening Sir William Gull distributed to the students of the Working Men's College the prizes gained during the last term. He remarked on the work done by the College, which he thought was leading the way towards the progress of adult education in London.

A long list of shipping accidents, the result of the recent stormy weather, has been telegraphed from various parts of our coasts. Gallant service has been performed by several life-boats. Snow fell over a wide area on Monday, and in the north it lies to a considerable depth.

"Low's Handbook to the Charities of London," published by Messrs. Sampson Low and Co., has been issued, revised and edited to December, 1884, by Mr. Charles Mackeson. It gives, as usual, trustworthy information with regard to the objects, funds, and officials of the metropolitan charitable institutions.

A public meeting of the Vegetarian Society was held on Monday night at Exeter Hall—Mr. E. Collier, of Manchester, in the chair. It was stated that the society had supplied during the Health Exhibition 161,000 meals, and had made a small profit on their work. Several prominent advocates of vegetable diet addressed the meeting.

Sir Edmund Hay Currie opened on Monday a large school, which has recently been erected by the London School Board in Highbury Station-road, Islington, at a cost of £21,840. The new building will accommodate at present 1195 children, but it is in contemplation at a future date to increase its capacity until it will hold 1600 pupils.

The Earl of Powis, Lord Lieutenant of the county, on Monday presided at a meeting at Welshpool to promote the foundation of a Montgomeryshire Scholarship at the Royal College of Music. A committee was formed, and Lord Powis, Captain Pryce, Mr. R. E. Jones, and Mr. Dugale were elected trustees. The scholarship it is proposed to found will be worth £100 a year.

At the annual meeting of the Essex Agricultural Society, held at Chelmsford on the 9th inst.—Mr. James Round, M.P., in the chair—it was decided to invite the Duke of Connaught, Ranger of Epping Forest, to be president for the year. The summer exhibition is to be held the first week in June at Waltham Abbey, and the sum of £1600 has been voted for prizes in the various classes.

In a report drawn up for Sir Arthur Bass, M.P., Professor Leone Levi estimates the present earnings of the working classes in the United Kingdom at four hundred and seventy million pounds a year, an average of about thirty-two shillings per week for each family. Assuming the calculations to be correct, Professor Levi comes to the conclusion that the working population is in a better economic condition than the labouring classes of any other country.

At a meeting of the general committee of the recent Norwich Festival, it was shown that the receipts from all sources (including a balance of £40 brought forward from the festival of 1881) had been £4723. After payment of all expenses, £953 remained available for distribution among the local charities, and it was resolved to distribute the bulk of it accordingly. The amount paid to the principal vocal performers at the festival was £1155, the cost of the instrumental band had been £896, and that of the chorus £279; £418 was expended in fitting up St. Andrew's Hall for the festival.

CITY ECHOES.

Wednesday, Jan. 14.

Rates in the Money Market have now taken an upward course, the large amount of cash let loose by the dividend payments having been reduced by the repayment of loans had of the Bank of England, and by the steady absorption of money by the revenue collections. In addition, the half-monthly settlement in the Stock Exchange, which concluded to-day, has caused the inquiry for money to be more active, though this, of course, is only a temporary factor. Those, however, who expected to see money cheap in January are apparently not to have their expectations realised; particularly as further borrowings on the part of the Colonies are to be looked for.

The Stock and Share Markets have improved in tone, the scare caused a week ago by the unfounded rumours respecting the ordering of the Channel Fleet having passed away. The Funds have had an important advance, while there appears to be a very good inquiry by the public for safe investments generally, the success attending the New Zealand loan confirming this impression. Foreign Government loans have not been in much demand, but as on the Continent the tone has been more cheerful, prices have risen here in sympathy. The Manchester and Sheffield dividend announcement was up to anticipation, but the rate proposed by the South-Eastern Company is rather below what had been hoped for, and this has had a depressing effect upon the tendency of the Home railway department. American and Canadian railways have had a satisfactory rise.

Three of the leading English Railway Companies have announced their dividends for the past half-year. The Metropolitan recommend the usual 5 per cent per annum, but to pay this £14,000 is to be taken from the reserve fund, the amount at the credit of which will then be £128,241. The South-Eastern Company will distribute 6½ per cent per annum on the ordinary stock, leaving about £1000 to be carried forward. The holders of the deferred stock will thus receive 3¼ per cent for the entire year, 6 per cent per annum being paid for the half-year on the preferred stock. For the second half of 1883 the distribution on the ordinary stock was 7½ per cent per annum, and on the preferred 6, the deferred receiving 4½ for the year, while the sum of £3310 was carried forward. A dividend, at the rate of 4 per cent per annum, is recommended by the Manchester, Sheffield, and Lincolnshire Railway Company, compared with 4½, while £2980 will remain to be carried forward as against £2816.

The further dividend announcements by the London joint-stock banks are remarkably satisfactory, considering the complaints that have been made about the unprofitableness of trade during the second half of last year. The Central Bank of London have even managed to increase their rate of distribution, the shareholders getting 11 per cent per annum, compared with 10 for the past six half-years. The Alliance Bank recommend a distribution at the rate of 7 per cent per annum, the City 10, the Consolidated 10, and the London and Provincial 12½, all of which rates are the same as for the corresponding period. The London and Westminster distribute 16 against 18; the London Joint-Stock, 13½ against 15; the Union, 12½ against 15; and the Imperial 7 against 8. The London Joint-Stock make their distribution on £600,000 increased capital, the amount of paid-up capital being now £1,800,000.

Discount companies are more influenced by the changes in the Money Market than the banks, from the fact that they are obliged to pay a given rate of interest on the total amount of deposits they hold. As in the case of the joint-stock banks, the experience of the half-year has been quite as favourable as could have been reasonably expected. The National Discount Company have, it is true, reduced their dividend from 13 to 12 per cent per annum, and the General Credit and Discount from 2s. 3d. to 1s. 9d. per share, but the United Discount propose paying 7 against 6 per cent per annum for the corresponding period.

Telegrams have been received announcing the suspension of specie payments by the Argentine Republic; and, as usual in such cases, a greatly exaggerated view of the matter has been taken by the Stock Exchange, the loans of the Republic, as well as the Railway issues, having fallen sharply in market value. The resources of the country are, however, great; and the exercise of strict economy is all that is required to set the finances up in a perfectly healthy state.

At the meeting of the bondholders of the Montreal and Sorel Railway an influential committee was appointed, so that the injured subscribers are likely to get to a full knowledge of what led up to their being drawn into such an enterprise.

T. S.

The Irish College of Surgeons decided last Saturday to admit lady candidates for surgical diplomas.

Mr. Bompas, Q.C., has been appointed Recorder of Plymouth, in succession to Mr. Cole, deceased.

General the Earl of Longford has become a vice-president of the Military and Civil Service College, Milford Haven.

A deputation of the provisional committee of the promoters of the Manchester Ship Canal Bill on Tuesday deposited £299,600 in Consols with the Accountant-General in Chancery as the Parliamentary deposit required by Standing Orders. This is the largest sum ever deposited by promoters of any private bill.

Lord M'Laren decided an important question of law in the Court of Session, at Edinburgh, on Tuesday. Janet Goldie, Kilmarnock, asked to have it declared that two deposit receipts, amounting to over £200, were her property. She said that on his death-bed her brother indorsed the receipts, and wrote on the back of each of them, "I leave this to my sister Janet." His Lordship decided that this was not a valid settlement.

The council of the Royal Astronomical Society have awarded their gold medal to Dr. W. Huggins for his researches on the motions of stars in the line of sight and on the photographic spectra of stars and comets. The presentation will take place at the annual meeting next month. This is the second time that Dr. Huggins has received the medal—he having, in 1867, in conjunction with the late Professor Miller, received it for his researches in astronomical physics.

Mr. Burt, M.P., presented the prizes to the students at the Science and Art Schools, Newcastle-on-Tyne, last Saturday evening. He said the Education Act had accomplished a revolution, not less real or complete for being bloodless, in the thoughts, aspirations, and habits of our countrymen. The expenditure was high, but we had got a good return for the money so far as elementary education was concerned. He advocated the establishment of science and art schools.

At the annual meeting of the friends of the Royal Ear Hospital, on Tuesday, in Frith-street, Soho, it was stated that during the sixty-nine years it has been established, over 120,000 patients had been treated for ear diseases within its walls. During 1884 there were 8128 out-patient attendances, at which 2625 separate cases received careful treatment. These numbers greatly exceeded any former record. Fifty patients were admitted into the in-patient wards, all serious cases and mostly children. This new department is a great success.

THE LATE MAJOR BROPHY.

Major Nicholas Winsland Brophy, whose untimely death took place on the 28th ult., by drowning, from the upsetting of a boat on the Nile, was one of the most distinguished officers of the 42nd Royal Highlanders (the Black Watch). He had recently displayed singular courage and skill, at a critical moment, among the upgoing boats on the Nile. When entering one of the dangerous rapids, a baggage-boat, directed by two of the trained Canadians, got into difficulties. Both the Canadians were thrown out, and the boat was in imminent peril of being lost. Major Brophy, with a brother officer, Mr. Bald, was on the bank; the latter jumped into a small boat, put off at once, and succeeded in saving one of the Canadians, but the other was drowned. This accident occasioned a scare among the Canadians, who hesitated to make an attempt to save the baggage-boat; and then Major Brophy, whose sporting experiences, both with the gun and the rod, on Irish and Scotch rivers and lakes, had rendered him very conversant with the management of boats, promptly volunteered to undertake the task. His example gave courage to one of the Canadians, who consented to join him, and they succeeded in righting and bringing up the boat, with a dexterity which excited the admiration of the lookers-on. It is sad that, so soon after this notable performance, Major Brophy, by some unaccountable mischance, should have fallen a victim to the treacherous river. This lamented officer's military career has been, from the first, with the "Black Watch," which he entered as Ensign in March, 1865; he became Lieutenant in March, 1869, Captain in October, 1878, and received his Brevet Majority in recognition of his gallant services in the field during the expedition to the Soudan last February. Major Brophy had seen a great deal of active service, and had been frequently mentioned in despatches. When serving with this regiment in the Ashantee war, during a check which occurred in the battle of Amoaful, when his men fell back, his cool intrepidity in walking across an open space, exposed to the full fire of the enemy, so reassured the men that they came on with a rush. For this signal act of courage he was recommended for the Victoria Cross. He received the medal, with clasp, for the Ashantee war, and again, with the Khedive's star, for the Egyptian war of 1882, in which he was at the storming of Tel-el-Kebir. At the battles of El Teb and Tamai, in the Eastern Soudan, he showed remarkable gallantry, which was recognised by his promotion to higher rank. His body has been recovered from the Nile.



THE LATE MAJOR BROPHY, 42ND HIGHLANDERS, DROWNED IN THE NILE.

THE TRACERY OF TREES.

Many are the writers who have written about the season of winter; and Burton, one of them, thus speaks of it: "Thou hast thy beauties—sterner ones, I own, than those of thy precursors; yet to thee belong the charms of solemn majesty and naked grandeur;" and this naked grandeur is never better seen than when "great ice-bound trees are glittering," and, "sap-checked with frost, and lusty leaves quite gone," we get the wondrous lace-work of that grace of growth which is called tree-tracery. Wondrous indeed it is that such sturdy trunks should have a lace-like edging, whose graceful growth is made more graceful still when, "as winter drives along the darkened air" against the leaden backing, they stand out, white with hoar-frost; as it is then that the beautiful tracery of their mixed twigs and branches is more fully displayed, and we see more clearly that perfect symmetry of form, and that infinite variety of character, which are so dependent on individual species, soil, age, and aspect.

It is, however, when "the poorest twig on the elm-tree is ridged inch-deep with pearl," that frost-work has for us its greatest charm; as the branching of the elm, in its ultimate ramifications, exceeds, in its delicacy, all other trees. Miss Mitford most aptly termed hoar-frost "that matchless magician," as we see in her winter picture, where she says, "We have reached the trees, the beautiful trees! Never so beautiful as to-day. Imagine the effect of a straight and regular double avenue of oaks, arching overhead, and closing into perspective like the roof and columns of a cathedral; every tree and branch incrusted with the bright and delicate congelation of hoar-frost, white and pure as snow, delicate and refined as carved ivory." But it is when "the snow had begun in the gloaming, and busily all the night had been heaping field and highway with a silence deep and white," that we most note the difference in elms and oaks; for though, from the very nature of its structure, the elm, for beauty from frost-work, beats the oak—as is so strikingly exemplified in the elm-treed lanes of Worcestershire, "when we look upon their tracery by the fairy frost-work bound"—yet the oak, with snow on it, exceeds it in grandeur, through the stronger markings we get by the greater width of its branches.

Shropshire is the county where oaks most abound; but Warwickshire, also, is a great place for them; and the Forest of Arden—of Shakspeare—as we know, was full of them—old ones, gnarled and knotty; and there yet remain at Henley-in-Arden—in that remnant of the forest called Packington Park—many of those oaks, now hoary, old as the one under which the melancholy Jacques did lie and moralise, that form favourite tree-studies with the artists of the Midlands. They are glorious old trees, and we have many times sketched them—in autumn for their mellow tints, and in winter for their branching; when, snow-clad, they loomed aloft in solemn majesty, dwarfing, by the greatness of their growth, all but their fellows. For tree-studies—trunk, branch, and tracery—Winter is the friend of the landscape-painter; as it is then, by carefully sketching the skeleton forms—which Vandermeer and Isaac Ostade well depicted—that he ensures the accuracy of his finished work; as he is thereby enabled to avoid mistakes, by graduating, as in nature, the size of his trunks to the number of their branches, and by tapering those branches most where most stems are shown; and by also noting where excrescences of a past growth are indicated, he knows where his trunk should be thinner—namely, just above where those knots are placed. That this winter study of tree-tracery is an all-important one is clearly evident, not only by the common mistakes of modern artists, but also by the errors we find in the pictures of famous painters, whose branches, in diameter, are often at variance with the relative girth of the tree.

No writer on Art has been more alive to the necessity of this study than our great art-critic, Mr. Ruskin, who, after condemning Claude and others for their wrong tree-proportions, and stating that the stems and boughs of trees taper only where they fork, writes thus in his "Modern Painters":—"Wherever a stem sends off a branch, or a branch a lesser bough, or a lesser bough a bud, the stem or the branch is, on the instant, less in diameter by the exact quantity of the branch or the bough they have sent off; and they remain of the same diameter until they send off another branch or bough. This law is imperative, and without exception"; whilst further on he says, "and in the upper parts of the tree, the ramifications take place so constantly and delicately, that the effect upon the tree is precisely the same as if the bough actually tapered." It will therefore be seen that, even in their tracery, trees are subject to rule. As it is now amongst modern artists, so was it with those in the days gone by—each had a fondness for some special tree. Thus, to cite a few instances only—whilst thinking of Berghem and Paul Bril, we think but of stained-oak trunks and ivied ones; we connect the names of John Both, Huysmans, and Albert Cuyp, with oaks of fine form and majestic foliage; Ruysdael, with twisted birch and beech, and Claude with stone-pines and elms; Adrian Vanderveldewith aspens and poplars, and Salvator Rosa with cleft chestnut-trees; Hobbema with dark groves; and Everdingen with sombre cedars.

But not only is winter of value to artists for its snow-clad tree-tracery, it is also of use to them when February comes in, and brings, with its lessened severity, the herald of the flowers—"sent with its small white flag of truce, to plead for its beleaguered brethren"; and the pale primrose that truly brings "the welcome news of sweet returning spring"; as it is then that the delineation can be best effected of those mosses and lichens which so enhance the character of forest trees, as instanced by Gilpin, in his definition of the picturesque; and when we think of the different tints and tones that belong to that verdure of winter, it will be seen that those mosses need careful work. Thus, whilst on the beech their colour will be spring-green; on the oak, green olive and black; and on the elm, of a yellow or a mottled shade, it will on all trees of a certain age be white or silvery, and the tint will differ at the base of most, ranging through diverse shades of green, to that soft quaint mossiness which belongs to the beech, and makes its roots so velvety. There is the same variety with lichens,



THE NILE EXPEDITION: THE GUARDS' CAMEL CORPS ON THE WAY TO DONGOLA—BUYING MILK AT THE VILLAGE OF MAGREKAH.
SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. MELTON PRIOR.



1. Sandringham, the residence of the Prince of Wales. 2. The ball-room. 3. Sanger's procession entering the park. 4. Tea-party of labourers' wives. 5. The Royal party at Sanger's Circus.

FESTIVITIES ON THE COMING OF AGE OF PRINCE ALBERT VICTOR OF WALES.

too, and an equal scale of colour—from primrose, yellow, and orange to russet and purply-red, brown, and grey; so that both lichens and mosses require some study, and there is no time for it so good as the winter.

Winter, by Rowe, is made the "father" of the year—"snowy-headed winter leads"—as by Proctor, also—"the eldest of the seasons"; but with Shelley, it is simply the "sleep" of the year—"for the year is but asleep"; and the apparent death of the trees in winter is but the prelude to their spring awakening. "The decay of one year," says the Rev. Aris Wilmot, "is the foliage of the next; the leaves that summer spared, the gales will scatter; death must reign in the silent woodlands. But the sight is beautiful, for the tracery of the tree grows transparent, as if a light were shining through it." Thus, as beauty is in everything, there is beauty at all times, even in the desolate time of winter.

THE NILE EXPEDITION.

There is good cause to hope that the advanced force of Lord Wolseley's army will have reached that of General Gordon on the Nile below Khartoum by the end of the present week. The point at which this junction may take place is Metammeh, opposite Shendy, where General Gordon's armed steam-boats are able to come down the river. Brigadier-General Sir Herbert Stewart, who on Thursday week again set out from Korti, with additional troops, to lead forward his brigade of camel-mounted infantry and cavalry from the Gakdul Wells, expected to get to Metammeh yesterday (Friday). He took with him from Korti, in this second march across the Desert, a squadron of the 19th Hussars, the heavy section of the Camel Corps, the Mounted Infantry, the Royal Sussex Regiment, and the Naval Brigade, both the latter mounted on camels, with a large convoy of stores. The troops he had already collected at Gakdul consisted of 1150 men, Guards, Marines, and light cavalry soldiers of the Camel Corps, some Artillerymen without guns, and the 26th Company of Royal Engineers. It is understood that the Sussex Regiment would be left at Gakdul to guard the wells, and that Sir Herbert Stewart would push on to Metammeh with about two thousand men. The route is by the wells of Abou Klea, fifty-two miles south-east of Gakdul, and twenty-two miles beyond Abou Klea to the Nile at Metammeh. It is arranged that, as soon as Sir Herbert Stewart's column reaches Metammeh, Colonel Wilson, with three other officers, shall go up immediately in one of General Gordon's steamers to Khartoum, ascertain from him the exact position of affairs, and, after consultation with General Gordon as to the best course to be pursued, return to Metammeh by steamer. By that time, no doubt, Lord Wolseley himself will be at Metammeh. A messenger sent by him to General Gordon returned to Korti on the 11th inst., having left Khartoum on Dec. 28. He was taken prisoner returning, and Gordon's letters were taken from him. This man bears marks of having been bound and beaten; but, sewn up in clothes not taken from him was a copy of Gordon's previous little note, bearing same date, Dec. 14, and announcing all well then. Gordon was in perfect health on the 28th, and the troops on the five steamers were well and happy. Gordon's steamers continue to seize cattle and grain, and take them up the river to Khartoum. The advance of Sir Herbert Stewart's brigade is accompanied by Lord Charles Beresford's naval detachment, with a Gardner gun; and if Gordon's steamers should be found at Shendy, these sailors will take charge of them, and endeavour to establish communication with Khartoum by the river.

It is quite uncertain whether the Mahdi, who has about two thousand men at Metammeh, will choose to fight there, when Sir Herbert Stewart's force approaches, or will take his stand nearer Khartoum. His whole army is now reckoned at eight thousand, but this information is extremely vague.

The whole force of mounted men assembled under command of Sir Herbert Stewart, Brigadier-General, amounts to over 1900—the Mounted Infantry Regiment 476, the two Cavalry and the Guards regiments 1150, and the squadrons of the 19th Hussars, mounted on horses, 280, giving a total of 1906 officers and men. It may be worth noting that the right designation of the different component parts of the Camel Corps is as follows:—The Camel Corps comprises four regiments, the Heavy Cavalry Regiment of the Camel Corps, the Light Cavalry Regiment of the Camel Corps, the Guards Regiment of the Camel Corps, and the Mounted Infantry Regiment of the Camel Corps. Our Special Artist, Mr. Melton Prior, has sketched a party of the Guards of the Camel Corps innocently buying milk in a village through which they marched.

The removal of Lord Wolseley's head-quarters from Dongola to Korti, in the middle of December, was accompanied by much military bustle. The Mudir of Dongola, whose assistance to the British expedition has been of the greatest value, put his iron steam-boat and dahabiyeh at Lord Wolseley's disposal for the passage up the river to Ambukol. The scene at their leave-taking is represented in our Artist's Sketch; Lord Wolseley told the Mudir where he intended to fix his next head-quarters, adding, "If I want you, I will send for you." The Mudir has since been actually sent for to Korti, whence Lord Wolseley has now sent him up the Nile to Merawi, to help General Earle in dealing with the Monassir and Robatat tribes.

The scene depicted in our large Engraving is the start of a portion of the British cavalry on the march across the Desert.

The Engraving in our last issue illustrating the naval career of the sons of the Prince of Wales was copied from a photograph by Messrs. Downey, of Ebury-street, Pimlico. The same eminent firm of artists have just been honoured by Prince Henry of Battenberg with sittings for his portrait.

The *Gazette* announces that Lord Aberdare and the Marquis of Normanby have been appointed Knights Grand Cross of the Bath; and that Messrs. E. A. Bond, Principal Librarian of the British Museum; H. H. Murray, Secretary of the Board of Customs; J. C. O'Dowd, Deputy Judge Advocate-General; Mr. George Scharf, Director of the National Portrait Gallery; Stair Agnew, Registrar-General for Scotland; and John Clerk Brodie, Keeper of the Registrar of Sasines, Scotland, have been appointed Companions of the Bath.

A novel exhibition was on Monday opened to the public at Humphreys' Hall, Knightsbridge, by Sir Rutherford Alcock, late Consul-General in Japan. It consists of a miniature, but animate, representation of a Japanese art and industrial village. About one hundred natives, male and female, of the "Land of the Rising Sun," have been brought to this country, through the enterprise of Mr. Tannaker Buhicrosan, to illustrate in person the manners and customs of their ingenious and industrious race. They represent various trades and professions, and may be seen daily engaged in their different vocations, in native-built shops and houses, as in Japan. Not only their labours, but their recreations are reproduced, one portion of the building having been arranged as a theatre, in which the Orientals appear on the stage in fencing and wrestling matches and other athletic exercises. They also give musical entertainments, after the fashion of their country; and five-o'clock tea is regularly served to visitors. A Buddhist temple is included in the exhibition.

DEATH.

On the 7th inst., at Scarborough, Mabel Harriett, eldest and only surviving child of the late Neil Benjamin Baillie, Esq., Surgeon-Major of the Bengal Army, and sometime Civil Surgeon at Bhagulpore, in the 19th year of her age.

*** *The charge for the insertion of Births, Marriages, and Deaths, is Five Shillings for each announcement.*

THE VALE OF TEARS.—DORÉ'S Last Great PICTURE, completed a few days before he died, NOW on VIEW at the DORÉ GALLERY, 35, New Bond-street, with his other great pictures. Ten to Six Daily. 1s.

ANNO DOMINI, by EDWIN LONG, R.A.—This great Work is NOW ON VIEW, together with other important works, at the GALLERIES, 168, New Bond-street. Ten to Six. Admission, 1s.

THE JAPANESE VILLAGE, Erected and peopled exclusively by NATIVES of JAPAN, ALBERT-GATE, HYDE PARK. OPEN DAILY from Eleven a.m. to Ten p.m. under the distinguished Patronage of her Royal Highness PRINCESS CHRISTIAN, and her Royal Highness PRINCESS LOUISE, MARCHIONESS of LORNE, &c. SKILLED JAPANESE ARTIFICERS and WORKERS (Male and Female) will illustrate the MANNERS, CUSTOMS, and ART-INDUSTRIES of their Country, attired in their National and Picturesque Costumes.
Magnificently Decorated and Illuminated BUDDHIST TEMPLE.
FIVE O'CLOCK TEA in the Japanese Tea-House.
JAPANESE MUSICAL and other ENTERTAINMENTS.
EVERY-DAY LIFE in JAPAN. MILITARY BAND.
ONE SHILLING.
WEDNESDAYS, Half-a-Crown. Children under Twelve, Sixpence.
Promoter and Managing Director, T. BUHICROSAN.

NICE CARNIVAL, February 1 to 17.
CORSO CARNIVALESQUE.
Masked Revelries, Promenade of Allegorical Cars, Cavalcades, Masquerades.
CORSO DE GALA.
Bataille de Fleurs, Bataille de Confetti.
Veglione, Masked and Costume Balls,
Grand Charity Fancy Fair.
Moccoletti, Serenades, Torchlight Parades, Electric Lights, Fireworks, Illuminations.
Distribution of £2400 in Prizes.
President, Monsieur LE COMTE DE CESSOLE.
Secretary, M. A. SAETONE. Treasurer, BARON ROISSARD DU BELLET.

MONTE CARLO.—MUSICAL SEASON (CONCERTS, REPRESENTATIONS).
In addition to the usual Concerts, directed by Monsieur Romeo Accursi, the Société des Bains de Mer de Monaco has authorised M. Pasdeloup to arrange a Series of Extraordinary Grand Musical Entertainments (Concerts, Representations) this Winter.
The services of the following distinguished Artistes have been already retained:—

Mesdames Krauss,	Messieurs. Faure,
„ Devriès,	„ Vergnet,
„ Salla,	„ Capoul,
„ Donadio,	„ Bioarstein,
„ Frank-Duvernoy,	„ Coutarier,
„ Belloca,	„ Villaret,
„ Simonnet.	&c.

Added to which the celebrated Instrumentalists will appear:
VIOLINISTS:
Mons. Sivori, Mons. Marsik, Miss N. Carpenter. American artiste, 1st Octaverraioire Prize, 1883.
PIANISTS: Mons. Planté, Mons. Th. Ritter, Madame Essipoff.
HARPIST: Mons. Hasselmans.
These Extraordinary Representations will be given each Wednesday and Saturday, commencing the end of January and terminating the middle of March.
The Classical Concerts every Thursday.

The GRAND INTERNATIONAL CONCOURS will take place in the following order:—
Monday, Jan. 19: Prix de Monte Carlo. Grand Free Handicap. A Purse of 3000f. added to 100f. entrance.
Thursday, Jan. 22: Prix de Consolation. An object of Art and 1000f.
BI-WEEKLY MATCHES FOR PRIZES.
Jan. 24: Prix de Saint-Quentin. An object of Art, added to a Poule of 50f.
Jan. 27: Prix Yeo. A Purse of 500f., added to a Poule of 50f.
Jan. 31: Prix Saint Trivier. An object of Art, with Poule of 50f.
Feb. 3: Prix Robert. A Purse of 500f. and a Poule of 50f.
Feb. 7: Prix Hopwood. An object of Art and a Poule of 50f.
Feb. 10: Prix Ladoucette. A Purse of 500f. and a Poule of 50f.
Feb. 12: Prix Edenbury. An object of Art and a Poule of 50f.
Feb. 16: Prix du Comité. A Purse of 500f. and a Poule of 50f.
Feb. 21: Prix Camasser. An object of Art and a Poule of 50f.
Feb. 24: Prix Drevon. A Purse of 500f. and a Poule of 50f.
Feb. 28: Prix Dori. An object of Art and a Poule of 50f.
Mar. 3: Prix de Mars. A Purse of 500f. and a Poule of 50f.
Mar. 7: Prix Patton. An object of Art and a Poule of 50f.
Mar. 10: Prix W. Gall. A Purse of 500f., added to a Poule of 50f.
GRAND CLOSING PRIZES.
March 12 and 13: Grand Prix de Clôture. A Purse of 4000f. added to 100f. entrance; Second Prize, 1000f.; Third Prize, 700f.; Fourth, 300f.
A. BLONDIN, Secretary.

ST. JAMES'S HALL, PICCADILLY. NEWLY DECORATED.
THE NEW and MOST SUCCESSFUL PROGRAMME of the MOORE AND BURGESS MINSTRELS will be repeated EVERY NIGHT, at Eight; And on MONDAY, WEDNESDAY, and SATURDAY AFTERNOONS, at Three, as well. Tickets and Places can be secured at Austin's Office, St. James's Hall. Fauteuils, 5s.; Sofa Stalls, 3s.; Area, 2s.; Gallery, 1s. No fees of any description.

MR. FREDERICK BURGESS'S TWENTIETH ANNUAL DAY and NIGHT FETE St. James's Grand Hall, Tuesday Afternoon and Evening, JAN. 27. One of the greatest and most extraordinary combinations of musical and dramatic artists ever brought together at a single entertainment. Vide following list:—Miss Alice Lingard, Mrs. Billington, Miss E. Farren, Miss Constance Loseby, Miss Florence St. John, Mrs. Frederic Burgess (née Miss Ellen Meyrick), Mr. James Fernandez, Mr. Charles Warner, Mr. Fred Leslie, Mr. Harry Waldman, Mr. Walter Jones, Mons. Marius, Mr. Harry Paulton, Mr. Arthur Roberts, Mr. George Barrett, Mr. J. M. Dallas, Mr. W. J. Hill, Mr. W. Penley, Mr. Lionel Brough, and Mr. Edward Terry. An entirely new and beautiful Musical Entertainment will also be given by the Moore and Burgess Minstrels. Tickets for all parts of the hall, and also for reserved seats, can be secured at Ambrose Austin's Universal Ticket Office, St. James's Hall.

MR. FREDERICK BURGESS'S GRAND DAY and NIGHT MUSICAL and DRAMATIC FETE.
IMPORTANT NOTICE.
TICKETS for all parts of the Hall, and for Numbered and Reserved Seats, at St. James's Grand Hall, Tuesday Afternoon and Night, JAN. 27, can now be secured at Austin's Office, St. James's Hall, daily, from 9.30 till 6.30. Visitors from the country may secure tickets by post on sending P.O.O. or cheque, together with a stamped and directed envelope addressed to Ambrose Austin, St. James's Hall, to whom all orders or cheques are to be made payable.

HOLDERS of BALCONY or AREA TICKETS for Mr. FREDERICK BURGESS'S MUSICAL and DRAMATIC FETE, at the St. James's Great Hall, Tuesday Afternoon and Night, JAN. 27, purchased prior to the 25th inst., will be admitted fifteen minutes before the regular opening of the doors, thereby avoiding all crowding or inconvenience; and tickets can be forwarded by post if a stamped and directed envelope is inclosed, on applicat on, addressed Ambrose Austin, at St. James's Hall.

MASKELYNE and COOKE, EGYPTIAN HALL, Piccadilly, give their performance EVERY AFTERNOON at Three, and on the Evenings, at Eight, of Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday. Mr. Maskelyne's Christmas Novelties, entitled THE FAKIRS OF BENARES AND THEIR BRAZEN ORACLE, introducing many Novel Effects and startling Illusions, differing entirely in character from any previously witnessed. Stalls, 5s.; Reserved Seats, 3s.; Area, 2s.; Balcony, 1s.

PRINCESS'S THEATRE.—MR. WILSON BARRETT, Lessee and Manager.—EVERY EVENING, at 7.45, HAMLET. Messrs. Wilson Barrett, Speakman, Dewhurst, Willard, Clifford Cooper, Frank Cooper, Cranford, &c., and Miss Barrett; Mesdames Eastlake, Dickens, &c., and M. Leighton. Doors open at 7.15. Box-office, 9.30 to Five. No fees. Matinees, Saturday, Jan. 24, and Saturday, Feb. 7, at 1.30. Business Manager, J. H. Cobbe.

BRIGHTON.—Frequent Trains from Victoria and London Bridge.
Also Trains in connection from Kensington and Liverpool-street.
Return Tickets, London to Brighton, available for eight days.
Weekly, Fortnightly, and Monthly Tickets, at Cheap Rates. Available to travel by all Trains between London and Brighton.
Cheap First-Class Day Tickets to Brighton every Weekday, from Victoria 10.0 a.m., fare 12s. Including Pullman Car.
Cheap Half Guinea First-Class Day Tickets to Brighton every Saturday from Victoria and London Bridge, admitting to the Grand Aquarium and Royal Pavilion.
Cheap First-Class Day Tickets to Brighton every Sunday from Victoria at 10.45 a.m. and 12.50 p.m.
Pullman Drawing-room Cars between Victoria and Brighton.
Through Bookings to Brighton from principal Stations on the Railways in the Northern and Midland Districts.

PARIS.—SHORTEST, CHEAPEST ROUTE.
Via NEWHAVEN, DIEPPE, and ROUEN.
Cheap Express Service Week-days and Sundays. From Victoria 7.50 p.m., and London Bridge 8.0 p.m. Fares—Single, 34s., 25s., 18s.; Return, 57s., 41s., 32s.
Powerful Paddle steamers, with excellent Cabins, &c. Trains run alongside steamers at Newhaven and Dieppe.
SOUTH OF FRANCE, ITALY, SWITZERLAND, &c.—Tourists' Tickets are issued, enabling the holder to visit all the principal places of interest.

TICKETS and every information at the Brighton Company's West-End General Offices, 28, Regent-circus, Piccadilly, and 8, Grand Hotel Buildings; Hay's Agency, Cornhill; Cook's, Ludgate-circus; also at the Victoria and London Bridge Stations. (By order) J. P. ESTOURT, General Manager.

PRINCE ALBERT VICTOR EDWARD OF WALES.

Prince Edward, or Prince Albert Victor—for he is still called by either name—eldest son of the Prince of Wales, and probably our future King, reached the manly age of twenty-one on Thursday week. This happy event was celebrated at Sandringham, the home of the Prince of Wales as an English country gentleman, with liberal, but simple and unceremonious, festivities, of which our Artist supplies a few Illustrations.

Sandringham, three miles from the northern seacoast of Norfolk, seven miles and a half from the town of Lynn Regis, or King's Lynn, and nearly two miles from the Wolferton railway station, is a small village with a beautiful little parish church, the sole landowner of which is the Prince of Wales, and of Babingley, the adjoining parish. The mansion, built in 1870, is a large and handsome Elizabethan building of brick and stone, occupying, with the subordinate parts, an oblong space of 450 ft. by 70 ft.; the architect was Mr. A. J. Humbert. It has gardens and pleasure-grounds tastefully laid out, with fine oak-trees and evergreens; a kitchen-garden of fifteen acres, and stables to accommodate forty horses; the park, which contains several pieces of water, is entered by stately iron gates; it is stocked with deer, and there is good pheasant and blackcock shooting on the estate. The parish has about a hundred inhabitants, and the population of Babingley is less; the Rector of both parishes, jointly, is the Rev. W. Lake Onslow. The Prince of Wales has built an excellent school-house and model cottages for the labourers' families; his Royal Highness has also bestowed much care and cost on agricultural improvement.

The new ball-room, in which the young Prince, accompanied by his parents and others of the Royal family, received addresses of congratulation at noon on his birthday, has recently been constructed in the south wing of the mansion, from the designs of Mr. Robert W. Edis, architect, of London. It is 66 ft. long by 30 ft. 6 in. wide, the walls 18 ft. high. The ceiling, which is arched and elaborately panelled, is 23 ft. high in the centre. On each side are deep-recessed alcoves 25 ft. in length and 4 ft. in depth; the south alcove is filled with windows, and the north with a magnificent fire-place. There are large bay windows at each end. At the east end is the minstrels' gallery, the front of which is an open white arcaded balustrade. An elaborate cornice and sculptured frieze, nearly 2 ft. deep, goes quite round the room. The walls are painted a delicate fawn-colour, the lower portion being panelled as a high dado, with mask and scroll ornamental frieze, 7 ft. high. The floor is of oak, with simple parquet bordering. The ceilings and decorations are white. For dancing purposes it is lighted by three large gas lights in the roof, which serve for the purpose of ventilation as well. There are also seven two-light gas-brackets projecting from the walls, fitted with opal globes, which throw out a soft tint. The walls are at present decorated with the Prince's Indian collection of arms arranged in various trophies, and the windows are curtained with heavy gold-embroidered Indian silk.

In this apartment, the Prince and Princess of Wales, with their eldest son between them, stood to receive the successive deputations. Behind them were Prince George of Wales and his three sisters. The Princess of Wales wore a mauve satin dress with dark red velvet trimmings, and a gold chain with pendant locket. The young Princesses were dressed in costumes of warm-coloured brown, and the Princes wore plain morning dress. With them stood their Royal uncles and aunts, the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh, Prince and Princess Christian, Princess Louise (Marchioness of Lorne) and the Marquis of Lorne; also the Duke of Cambridge, Prince Edward of Saxe-Weimar, the Prince of Leiningen, Count and Countess Gleichen and Countess Feodore Gleichen. The Royal party were attended by the Hon. Julia Stonor, Miss Knollys, Major-General Du Plat (Equerry to the Queen), Colonel Teesdale, C.B., V.C., Colonel Ellis, C.S.I (Equerries to the Prince of Wales), Sir Oscar Clayton, Extra Surgeon in Ordinary to the Prince of Wales; Mr. F. W. Gibbs, C.B., formerly tutor to the Prince of Wales; Mr. R. P. Cockerell, Groom of the Bedchamber to the Prince of Wales; Rev. J. N. Dalton, C.M.G., Governor to Prince Albert Victor; Captain Durrant, R.N., C.M.G., Governor to Prince George; Mr. Knollys, C.B., Private Secretary to the Prince of Wales; Mr. Holzmann, Librarian to the Prince of Wales, and Private Secretary to the Princess of Wales; Lieutenant-Colonel the Hon. O. Montagu; Mr. C. Sykes, M.P.; Captain Welch, R.N.; Mr. J. K. Stephen; Lord Colville of Culross, Chamberlain to the Princess of Wales; Lady Colville and the Hon. Blanche Colville; Sir Dighton and Lady Probyn; Lord Suffield, K.C.B., Lord of the Bedchamber to the Prince of Wales; Lady Suffield, Lady in Waiting to the Princess of Wales; the Hon. Alice Harbord; Captain H. Stephenson, R.N., C.B., Extra Equerry to the Prince of Wales.

The first deputation was that of the tenants of the Sandringham estate, headed by Mr. Sherringham, who presented an address, with a massive silver dish, or salver. Prince Albert Victor replied with heartfelt thanks, saying that he hoped to imitate his parents' example of goodwill, generosity, and kindness. The Mayor, Town Clerk, and Corporation of Norwich presented their address, with the gift of a rosewater ewer and salver, copied from the plate given to the Corporation in the year 1663; they also presented an address to the Prince and Princess of Wales, congratulating them upon the way in which they have brought up their children. The Prince of Wales replied first, and was followed by his son, who expressed his gratitude for the education that his parents had given him, and for having been enabled to visit our loyal fellow-subjects in the British Colonies. The Municipality of King's Lynn next presented the facsimile of "King John's Cup," of which we gave an Illustration last week, and which Prince Albert Victor accepted with a few remarks on the interesting local and historical associations of that town. Addresses were presented by the Mayor of Cambridge and by the head master and scholars of Lynn Grammar School, with an inkstand and a pair of antique candlesticks, subscribed for by the boys. The young Prince replied in the same kindly spirit, and shook hands with members of all the deputations, who were invited to partake of refreshments in the ball-room.

Outside the park gates, a crowd of spectators had assembled. The Sandringham and West Newton School children, the girls in scarlet cloaks, and the labourers on the estate, were conducted up the avenue to the front of the house, and a hearty cheer was raised when the Royal party—the ladies of which had now donned their outdoor costumes—appeared in the porch. The labourers were in their Sunday best, of divers patterns, but all wore low black wideawakes with scarlet bands. The keepers were smart in their shiny beavers encircled with gold cord and tassels, dark green velveteen jackets and gilt buttons, buff breeches and drab gaiters. The head steward announced to Prince Albert Victor that they had come to offer him their congratulations. The young Prince replied, "Thank you very much, kind friends."

Music was heard along the road beyond the avenue; the park gates were opened wide, and Mr. John Sanger's "grand cavalcade, and gorgeous procession" entered the park, the sun

shining upon the chariots and horsemen resplendent in their brave array, the armour of the knights, the gay colours of the ladies' equestrian costumes, and the general equipments. The Royal party, no less than the school children and rustic dependents, much enjoyed the spectacle. The band chariot, the teams of Liliputian ponies, the crusaders and cavaliers, the beautiful trick horses led by dapper grooms, the coal-black steeds and black-robed riders, the elephants and camels, the hairless horse from Egypt, the tall trophy cars that could barely pass, marched to a stately measure before Sandringham House, across to the Lynn road, and to the Admiral's walk, where the circus had been prepared for their afternoon performance.

A short interval was spent in the porch, during the process of photographing the Prince's family by Mr. Barraud, of Oxford-street, in presence of the labourers and school children. This operation was successfully performed; the three young Princesses sat upon their chairs in the foreground; the Prince of Wales in his velvet-collared and velvet-cuffed overcoat, and the Princess of Wales, in hat, long jacket, and furs, by his side, stood between their sons. Mr. Barraud took other photographs, several single portraits, and a group of all the Royal persons staying in the house.

While the labourers were eating a substantial dinner in a tent outside the park, and the children were dealing with the buns and oranges given to each before retiring from the lawn, there was a general inspection in the hall of the birthday presents to Prince Albert Victor. An enormous quantity had been delivered, together with congratulatory telegraphic messages from all parts of the world. The presents were laid out on tables in one room, and attached to each was the letter accompanying it. Her Majesty's birthday-gift was a large golden bowl of rare workmanship. Amongst the miscellaneous gifts was a golden inkstand from Sir Moses Montefiore. A huge birthday-cake, made at Sandringham, stood upon the centre table.

The whole of the house party walked across through the gardens to see the circus performance in the afternoon. It had been announced that the people on the estate were first to be admitted, and then all comers. The result was a crowded marquee. The performance was, of course, highly appreciated. Mr. John Sanger has a permanent establishment at Norwich for the winter; and his company, animals, and effects were brought to Wolferton by special train, and returned in the same way to Norwich for the ordinary entertainment at night. A good programme was provided for the "Royal Pavilion Circus, Sandringham Park, Special Command"; and the Royal party, who occupied a set of state chairs opposite the band waggon, expressed their satisfaction of Mr. Sanger's efforts to please them. The rain began to fall just as the circus emptied, and the homeward walk to Sandringham Hall was rather hurried.

In a tent erected near the house about three hundred women, wives of labourers, were regaled with tea and cake. The rain ceased later in the evening, giving a chance for the illuminations which Mr. James Pain had been instructed to provide; and about nine o'clock the scene in the park, on the east and north fronts, was one of great brilliancy. Nearly a thousand large Chinese and Japanese lanterns were suspended on wires stretched across the broad avenue the whole length, from the Norwich park-gates to the house, whilst arranged in various devices facing the east front were 10,000 small cup lights. The effect was very fine. The Royal party and all the guests invited to the ball were charmed with the spectacle. The ball that night was a very brilliant scene, of which we give an Illustration in our Extra Supplement; Prince Albert Victor wore the uniform of the Norfolk Artillery Militia.

On Friday, the Prince of Wales, with Prince Albert Victor, Prince George, the Duke of Edinburgh, Prince Edward of Saxe-Weimar, the Prince of Leiningen, Count Gleichen, and the Marquis of Lorne, were out shooting at Winwood, Wolferton. The Prince and Princess on Friday night gave the tenants' ball, in continuation of the festivities. Signor Corti's band played a capital programme of dance music. The House party included the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh, Prince and Princess Christian, Princess Louise and the Marquis of Lorne, the Duke of Cambridge, Prince Edward of Saxe-Weimar, the Prince of Leiningen, Count and Countess Gleichen and Countess Feodore Gleichen, the Hon. Julia Stonor, Miss Knollys, Mdlle. Vauthier, Fraulein Nödel, Lieutenant-Colonel O. Montague, Sir Oscar Clayton, Major-General Du Plat, Mr. F. W. Gibbs, Colonel A. Ellis, Captain P. Durrant, R.N., Captain D. N. Welch, R.N., Mr. C. Sykes, M.P., Mr. A. P. Cockerell, Mr. J. K. Stephen, Colonel Teesdale, Mr. H. Tyrwhitt Wilson, Mr. F. Knollys, the Rev. J. L. Dalton, and Mr. Holzmann. The general company consisted of the tenantry from the following estates:—Sandringham, Holkham (Lord Leicester's), Houghton (Marquis of Cholmondeley's), Raynham (Marquis Townshend's), Melton Constable (Lord Hasting's), Gunton (Lord Suffield's), Hillington (Sir W. Ffolkes), Westacre (Mr. A. Hamond's), Merton (Lord Walsingham's), and Middleton (Sir Lewis Jarvis's). After the first quadrille a number of representatives of the tenants of the Duchy of Cornwall were presented to the Prince and Princess of Wales, and offered their congratulations. The night was beautifully clear and fine, and the illuminations were again singularly effective.

On Saturday, there was a Royal meet of the West Norfolk Foxhounds. Many of the members of the hunt and their friends were entertained at breakfast in the ball-room, till the hounds arrived, under the mastership of Mr. Andrew Fountaine, of Narford Hall. The Prince and Princess of Wales, Princes Edward and George, Princesses Louise, Victoria, and Maud, the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh, the Duke of Cambridge, Prince Edward of Saxe-Weimar, and others of the Royal party, joined the cavalcade, which rode to the Commodore Wood, to Anmer, and to other woods, where several foxes were found. The German Ambassador arrived at Sandringham on Saturday afternoon for the purpose of presenting Prince Edward, on behalf of the Emperor of Germany, with the order of the Black Eagle. The King of Sweden and the King of the Belgians have intimated their intention to confer their respective Orders upon Prince Edward. On Sunday morning the Prince and Princess of Wales, with Princes Edward and George, Princesses Louise, Victoria, and Maud, the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh, Princess Louise (Marchioness of Lorne) and the Marquis of Lorne, the Duke of Cambridge, and Prince Edward of Saxe-Weimar, were present at Divine service at the Church of St. Mary Magdalene, in the park. The Rev. Canon Tarver, M.A., officiated, assisted by the Rev. J. N. Dalton, M.A., the sermon being preached by the Rev. Canon Tarver.

The event was celebrated at Balmoral Castle with a dinner given to the tenants and servants of the Queen; Dr. Profeit, her Majesty's Commissioner for the Balmoral estate, presiding; while a bonfire was kindled on the hill at Craigowan. At Birkhall, Aberfeldie, the Highland residence of the Prince of Wales, there was a bonfire on the summit of Tomfour, with a supper and ball presided over by Mr. L. Mackinnon. The Common Council of London have resolved to present the freedom of the City, in a gold casket, to Prince Albert Victor of Wales. In London, on Thursday week, church bells were rung, flags were hoisted, and the Grenadier Guards' band played in the courtyard of St. James's Palace. At Windsor, a salute of twenty-one guns was fired in the Park near Frogmore, where the young Prince was born; there was also a juvenile dress ball at the Townhall. The Mayor of Brighton held a grand reception at the Royal Pavilion. Various tokens of recognition of the event were exhibited at Portsmouth, Dover, Eastbourne, Winchester, Dorchester, Stafford, Nottingham, Newcastle, Leamington, Grantham, Peterborough, Bury St. Edmund's, Huntingdon, Harwich, and many other towns throughout the Kingdom.

The Prime Minister, the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone, has addressed the following letter to the young Prince:—

"Hawarden Castle, Jan. 7, 1885.

"Sir,—As the oldest among the confidential servants of her Majesty, I cannot allow the anniversary to pass without notice which will to-morrow bring your Royal Highness to full age, and thus mark an important epoch in your life.

"The hopes and intentions of those whose lives lie, like mine, in the past, are of little moment, but they have seen much, and what they have seen suggests much for the future.

"There lies before your Royal Highness in prospect the occupation, I trust at a distant date, of a throne which, to me at least, appears the most illustrious in the world, from its history and associations, from its legal basis, from the weight of the cares it brings, from the loyal love of the people, and from the unparalleled opportunities it gives, in so many ways and in so many regions, of doing good to the almost countless numbers whom the Almighty has placed beneath the sceptre of England.

"I fervently desire and pray—and there cannot be a more animating prayer—that your Royal Highness may ever grow in the principles of conduct and may be adorned with all the qualities which correspond with this great and noble vocation.

"And, Sir, if Sovereignty has been relieved by our modern institutions of some of its burdens, it still, I believe, remains true that there has been no period of the world's history at which successors to the Monarchy could more efficaciously contribute to the stability of a great historic system, dependent even more upon love than upon strength, by devotion to their duties, and by a bright example to the country. This result we have happily been permitted to see, and other generations will, I trust, witness it anew.

"Heartily desiring that, in the life of your Royal Highness, every private and personal may be joined with every public blessing, I have the honour to remain, Sir, your Royal Highness's most dutiful and faithful servant,

"W. E. Gladstone.

"H.R.H. the Prince Albert Victor, &c."

Our Coloured Portrait of his Royal Highness Prince Albert Victor Edward of Wales, presented as the Extra Supplement to the last week's Number of this Journal, was copied from the photograph taken by Messrs. Hills and Saunders, of Cambridge, also of the Oxford Photographic and Fine-Art Gallery at Oxford, and having branch establishments at Eton, Harrow, and Rugby.

At a meeting of the Royal Botanic Society last Saturday, Mr. Samuel Stubbs, F.L.S., was elected a Fellow of the society. Upon the tables were specimens of the jack fruit and bread fruit, the former weighing over 32 lb., from Rio de Janeiro; also some large radishes, grown in Portugal.

At the annual general court of the Royal Humane Society, held on Tuesday evening at the society's offices, Trafalgar-square—Mr. W. Hawes, treasurer, in the chair—the principal business was the selection from among twelve silver-medallists, who during the past year had by distinguished gallantry saved life from drowning, of the most deserving case for the award of the Stanhope Gold Medal. The meeting was unanimous in its bestowal of the medal upon Mr. Walter Cleverley, for saving the life of a Lascar who fell overboard from the steamship Rewa, while it was proceeding through the Gulf of Aden.

Last week 2816 births and 1956 deaths were registered in London, the former having exceeded by 270 and the latter by 52 the average numbers in the corresponding weeks of the last ten years. There 34 deaths from smallpox, 14 from measles, 16 from scarlet fever, 26 from diphtheria, 38 from whooping cough, 15 from enteric fever, and 11 from dysentery. The deaths referred to diseases of the respiratory organs, which had been 416, 370, and 537 in the three preceding weeks, further rose to 602 last week, and exceeded the corrected weekly average by 93. Different forms of violence caused 57 deaths; 47 being the result of negligence or accident, among which were 21 from fractures and contusions, 8 from burns and scalds, 2 from drowning, 2 from poison, and 11 of infants under one year of age from suffocation.

On Monday the annual general meeting of governors and subscribers to the Asylum for the Deaf and Dumb took place at the City Terminus Hotel, Cannon-street. Mr. Charles Few, treasurer, presided. The report of the managing committee, which was submitted by the secretary, Mr. Warwick, stated that, in the course of the past year, 337 children had been maintained and educated at the Ramsgate and Margate branches of the charity. Fifty-three children were admitted last year; thirty-seven completed their education, whilst twenty-six had been apprenticed to various trades, making a total of 1819 assisted in this way, at a cost to the institution of over £17,063. A poll was opened for the election, out of a list of ninety-seven approved candidates, of twenty children—ten boys and ten girls—to the benefits of the institution.

The Mayor of New Orleans has telegraphed to the Secretary of the American Legation in London a list of awards at the exhibition to English firms as follows:—"Art pottery, Doulton, London, gold; account-books, Waterlow, London, gold; agricultural implements, Howard, Bedford, silver; art furniture, Lock, London, gold; carpets, Brinton, Kidderminster, mention; cutlery, Beal, Sheffield, silver; cotton spinning, Crewson, Manchester, gold; sewing-cotton, Brook Bros., Huddersfield, silver; chronometers, Frodsham, London, gold; steam-engines, Fowler, Leeds, gold; printing-inks, Fleming, Edinburgh, gold; diving apparatus, Siebe, Gorman, gold; mineral waters, Fleet, London, gold; carriages, Morgan and Co., London, gold; chandeliers, Crofts, Birmingham, gold; fire-engines, Merryweather, gold; lace, May, Nottingham, gold.

The Japanese Government have awarded a red ribbon, medal, and bronze vase to Captain Williams, and also a similar vase to Mr. Sincock, master and chief officer, respectively, of the Merionethshire, in appreciation of the humanity and gallantry shown by them in rescuing the crew of a shipwrecked junk from imminent peril during a typhoon on Sept. 15 last.—Her Majesty Government have awarded a silver "shipwreck" medal to the pilot, Jean Marie le Mat, in acknowledgment of his gallant conduct in jumping into the sea, at the risk of his life, in order to render assistance to the steamer Bellmore, of Glasgow, Oct. 9. The Board of Trade have also awarded sums of money to the crews of the life-boat and a fishing-boat for their services on this occasion.—The President of the United States has awarded a gold watch and chain to Mr. C. F. Tremlett, her Majesty's Consul at Saigon, in recognition of the valuable assistance the Consul rendered to the shipwrecked crew of the American ship Rainier.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

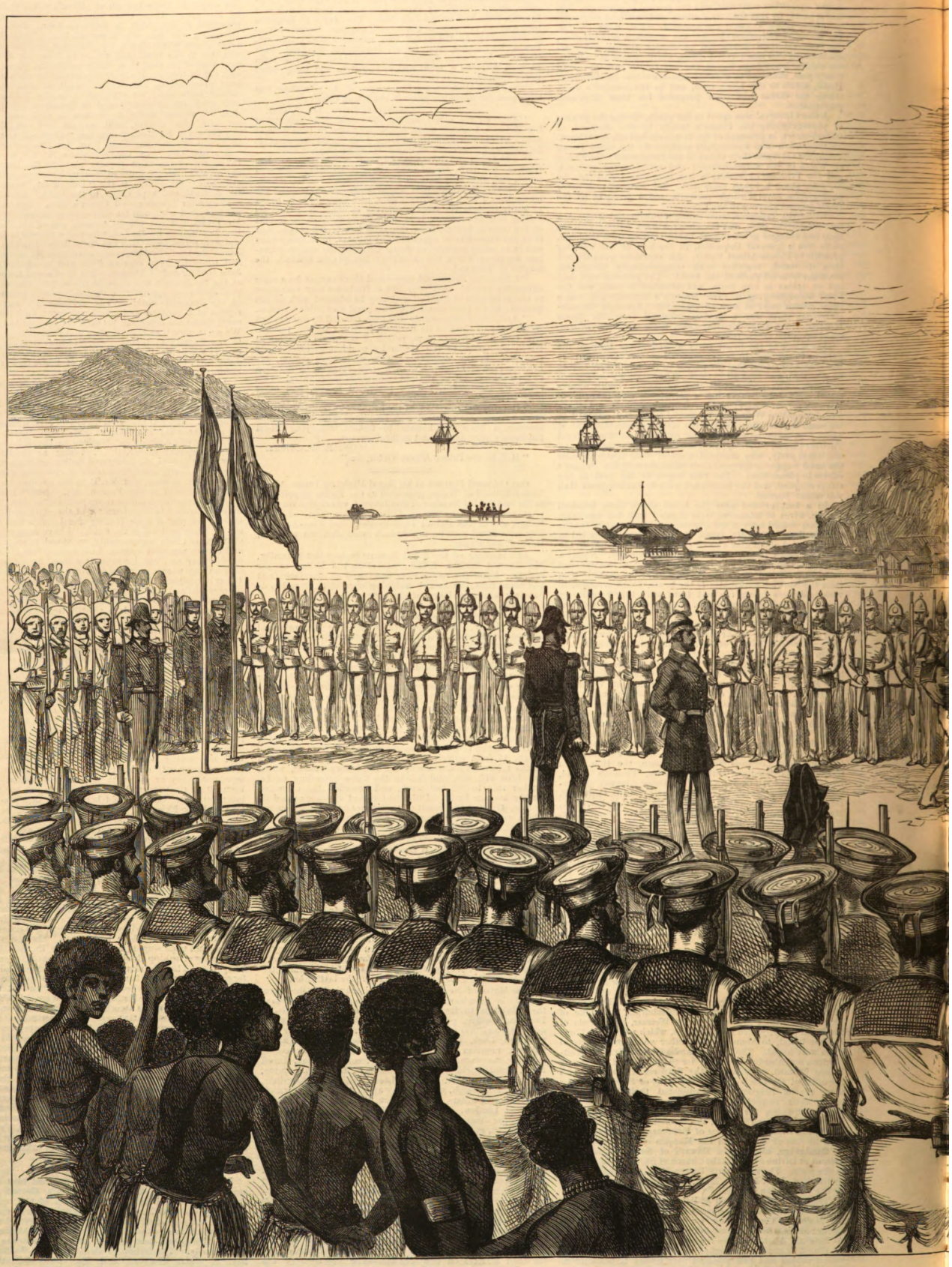
We ought to know enough of Ohnet's "Maître de Forges" by this time. Three times has this celebrated story been presented to the public in dramatic form. First by Robert Buchanan, who not only vulgarised but misunderstood it in Lady Claire, weakening every character that stood out bold and firm in the novel, and giving to Miss Ada Cavendish a poor ineffective part in a sickly indifferent play. If, years ago, the feuilleton of the *Figaro* containing such a story had been presented to Tom Taylor, what an English play we should have had; for although it is the fashion to weep and rend our garments and to besmirch ourselves with dust if anyone dares to borrow a plot and utilise it for our own market, still we are not, on the whole, any the worse for having seen the "Ticket-of-Leave Man," or "Still Waters Run Deep," or, for the matter of that, "Box and Cox" or the "Porter's Knot," or nineteen-twentieths of the most popular plays in the language, not one of which would have existed without a suggestion from elsewhere. Mr. Pinero, in the "Ironmaster," went nearer to the original, and kept closer to the truth. All who saw the "Ironmaster" understood Ohnet's idea. His scheme was not tampered with, and his characters preserved their dignity. Mr. Pinero did not change Octave, son of the Marquise de Beaulieu into an idiotic lad, who was supposed to be at Eton, and wore velvet jacket and knickerbockers. The play at the St. James's had some backbone and consistency. Mr. and Mrs. Kendal had evidently been over to Paris and in sufficiently studied Jane Hading and M. Damala. The business of the whole play at the St. James's is almost identical with the *mise-en-scène* published as an appendix to Paul Ollendorf's printed edition of the dramatic work. "The Ironmaster" was a clever replica of a striking and popular picture; only connoisseurs could detect the difference between the original and the copy. We see it, now that Jane Hading and Damala have come over to the Royalty to repeat their Gymnase success. We see exactly where Mr. Pinero differed with, or was persuaded to differ with, Ohnet in his treatment of Claire de Beaulieu and Philippe Darbly, the Ironmaster.

I will start with the bold statement that, as a whole, the play is infinitely better acted at the St. James's than at the Royalty. There can be scarcely any question about that. One might as well compare a London with a provincial wandering company. The soft maternal dignity of Mrs. Gaston Murray; the gentle sisterly sympathy of Miss Linda Dietz; the grave yet tender solicitude of Mr. Maclean as the old lawyer; the fussy pomposity of Mr. J. F. Young as the irrepressible parvenu; the cold effrontery and irritating sarcasm of Miss Vane; the sharp, distinct sketches of character given by Mr. Sugden, Mr. Waring, and Mr. Brandon Thomas, are not even faintly suggested in the French cast. But, for all that, I don't think that such almost incomprehensible objections would have been raised to the character of the story and the moral tone of the play if Jane Hading and Damala had been seen at the outset, and not at the finish. I have been told that the character of Claire is unwomanly, unnatural, incomprehensible, and I know not what besides. I am assured that the difference between her and her husband is a storm in a tea-cup, and that no sane woman so situated would have acted as she did. It has been dinned into my ears that the motive of the play is erroneous and that the details are nasty. For the life of me, I cannot see it as Jane Hading and Damala present the characters to my mind. It is a battle royal between a wilful woman and a strong, noble-minded man, and it is carried out with dignity and sufficiency on both sides. But, in order to understand it, you must convey quickly to the audience the intense affection that underlies the outside nature of a proud woman, and the almost brutal power that overlies the natural tenderness of a strong man. I can conceive nothing unmaidenly, immodest, or unnatural in the position of a Claire who, in a fit of temper, has married a man she has never studied, and awakens to the horror of the consequences of her imprudent step. I see everything that is natural and consistent in the fact that her wilfulness, her ingratitude, and unfairness arouse the brute in the man and arrest his sympathy. I am told that Claire could not possibly taunt the Ironmaster with the fact that he may take her money and have done with her, seeing that there has been no question of any want of generosity on his part. I ask, why not? A bitter woman will say or do anything. Claire is bitter. She has been jilted; the woman she hates most on earth has taken her lover from her. She has sold herself to a man she does not love, and who looks as if he had power to become her master. She, the proud Claire, is at the mercy of this man. Under such circumstances, what would she not do or say?

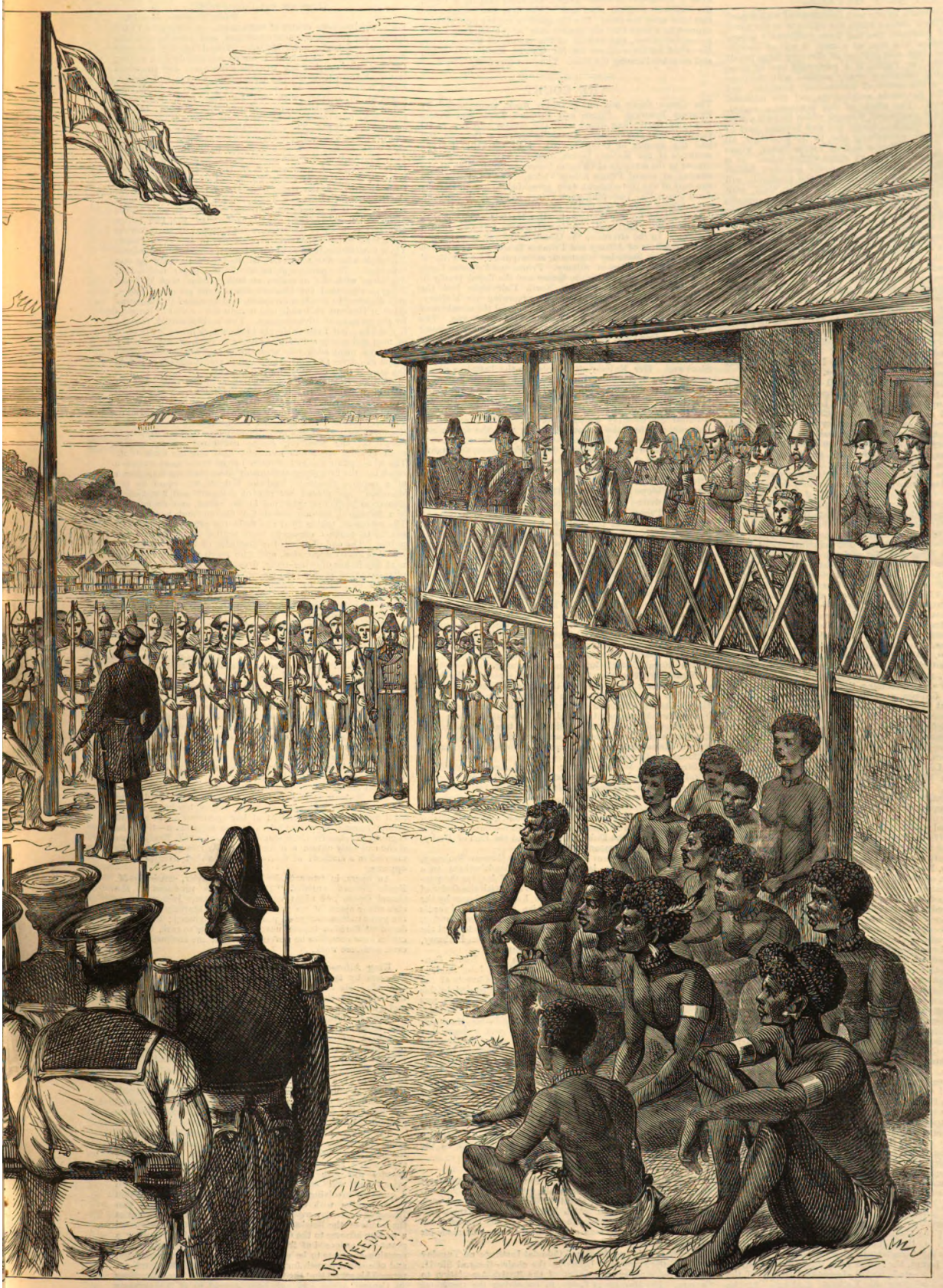
Jane Hading is an actress of very remarkable talent. She can think as well as she can act. She is wholly interesting and sympathetic. Youth, good looks, an expressive countenance, a pleasing voice, are all in her favour. She will do great things some day, when she can arrange, sort, and harmonise the gifts with which she has been endowed. I wish that many of our actresses could visit the Royalty to see what power Jane Hading gets over her audience by entering into the part and never leaving it. No one can take their eyes off the actress, because she is always thinking; and she communicates her thoughts to those who watch. She is always conveying what is passing in her mind. The English idea is to stop acting or to stop thinking when more words have not to be spoken. Then the actress subsides into her normal self and forgets the woman she is representing. Not so Jane Hading. She is Claire de Beaulieu from the first and at the last. She is never once Jane Hading for half a second. When the curtain draws up, she is absorbed in the character, and she in a great degree possesses that personal magnetism that binds the audience and actress together. M. Damala always promised well as an actor. French critics laughed at us when we said he could play Armande in "Camille." He has proved that we were right; and has now the command of certain Fechteresn parts on the Parisian stage. He has one grave fault, which he might well avoid. He intones his pathos. He gets into a chant, and never leaves it. Sentence after sentence is sung, not spoken. But in strong passionate scenes he is natural again; his artificiality disappears, and he shows very decided power. The laugh, ending in a sob, when the strong man bursts out with the satirical "Car enfin j'ai votre fortune, n'est il pas vrai? Je suis payé, je n'ai pas le droit de réclamer," is admirable, and roused the astonished audience to enthusiasm.

C. S.

Yesterday week the Lord Mayor presided over the first annual meeting of the Mansion House Council on the Dwellings of the People. The adoption of the report was moved by Cardinal Manning, who described it as embracing perhaps every point of main importance connected with the object which the promoters had in view. Mr. Alderman and Sheriff Whitehead seconded the motion, which was carried unanimously. The Bishop of Bedford, Sir J. Goldsmid, the Rev. Septimus Hansard, and Mr. Burdett-Coutts were amongst the other speakers.—The Lord Mayor has refused the use of the Guildhall for a meeting, to be addressed by Mr. Henry George and others, on the subject of industrial depression.



PROCLAIMING THE BRITISH PROTECTORATE OF SO



UTH-EAST NEW GUINEA AT PORT MORESBY.

THE BRITISH ANNEXATION OF SOUTH-EAST NEW GUINEA.

The action recently taken by our own Government with regard to that portion of New Guinea which lies opposite to the north and north-east of Australia has not been sufficiently appreciated. If the reader will look at a map, it will at once be perceived that the south-east portion of the very large island called New Guinea, or Papua, is a peninsula two or three hundred miles long, extending nearly parallel with the Cape York peninsula at the north of Queensland, Australia, and terminating at the Louisiade archipelago and the adjacent Entrecasteaux Isles. The whole of this peninsular region, with the islands just mentioned, through which there is a good maritime passage by Goschen Strait, has now become part of the British dominions; comprising also, to the westward, all the coasts of the Gulf of Papua and of Torres Strait, where the width of the sea diminishes to about eighty miles. It is understood that the boundary of the newly annexed British territory along the north-eastern shore of the peninsula will be at Cape Nelson; beyond which lies the Huon Gulf, with the part that has been taken by the German Empire, opposite to the islands of New Britain and New Ireland, and to the Admiralty Islands, which also become German possessions. Geographically, it is evident that Australia has no real concern, or at least has no natural connection, with anything on the north side of New Guinea. The different parts of New Guinea are, in fact, different countries, being separated from each other by vast mountain ranges and dense forests; and are inhabited by very different races, those on the south coast being utter strangers to those on the north; so that there is no cause whatever to apprehend any future conflict of jurisdiction between the German and the British authorities. The western half of the island, to longitude 141 E., has long been under the dominion of the Dutch Government. All New Guinea is henceforth divided between Holland, Germany, and Great Britain; and the part which will be held by our own Government is exactly what is desirable in the interest of our Australian colonies, neither more nor less.

It will be remembered that, on April 4, 1883, the Colonial Government of Queensland, by the agency of Mr. H. M. Chester, police magistrate of Thursday Island, in the Gulf of Papua, performed a ceremony of annexation at Port Moresby, on the New Guinea shore, which was very properly disallowed and annulled by the Imperial Government of Great Britain. No British Colony has a right to extend the limits of its political dominion at its own pleasure; and it would be most dangerous to the peace of the world if the Colonies were permitted to do so. The wishes of a certain party among the Australian colonists were extremely wild; they demanded the annexation not only of New Guinea, but of all the scattered islands in the West Pacific Ocean, a thousand miles from their own shores, disregarding express diplomatic obligations to European Governments; and they offered the small contribution of £15,000 a year towards the cost, which would probably have exceeded ten times that amount. Lord Derby plainly told them that her Majesty's Government would not undertake so vast an addition to its existing responsibilities, but would establish an Imperial protectorate over the south-eastern shores of New Guinea; and this has now been done. As for the New Hebrides, which lie at a far greater distance beyond the French island of New Caledonia, France and England are bound by a mutual convention, stipulated in 1878, to refrain from annexing those islands. Samoa, which is still more remote, being three thousand miles from Sydney, New South Wales, has long had relations with Germany and the United States. New Zealand, certainly, has no right to annex Samoa, which lies about two thousand miles distant from that colony, and has never had any connection with it.

The final act of proclaiming the British Protectorate in South-East New Guinea, according to Lord Derby's promise, took place at Port Moresby on Nov. 6, and we are enabled to present an Illustration of this important ceremony, which ought to be satisfactory to all who accurately understand the situation of affairs. Captain James Elphinstone Erskine, R.N., Commodore commanding the naval squadron, composed of H.M.S. Nelson, H.M.S. Raven, H.M.S. Harrier, H.M.S. Swinger, and H.M.S. Espiègle, was there with his ships, accompanied by Mr. Romilly, Deputy-Commissioner for the Western Pacific. The chiefs of the Motu tribes, representing the native population, assembled to the number of about fifty, quite willing to repeat the act of cession and submission to which they freely consented in April, 1883, trusting in the advice of the resident missionaries, the Rev. W. G. Lawes and the Rev. James Chalmers (London Missionary and Scottish Presbyterian), who have laboured faithfully amongst them during many years past. These gentlemen acted as interpreters, and introduced the native chiefs, headed by Boe Vagi, chief of the local tribe at Port Moresby, on board the flag-ship Nelson, the day before the act of annexation.

Boe Vagi was dressed in a shirt, with a handkerchief round his loins and a red felt hat on his head, with some green leaves ornamentally stuck in the lobe of his left ear; but most of the other chiefs were almost naked, while their heads were adorned with bands of shells and tufts of feathers. A tub of boiled rice with brown sugar was placed on deck, and they were regaled with basins of this simple food. Commodore Erskine then addressed them, explaining that the Queen of England would protect the native people of the country, and would not allow them to be deprived of their lands, or to be taken away from their homes as labourers for the plantations; and that nobody would be permitted to sell them firearms and gunpowder, or intoxicating liquors. The tribes are left to be ruled by their own chiefs, but Boe Vagi, who was presented with an ebony stick, having a florin with the Queen's head uppermost, inserted at the top, has been appointed a sort of federal president, not to reign over the others, but to communicate their grievances or requests to the resident British officer. Gifts of cloth, shirts, knives, axes, and tobacco were distributed among them, and they were shown the wonders on board the ship; not the least amazing to them was the sight of their own figures in a large mirror in the Captain's cabin. One of the eighteen-ton guns was fired, and the machine-guns, to the great astonishment of the natives; the electric light and rockets were displayed at night, and the fog-signal made a terrific noise.

On the next day, the officers of the naval squadron going ashore in full uniform, with detachments of seamen and Marines, the formal proclamation took place. On a site commanding a view of the harbour was the flag-staff used by the missionaries and Mr. Romilly. The native chiefs were seated in a group on the ground. The mission-house is a long weather-board building of one storey and wide verandah; it was here that the Commodore stood and proclaimed the protectorate, while the Marines presented arms. The proclamation having been translated into the Motu language by the Rev. Mr. Lawes, the Union Jack was slowly raised to the truck of the flag-staff by Sub-Lieutenant Gaunt, of the Nelson, the band playing the National Anthem. At the same time a salute of twenty-one guns was fired from the Nelson, and the other ships were instantaneously dressed with flags from stem to stern, the Royal standard flying conspicuously from the Nelson's main. When the Nelson had saluted the flag and the firing had ceased the troops fired a *feu-de-joie* of three rounds, the band playing a bar of the National Anthem after each of the first two rounds, and two bars after the third. The Commodore made a brief speech, expressing a hope that the protectorate might conduce to the peace, happiness, and welfare of the people of the territory. He called for three cheers for the Queen; these were given, and re-echoed among the hills. Thus the ceremony closed.

THE COURT.

The Queen drove out on Thursday week, accompanied by Princess Beatrice. Prince and Princess Louis and Prince Henry of Battenberg dined with the Queen and the Royal family. Earl and Countess Granville arrived at Osborne, and had the honour of being invited. Earl Granville had an audience of her Majesty before dinner. The Queen gave a dinner to the servants at Osborne House, in celebration of the coming of age of Prince Albert Victor. The felicitations on the part of the Government were presented to her Majesty by Lord Granville. Yesterday week Prince Henry of Battenberg, after taking leave of the Queen and Princess Beatrice, left the Isle of Wight for the Continent. Her Majesty went out with the Princess. Earl and Countess Granville left Osborne for London. In the afternoon the Queen drove out, accompanied by the Duchess of Albany and Princess Beatrice. The Queen drove out on Saturday afternoon, accompanied by her Royal Highness the Duchess of Albany. Prince and Princess Louis of Battenberg dined with the Queen and the Royal family in the evening. The Hon. Mrs. North Dalrymple had the honour of being invited. On Sunday morning her Majesty, the Duchess of Albany, Princess Beatrice, and the members of the Royal household attended Divine service at Osborne. The Rev. Canon Prothero, M.A., officiated. On Monday morning the Queen drove out, accompanied by the Duchess of Albany and Princess Beatrice, and met the Seaforth Highlanders on the march, under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel Stockwell. Her Majesty afterwards saw the battalion march past in Osborne grounds. Bishop Hellmuth had the honour of an interview with her Majesty. The Queen went out in the afternoon, accompanied by Princess Beatrice. The Duchess of Albany drove, attended by the Hon. Mrs. R. Moreton. Admiral Sir Geoffrey Phipps Hornby, K.C.B., arrived at Osborne, and had the honour of dining with the Queen and the Royal family. Lieutenant-Colonel Guinness, Seaforth Highlanders, was also invited. Major Fergusson, commanding the guard at East Cowes, was received by her Majesty in the evening. On Tuesday morning her Majesty went out with Princess Beatrice. The Hon. Frederica Fitzroy and Sir Geoffrey Phipps Hornby have left Osborne.

The festivities at Sandringham in celebration of the coming of age of Prince Albert Victor were brought to a close on Saturday last. Some particulars of the festivities are given in another column. On Sunday morning the Prince and Princess of Wales, with Princes Albert Victor and George, Princesses Louise, Victoria, and Maud, accompanied by the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh, Princess Louise, Marchioness of Lorne, and the Marquis of Lorne, the Duke of Cambridge, Prince Edward of Saxe-Weimar, and the rest of the guests, were present at Divine service at the Church of St. Mary Magdalene, in the park. The Rev. Canon Tarver, M.A., officiated, assisted by the Rev. J. N. Dalton, M.A., the sermon being preached by the Rev. Canon Tarver. The Prince, attended by Colonel Teesdale, arrived at Marlborough House on Monday afternoon from Sandringham. His Royal Highness, accompanied by Prince Leiningen and suite, visited the Theatre Royal, Covent-Garden, in the evening.

Yesterday week being the twelfth anniversary of the death of the Emperor Napoleon III., the Empress Eugénie, accompanied by her suite, visited the Imperial mausoleums at St. Mary's Church, Chislehurst. After Mass had been celebrated by the Rev. Monsignor Goddard, the Absolutions were pronounced, and the Empress visited the tombs of the late Emperor and Prince Imperial, and sprinkled them with holy water. Before leaving, the Empress deposited some wreaths of flowers on the coffins.

Sir Albert Woods, Garter King-at-Arms, arrived at Windsor on Monday afternoon, and proceeded to St. George's Chapel, for the purpose of taking down the banners of the following former Knights of the Order—The Duke of Buccleuch, Earl Cowley, and the Duke of Wellington. In their places Sir Albert put the flags, swords, and regalias of the newly created Knights of the Garter—namely, Prince George of Wales, the Duke of Argyll, and the Earl of Derby. There are now three vacant stalls.

His Excellency Count Munster left the German Embassy, Carlton House-terrace, last Saturday for Sandringham, on a short visit to the Prince and Princess of Wales, for the purpose of presenting Prince Edward of Wales with the Order of the Black Eagle, bestowed upon his Royal Highness by the Emperor of Germany on the occasion of Prince Edward's coming of age. His Excellency returned to town on Monday.

His Excellency the Austro-Hungarian Ambassador and the Countess Karolyi and family arrived at the Austrian Embassy, Belgrave-square, last Saturday, from Vienna.

The marriage of Lord Dormer with Miss Emily Constance Campbell Bald, eldest daughter of Mr. John Bald, of Monzie Castle, Perthshire, took place in the Church of the Oratory, Brompton. Lord Dormer was accompanied by his brother, the Hon. Herbert Dormer; and the bride was attended by six bridesmaids—namely, Miss Evelyn Barclay, Miss Dormer, Miss Gertrude Dormer, Miss Isabel Hanbury, and Miss Verena and Miss Ethel Bald, and a page, her brother. The Rev. Father Williamson, of the Oratory, officiated, assisted by the Rev. A. Delerne, Chaplain to Lord Dormer. Later the newly wedded pair started for Paris, on their way to Cairo.

The coming of age of the Hon. Gustavus William Hamilton-Russell, eldest son of Viscount Boyne, was celebrated at Brancepeth Castle, Durham, on Monday. The principal tenantry presented an illuminated address to the heir, and were afterwards entertained at luncheon in the castle. The workmen and smaller tenants on the estate dined in a marquee in the grounds, and at night a bonfire was lighted on the heights above the castle.

The annual supper which Dr. Barnardo gives to street arabs of both sexes took place on the 8th inst., in the People's Mission Church, Stepney, about 1200 ragged boys and girls accepting the invitation which had been given to them previously in lodging-houses or the streets. A selection of about 200 of the most necessitous and destitute cases was made for admission to the benefits of the homes.

At the meeting of the Royal Colonial Institute on Tuesday evening—the Marquis of Lorne in the chair—General Sir H. Lefroy read a paper on the visit of the British Association to Canada. The Marquis of Lorne, in conveying the thanks of the meeting to the General, said that Sir H. Lefroy might almost be called the father of Canadian science, and remarked he hoped the visit of the British Association to Canada would be repeated.

PARISIAN SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

(From our own Correspondent.)

Paris, Tuesday, Jan. 13.

Paris, the luminous centre of civilisation—according to Victor Hugo—has forgotten its duties of late, and been lapsing into violence and barbarism. Madame Clovis Hugues has already found imitators. A lady at Tonnerre has calmly shot an old Celadon, who worried her with his attentions; and one night last week two police officers, armed with swords and pistols, broke into the office of the newspaper, *Le Cri du Peuple*, and engaged in combat with the editorial staff, the result being wounds on both sides and a terrible scandal. If even policemen take justice into their own hands, what are we coming to? What is the cause of this stirring up of the blood and nerves of the excitable Gaul? Is it absinthe, or adulterated wine, or bad food, or a thirst for publicity at any price? Is it the fault of the journalists who turn people's heads by their analyses of neorose, or of the novelists with their horrible dissections of eccentricities; or of the doctors, with their theories of the irresponsibility of criminals and their classification of crime as a simple disease, like measles or epilepsy? Or is it simply the outcome of the bad taste of the modern Parisians? The frantic action of the two police officers, the brothers Ballerich, was prompted by an infamous paragraph which appeared the other day in *Le Cri du Peuple*. These two officers, it must be stated, are the sons of the Madame Ballerich who was murdered at Belleville recently by one Gamahut. The paragraph in M. Vallès' paper insinuated, doubtless with the intention of being comic, that M. Jules Ferry, seeing that the Chinese affairs were going on badly, and desiring to create a diversion, had arranged the assassination of Madame Ballerich, and bought the consent of her sons by the promise of advancement. This is silly, stupid, frantic, if you like; but I cite it simply to show how queer is the state of men and manners in Paris when a newspaper, out of party spite, can print such vile absurdities, and when such a paragraph can drive two otherwise sensible police-officers to violate the laws of their country and run a-muck.

Not less strange or less characteristic of the times was the trial of Madame Clovis Hugues on Thursday. Never before had a French court of justice been so disgracefully invaded by a mob; never before had a criminal trial been less solemn. The very lees of Paris occupied the best places in the room; the jurymen had women of loose manners leaning over their shoulders; the presiding Judge could not sit up in his chair because spectators were clustered over the back of it. The whole affair was looked upon by the tumultuous audience much like the first representation of some thrilling melodrama at a popular theatre. Madame Hugues was equal to the situation; she played her rôle of a superb and remorseless Roman to perfection, glorying in her crime, and declaiming in a theatrical manner about her honour and her virtues. The witnesses, taking their cue from the principal culprit, all sought to produce effects by their replies, and posed for the public. The end of it was the acquittal of Madame Hugues, who was loudly applauded, and who received her friends the next day in her drawing-room, decorated with flowers. Some ultra-sceptical people are cynically suggesting that the assassination of Morin by Madame Hugues was more or less an electoral movement—a vulgar manœuvre to enable her husband to appear before his electors with the notoriety of a hero, even if a hero of a scandal.

The French Assembly reopened to-day after the Christmas recess. In the Chamber, M. Brisson was re-elected President without opposition. The Senate adjourned to the 29th, after provisionally re-electing M. Leroyer as President.

The cause of irreligion is progressing in France. A new society has been founded under the title of "Société des Antidéistes," whose object is simply to suppress the word GOD. "The object of the society," says the prospectus, "is to suppress the word God in all the languages of the world. God being only a fiction, the name has no signification, and has therefore no reason to exist." All members of the society are forbidden to use the words "God," "Providence," or "Divine power," except to combat them. At funerals the usual farewell at the end of speeches over the grave—namely, "Adieu," is to be replaced by the phrase "A ton souvenir!" What a crazy place Paris is becoming!

Sarah Bernhardt, momentarily eclipsed by the escapade of Madame Hugues, is endeavouring to recover her hold upon public attention. She announces the sale of her house and of all it contains for the benefit of her numerous creditors, and public rumour says—doubtless at her suggestion—that she is going to retire from the stage and marry a rich Englishman if she can only obtain a divorce from M. Damala, whom she married in a moment of distraction, somewhat irregularly, it appears.

An opera, in two acts, by M. Paul Ferrier, music by M. Emile Pessard, entitled "Taburin," was produced at the Grand Opéra last night with some success. It is an agreeable comic opera of no great importance, scarcely worthy of the great national stage on which it was produced; but on the decadent Parisian boards novelties are now so rare, that the critics have ceased to be severe, and welcome enthusiastically even mediocre work.

T. C.

King Alfonso, on his way to the principal scene of the disasters by the earthquake, spent last Saturday night in Granada. He started on Sunday morning by a special train for Loja, with the authorities, the Governor, the Archbishop, and a large suite. He took with him every kind of assistance, provisions, clothing, and money for the distressed villages. The King made Alhama his head-quarters for journeys on horseback all over the country between Granada and the mountains of Albujarras. He lived under canvas every night until he left for Malaga, towards the close of the week.

The Italian Senate, after two days' debate, has adopted, by 96 votes to 21, a bill for improving the sanitary condition of Naples. A sum of 100,000,000f. is to be expended for this purpose during the next ten years. The works will be carried out under the direction of the Government, which will also guarantee a new loan to be raised by the city.

The Emperor William, writing to the Berlin Town Council, speaks of the beneficial development of the economic affairs of the country. The settlements on a distant Continent, he says, which have been placed under the protection of the Empire will give an additional outlet to German enterprise, and will stimulate trade and manufactures.—On a question involving a vote of £7500 for African exploration in connection with Germany's colonial policy, Prince Von Bismarck yesterday week sustained a Parliamentary defeat at the hands of the Reichstag, a small majority of which carried a motion adverse to the Chancellor's wishes. On Saturday a grant was proposed of 180,000 marks for the construction of coasting-steamers to be employed in the Cameroons district, and of a steam launch for the Governor. Prince Bismarck expressed his regret that the vote of 150,000 marks for explorations in Central Africa had not been agreed to at the previous day's sitting. If the Reichsrath did not want colonies it should say so plainly, so that the country might be spared useless expenses. If, however, colonies were required, the necessary cost must be provided. In the course of his speech he referred

to the fighting in Cameroons and the proposed annexation of the Samoan Islands by New Zealand. There was nothing, however, which threatened a war with this country. "Our little differences with England" he added, "can always be peaceably settled with a little good will." — The Budget Committee of the German Reichstag has voted the Naval Estimates without modification, and agreed to the Central African Exploration credit of £7500.

The King of the Netherlands has nominated Prince Albert Victor of Wales Grand Cross of the Order of the Lion of the Netherlands.

In the Imperial Russian Budget for the current year, receipts and expenditure, amounting to 866,294,997 roubles, are exactly balanced.

A Royal decree abolishing the forced currency in Greece was published on Monday, and came into operation next day.

Mr. Vanderbilt, on coming into possession of General Grant's property, as security for his loan of 150,000 dollars to the General, offered to present the whole of it to Mrs. Grant, who, however, declined the gift.—Mr. Schuyler Colfax, Vice-President of the United States from 1869 to 1873, fell down dead last Tuesday at the Mankato railway station, in Minnesota.—An Irish Nationalist, named Phelan, was stabbed eleven times in O'Donovan Rossa's office, at New York, last Saturday, by one Richard Short, for revealing certain secrets of the "Irish Invincibles." Phelan is expected to recover.

At a large meeting of Boers, held at Vryburg, Mr. Rhodes, the Deputy Commissioner of Stellaland, promised that the Boers' land-titles should be recognised, that they should have their own Government, and that funds should be supplied to them pending the annexation of the country to the Cape Colony.

The Hon. James Service, Prime Minister of Victoria, in a letter to the Agent-General in London, complains of the insignificant amount of influence possessed by each individual colony in dealing with the mother-country, and strongly supports the scheme for Imperial federation.

A telegram from Wellington states that the Government of New Zealand purposes annexing the Samoa Islands, and that a steamer is held in readiness to proceed to sea, pending Lord Derby's decision in the matter. The news is said to have created a great sensation in Berlin. The Samoa Islands, otherwise known as the Navigator Group, are a very long way from any part of New Zealand. They are more than six hundred miles north of Fiji.

GEOGRAPHY AND TRAVEL.

One of the most interesting and respectable, though apparently the least numerous, of the diverse races of mankind in Asia, is represented by the Parsi community of Bombay. Two volumes published by Messrs. Macmillan, *History of the Parsis*, by Dosabhai Framji Karaka, C.S.I., present a satisfactory account, written in very good English, of the past and present condition of that unique people, a surviving remnant of the ancient Persian nation, who escaped from Mohammedan persecutions and emigrated to India about a thousand years ago. Mr. Dosabhai Framji (Karaka is not the proper individual name) has held with credit high judicial and official positions at Bombay; and his patriotic zeal for the social welfare and deserved reputation of the Parsis, who form a loyal, well-behaved, intelligent, and useful part of Indian native society, does honour both to him and to them. His work is also of some historical value, and should be worthy the attention of readers occupied with the comparative study of religions, customs, and varieties of civilisation. The Parsis to this day preserve, as we understand, not less faithfully than the Jews, a religion of pure monotheism which was taught by Zarathushtra (Zoroaster) thirteen centuries before Christ, and which was undoubtedly regarded by the Israelites, during their Babylonian Captivity, as the worship of the one true God. Fire and the Sun were regarded as divinely-appointed symbols of the glory of God, of the light, the energy, and the purity emanating from the Creative Spirit of Good; and the Parsis have ever rejected all forms of idolatry and polytheism. They were, however, led to believe in the existence of an Evil Spirit, called by them Angro-Mainyush (Ahrimanes), to whom they ascribed, as the later Jews did to Satan, all the vices and errors of the world; but it seems not to be the fact that they believed this Author of Mischief to be co-eternal or equal in power with Ahuri-Mazda, the Supreme Deity. The Zend-Avesta, their Bible, teaches a high and pure morality; and they have many precepts or prohibitions, similar to those of the Mosaic Code, some of which relate to particulars of cleanliness, health, and personal decency, and to the regulation of married life. As the Parsis are not disagreeably fanatical, and their faith is as rational, and probably as beneficial, as that of the Mussulmans anywhere, within the present narrow limits of the sect, their hereditary attachment to it merits our sympathy, humanly speaking, and no class of our Asiatic fellow-citizens are more deserving of esteem. The greater part of Mr. Dosabhai Framji's book relates to their experiences and the laudable performances of their leading men in modern India, where they have distinguished themselves in commercial enterprise, in manufacturing industry, and in liberal deeds of public charity and endowments for popular education. The name of the late Sir Jamshedji Jijibhai, Bart. (Sir Jamsetjee Jejeebhoy), has become proverbial for the exercise of these virtues, and others have followed his example. We commend this excellent Parsi History, which is handsomely printed and adorned with fine illustrations, as a work that treats of an important subject in an attractive and effective manner, and we trust that it will perpetuate in England the good opinion now entertained of the author's race and of their claim to a fair share of British favour.

The deliberations of the Berlin Conference on the international regulation of European trade with the interior of Central Africa up the Congo have revived attention to the promising settlements on that great river, formed by Mr. H. M. Stanley, the discoverer of its upper course, with the means furnished by the King of the Belgians and the Association under his Majesty's patronage. We would again direct our readers' notice to Mr. H. H. Johnston's interesting narrative, *The River Congo, from its Mouth to Bolobo* (Sampson Low and Co.), relating his visit, in 1883, to the principal stations held by Mr. Stanley for that enterprising Association—namely, Vivi, near the Falls of Yellala, above a hundred miles from the sea; Isangila, Manyanga, and Leopoldville, the capital of the new colony, adjacent to the curious small inland lake called Stanley Pool; where the French settlement of M. De Brazza occupies a rival position on the opposite shore. Mr. Johnston gives a very agreeable account of the management of Mr. Stanley's undertakings, and of the conduct of the agents and servants of the Belgian Association; but we cannot feel persuaded that its operations, liberal and even magnificent as they are, will repay the great pecuniary cost. The native tribes, whose ethnological connections, languages, and habits are described with much precision, have been fairly and judiciously treated by Mr. Stanley, and seem, along the left bank of the Congo, to the south and west, favourably disposed towards a peaceful intercourse with European civilised men. The aspects of nature in that tropical region of mighty waters and luxuriant forests, with its abundance of heavy rains and frequent thunderstorms, are tremendously imposing; and Mr. Johnston, as a scientific naturalist, is enabled to portray the various wild animals and plants, the birds, reptiles, insects, and gorgeous flowers, and the larger beasts familiar to us in zoological collections, with all the exactness that could be desired. His journeys up the Congo extended as far as Bolobo, about two and a half degrees south of the Equator, in the country of the Ba-yansi, whose King, named Ibaka, an extremely ugly old fellow with an amazingly tall hat, which contains his treasury and which he seldom takes off his head, figures in the frontispiece portrait. This place was the farthest of Mr. Stanley's stations up the Congo at the time of Mr. Johnston's visit, but other settlements have since been created beyond the range of the travels described in the present volume. In any case, the general features of the Lower and Middle Congo region, to a length of several hundred miles along the river, are here delineated as fully as can be wished by the generality of readers; and the author's skill, both with his pen and with his pencil, makes this work a valuable contribution to the store of books on African travels.

The wife of Captain Speedy, a military gentleman whose services as a political business agent of the British Government, in India, in Abyssinia, and in the Arab countries of East Africa, ought to be remembered, was with him in the Soudan in 1878, and has now collected the letters she wrote at that time into a couple of small volumes of pleasant and useful reading. *My Wanderings in the Soudan*, by Mrs. Speedy (R. Bentley and Son), have the lively personal interest of a courageous lady's experiences in travelling through a rather wild part of the world, though it was then at peace; and she describes the camel route from Souakim to Kassala, and further to the banks of the Gash and the Settite, among the sword-hunter Hamram tribes, and the Basé, or Baza, with whom Mr. F. L. James has lately made us acquainted. This country is not at all in the way to Khartoum, but it may possibly come within the reach of future arrangements for the solution of the difficult Soudan problem, and Captain Speedy has recently been engaged with the ruler of Abyssinia in some attempts to provide for its tranquillity, if the Mahdi will let it alone. Mrs. Speedy's agreeable narrative is therefore very welcome, as it would have been at any time, but particularly just now, when the condition of the mongrel Moslem nations of East Africa has become important; while it has the charm of true womanly tastes and feelings, and wifely appreciation of the manly powers and accomplishments of her distinguished husband. Their ride southward and return to Souakim, with occasional sporting excursions and some accidental delays, including a severe attack of fever, occupied five months, and they sometimes had very enjoyable days and nights, but endured upon other occasions what most English ladies would think serious discomforts. We expect it will be a long while before the political state of the Soudan will again be such as to allow our ladies to travel safely in that region, and Mrs. Speedy's experiences may not soon be matched by any of her sex; but, whenever they do come to pass, they cannot be much better related.

About the end of October, when the survivors of the officers and crew of the Nisero, a Liverpool merchant-steamer which been wrecked on the north-west coast of Sumatra, arrived home in safety, we published some Illustrations of their dismal captivity among the barbarous Malays of that island. Mr. W. Bradley, third engineer of the vessel, has written a plain, simple, unaffected narrative, *The Wreck of the Nisero, and Our Captivity in Sumatra*, which makes a concise little book, issued by Messrs. Sampson Low and Co., and which is almost worth the second part of "Robinson Crusoe," because it is so evidently truthful, and because truth of this kind is as interesting as the best fiction. The story has been recently told, but merely in outline, and the details are here filled up with a minute record of the hardships inflicted, rather by insolent neglect on the part of the Rajah of Tenom than by malicious wilful cruelty, upon some twenty English sailors and others, who were kept in durance from November, 1883, to September, 1884, suffering much from bad food, want of proper shelter, and the diseases of an unwholesome climate. It would have been more satisfactory to British public opinion if this barbarian chief had been severely chastised, instead of obtaining a large pecuniary ransom; but the affair was sadly complicated by the Dutch hostilities with the Acheen Malay tribes, and it is probable that an early resort to the use of British naval force would have caused them to put our unlucky countrymen at once to death. Mr. Bradley, at any rate, seems to be of opinion that the British authorities in the Straits Settlements did all they could both to alleviate the distress of himself and his companions and to procure their ultimate deliverance. Seven of them died of sickness, and it was altogether a deplorable affair; but civilisation is not yet omnipotent in every corner of the world, even within a few days' march of the sea where the British flag protects our maritime commerce and the lives and liberties of seafaring men.

With the January Number of *The Theatre*, containing articles of great interest to playgoers and others, are given capital photographs of Mrs. Langtry as Pauline, and Mr. Terriss as Romeo.

In consequence of the illness of Professor Newton, his first lecture on Greek inscriptions at University College, which was announced to be given on Friday, the 9th inst., has been postponed to Jan. 23.

Mr. Charles Morrison, whose rent audit for his Berks and Oxon estates was held at Wallingford last week, has allowed his tenants an abatement of 15 per cent for some years; but his agent announced last week an abatement of 25 per cent from Lady Day last, which is to extend for three years.

Last year there left the United Kingdom for places out of Europe 241,691 persons of British origin, 37,543 foreigners, and 4840 whose nationality was not distinguished—the total thus being 304,074. During the year 1883 the total was 397,157, thus exhibiting a decrease last year of 93,000.

Major-General Gipps presided at the Horse Guards yesterday week over a large meeting of metropolitan volunteer commanding officers, to consider the proposed Easter manœuvres. Opinions seemed to be equally divided between Dover and Brighton, and ultimately it was agreed to leave the final decision in the hands of the Field Marshal Commanding-in-Chief.

Mr. W. P. Clayden, author of "England under Lord Beaconsfield," has opportunely issued a pamphlet entitled "The Proposed Electoral Divisions of London," in which he argues with great force and acuteness against the proposed divisions. It is reprinted, with additions, from the *Daily News*, and is published by the National Press Agency. Mr. Clayden thinks that a great gift is spoiled in the giving by treating parish boundaries as sacred, and solicits co-operation in a movement for removing this great blot from a great measure.

OBITUARY.

LETITIA, LADY VIVIAN.

Letitia, Lady Vivian, widow of Richard Hussey, first Lord Vivian, G.C.B., the distinguished military commander, died on the 4th inst., at 51, Cadogan-place, aged eighty. Her Ladyship was third daughter of the Rev. James Agnew Webster, of Ashford, county Longford, and niece of Sir Henry Brooke, Bart., of Colebrooke. She was married Oct. 10, 1833, and had one daughter, Lalagé Letitia Caroline, who married, in 1857, Mr. Henry Hyde Nugent Bankes, and died Oct. 4, 1875.

MR. COLE, Q.C.

Mr. Henry Thomas Cole, Q.C., formerly M.P. for Penryn and Falmouth, Recorder of Plymouth and Devonport, died on the 5th inst., at 4, Glendower-place, South Kensington. He was born 2nd February, 1816, the second son of Captain George Cole, M.A., by Sarah, his wife, daughter of Captain Crozier, R.M., of Stramore. He was called to the Bar 1842, and joined the Western Circuit, on which he acquired considerable practice, and became eventually leader. In 1867 he was made a Queen's Counsel and a Bencher of his Inn. From 1862 to 1872, he was Recorder of Penzance, and from 1872 to the time of his death Recorder of Plymouth and Devonport. He unsuccessfully contested Taunton in 1868, but was returned for Penryn and Falmouth, in the Liberal interest, from 1874 to 1880. He acted as Treasurer for the Middle Temple in 1883. Mr. Cole married, 1846, Georgiana, daughter of Mr. John Stone, barrister-at-law.

MR. JOHN HYDE.

Mr. John Hyde, of Creg, formerly of Castle Hyde, county Cork, D.L., and at one time High Sheriff, died on the 3rd inst., at his seat near Fermoy, aged eighty-one. He was eldest son of Mr. John Hyde, of Castle Hyde, by the Hon. Elizabeth O'Callaghan, his wife, daughter of the first Lord Lismore, and represented the ancient and highly allied family of Hyde of Castle Hyde. During the years of panic consequent on the Irish famine and the sales under the Encumbered Estates Court, the famous demesne of Castle Hyde, celebrated in Irish poetry as a valley unrivalled in beauty, was sold by Mr. Hyde for less than a third of its value.

We have also to record the deaths of—

Mr. P. J. Smyth, who recently resigned his seat in Parliament on becoming secretary to the Loan Fund Board in Ireland, on the 12th inst., in Dublin, aged sixty-three.

Lady Letitia Louisa MacGregor, widow of Cortlandt George MacGregor, of Carisbrooke House, Isle of Wight, and eldest sister of the ninth Earl of Antrim, on the 5th inst., at her residence in Brighton.

Colonel the Hon. Charles Grantham Scott, second son of Thomas, second Earl of Clonmell, and maternal grandson of the second Earl of Warwick, on the 5th inst., at 79, Eaton-square, aged sixty-six.

The Rev. Christopher Whichcote, M.A., Rural Dean, Rector of Aswarby, and Vicar of Swarby, in the county of Lincoln, fifth son of Sir Thomas Whichcote, fifth Baronet, on the 4th inst., in his seventy-ninth year.

Lady Dulcibella Jane Wodehouse, only daughter of William, sixteenth Earl of Erroll, on the 10th inst., in her ninety-second year. The venerable lady married, in 1821, the Rev. Charles N. Wodehouse, and was left a widow in 1870.

Lady Louisa Cator, at her residence in Bryanston-square, on the 7th inst., in her ninety-first year. She was the second daughter of John, seventh Earl of Scarborough; and married, in September, 1825, the Rev. Thomas Cator, M.A., and was left a widow in August, 1864.

Dr. Henry Thomas Lanchester, at his residence, Park House, Croydon, on the 8th inst., aged forty-seven. He was chairman of the Finance Committee of the Croydon School Board, a governor of Whitgift Hospital, and chief of the medical staff of the Croydon General Hospital.

Mr. John Deedes, of the Inner Temple and South-Eastern Circuit, at his residence in Belgrave-square, on Sunday, at an advanced age. He was admitted a student of the Inner Temple in April, 1826; was called to the Bar in November, 1829; was elected a Bencher of his Inn in 1863; and held office as treasurer during 1877.

The Hon. John Frazer, a leading member of the Legislature of New South Wales, aged fifty-eight. He was by birth an Irishman, and settled in Australia in 1840, where, after many years of usefulness, he was given, in 1874, a seat in the Legislative Council. He was a munificent benefactor to the town of Sydney, and contributed generously to its local wants.

Captain the Hon. Henry Holmes A'Court, R.N., third son of the present Lord Heytesbury, by Elizabeth, his wife, daughter and heiress of Sir Leonard Thomas Worsley Holmes, Bart., aged forty-three. He entered the Royal Navy in 1834, was employed in the China expedition of 1858-68, for which service he obtained the medal with clasp, and was promoted to a captaincy in 1881.

Dr. Herbert Davies, F.R.C.P., Consulting Physician to the London Hospital, on the 11th inst., in the sixty-seventh year of his age. He was a Scholar of Caius College, Cambridge; a Wrangler in 1842; and, later, a Fellow of Queen's College. Dr. Davies had been a Censor of the Royal College of Physicians, an Assessor and Examiner in the University of Cambridge, and was for many years Lecturer on Medicine at the London Hospital Medical College.

Cluny Macpherson, of Cluny, chief of the Clan Macpherson, in his eightieth year. He was a Companion of the Bath, Colonel of the Inverness-shire Rifle Volunteers, and held many important offices connected with the town and county of Inverness. He celebrated his golden wedding two years ago. His eldest son is Colonel Donald Macpherson, commanding the 42nd Regimental District, and late Colonel of the Black Watch, and his second son is Colonel of the 93rd Highlanders.

Amelia, Countess de Salis, widow of John Francis, sixth Count de Salis, formerly in her Majesty's Diplomatic Service, at her residence, Atherstone-terrace, South Kensington, on the 8th inst., aged forty-seven. She was the eldest daughter of Mr. Christopher and Lady Sophia Tower, of Huntsmere Park, Bucks, married the Count on Feb. 11, 1862, and was left a widow in August, 1871. She leaves two sons and a daughter—namely, John Francis Charles, present Count de Salis, Henry Rodolph, and Catherine Sophia de Salis.

Mrs. A. K. Rollit, wife of the Mayor of Hull, at Thwaite House, Cottingham, on the 11th inst. She had greatly identified herself with the public work of her husband, and was universally beloved by all classes for the practical interest she took in the charities of the town. In the new Out-patients' Department of the Royal Infirmary, the gift of her father, the late Mr. Bailey, J.P.; in the Sailors' Orphan Asylum; and other benevolent institutions, she was greatly interested. The graceful manner in which she helped Dr. Rollit to entertain the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh on their visit to Hull in October to open the Sailors' Orphan Bazaar (in which she took so active a part as to cause her last illness), gave the greatest public satisfaction.

WINTER EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS.

Our critical examination, a month ago, of the pictures at the Winter Exhibition of the Royal Society of Painters in Water Colours has not left much to be said upon this occasion. It was then remarked that while the figure-painters, especially Sir John Gilbert, President of the Society, and Mr. Carl Haag, with Mr. W. E. Lockhart, Mr. A. H. Marsh, Mr. Tom Lloyd, and Mr. John Burr, presented work of notable excellence, the predominant class of subjects was that of landscapes and wayside studies of the simple aspects of nature. Our selection is now made with regard chiefly to the interest of those delineations of incidents and characters in human life, which do not lose so much in black-and-white sketches of the subjects. We have already mentioned with due commendation Mr. Burr's kindly and humorous picture of "The Tired Nurse," where the baby in the cradle wakes up and cries while the young girl is asleep in her chair, and the mother comes home just in time. Mrs. Allingham's picture of a farmer's daughter, accompanied by a little child, bringing a pail of food to the pig-stye, is a scene of not unpleasing rusticity; and Mr. Glindoni's "Rent Day" is expressive of gloomy perplexities which just now beset the English agriculturist in many parts of the country. The charming lass whom Mr. Brewtnall has brought out into the blooming fields, "All on a Summer's Day," surrounded with the pleasant gifts of nature at that season, is a welcome personage on the walls of this Winter Exhibition, giving us fair promise of coming sunshine and sweet mild air, of renewed green leaves and fresh flowers, as delightful as in summers past. "Bob and his Grandfather," the very small boy intently watching the process of repairing the fisherman's net, on the sea-wall of a village along our southern coast, is a work of Mr. T. Lloyd's, which has considerable artistic merit. The girl with the story-book, perched on a high stool, pausing as she reads to ask herself whether the tale can be true, may have assumed a rather ungraceful attitude, but is a fine child nevertheless, and her intellectual powers will not be enfeebled by the dreamy indulgence of romantic fancy.



BOB AND HIS GRANDFATHER. TOM LLOYD.



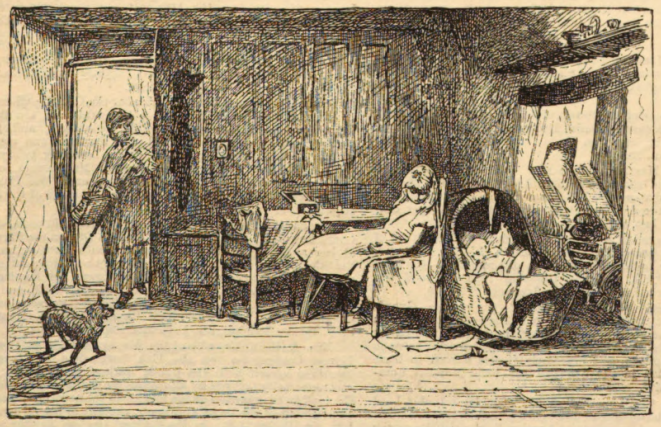
IS IT TRUE? J. H. HENSHALL.



RENT DAY. H. G. GLINDONI.



ALL ON A SUMMER DAY. E. F. BREWTNALL.



THE TIRED NURSE. JOHN BURR.



FEEDING THE PIGS. MRS. ALLINGHAM.



1. Miss Florence Treloar, Kate Greenaway Costume.
2. Miss Ida Constance Bird, My Great Grannie, 1785.
3. Miss Ethel Colls as Pierrette.
4. Miss Mary Lloyd as Pierrette.
5. Master and Miss Blackwood as Love Birds.
6. Miss Elsie Milman as Phyllis, from "Under the Window."
7. Miss Josephine Arnold.
8. Master Cecil Palmer as Baby Bunting.
9. Miss Dorothy Biddle as a Normandy Bride.
10. Master Martin as Hamlet.
11. Master T. Smith, Court Dress.
12. Miss A. Richards as a Canadian Skater.
13. Miss Violet Anson as a Marylebone Charity Girl.
14. Master Douglas Leslie as Lord Chancellor.
15. Miss Minnie Kynaston as a French Patissière.
16. Miss Stella Phillips as a Canary.

SKETCHES AT THE LORD MAYOR'S JUVENILE FANCY-DRESS BALL ON TWELFTH NIGHT.

TWELFTH NIGHT AT THE MANSION HOUSE.

The Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress have for many years been in the habit of giving a juvenile fancy-dress ball, or similar entertainment, at their civic mansion soon after Christmas, but having it on Jan. 6 and heading the invitation "Twelfth Night" was the revival of an old custom, and a most appropriate one. The *jour des rois* was never more fitly kept; for the little people were kings and queens of the occasion, and their unaffected enjoyment was a sight to make an old man young. Dancing began at the very reasonable hour of half-past six, and was to have ended at half-past eleven, but the charms of the last dance were so potent, and it went with such joyous *entrain*, that "God Save the Queen" was not played till twelve o'clock.

One of the prettiest sights of the evening was when Punch and Judy gave their time-honoured exhibition in the Saloon, and the children were grouped round in a large semicircle—the very little ones sitting on the floor in front, while bigger girls and boys were ranged behind, and at the back of all stood fathers and mothers with happy little creatures in their arms or perched on their shoulders.

Later on, there were dissolving views in the Egyptian Hall, but the principal sight to lookers-on was when the children walked in procession round that splendid saloon; and the chief pleasure was evidently the dancing, which was very brisk and general, thanks to the exertions of the kindly M.C.'s and of the Mistresses of the Ceremonies, who were distinguished by wearing a blue ribbon round their right arms. This latter was quite a new institution; and the ladies who fulfilled its duties were Mrs. Ernest Palmer, Miss Phillips, Miss Kimber, and the Misses Palmer, Puleston, and Allen.

The children's dresses were very pretty, the idea of many of those worn by the younger ones being taken from nursery rhymes and fairy tales. Master Cecil Palmer, the grandson of the Lady Mayoress, who said he was two years and a half old, was dressed in white fur as Baby Bunting, with an impertinent-looking little tail, prodigiously long ears, and a very innocent-looking weapon by his side, presumably a gun. Miss Maud Bushby and Miss Nelly Bone made very pretty Bo-Peeps, and Miss E. M. Lavington was Little Red Riding Hood. Sir William Charley's juvenile niece, Miss Maud Mackenzie, was simply Mr. Millais' "Cherry Ripe" who had stepped out of the frame. Sir Reginald Hanson's daughters were attired as Marylebone charity-girls, in white mob caps, with blue ribbons, white kerchiefs, and aprons adorned with blue bows, and black stuff skirts. Miss Hetty Lewis was dressed as a village maid, in a light pompadour tunic and green stomacher over a green striped skirt, and had a cap adorned with wild flowers on her head. Miss Ethel Coils, in white satin and silver, with a long veil, made a pretty Pierrette. Master Douglas Leslie looked very quaint as a miniature Lord Chancellor, in gold brocaded robe, spotless white bands, immaculate grey wig and spectacles. Mr. Sheriff Phillips was naturally proud of his little Stella, who was capitally got up as a canary, the only one of those delightful song-birds present. Her dress down to her small shoes was all of yellow plush or velvet; she had a pair of wings that looked capable of flying, and her head-dress was a very good imitation of a canary's head, with beak and eyes all complete. A tiny brother and sister represented a pair of love-birds. Miss Ida Bird personated "My Great Granny" as she appeared in 1785, with powdered hair, and a gown of old brocade rich enough literally to stand alone. Miss Ada Morris looked very pretty as Winter, with snow on her hair, swan's-down trimming on her soft white dress, snow-balls round the tunic, and bunches of holly and mistletoe giving the requisite touches of colour; and Miss Annie Richards as a Canadian was in white cashmere and swan's-down, with a pretty muff, some blue birds on her head and shoulders, and a pair of skates by her side. Master Ralph Truscott, grandson of Sir Francis Truscott, was very elaborately got up as Prince Eugène, in a court suit of the Queen Anne period, plum-coloured embroidered satin coat, white lace jabot, blue silk stockings, and powdered hair. Miss Ethel Halse, as Diana, wore a becoming dress of green cashmere, with silver ornaments, and a quiver full of arrows that might have done damage to over-susceptible hearts. Master H. J. Smallpage wore a very correct Marquis costume, dating somewhere about 1740, with claret satin coat, lace collar and ruffles, "buckled shoon," a powdered wig, and a black patch on his rosy cheek. The costumes, sketched by our Special Artist, must be considered representative. There were scores of others equally striking, and all the youthful wearers must from the experience of that happy evening look forward to their "next merry meeting" with the utmost pleasures of anticipation.

THE CHURCH.

The remains of the late Dr. Jackson, Bishop of London, were interred last Saturday in Fulham churchyard, in the presence of a very large number of prelates and clergy of his own and adjacent dioceses. The funeral service was read by the Archbishop of Canterbury. On Sunday in the churches of the metropolis mourning draperies testified to the feeling of sorrow for the loss of the Bishop, and funeral sermons were preached in St. Paul's, Westminster Abbey, the Chapels Royal, and the other churches of London.

The Rev. W. Durst, Rector of Alverstoke, has been appointed an Honorary Canon of Winchester Cathedral.

Dr. Vaughan, who was announced to preach on Sunday at the Temple Church was unable to do so owing to indisposition. The pulpit was occupied by Canon Spence.

The Church of St. Mary, Deane, has been reopened, after enlargement and restoration, the chancel having been lengthened and the cumbrous galleries removed.

The Rev. A. W. Callis, M.A., formerly Assistant Master in Cranleigh School, Guildford, has been appointed Head Master of King Edward VI. Grammar School, Wymondham, Norfolk.

The Archbishop of Canterbury has been nominated to succeed Mr. J. R. Lowell, the American Minister, in the presidential chair of the Birmingham Midland Institute.

The Rev. Canon Cook, the editor of "The Speaker's Commentary on the Bible," has announced his intention, through failing health and the infirmities of age, of resigning his position as a Canon Residentiary of Exeter.

The living of St. Mary's, Kilburn, void by the preferment of the Rev. Charles V. Childe to Christ Church, Cheltenham, has been conferred by the trustees on the Rev. Job Robertson, Vicar of Holy Trinity, Stroud-green, Hornsey.

The debt incurred in restoring the towers of Wimborne Minster having been fully discharged, it is now proposed to proceed with the restoration of the transepts, towards which the nucleus of a fund has been already promised.

At a meeting in favour of Church extension held on Monday afternoon, under the presidency of the Duke of Northumberland, at Newcastle-on-Tyne, it was announced that the amount already in hand is over £40,000.

Last week the Bishop of Chester consecrated Macclesfield old church, which has been undergoing restoration for eighteen months. The chancel and vestries have been restored, and the galleries taken down, at a cost of £3250. The remainder of the work is estimated to cost from £6000 to £8000.

The Bishop Jeune Memorial Prize for 1884 has, with the approval of the Archbishop of York, been divided between the Rev. A. S. Newman, Curate of Emmanuel Church, Loughborough, and the Rev. H. A. Smyth, Curate of Aylestone, whose essays were decided to be of equal merit.

Earl Nelson presided on Tuesday evening at a meeting held in St. Saviour's Mission-room, Fleet-road, South Hampstead, to promote the building-fund of the Church of the Good Shepherd, Mansfield-road. The building-fund has received, among other donations, £500 from Mr. Reginald Prance, and £500 from Mr. George Bell.

A silver salver and a purse of ninety sovereigns have been presented to the Rev. J. Davey, by his pupils and friends, on the occasion of his resigning the Head-Mastership of the Grammar School at Coatham, Redcar, which he has held for more than fifteen years.—The Rev. A. M. W. Christopher, the Rector of St. Aldate's, Oxford, has been presented with a purse containing 110 guineas, and a handsome clock and vases, in recognition of his labours in the parish, extending over a period of a quarter of a century.—Testimonials have also been presented to the Rev. A. B. M. Ley, for twelve years Senior Curate of St. Nicholas, Great Yarmouth; to the Rev. E. G. Sandford, upon resigning the vicarage of Landkey, North Devon; and to the Rev. W. R. Wollen, late Curate of Olveston.

The Dowager Marchioness of Hertford has erected an elaborate reredos of alabaster and marble in Arrow church, near Alcester, to the memory of the late Marquis of Hertford.—A new font has been placed in the Church of St. Michael, Helston, which is said to be the finest work of its kind in the county of Cornwall. The bowl is of Beer stone, and the shaft of local serpentine.—A new lectern has been presented to the parish church of Paul, near Newlyn, by a parishioner of the latter picturesque suburb of Penzance.—A fine five-light Munich east window has been placed in the church at Burgess Hill, illustrating the text, "Come unto me all ye that labour and are heavy laden." An inscription at the foot runs as follows:—"To the glory of God and in memory of Thomas Crundon, of Burgess Hill, this window was raised by his loving wife and children, 1884." The work has been designed and carried out by Messrs. Mayer and Co.

The London Corporation has granted fifty guineas to the Boys and Girls' Industrial Homes.

Lord Reay, as Rector of St. Andrew's University, has intimated his intention of delivering his inaugural address on Friday, the 30th inst.

The Manchester and Salford Councils have passed resolutions ordering a 2d. rate for the purpose of the Manchester Ship Canal. The rate will produce £24,000.

In the twenty-fourth annual exhibition of the Kennel Club, which has been held this week at the Crystal Palace, 1600 dogs were shown, the display being the finest held by the society.

Admiral Henry Schank Hillyar, C.B., has been awarded the good-service pension of £300 a year, void by the death of Sir G. R. Mundy, Admiral of the Fleet.

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EXTRACTS FROM NOTICES BY THE PRESS.

The ATHENÆUM, Jan. 10, 1885.

"For years past there has been abundant need of an exhaustive work on English biography, like those which learned Societies, under Royal or national patronage, are issuing in Germany and Belgium. In England we hardly look to an "Akademie der Wissenschaften," or a Royal commission for a purely literary enterprise, even if it be one of national importance. It is to the exertions of a publishing firm and private man of letters that we owe the present noble undertaking. An examination of the first of the fifty volumes of which it is to consist, shows that the expectations which have been formed concerning it will not be disappointed. In fulness, in thoroughness, and in general accuracy, it leaves little or nothing to be desired. It compares very favourably with its two foreign models in most essential points, and in one, at least, it is distinctly superior. Neither the German nor the Belgian Dictionary indicates the sources from which the matter in the text has been drawn with equal completeness and precision. A careful bibliographical note is appended to even the shortest of the articles; and in some of the longer ones this note becomes nothing less than an exhaustive critical digest, the utility of which can scarcely be rated too highly."

The SPECTATOR, Jan. 10, 1885.

"We receive with most cordial welcome the first volume of Mr. Leslie Stephen's 'Dictionary of National Biography,' a work long needed, often contemplated, at least once commenced, but during the last 130 years never achieved. . . . The volume before us, though far from being perfect, is yet deserving of very high commendation, as being in most points far in advance of any yet attempted. No more competent editor could be found for such a work than Mr. Leslie Stephen, and the list of contributors shows that he has obtained the co-operation of men who have distinguished themselves in several departments of literary research. In his prospectus, the Editor has referred to the German and Belgian dictionaries now in progress, and has stated that it is the intention to provide a dictionary for our own nation worthy of taking a place beside them. . . . If the 'Dictionary of National Biography' continues as it has begun, it will not only be entitled to a place beside these dictionaries, but as much above them as they are above the two great French collections."

The PALL MALL GAZETTE, Dec. 24.

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MUSIC.

The afternoon performances associated with the Monday Popular Concerts were resumed last Saturday, when the programme included Beethoven's septet for stringed and wind instruments, which was admirably performed by Herr Straus, Mr. Hollander, Mr. Lazarus, Mr. Mann, Mr. Wotton, Signor Piatti, and Mr. Reynolds. It was given for the thirty-ninth time here on this occasion. Herr Straus was heard as a soloist in four movements from Bach's fourth sonata for violin alone (which he played with great success, although interrupted by the breaking of a string), and Miss Zimmermann in three of Henselt's charming pianoforte studies, and a piece by Scarlatti. Mr. Santley sang, with fine effect, Schumann's declamatory scena "Belshazzar," and two expressive songs by Miss Maude V. White, settings of words by Herrick and the Marquis of Montrose. At the second Monday Evening Concert of the year, Madame Essipoff appeared. This accomplished Russian pianist played a Prelude by Mendelssohn, a Nocturne by Chopin, a Mazurka by M. Godard, and another piece for the encore, with special grace and refinement. The lady's rare powers of bravura execution were very successfully displayed in the pianoforte part of Rubinstein's elaborate Trio in G minor (op. 15), the accompanying violin and violoncello parts having been worthily sustained, respectively, by Madame Norman-Néruda and Signor Piatti. This gentleman and Madame Essipoff were associated in Chopin's Introduction and Polonaise at the close of the programme, which included Miss M. V. White's expressive song, "Ye Cupids droop each little head," and Purcell's "Nymphs and Shepherds," charmingly rendered by Mrs. Hutchinson. Mr. Zerbini was the accompanist on Saturday, and Mr. S. Naylor on Monday.

As already mentioned, Mr. John Boosey gave the first London Ballad Concert of the year on Saturday afternoon, Jan. 3, when a varied programme was effectively rendered by eminent performers. The first evening concert of 1885 took place this week, when the selection comprised some favourite national songs and popular modern pieces. Another afternoon concert is to be given next Wednesday.

The Royal Albert Hall Choral Society, conducted by Mr. Barnby, gave the sixth concert of the fourteenth season during the week, when Haydn's "Creation" was the work selected for performance.

London musical activity has not yet quite recovered from the temporary lull that is usually induced by the prevalence of Christmas and New-Year entertainments; but signs are already apparent of a speedy return to the plenty and variety of musical performances by which the metropolis is distinguished during nearly all the twelve months.

The Queen has sanctioned the adoption of the *diapason normal* by her private band, and this will in future be used at the state concerts. It is to be hoped that the example will be universally followed, and that the uniformity of musical pitch so frequently urged will soon be an accomplished fact in England.

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ADRIAN VIDAL.

BY W. E. NORRIS,

AUTHOR OF "MDLLE. DE MERSAC," "MATRIMONY," "THIRLBY HALL," &C.

CHAPTER V.

IN THE CLOUDS.

All sorts of extravagant ideas passed through Vidal's head as he walked along the mountain-side with the girl whom he loved and whom he had known for barely three days. Every now and again the mist-wreaths parted, showing them some sombre peak towering high overhead or a gleam of grey water from beneath; then they were wrapped once more in a sort of white darkness, through which they could hardly distinguish one another's forms. They seemed so completely alone, so separated from the world and all its conventionalities, that Vidal, upon whom external conditions always possessed a strong influence, felt as if there would be nothing very strange in speaking his heart out and saying, "I love you."

But, underlying the impetuosity of his nature, there was ever a vein of common-sense, which had preserved him from the commission of many absurdities before then, and he had more reasons than one for knowing that the utterance of those three words must be preceded by a considerable period of reflection. Therefore he did no more than repeat them many times inwardly, and only said aloud: "So you are really going away to-morrow!"

"Yes," answered the girl with something like a sigh. "I am sorry. It is as if we had come to the end of the holidays, though we are going home."

"It is something to have a home to go to when holiday time is over," remarked Vidal.

"And have you no home? Oh, no, I remember you told me that you had rooms in London. That can hardly be like a home, I suppose. You said you had a mother, though."

"Yes; I am blessed with a mother, and also with a sister. But we are three. I am glad to say that we are always very good friends when we meet; but it is doubtful whether we should continue to be so if we lived under one roof. So we don't live under one roof; and, in default of a home, I have to make the best of Duke-street, St. James's."

"Well," said the girl, after a short pause, "I suppose most people must be contented with second bests in this world, and ought to be thankful enough if they get as much."

"I don't agree with you in the least!" cried Vidal, with some warmth. "I think there is nothing so fatal to happiness as making up your mind to be contented with something less than what you want."

"But if you can't get what you want?—or if you don't quite know what you want?"

"If you don't know, you are in a bad way, I admit; but surely it ought not to be very difficult to find out; and then it depends almost entirely upon yourself, I believe, whether you get it or not. There are very few things, except good health, of which a man can say that it is impossible that he should ever gain them."

"Ah, a man—perhaps. But a woman is in a very different position. It is not always possible for her to control her destiny, and even if it were, she might shrink from consulting only her own interests."

"Are you speaking of yourself?" asked Vidal, abruptly.

Miss Irvine laughed. "Oh," she said, "my destiny is a very uncertain affair as yet, and at any rate I have this advantage over you, that I am quite satisfied with my home. I wonder whether you will ever see it. Polruth is rather out of the world; but numbers of people—quite ten families, I should think—come down every summer now for the sea-bathing; and it is admitted that ours is the finest coast in England in point of scenery."

"I have been for a long time meditating a tour in Cornwall," said Vidal, with pardonable mendacity. "Perhaps I might be able to illustrate my theory of being able to do what I want to do by turning up in your neighbourhood some time in August."

"Oh, I wish you would!" cried Miss Irvine, displaying more frank cordiality than was quite agreeable to her would-be lover. "If you came in August, Mr. Heriot would be with us, most likely; so that we should be able to offer you that additional attraction. Do try to manage it. I wish we could give you a room; but I am afraid all the boys will be at home then. However, we could easily find tolerable quarters for you in the village."

She went on talking about Polruth and about Cornish manners and customs with a good deal of animation, hardly allowing Vidal to get in a word edgeways. Evidently she was desirous of avoiding the more serious subject which they had begun to discuss; and this excited her companion's curiosity, and made him determine to reintroduce it at the earliest opportunity. However, she spared him that trouble by recurring to it herself, after a time. They had reached a point near the Rigi Staffel, and, the veil of mist having lifted for a moment, were looking down upon a motionless sea of cloud, out of which dim mountain-tops rose like islands here and there.

"According to you," Miss Irvine began, abruptly, "one has only to wish for a thing with sufficient energy and one is pretty sure to get it. That may be so; but surely, without being at all heroically unselfish, one must be guided a little by what others wish. One's own happiness ought not to be the sole aim and object of one's life."

"I don't say that it should; although, as a matter of fact, happiness, present or future, is exactly what everybody does pursue. Of course, happiness admits of many definitions. Some people, I firmly believe, get it by simply satisfying their appetites; others find it in doing their duty, or in sacrificing themselves for the benefit of their neighbours."

"I can't think that anyone would sacrifice himself merely because he expected to be the happier for doing so. But perhaps a sacrifice might cease to be a sacrifice if it gave a great deal of pleasure to those whom one cared most about in the world."

"That would depend upon what it involved, I should say. But the fact is that we are at cross purposes, Miss Irvine. I was speaking generally, whereas you are thinking of some particular instance."

"No;—at least, I was thinking of something—but it doesn't signify," answered the girl, rather incoherently. "Ought we not to be going back?"

Vidal looked at his watch, and found that they certainly ought. They had but ten minutes in which to retrace their steps; and very soon the imprudence of indulging in day-dreams and propounding vague theories while walking through a fog was brought home to him. He did not like to tell Miss Irvine that he had utterly lost his bearings, but when he had spent a quarter of an hour in hurrying her hither and thither the admission was superfluous.

"Mr. Vidal," she said calmly, "have you the slightest idea of where we are?"

"If you insist upon the truth," answered Vidal, half laughing, "I must confess that I have not."

"Then hadn't you better shout until someone comes?"

It really seemed the only thing to be done. There was something rather humiliating in shrieking for assistance, and also in being lost upon a mountain which is traversed by two lines of railway, and sprinkled all over with hotels; but the awkwardness of the predicament that they were in was more apparent to Vidal than to Miss Irvine; besides which, he had just a faint hope of being able to stop the train, if he could make their whereabouts known.

This hope died away after he had shouted himself hoarse without eliciting any response, and he was beginning to feel as uncomfortable as he had ever felt in his life, when he was startled by a stentorian bellow, proceeding from some point only a few yards away, and immediately afterwards a figure loomed up through the mist, which proved to be that of a native, who had been sent up from the hotel to search for the wanderers. The train had left some time since, he explained; and as, unfortunately, it was the last one, the *Herrschaft* had gone down in it. But he could take them down by some short cuts, and there was a boat from Weggis at seven o'clock, which they could easily catch, if the lady did not mind the walk.

It was only too plain that, whether the lady minded it or not, the walk would have to be undertaken, and Vidal's contrition was so deep and unfeigned that a far less amiable person than Miss Irvine must needs have pardoned him.

"It was not your fault," she said; "and I am quite accustomed to rough walking and wet weather. So long as we catch the boat, there will be no harm done."

Whether she realised the situation in all its bearings, Vidal hardly knew; but, for his own part, he was a good deal vexed, feeling that he had not only let slip the opportunity of saying many things to her which he would have liked to say, but that he had probably put in serious jeopardy the position that he had won in Mrs. Irvine's good graces.

Their guide was hastening down hill at a jog-trot which made conversation all but impossible; and Miss Irvine declined the young man's repeated offers of assistance, declaring that she was perfectly well able to take care of herself, and begging only that no time might be lost; but he took advantage, at last, of a short stretch of level ground to turn round and say, "I hope your mother will not be very angry with me."

To which she replied, "Oh, dear, no! Why should she be? She will not even be angry with me. My mother is very good-natured."

Vidal could but trust that the old lady might prove worthy of the character attributed to her; but he felt very ill at ease and ashamed of himself; and when, at length, they reached Weggis, weary, muddy and wet, it was a great relief to him to find only Heriot waiting for them on the landing-stage.

Mr. and Mrs. Irvine, it appeared, had been persuaded to go on to Lucerne by the last boat, and Heriot was too glad to see the truants back safe and sound to scold either of them; but Vidal, knowing the man, saw that he was more annoyed than he wished to show, and as soon as they were on board the steamer, he took occasion to apologise.

"I'm awfully sorry to have kept you standing about there in the rain, old man; but I didn't do it on purpose, you know."

"Oh, the waiting was nothing," Heriot said.

"I didn't give Miss Irvine that long walk on purpose either, as far as that goes."

His friend was silent for a minute or two, and then remarked: "Well; they are going away to-morrow."

"So that I shan't be able to do it again, do you mean?" asked Vidal, laughing.

"I mean that I am very glad they are going away," answered Heriot; and Vidal did not see fit to press him for an explanation.

CHAPTER VI.

SI JE VOUS LE DISAIS.

Mrs. Irvine was perhaps less particular or less suspicious than the generality of mothers. At all events, she did not seem to think that Vidal's heedlessness called for any blame; but, on the contrary, began to beg his pardon for having run away and left him in the lurch. "Mr. Irvine did want to set out in search of you," she said; "but, you know, if I had let him do that I should have had to go and look for him, and then somebody else would have had to look for me, and there would have been no end to it. So I persuaded him to come straight back; and afterwards I was particularly glad that I had done so, because we met the Skeffingtons at the table-d'hôte—do you happen to know General Skeffington?—such a nice man!—and he was very encouraging about poor Charley. Charley is my second boy, who has failed for the Army, poor fellow! General Skeffington says he isn't in the least surprised. I mean, he thinks that all these examinations are great nonsense, and that an officer ought not to be a bookworm. Fortunately, there is still the militia, so that we need not despair."

Mrs. Irvine had innumerable acquaintances, whom she utilised, or thought that she utilised, to assist her in heating the equally innumerable quantity of irons which she always had in the fire. The smooth things prophesied to her by General Skeffington and the prospects of the unlearned Charley occupied all her conversation until she bade Vidal good-night; and the young man felt that he had been let off cheaply.

The next morning, at eight o'clock, he was at the station to say good-bye to his new friends. Heriot, intending to break the journey at Bâle, had decided to leave by a later train. It was not without a certain sinking of the heart that our hero followed Miss Irvine, whose travelling-bag and cloak he was carrying, across the platform. The three days' romance was at an end, he thought, sadly. Yesterday he had not been far from declaring his love; to-day it seemed impossible that he could ever have dreamt of doing so insane a thing. For what was he, or could he be, to her but a stranger in whose company a few hours had been spent, more or less agreeably—at best, one whom she might have learnt to like, if chance had thrown them together for a longer time?

They had to part now, like the mere acquaintances that they were. And then he thought how beautiful she was, and how, as a matter of course, others besides himself must be captivated by her beauty; and something seemed to tell him that she was reserved for a higher destiny than he could offer. So opposite are the influences exercised by a mountain-top and a railway station! As he helped her to arrange her parapherналia, and mechanically uttered the commonplaces suitable to the occasion, Alfred de Musset's lines kept ringing in his head—*Si je vous le disais, pourtant, que je vous aime!* Did she understand at all? he wondered. And, supposing that she could be made to understand, would she be surprised, or angry, or only amused? At any rate, it was certain that no hint could be conveyed in the midst of all that hurry and bustle. He was obliged to get out of the carriage to make room for Mr. and Mrs. Irvine; and to them, too, some last words had to be spoken. The old gentleman roused himself to say that his clubs were the Athenæum and the Oxford and Cambridge, and that he hoped Mr. er—er— Ryder would look him up when he was in London; and then Mrs. Irvine broke in with,

"Oh, but Mr. Vidal is going to pay Cornwall a visit. Mr. Heriot, do you know that he talks of being in our parts in August?"

"Oh!" said Heriot, rather drily.

"Yes; and I was thinking about what rooms there were in Polruth; and I feel sure that old Mrs. Treweeke would be just the person. A most respectable old creature, and would do her very best to make you comfortable—lost both her sons in a mining accident, poor thing! so that one would be glad to do her a good turn; only perhaps you ought to lock the wine up, you know—just as a precaution, that's all. But I will make a point of writing to you about it. Have you got one of your cards? Duke-street, St. James's—thank you so much! And you 'll bear in mind that Italian governess, won't you? Signora Lisetto, or Stiletto, or something like that—however, all particulars can be had on application to me. Good-bye—so glad to have met you! Good-bye, Mr. Heriot."

And now there was only time to repeat the same melancholy word to Miss Irvine and to catch her last smile and nod before the train began to move. Vidal stood looking after it with mournful eyes, and murmuring to himself, "*Si je vous le disais, pourtant, que je vous aime, Qui sait, brune aux yeux bleus, ce que vous en diriez?*"

He was roused by Heriot's voice, which sounded a little harshly, saying, "Come and sit down somewhere in the shade, Adrian; I want to talk to you."

"You say that as if you intended to give me a tremendous rowing," remarked Vidal, as he took his friend's arm. "Have I been misbehaving myself?"

"Ah, that is just what I don't know," answered Heriot; "and that is what I want you to tell me."

But as Vidal only laughed, without replying, the other said no more until they had passed out of the station and had found an unoccupied bench near the lake, when he resumed abruptly: "Well, how far has it gone?"

"I don't know what you mean."

"Oh, pardon me, my dear fellow, I think you do know. You and I understand one another pretty well at this time of day, and I am not going to make any apologies for my impertinence."

"Certainly not. But all the same, I *don't* know what you mean. In one sense—so far as I am concerned, that is—it has gone very far indeed; about as far as it could go. I don't mind telling you that; and, in fact, I should have told you, whether you had asked me or not. In another sense, it hasn't gone on at all; it hasn't begun."

Heriot stroked his beard and sighed. "I hope you won't go down to Cornwall," he said, presently.

"Why not? Can you give me any good reason why I shouldn't? I don't understand you. Look here, Heriot—you won't mind my asking, will you? Have you any—any feeling for her yourself?"

"I have such a feeling for her as a middle-aged man, who is dying of angina pectoris, may have for a beautiful girl upon the threshold of life," answered Heriot, quietly; and you must remember that it was I who took the responsibility of introducing you to her. As for giving you good reasons for letting a flirtation of three days drop now"——

"It has not been a flirtation," interrupted the younger man, eagerly. "Believe me or not, as you like, she is the only woman whom I have ever loved, and whether I have known her three days or three years is nothing to the purpose."

"Well, well—. But I can give you good reasons, nevertheless. To begin with—and, for the matter of that, I suppose we might end with it too; for it's painfully conclusive—you are not well enough off to marry."

"I have six hundred a year."

"That is what I say. You have six hundred a year, and stinginess has never been one of your defects. You know very well that it is all you can do to live upon your income as a bachelor. To bring up a family upon it would be so wildly impossible that I can't believe you have seriously contemplated such a thing."

It struck Vidal that this was taking time by the forelock with a vengeance. "I confess that I haven't given much thought to the family," he answered, with a slight laugh; "but as for my income, I hope it won't remain stationary. I have added to it a little already from time to time, and I mean to add to it in a more systematic way now, if I can."

"By writing?"

"Why not? Men have made money by writing before now."

"How many men?—and how much money? You know, I am not altogether ignorant of literary matters; I have written a little myself at odd times."

"But not novels."

"Not novels, certainly; still I know something of the experiences of novelists. It isn't altogether a question of merit; so I may say, without casting any reflection upon you, that the chances are very much against your ever making a living at that trade."

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"I admit that all beginners must be uncertain of success. But, Heriot, doesn't it occur to you that you are taking a great deal too much for granted? You talk as if winning Miss Irvine's love would be the easiest thing in the world—as if I had only to throw the handkerchief. It seems to me that you are as far from understanding her as you are from realising that poverty is only a relative evil."

"I venture to look upon poverty as a positive evil," said Heriot. "As for Clare Irvine—well, since we are alone, I will speak plainly and without regard for your blushes. You are very good-looking, my dear Adrian, and you are also clever and amiable; so that a young woman who should fall in love with you could hardly be accused of bad taste. I don't think it is taking too much for granted to assume that this particular young woman is liable to be attracted by what attracts others, and that is why I say that you are bound to consider consequences. The thing isn't done yet; just stop and think a little before you do it. And there's something more that I should like to say to you. I heard yesterday from Mrs. Irvine that Clare has it open to her to make an excellent marriage. It seems that in the course of their wanderings they fell in with a man named Wilbraham, whom I know a little, and who is a thoroughly good fellow in every way. He has the advantage of being rich and well connected, and I suppose no parents can be indifferent to such things. He proposed to Clare when they were at Rome, and although she began by refusing him, she afterwards seemed disposed to change her mind; and the long and the short of it is that he hasn't yet received his final answer."

"Oh, is that it?" said Vidal. "Now I understand."

He was thinking of what the girl had said to him the day before, and he shuddered at the idea that she was in danger of throwing away her life, to please a mother, whom, in his haste, he set down as greedy and scheming.

Heriot, who could not follow his thoughts, went on:

"You understand the nature of the case now. She is just upon the point of accepting a man who will make the kindest and best of husbands, when, lo and behold! down drops a good-looking pauper from the clouds and sets to work to unsettle her mind. Don't you thing the good-looking pauper would do well to betake himself to Jericho?"

"I dare say I might think so if I were her father," answered Vidal; "but I am not her father—nor are you. Would you like to see her marry a man whom she doesn't love, because he is rich and may help her brothers on in the world? For I take it that that is the English of the matter."

"No," answered Heriot, "I shouldn't like that, and I doubt very much whether she would do it either. What I should like her to do would be to love the man. She certainly can't be very far off loving him or she wouldn't hesitate."

"I don't see that at all; but if it is as you say, she will have ceased to hesitate before I can meet her again. So that I am powerless to do her any harm—or good. If only I had known yesterday as much as I know now!"

"What would you have done?"

"I should have told her that I loved her. She would have refused me, without any doubt; but it is just possible that my speaking might, as you say, have 'unsettled her mind'; and that would have been something."

Heriot clasped his hands behind his head, stared up at the sky, and whistled a tune.

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"To keep myself from being so rude as to say what I think of you."

Vidal laughed. "Now, Heriot, that's humbug. The sort of generosity which you ask of me would be no generosity at all. It is quite comprehensible that you shouldn't wish me to marry Miss Irvine"——

"I don't see how you can marry her."

"Well, let us put things at the worst, and say that I can't. Then, according to you, I ought to stand aside and allow some other man to make her happy. I don't know whether I should be capable of such magnanimity if the case were to arise—I hope I should. But the case has not arisen; because I happen to know that this man Wilbraham cannot make her happy."

"How do you know anything about it?"

"From a few words that she let fall yesterday. I didn't understand her at the time; but I do now; and I tell you that if she gives way, it will be simply and solely because that infernal old mother of hers has persuaded her that it is her duty to sacrifice herself for her family."

The young man started to his feet, as he spoke, strode away for a few yards, then came back and threw himself violently down upon the bench again. "I wish to Heaven you hadn't told me of this, now that it is too late!" he exclaimed.

Heriot smiled. The truth was, that he had seen his friend in love before, and was not greatly moved by this display of agitation. "You are quite mistaken," he said, quietly. "Poor Mrs. Irvine doesn't deserve abuse. Like other mothers, she would be very much pleased if her daughter made a brilliant match; but she is not worldly or grasping, and Clare is as free to choose for herself as any girl can be. Hitherto she has not been embarrassed by a large field of choice. She has lived all her life down in the country, and this season at Rome has given her her first sight of the outer world. I wish she could have fancied Wilbraham; but, from what you say, I fear there is very little chance for him. It is a pity."

"Do you really think that?" asked Vidal, eagerly. "Do you think she will refuse him?"

"I don't think she would have spoken to you upon the subject if she had meant to accept him. But, setting him aside, I do wish, Adrian, both for your sake and for hers, that you would try to get over this fancy. You and she are not suited to one another; but I won't dwell on that point, because, of course, you wouldn't believe me. You will acknowledge, though, that, from a common-sense point of view, it would be a great deal better if you were not to meet again. You have no business to make love to her unless you see some prospect of being able to marry her; and you can't ask her to starve with you upon six hundred a year. Dive into the mysteries of the family," he answered, with a slight laugh; the mem—a few words that she let fall yesterday. I didn't understand her at the time; but I do now; and I tell you that if she gives way, it will be simply and solely because that infernal old mother of hers has persuaded her that it is her duty to sacrifice herself for her family."

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"Why do you do that?" asked Vidal, irritably.

"To keep myself from being so rude as to say what I think of you."

Vidal laughed. "Now, Heriot, that's humbug. The sort of generosity which you ask of me would be no generosity at all. It is quite comprehensible that you shouldn't wish me to marry Miss Irvine"——

"I don't see how you can marry her."

"Well, let us put things at the worst, and say that I can't. Then, according to you, I ought to stand aside and allow some other man to make her happy. I don't know whether I should be capable of such magnanimity if the case were to arise—I hope I should. But the case has not arisen; because I happen to know that this man Wilbraham cannot make her happy."

"How do you know anything about it?"

"From a few words that she let fall yesterday. I didn't understand her at the time; but I do now; and I tell you that if she gives way, it will be simply and solely because that infernal old mother of hers has persuaded her that it is her duty to sacrifice herself for her family."

The young man started to his feet, as he spoke, strode away for a few yards, then came back and threw himself violently down upon the bench again. "I wish to Heaven you hadn't told me of this, now that it is too late!" he exclaimed.

Heriot smiled. The truth was, that he had seen his friend in love before, and was not greatly moved by this display of agitation. "You are quite mistaken," he said, quietly. "Poor Mrs. Irvine doesn't deserve abuse. Like other mothers, she would be very much pleased if her daughter made a brilliant match; but she is not worldly or grasping, and Clare is as free to choose for herself as any girl can be. Hitherto she has not been embarrassed by a large field of choice. She has lived all her life down in the country, and this season at Rome has given her her first sight of the outer world. I wish she could have fancied Wilbraham; but, from what you say, I fear there is very little chance for him. It is a pity."

"Do you really think that?" asked Vidal, eagerly. "Do you think she will refuse him?"

"I don't think she would have spoken to you upon the subject if she had meant to accept him. But, setting him aside, I do wish, Adrian, both for your sake and for hers, that you would try to get over this fancy. You and she are not suited to one another; but I won't dwell on that point, because, of course, you wouldn't believe me. You will acknowledge, though, that, from a common-sense point of view, it would be a great deal better if you were not to meet again. You have no business to make love to her unless you see some prospect of being able to marry her; and you can't ask her to starve with you upon six hundred a year. Dive into the mysteries of the family," he answered, with a slight laugh; "but as for my income, I hope it won't remain stationary. I have added to it a little already from time to time, and I mean to add to it in a more systematic way now, if I can."

"By writing?"

"Why not? Men have made money by writing before now."

"How many men?—and how much money? You know, I am not altogether ignorant of literary matters; I have written a little myself at odd times."

"But not novels."

"Not novels, certainly; still I know something of the experiences of novelists. It isn't altogether a question of merit; so I may say, without casting any reflection upon you, that the chances are very much against your ever making a living at that trade."

"Yet you recommended it."

"As being preferable to none; I know I did. I was sure that you could write what I should consider a good novel; but I can't answer for the opinion of the public, which pays. All I wish to point out is that the prospect is an uncertain one; and you yourself will admit that much."

"I admit that all beginners must be uncertain of success. But, Heriot, doesn't it occur to you that you are taking a great deal too much for granted? You talk as if winning Miss Irvine's love would be the easiest thing in the world—as if I had only to throw the handkerchief. It seems to me that you are as far from understanding her as you are from realising that poverty is only a relative evil."

somewhat remarkable for strength of purpose. He had been quite sincere, and had imagined that he was speaking from experience, when he laid down the proposition that a man has only himself to blame if he does not obtain the object of his desires. He had pretty generally got what he had wanted, and had not looked as closely as he might have done into the causes which had led to that happy result. As a fact, moral strength did not happen to be his most striking quality. Sanguine, easily elated, and easily depressed, he stood in constant need of sympathy, and was not one who could bear many failures or hold out for an indefinite time against difficulties. Yet (as Heriot had long ago found out) he was capable of distinguishing himself far above his fellows. Granted a first success, he might make himself heard of in the world. The few steps which he had already taken on the road towards fame had been tolerably long steps for a beginner. His essays, contributed to various reviews and magazines, and dealing chiefly with such aspects of modern life as lie upon the surface, had attracted a good deal of notice. They had been bright, clever, excellently worded, and had conveyed the idea that their writer possessed a wider and more profound acquaintance with his subjects than was actually the case. Now, he had written a novel, to which he had given the name of *Satiety*, in which he had satirised what he, oddly enough, fancied to be the prevailing characteristic of his generation. Of this work he secretly—perhaps unconsciously—expected great things. He had spoken, and even thought, disparagingly of it; but he hardly anticipated a disparaging verdict from the press or the public. And if it should prove—as why should it not?—to be the passport to that Tom Tiddler's ground in which successful novelists are popularly supposed to disport themselves, might not marriage be among the good things which it would bring within the reach of its talented author?

As he walked among those lonely heights, his love grew stronger and deeper. Hitherto he had lacked an object in life: now he had found one. In Clare he recognised at once his inspiration and his reward. Upon more mature reflection, he had admitted to himself the justice of much that Heriot had urged; but he resolved that, whether he might find it his duty to avoid Miss Irvine for a time or not, he would approach her as soon as he had the right to do so, and that for that end he would labour and live. The only deplorable part of the business was that it should be complicated with a Wilbraham.

(To be continued.)

The Spanish Consul-General in London has forwarded to King Alfonso £3600 for distribution amongst the sufferers by the recent earthquakes.

Dr. Gill, F.R.S., Astronomer Royal at the Cape, has applied to the Royal Society for funds necessary to obtain a Photographic Atlas of the Stars of the Southern Hemisphere. The Royal Society have intrusted the work (under the supervision of Dr. Gill) to Mr. C. Ray Woods, who is about to leave England for the purpose.

Mr. E. Corbett, British Minister of Rio, has been appointed to succeed Sir H. Rumbold as her Majesty's Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary at Stockholm; and the Hon. E. Monson, C.B., now British Minister at Buenos Ayres, will succeed Mr. Vivian at Copenhagen as her Majesty's Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary.

At the Royal Institution, Professor H. N. Moseley on Tuesday began a course of five lectures on "Colonial Animals: their Structure and Life Histories." Professor Dewar on Thursday began a course of eleven lectures on "The New Chemistry"; and Dr. Waldstein to-day (Saturday) begins a course of three lectures on "Greek Sculpture from Pheidias to the Roman Era." The Friday evening meetings began on Jan. 16, when Professor Tyndall gave a discourse on "Living Contagion."

The Board of Trade have awarded a piece of plate to Captain Domenico Romeo, of the Italian brig Marietta, of Naples, in acknowledgment of his humanity and kindness to the shipwrecked crew of the William Jones, of Newport, which was abandoned at sea on Dec. 9, 1883, while on a voyage from Puerto Cabello to Liverpool. The crew of the William Jones were forty-eight days on board the Marietta, during which time they were treated with the greatest kindness, the master and owner declining to receive anything for their subsistence.

For competition at the Sixth Annual London Show of the Shire Horse Society, to be held at the Agricultural Hall, Islington, in the last week of February, prizes in money and cups are offered to the value of £646 5s. Mr. Walter Gilbey offers his "Elsenham" Challenge Cup, value 100 guineas, for the best animal in the show.—The prize-list, a good one, for the forthcoming meeting at Brighton of the Bath and West of England and Southern Counties Agricultural Association, which will be held in June next, has been issued from the offices of the society. There will be twenty-two classes for horses, and forty-four classes for cattle.

The year 1885 finds four English Judges still actively pursuing their judicial labours after attaining the age of fourscore years. They are Vice-Chancellor Bacon, who is in his eighty-seventh year; Judge Peterdorff, in his eighty-fifth; Judge Hulton, in his eighty-third; and Judge Bayley, of the Westminster County Court, also in his eighty-third year. For the first time, the Judges of the County Courts in England and Wales occupy, by virtue of her Majesty's recent Warrant under the sign manual, a special place in the Table of Precedence, where they are placed next after Knights Bachelors, thus displacing the Serjeants-at-Law. The Queen's Warrant, which bears date Aug. 4, 1884, further directs that the Judges of County Courts in England and Wales "shall at all times hereafter be called, known, and addressed by the style and title of 'His Honour,' prefixed to the word 'Judge,' before their respective names."

The London Society for the Extension of University Teaching has issued its prospectus of lectures and classes which will be held during the ensuing term (January to April) at twenty different centres in London. Amongst the new centres may be mentioned the Bank of England, where Dr. Waghorn is announced to lecture on electricity; and another new feature about the society's work this term is that a lady, Mrs. Bryant, is amongst the lecturers. Mrs. Bryant, it will be remembered, was the first woman to obtain the D.Sc. degree of the University of London, and she is to lecture at the Camden-road centre on "Moral Ideals, Ancient and Modern." Professor S. R. Gardiner will continue to give several historical courses for the society—this time at Dulwich, Highbury, and Whitechapel; and of the other lectures, Mr. J. Churton Collins's courses on different periods of English literature will be popular. At Whitechapel there are to be four sets of lectures, which will now be given in the rooms of the University Settlement in Toynbee Hall. Mr. Sedley Taylor is to be one of the lecturers here, his subject being "Schemes for Bettering the Relations between Labour and Capital." In addition to the regular lectures it is announced that the "University settlers" will organise reading parties among the students, who will also have the free use of a reading-room and reference library.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All communications relating to this department of the Paper should be addressed to the Editor, and have the word "Chess" written on the envelope.

R M (Liverpool).—We have not the book at hand to refer to, and, as you do not state the conditions of the problem, cannot answer your question.

C W P (Toronto).—Very neat, indeed; but rather too easy. We shall be glad to hear from you again.

F M (Prague).—The last *I. L. N.* has been dispatched to you. Thanks for copy of *Zlata*, to which we cordially wish bon voyage.

W B (Stratford).—Your last is good: and, if found correct, it shall have early honours.

A A B (Margate).—1. It is not possible to mate with King and two Knights against a King alone. 2. Two Bishops are stronger in an end game than two Knights.

H E A B (Watford).—In the ideal problem the King should be of some use, but "ideal" problems, as the late Mr. Lowe used to say of pawns, are not to be picked up in the street.

J K (Epsom).—Your second letter pleased us, your first did not. You should never be "cock-sure" of the inaccuracy, nor, indeed, of the accuracy, of a chess problem.

POLYANTHUS (Liverpool).—We cannot acknowledge even correct solutions through the post, and yours of No. 2127 is very wide of the mark.

P J (Broadmoor).—Thanks for good wishes. To what Australian problem do you refer?

REV. W A (Old Romney).—We never see the paper mentioned, so are not likely to be puzzled by the mistake.

ALPHA.—Please look at No. 2127 again. Your good wishes are cordially reciprocated.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEMS Nos. 2118, 2119, 2120, received from O H B (Richmond, Cape of Good Hope); of No. 2125 from W E Manby, Plevna, F and G Howitt (Norwich), F E Gibbins (Tiflis), C Belton (Tiflis), Carl Stepan; of No. 2126 from New Forest, A L Ory, H E B Arnold, F and G Howitt, B H C (Salisbury), John Keen, Pierce Jones, Carl Stepan; of No. 2127 from G A Walker, T G (Ware), Jumbo, John Hodgson (Maidstone), W F B (Swansea), R Worters (Canterbury), B H C (Salisbury), William Davis, F F Pott, Carl Stepan; of the CHRISTMAS CHESS NUTS from T G (Ware), R Worters, Plevna, Emmo (Darlington), Pierce Jones, E L G, Carl Stepan, F F Pott, Henry Ecles, E Casella (Paris), Jupiter Junior, G Huskisson, H Lucas, N Cator, An Old Hand, A W Scrutton, M O'Halloran, D W Kell, C S Coxe, R Ingersoll, and Nerina.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2128 received from Hereward, E Casella (Paris), J Hepworth Shaw, R H Brooks, Jupiter Junior, Shadforth, J S (South Hampstead), H Lucas, Rev W Anderson (Old Romney), A W Scrutton, Alpha, A L Ory, M O'Halloran, D W Kell, L Desanges, Z Ingold, D McCoy, C S Coxe, G A A Walker, J T W, Jumbo, Benjamin Hewitt, Plevna, R Ingersoll, T L Greenaway, A W emere, L Falcon (Antwerp), R L Southwell, L Sharswood, Ernest Sharswood, W Hillier, Joseph Ainsworth, G W Law, A M Porter, T H Holdron, H Wardell, S Lowndes, B L Dyke, H E B Arnold, Hermit, S Ballen, C Oswald, G L Mayne, Anon, Harper, H H Noyes, C W Milsom, L Wyman, F and G Howitt (Norwich), W Dewse, H Blacklock, Otto Fulder (Ghent), C Darragh, A Karlberg (Hamburg), W J Buhman, B H C (Salisbury), F Battlehorne (Dunbar), T G (Ware), Emmo (Darlington), Pierce Jones, E Louden, F F Pott, I E C B (Plympton), Laura Greaves (Shelton), C B N (H.M.S. Asia), R Worters, Tweedsmouse, and Carl Stepan.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2125.

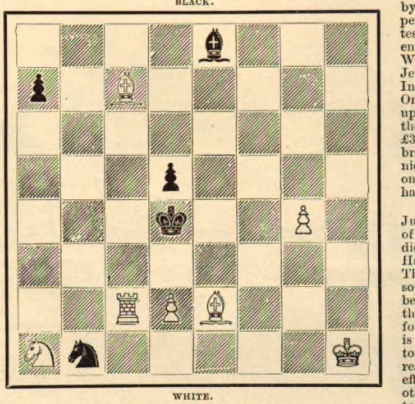
WHITE.	BLACK.
1. Kt to Q Kt 3rd	K to K 7th (best)
2. B to Q R 5th	Any move
3. Kt or B mates accordingly.	

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2126.

WHITE.	BLACK.
1. Kt takes K P	K takes Kt
2. Q to K 3rd	Any move
3. Q mates.	

If Black play 1. K to Q 5th, then follows 2. Q to Q B 3rd (ch), and 3. Q takes P, mate.

PROBLEM No. 2130.
By K. MAKOVSKY.
BLACK.



WHITE.
White to play, and mate in three moves.

Played in a Correspondence Tourney organised by the *English Mechanic*. The notes appended are contributed by Mr. W. T. Pierce.

WHITE (G. H. Mainwaring).	BLACK (J. Pierce).
1. P to K 4th	P to Q B 4th
2. Kt to K B 3rd	Kt to Q B 3rd
3. Kt to B 3rd	P to K Kt 3rd

Said to be unsound.

4. P to Q 4th	P takes P
5. Kt takes P	B to Kt 2nd
6. B to K 3rd	Kt to B 3rd
7. B to K 2nd	P to Q 3rd
8. Castles	Castles
9. P to B 4th	B to Q 2nd
10. Q to Q 2nd	Q to B 2nd
11. Kt takes Kt	B takes Kt
12. B to Q 3rd	P to Q R 3rd
13. Q R to Q Kt sq	

It is difficult to see the object of this move. This R, if played at all, should be placed on Q sq; but White's best move is apparently P to B 5th.

13.	P to K 4th

Good; necessitating either a passed P. or leaving White with an isolated centre P.

14. P takes P	P takes P
15. Q to K 2nd	B to Q 2nd
16. B to K Kt 5th	

Here White misses a chance—16. R takes Kt, B takes R; 17. Kt to Q 5th, Q to Q 3rd best (if 17. Q to Q sq, 18. B to Kt 6th; and if 17. B to B 3rd, 18. R to K B sq, and wins); 18. Q to B 2nd, followed by 19. B to B 5th, &c.

16.	Q to B 4th (ch)
17. K to R sq	Kt to K Kt 5th
18. P to K R 3rd	P to K R 3rd
19. B to Q 2nd	Kt to B 3rd
20. B takes K R P	

Inviting, but hardly sound.

WHITE (G. H. Mainwaring).	BLACK (J. Pierce).
20.	Kt to K R 4th
21. B to K 3rd	Kt to Kt 6th (ch)
22. K to R 2nd	Kt takes B (ch)
23. R takes Kt	Q to Q 3rd
24. Q to K B 2nd	Q R to Q B sq
25. Q to R 4th	P to K B 4th

B to Q B 3rd or K 3rd, to stop the Knight from coming to Q 5th, would have been more prudent.

26. Kt to Q 5th	B to K B 3rd
27. Q to R 6th	B to K sq
28. Kt to Q Kt 6th	R to Q B 2nd
29. B to Q B 4th (ch)	R takes B

Clearly forced.

30. Kt takes R	Q to Q B 3rd
31. P to Q Kt 3rd	

P takes P is admissible here; for if then 31. Q takes Kt, 32. P takes P ensures, at least, a draw.

31.	P to K B 5th
32. B to Q B sq	P to Q Kt 4th
33. Kt to Q 2nd	Q takes Q B P
34. Kt to B 3rd	Q takes K P
35. R to K sq	Q to Q B 7th
36. B to R 3rd	R to K B 2nd
37. Kt takes K P	B takes Kt
38. Q takes B	B to B 3rd
39. P to K Kt 5th	

The double attack is very interesting.

39.	P to K 5th
40. R to K Kt 4th	P to B 6th

The Pawn is irresistible.

41. Q to K 3rd	P to B 7th
42. Q to Q 4th	P to B 8th (Q)

White resigns.

A neat position by Mr. J. Jespersen, of Copenhagen.

White: K at Q R sq, Q at K B 5th, Kts at K Kt 7th and K R 3rd. (Four pieces.)

Black: K at K R 5th, Kt at K 5th, Pawn at K Kt 4th. (Three pieces.)

White to play and mate in three moves.

Our Problem this week is quoted from the *Svetozor* of Prague, one of a trio of papers in that city which devote some space to chess. The other two are the *Pulacek* and the *Humoriste Lisky*, and to these must now be added a fourth, the first number of which has just come to hand. The last is named the *Zlata-Praha*. It is beautifully illustrated, and contains an excellent chess department, edited by M. François Moucka.

M. François Moucka's energies must be fully exercised at present. Besides his editorial labours, he discharges the duties of honourary secretary of the Bohemian Chess Club, in Prague, an association which has recently been installed in new and commodious quarters at the Black Horse Hotel. The installation was marked by a banquet, attended by all the chess amateurs of Prague and by many from a distance. The toasts included the "Prosperity of the Bohemian Chess Club"; the health of the president, M. Snirch; the "Chess Press"; the "Bohemian Problem School"; and the memory of Paul Morphy, "the most celebrated chessmaster of all nations," whose likeness, painted by M. Kotre, adorns the walls of the club-room. The health of the host of the Black Horse, M. A. Cifka, brought the toasts to a conclusion. We are requested to state that visitors to Prague will be cordially welcomed at the Bohemian Chess Club.

The *English Mechanic* announces a problem tourney, and provides four prizes for the competition. The problems to be sent in before March 1 next, and must be original direct mates either in two or in three moves. A solution tourney is also announced, for which suitable prizes are provided.

A match was played on the 5th inst. at 107, Cannon-street, between the Greenwich and Railway Clearing House Chess Clubs, which resulted in a victory for the former by 5½ points to 3½. The latter score included two games against Greenwich absentees. On the 7th inst. the Athenæum defeated Leytonstone by six points to two.

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated May 24, 1882), with a codicil (dated Jan. 21, 1883), of Mr. Jesse Gouldsmith, late of Rodwell Hall, Trowbridge, Wilts, who died on Nov. 20 last, was proved on the 24th ult. by Matthew Henry Devenish, George Llewellyn Palmer, and Joseph Charles Kennerley, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £133,000. The testator gives all his household furniture and effects, carriages and horses, to his wife, Mrs. Hannah Gouldsmith; £10,000 as his son Charles Cecil on attaining twenty-one shall appoint; his freehold mills and certain cottages and land at Trowbridge, with all the engines, standing and movable machinery, to his nephews, William Alfred Gouldsmith and Jesse Devenish Gouldsmith, if they have attained twenty-one at his decease; and legacies to his executors, cashier, and bandmaster. The residue of his real and personal estate is to be held, upon trust, to pay the income to his wife, for life; at her death he leaves £15,000 to each of his said nephews, and the ultimate residue of his property as his said son shall appoint.

The Scotch Confirmation, under seal of the Commissariot of the county of Edinburgh, of the trust settlement (dated May 2, 1872) of Mr. Thomas Scott Anderson, Writer to the Signet, formerly of Atholl-place, Edinburgh, but late of Norfolk-crescent, Hyde Park, who died at Bournemouth, on Sept. 14 last, granted to Mrs. Hannah Lowthrop or Anderson, the widow, and Archibald Anderson, the son, the executors nominate, was sealed in London on the 15th ult., the value of the personal estate in England and Scotland amounting to upwards of £77,000.

Mr. Ely Thomas Dyson, late of Brian Royd, in Greetland, Halifax, Yorkshire, died on Nov. 17 last, a bachelor, without parent and intestate, and on the 4th ult. Letters of Administration of his personal estate were granted to Mrs. Mary Harriet Wheelwright, the natural and lawful sister, and only next of kin; the declared value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £61,000.

The will (dated Sept. 12, 1873) of Mr. Benjamin William Benson, late of No. 2, St. Leonard's-terrace, Chelsea, who died on Nov. 14 last, at Brighton, was proved on the 24th ult. by John Cashmore, the surviving executor, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £55,000. The testator bequeaths £100 each to the London Hospital, Mile-end-road; the Jews' Infant School, Commercial-street, Whitechapel; the Deaf-and-Dumb Asylum, Kent-road; the Jewish Society for the Aged and Needy; the Society for the Indigent Blind of the Jewish Persuasion; and the Jews' Orphan Asylum, Tenter-ground, Goodman's-fields; £10,000, upon trust, for his sister Mrs. Marinda Solomons, for life, and then for her two daughters, Isabella and Annette Martha; £3000 to his sister Mrs. Matilda Rosenberg; £5000 to his brother Charles Solomons Benson; and legacies to nephews, nieces, and others. As to the residue of his property, he leaves one half to his sister Mrs. Marinda Solomons, and the other half between his brothers and sisters.

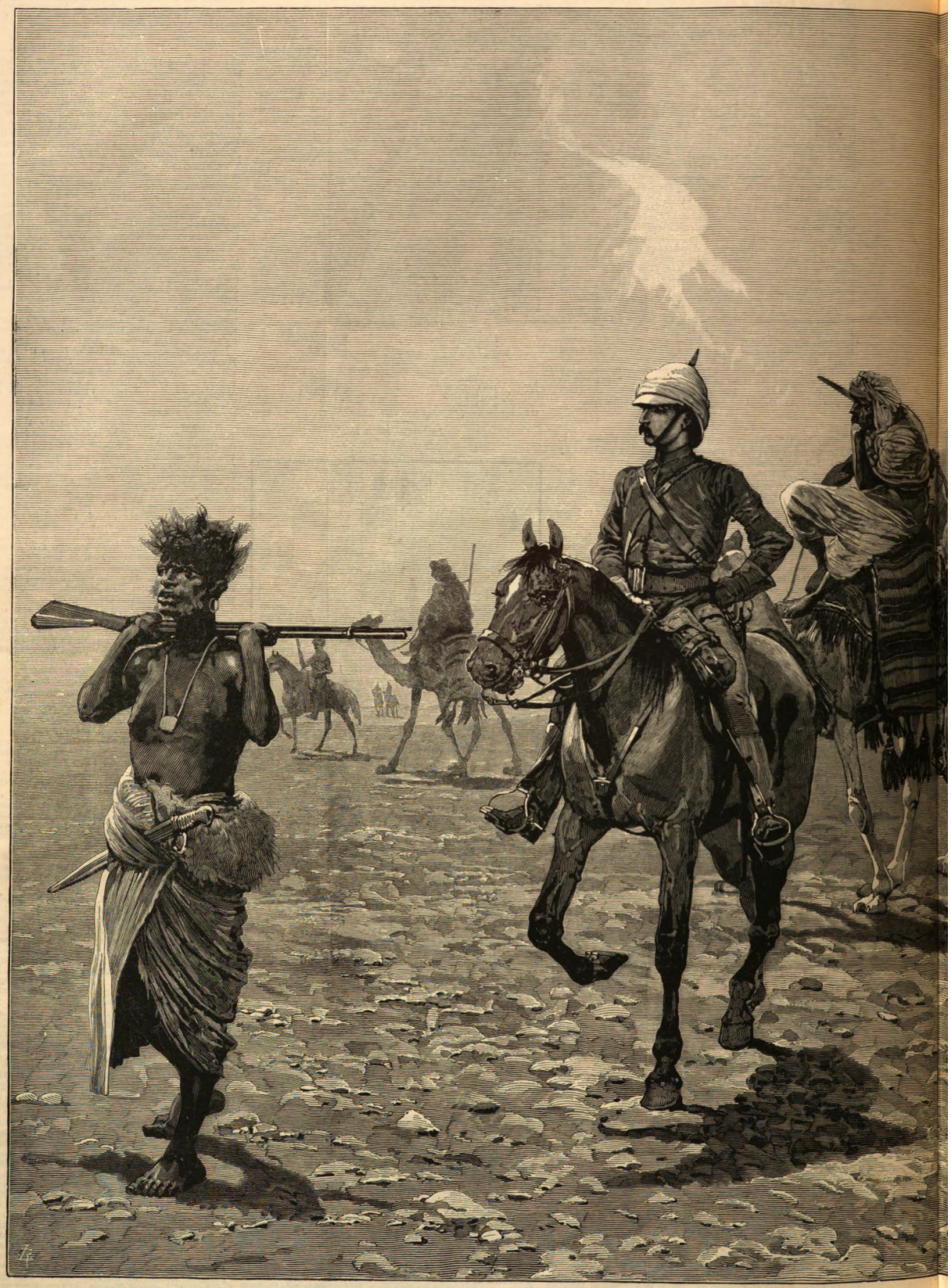
The will (dated April 7, 1884), with two codicils (dated June 13 and Sept. 23 following), of Mr. Edmund Burke, late of No. 85, Avenue-road, Regent's Park, barrister-at-law, who died on Nov. 10 last, was proved on the 18th ult. by Mrs. Harriet Burke, the widow, William Adey Russell Pavier, and Thomas Addison Negus, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £47,000. The testator bequeaths £500 each to the Barristers' Benevolent Association, the Cottage Hospital, Walsall, near Birmingham; the Refuge for Homeless and Destitute Boys, of which William Williams is secretary, and the London Society for Teaching the Blind to Read, Upper Avenue-road, Regent's Park;—his leasehold residence, Avenue-road, all his furniture, plate, pictures, effects, horses and carriages, and £2500, to his wife; and some other legacies. The residue of his real and personal estate is to be held, upon trust, for his wife, for life or widowhood; and on her death or marriage again, it is distributed in legacies of various amounts, principally to his wife's relatives.

The will (dated Aug. 14, 1884), with a codicil (dated Nov. 5 following), of Mr. Henry Arthur Beaumont, late of No. 6, Raymond Buildings, Gray's Inn, who died on Nov. 29 last, was proved on the 1st inst. by Henry Forman and Mrs. Eliza Beaumont, the widow, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £37,000. The testator bequeaths £5000 to Sarah Sherwood, the sister of his wife; and legacies to his sister, late partners, niece, god-daughters, executor, and a clerk. The residue of his estate he gives to his wife.

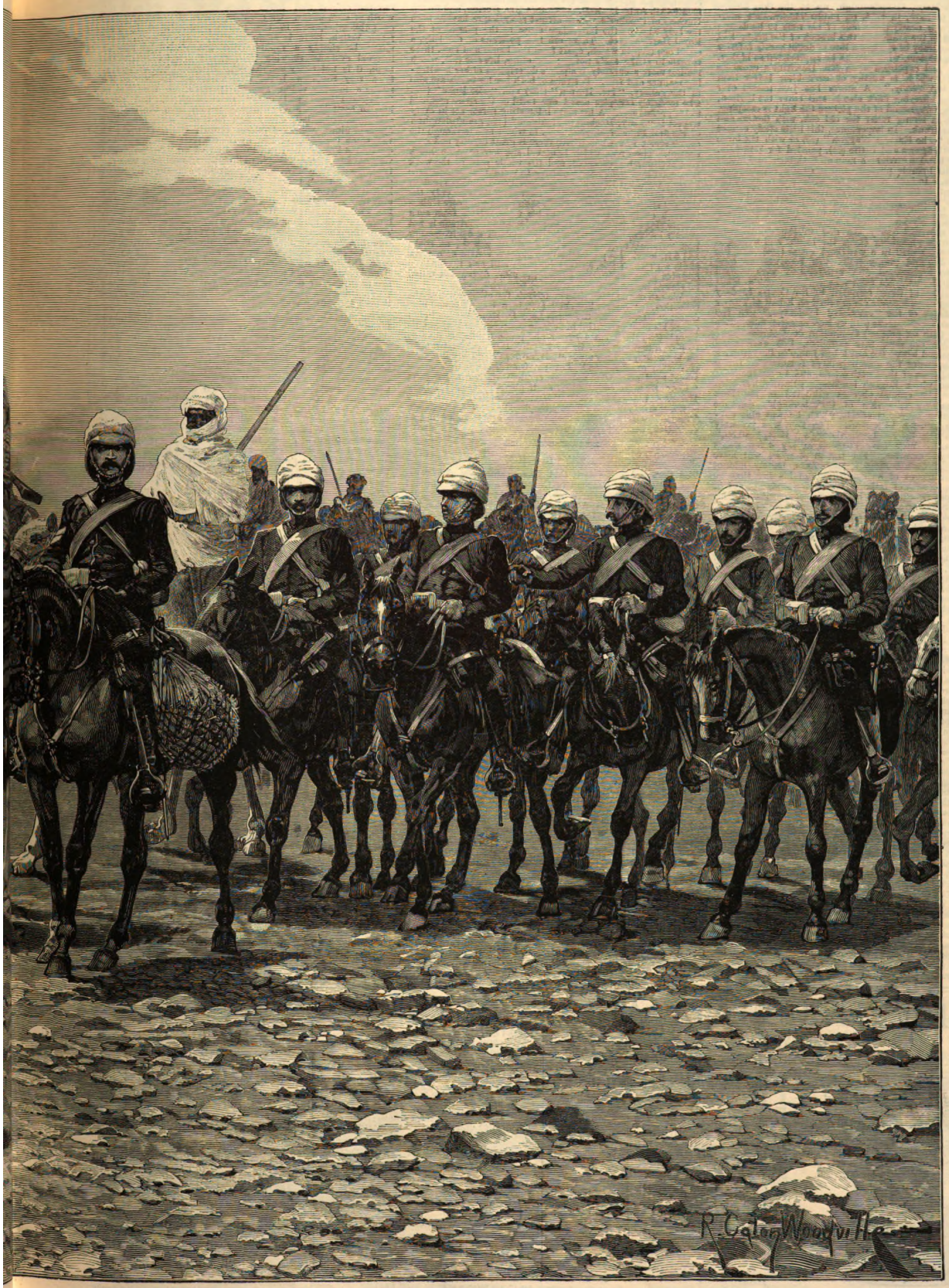
The will (dated Jan. 26, 1882) of Mr. Hugh Hamersley, J.P., D.L., late of Pyrton, Oxfordshire, who died on Nov. 2 last, at Southsea, was proved on the 12th ult. by General Robert Newton Philips and Herbert Edlmann, the surviving executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £27,000. There are various bequests and provisions in favour of his wife and children; and as to the residue of his property, the testator leaves one third to his wife, the Hon. Mrs. Gertrude Ann Holmes Hamersley; and two thirds between his children by his late wife (excepting his son Edward Samuel), and the children of his deceased son, Arthur.

The will (dated May 31, 1872), with a codicil (dated March 13, 1884), of the Right Hon. Edward Mostyn, Baron Mostyn, Lord Lieutenant of the county of Merioneth, late of Mostyn Hall, Flintshire, who died on March 17 last, was proved on the 19th ult. by Colonel the Hon. Roger Mostyn and the Hon. and Rev. Hugh Wynne Mostyn, the sons, two of the executors, the personal estate being sworn at a nominal sum. The testator gives all that he may die possessed of to his wife, the Right Hon. Harriot Lady Mostyn, absolutely.

The three English Masonic charitable institutions, which are supported by the voluntary contributions of lodges, chapters, and members, together with contributions from Grand Lodge, Grand Chapter, and other Masonic bodies, received, to the last day of the year recently closed, £48,747. Of this amount the Benevolent Institution, which grants annuities to aged Masons and Masons' widows, received £19,824; the Girls' School, £14,928; and the Boys' School, £13,993. During the last nine years, the Benevolent Institution has headed the list six times; and, with the exception of last year, when the Boys' School, by an extraordinary and special effort on its behalf, received over £25,000, has succeeded this year in obtaining the largest amount ever received in one year by any of the three institutions. In the same year the Board of Benevolence, which meets once a month, voted £9252 to indigent Masons of all nationalities, and the widows and orphans of deceased Masons; but in doing so they exceeded the income of the fund of benevolence by about £2000, for which sum they had to draw on the capital of the fund.



THE NILE EXPEDITION: A COLUMN OF



TROOPS STARTING ACROSS THE DESERT.

THE GROSVENOR GALLERY.

SECOND NOTICE.

As far as we know, Gainsborough, up to the time of his first removal to Bath, in 1754, on Philip Thicknesse's invitation, had given nearly the whole of his time to landscape painting; and in the pursuit of this branch of the art he had acquired an accuracy of eye and a love of detail hardly inferior to the Dutch masters, whose works he appreciated so highly. This care we find expended upon Mr. Heseltine's exquisite landscape (51), which is worthy of something better than to be called "A Study." A storm has just passed over the scene—the hurrying dark clouds still cover the horizon, but along the foreground of the picture the light is creeping, throwing out in strong relief the old oak, with flowers and moss about its trunk. In importance, this little study cannot compare with "The Harvest Waggon" (33) or with the large landscape, with figures and cattle (54), painted for Wiltshire, the Bath and London carrier—a man of both taste and means in spite of his humble pursuit, and a steady supporter of Gainsborough. In both of these the artist's love of nature is as apparent as his knowledge of animals; the old white horse in the former picture giving proof of his care and sympathy. In fact, Gainsborough as a painter of dumb animals has scarcely met with the appreciation he deserves; but anyone who will study the dog in the child's arms (173), the horses ploughing (133), the bright and animated farmyard group, seated in a woodland glade (124), and the Pomeranian dog and puppy (113), will recognise at once the man who appreciated and sympathised with animal life in all its forms. To return to Gainsborough's landscapes, the sight of those collected by Sir Coutts Lindsay will effectually dispose of the claim raised on behalf of Turner as the originator of the "emotional landscape." In the wholly un-English-like scene (54), we have more a reminiscence of Berghem than an original inspiration of Gainsborough; but, unless we are altogether mistaken, this work must belong to a period before the artist had found in the intimacy of De Loutherbourg the encouragement necessary to throw away the traditions of the Dutch school, and to lay the solid foundation on which English landscape painting has been established. The camera obscura exhibited in the East Gallery is another indication of Gainsborough's constant efforts to obtain luminous effects, which he was able subsequently to transfer to canvas. The idea was probably suggested to him by De Loutherbourg's "Eidophusikon," but on this we may have occasion to say a few words on some future occasion. For the present, we will leave the subject of Gainsborough's landscapes, merely adding that it is the record of an eye-witness of his life that he used to make models, or rather thoughts, for landscape out of the most unpromising materials. In the composition of his designs, he would arrange coal or cork for his foreground, make his middle-ground of sand and clay, bushes of mosses and lichens, and set up distant woods of broccoli.

In passing to Gainsborough's portraits, we find ourselves in the society of one who was not the fashionable painter of his day. Professional beauties and the leaders of society went, for the most part, to Reynolds; and, although some few may have desired to have their personality interpreted by both artists, the instances were few, and the consequence is that it is not always easy to establish the identity of Gainsborough portraits, and in the task the catalogue does not help us. For example, two of the loveliest and most finished heads are "Mrs. Walker" (39), in a black lace dress trimmed with blue ribbons, and "Mrs. Carr" (21), a small picture executed with as much care as a miniature, about whom we know nothing. These two works, however, suffice to show how much wider was Gainsborough's range than Reynolds', of whom it was said, not quite justly perhaps, that he could not paint a portrait of less than life size. "Mrs. Fitzherbert" (10), with her rich brown hair falling over the gauze which covers her shoulders, seems to be in the act of listening to the painter's last compliment or witty story. "Mrs. Minet" (5) has the face of a somewhat weak woman; and if we are not mistaken, the lady (name unknown) (85) lent by Mr. Louis Huth, can be none other than Mrs. Minet somewhat advanced in life and grown more portly. "The Countess of Sussex and Lady Barbara Yelverton" (35), the mother in white silk and the daughter in white muslin, form a charming group; and one would be glad to know something of two such attractive persons as the one is and the other promises to be—and about whom contemporary history, which at that time was made up of gossip, is singularly silent. Lady Sussex, who had married a great-grandson of Charles II., was a Miss Hall. The second Earl of Sussex's father, a man of retired habits, lived the greater part of his time at Easton Mauduit, in Northamptonshire, and got together a good many portraits of living artists, English and foreign. But there would appear, from comparing this picture with another (72), to be some confusion between two bearers of the title, as there is little in common between the faces. With the exception of the picture of the painter's two daughters (91), the only other similar groups are those of the "Misses Cruttenden" (61), of the "Dehany Family" (176)—in which Gainsborough seems to have for once allowed himself the satisfaction of painting in as brilliant colours as ever his rival Reynolds could boast; and that of "Lady Eardley and her daughter" (31), a mass of white drapery—yet full of the richest colour. The mother is standing beside a column on which she has for a moment stood her child—and the artist seems to have caught the moment when the child's surprise is being reflected back in the mother's pride. Among the ladies not already mentioned, Anne Luttrell, afterwards Mrs. Horton, and finally Duchess of Cumberland, will attract attention as having been the lady who was the immediate cause of the passing of the Royal Marriage Act. There are two portraits of this lady, a small one (25), in which, apart from the hands and hair, there is little to strike one's notice; the other, life size (97), which realises more accurately Walpole's description of her bewitching manner and face. Portraits of both her husbands are also in the gallery, "Mr. Horton" (159) and "The Duke" (26), who modestly occupies about one third of the space assigned to his predecessor. A far more interesting personage in every respect is "Mary, Duchess of Montagu" (28), grand-daughter of the first Duke of Marlborough, in whose face (although the colour seems somewhat faded) there is great dignity and self-control. The dress, which is of red silk covered with black lace, is admirably executed, and the whole pose of the work is so good that it is not surprising to learn that the painter himself regarded it as a success. Of the famous portrait of "Miss Linley," afterwards Mrs. Sheridan, there is only the original study in bistre (42), but it shows with what care Gainsborough could at times give to his work. How from such minute studies he succeeded in producing his portraits is not exactly known, but we have the testimony of a contemporary that "Gainsborough painted portraits with pencils, on sticks full 6 ft. long. He placed himself and his canvas at a right angle with the sitter, so that he stood still and touched the features of his picture exactly at the same distance at which he viewed his sitter."

We can do no more than enumerate the other gems of the collection. "Lady Sheffield" (47), in a large hat and blue dress; "Mrs. Basset, afterwards Lady De Dunstanville" (59), one of his most delightful in delicate colouring; "Madame Le Brun" (63), the famous singer and prima donna, worthy to be placed beside "Mrs. Grace Elliott" (110), celebrated alike for her beauty and her many "adventures"; "Lady Dudley" (75), wife of "Parson" Bate; "Gainsborough's Younger Daughter" (87), who appears again with her sister (91); "Lady Mary Bowlby" (96), as if about to speak; "Lady Margaret Lindsay" (160); "Mrs. Meares" (166) and her sister, "Mrs. Villebois" (186), the daughters of Sir Benjamin Truman. Of the men, whose portraits are included in this collection, we shall speak on another occasion.

NEW BOOKS.

Ten thousand pities is it that there cannot be discovered any sort of index attached to the two large volumes entitled *Narrative of a Journey from Heraut to Khiva, &c.*: by Captain James Abbott (W. H. Allen and Co.); and the omission was the less to be expected, as the work is a third edition of a very interesting account published nearly fifty years ago; so that there has been plenty of time to prepare an index, which would have been especially useful to readers or reviewers who, having a sufficient general recollection of the original publication, or of the second edition, published before the Russian conquest of Khiva became an "accomplished fact," would require simply to know at what page of which volume they would find such statements, predictions, warnings, and comments, as the course of time and events has rendered of special importance. Let the presence of a map, or of maps and of appendices, however, be at once and most gratefully acknowledged, and let the preface which ushers in this third edition meet with similar acknowledgment. That the publication is timely, too, must be cordially allowed; and that it is of great interest and value, for purposes of comparison between past and present, is not to be denied. But, after all, the volumes are chiefly attractive as a record of arduous duties performed at great personal risk and with no little personal suffering. An orthographical exercise, moreover, is provided by the spelling of the foreign words; so spelt that quite old friends appear almost unrecognisable in a kind of fancy-dress costume. Our familiar Turcoman, for instance, leaps forth as Toorcumun; from which an argument may be deduced in favour of those etymologists who would derive the vulgar "rum'un" from the classic "Roman." It was in the last month of the year 1839 that our author "quitted Heraut in progress to Khiva"; and the changes wrought during the lapse of time, therefore, give to his narrative a piquant flavour of historical romance. Of human nature the author's experience was most astonishing and gratifying, though hardly credible: "the good," he says, "was never eclipsed by the evil," in spite of what the famous Greek sage has left on record concerning "the majority"; he declares that amongst "the Russians" he "met goodness everywhere," which sounds like mockery; and "in my own country, and amongst my own people," he continues, "I saw this goodness in its noblest dress." Should Judæus Apella or any other unbeliever hereupon stop his ears, let it be urged in our author's favour that his remarks apply to a state of things which he found existing when the world was nearly fifty years younger. But, for all his love of the Russian people, our author calls upon us with fervour and vehemence to be up and doing against that ambitious Russia which, since he first published the account of his mission, has made gigantic strides, and, in twenty-five years, marched fifteen hundred miles upon India.

Very little or no information is supplied about the origin of *Memorials of James Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd*: edited by his daughter, Mrs. Garden (Paisley: Alexander Gardner); not has the volume that index which so greatly enhances the worth of such works. On the titlepage there is not any date of publication, and to the preface, contributed by Professor Veitch, there is again no date. The volume, then, might be simply a republication but for little bits of internal evidence showing that, at any rate in its present form, it is not many months old. However, old or new, it is a very readable book, and will call up before the reader's mental vision such a portrait of the tuneful "shepherd" as will create some surprise, and prove him to have been a very different person from the superior sort of buffoon, half clever boy, half silly man, altogether coarse-grained, whisky-drinking egotist, which is the idea very often suggested of him by the conversations in the once celebrated but now very generally depreciated "Noctes." The very likeness of the "shepherd" on the frontispiece, with the facsimile of his handwriting, is enough to upset preconceived opinions of the pastoral, uneducated son of the Muse: he looked and wrote, so far as his caligraphy is concerned, noticeably like a gentleman; and "Christopher North," of whom a likeness is given also, was not nearly so gentleman-like in exterior, if the rough sketch may be depended upon, as the "shepherd." That Hogg was egotistical to the height of sublimity is plain from the "memorials"; but it was an ingenuous egotism, not unpardonable or unnatural in one who was supposed by the superstitious to be literally "descended from the fairies." Even Lockhart would probably have handled the "shepherd" less roughly after death, if the "shepherd" himself had not been so ill-advised as to publish his "Domestic Manners and Private Life of Sir Walter Scott."

We are to have a Japanese colony, it appears, at Knightsbridge, on the ground belonging to "Humphrey's Hall," so that *Nine Years in Nipon*: by Henry Faulds, L.F.P.S. (Paisley: Alexander Gardner), is a peculiarly opportune volume, containing "sketches of Japanese life and manners." The book has no index, but, on the other hand, it has many more or less useful and instructive, as well as exceedingly funny, illustrations. Perhaps it is quite as well that the author was "obliged to omit, most reluctantly, a large section in which" he "intended to give some account of the religious and moral systems which prevail in Japan"; since, according to "travellers' tales," whatever may be the case with the religious system of Japan, the "moral" system resembles, as it were, the snakes of Ireland: in fact, there is not any, but an immoral system prevails instead. Nevertheless, the author promises or threatens to "expand" his "notes on those subjects into a separate volume," if only his present "work succeed in finding a moderate measure of public approbation"; and as that condition is pretty sure to be fulfilled, we shall soon know all about the Japanese moral system. It is to be hoped that the account will be thoroughly "fit for publication," as the present volume undoubtedly is; although even here the author could not, of course, leave altogether unnoticed that "social evil" which is quite an institution in Japan. The length of time—nine years—over which the author's experience extends, invests his work with a trustworthiness beyond that of the mere tourist, on whom we have had to depend, to a considerable extent, for our knowledge of a most interesting country and nationality; and it is not surprising to find him differing now and then from some previous describer of Japan and the Japanese, such as Miss Bird. He informs us, too, that the newspapers perpetuate a blunder by printing "hari kiri," instead of "hara kiri," which is genuine Japanese for the somewhat chivalrous but disgusting ceremony called in English "the happy dispatch." Furthermore, the author's profession, which is that of a surgeon, was of assistance to him, as it nearly always is to aliens seeking to know the actual life of those among whom they sojourn; and the author seems to be a gentleman of very sound sense and views. Here is a remark of his, which may be commended to the notice of the Alpine Club: "One who wishes to admire a great mountain," says he, "must remain below. The very worst use you can put it to is to climb it" (p. 107). Verily, a Daniel come to judgment.

The second annual meeting of the subscribers of the Actors' Benevolent Fund was held yesterday week at the Lyceum Theatre, Mr. Bancroft presiding. Mr. C. G. Compton, the secretary, read the report and balance-sheet for the past year, according to which the receipts were £3905, and the relief and loans afforded £2241. Funds have been invested to the amount of £2000.

The *Pall Mall Gazette* says:—"The next Royal book will come from the pens of the two sons of the Prince of Wales, Prince Albert Victor and George. It will be in two large volumes of 500 pages each, and will be profusely illustrated with pictures and maps. During their voyage round the world each of the young Princes kept his diary up to date most religiously, and upon these daily entries, written on board, on horseback, and in tents, the two volumes will be based. The Rev. J. N. Dalton, who accompanied the Princes, has, we believe, made important additions from his own diary, and has revised the sheets himself. The two volumes will probably be ready in April."

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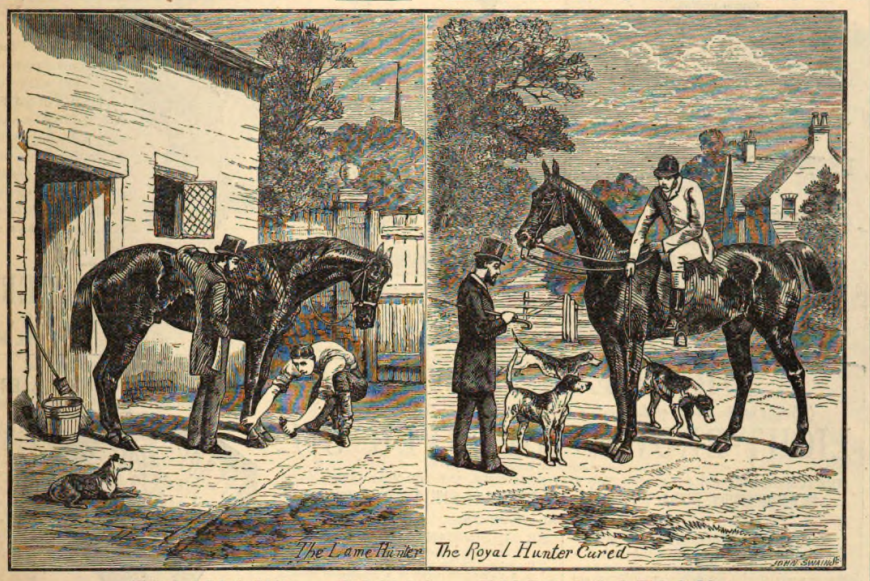
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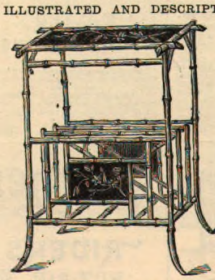
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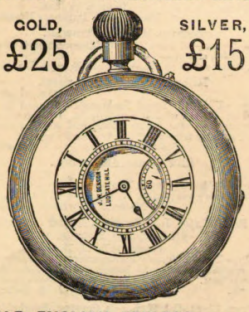

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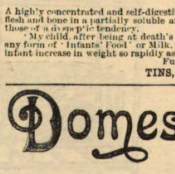
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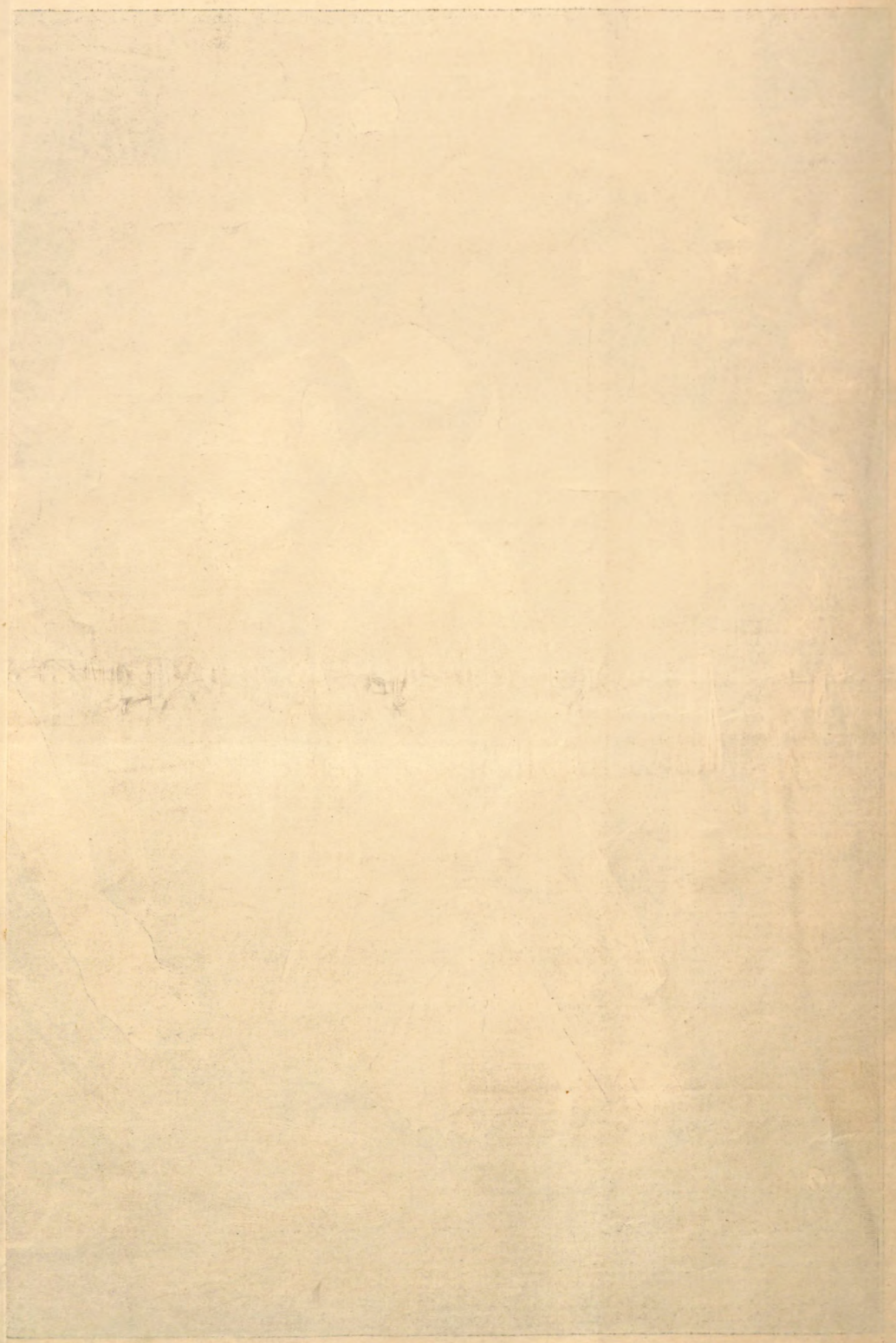
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No. 2388.—VOL. LXXXVI. SATURDAY, JANUARY 24, 1885. TWO WHOLE SHEETS SIXPENCE. By Post, 6½d.



THE EARTHQUAKE IN SPAIN: PEOPLE OF GRANADA TAKING SHELTER IN WOODEN HUTS AND TENTS.
FROM A SKETCH BY MR. H. STANIER, BRITISH VICE-CONSUL.

OUR NOTE-BOOK

Mrs. Langtry's dresses for the Princesse Georges are simply magnificent, though not gorgeous. It must have been a labour of love for the great Worth to design costumes for a woman of her mould, and he has well acquitted himself of the task. One walking-dress is of mouse-grey velvet, with narrow gold lines about the skirt and gold embroidery on the tunic. Another is of dark-green velvet, trimmed with the feathers of the Impeyan pheasant, and with a waistcoat composed entirely of its metallic gleaming plumage. One very elegant ball-toilette is of white satin and violet velvet, adorned with violets and pansies; and another has golden foliage on a white velvet ground, with train, sash, and bodice of pale pink trimmed with delicate blush roses and pearls. The Jersey Lily is also patronising the Irish poplin, for this beautiful material enters largely into the composition of one of her handsomest costumes, which may be described as a "harmony in pinks," relieved by the contrast of black and gold *passementerie*.

The late Rev. Frederick Silver, of Norton-in-Hales, whose multifarious collection of curios is about to be dispersed, began getting them together very early in life. Contributions were levied from South Africa and New Zealand while he was still an undergraduate; and when a Curate in a South Bucks parish, he used sometimes to astonish the bucolic mind by exhibiting them in the national school room. The paternal business, of course, afforded facilities for collecting barbaric weapons and costumes; but the catholic taste, which included old oak, old Elzevirs, and Old Masters, was evolved from Mr. Silver's own inner consciousness, and grew with what it fed on. He was a pleasant, kind-hearted man, but did not attain the threescore and ten years of life which those who knew him from his youth up would have expected.

By the death of Lord Aylesford, which took place lately in Texas, the Jockey Club has lost a member, though not a very valuable member. The late Lord, in fact, who was elected to the Jockey Club in 1875, and had at first raced as "Mr. Gillman," belonged, as it were, to a preceding generation; he should have lived in the days when the "First Gentleman of Europe" (afterwards George IV.) and the "first orator of his age" (Charles James Fox) would ride "leader" and "wheeler," respectively, of their own post-chaise to Newmarket; or when the celebrated Colonel Mellish was conspicuous among "bruisers" and betters of reckless sums; or when "Jack" Mytton went on like a madman. He was just too young, moreover, to share notoriety with the unfortunate Marquis of Hastings, against whose Lady Elizabeth there was no end of scandal. The late Earl of Aylesford, indeed, may be said to have been born out of due season; and from that point of view cannot be considered to have died prematurely, though he was but thirty-six. He is reported to have had all the faults of the old school of sporting noblemen; and to have had one of their virtues—open-handed generosity—in a remarkable degree.

Perhaps the most practical attempt ever made to utilise convict labour has been recently adopted in North Carolina. The public school system of that State owns a large quantity of swamp land, which, in its normal condition, is unproductive, and positively pernicious to the health of the community at large. The malefactors who are their country's guests against their will are now occupied in reclaiming these swamps, and as it is a form of labour which does not interfere with anything that the honest, hard-working classes endeavour to earn a living by, their time and strength are being turned to the best possible account.

Liége is neither a fashionable nor a musical town, but there are a great many poor in it, for whose benefit, from time to time, the neighbouring nobility endeavour to get up concerts and other entertainments, the proceeds of which go to local charities. The latest thing of the kind was organised by the Comtesse De Mercy d'Argenteau, who is herself a distinguished musician, and it was a concert at which only Russian music was played. The compositions were principally those of MM. Borodine and César Cui, the authors of the "Prisonnier du Caucase," an opera much appreciated at St. Petersburg, but scarcely known elsewhere. César Cui is the son of an officer who, during the disastrous retreat from Moscow, was left behind wounded at Wilna, where he recovered and married a Lithuanian lady. In 1835 she became the mother of a boy, who was brought up to the military profession and lightened his severer studies by the love of music. The science of sweet sounds does not afford a livelihood for anyone in Russia, and Colonel Cui is a Professor of Fortification at the Military Academy of St. Petersburg; while M. Borodine, his friend and *collaborateur*, is Professor of Chemistry at the School of Medicine.

By all means let us discard superstition, let us have no belief in luck, omens, predestination, and so on. But really some things are very odd. We have most of us had something to say lately about Twelfth Night, and this may probably have led to talking about the Fête des Rois, whereupon somebody may have recalled to mind how Francis the First was nearly killed by a certain Comte De Montgomery, in one of the games in which the King delighted to take part at that season; and then somebody else may have remarked how singular it was that that Comte De Montgomery who nearly killed Francis the First, King of France, by accident, should have been the father of the Comte De Montgomery who did kill Francis the First's son, Henry II., King of France, by accident. This was certainly a curious case of "coming events cast their shadows before." Perhaps the story is not true; but there is French authority for it.

The hungry horse-racer who has had no cheer for some time past may now fall to upon the Spring Handicaps, or the chief of them, the entries for which have recently been published. Lovers and haters of horse-racing may deduce what conclusions they please from the fact that, from 1878 to this year, both included, the entries have varied as follows:—Lincolnshire Handicap, 121, 103, 84, 114, 74, 70, 68, 85; City and Suburban, 118, 103, 108, 108, 74, 74, 79, 66; Great Metropolitan, 62, 43, 38, 35, 40, 36, 39, 39; Great Northamptonshire, 64, 51, 45, 42, 41, 41, 38, 36; Newmarket Handicap, 57, 38, 42, 47, 35, 26, 19, 72; and the Chester Cup, 74, 59, 63, 47, 62, 53, 47, 66. The Babraham Plate, instituted in 1883 only, 21, 21, 57; the Crawfurd Plate, just one year old, 81, 67; and the brand-new Leicestershire Handicap has 85 entries. "Added money" will do a great deal, as some of the entries testify, but the promise of 1000 sovs. on certain conditions has not caused the numbers in the Babraham Plate and Crawfurd Plate to fulfil those conditions.

There is a very strong feeling in the Emerald Isle that reform in the Irish Poor Law is urgently needed. It might be made very much more effective if better administered, and the poor rates might be reduced, while the paupers would not suffer any diminution of their comforts. The qualifications of nurses for the infirmary wards of workhouses are the same as for all other *gardes-malades*—sobriety, cleanliness, and knowledge of their work; but it is said that the only points taken into consideration by the guardians in many parts is whether the applicants for these situations are Catholics or Protestants. This sounds strange in the nineteenth century.

One feels inclined to wonder what manner of men and women the pioneers of Toynbee Hall expect to find in Whitechapel. The permanent residents are pretty much like others, their means of livelihood are local, and they adapt themselves to circumstances. It is quite within the memory of living man that Leman-street was the abode of people of good position, and Prescott-street was inhabited by wealthy Hebrews, who lived in considerable state in the fine, roomy old houses. There will be one distinct advantage when the Toynbee people come to be on local boards and committees—they will not represent property in the neighbourhood, and consequently are likely to be disinterested.

In England we have very little idea of the extent or value of the annual ice crop on the Hudson River. Two days after Christmas the scraping of the ice began, and in many parts the blocks are now being cut and stored in the ice-houses. It is calculated that no less than 10,000 men and boys, 150 steam-engines, and 2500 horses will be employed in the work, and that by the 5th or 10th of February three million tons of ice will be housed. Many of these store places hold from 75,000 to 500,000 tons, and when they are filled, large quantities of ice are stacked all round them, to be carried away by the first shipments. As there is still some dread of a cholera visitation next summer, it is anticipated that the demand for ice will be enormous.

A long time has elapsed since there was a real struggle for the championship at billiards, though the title of champion has been assumed and held by Mr. W. Cook and Mr. John Roberts, jun., successively, for lack of anybody to dispute the claim. There is now, however, a chance that there will be a match for the championship between Mr. W. Cook and Mr. John Roberts, junior; and it may therefore be worth while to make a note of the principal conditions appertaining to a match for the championship. The table must be supplied by one of three firms, and the three are Messrs. Thurston and Co., Messrs. Burroughes and Watts, and Messrs. Cox and Yeman; the pockets must be 3 in. wide (instead of the usual 3¼ in. to 3½ in.) at the "fall"; the fatal "spot" must be 12½ in. (instead of the usual 13 in.) from the face of the top cushion; the diameter of the semicircle in the "baulk" must be 21 in. (instead of the usual 23 in.), or so it is, whether there be any express condition to that effect or not; and the balls must be (as they ought always to be) $2\frac{1}{16}$ in. in diameter.

According to the *Lancet*, everybody seems to be in a bad way, suffering from "melancholia." It was so, we have been told, with poor Grimaldi, the clown; and even with Molière, the wit. Not that we display our atrabiliousness to our neighbour; we keep it for confidential communication between ourselves and our medical men; such as the gentlemen who write in the *Lancet*. But, after all, life for some of us, if not for all, is more than a little calculated to produce "melancholia"; and our cheerfulness, our twinkling eyes, our ready jests, our loud guffaws, are downright hypocrisy. Why, do we not enter life with a cry and leave it either in our last agony or with a sigh of relief? On the other hand, even a writer in the *Lancet*, being presumably human, may suffer from "melancholia," and may write under the influence thereof. Be it remembered, moreover, that the "melancholic" remarks in the *Lancet* appeared just about the time when the festivities of the season were over, and the reaction may be said to have begun, when "puddings was out, pills was in."

Various attempts have been made to light her Majesty's big ships with electricity, but they have hitherto fallen short of success. The Swan and the Brush are systems have been tried on board the Inflexible, but now the Brush incandescent is on its trial in the Colossus. Three Victoria dynamo-machines are employed, and placed well below the water-line, where they are protected by three inches of armour. Each of these machines is capable of producing sufficient electricity to light the whole ship, which is fitted with 380 lamps; and this will leave the power of the other two at liberty for search light purposes. It is believed that the cost will be less than that of oil-lamps.

Compliments and thanks to Mr. Price, a "sweep," of Stoke-on-Trent, who on the 15th inst., it is reported, saved eight boys from drowning, at the risk of his own life. To call a man a "sweep" has hitherto been considered uncomplimentary; henceforth it should cease to be a term of reproach

Strange are the uses of—advertisement. This is an age in which a novelty is, above all things, sought for by the advertiser in a large way of business; and not only tradesmen and manufacturers, but even professional men, do not scorn to pay for public reference to their crafts. But who would imagine that several of the candidates at the Civil Service and other examinations are not legitimate aspirants, but are dummies entered for the glorification of tutors? Yet it is so. And when we see that Mr. So-and-so passed seventeen pupils, nine in honours, it is disappointing to find that many of these do not intend embarking on the career they have qualified for, but are accomplished scholars put up to show the expertness of their "coach," and attract to him legitimate paying pupils. If our information be correct, some course should be taken to prevent these specimens nominally occupying positions which other hard-working, deserving students actually want, and are kept out of by unfair practices.

The old question of arsenical wall-papers has arisen with fresh life and vigour. There is plenty of correspondence on the subject, and some of the experiences stated are alarming indeed. As no practical result has hitherto been arrived at, and the public appears to have no guarantee for safety by using any particular colour paper, the National Health Society promises to take the matter in hand, and present to Parliament a bill to render the sale of arsenical wall-paper a penal offence. If this should ever reach the House of Commons, it is to be hoped that its clauses will affect the manufacturer rather than the retail dealer. The latter cannot afford to keep a chemist on his premises; the former can, and, as he is the root of the evil, he should be most sternly dealt with.

Photography has already done good service in the causes of philosophy, science—and thief-catching. Now it is going to be utilised as a check on the frauds supposed to be committed by omnibus conductors on the companies employing them. Some ingenious person has invented a machine that takes photographs of the interior of a public carriage every few minutes, so that an accurate estimate may be formed of the numbers inside at almost any period of the day. If the inspector is not satisfied that the returns of the official coincide with his pictures, he can take proceedings in the police court, and produce his photographs as evidence. This, at least, is the theory. In practice, we know that if we move while sitting for a photograph we shall be reproduced in doubles, a fact very compromising indeed for the honest conductor. More than this, young gentlemen escorting their sweethearts to the Zoological Society's Gardens or Madame Tussaud's have now another spirit of vengeance to rise up against them in evidence in a breach of promise case. It is well to be warned—in case the promised instruments come into use—to go alone in such omnibuses as they may be affixed to.

Theatrical "make up" and dresses are now considered as important as literary dialogue or dramatic construction. Artists vie with each other to discover some new form of paint or powder, or novelty in millinery. Madame Sarah Bernhardt, as the Empress Theodora in Sardou's new play, not content with gorgeous costumes that make dressmakers stare and their customers wild with envy, has adopted something hitherto unknown. Her shoes are flat soled, with straps across the instep, while her feet, peeping out, are left naked. This is appropriate to the period of the play, but the invention of having her toes made up with paint and powder is Sarah's very own, and she is entitled to any credit the new departure may command. We have heard of a conscientious Othello who blacked himself all over; he has a disciple in the great French tragédienne.

The Château de Montaigne, where the great French philosopher was born, has been reduced by fire within the last few days to a heap of smoking ruins. The well-known tower called the Library is, however, intact, and people from every part of the Dordogne and Gironde flock daily to see it. For three centuries this curious feudal château belonged to the family of Montaigne. Their patronymic was originally Eyquem, but when the manor came into their possession they adopted its name. They were succeeded by M. Isaac De Ségur, who rebuilt the old boundary walls; and, towards the end of the First Empire, M. Du Buc de Marcuzzi bought it for his son-in-law, who, in process of time, sold it to Baron Curial, from whom, in 1851, it was purchased by M. Magne. This gentleman was a poet and a philosopher, and his dream was to live in communion with the spirit of Montaigne, to frequent his favourite walks, and, finally, to die in the room that had formerly been his. He had his wish, and from that narrow chamber bequeathed the old place to his son-in-law, who is now the Deputy for Bergerac. He added many modern rooms, which are, unhappily, destroyed; and he intends as speedily as possible to rebuild the château as nearly as may be on the original plan.

Strange things happen to promising race-horses. The "savage" Cruiser, after running second for the Criterion Stakes, became the "shocking example" paraded about by Mr. Rarey, the famous horse-tamer, who took him to America, where he died in Ohio, at the age of twenty-three, in 1875; and now we hear of a once-hopeful race-horse that has "gone on the stage," and is, or lately has been, performing at Covent Garden Theatre. This is Somerset, son of The Duke, son of the great Stockwell. Somerset at two years of age, in 1872, won the July Stakes and Molecomb Stakes; ran for the Two Thousand and the Derby in 1873; for the Cambridgeshire, as well as several other races, in 1874; and afterwards took to the "jumping business," going from bad to worse, until he is now reduced to the circus. To such base uses we may come. But even here history repeats itself in a manner; for Chillaby, the "mad Arabian," who was the ruin, or partly the ruin, of poor Mr. Constantine Jennings, member of the Jockey Club, and known as "Dog" Jennings (having purchased "the dog of Alcibiades" in effigy of stone), performed in a circus more than a hundred years ago.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

It has been continually urged, often not without reason, that a French play altered or adapted is a French play spoiled. If, after mature consideration, it is deemed advisable to localise the story, instantly someone discovers how inappropriate are the actions and the actors to the spirit of the scene. If long tirades of unnecessary talk, devised by a Dumas or a Sardou, are left in, the play is voted wordy and dull; if they are boldly omitted, as ill-suited to an English audience, the comedy is said to lose all point and significance. In the case of the first English version of the celebrated "Princesse Georges" of Alexandre Dumas, produced for the sake of Mrs. Langtry, at the Prince's Theatre, the author has not, at any rate, suffered by misrepresentation. There he is as he stands in print—bold, crude, rude, and uncompromising. He has only been tampered with to the extent of charitable omission. His pseudo-scientific theses have been cut down; his sermonettes of doubtful philosophy have been curtailed; the patience of an English audience has been charitably spared, but Dumas could scarcely accuse his translator of any want of reverence. A spade is called a spade in English as in French. Mrs. Langtry has not shirked to do what Aimée Desclée did before her; and we are presented with the mental torture and unalleviated distress of a good and pure married woman who is deceived by a worthless and graceless man. It will remain to be seen how far English audiences relish these social studies. Mrs. Grundy may pride herself that such things may occur in France, but could not possibly happen in England: or she may chuckle over the similarity of the story as applied to one of her own set, and enjoy the scandal immensely. Time will show. Meanwhile, it may be permitted to point out the obvious defects of the play by Dumas now that it has been presented, to all intents and purposes, in its original form. "La Princesse Georges," as a play, is inartistic in more senses than one. Its characters, with one laudable exception, are wholly and almost cruelly unsympathetic. Severine stands alone in a world of falsehood and deceit. She is the good doctor wandering about in a plague-stricken city. Except for her, life as represented to the spectator causes an inevitable shudder. The second inartistic fault is that Dumas is too direct in his utterance, and far too uncompromising in his expression. He tells his story of guilt in the manner of a detective. He uses his servants, male and female, to peep in at doors and to pry at keyholes. There is an atmosphere of the divorce court, and of divorce court evidence in his play. It reeks of the newspaper report. May I venture to say, in connection with so celebrated a writer, that the details illustrating his story are frequently vulgar? The third, and to some the worst fault, is that the play is wholly destitute of comedy interest. There is not a laugh, or even a smile, in the whole play. There is much sermonising, but no fun. The subordinate characters are lay-figures, and our whole interest is absorbed in the mental torture of the good but undeniably weak Severine.

Now the question is, How could these radical artistic defects be remedied without injuring the main principle of the play? Rumour has already declared that this difficult task was, at any rate, attempted; but that, out of respect for Dumas, the revision scheme was on consideration rejected. How if some ingenious playwright had been able to devise a scheme whereby the servants, with their keyhole prying propensities, could be wholly dispensed with? How if the secret of Severine's domestic troubles were conveyed to her in the course of accidental social gossip, and not on the evidence of a waiting-maid dispatched by her to test the truth of an anonymous letter? How if a wholly sympathetic character could have been evolved for an excellent comedian out of the mere suggestion of a Madame De Perigny, and a ripple of laughter could, through him, have been made to lighten the more sombre scenes of the play? Why, with a M. De Perigny of this sort, it is not impossible that even the celebrated daring last line of the play might have been spoken as a counter-blast to the bold statement of the furious De Terremonde that he would kill anyone who dared to come between him and his wife: "By gad, he will be murdering half Paris! I must get him arrested!" In the mouth of a servant, such a sentiment would have shocked any English audience, and it was well to omit it, even to the destruction of the idea of Dumas. But it is possible a blasé, cynical man of the world, such as M. De Perigny might have been, could have spoken such a line not only without offence, but with effect. "The Princess George" remains, as it was intended to be, a one-part play. The whole interest is centred in Mrs. Langtry, whose grace, refinement, beautiful dresses, and what is far more important, advanced strides towards perfection in her profession, will be food for considerable comment for the next few weeks. Industry and persistency have told here as they ever will tell. Determination is on a fair way to conquer. Those who sneered at the ambition of the lady will have reason to alter their opinion; and here, at any rate, Mrs. Langtry has had an opportunity of showing that she has neither miscalculated her strength nor undervalued her enthusiasm. On a more fitting opportunity I shall be able to describe the effect of Mrs. Langtry's acting on a general audience. In a play of bad parts, not even Mr. Coghlan or Miss Amy Roselle can do more than give genuine and generous assistance, but Mr. Coghlan's aid was invaluable in arranging and adorning a most difficult work to handle effectively.

It very often happens that a favourite play revived as an experiment proves to be so successful that it stops the way of novelty. Such is the case with "Barbe Bleue," at the Comedy Theatre, which has never been so well cast as now at any previous performance in this country. To begin with, the music is well known, and that is half the battle. The tunes return familiar to the ear. We know not where we may have heard them—at a dance, at a dinner, or a seaside pier, discoursed by some regimental or local band. Familiarity in music certainly does not breed contempt. And then the cast! Think of hearing in combination the silver-toned and sympathetic Florence St. John, the handsome and dashing F. Leslie, the vivacious Lottie Venne, the inimitable Arthur Roberts—a master of comical expression—and Marius, excellent actor, once more returned to his old trade of comic opera! No wonder, then, that "Barbe Bleue" attracts the lazier set of playgoers to the Comedy. And it is pleasant once more to hear the lyrics of the late, but not quite forgotten, Charles Lamb Kenney, who had a musical ear, a gift not to be despised in the writer of verse, however humble.

Before the week is done, and, unfortunately, also before these lines go to press, the most striking notes of the new dramatic year will have been struck. So I am compelled to be silent on Mr. Mark Quinton's new drama at the Olympic, where its once favourite manageress, Miss Ada Cavendish, will be found, happily restored to health again; on Jane Hading's acting of Frou Frou, which I anticipate with pleasure; and on the "As You Like It" at the St. James's, which doubtless will be very beautiful.

C. S.

The second of Mr. John L. Child's annual series of dramatic and miscellaneous recitals will take place at St. George's Hall, Langham-place, next Thursday evening. An excellent varied bill-of-fare is announced.

MUSIC.

Madame Essipoff appeared at last Saturday afternoon's Popular Concert, for the second time this season. Her solo performances on this occasion were in the Romance from the first of Robert Schumann's Pianoforte sonatas, a Caprice by M. Saint-Saëns (based on themes by Gluck), and a study in A minor by Thalberg. In all these, her thorough command over executive difficulties was notably exemplified; above all in the study, the reiterated triplets in which, for each hand in succession, were given with rare distinctness. The lady's manipulative skill was also displayed in Rubinstein's Sonata for piano and violoncello, in association with Signor Piatti. Madame Norman-Néruda was the solo and leading violinist, and Miss Ambler (Mrs. Brereton) was the vocalist. At the evening concert of Monday, Mr. Max Pauer (son and pupil of the eminent Professor, Herr Ernst Pauer) appeared for the first time here, and played Beethoven's Sonata in A flat, op. 110, and (for the encore) the same composer's Rondo in G, op. 129—besides having co-operated with Signor Piatti in three of Schumann's "Stück im Volkston," for piano and violoncello, and with that gentleman and Madame Norman-Néruda in Mozart's Trio in C major (No. 7). Mr. Pauer's reception was highly favourable. The concert included Spohr's "Quatuor Brillant," op. 93, finely led by Madame Néruda, and vocal pieces expressively sung by Mdlle. M. De Lido; Signor Romili having been the accompanist.

The second of Mr. John Boosey's attractive London Ballad Concerts (the first evening performance of this year) was briefly adverted to by us last week. The selection comprised some national songs of the past and some vocal pieces of the present time, among them two pleasing novelties, "May Margaret," by Mr. Marzials, sung by Miss M. Davies, and "Our Last Waltz," by Mr. Molloy, rendered by Madame Fonblanque. These artists, Mesdames Valleria and Antoinette Sterling, Mr. E. Lloyd, Signor Foli, and Mr. B. Foote gave full effect to other interesting portions of the programme, which also comprised violin solos, skilfully played by Madame Norman-Néruda, and some good part-singing by Mr. Venables' choir. Mr. Sidney Naylor was an efficient accompanist. Another afternoon concert was given this week, when a selection of Sir Arthur Sullivan's songs was included in the programme.

A few additional lines may be given in record of last week's performance of Haydn's "Creation" by the Royal Albert Hall Choral Society, conducted by Mr. Barnby. The solo soprano and bass music was finely sung, respectively, by Mrs. Hutchinson and Mr. Santley, the airs, "With verdure clad," by the former, and "Now Heaven in fullest glory shine," by the latter, having been among the special effects of the evening. In the tenor music, Mr. Charles Wade displayed a voice of agreeable quality, although not of great power. The chorus-singing was of that exceptional excellence to which we are accustomed at these concerts. Mr. Mackenzie's oratorio, "The Rose of Sharon," will be performed on Feb. 4.

The English version of M. Massenet's opera "Manon" was produced by Mr. Carl Rosa at the Royal Court Theatre, Liverpool, last Saturday evening with great success. The title-character was sustained by Madame Marie Roze, and the cast was otherwise also an efficient one. The local critics speak in the highest terms of the music and its performance. The work will be given during Mr. Rosa's approaching season at Drury-Lane Theatre (beginning on Easter Monday), and will have to be spoken of in detail in reference to its London performance.

Madame Viard-Louis, the eminent pianist, is continuing her interesting performances of Beethoven's works, at Prince's Hall, Piccadilly. The programme of this week's matinée comprised the solo sonatas, op. 28, op. 31 (Nos. 1 and 2), and op. 30 (No. 3), and the Kreutzer sonata—both with violin. Mr. Carrodus was the violinist, Miss C. Elliott the vocalist, and Mr. Libotton violoncellist in the accompaniments to Scotch songs as arranged by Beethoven.

Mr. A. V. Benham gave a pianoforte recital at Prince's Hall, Piccadilly, on Wednesday afternoon, when his programme included a selection of classical and brilliant pieces and an improvised performance.

Two attractive concerts will be given in celebration of Burns's birthday—one at St. James's Hall, this (Saturday) evening; the other at the Royal Albert Hall, next Monday evening, this being one of Mr. William Carter's series of National Concerts.

The Sacred Harmonic Society's fourth concert of the new season was announced for yesterday (Friday) evening, the programme including Berlioz's sacred trilogy, "The Childhood of Christ," Goetz's psalm, "By the Waters of Babylon," and Bach's cantata, "God's Time is the Best."

French operas are to be given at the Gaiety Theatre, beginning on June 6. Mdlle. Vanzandt is to appear in "Mignon," "Lakmé," "Mireille," and other works.

The arrangements for the forthcoming Handel Festival at the Crystal Palace have already been adverted to. Since then the following eminent vocalists have been announced in association therewith:—Madame Albani, Miss Annie Marriott, and Madame Valleria; Madame Patey and Madame Trebelli; Mr. Edward Lloyd, and probably Mr. Maas, Signor Foli, Mr. Bridson, Mr. F. King, and Mr. Santley. Mr. Manns will conduct, and the band and chorus will be of the usual gigantic proportions. As before stated, the dates will be June 19, 22, 24, and 26; the first day being allotted to the grand public rehearsal; "The Messiah" and "Israel" being fixed respectively for the 22nd and 26th; and the Selection day, which will include some interesting novelties, for the 24th. For the convenience of London residents desirous of obtaining information, tickets, &c., town offices will be opened at 48, Pall-mall.

Mr. Frederick Burgess's twentieth annual musical and dramatic fêtes will take place, at St. James's Grand Hall, on Tuesday next (afternoon and evening), upon which occasion he will be honoured with the valuable assistance of eminent artistes from nearly all the London theatres.

Sir Henry Bessemer was, on the 15th inst., entertained at a banquet by the Ancient Company of the Armourers and Brasiers of the City of London. Prior to the dinner a special court was held, at which the honorary freedom of the Company was conferred upon him.

A lady, who wishes to be described only as "A Hearty Sympathiser," sends £50 to the "George Smith Fund," collected by the *Pall Mall Gazette* editor; and Lord Aberdare forwards a cheque for ten guineas, in addition to a previous contribution of £20, so that the fund now exceeds £1000.

Messrs. A. H. Baily and Co., of Nicholas-lane, have issued "Who's Who in 1885," a handy little volume, revised up to date. While the main features of the work remain the same, there are certain improvements. In the Peerage separate lists are given of the Scottish and Irish Representative Peers, with a list of the titles under which various Scottish and Irish Peers sit and vote in Parliament. At the end of the book, under the head of "Men and Women of the Day," there is a list of celebrities in literature, the arts, the sciences, divinity, journalism, and the drama.

THE EARTHQUAKE IN SPAIN.

Some Illustrations of this terrible visitation of a natural calamity, by which 800 or 900 human beings have perished, and thousands of families have been deprived of their homes and reduced to destitution, are now presented to our readers. Its worst effects have been felt in the town of Alhama, which is about half-way between Malaga, the large commercial seaport on the south coast, and Granada, the ancient capital of the famous Moorish kingdom. Alhama was a town of 1757 houses, containing a population of 12,000, situated on the steep northern declivity of the Sierra Tejada, "perched on the edge of an awful rent in the hills, round which the river Marchan sweeps, winding through ravines and between rocky pinnacles." The volcanic hot springs below the town, impregnated with mineral substances of a medicinal quality, made the Baths or "Hummums" of Alhama a celebrated resort of the luxurious Moors. In 1482, the capture of this town by the Spaniards caused great lamentation among the Moslem rulers of Granada; which is plaintively expressed in the refrain of the ancient ballad translated by Byron, with the mournful interjection, "Ay de mi, Alhama!" The old Moorish Castle, ornamented with the emblematic sculpture of two keys, the Gothic church, the principal one of five churches in the town, and the once stately mansion which had fallen into picturesque decay, were often noticed by travellers in Spain. These are now in ruins, with the greater part of the houses, most of which, standing on insecure steep ground, or on the brink of the cliffs, were overthrown by the earthquake. One of our Illustrations is that of a local religious ceremonial, the procession of the Rose Garland to be consecrated at the church altar.

The city of Granada has not suffered much substantial damage. It has a population of 80,000, but has lost its former prosperity, though it commands the fertile plain of the Vega, one of the richest agricultural districts in Southern Europe. It is overlooked by the grand mountain range of the Sierra Nevada, on the north-east side, and the river Darro, joined by the Xenil, flows close to the city. The Alhambra, the magnificent palace and fortress of the Moorish Princes, who were finally conquered by the Spanish King and Queen, Ferdinand of Arragon and Isabella of Castile, in 1492, has often been described. Those Sovereigns are entombed in the Cathedral of Granada, in a sumptuous Royal Chapel; the edifice, in the Grecian style of architecture, belongs to the Renaissance period. There is little beauty or grandeur in the public buildings of the city; but its older streets have an interesting aspect, and the Zacatin, the popular market-place, filled with old-fashioned shops and stalls, is peculiarly characteristic. Our correspondent, Mr. H. Stainer, an artist, who is British Vice-Consul at Granada, has sent us the Sketch that appears on our front page. He relates as follows his personal experiences of the earthquake on Christmas Eve:—

"I was at home, sitting around the fire with my family and some friends, it being Christmas Eve, when just about nine o'clock the house began to move in a most alarming manner. The curtains seemed to be blown by a strong wind, the chandelier swung about, and I could see the ceiling and walls moving; it lasted fifteen or sixteen seconds. I called on my people not to fear, saying it was all over; but it went on increasing. There was scarcely time to run out of doors. But my wife ran to her child's bed, ready to die with her dear boy if she could not save him. When it was all over I made light of it, and got them to dance and play the piano. But we continued to feel renewed shocks, of which there were four or twelve to fifteen that night, pretty severe, though none like the first. Next day we heard of the dreadful havoc in the neighbouring towns. In this city, when we went out, it was a curious sight to see hundreds of people huddled together around fires. The fortunate made themselves comparatively comfortable, but many of them had been sleeping out of doors in shelters of any kind they could put together, made of canvas, rags, planks, matting, or whatever they could get. They were calling on the saints to help them, while processions of priests went on chanting and the people responding in chorus. We received, day after day, from the country around, most heart-rending accounts of families buried alive, and of the survivors enduring great hardships, as the night and the next day were bitterly cold, with fierce howling wind and rain. The poor people kept wandering about, mad with fear, and calling on their dear friends and relatives, who lay buried in the ruins—some, perhaps, alive—while pitiful cries and groans were heard during that fearful night. Many were got out alive; but, no doubt, many others died a lingering death. The details are sickening and heartrending in the extreme. Fresh shocks of earthquake were again and again felt, prolonging the terror for two or three weeks. The huts and tents at Granada have now been taken down, since the people venture to return to their houses. The King was at Alhama this morning (Jan. 10), and is expected to-day at Granada."

In a constitution adopted on Tuesday for Aberystwith University College, it is provided that women shall not only be admitted to all the benefits of the College, but be eligible to sit in the governing bodies.

Deputy Surgeon-General Alfred M. Tippetts, of the Army Medical Staff, who was mentioned in despatches for his services in the last Afghan war, has been appointed on the staff of Major-General Willis, commanding the Northern District, as principal medical officer.

The Association of Assistant Mistresses in High Schools held its second annual general meeting, last Saturday, at the North London Collegiate School for Girls, Camden-road. This association, which has been established to improve the position of assistant mistresses with respect to salaries, hours of work, and other matters, and to give opportunities for social intercourse, already numbers over 450 members. The president, Mrs. Hankin, gave an address; and Mrs. Bryant, D.Sc., was elected president for the ensuing year.

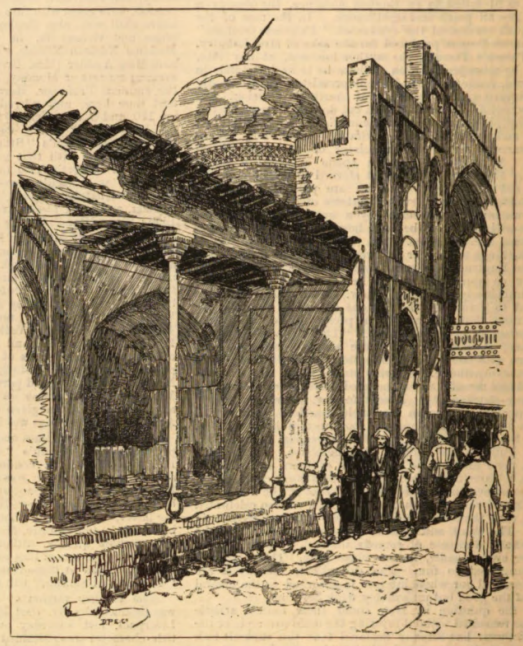
A curious difference between English and Continental law has again been made clear by the decision given by the "Tribunal de Commerce" of Brussels, according to which some English dealers, who attempted to sell their extract of meat in Belgium as Baron Liebig's brand, placing a photograph of the late Baron Liebig on their jars against the expressed will of the present Baron Liebig and the Liebig Company, are prohibited from either using the name Liebig, or the title Baron Liebig, or the photograph, the exclusive use of which had been granted by Baron Liebig to the well-known Liebig's Extract of Meat Company.

Sir Edmund Currie gave last Saturday, at the weekly meeting of the Metropolitan Asylums Board, an emphatic denial to the charges reported to have been brought against the management of the Darenth Camp Hospital by Mr. Nathan Robinson. These charges were of a most serious character. They alleged that there was a deficiency in the supply of clean linen, that the meat was bad and improperly cooked, that there were no proper baths, and that the sanitary arrangements were scandalously inadequate. All these allegations Sir Edmund Currie categorically denies on his own authority and on that of Mr. Russell Rogers, solicitor to the board, who visited the camp, and drew up a report.

THE AFGHAN BOUNDARY COMMISSION: SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. W. SIMPSON.



GATE OF MAIAMAI.



TOMB OF OMAR KHAYYOUM, THE PERSIAN POET, AT NISHAPORE.



BAZAAR AT SHAHRUD.

SKATING PARTIES.



1. A Party who would like to try.
2. Parties who have made up their minds to try.
3. A Party who is invited by post to try.
4 and 5. Parties who object to Skating.
6. Parties who don't.
7. Parties who are too lazy.
8. A diffident Party.

BIRTH.

On the 18th inst., at Berkhampsted, Lady Richard Grosvenor, of a daughter.

DEATH.

On the 21st inst., at 47, Lancaster-gate, Hyde Park, in her 81st year, Eliza Chitty, widow of the late Thomas Chitty, of the Inner Temple.

*** The charge for the insertion of Births, Marriages, and Deaths, is Five Shillings for each announcement.*

THE VALE OF TEARS.—DORÉ'S Last Great PICTURE, completed a few days before he died. NOW on VIEW at the DORÉ GALLERY, 35, New Bond-street, with his other great pictures. Ten to Six Daily. 1s.

ANNO DOMINI, by EDWIN LONG, R.A.—This great Work is NOW ON VIEW, together with other important works, at the GALLERIES, 168, New Bond-street. Ten to Six. Admission, 1s.

SALON PARISIEN, 160, NEW BOND-STREET, W. JULES BASTIEN-LEPAGE'S LAST UNFINISHED WORK; also the celebrated Collection of Pictures by JAN VAN BEERS. Amongst them being "La Sirène," "Embarquez," "Little Jack Horner," "Peace with Honour," "Flirtation," &c. Also including his 300 Landscapes, besides Paintings and Sculptures by other eminent foreign artists, are now on view. Admission, 1s.

UNDER ROYAL PATRONAGE.

JAPANESE VILLAGE,

ALBERT-GATE, HYDE PARK.

ELEVEN to TEN. ONE SHILLING.

MILITARY BAND.

WEDNESDAYS, HALF-A-CROWN.

MONTE CARLO.—MUSICAL SEASON (CONCERTS, REPRESENTATIONS).
In addition to the usual Concerts, directed by Monsieur Romeo Accursi, the Société des Bains de Mer de Monaco has authorised M. Pasdeloup to arrange a Series of Extraordinary Grand Musical Entertainments (Concerts, Representations) this Winter.
The services of the following distinguished Artistes have been already retained:—

Mesdames Krauss,	Messieurs Faure,
" Devriès,	" Vergnet,
" Salla,	" Capoul,
" Donadio,	" Bjorksténn,
" Frank-Duvernoy,	" Couturier,
" Belloca,	" Villaret,
" Simonnet.	&c.

Added to which the celebrated Instrumentalists will appear:
VIOLINISTS:
Mons. Sivori, Mons. Marsik, Miss N. Gerpenter, American artiste, 1st Conservatoire Prize, 1883.
PIANISTS: Mons. Planté, Mons. Th. Ritter, Madame Essipoff.
HARPIST: Mons. Hasselmans.
These Extraordinary Representations will be given each Wednesday and Saturday, commencing the end of January and terminating the middle of March.
The Classical Concerts every Thursday.

The GRAND INTERNATIONAL CONCOURS will take place in the following order:—
BI-WEEKLY MATCHES FOR PRIZES.
Jan. 24: Prix de Saint-Quentin. An object of Art, added to a Poule of 50f.
Jan. 27: Prix Yeo. A Purse of 500f., added to a Poule of 50f.
Jan. 31: Prix Saint Trivier. An object of Art, with Poule of 50f.
Feb. 3: Prix Robert. A Purse of 200f. and a Poule of 50f.
Feb. 7: Prix Hopwood. An object of Art and a Poule of 50f.
Feb. 10: Prix Lafond. A Purse of 500f. and a Poule of 50f.
Feb. 12: Prix Esterhazy. An object of Art and a Poule of 50f.
Feb. 16: Prix du Comité. A Purse of 500f. and a Poule of 50f.
Feb. 21: Prix Canaston. An object of Art and a Poule of 50f.
Feb. 24: Prix Drevon. A Purse of 500f. and a Poule of 50f.
Feb. 28: Prix Dorl. An object of Art and a Poule of 50f.
Mar. 3: Prix de Mars. A Purse of 500f. and a Poule of 50f.
Mar. 7: Prix Pelton. An object of Art and a Poule of 50f.
Mar. 10: Prix W. Call. A Purse of 500f., added to a Poule of 50f.
GRAND CLOSING PRIZES.
March 12 and 13: Grand Prix de Clôture. A Purse of 4000f. added to 100f. entrance; Second Prize, 1000f.; Third Prize, 700f.; Fourth, 300f.
A. BLONDIN, Secretary.

NEWS FROM NICE.—The weather is really splendid, the temperature ranging from 60 deg. to 65 deg. in the shade. The sun shines almost perpetually, and its warm rays makes life enjoyable to all, and more especially to those who have by illness or otherwise sought its influence.
There has been an almost entire absence of rain for several months, but this has not interfered with the sanitary arrangements of the city, as its streets and roads are daily watered from the mountain stream of the Vesubie, which is also used for flushing the drains, which are so disinfected by addition, ceased of disinfecting chemical compounds.
The streets were never so clean and tidy, and the average mortality of the city is less than many fashionable towns in England.
Four resident English medical men are in practice here, and would be willing to communicate with any intending visitors desirous of satisfying their nervous fears as to the healthfulness of the town by addressing Doctors West, Sturge, Wakefield, or Waters, or Mr. Nicholls, the English qualified chemist here. In future, there will be an authorised tribunal for this purpose, as a hygienic society of medical men French, English, and others, is now in course of formation.
The Prolongation of the Promenade des Anglais is complete, and forms one of the finest drives in the Riviera. The police force has been reorganised.
The Italian Theatre, a very handsome building, has been reconstructed and enlarged, and a grand ball of inauguration will be given in February.
The Casino Theatre is giving its entertainments; and the Théâtre des Français, of which Mr. Cortelazzo is the able Director, has an excellent Troupe de Comédie, as also some star artistes for the Opéra Comique.
The Jetty Promenade is, they say, to be immediately rebuilt. The Races will take place shortly. The renowned Carnival will surpass all others, and the Regattas will form an important part of the attractions, particulars of which anon.
The visitors are daily arriving in increased numbers to this bright and sunny land.

THE PRINCE'S THEATRE.—Mrs. LANGTRY.—Sole Proprietor, Mr. Edgar Bruce. Season under the direction of Mr. Henry E. Abbey. EVERY EVENING, at a Quarter to Nine, will be produced a Drama in Three Acts, adapted from the French of Alexandre Dumas, called PRINCESS GEORGE. Characters by Mr. Coghlan, Mr. F. H. Macklin, Mr. Carne, Mr. Smedley, Mr. C. W. Somerset, Mr. Crisp, Mr. Dalzell, Mr. Weatherby; Miss Amy Roselle, Miss Kate Pattison, Miss Helen Mathews, Miss Annie Rose, Miss Rosina Phillips, Mrs. John Billington, and MRS. LANGTRY. The Play produced under the direction of Mr. Coghlan. Doors open at half-past Seven; Comedietta, TOM NOBBY'S SECRET, at Eight; PRINCESS GEORGE at a Quarter to Nine. Carriages at 10.30. Box-Office open daily from Eleven to Five. No fees. Telephone 3705.—THE PRINCE'S THEATRE, Coventry-street, W.

PRINCESS'S THEATRE.—MR. WILSON BARRETT, Lessee and Manager.—EVERY EVENING, at 7.45, HAMLET. Messrs. Wilson Barrett, Speakman, Dewhurst, Willard, Clifford Cooper, Frank Cooper, Cranford, &c., and George Barrett; Mesdames Eastlake, Gregory, &c., and M. Leighton. Doors open at 7.15. Box-office, 9.30 to Five. No fees. Matinées, this day (Saturday), Jan. 24, and Saturdays, Feb. 7 and 21, at 1.30. Business Manager, J. H. Cobbe.

MASKELYNE and COOKE, EGYPTIAN HALL, Piccadilly, give their performance EVERY AFTERNOON at Three; and on the Evenings, at Eight, of Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday. Mr. Maskelyne's New Programme includes a new sketch, entitled THE PAKIRS OF BENARES AND THEIR BRAZEN ORACLE, introducing many Novel Effects and Startling Illusions, differing entirely in character from any previously witnessed. Stalls, 5s.; Reserved Seats, 3s.; Area, 2s.; Balcony, 1s.

ST. JAMES'S HALL, PICCADILLY.
EVERY NIGHT AT EIGHT O'CLOCK.
MONDAY, WEDNESDAY, and SATURDAY at THREE also.
THE
MOORE and BURGESS MINSTRELS'
TWENTIETH ANNUAL CARNIVAL OF MUSIC AND FUN.
The Monstre Holiday Programme. This and EVERY NIGHT at Eight.
MONDAY, WEDNESDAY, and SATURDAY at Three and Eight.
All New and Beautiful Songs.
New Budget of Screamingly Funny Stories. New Comic Sketches.
New and Important Additions to the Great Company.

ST. JAMES'S GRAND HALL,
REGENT-STREET and PICCADILLY.
TUESDAY AFTERNOON NEXT, JAN. 27, at 2.30; TUESDAY NIGHT at 8.10.
MR. FREDERICK BURGESS'S TWENTIETH ANNUAL MUSICAL and DRAMATIC FETE, upon which occasion Two Programmes of the most attractive character will be presented, in which the following extraordinary combination of eminent artists will take part:—Miss Alice Lingard, Mrs. Billington, Miss E. Farren, Miss Constance Loseby, Miss Florence St. John, Mrs. Frederick Burgess (nee Miss Ellen Meyrick), Mr. James Fernandez, Mr. Charles Warner, Mr. Fred Leslie, Mr. Harry Waldauer, Mr. Walter Joyce, Mons. Marius, Mr. Harry Paulton, Mr. Arthur Roberts, Mr. George Barrett, Mr. J. M. Dallas, Mr. W. Penley, Mr. Lionel Brough, and Mr. Edward Terry. An entirely new and beautiful Musical Entertainment will also be given by the Moore and Burgess Minstrels. Tickets for all parts of the Hall, and also for Reserved Seats, can be secured at Ambrose Austin's Universal Ticket Office, St. James's Hall.

ST. JAMES'S GRAND HALL.
On TUESDAY AFTERNOON NEXT, JAN. 27, at 2.30; TUESDAY NIGHT at 8.10.
MR. FREDERICK BURGESS'S TWENTIETH ANNUAL MUSICAL and DRAMATIC FETE, when nearly every Musical and Dramatic Artist of Celebrity now in London will appear. New and beautiful music will be presented by the magnificent choir and orchestra of the Moore and Burgess Minstrels.
IMPORTANT NOTICE.
TICKETS for all parts of the Hall, and for all Numbered and Reserved Seats, at St. James's Grand Hall, Tuesday Afternoon and Night, JAN. 27, can now be secured at Austin's Office, St. James's Hall, daily, from 9.30 till 6.30. Visitors from the country may secure tickets by post on sending P.O.O. or cheque, together with a stamped and directed envelope addressed to Ambrose Austin, St. James's Hall, to whom all orders or cheques are to be made payable.

THE AFGHAN BOUNDARY COMMISSION.

General Sir Peter Lumsden, the British Commissioner, with the officers and gentlemen of his party, and with the military escort sent from India to meet him, is on the banks of the Murghab, on the northern frontier of Afghanistan, waiting for the arrival of General Zelenoy, the Russian Commissioner. They will scarcely be able to commence their work before March. Our Special Artist, Mr. William Simpson, accompanied the Commissioner all the way from England, by the route of Odessa and the Black Sea, Tiflis, the Caspian Sea, Teheran, and along the north parts of Eastern Persia and Khorassan to Meshed, and thence to Sarakhs, on the Afghan frontier. The long journey on horseback from Teheran eastward, as we hope our readers will recollect, gave Mr. Simpson opportunities of sketching many places of interest, and many interviews with Persian local grandees and the people of those countries. We still have a few of his Sketches taken in October and November on that road, three of which are now published as Illustrations of Oriental life, and of towns which were flourishing and famous in the palmy days of the Persian monarchy, but which have decayed through centuries of misrule and social declension. Shahrud, one of these towns, is even now a place of some importance, as "a connecting link between Central Asia, Meshed, Herat, and the Caspian, through Asterabad. A considerable commerce with Russia passes along this line, and there are a number of Russian merchants in Shahrud. There is a fort of mud walls. The bazaars are outside the fort, and there is a large suburb of walled-in gardens, which covers a considerable space. All these gardens, as well as the town, are supplied by water carried by small artificial streams, of which there seems to be a plentiful supply." Our Artist further says the bazaars of Persia are all covered in with arches. At Teheran, and the towns he has passed through which were large enough to boast of a bazaar, they have all been covered. The principal object in this is to keep out the sun in the hot weather. Shahrud is at present under a process of improvement. "No place could have improved along the road we have come while Turkoman raids went on, but that is now a thing of the past, and we notice buildings in progress in most of the towns. This is particularly the case at Shahrud, where Nowshirwan Khan, the Governor, seems to take an active interest in his district, and under his auspices bazaars and serais are being constructed."

"The village of Maiamai is the second nearest to the east of Shahrud, and is consequently nearer to the Turkomans, whose raids spread such terror in the past. I sketched this gate because it was picturesque, but I also saw that it told a tale of danger. It is the inside of the gate, and it will be seen that originally it had been a portal of considerable size, with a pointed brick arch. This large gate had evidently been looked upon as insecure, and a contraction was thought necessary. The arched gate was therefore filled up, and a smaller one formed; wooden beams were laid across to form lintels, thus forming a square-topped entrance, to which a couple of strong wooden folding-doors were added. Either the Turkomans must have been more frequent in their visits or more daring in their acts, for the entrance has been again reduced, this time with an arched top, composed partly of stone and brick. The massive wooden doors of the second gateway had been thought strong enough, and although of a size far too large for the last entrance, they had been left to do duty. The door is now so low that I had to slightly bend my head as I passed. When a raid occurred, there was a frantic rush made for the gate by all who were on the outside; for whoever was caught became a prisoner, and was carried off into slavery. Hence, the door had to be left open, as a place of refuge, to the last moment, and its smallness would prevent a rush of the enemy, who might have entered with the last of the fugitives, and thus taken the whole village. The Turkomans were always on horseback, and they could not have passed in without dismounting, while a rush of a sufficient number to take the village was not likely. This may have been the reason for the lowness of the doorway."

The name of Omar Khayyoum, an elegant didactic and philosophical poet of the most renowned period of Persian literature, is not entirely unknown to English readers. Mr. Fitzgerald's able translation of his melodious quatrains, published by Mr. Bernard Quaritch, of Piccadilly, a few years ago, engaged the attention of qualified critics and scholars. Our Artist, in his brief stay at Nishapore, a town of Khorassan, where Omar Khayyoum died, went to visit the tomb of the poet, of which he sends us a Sketch—sending also to Mr. Quaritch a small tribute of rose-leaves plucked on the spot. The tomb is a recess of plastered brick, at the east side of a building which contains the sepulchre of an Imamzadeh, or son of an Imam, brother to the Imam Reza, whose sacred shrine is in the city of Meshed. This building, which has a dome, covered with blue enamel, directly over the tomb of the Imamzadeh, is close to the ruined walls of the old town of Nishapore, about two miles from the present inhabited town.

The twenty-fourth annual exhibition of the Glasgow Institute of the Fine Arts will open on Feb. 3.

It has been decided by the Council of the Royal Academy that the works of the outsiders must be sent in on March 27, 28, and 30, and the works of members on April 6. Instead of the three "varnishing" days hitherto customary, members will for the future only have two.

Messrs. Hart and Co., of Paternoster-row, have published a work of great interest, being the first volume of "The Lark," edited by W. C. Bennett, containing above three hundred songs, ballads, and recitations, by English and American authors of note.

Some lectures on sculpture are announced for delivery at the Royal Academy during the month of February. The lecturers on these occasions will be Mr. C. T. Newton, C.B., Mr. R. Stuart Poole, LL.D., Mr. Hamo Thorneycroft, A.R.A. (who takes for his subject Imitation is the Means, not the End of Art), and Mr. J. Boehm, R.A. Lectures on architecture by Mr. R. S. Poole, Mr. G. F. Bodley, A.R.A., Mr. F. C. Penrose, Mr. G. Aitchison, A.R.A., and Mr. Waterhouse, A.R.A., will complete the session 1884-5.

The Holyhead steamer Admiral Moorsom, belonging to the London and North-Western Railway Company, has been wrecked by collision in the Irish Sea. Whilst crossing from Dublin with passengers and crew, numbering thirty-five, and a quantity of live stock, she was run into by the American ship Santa Clara, which carried away her paddle-box, masts, and funnel, and so completely disabled her that the passengers and crew took to the boats, the captain having fallen or jumped overboard. Fourteen men in a boat were picked up by the Santa Clara and taken to Holyhead. Subsequently five persons, including a woman and child, were taken off the wreck of the Admiral Moorsom when it was on its beam ends, and landed at Queenstown; and eleven men who escaped in a boat were picked up by the Norwegian vessel, Stanley. The number of the lost is five. From the narratives of survivors, it would appear that the course of the Admiral Moorsom was shifted to keep clear of another vessel, on passing at the stern of which the steamer was run into by the Santa Clara

SKATING PARTIES.

The brief opportunity, soon interrupted by a change of weather, for this healthful and exhilarating exercise, was enjoyed in the North of England, in the first week of January, by large numbers of persons; the ice, however, was seldom hard enough for safety, and in Lancashire and Yorkshire ten or twelve lives were lost by its breaking under the weight of skaters. Our Artist has applied his humorous fancy to delineate various species of "skating parties," taking the liberty, by the way, to perpetrate a confessed, though still common, solecism in language by using the word "party" for an individual person, which is only admissible in a relative sense, as where a person is said to be "a party" to a certain transaction. The fastidious reader will perhaps forgive this slight verbal inaccuracy for the sake of a little harmless joking, as well in the special descriptive titles as in the amusing Sketches, which are fairly typical of different characters and classes interested more or less in a favourite pastime of the winter season. The central group is very pleasing; it consists of a young lady, a pretty girl, seated in the back shop of a country ironmonger, trying on a new pair of skates which the tradesman is adjusting to her neat little foot, while the young gentleman who accompanies her is watching the fit with a critical and complacent air; these are "parties" who have evidently made up their minds to try. The poor little boy outside the shop-door is one who would like to possess a pair of skates for his own use, and turns a desiring eye to those suspended for sale at a price beyond his wildest dreams of pocket-money, for they are marked twelve shillings, and he has only fivepence in the world; he might as well think of buying or hiring a horse to ride. There is another indoor scene, in which a young lady has unexpectedly got an invitation by letter to join some friends in a social skating party on the pond in their private grounds, and is thoughtfully examining the skates that she used last year, meditating whether she can put sufficient confidence in her own skill to risk a public display. Of those who "object to skating," besides the timid and consciously awkward persons who might enjoy the free use of their limbs if they would venture to practise the art, there are several distinct specimens, the stout old sailor with the wooden leg is no coward, but is manifestly incapacitated for this mode of progression. The elderly maiden lady, who never did such things in her youth, and whose imagination is filled with stories of disasters on the treacherous ice, prefers the comfortable security of her own fireside, and blames other people for "tempting Providence," as she says, by going the way of danger. There are two lazy gentlemen at their Club, one of whom likes dozing in an easy-chair, the other likes crossing his legs, sipping a glass of liquor, and smoking a cigar, with the unread newspaper dropping from his nerveless hand, after a night of dissipation which has left him in a languid condition; and there is a diffident man, rather past middle age, who doubts whether he can pretend any longer to emulate the nimble feats which delight some of the younger generation. All these non-skaters may be left in pence to consult the dictates of prudence or the bent of their peculiar disposition; it is quite a matter of taste and private judgment. The youthful, the strong, the high-spirited, of both sexes, if they like to take the trouble, if they are not afraid of falls, and if they will be careful about the condition of the ice, can obtain in settled frosty weather—though we do not get that every winter—a real pleasure in the sensation of swiftly gliding, with the slightest effort beyond that of preserving a graceful balance, over the glassy surface of congealed water, and feel it a joyful addition to their physical powers. Skating or sliding, like swimming in the water or sailing over it, and like swinging in the air, seems to be a temporary compensation for the absence of that faculty of flying which is given to the birds. The human biped, in walking on earth, has to put up with a tedious mode of locomotion compared to that with which many other animals have been endowed. We instinctively long to soar and to glide; our bodies are something of a burden, and our motion, if not fatiguing, is too slow for the mind to be content with its effect. No wish or taste is more natural than that of indulgence in easy speed, which is the purest form of simple bodily sport. The art of skating cannot, in our uncertain English climate, be brought to such perfection, or employed in such long journeys, as in some other countries; but its judicious practice is a most agreeable incident of winter, and the finest remedy for chills and colds.

GALLANT DEEDS.

The Board of Trade have awarded their bronze "Gallantry" medal, together with a sum of money, to Mrs. Jane Whyte, in recognition of her praiseworthy services on the occasion of the wreck of the steam-ship William Hope, of Dundee, in Aberdour Bay, during a heavy gale on Oct. 28, 1884. Mrs. Whyte was the only person on the shore when the vessel stranded, and a rope being thrown to her by the crew she, at great risk to her life, waded into the breakers, caught it, and passed it round her body, with the intention of tying it to a log lying further up the beach, when other persons arrived on the spot, with whose assistance the crew of the vessel were enabled to land.

The Mayor of Exeter on Saturday last presented Frank Shooter, the superintendent of the public bathing place, with a gold medal and £150, in recognition of the numerous rescues from drowning which he has made. In recognition of his courage the Town Council raised his wages, the Royal Humane Society have given him a silver medal, and the people of Exeter subscribed the gift presented last Saturday night.

Stoke-on-Trent has also its hero—Mr. Price, a chimney-sweep. His last feat was the rescue of eight boys who had broken through the ice into deep water, and all of whom apparently would have drowned but for his boldness and promptitude. This young man, well known in the neighbourhood as a swimmer, dashed in among them and clutched two of them—a pretty good handful for any swimmer. Two more, however, managed to get hold of him, and with all four of these he struggled ashore. A second plunge might have had a different termination but that a bystander happened to have a halter with him. He had got hold of a second couple, when a third boy seized him by the hair of his head, and he was pulled under. Fortunately the halter was thrown to them, and two of the three were pulled ashore with it, Price himself landing the third. Another boy was still clinging to the broken edge of the ice, and was just slipping down, when the chimney-sweep, in response to his heartrending cries, again went in, and just reached him in time. The *Globe* has opened a subscription for the heroic chimney-sweep.

A binocular glass has been awarded by the Board of Trade to Captain Don Miguel Baldo, of the Spanish steam-ship Cortes, of Barcelona, in acknowledgment of his humanity and kindness to the shipwrecked crew of the Anatolia, of West Hartlepool, whom he picked up at sea on Nov. 6 last.

Mr. Burdett-Coutts presided last Saturday at the first anniversary dinner of the Columbia Market Fruit and Potato Salesmen's Association, and, in returning thanks for the toast of Baroness Burdett-Coutts and himself, said he believed the market had before it such a career of success as would place it in a position superior to that of any market in the metropolis.

PARISIAN SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

(From our own Correspondent.)

Paris, Tuesday, Jan. 20.

Of late, one has often been tempted to speak ill of Paris, to ape Jeremiah, and rehash Juvenal. But, like the incidents which provoke our reprobation, our anger is of short duration and soon forgotten, and we begin once more to admire and wonder at this vivacious city, where letters and art and the things of intellect have undisputed precedence. You may think, perhaps, on the strength of inevitably misleading special-wire correspondence, that the Parisians are discussing the unpleasing début of the new Minister of War at the Chamber, the preparations for the senatorial elections, the speeches of M. Constans or of M. Paul Bert, the interminable Tonquin difficulty or the commercial crisis. These are not the topics of the day, nor even in the gravest journals do such subjects hold the chiefest place; *the* topic is M. Alexandre Dumas' new comedy, "Denise," which was produced with complete success at the Comédie Française last night. The Londoners, I know, have come to take a great interest in the stage; but even they can scarcely imagine the curiosity excited amongst the Parisians by the announcement of a new play by a man like Dumas, who is famous for his bold and novel theorising. "Denise," like all Dumas' pieces, is more than a play with a moral: it is an ethical thesis. In a few words, here is the plot. M. De Bardannes, a rich country gentleman, who, after a youth more or less dissipated in accordance with the traditions of men of his rank, has settled down to serious life, falls in love with Mdlle. Denise Brissot, the daughter of his steward, who had been recommended to him by Madame De Tauzette, a brilliant coquette, and the first flame of M. De Bardannes. This Madame De Tauzette has a son, Fernand, who is rather disreputable. She asks M. De Bardannes to give his sister Marthe in marriage to Fernand; M. De Bardannes refuses, knowing that Fernand is unworthy, and Madame De Tauzette replies by casting suspicion on the reputation of Denise. In the course of the very dramatic and touching plot, M. De Bardannes discovers that Fernand has lied to save the honour of Denise. What is to be done? Is Fernand to be forced to marry Denise? Is M. De Bardannes to marry her, in spite of all prejudices? M. Dumas adopts the latter course, and so obtains a happy if not a very satisfactory dénouement. "Denise" is admirably played by Mesdames Pauline Granger, Bartet, Pierson, the brothers Coquelin, Baillet, Got, and Worms. During four acts of conversation, M. Dumas never allows our interest to flag for a moment, and, while the piece is preponderantly emotional, brilliance of dialogue and witty repartee do not lose their rights.

While M. Dumas has crowned his career with a play as powerful as any he ever wrote, French literature has lost one of its shining lights in M. Edmond About, who died last week, at the age of fifty-six, only a few weeks after his election to the French Academy. About has been bombarded with the title of "petit fils de Voltaire"; the implied praise is perhaps exaggerated. He was, however, the brilliant genius of the Empire. Augier, Feuillet, Dumas, Sardou, worked their way up slowly; in 1851 About, in his first book, "La Grèce Contemporaine," revealed himself a full-blown genius, to the astonishment and admiration of everybody. In "Tolla," "Germaine," "Les Mariages de Paris," "Le Progrès," "La Question Romaine," he remained the sparkling and witty author of "La Grèce Contemporaine," and for ten years he continued to hold that position in the public esteem. After the war, he began to waste his talent in political journalism and business speculations, and now, with two or three exceptions, his works have taken up their abodes in the book-boxes along the quais of Paris, that Appian Way of literary royalties. As a writer, About had Sidney Smith's great and rare quality of writing in an entertaining manner on dry subjects: his pamphlet on taxation is a model in this respect.

In Paris, the children who provide the journalists with *mots* are quaintly precocious. Witness the little girl of six, who, seeing the snow falling in fine flakes, said, "Mamma, look! The angels are dropping their face-powder!" I cite this remark simply in order to intimate that we have been having snow and wintry weather during the past week. T. C.

The German Emperor, and all the Princes and Princesses and Knights of the Black Eagle, and numerous deputations from German and foreign regiments, attended the funeral service of the late Prince Augustus of Würtemberg on the 16th inst. in the Garrison Church. The Emperor looked well, and stood during the long Liturgy. Prince and Princess William arrived at the Castle in Berlin on the same day. The Emperor has been confined to his bed with a cold caught at the funeral service.—On the 16th inst. the opening of the Prussian Diet took place. The Speech from the Throne dealt exclusively with domestic affairs.—Notwithstanding a protest against the new colonial policy, the German Reichstadt passed the Imperial Naval Estimates on Tuesday.

In the sitting of the Lower House yesterday week Herr Von Koeller, Dr. Von Heereman, and Herr Von Benda were re-elected President and Vice-Presidents by acclamation.—In the Lower House on Monday the Budget for the ensuing year was discussed on its first reading. The Minister of Finance, in addressing the House, declared that in the Budget for 1883-4 the actual receipts exceeded the estimates by 3,000,000 marks. The total surplus, chiefly arising from the railway receipts, amounted to 20,000,000 marks, which would be applied in the redemption of the Railway Debt. For the current year a surplus of 10,000,000 marks might be expected.

The Empress of Austria and Princess Valérie, after several weeks' absence, arrived in Vienna from Pesth on the 15th inst. The Emperor arrived next day. The Austrian Crown Prince and Crown Princess will start on a tour in the middle of February. They will visit Munich, Brussels, the Hague, and then embark at Rotterdam for Alexandria. After visiting Cairo, Smyrna, Greece, and Corfu, they will return home via Trieste.—Count Taaffe, the Austrian Premier, gave a grand ball last Saturday night. Among the guests invited were several of the Archdukes and the members of the diplomatic body, the latter including Sir Augustus Paget, the British Ambassador, and Lady Paget.—At the opening of the Austrian Parliament on Tuesday, an Anti-Socialist Bill was introduced by the Government.

The Dutch East Indian Budget was passed by the First Chamber of the States-General on Tuesday.

The Swedish Parliament was opened on Monday. The Speech from the Throne announced the creation of a new department of State for trade, manufactures, and agriculture; and the presentation of bills for increasing the navy and definitively regulating the salaries of national school teachers. The Budget is drawn up on the basis of a reduction of 30 per cent in the land tax. No fresh taxation or increase of existing taxes is proposed.—In Norway the Ministerial crisis has terminated, the differences between M. Sverdrup, Minister of State, and M. Daal, Chief of the War Department, with regard to the army organisation having been adjusted.

Major-General Count Ignatieff has been appointed Governor-General of Eastern Siberia, in the room of Lieutenant-General Anutchin, who recently resigned.—The Finnish Diet was formally opened on Monday by General Hayden, the Governor-General, in the name of the Emperor. The Speech from the Throne, which was drawn up in the Russian language, was read by the Governor-General, after which it was translated into Swedish and Finnish by one of the members of the Senate.

The British Chargé-d'Affaires at Athens, while walking with his wife in a park which was not open to the public, was assaulted and struck by a gendarme, who ordered him to leave. The King and the principal Ministers promptly expressed their regret at the incident; and the offender is to be publicly dismissed from the service, in the presence of the entire force, and then imprisoned for two months.

Prince Waldemar of Denmark dined with the Sultan on Sunday evening. On the previous day his Majesty conferred upon the Prince the decoration of the Grand Cordon of the Osmanieh, set in brilliants.

The United States Senate has passed the bill placing General Grant on the retired list of the army. Nine members voted against the bill, all being Democrats.—The House of Representatives has passed the Chinese Indemnity Fund Bill, authorising the President to return to the Chinese Government 583,400 dols., being the residue of the fund in question. The Senate will concur in this measure.—The Agricultural Department reports that last year's cereal crops were the largest ever raised in the United States, wheat yielding 513 million bushels, oats 583 millions, Indian corn 1795 millions.—Henry Irving has had good success in Chicago, where he has been playing for a fortnight. His representation of Eugene Aram has been very popular. "Richelieu" is played this week.—The infirmary building of a lunatic asylum at Kankakee, in Illinois, has been burnt down. Seventeen of the patients perished.—Last year 453,983 emigrants reached the United States, being 100,000 less than in the previous year.

A comparative statement of the industries of the Dominion of Canada for the years 1878 and 1884 show a remarkable increase. The number of people employed in these industries in 1878 was 26,764; in 1884 it had increased to 47,828. The wages paid in 1878 amounted to 7,290,000 dols.; in 1884 they had reached 15,189,000 dols. The products of these industries were in 1878 of the value of 32,554,000 dols.; and in 1884 they reached a total of 77,543,000 dols. The capital employed in 1878 was 24,353,000 dols.; and in 1884 it was 39,488,000 dols.

The Duke and Duchess of Connaught arrived at Calcutta on the 14th inst. The Calcutta correspondent of the *Times* telegraphs:—The Duke and Duchess of Connaught have been busily employed in seeing all that is to be seen in and near Calcutta. On Friday the Duke reviewed the troops of the garrison. On Saturday they accompanied the Viceroy to Barrackpore. On Sunday they crossed the river to Chandernagore and lunched with the French Governor. On Monday they returned to Calcutta, and in the evening attended a ball given in their honour by the European community. They started for Meerut on Tuesday evening.—An important addition has been made to the Indian railway system by opening the Bengal and North-Western line. The ceremony took place at Myrwa, a place on the boundary of the two provinces. Both Lieutenant-Governors were present. Mr. Rivers Thompson described the ceremony as marking an historical epoch in Indian railway enterprise, and the new line, he said, was certainly the largest and most important railway based upon purely private enterprise.

It is stated in a telegram from Shanghai that the agreement between Corea and Japan provides that Corea shall pay an indemnity of 500,000 taels. Japan is to place a garrison of 1500 soldiers permanently in Seoul. The Corean authorities have issued a proclamation, in which they absolve Japan from all blame in connection with the recent disturbances.

Rear-Admiral Edye has been appointed Admiral-Superintendent of Devonport Dockyard.

The Croydon Corporation announced last Saturday that the Mayor had received a notification from the Home Secretary to the effect that her Majesty had been pleased to direct that a separate Commission of the Peace be issued, creating a Borough Bench for Croydon.

Messrs. Simpkin, Marshall, and Co. are rendering great service in the periodic publication of Shakespeare's plays, as reprinted verbatim from the first folio, bearing date 1623. "Hamlet" and "Romeo and Juliet" have appeared opportunely, to be followed by "As You Like It" and "Cymbeline."

Damages to the amount of £10,000 have been awarded by a Middlesex jury to Mr. John Neville Maskelyne, of Maskelyne and Cooke, against Mr. Washington Irving Bishop for libel, the latter having allowed judgment to go by default, and not being represented when the damages were assessed.

Yesterday week the Court of Appeal disallowed the appeal taken by Mr. Yates, the proprietor of the *World* newspaper, against a judgment obtained against him for a libel on the Earl of Lonsdale. Mr. Yates having stated that he did not intend to carry the case to the House of Lords, he was committed to Holloway Prison as a first-class misdemeanant for four months, according to the sentence passed by the Court of Queen's Bench.

In the new Canadian guide-book, prepared under the authority of the Canadian Government, recently issued, the facts and statistics have been brought down to the latest possible date, and the pamphlet contains some excellent illustrations taken from sketches by Princess Louise. A chapter is devoted to each province, and particulars are given upon every subject that will present itself to the mind of an emigrant.

A meeting of the Victoria Institute was held on Monday evening, when a paper on the "Historical Evidences of the Abramic Migration" was read by Mr. W. Boscawen, in which he gave extracts from the new translations of some tablets discovered by Mr. Rassam during his last visit to the East; these extracts contained a large number of names of persons and cities mentioned in the Bible record of the times to which they referred. Mr. Rassam and several others took part in the discussion which followed.

Miss J. E. Harrison, of Newnham, who for some time past has, with steadily increasing success, been lecturing at the British Museum on Greek Art, has been invited by the managers of the Leicester Museum to give a course in that town. If local museums, and especially those which showed an interest in the formation of a central museum of casts, followed the example of Leicester, a very important step towards raising the standard of public taste would have been made. At the same time, care will need to be taken to secure exponents of classical antiquities capable of throwing life and interest into their subject. Miss Harrison has shown her powers in this particular, as her steadily increasing classes at the British Museum bear witness: and Mr. Newton, C.B., and the other authorities who have encouraged her in her work deserve thanks for having brought into notice a lady who is not only thoroughly acquainted with her subject, but who can show to the world that it is possible—even for a woman—to be learned without pedantry.

MEMBERS OUT OF PARLIAMENT.

Wonderful is the recuperative power of Mr. Gladstone. The period of rest at Hawarden Castle, after the first two Cabinet Councils of the New Year, proved as beneficial as Sir Andrew Clark thought it would. In the teeth of the biting wind the Prime Minister was enabled to attend the services at Hawarden church, where he had the satisfaction of hearing the banns of marriage between the Rev. Stephen Gladstone and Miss Wilson called the first and second times. On Tuesday, the Premier felt strong enough to undertake the railway journey from Chester to London; and, despite the coldness of the weather, the right hon. gentleman looked as hale as of yore when he alighted at the little house in Downing-street to attend the Cabinet Council called to consider the French proposals for a loan of nine millions to Egypt, to be guaranteed by the Great Powers collectively. It was to be noted that Mr. Chamberlain was absent from this Council through indisposition, and that Earl Spencer was detained in Dublin as Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. The Cabinet met again on Wednesday. The upshot of the Ministerial deliberations was believed to be a qualified and conditional agreement to the counter-proposals of France, but a firm stand against any reimposition of the Dual Control on Egypt. Meantime, the public watches with increased interest and anxiety the venturesome advance of Sir Herbert Stewart's corps across the desert in the direction of Khartoum.

Plenty of early birds are in the field to woo the new constituencies. In a mild and gentle manner, suitable to his native Devonshire, Sir Stafford Northcote has been courting the Barnstaple division, which he seeks to represent in the new Parliament. What is there in the air of Devonshire to foster mellifluousness of speech? In action, Devon's sons have many a time fought most valiantly for their country. Can it be that Devonshire cream softens the tongues of Devonshire men? Be that as it may, it is clear that neither Sir Stafford Northcote's amiable deliverance at the Barnstaple Music-Hall on Monday nor his Bideford utterances under the ominous auspices of Mr. Pine Coffin on Tuesday can be accepted as Battle Cries to inspire the Conservative Party to fight and to "conquer again and again."

Mr. Chamberlain's bold bid for the Democratic vote did not escape mild and vague animadversion on the part of Sir Stafford Northcote both at Barnstaple and at Bideford. But he merely nibbled at the questions respecting which the President of the Board of Trade was so outspoken at Ipswich. The Leader of the Opposition in the Commons neglected the opportunity correspondents of the press have not been slow to avail themselves of. Champion in a manner of the Landlords against Utopian and impossible plans of reform, Sir Stafford Northcote failed to take advantage of the opening given him by Mr. Chamberlain to propound and make clear to the public the Conservative proposals for a rational amendment of the Land Laws. He also failed to deliver an obvious retort in the shape of a counter-attack upon Mr. Chamberlain himself for the signal aggrandisement of the class of manufacturers at the expense of their wage-receivers. Other sharper members of the Conservative Party have, however, been quick to recognise the importance of turning the tables on Mr. Chamberlain in this way. Here, indeed, especially at a time of great industrial distress in Birmingham, is a formidable weapon for political argument ready to the hand of those willing, with Lord Randolph Churchill, to raise the standard of a "Tory Democracy."

Sir Stafford Northcote, it should be admitted, protested earnestly at Bideford on Tuesday against the injustice to his party implied by the terms Liberal and Conservative. The right hon. Baronet frankly stated that if the Conservative party desired to maintain their position in the country, and to preserve that which they held dear in the Constitution, it was their duty to remember that they must deal with all the interests of the country in a truly Liberal spirit. Quite so. The Redistribution Bill is a happy instance of what can be brought about by friendly co-operation on the part of the Conservative and Liberal leaders. It is the first step that costs. Henceforth, it may be that both Parties will vie with each other as to which can pass the more rapidly desirable measures of legislative reform. While Sir Stafford Northcote avowed himself thus progressive with regard to home affairs, and virtually a rival reformer of the Government, he hinted dislike of the Colonial policy of the Ministry generally, and claimed that Lord Beaconsfield's administration of foreign affairs contrasted favourably with the embroiled state of things on the Continent since Mr. Gladstone had been in power.

Lord George Hamilton, presiding at the dinner of the Glasgow University Club on Monday, was far more sweeping than his chief in the denunciation of the Government for their alienation of the Colonies, and for their having given offence to Prince Bismarck, who "detested a policy of cant, rant, and humbug." Lord George Hamilton also deprecated the enunciation of "revolutionary theories" by Mr. Chamberlain. Curiously enough, Mr. Bradlaugh, speaking the same evening at Coventry, referred to Mr. Chamberlain's warm welcome of the coming Democratic government, but was of opinion that the people would have to be "educated up" to the habit of self-government before the aristocracy could be supplanted.

Mr. Bright, fearful lest the new constituencies should not be posted up in the services of the Liberal Party, has rehearsed the articles of his belief afresh in a printed letter, published by the National Press Agency. In this the veteran Reformer has retold more than a thrice-told tale. Mr. Bright says of looming legislation:—

> The Land Laws will be reformed, and much of them reformed out of existence. In past times and now our land laws have been framed to protect the great estates of great families. Great estates lead to great farms, and great farms lead to the result that it is almost impossible for farm-labourers to become farmers, and thus the path of the intelligent and hard-working labourer to an improved position and condition for himself and his family is barred and blocked.
>
> The holding of great estates under entails and settlements, and often heavily mortgaged and burdened, makes it impossible for them to be well cultivated; and thus the demand for labour is lessened, and a better rate of wages is prevented. This whole system of Land Laws must be broken down, and the new and great reform will do little, if it does not get rid, as far as possible, of the mischiefs of the past.
>
> The Game Laws, too, will come under revision. Parliament may accept the principle that the creatures which live on and from the land are the property, if there be any property in them, of the farmer at whose cost and by whose labour the farm is cultivated.

Last week 2876 births and 1855 deaths were registered in London, both having exceeded by 42 the average numbers in the corresponding weeks of the last ten years. There were 47 deaths from smallpox, 27 from measles, 21 from scarlet fever, 14 from diphtheria, 40 from whooping-cough, 8 from enteric fever, and 8 from dysentery.

We are requested to state that the Lords of the Committee of Council on Education have caused a medal to be prepared by Mr. Allan Wyon, from designs by Mr. Poynter, R.A., as a memorial of the founding and endowment of the Whitworth Scholarships by Sir Joseph Whitworth. Their Lordships have also authorised the issue of a copy of this medal to each of the scholars who have held scholarships, and have gone through the prescribed course satisfactorily.



GENERAL VIEW OF THE RUINS OF ALHAMA.



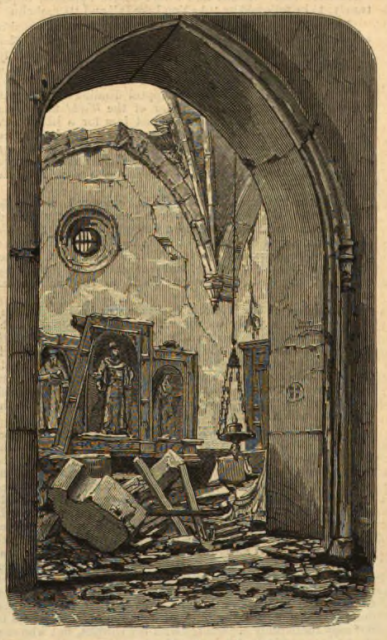
CALLE DE AQUAS, ALHAMA.



PROCESSION OF THE ROSE GARLAND AT GRANADA.



A STREET IN ALHAMA.



CHAPEL OF THE HIGH CHURCH, ALHAMA.



THE TAJO AT ALHAMA.

THE EARTHQUAKE IN SPAIN.



"ONLY THAT ROSE!"

OBITUARY.

THE EARL OF AYLESFORD.

The Right Hon. Heneage Finch, seventh Earl of Aylesford and Baron of Guernsey in the Peerage of Great Britain, J.P. and D.L. for Warwickshire, whose death, at Big Springs, Texas, is announced, had been in declining health for the last year, but nothing serious was apprehended until a few hours before his demise. His Lordship was born Feb. 21, 1849, the eldest son of Heneage, sixth Earl; was educated at Eton; and succeeded, Jan. 10, 1871, to the family honours, conferred by Queen Anne on the celebrated lawyer, the Hon. Heneage Finch. The late Peer's mother, Jane Wightwick, only child of Mr. John W. Knightley, of Offchurchbury, was a Warwickshire heiress. The Earl married, Jan. 8, 1871, Edith, third daughter of Colonel Peers Williams, M.P., of Temple House, Berks, and leaves only two daughters, to the younger of whom, born in 1875, the Princess of Wales stood sponsor. The titles devolve, consequently, on his brother, the Hon. Charles Wightwick Finch, now eighth Earl of Aylesford, born June 7, 1851, who has been twice married, and has issue, by his second wife, a son, Lord Guernsey, and two daughters. The nobleman whose death we record held formerly a Captain's commission in the Warwickshire Cavalry, and was well known but most unfortunate on the turf. At his fine old seat of Packington Hall he entertained, in 1874, the Prince of Wales, and subsequently accompanied his Royal Highness to India.



THE EARL OF DUNDONALD.

The Right Hon. Thomas Barnes Cochrane, eleventh Earl of Dundonald, Baron Cochrane of Dundonald, Lord Cochrane of Paisley and Ochiltree, in the Peerage of Scotland, one of the Representative Peers, died on the 15th inst., at 4, Hyde Park-place. He was born April 18, 1814, and educated at Eton. After serving three years in the Royal Navy, he entered the Army in 1830, and was with the 66th Regiment throughout the rebellion in Canada. His father, Thomas, tenth Earl, better known as Lord Cochrane, was the gallant and distinguished Admiral, whose destruction of Napoleon's ships in the Basque Roads, in 1809, was a very memorable achievement in naval annals. The nobleman whose death we record succeeded to the family honours in 1860. He married, Dec. 1, 1847, Louisa Harriet, daughter of Mr. William Alexander Mackinnon, M.P., of Mackinnon, and had two sons and four daughters; the elder son, Douglas Mackinnon Baillie Hamilton, now twelfth Earl of Dundonald, Captain 3rd Life Guards, born Oct. 29, 1852; married, Sept. 18, 1878, Winifred, daughter of Mr. Robert Bamford-Hesketh, of Gwyrch Castle, Denbighshire, and has one daughter.



THE EARL OF WILTON.

The Right Hon. Arthur Edward Holland Grey Egerton, third Earl of Wilton, Viscount Grey de Wilton, and Baron Grey de Radcliff, in the Peerage of the United Kingdom, Hon. Colonel Duke of Lancaster's Own Yeomanry Cavalry, died on the 18th inst. He was born Nov. 25, 1833, and educated at Eton, and at Christ Church, Oxford. He was formerly Lieutenant, 1st Life Guards. From 1859 to 1865 he sat in the House of Commons for Weymouth, and from 1875 to 1874 for Bath. His politics were Conservative. In 1875 he was created a Peer as Baron Grey de Radcliff, and in 1882 succeeded his father as Earl of Wilton. His Lordship married, in 1858, Lady Elizabeth Charlotte Louisa, eldest daughter of William, second Earl of Craven, but had no issue. His brother and successor, Seymour John Grey, now fourth Earl of Wilton, was born in 1839, and married, in 1862, Laura Caroline, daughter of Mr. William Russell (of the House of Bedford), and has a son, Arthur George, Viscount Grey de Wilton, born 1863, and one daughter.



We have also to record the deaths of—

Colonel John Stephenson Ferguson, 2nd Life Guards, on the 11th inst., in his fiftieth year.

Mr. John Christopher Baron Lethbridge, of Tregcare, Launceston, Cornwall, J.P. and D.L.

The Most Rev. Dr. Quinn, for many years Roman Catholic Bishop of Bathurst, at an advanced age.

Mr. Charles Fetherstonhaugh, of Staffield Hall, Cumberland, J.P. and D.L., on the 10th inst., in his seventy-third year. He served as High Sheriff in 1857.

Mr. William James Hertslet, H.M. Consul for East and West Prussia, Posen, and Silesia, on the 12th inst., at Königsberg. He was for fifty years in the Consular Service.

The Rev. T. Thornton, M.A., late Fellow and Tutor of University College, Durham, Rector of Shadforth, on the 7th inst.

Mr. Henry Charles Coote, F.S.A., Lawyer and Antiquary, on the 4th inst., in his seventieth year. Son of Dr. Coote, advocate in Doctors Commons; he was author of "The Romans of Britain."

Lady Maria Anne Keppel, widow of the Hon. and Rev. Edward Southwell Keppel, M.A., Rector of Quiddenham, Norfolk, and eldest daughter of Nathaniel, second Earl of Leitrim, on the 8th inst., aged eighty-three.

Lady Hardy (Laura), wife of Sir John Hardy, Bart., of Dunstall Hall (elder brother of Lord Cranbrook), and third daughter of Mr. William Holbeck, of Farnborough, Warwickshire, on the 19th inst.

The Rev. Edward Paske, one of the oldest clergymen in the diocese of Norwich, aged ninety-two. He held the living of St. Peter, Creeting, near Bury St. Edmunds, and also of Battisford, for over sixty years.

Mr. James Jones Aston, Q.C., on the 17th inst., after a long illness. Mr. Aston, who was in his sixty-second year, was called to the Bar at the Middle Temple in 1846, and a few years ago was appointed a Queen's Counsel in the County Palatine of Lancashire.

Dowager Lady Ribton (Emily), widow of Sir John Sheppey Ribton, of Woodbrook, Bart., and previously of Mr. Walter Hussey Hill. She was only daughter of Mr. Thomas Quinlan, and was married to Sir John Ribton in 1841. Her death was the result of a carriage accident.

Dr. Evan Buchanan Baxter, Fellow of the Royal College of Physicians, and, until recently, Professor of Materia Medica in King's College, on the 14th inst., aged forty. Dr. Baxter was an accomplished scholar. He edited the last edition of "Garrod's Essentials of Materia Medica," and contributed papers of interest and importance to the medical journals.

Mr. William Eliot, head of the firm of Messrs. Eliot, Pearce, and Co., bankers, on the 20th inst., at his residence in Weymouth, in his ninety-second year. The deceased was the oldest Freemason in Europe; in fact, he is believed to be the oldest in the world, having been initiated nearly seventy years ago.

Lady Georgiana Charlotte Fullerton, sister of Earl Granville and the Hon. E. F. Leveson-Gower, M.P., on the 19th inst., at her residence at Bournemouth, aged seventy-two. Her Ladyship had been an invalid for a long time. She married, July 13, 1833, Mr. Alexander George Fullerton, of Ballintoy, county Antrim.

Lady Catherine Georgiana Barrington, wife of the Hon. and Rev. Canon Barrington, Rector of Watton, Herts, at St. Leonards, on the 18th inst. Her Ladyship was the fifth daughter of Thomas, second Earl of Chichester, and was born July 21, 1814. She married, Oct. 26, 1837, the Hon. and Rev. Lowther John Barrington, son of George, fifth Viscount Barrington, by whom she leaves a family.

Mr. Thomas Davison Bland, of Kippax Park, Yorkshire, J.P. and D.L., at his seat near Leeds, on the 10th inst., aged seventy-two. He was the eldest son of Mr. Thomas Davison Bland, of Kippax Park, by Appollonia Mary, his wife, daughter of the sixteenth Lord Stourton, and was grandson of Mr. Thomas Davison, who took the additional surname of Bland on inheriting the estates of his cousin, Sir Hungerford Bland, Bart., of Kippax Park.

Vice-Admiral James Hosken, on the 9th inst., at Ilfracombe, Devon, aged eighty-six years. The deceased officer entered the Royal Navy so far back as 1808, and passed his examination in 1816. In 1836 he took command of the Great Western steam-ship, in which he made sixty-six passages to and from New York; and in 1844 he was appointed to the command of the Great Britain steam-ship. He was promoted to the rank of Captain in the Royal Navy in 1857, became a retired Rear-Admiral in 1875, and a Vice-Admiral in 1879.

THE TROUBLES IN BECHUANALAND.

It is to be hoped that the efforts of Sir Hercules Robinson, Governor of the Cape Colony and High Commissioner of the British Government in South Africa, and of Major-General Sir Charles Warren, R.E., Special Commissioner in Bechuanaland, will be successful in effecting a pacific settlement of the dispute occasioned by the unruly conduct of some of the Boers who have squatted on the lands beyond the western frontier of the Transvaal. These people, it will be recollected, with others of a lawless disposition, have formed themselves into two semi-independent communities, styled the Republics of Stellaland and Goshen; the latter being situated to the north, on the Molopo river, in the territory of a native tribe whose chief, named Montsioa, is considered to have some claim to British protection. It is here that the political difficulty has to be dealt with, as the southern community, that of Stellaland, which is adjacent to the West Griqualand or Diamond Fields province of the Cape Colony, seems disposed to accept the Colonial jurisdiction; and the Government of the Cape, represented by its responsible Ministers, has recently been endeavouring to negotiate with the Boers, at Vryburg and Goshen, for the incorporation of the whole country with its own dominions. The Dutch Government of the Transvaal, or South African Republic, disavows all responsibility for the actions of the Goshen Boers; and it is reported that President Krüger will meet Sir Charles Warren on the frontier to concert measures for the pacification of the country; but there can be no doubt that the Goshenites have been receiving aid and encouragement from some of their friends and kinsmen in the Transvaal. Bechuanaland is a region very difficult of access, its nearest part being quite five hundred miles from any point of the seacoast, and a much greater distance from the Cape, in the very centre of the interior of South Africa; it is a long and narrow strip of country between the Kalahari Desert, to the west, and the Transvaal to the east, hitherto frequented only by a few traders and hunters, but there are English missionary stations among the native tribes. As a route for commerce with the large native population farther north, this line is deemed of considerable prospective importance; and it was therefore kept outside of the Transvaal frontier in the amended convention signed last year by Lord Derby and Sir Hercules Robinson with Mr. Krüger and others in London. The object of Sir Charles Warren's present mission is to enforce the due execution of that arrangement; to investigate the disputed land claims between the native chief and the Boers of Goshen; and, if the latter prove disobedient to lawful authority, to expel them by force, with the aid of a corps of armed volunteers raised in England and in the Cape Colony, and a small force of regular troops. We trust that these extremities will be spared by the timely submission of the Goshenites, and that the proposed annexation of Bechuanaland to the Cape Colony will put an end to every cause of trouble.

Of the Sketches by Mr. H. C. Sepping Wright, which are presented as Illustrations of the recent disturbed state of that country, the first shows the interruption of travelling on the ordinary trade route through Stellaland and Goshen, when those pretended local Republics insisted on levying duties which the traders refused to pay, and the waggons and horses were frequently seized. To avoid such extortions they were often obliged to quit the usual road, which had previously been a free highway, and commerce was greatly hindered. The second sketch is that of a scene witnessed on the eve of the late disturbances in Goshen, when the families of the Boers residing there were sent to the Transvaal for safety. We see the Dutch family leaving their home; everything in the house is put into the waggon. Mrs. Boer sits up on the cartel or bed inside the waggon; the father helps the Kaffir servants in loading up; and the eldest daughter is taking leave of the husband she may never see again. In the distance beyond the oxen is a small troop of armed Boers, ready to act as an escort.

Mr. J. C. Clarke, M.P. for Abingdon, has offered to build, at his own expense, a cottage hospital for the borough, at a cost of about £1000.

THE COURT.

The Queen, with the Duchess of Albany, Princess Beatrice, Prince Edward of Wales, and the members of the Royal household, attended Divine service at Osborne on Sunday morning. The Rev. Henry White, M.A., Chaplain of the Savoy, officiated. Prince Albert Victor of Wales, attended by the Rev. J. Dalton, C.M.G., arrived at Osborne last Saturday; leaving for Cambridge on Monday morning, to resume his studies. The Duchess of Albany, who had been staying for some time with the Queen at Osborne, left on Monday.

The Prince of Wales and the Duke of Edinburgh, attended by Colonel Teesdale, V.C., arrived at Cumberland Lodge last week on a visit to Prince and Princess Christian. The Prince left the Great Park yesterday week upon the conclusion of his visit to Prince and Princess Christian, and, driving to the Windsor station of the Great Western Railway, returned by the 4.10 express to London. Prince Albert Victor, attended by the Rev. J. N. Dalton, arrived at Marlborough House in the afternoon from Sandringham. Their Royal Highnesses received in the evening the Dutch, Belgian, and Swedish Envoys, who, in the names of their Sovereigns, presented to Prince Albert Victor the highest decorations of their respective countries. Last Saturday morning the Prince of Wales was present at a meeting of the members of the standing committee of the trustees of the British Museum. His Royal Highness, attended by Colonel Teesdale, left Marlborough House in the afternoon for Sandringham. The Prince and Princess, accompanied by Prince George and Princesses Louise, Victoria, and Maud, were present at Divine service on Sunday morning at the Church of St. Mary Magdalene, Sandringham. The Rev. Canon Fleming preached. The Swedish and Norwegian Minister, Count Piper, who has been on a visit to the Prince and Princess since Saturday, left Sandringham on Monday morning for London.

The Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh have returned to Eastwell Park, and are about to receive a succession of guests there.

The King of Portugal has created M. De Oliveira, Attaché to the Portuguese Legation in London, Baron De Oliveira.

CITY ECHOES.

Wednesday, Jan. 21.

There is little to remark about the Money Market, the situation having scarcely altered. Large repayments have been made by the public to the Bank of England, and instalments on the New Zealand Loan and other issues have told upon the supply of cash in the market. Beyond this exceptional demand, however, loanable capital has not been in much request; and the fact that at times short money is quoted under 3 per cent per annum, and on other occasions at nearly 4, sufficiently expresses the condition of the market. Three months' bills have been discounted as low as 3¼ per cent. The influence exercised upon the tendency of the Stock Markets by the course of monetary events has been slight, the changes being in response to other considerations. The English Funds have been firm, Consols having at one time touched par, though they are now about ¼ lower than that. In foreign bonds the continued heaviness in Argentine loans has formed the chief incident, both the National and Provincial Banks now having suspended specie payments. Business in Egyptian stocks is checked by the uncertainty in connection with the proposals put forward by the English Government. Railways of all classes have been depreciated in value. Home descriptions have been offered on unfavourable expectations regarding the dividends not yet announced, and on discouraging views about the current half-year's business. American lines have fallen on the further failures in New York, and Canadian have moved in sympathy. Mexican railway stocks also have receded, and there has been a reduction in the Indian issues. There has been little to call for attention in the more miscellaneous securities.

It is only a few months ago that two Lombard-street banks (Bosanquet's and Barnett's) were absorbed by a provincial joint-stock bank, and now Messrs. Glyn's Bank is registered as a joint-stock company. Forty years have elapsed since the passing of the Bank Act; and it is just over fifty years since, by the establishment of the London and Westminster Bank, the joint-stock principle of banking was popularly taken in hand. In the interval, about one half of the private banks then existing have disappeared, while so great has been the growth of joint-stock banks that private banking has become relatively of unimportant dimensions. But Messrs. Glyn's example will deal a heavier blow at the old method than anything which has yet been experienced. While registering as a joint-stock company, the partners retain unlimited liability as partners, and they remain the sole partners except that to qualify to be a joint-stock company in point of numbers some additions have been made from the families of the old partners. Lord Wolverton is a partner for £274,000, Sir Charles Mills for £274,000, Mr. Currie for £249,000, Mr. Pascoe Glyn for £100,000, Mr. Charles Mills for £75,000, Mr. Algernon Mills for £26,000, and two juniors for £1000 each. No partner may sell out, except to the remaining partners, for at least seven years. A balance-sheet is to be published, but not a profit and loss account.

The Great Eastern Railway Company recommend a dividend at the rate of 3½ per cent per annum, and, after the usual £15,000 has been credited to permanent-way renewal account, a surplus of about £18,000 will remain to be carried forward. This is ½ per cent per annum higher than the distribution for the second half of 1883, when £10,378 was carried over. A dividend at the rate of 7 per cent per annum is notified by the London, Brighton, and South Coast Company, being the same rate as for the corresponding period; while £7600 will be carried forward, compared with £5724. The deferred stockholders will receive 3 per cent for the year. Several of the companies have also issued their reports, which, however, contain nothing of special interest, except perhaps that of the Metropolitan. In this case complaint is made that the District Company, by their action in attempting to run additional trains between Hammersmith and Mansion House, have blocked the Inner Circle traffic.

Owing to the Denver and Rio Grande Railway Company having suspended their bonded interest payments, committees were formed in Europe towards the end of last year. The delegates of the London Committee have now issued their report on the financial condition of the line, which is far from encouraging. It is first proposed that some two-and-a-half to three million dollars be expended on the road during the next three years, while another recommendation is that the interest on the consolidated bonds be reduced to 3½ per cent, preferred stock to be given to an amount sufficient to make up the 7 per cent interest, if earned.

Some question having arisen in India regarding the accounts of the fire insurance and river flotilla reserve funds, the Eastern Bengal Railway Company have found it necessary to postpone the issue of the warrants for the payment of the final dividends. The sum meanwhile sanctioned by the Earl of Kimberley is 1,18,619 rupees, which is 35,262 rupees less than the amount which was to have been paid by the company.

T. S.

THE NILE EXPEDITION.

Up to Wednesday evening this week, the expected news of the arrival of Brigadier-General Sir Herbert Stewart's force at Metammeh, opposite Shendy, on the Nile, a hundred miles below Khartoum, had not been received. The brigade, consisting of the Heavy Camel Corps, the Guards, Marines, mounted infantry, half a battalion of the Sussex Regiment, and Lord C. Beresford's sailors, a squadron of the 19th Hussars, and others, altogether about nineteen hundred fighting men, was at Gakdul Wells, a hundred miles from Lord Wolseley's head-quarters at Korti, and seventy-eight miles from Metammeh, till Saturday last. They had crossed the Desert from Korti by a very trying march, setting out each day at two o'clock in the morning. The supply of drinking-water fell short, from the leaking of the goatskin bags, the "old bottles" of the East, in which it was carried on the camels' backs. Only a quart of water could be allowed to each of the soldiers per day, and their thirst was so great that a dollar was offered for a tumblerfull of the water from the wells, which was of the colour and consistency of pea-soup. The march was prolonged by the size of the convoy, the little moonlight, and the necessity of saving the camels for the work ahead; but there need have been no great suffering had not the men, yielding to thirst, exhausted the store of water prematurely. The mounted infantry, having had previous experience of Desert marching, reserved some water until the last. At Howeiyat, the small party previously left to guard the wells were fired into, one night, but not otherwise molested. Small parties of Arabs were in movement over the Desert, all wearing the Mahdi's uniform. Some of them who came in to sell sheep asserted that there was only a small body of the Mahdi's troops at Metammeh. On the column starting from Howeiyat, a detachment of the Essex Regiment was left as garrison, under Captain Carter and Lieutenant Young. A zareba had been constructed there, and a hospital organised under Surgeon Lingard. On the 12th inst., Monday week, the column arrived at Gakdul. The plentiful supply of good water proved a welcome refreshment after the severity of the march. A despatch of Friday week, from Gakdul, says:—"The brigade leave here at two to-morrow (Saturday) afternoon, and will march fifty-two miles to the Abu Klea Wells. They will leave a post there, and thence push forward to Metammeh, where the enemy is expected to attack. Half of the Sussex Regiment remains to guard this post."

On Saturday evening Lord Wolseley telegraphed from Korti:—

"Large convoy returned to-day from Gakdul; all quiet all along route. To-morrow convoy of Sowarab and Howayat tribes takes stores to Gakdul. Saleh, the chief of the Kabbabish, has come in. He reached our post at Debbeh to-day, and comes on here at once. Our English boats still coming in. It is satisfactory to know that out of 800 landed in Egypt 750 are now working along the river, and many of the remainder are now being repaired, a small number only having been totally wrecked at various times and places."

The part of the Camel Corps attached to General Earle's command has gone on to Hamdab. It is reported that reinforcements from Berber have arrived at Wady Gamr. The enemy say they will resist at Birteh. This is a village twenty-eight miles above Hamdab and as much below Wady Gamr, which is about ten miles from the scene of Colonel Stewart's murder. All letters for General Earle's command are ordered to be sent to Korosko for Abu Ahmed by the Desert route, which is now considered safe for travel, as the column will have reached Abu Ahmed by the time the first caravan across the Desert arrives there.

On Friday the Mudir of Dongola telegraphed to the Khedive announcing the return of his messenger to General Gordon. This man says: "General Gordon immediately questioned me as to the state of Dongola. During my stay in Khartoum the Mahdi sent a letter to General Gordon asking permission to enter Khartoum. General Gordon replied that he could come; he was willing to go to Omdurman to receive him. Orders were given to the troops to be ready. General Gordon, with four steamers carrying cannon, crossed the river to Omdurman. On their arrival, a considerable number of rebels attacked them. A sharp fight took place, and the rebels sank one steamer with a shell. The other steamers rescued the crew, and continued the fight, eventually dispersing the enemy. I afterwards visited the Mahdi's camp, and learnt that the Mahdi had several men kept in chains, among whom were Saleh Bey, Slaten Bey, and many others, but Hussein Bey Khalifa was free, and prays daily with the Mahdi. The strong tribe of the Bakarahr left the Mahdi, and were followed by his troops, but they fought and beat the Mahdi's men. The tribe have returned to their homes."

There is continued fighting with Osman Digna, on the Red Sea coast about Souakim, and the first battalion of the Berkshire Regiment, a squadron of Hussars, and two guns of the Royal Horse Artillery have been ordered to Souakim from Cairo. They were expected to leave about Friday. It is reported from Constantinople that the Sultan has given orders for an expedition of six thousand men to occupy Souakim. It is proposed to defray the expenses out of the revenues of certain territories on the Red Sea littoral belonging to Egypt.

Our large Engraving in the Supplement this week represents an incident of military tactics in the Soudan campaign.

"ONLY THAT ROSE!"

Is it much to ask of this young lady? She is going up stairs, after a happy evening of social gaiety, saying "Good-night" to departing guests, one of whom, a gentleman who has long sought by refined attentions to win the desired place in her favour, still lingers behind the others, in hopes of one sweet last word. He cannot be satisfied, indeed, without many more words, the last from her being to him so much the sweetest that he must detain her for yet another; and now he has ventured to ask her for a gift. "What is it?" she says, holding back the flower that has fallen out of her bouquet, the flower which he picked up for her in the ball-room while dancing; and his answer is what she must have expected, "Only that rose!" These little transactions are symbolical of tender regard, and more eloquent than any of the long speeches in which old-fashioned romances make a lover to plead with the mistress of his affections, abounding in elaborate phrases of flattery and professions of devotion. Something or other to the same effect, upon occasions of such a nature, will always be said or done while man and woman feel a mutual interest in each other; and that will be so long as the world goes round.

C'est l'amour, l'amour, l'amour,
Qui fait le monde à la ronde;
Et chaque jour, à son tour,
On fait l'amour, par tout le monde.

Mr. C. B. Lawes, the defendant in the Belt case, came up before Mr. Registrar Hazlitt, in the Court of Bankruptcy on the 15th inst., when an order of discharge was made. The liabilities were returned at £25,021, and the assets had realised £1208.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All communications relating to this department of the Paper should be addressed to the Editor, and have the word "Chess" written on the envelope.

MUNICH CHESS WEEKLY.—There are two monthly magazines devoted to chess published in England—the *British Chess Magazine*, John Watkinson, Fairfield, Huddersfield; annual subscription, six shillings, post-free to all parts of the world; and the *Chess Monthly*, L. Hoffer and J. H. Zukertort, 18, Tavistock-street, Covent-garden, London; annual subscription, ten shillings, postage extra. We can cordially recommend both. We are obliged for the compliment.

B H C (Salisbury).—The key-moves of the problem from "Chess Strategy" are 1. P to K 3rd and 2. K to K 3rd, the rest is "leather and prunella."

E L G (Blackwater).—See answer to B H C.

C S (Venice).—We cannot read "slips," but have forwarded our last Number.

W H D (Clapton).—"The Knight's Tour" was exhausted many years ago, and is now only found in the company of "acrostics" and things of that kind.

Rev W A (Old Romney).—Your last solution of Mr. Vanittart's is the same as ours, and, as we think, the author's. The other is a "true bill."

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2126 received from F E Gibbins (Tiflis) and Emile Frau, of No. 2127 from D W (Aberdeenshire), E L G, J R (Edinburgh), Clement Fawcett; of No. 2128 from Columbus, Emile Frau, W Davis, L Vanderhaeghen, Janie B (Devonport), W H D Hervey, D W, T S Redmond (Wexford), Carl Friedleben, G Heuraus (Brussels), Bentheregem (Ghent), W F R (Swansea), Hugh Davidson, and E L G; of all the CHRISTMAS CHESS NUTS from J G G; of L'HERMET'S PROBLEMS from Clement Fawcett and B H C (Salisbury); of MCARTHUR'S PROBLEM from Plevna, B H C (Salisbury); of SHINKMAN'S PROBLEM from Jumbo and William Davis.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2129 received from Rev W Anderson (Old Romney), G W Law, Aaron Harper, C B N (H.M.S. Asia), H Wardell, H Z (Manchester), H Revey, G A A Walker, R L Southwell, J K (South Hampstead), Dominican, W Biddle, G S Oldfield, E Casella (Paris), G Seymour, N S Harris, J Hepworth Shaw, L Wyman, S Bullen, H Blacklock, M O'Halloran, S Lowndes, D W Kell, L Desanges, Heswood, R H (the King), Otto Fulder (Ghent), J T W, T Greenbank, L L Greenaway, B R Wood, A W Scrutton, F F Pott, F and G Howitt (Norwich), F Ferris, R H Postlethwaite, Laura Greaves (Skelton), G Meurice (Brussels), Joseph Ainsworth, L Sharswood, Ernest Sharswood, Kitten, Jumbo, Jupiter Junior, C Darragh, Henry Hancock, An Old Hand, W Hillier, T H Holdron, R J Vines, Carl Friedleben, Bentergbem (Ghent), A M Porter, James Pilkington, H Lucas, L Falcon (Antwerp), J G Antee, E Louden, Emmo (Darlington), Shadforth, Hugh Davidson, E E H, G Huskisson, A Mogren, and R Steinforth.

NOTE.—This problem cannot be solved, as many of our correspondents have imagined, by way of 1. K to B 5th, afterwards bringing the White King to K B 2nd, defending the Pawn. When the King has been played to that square, Black promotes his Pawn to a Knight, checking, delaying the mate beyond the stipulated number of moves.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2127.

WHITE.	BLACK.
1. R to Kt 3rd	P to Q 4th *
2. R to Q 3rd	P takes Kt
3. P to Q 5th. Mate.	

* If in the above variation Black play 2. Kt moves, then either Kt mates accordingly; if 1. K to Q 4th, White continues with 2. Kt to B 5th, and 3. R to Kt 6th. Mate. The other variations are obvious.

SOLUTIONS OF CHRISTMAS CHESS NUTS.

No. 1.

WHITE.	BLACK.
1. Q to Kt 8th	Any move
2. Mates accordingly.	

No. 2.

1. Q to Q B 7th	Any move
2. Q mates.	

No. 3.

1. P to K R 6th	K moves
2. B to R 7th, and the King, and winning.	White brings up Queens the Pawn

No. 4.

1. B to B 5th	K to B 5th
2. Kt to K B 2nd	Any move
3. Q mates.	

No. 5.

WHITE.	BLACK.
1. K to Kt 6th	Kt to Q 4th (ch)
2. Q takes Kt (ch)	Any move
3. Kt mates.	

Several correspondents point out a second solution, by way of 1. Q to Q Kt7th.

No. 6.

1. Q to Q B 8th	K to Kt 3rd
2. B to Kt 3rd, and the mate in two moves is obvious.	

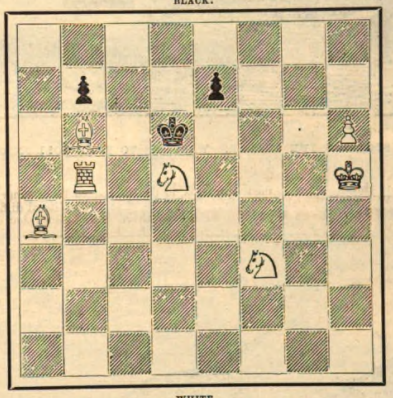
No. 7.

1. Q to K R sq	B moves
2. R takes P (ch)	B takes R
3. Kt to Kt sq (dis. ch)	P to B 6th. Mate.

PROBLEM No. 2131.

By Dr. E. MÜLLER (Darlington).

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

One of a number of Games played simultaneously at the Ilkeley Chess Club, by Mr. GUNSBERG on Dec. 29 last.

(Allgaier Gambit.)

WHITE (Mr. G.)	BLACK (Amateur).	WHITE (Mr. G.)	BLACK (Amateur).
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	12. Kt to Q 5th	Q to K 3rd
2. P to K B 4th	P takes P	Truly, her Majesty is bold, not to say reckless, in thus courting danger.	
3. Kt to K B 3rd	P to K Kt 4th		
4. P to K R 4th	P to Kt 5th	13. Castles	Kt to R 3rd
5. Kt to Kt 5th	P to K R 3rd	14. Kt to Kt 6th	Q takes P
6. Kt takes P	K takes Kt	15. Q R to K sq	Q to B 3rd
7. P to Q 4th	P to Q 3rd	16. Q to Q 3rd	R P takes Kt
Either 7. P to Q 4th, or 7. P to K B 6th is preferable here. Black's play throughout, indeed, is indicative of inexperience.		17. B to K 5th (ch)	K to B sq
		All this is very neat.	
8. B to B 4th (ch)	K to Kt 2nd	17.	P takes B
9. B takes P	Kt to K B 3rd	18. R to B 7th (ch)	K to Kt sq
10. Kt to B 3rd	Kt to R 4th	19. R to Q 7th (dis. ch), and Black resigned.	
11. Q to Q 2nd	Q to B 3rd		

A neat three-move Problem from "Chess Strategy":—

White: K at Q B 5th, Q at K 3rd, B at K B sq, Pawn at K B 4th. (Four pieces.)

Black: K at K Kt 5th. (One piece.)

White to play, and mate in three moves.

The return-match between the City of London and the St. George's Chess Clubs was played in the rooms of the former at the Salutation Tavern, Newgate-street, on Monday last. The large number of spectators, including many amateurs from distant provincial towns, testified to the interest excited by the contest between East and West London. There were twenty competitors on each side, and the play resulted in a victory for the City with a score of twelve games to eight. Dr. Zukertort acted as umpire, and in that capacity decided unfinished games between Messrs. Salter and Earnshaw, and Messrs. Plunket and Hooke; in the first case, in favour of the St. George's, and in the second, half a point to each club. We shall give a list of the players and their several scores in our next issue.

With the new year, a new chess column has been opened in the *Gazetta del Popolo*, of Venice, conducted by Signor C. Salviola, an Italian amateur of known ability. The number at hand contains three problems, and one of fifteen games played by HERR Englisch simultaneously, at Venice, on Dec. 26 last.

A meeting of the newly-constituted British Chess Association is arranged to be held on Tuesday, the 20th inst. We go to press too early in the week, as most of our readers are aware, to chronicle the result in this Number, but we shall endeavour to find space for it in our next.

We own to a prejudice against what are called "Chess Labels," that is to say, adhesive imprints of the pieces and pawns, prepared to fix on diagrams of the chessboard, recording problems and positions in games, &c. Our experience hitherto has been that the so-called adhesive labels never adhere to anything for any length of time; but Mr. T. R. Hopwood, of 409, Oxford-road, Manchester, has produced a "chess-label" that has passed successfully through several tests to which we submitted it. The price is one penny per sheet of twelve dozen figures; or, one thousand for sixpence! The latter should serve a reasonable problem composer for the term of his natural life.

THE CHURCH.

The Rev. Stephen Gladstone, speaking at Hawarden last week, expressed himself strongly in favour of free and open churches, and urged the working classes to claim their rightful position of equality in the churches of the land.

A conference was held on Tuesday to consider the subject of Clergy pensions, the Archdeacon of Middlesex presiding. He pointed out the necessity of such a course, and was supported by several of the Clergy. A committee was appointed to take up the matter.

In aid of the fund for restoring the parish church of Lessingham, Norfolk, a concert was recently given in the Corn Exchange, Holt, under the patronage of Lord and Lady Hastings, Sir Alfred Jodrell, and Mrs. Wilkinson, whose father was for forty-four years Rector of the parish.

A mission church has been opened in the parish of Camborne, Cornwall, by the Bishop of Truro, the Rev. Sir Vyell Vyvyan giving the site and a donation of £400 towards the cost, which amounted to £1550.—A new mission church is to be erected at Coverack St. Keverne, near the Lizard, where the population has recently increased considerably on account of the numerous visitors in the tourist and winter seasons.

The church tower in the pleasant village of Kintbury, Berks, has been fitted with a new clock by Mr. J. W. Benson, of Ludgate-hill. The dial is 4 ft. 6 in. diameter, of copper, painted black, with figures and hands in gold well displayed. The escapement is "Graham's" dead beat, with special improvements introduced. For the striking part, the rack-repeating principle is used, instead of the old-fashioned locking-plate, much given to strike the wrong hours. Altogether, this clock is of the best design and construction.

The Incorporated Society for Promoting the Enlargement, Building, and Repairing of Churches and Chapels held its usual monthly meeting last week at the society's house, No. 7, Whitehall, the Ven. Archdeacon Harrison in the chair. Grants of money were made in aid of the following objects, viz.:—Building new churches at Byker (St. Michael), Newcastle-on-Tyne, £80; Stranton (St. Paul), near Hartlepool, £100; and Sunnybrow (St. John), near Crook, Durham, £150. Rebuilding the churches at Portsea (St. Mary), Hants, £250; and Pwllheli (St. Peter), Merioneth, £60;—and towards enlarging or otherwise improving the accommodation in the churches at Rillington (St. Andrew), near York, £10; and Rye (St. Mary), Sussex, £50. The society likewise accepted the trust of a sum of money as a repair fund for St. Peter's Church, Addlestone, Surrey. The society now holds upwards of £79,000 on trust as repair funds for 327 different churches.

THE CAMBRIDGE MATHEMATICAL TRIPOS.

The following list of such of the Wranglers in the Mathematical Tripos published in June last as presented themselves for examination in the highest branches of mathematics and other obstruse subjects has been published:—

Mathematical Tripos.—Part III.—Examined and approved:—
Class I.—Anderson, Sydney; Beckett, St. John's; Bragg, Trinity; Cassie, Trinity; H. H. Knight, Clare; Larmor, Clare; Little, Caius; Muirhead, St. Catherine's; Sheppard, Trinity; Workman, Trinity; Young, Peterhouse.
Class II.—Hensely, St. John's; Monckton, Pembroke; Toms, Queen's.
Class III.—Pattinson, St. John's.

Mr. William Robertson Smith, M.A., Lord Almoner's Professor of Arabic at Cambridge University, has been admitted to a Junior Fellowship at Christ's College.

OXFORD UNIVERSITY.

The Open Mathematical Scholarship at New College has been awarded to Mr. Edgar M. Jones, from Bristol Grammar School.

Mr. Bower Marsh, of Christ's Hospital, has been elected to an open Mathematical Scholarship at Exeter College.

FRESH MEAT FROM THE RIVER PLATE.

The insufficiency of the home supply of meat in this country is rapidly becoming more seriously felt, and is drawing supplies from many parts of the globe. The Argentine Confederation and the Uruguay Republic, which contain together about a hundred millions of sheep and twenty-one millions of cattle, are now entering the field through the agency of the River Plate Fresh Meat Company (Limited). This company has factories at Campana and Colonia, and is refrigerating at the present time more than seven hundred sheep a day, which gives a yearly out-turn of two hundred thousand sheep. These sheep, although small, approach in quality the best Southdowns, which is quite natural, seeing that they are bred on magnificent plains covered with the richest verdure, and are allowed to mature in a natural way. The carcases of these sheep do not, as is sometimes erroneously supposed, come into contact with ice, but are simply placed in chambers in which the air has been freed from moisture, and reduced to ten degrees below zero. They are afterwards kept in the refrigerators of the ocean steamers and of the stores on this side until sold. By these means all the juices of the meat are preserved; and the fallacy of the notion that frozen meat becomes tainted sooner than fresh meat was shown by the fact that, during the hot weather last year, the frozen mutton kept perfectly sweet for two or three days. The price at which this mutton is sold is so low that only prejudice has hitherto prevented its adoption.

Our Illustrations represent the establishments of the River Plate Fresh Meat Company at Colonia, which is a port on the River Plate accessible to ocean steamers, and at Campana, which is situated on the Paraná, a grand river navigable for a thousand miles. The Province of Buenos Ayres, which is the largest source of supply, contains about seventy millions of sheep. The Illustrations show the interior of a portion of one of the Factories, with carcases of mutton laid up there; a baling-shed for the wool, and some of the country carts being laden with the bales; a country store, with the carts drawn up for the men and bullocks to take their noonday rest; and a shepherd's hut, with its accessories, presenting a fair type of the mode of life and the accommodation with which the young men of spirit and enterprise who enter upon the life of sheep-farmers in the River Plate are satisfied. If such a life holds out few inducements in the shape of comfort and luxury, it is not without its compensations, in the way of vigorous health, with life in a fine climate, and the prospect of future independence.

It has been decided at Bournemouth to construct an under-cliff carriage drive and promenade, upwards of two miles in length, at a cost of about £25,000.

Sir William Muir, who has had a distinguished official career in India, and is a member of the Indian Council, has been elected Principal of the University of Edinburgh.

Mr. Russell Lowell, the American Minister, presided at the meeting of the Society of Arts on Wednesday, when a paper was read by Mr. D. Pidgeon on "Labour and Wages in the United States."

The arrivals of live stock and fresh meat at Liverpool during the past week, from American and Canadian ports, amounted to 1088 cattle, 299 sheep, 10,621 quarters of beef, 988 carcases of mutton, and 450 hogs.

THE TROUBLES IN BECHUANALAND, SOUTH AFRICA.

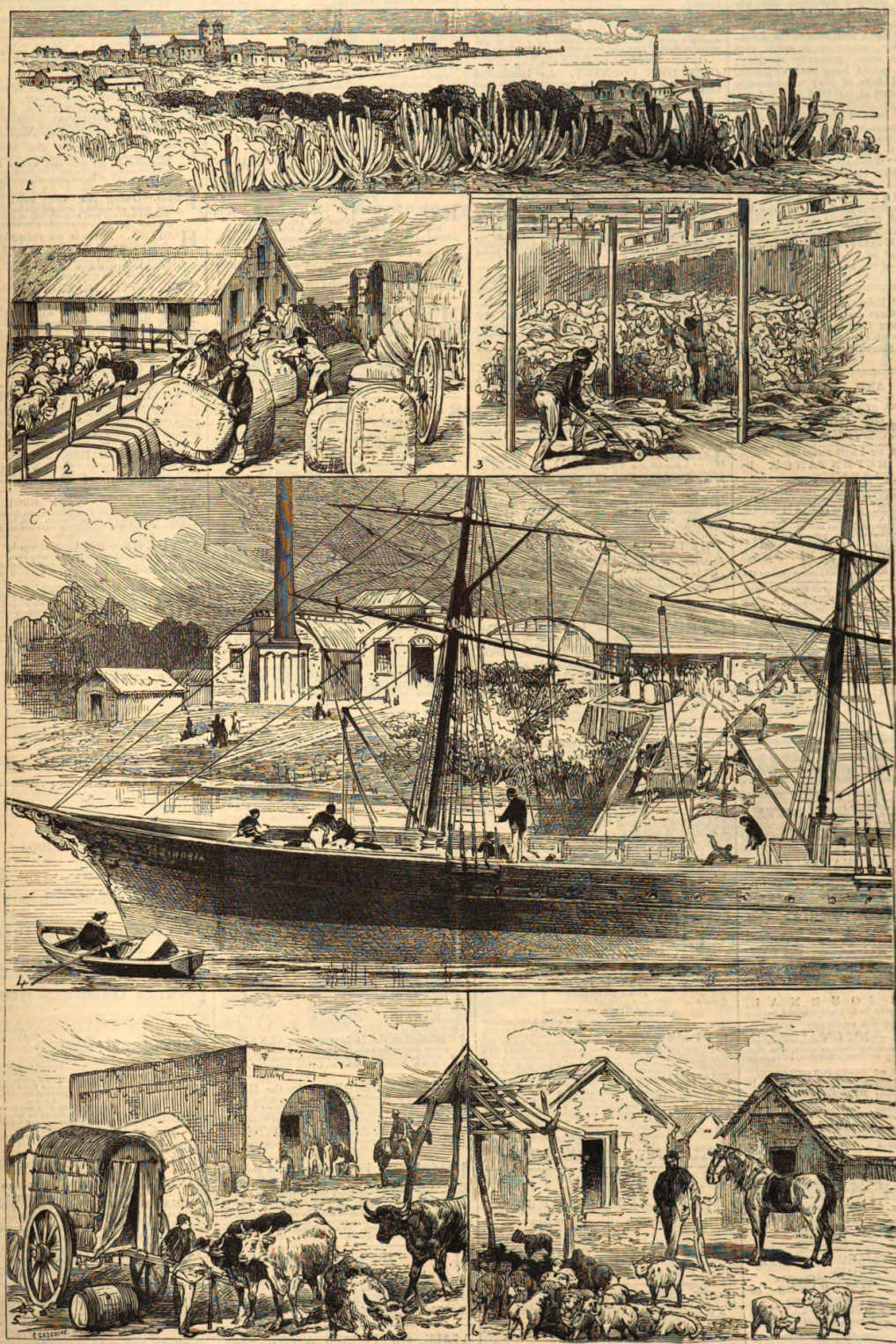


STOPPING THE TRADERS' WAGGONS TO TAKE TOLL IN GOSHEN.



BOERS OF GOSHEN SENDING THEIR FAMILIES INTO THE TRANSVAAL FOR SAFETY.

THE FROZEN MEAT TRADE OF THE RIVER PLATE.



1. Colonia, on the River Plate, with the Steam-ship Pier.
2. Baling Shed for Wool; Country Carts waiting to be laden.
3. Interior of a Meat Factory, with carcases of sheep.
4. Factory at Campana, on the Parana River.
5. Country Store, with Bullock-carts halting for rest.
6. Shepherd's Hut in the River Plate Country.

THE NATIONAL RIFLE ASSOCIATION.

The annual report of the National Rifle Association gives exhaustive details of the last Wimbledon meeting. The financial result is most satisfactory, as, notwithstanding that the large sum of £1200 was added to the prize-list last July, thus bringing the amount shot for, exclusive of challenge cups, to £10,837, the receipts exceeded the expenditure by £860. The list of subscribers shows an increase of 220—namely, 3220 as against 3000. After a reference to the shooting at Wimbledon, where it is noted that the scores made were, generally speaking, not so high as might have been expected, owing to several days of very unfavourable weather, the report states that the net increase of entries, exclusive of pools, over the preceding year, was 2797, to which, for purposes of comparison, should be added 1649, as the number which would have been included had not the "Glen Albyn" been merged in the "Windmill." Thus the true increase was 4446, or about 12½ per cent. Altogether the number of prizes shot for last July was 2737, of a total value of £10,837. Of these, 2411 were offered by the association, the value being £8448, the largest amount offered since the foundation of the association, which opened the first Wimbledon meeting in 1860 with a modest list of 67, value £2238. The balance in favour of the association on Nov. 30 last was £29,624.

There is to be at Brighton on Easter Monday a review of volunteers on as large a scale as possible. At Dover four regiments of volunteers will take part in a field-day with the regular troops. Marching columns will also be organised.

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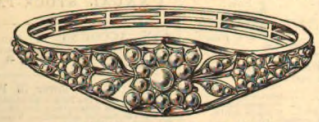
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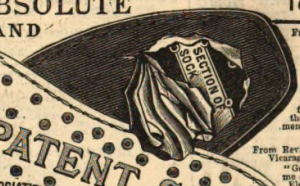
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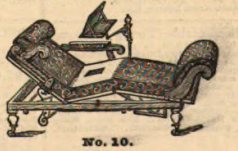
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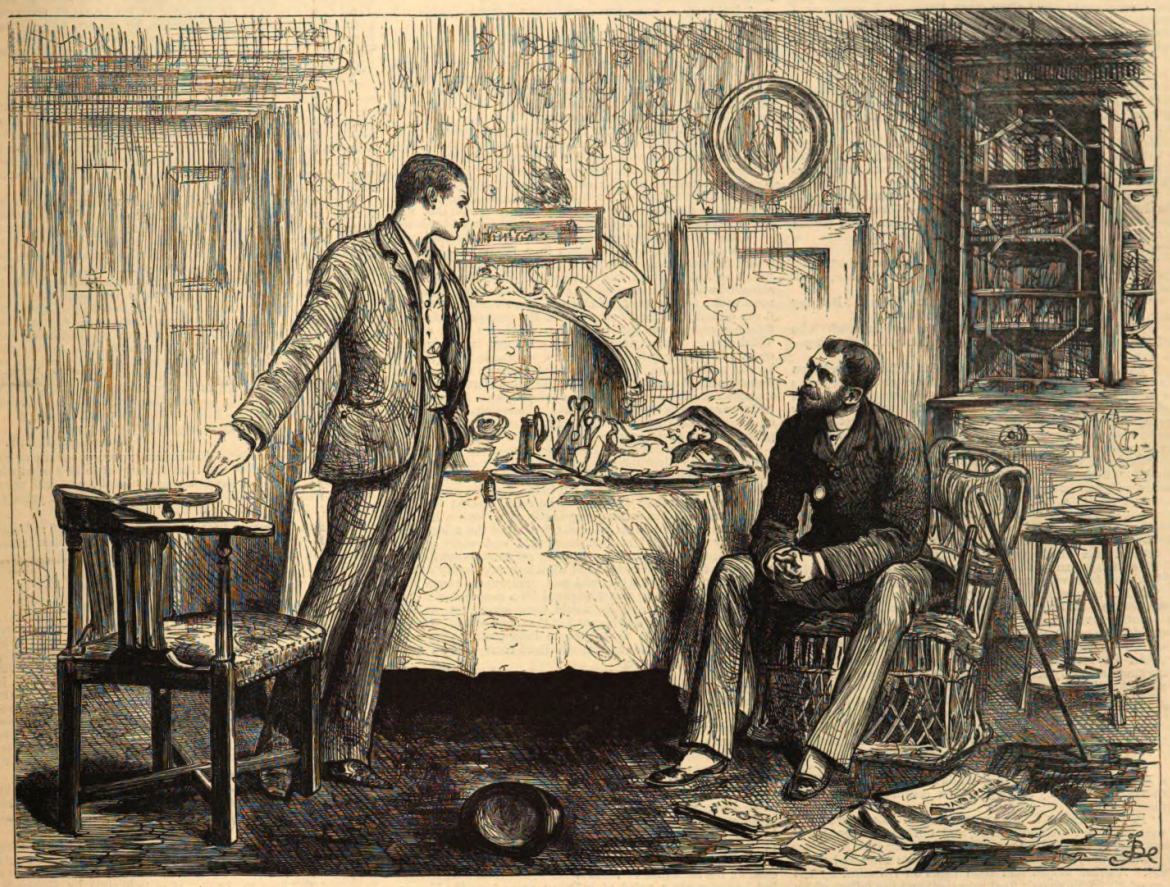
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DRAWN BY F. BARNARD.

The young man was silent for a minute, and then said with sudden vehemence: "Heriot, I *want* to see her!"

ADRIAN VIDAL.

BY W. E. NORRIS,

AUTHOR OF "MDLLE. DE MERSAC," "MATRIMONY," "THIRLBY HALL," &C.

CHAPTER VII.

A LITTLE DISCOURAGEMENT.

One fine hot morning in the beginning of July Mr. Heriot left his house and walked slowly down Brook-street, carrying his stick under his arm and stooping slightly, as his habit was. The fashionable world was hardly out of bed yet, for the clocks had only just struck ten; but many of Heriot's acquaintances were already up and abroad, and he had not proceeded far on his way before he was accosted by some of these. A curate, hurrying along with shuffling, ecclesiastical gait, caught sight of him and crossed the road, exclaiming, "You 're the very man I wanted to meet!" After which there was a brief colloquy, and Heriot's finger and thumb went into his waistcoat pocket, and a transfer of coin took place. In Bond-street, further on, some of the trades-people, who were standing in their doorways, wished him good morning, and hoped he was keeping pretty well this beautiful weather. For London is not quite the unneighbourly city that it is often represented as being, and those who spend a little money and take a little interest in the parishes wherein they dwell soon discover that the metropolis is rather a collection of small towns than one immense one. Heriot had plenty of money, which he distributed freely and unostentatiously among those who had none; so that his kindly, ugly face was tolerably well known in the streets which lay between his house and his club.

"Mornin', Sir. Aint seen you this three weeks," said the crossing-sweeper in Piccadilly. "Bin porely agin, Sir?"

But Heriot, as he produced the expected sixpence, said No, he had only been down in the country; and so passed on to Duke-street, where he was informed that Mr. Vidal was at home and at breakfast.

Vidal greeted his friend with even more warmth than usual. "My dear old chap, how delighted I am to see you! What the deuce do you mean by going out of town the very day that I return? Sit down, and they 'll bring you some hot coffee in a minute."

"Thanks, I have breakfasted," answered Heriot; "but I 'll smoke a cigarette with you if you 'll allow me. Well; and what is your news?"

Vidal made a gesture of profound discouragement. "My news! Why, you must know already what my news is likely to be. I suppose you have seen the papers?"

"I have been staying in a house where they don't take in many papers," answered Heriot, conscious of an unflattering ignorance upon a subject which ought to have engrossed him more deeply; "but I saw some very favourable notices of your book before I left London."

"Oh, some of them were civil enough; some of them always are, I take it. But the people whose praise is worth having won't hear of me at any price. They 've found me out, my dear fellow; they 've discovered the nakedness of the land, as I knew they would. Just look at that!"

And he tossed a copy of the *Monday Review* across the table to Heriot, who began to read aloud the article to which his attention was directed.

"It is not as often as we could wish that we are able to congratulate the writers of novels upon having selected a thoroughly appropriate title for their works, and we are the more ready to accord this praise to the author of 'Satiety,' since it is very nearly the only word of praise that we have it in our power to bestow upon him. If ever three volumes were calculated to produce upon the mind of the reader that sensation of which the heading of each page appears to be intended as a dismal warning"——

At this point Heriot thought he wouldn't read aloud any more, and finished the article in silence, while Vidal, who had thrown himself into an arm-chair, smoked and stared up at the ceiling.

After a longish pause, the younger man said: "There are lots of others there at your elbow. You had better look through them, and then tell me honestly whether you still think I have a chance of doing any good at this trade."

Heriot obeyed, and, after perusing a dozen or so of critiques, long and short, exclaimed: "Why, my dear boy, nearly all of them are complimentary, and some are positively fulsome. Here 's the *Society Newsman* says"——

"I don't care two straws what the *Society Newsman* says," interrupted Vidal; "and it doesn't give me the smallest satisfaction to be praised for qualities which I don't possess."

"The *Discriminator*, then—since you won't be contented with anything less than a high-class journal. The *Discriminator* pats you on the back in the most friendly way, and thinks that 'this is in many respects the most remarkable novel of the year . . . . The characters are not only drawn with rare skill—that of Lady Tatterville, the selfish and cynical old woman of the world, would have done no discredit to Thackeray—but behave themselves under all circumstances as such characters would behave themselves in real life. Mr. Vidal knows what he is writing about, and gives us a sketch of modern society, in certain of its developments, which we must admit to be substantially accurate; although we may doubt whether he is justified in his conclusion that the men and women of our day are less capable of being roused to enthusiasm than their predecessors. We wonder, for instance, what he would say to the crowds of fashionable ladies who thronged to hear Messrs. Moody and Sankey not many years ago, or to the considerable number of men who brave ridicule at the present time by wearing a scrap of blue ribbon in their buttonholes. We should like Mr. Vidal to think out these and similar manifestations before he writes his next novel . . . . The story upon which he hangs his brilliant digressions is, it is true, of the slenderest kind, and seems to us to be wanting in movement throughout; but'"——

"Ah, there it is, you see," interpolated Vidal.

"Well; but he goes on to say that, if the story lacks this, it has abundance of that and t'other, and winds up by prophesying that you will leave your mark upon the literature of the era. Isn't that good enough for you?"

"I must say," remarked Vidal, after smoking for some minutes in silence, "that I like the *Discriminator*. I think it 's honest, you know. One may not always agree with its views; but one feels that it is written by men who are doing their best to be fair, and who don't scamp their work. When they review a novel they read it, and read it carefully too—which is more than can be said for some of their contemporaries."

"It is, no doubt, an excellent paper," agreed Heriot, without the shadow of a smile. "The *Monday Review* has also its merits; but it is too superficial, and it labours under the disadvantage of being somewhat celebrated for its smart writing. Imagine the position of an unlucky paper which has to keep up that reputation when opportunities for smartness are so often wanting. I think you ought to be more sorry for the poor *Monday Reviewer* than angry with him. What could be more pathetic than this? 'If "Satiety" were as preposterous in plot, as silly in dialogue, or as ungrammatical in style as many of the novels which our duty compels us to peruse, we could feel relatively grateful to Mr. Vidal, since it is just possible that our labours might then have been lightened by an occasional laugh. But it is none of these things. It is only dull; only vapid; only wanting in every single quality that goes to make a readable novel.' Can't you see the wretched man rubbing his head in despair? 'Hang it all! I *must* be smart; I *must* maintain the character of the paper; I *must* amuse the public; and here 's this pestilent fellow won't give one half a chance! No words used out of their proper sense—no confused metaphors—no pea-green sunsets—no nothing!' And then he very naturally turns upon you in his exasperation and declares that 'it is not too much to say that in the course of a very long experience of novels we have come across none so uninterruptedly tedious as "Satiety."' 'A very long experience,' too, poor fellow! Don't you see that if he has been doing nothing but review novels all his life, he can't be capable of any very ambitious literary work? And why should you allow yourself to be cast down because a man of such low intellectual calibre fails to appreciate you?"

"I am quite well aware that you are laughing at me, Heriot," said Vidal; "but there is some truth in what you say, for all that. The unfortunate part of it is that critics influence the public—at least, I suppose they do. I wish you would tell me what you yourself thought of the book."

Heriot hesitated for a moment. "I read it with a great

deal of pleasure," he said, at length; "but I can't honestly say that it struck me as being a good novel. You know as well as I do what its defects are; and I should say that you could very easily avoid them next time. If I were you, I wouldn't be above learning by experience; and I think I should be very well satisfied with such success as the book has had."

"It has had no success," answered Vidal, gloomily. "It doesn't sell."

"H'm! That is a good deal worse than adverse criticism."

"Well, yes, I am afraid it is. I hoped to make a living by my pen; but now—I don't know. Do you think I have it in me, Heriot?"

Heriot looked distressed. "I think you have it in you to write a much better novel than 'Satiety,'" he answered. "More than that I can't venture to say. I can only repeat what I told you at Lucerne."

"Ah, yes!" sighed the young man. "Sometimes I wish I had never gone to Lucerne; and yet —— Come, Heriot, put me out of my pain, and let us get it over. You know what I have been dying to ask you all this time."

"I hoped you had got over that," Heriot said.

"Well, I haven't got over it. I shall never get over it," returned the other, impatiently. "For Heaven's sake, speak out, man. She has accepted him, I suppose?"

"No; she has refused him, I am sorry to say. But, my dear Adrian, what difference does that make?"

Vidal's reply was to start out of the arm-chair in which he had been reclining and to fling Heriot's hat up to the ceiling—his own not being available.

"Difference!" he exclaimed. "The difference between life and death, that 's all! So long as I have something to live for and ever so small a particle of hope to cling to, I can work and do my best. I don't think I could have begun all over again, and changed my style of writing, only to get a little praise from the *Monday Review*. So she refused him, eh? Did she give any reason?"

"Really I don't know," answered Heriot, with a vexed laugh. "I presume she did, but I don't think it likely that she named your existence as the reason. All that I have heard about it was in a letter from Mrs. Irvine, who is already resigned to the loss of Wilbraham, and feels confident that somebody equally eligible will turn up. You are not equally eligible, and I do hope and trust that you will have the decency to refrain from turning up."

The young man was silent for a minute or two, and then said with sudden vehemence: "Heriot, I *want* to see her!"

"I dare say you do; but it is your duty to put a curb upon your desires. At least, don't go down to Polruth this summer. In another twelvemonth you will probably know something more definite as to your future income."

"And in the meantime?"

"In the meantime, there is of course the chance of her marrying somebody else. It seems to me that you will have to risk that."

"Well—I 'll try," said Vidal, with something of an effort. "I won't make any promise, because I might not be able to keep it; but I admit that I should have no right to propose to her now; and so, no doubt, the most prudent course is to avoid her. You are horridly unsympathetic, do you know, Heriot."

"No; only I have a difficulty in believing that a man can lose his heart irrecoverably in these days. However, you shall have all my sympathy so long as you continue to exercise a little self-denial."

"It isn't a little; it's a very great deal. You must write to me, when you are down there, and tell me all about her—*everything*, mind, whether you think I shall like it or not."

Vidal's buoyant spirits began to rise as soon as he was alone. A great weight had been lifted off his mind by the news of Mr. Wilbraham's final rejection, and the failure of his book no longer seemed to him an irretrievable calamity. Remembering how many famous authors have had to force their way through preliminary neglect and ridicule, he felt a little ashamed of his faintheartedness. After all, as Heriot had said, it would be easy—possible, at all events—to correct in a second work the mistakes which had proved fatal to the first. The essential thing was to find out what the public really liked; a point upon which he had hitherto hardly bestowed enough attention, perhaps.

That same evening he happened to be at a large dinner party in company with a journalist of repute and a popular novelist. To them he determined to address himself for the required information, and, after the ladies had left the dining-room, he sat down beside the journalist and put the question to him point-blank. "What do you think that the novel-reading public really likes?"

The journalist, who was a big, burly man, with blunt manners, replied, "That 's rather a puzzler. Incident—humour—pathos—development of character—I can't say exactly. What 's one man's meat is another man's poison, you know. But I can tell you what nobody likes, and that 's being preached at. Take my advice, Mr. Vidal, and leave sermons to the parsons, whose business it is to produce them. What you want to do is to amuse people, and you 'll never do that by tying a string of essays together and calling it a novel."

"I dare say you are quite right," said Vidal, meekly; "but I didn't so much want to be told what to avoid as what to seek."

"Well, if you ask me, I should recommend you to write a sensation novel. In fashion or out of fashion, they always pay and always go down with the public. Give it 'em hot and strong, Mr. Vidal—battle, murder, and sudden death—and see if they don't swallow it as I swallow this glass of claret. Devilish good claret it is, too!"

Apparently this was not a person of refined taste. Vidal now betook himself to the author, who at once began to talk to him about "Satiety," and was exceedingly polite and encouraging, as men who have reached the top of the hill commonly are to those who are still struggling up the ascent. On being inquired of as to what the novel-reading public really liked, he answered, confidentially: "Well, between you and me, the novel-reading public means the women. If we don't succeed in pleasing them, we are nowhere."

"And what do they like?" Vidal pursued.

"Ask them," replied the other, with a laugh, and turned away to speak to someone else.

Vidal thought he might do worse than act upon this hint. In the drawing-room he approached his hostess, a lively little old lady who had once been a beauty, and begged her to tell him who was her favourite novelist. Without any hesitation, she named the one who was present, thereby surprising her questioner a little.

"I admire his writing immensely," said the latter. "His descriptions of scenery are inimitable, and he is never tedious: but"——

"Ah," interrupted the old lady, "that isn't what I mean. His books charm me because there is so much love-making in them. There is nothing so delightful to read about as love-making—of course I mean the English variety, not the French. Love is the one subject that interests us all. Some of us like to read about it because we know nothing of it at first hand; others because it brings back to us the happiest days of our lives. If any woman is bored by love-scenes, so much the worse for her!"

"But there is some love-making in all novels," objected Vidal.

"I prefer the novels in which there is very little else," said the old lady.

The next person to whom the inquirer applied was a young married woman. Her reply to his first question was identical with that of her senior; but she was rather more concise and explicit in her reasons. "He understands us," she said; "he knows how we feel. Most of you don't."

After this, Vidal met with various responses, none of which helped him very much towards a conclusion. One lady, rather maliciously, gave her verdict in favour of Mr. So-and-so, "because his novels are always in such nice big print"; another declared for a writer of her own sex, "because she is so delightfully improper"; not one of them had the presence of mind to answer boldly "You." But perhaps that was partly because not one of them had been able to read his book.

When Vidal went away, he betook himself to the smoking-room of his club, and sitting down in a corner, tried to sift something serviceable out of the mass of advice and information which he had received during the day. The effort was not attended with much more success than such efforts generally meet with; for though teachableness is an excellent quality, it can do but little for its possessor in the absence of adequate teachers, and no one had taken the trouble to point out to Vidal exactly in what way he was to set about improving his style. The whole, when summed up, seemed to mean that, if he wanted his books to sell, he must give them a little more of human interest; which, to be sure, he might have discovered without consulting such a number of persons. However, he had unconsciously made one valuable acquisition, in the shape of a considerable increase of humility; so that his investigations had not been quite so fruitless as he supposed.

That month of July remained long memorable to Vidal as having brought him the first persistent attack of low spirits with which he had been afflicted in his life. He employed the customary remedies in vain. Of balls, dinners, and other entertainments he had as many as he could desire; for if he had not succeeded in earning popularity as a writer, he had long since achieved it as an individual; but the relaxations of society only left him dull, dissatisfied and weary of life. These alarming symptoms he naturally set down to grief at his separation from Clare Irvine; but what he was in reality suffering from was a loss of self-confidence. He was no longer able to write with ease; he was hampered by a constant dread of boring his readers, and he would have given up writing altogether for a time, had he not felt that time was of so much importance. Once he went down to Brighton for a few days on a dutiful visit to his mother, who lived there, and returned more depressed than ever.

Mrs. Vidal, a well-preserved widow, whose tastes were more expensive than her means were large, had a standing grievance against her two children in that they had been left independent of her, and had thus deprived her of an income to which she considered herself to be entitled. Her son had never lived with her since he had attained his majority, and her daughter was in the habit of seeking solace for an adventurous spirit in distant travel; so that she would perhaps have had some right to esteem herself neglected by them, had she not, as a fact, found her own society and that of her friends in Brighton a great deal more congenial than theirs. Adrian, who was of an affectionate nature, had been repelled in his earliest boyhood by her icy coldness, and now always treated her with the distant courtesy which she preferred.

"People tell me that you have written a clever novel," she said, on the afternoon of his arrival. "I seldom read novels; but I have made a point of ordering yours from the library. Have you made much money by it?"

"Not very much," Adrian confessed.

"No; I should not think that you would ever earn much money at anything," his mother observed, dispassionately. "And yet you must be in need of money, I suppose. If I were in your place, I should think seriously of making a good marriage. No doubt you meet many rich people in London—City people, perhaps, with daughters. It is a pity not to take advantage of opportunities, when they present themselves."

"I don't think I should care about going in for that sort of thing," said Adrian, in a tone which implied that he did not wish to discuss the question further.

"What sort of thing? Marriage in general?"

"No; only marriage as a financial speculation. Rather than come to that, I would"——

"Marry somebody's lady's-maid?" suggested Mrs. Vidal, who had never forgotten the unfortunate episode in her son's past life which has already been alluded to. "Well, there is no accounting for tastes, and you are not likely to be influenced by mine. I only hope you may find your literary earnings sufficient to support you and your wife, when you decide upon taking one—as of course you will, one of these days."

It may have been accident or it may have been the dawning of a suspicion that caused Mrs. Vidal to recur more than once during Adrian's visit to the topic of his possible marriage. "You will never be much better off than you are now," she said; "for the little that I have will be divided between you and Georgina, and even that little may not come to you for a considerable number of years. By far your best plan would be to marry money while you still have good looks and a certain vague reputation for talent. Heiresses, I suppose, expect some equivalent for their fortunes, and perhaps it would hardly be wise to count upon either of your special advantages increasing with age."

Such speeches as this did not tend to raise poor Vidal's drooping spirits. His mother's bland malignity would have affected him less at any other time; but just now it came upon him like the proverbial last straw. Neither she nor anyone else seemed to have the smallest belief in his future; and the worst of it was that that future could never, in the nature of things, be anything but uncertain. Even supposing that his next novel should have the good fortune to please the world, would that bring him any nearer to the settled income which fathers-in-law usually make a *sine quâ non?*

He went back to London and allowed despair to get the upper hand of him. By degrees he began to admit that Clare Irvine was not for him; for patient waiting was not among his capacities. Yet, the more he became convinced that his dream must be abandoned, the more he longed to break his half-promise to Heriot and run down to Polruth for a day or two. He dallied with this temptation until it assumed a definite shape. It would be so easy and so innocent to make Cornwall the scene of his summer holiday! He would scrupulously avoid lingering on the north coast; but from Falmouth or Penzance he might slip over to Polruth, put up at the village inn, and let nobody know that he was there. Only to see her would be enough. And if he did call once, utter a few commonplaces and bid her a silent farewell, who could possibly be the worse for it? Heriot's objections were grounded upon a supposition which only the most outrageous vanity could accept, and Heriot himself could hardly have the cruelty to forbid one brief afternoon call.

And while he was thus educating his conscience, a letter reached him which silenced that troublesome inner voice in a most effectual and satisfactory manner. The moment that Vidal caught sight of the envelope on his breakfast-table and noted its hurriedly scrawled address, he guessed who his correspondent must be, and when he tore it open and saw that it was dated "Cardrew, Polruth," he invoked a fervent blessing upon the head of Mrs. Irvine.

That impulsive lady wrote very much as she spoke.

"Dear Mr. Vidal,—

"I told you I would let you know about Mrs. Treweeke's lodgings, and you see I have not forgotten, although I have been very busy ever since our return, so many things requiring attention, and the boys being all at home, which always keeps one in a state of bustle, besides other matters which have worried me a good deal; but of course one must expect worries in this world.

"About Mrs. Treweeke. I was only waiting until we got Mr. Heriot down here—and now he has been with us three days and is looking so much better that it is quite a pleasure—so I went at once to see her, and she says she is sure she can make you comfortable. Two sitting-rooms and bed-room, two guineas a week—more than she ought to ask, *I* think; still one must not be hard upon them, poor souls, with such a short season and all the trouble that there has been about the fishing this year, and I am sorry I said that to you about the wine, because I am certain she is as honest as the day, and her feelings might be hurt, so perhaps after all you had better not.

"Now do, pray, think of it. We should all be so very glad to see you again, and Mr. Irvine wishes me particularly to say how sorry he is that we have no spare room just now. Most lovely scenery and plenty of fishing and lawn-tennis, and of course, if you stay long enough, there will be the shooting. Please excuse haste, and with our kindest regards,

"Believe me, very sincerely yours,

"ELIZABETH IRVINE.

"I forgot to say about that Italian governess—don't *on any account* recommend her. She has turned out to be a most disreputable person, and the ten pounds that I lent her I never expect to see again. Such a mercy that nobody had engaged her before I discovered the truth!"

There was no holding out against that. Vidal did not even attempt to do so, but dispatched a grateful reply to Mrs. Irvine, and hurried off to buy a Bradshaw forthwith.

(To be continued.)

MUSICAL PUBLICATIONS.

Among the music recently issued by Messrs. J. B. Cramer and Co. are some pleasing songs: "The Shilling" and "The Beauteous Song," both by O. Barri; "Jerusalem" and "The Golden Path," by H. Parker; and "Love's Legacy," by J. S. Crook, may all be recommended as melodious, and each, in its respective style—serious or sentimental—expressive of the purport of the words. Some bright dance music, appropriate to the season, has also been issued by the same firm. This includes the following waltzes:—"Maiden Dreams," by E. Bucalossi; "Ethel Valse," by E. De Valmency; "Cerise Waltz," by C. Deacon; and "Coryphée Waltz," by C. R. Duggan; all sprightly pieces.

"Love's Legacy" is the title of a very graceful song, by Charles Salaman, a setting of some expressive lines by his son, M. C. Salaman. It is published by Stanley Lucas, Weber, and Co.

"Loved Voices," by Edith Cooke, is a song with a flowing melody—simple yet expressive—that may be rendered very effective by any intelligent singer, although possessing but a moderate compass of voice. It is published by Messrs. R. Cocks and Co., as is a "Bourrée" for the pianoforte, by Charles Gardiner, a bright piece in the quaint old dance form implied by the title.

"Autumn Serenade" and "To Columbine" are two charming songs by M. Massenet, the French composer, who has lately gained a special success by his opera "Manon," an English version of which will be given by Mr. Carl Rosa's company during the approaching season at Drury Lane Theatre. The songs just named have a distinct touch of national character in their combination of piquancy and grace. They are issued with both French and English text, the latter being by the late H. S. Leigh. Mr. J. Williams is the publisher, as also of a collection of twelve "Merry Little Songs for Merry Little Folk," the music arranged by Mr. A. Randegger to words by L. H. F. Du Terreaux. The songs are bright and pleasing, and varied in character, and are well calculated to interest juvenile musicians. From the same publisher we have a melodious "Slumber-Song," composed by Mr. H. Weist Hill, the eminent violinist, for his instrument, with pianoforte accompaniment. It is also arranged for viola or violoncello, and will prove acceptable in any of these forms.

"Can You Forget," by J. Roeckel; "We've Said Farewell," by Tito Mattei; "Bright Days of My Childhood," by J. Thomas; and "In After Years," by Cotsford Dick, are songs in each of which there is much genuine sentiment expressed in very melodious strains. They are published by Keppel and Co.

"Ransford's Collection of Baritone and Bass Songs" published by Ransford and Son) now comprises a very large number of vocal pieces by eminent composers of various periods.

"The Organists' Quarterly Journal" (Novello, Ewer, and Co.) has entered its ninth volume with the sixty-fifth part. Its editor, Dr. Spark, organist of the Leeds Townhall—who is also a frequent contributor to the contents—maintains the interest and value of the work, which consists entirely of original pieces, composed expressly for it. The current number contains five contributions by well-known English and foreign organists.

Messrs. W. and A. K. Johnston, of Edinburgh and London, have issued on one sheet three excellent maps to illustrate Sir Charles Warren's mission to South Africa; and Messrs. G. Philip and Son, 32, Fleet-street, have published a special large map of the approaches to Khartoum, on which the reader of the events of the present Nile Expedition will find it easy to follow the course of our troops from day to day.

"Webster's Royal Red-Book," which includes a Court guide, Peerage, Baronetage, guide to the House of Commons, embassies and consulates, Ministers and officers of State, law courts, Government offices, clubs and their secretaries, bankers, army and navy agents, Royal households, and Privy Councillors, is published for 1885. Its condensation does not detract from the practical value of its information.

The number of new admissions into the London Hospital in 1884 amounted to 8015, by far the largest ever admitted into any hospital in England. The total number of patients treated was 8565. The largest number of patients at any one time in the wards was 659. The number of accidents treated in the wards was 2480. The children received and treated under the age of twelve years amounted to 1545.

OLD MASTERS AT BURLINGTON HOUSE.

THE FOREIGN SCHOOLS.

The Dutch pictures, in Gallery No. II., and the Italian, in Gallery No. IV., need not detain us for any length of time. The former are not less interesting, nor the latter less curious, than similar works of the previous years. But our own national collection is so rich in specimens of Dutch and Flemish masters that, unless private collectors have something of rare excellence to display, they run the risk of provoking disparaging criticism. On the present occasion, the bright and brilliant "Landscape," by Cuyp (101), lent by her Majesty the Queen, is one of the gems of the room—a woodland scene suffused by the golden light of the setting sun; whilst his "River Scene" (114), lent by Mr. David Sellar, a perfect harmony of silvery grey, shows the wide sympathies of the same artist. The other works lent by her Majesty are a small cabinet picture, by Paul Potter, of exquisite finish, "Sportsmen" (119), but more popularly known by the title of "The Shooting Ponies." It tells with minute distinctness its little story of the halt of two brother sportsmen at a village inn. One is talking to the hostess, whilst the other, on the grey pony, is having the girth tightened previous to setting off on their homeward journey. When one recollects that the artist scarcely outlived his twenty-eighth birthday, and that there are in existence upwards of three hundred of his pictures known to collectors, the delicate finish displayed in such a work as this is little short of marvellous. "Le Corset Bleu" (109) is the third contribution from that scarcely known treasure-house of Dutch works—Buckingham Palace—and is one of the most refined specimens of Gabriel Metzu's work. Although a homely Dutchman, with apparently few inducements to take a different path to that followed by his constant companion, Jan Steen, Metzu soon forsook the scenes of cottage and cabaret life, in which the former delighted to show his knowledge of the people, and sought in a higher rank subjects for his brush. The quaint home scene, in which the lady in her blue pelisse, trimmed with ermine, plays the principal part, is painted with great refinement, and shows Metzu—as he not unfrequently was—a successful rival of Terburg. Two pictures by Franz Hals show this gifted artist in two very different moods. The "Portrait of a Dutch Lady" (105), in a black dress and white ruff, unites dignity with homeliness, and is perhaps the most perfect realistic portrait in the whole exhibition. "The Fiddler" (94), on the other hand, is full of colour and movement—is almost what our neighbours would call "tapageur" in its effect and result, and shows more life than even that curious and much admired work in the Trippenhuis, at Amsterdam, "The Jester," with which it has something in common. The "Portrait of Admiral De Hochepied" (96), which hangs close by, is chiefly noticeable for the marvellous harmony of its colouring, a yellow doublet, over which a gold embroidered belt is crossed. As in most of Van der Helst's pictures, his excessive care of details and his correctness, exaggerated almost to a fault, are fatal to enthusiasm, and the present work is not one of his exceptional ones, wherein his pedantry is pushed out of sight. "The Conversation Piece" (136), attributed to Dirk Hals, the younger and erratic brother of Franz Hals, is worthy of some notice, in spite of its obvious shortcomings. So rare are his works, that "The Spinnet" in the Van der Hoop collection at Amsterdam was at one time his only recognised work; but Stuttgart, Hanover, and our own National Gallery, now claim to possess each a specimen. The picture here exhibited represents a group of men and women, in the costume of the time, assembled for a bridal feast, or some such family ceremony. Although the drawing is not always anatomically correct, the arrangement of the drapery and the harmonious colouring of the silk dresses of the ladies and velvet cloaks of the men are very striking. The river scenes of Van Goyen (72 and 73), the three almost identical subjects—Gerard Dow's "Water Doctor" (76), Jan Steen's "Sick Lady" (140), and the "Sick Lady and the Doctor" (75), should be compared. A forest scene by Aart Van der Neer (89) is extraordinary in its rendering of space and distance, and Terburg's "Lady at her Toilet" (121) is a minute and perfect rendering of a lady's dress and dressing-room.

The Italian pictures, which occupy the greater part of the last room, are more interesting to the antiquarian than to the ordinary picture-seeker. Interminable portraits of Virgins and Saints, by unknown artists of the Siennese, Florentine, and Milanese schools, may even possess attractions for the ecclesiologist; but it is difficult for the ordinary secular mind to find helps to either awe or admiration in such works. It is interesting, however, to find that an English church (St. Mary's, Nottingham) possesses so charming a work as the "Virgin and Child" (225), by Fra Bartolommeo; but one cannot help thinking that it would be more fully appreciated if transferred to the rising Nottingham Museum. Carlo Crivelli's "St. Catherine" (216) has a face full of pathos; and even a sadder chord is touched by B. Vivarini's "Death of the Virgin" (206); but the two most important works in the room are attributed to painters who came from north of the Alps. "The Marriage of the Virgin" (215), which is boldly credited to Van Eyck, is so important a work that it is strange that the history of the picture has not survived, at least partially, as well as its colour. It is scarcely possible that some notice of a work on which the artist must have spent many months, if not years, cannot be found amongst Van Eyck's biographers. In internal evidence, the picture looks rather German than Flemish; but at what date it left the easel is difficult to determine. "The Adoration of the Magi" (230), from Castle Howard, stands upon very much surer ground; and although but little is know of Jean Gossaert (or Mabuse, as he is more generally known, after the name of his native town, Maubeuge), the history of this magnificent work can be traced for centuries. It has gone through many vicissitudes, and has had many escapes from destruction; it has adorned, by turn, the walls of monasteries, palaces, churches, and private galleries, and at length came into the possession of the last Duke of Lorraine, and, after a short halt in the Orleans Gallery, passed on to Castle Howard. It is unnecessary to give a detailed description of the wonderful group assembled round the Mother and Child, who in their simplicity outshine the gorgeousness of their surroundings. In the crowns and emblems of the Magi, archæologists will find an inexhaustible mine; and the freshness with which the minutest details are preserved enables all to profit by the lesson to be learnt. The only contemporary work at all comparable to the Castle Howard Mabuse is Bellegambe's "Adoration of the Trinity," to be seen in the Cathedral of Douai. The two painters, who lived almost at the same time, were born within a few miles of one another, and the resemblance between their works is therefore most interesting. Mabuse, having left behind him more specimens of his skill, is consequently the better known; but, as Douai lies so very little off the route to Paris or Brussels, perhaps some may be tempted to make acquaintance with his less known but not unworthy rival, Jean Bellegambe.

Next Monday has been appointed for the reception of works of art intended for the spring exhibition of the Nineteenth Century Art Society, at the Conduit-street Galleries.

OUR LADY BOUNTIFUL.

Our Lady Bountiful resembles nothing so much as a fairy godmother. Neat, small, elegant, and charming, with her soft white hair arranged in curls round her pretty pink and white old face, and dressed invariably in plain black dresses, she sets an example to all those who impatiently refuse to grow old, and, accepting her years gracefully, never looks like anything save what she is—a cheery old lady, with a soul as young as ever it was.

Fortunately for those around her, our Lady Bountiful is not well off: were she so, she would pauperise half the parish: but, with "economy" for her watchword, she wages such war in her kitchen and drawing-room against waste that, at the risk of being called cheese-paring and mean, she has always something to give away, some trifle or other that she can hand over to the thousand protégés that are always within her gates, and has invariably some superfluity that she can go without should some particularly urgent case appear to her to require immediate attention or relief.

Passing over the squalid poor as looked after sufficiently by the parish priest and the district-visitors, she turns her whole attention to succouring the genteelly indigent, and to caring for those whose antecedents forbid them from asking for relief. It is sufficient to name such a one before her, and immediately our Lady Bountiful sets her brain in motion, and, by hook or by crook, arranges some manner of assisting or alleviating the distress that magnifies immensely the moment her eyes fall upon it.

True, she never waits for details: these she would scorn as cruel and unnecessary, inquisitorial and absurd. That Lorenzo comes of a good family, is clever, and in want, is enough for her; and though there are to be found some who would insinuate that "serve him right" is the verdict in his case undoubtedly, she wears alpaca instead of silk for a while, and hands her protégé the difference; or gives herself acute bronchitis for a whole winter by stinting her fires that Lorenzo may be warm, regardless that he may come to call on her in what other people would call a state of intoxication, but what appears to her excitement only; or that he disappears suddenly from her list of visitors, and is never heard of any more.

At first, his disappearance is undoubtedly a blow: she had grown fond of her scapegrace. But very soon her spirits revive: she believes Lorenzo has gone off once more to fight the world, for which she has armed him again, and that some day he will return, "bringing his sheaves with him" to lay at her feet, as a token that he acknowledges the debt he undoubtedly owes her—and she looks out for another case, consoling herself until the return of the prodigal with doing the same kindly task over again for someone else.

Then, too, she has a perfect mania for discovering geniuses, all more or less under a cloud. One of her tiny, beautifully-written invitations to have tea with her, or to come in after dinner, strikes awe into all her friends' hearts; for do they not know that this means nothing more or less than a couple of hours spent in listening to her last "find" recite, or play, or sing, well enough maybe, but not in a manner that should authorise her to take the biggest theatre or opera-house in London, as she would do, had she the money, to bring out her protégé properly, and break through the powerful cabal that keeps him or her from shining as they undoubtedly were born to shine? For our Lady Bountiful is a firm believer in those mysterious powers that band themselves together to keep obscure authors and actors down. She verily is convinced that "influence" is the key to success; and nothing would make her acknowledge that the voice of the people, considered by most individuals as the voice of the gods, is aught save the claque judiciously arranged about the house, and as judiciously paid by the one who has the wherewithal, and who therefore succeeds.

While owning candidly that Irving is a genius, she cannot help thinking that Jones could do equally well had he only his chance: while Juliet Tracey is so immeasurably superior to Ellen Terry, that nothing save prejudice and lack of proper raiment keep Juliet from the great and immediate success that is waiting for her as soon as her wardrobe is renovated from our Lady Bountiful's little store, and prejudice is removed by a cautious manipulation of the daily press. And it is sufficient for anyone to be mentioned as likely to give a party, for our Lady Bountiful to post off immediately, armed with a long list of "Berti families," or "Smithjii families," or Juliets, Romeos, and singers male or female, the engagement of any of whom will ensure a success for the party immediately; and all are to be had for a consideration, which is always small, but invariably less to anyone who is a friend of our Lady Bountiful.

When the little ménage next door to her tiny house put down the second nurse because rice was low in the market, our Lady Bountiful ate nothing else, and entreated her friends to do the same, because in no other way could the price be made to rise once more. She positively waged war violently against beet-root sugar, because it edged Barbadoes out of the market, and in consequence caused another neighbour some other loss of temporary comfort; and she angrily boycotted every lawyer in the place when other acquaintance were in trouble over the loss of a chancery suit; and, in fact, always suffers so much in others' sufferings that all her neighbours conceal from her if possible that anything is amiss in their households, lest their troubles should be made double by the manner in which our Lady Bountiful would insist on all and everyone doing their utmost to set them on their legs again.

Her house, too, is a monument to her unselfish care of others. On her walls hang pictures by men who would have been P.R.A.'s long ago were it not for the "cabal"; her chairs are made by deserving people born for anything rather than cabinet-making, judging from the specimens of their art put for our accommodation; the tea is from another protégé, who, we believe, grows it in a small greenhouse at Camberwell, erected by our Lady Bountiful to give him a start; her curtains are washed and ironed by lady amateurs; and her black silk dresses are purchased from another friend, who buys about fifty yards at a time, and endeavours to make a living on the cent per cent profits he charges on the very small amount he disposes of to our Lady Bountiful and such of her acquaintance who are too weak-minded to refuse her what gives her so much pleasure; for, can she only obtain such an order, she is happier than most of us would be were we left a fortune this moment that would make us independent for the rest of our lives. True, we get just a little bit tired of her enthusiasm, that is never damped, no matter how many or severe are her failures: still, it does us all good in this self-seeking world to see or hear of anyone so purely unselfish, so generous, and so undaunted by reverses as is our Lady Bountiful. J. E. PANTON.

As a memorial to the late Dr. Angus Smith, his library, consisting of 3500 volumes, has been bought by subscription, and presented to Owens College, Manchester.

A sum of £2000 has been presented to the Rev. Francis Tucker on his resigning the pastorate of Camden-road Baptist chapel, Holloway, of which he has been the minister for twenty-seven years.

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated April 2, 1884) of Mootizum ool Moolk Mohsenood Dowlah Fureedoon Jah Synd Munsoor Ulee Khan Bahadoor Nusrut Jung, Nawab Nuzim of Bengal, Behar, and Orissa, late of The Palace, Moorshedabad, Bengal, who died on Nov. 4 last, was proved in London on the 6th inst. by James Lyster O'Beirne, the acting executor, the value of the personal estate amounting to £3700. The testator directs that his non-Nizamut children shall be brought up in the Mohammedan faith, and such as are males, at the age of ten, be sent to England to receive a good and suitable European secular education, and be trained for the legal, medical, military, or mercantile professions, as they shall show aptitude or choice. His body, and the bodies of his predeceased children buried at Kensal-green Cemetery, England, are to be taken to the sacred city of Kerbela, Turkish Arabia, and there interred. He states that he has, by settlements and gifts, disposed of the bulk of his property in his lifetime, and he now gives the remainder of his property, after payment of debts and expenses, and the expense of the removal of his own and his children's bodies to Kerbela, and of having a pilgrimage performed on his behalf to the Holy City of Mecca and to the Tombs of the Apostles, as to £3000 for such of his grown-up sons as his wife, Mohammadee Begum, and his executors may deem to have usually resided with him; and as to the ultimate residue for the use of his said wife, and for the maintenance and education of his non-Nizamut children.

The will (dated April 7, 1884), with a codicil (dated May 29 following), of Mr. George Burges, late of No. 9, Lincoln's-inn-fields, and of Hawthorn Dale, Warfield, Berkshire, who died on Nov. 9 last, was proved on the 20th ult. by Mrs. Susanna Mary Burges, the widow, Charles Woollam, and Thomas Hay, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £87,000. The testator bequeaths all his plate and plated articles to his wife, for life, and then to his two children; £1000, and all his furniture, linen, china, books, effects, horses, carriages, live and dead farming stock, to his wife; and legacies to his executors and others. His residence, Hawthorn Dale, and all his real estate in the parishes of Warfield, Binfield, and Bray, he devises to the use of his wife, for life, with remainder to his son, George Herbert. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for his wife, for life; at her death £25,000 is to be held, upon trust, for his daughter, Ellen Mabel; and the ultimate residue for his said son.

The will (dated Jan. 21, 1879) of Mr. William Bangs, late of Devonshire House, No. 221, Bow-road, builder, who died on Nov. 6 last, was proved on the 23rd ult. by Mrs. Elizabeth Charlotte Bangs, the widow, Walter Hunter, and Edwin Wendover, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £70,000. The testator gives his household furniture and effects to his wife; and legacies to his executors, Mr. Hunter and Mr. Wendover, for their trouble. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for his wife, for life, and then for his children in equal shares.

The will (dated May 28, 1884) of Mr. Robert Field, late of Grimsbury, Northamptonshire, who died on Oct. 23 last, at St. Leonards, was proved on the 20th ult. by Alfred Benjamin Field, the son, Timothy Edward Cobb, and Donald Nicol, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £51,000. The testator bequeaths £6000, upon trust, for his son Robert Henry, and a further sum of £6000 to him absolutely; £6000 each to his daughters, Mary Breedin, Catherine Louisa Field, and Elizabeth Field; £6000, upon trust, for his daughter Ellen French Perry; there are also some additional gifts to his unmarried daughters, and legacies to his executors, a grandson, and to servants. The residue of the personalty and all his real estate he gives to his son Alfred Benjamin.

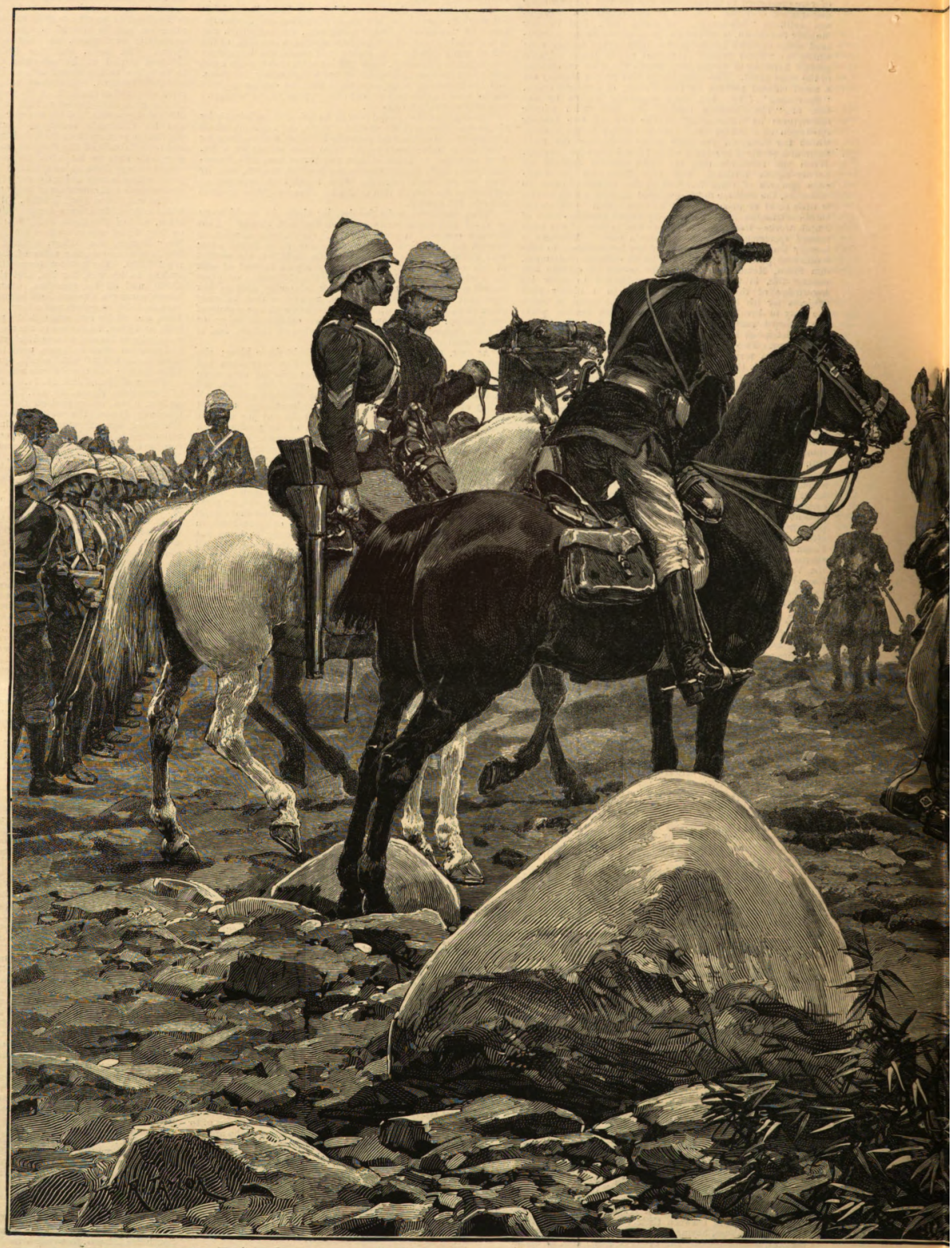
The will (dated June 15, 1878), with a codicil (dated the following day), of Miss Fanny Bouwens, formerly of No. 7, Bouverie-place, Folkestone, but late of No. 22, West Southernhay, Exeter, who died on Nov. 10 last, was proved on the 18th ult. by Major Lambert Henry Bouwens, R.A., and Theodore Edward Bouwens, the nephews, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £45,000. The testatrix, after making some specific bequests to her said nephews, leaves the residue of her personalty to them, and to her nieces, Marian Honora Delves Broughton, and Emmeline Bouwens.

The will (dated Nov. 4, 1879) of Mrs. Louisa Fisher, late of No. 3, Stanhope-street, Hyde Park, who died on Nov. 19 last, was proved on the 20th ult. by Bertram Wodehouse Currie, the nephew, the sole executor, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £36,000. The testatrix bequeaths certain Government stocks, amounting together to over £30,000, upon trust, to pay £100 per annum to each of three nieces, and the remainder of the income to her sister Georgina Currie, for life; and, subject thereto, she gives the said trust funds to the children of her brother Raikes Currie, and of her sister Marianne Raikes. There are legacies to godchildren, late and present servants, and others; and the residue of her estate and effects she leaves to the children of her brother the Rev. Francis Raikes.

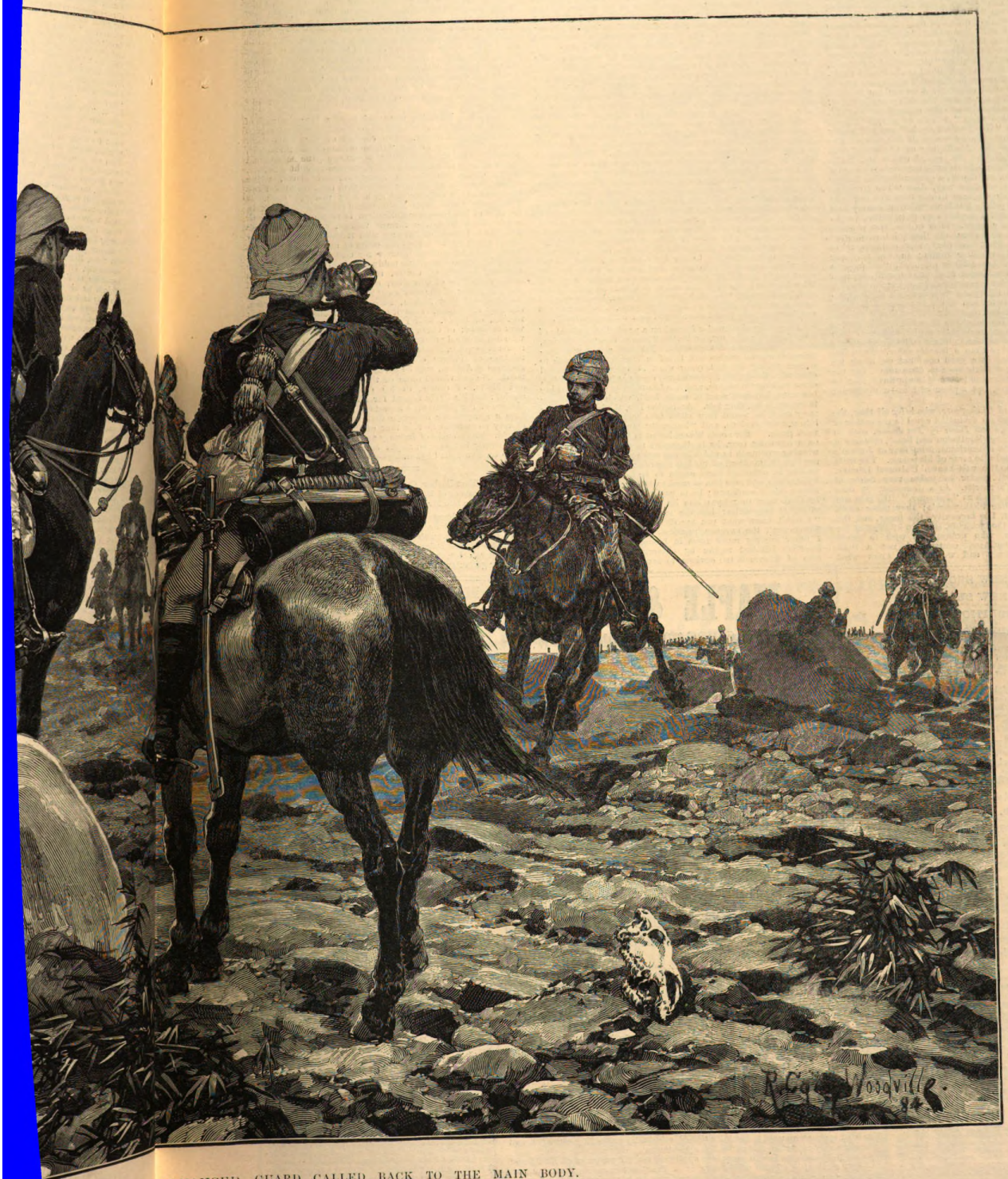
The will (dated Sept. 10, 1884) of Admiral Thomas Chaloner, C.B., late of Gisborough, Yorkshire, who died on Oct. 20 last, was proved at the York district registry on the 17th ult. by Alfred Walker Simpson, Robert Charles Yeoman, and William Henry Anthony Wharton, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £23,000. The testator leaves to his wife, Mrs. Amelia Chaloner, in addition to the provision made for her by settlement, £1000 per annum; but, if he does not leave any children, he leaves her his mansion house, Longhull, with a farm, and £2200 per annum, to be increased according to the amount of the tonnage rents of his estate, for life; and he bequeaths legacies to his executors and to servants. The residue of his property, subject to a provision for his younger children (if any), he settles on his eldest son. If he leaves no children, he gives his sister, Charlotte, £500 per annum, and the remainder of the income of his property is to accumulate during the lifetime of his wife; at her death he settles all the residue of his property on his said sister, for life, with remainder to Richard Godolphin Walmesley Long, the second son of his niece, Charlotte Amelia Long. The furniture and effects at Longhull are to go with the mansion and estate.

The will (dated July 18, 1884) of Mr. Henry Wyndham, late of Norrington, Bournemouth, who died on Nov. 11 last, was proved on the 20th ult. by Henry Hungerford Ludlow-Bruges, one of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £16,000. The testator gives, devises, appoints, and bequeaths all his property, whether real or personal, to his wife, Mrs. Agnes Ludlow Wyndham, for her own use absolutely.

Owing to the success which attended the two excursions to South Sea Islands, dispatched in June and July last, it is the intention of the Union Steam-Ship Company of New Zealand to repeat the same. The steamer Wairarapa (1786 tons) will leave Auckland, New Zealand, in July next; and, during a cruise of four weeks, will visit Fiji, Samoa, Tonga, and other of the beautiful islands of the South Pacific. A second excursion is premeditated immediately upon the return of Wairarapa to Auckland.



THE NILE EXPEDITION.—AN ALARM IN THE DESERT :



ALARM IN THE DESERT: ADVANCED GUARD CALLED BACK TO THE MAIN BODY.

NEW BOOKS.

It is the familiar custom of the day, and one by no means unacceptable to the public, to present the great standard authors of the country in selections. We like our literary food served up in small and dainty portions, and have seldom an appetite strong enough for the solid and varied dishes that agreed so well with our forefathers. If our appetite is less, our taste is probably more refined; and few readers familiar with the writings of Dean Swift will deny that a half is sometimes better than the whole. *Selections from the Prose Writings of Jonathan Swift, with a Preface and Notes by Stanley Lane-Poole* (Kegan Paul), is an attempt to compress within a small volume the quintessence of nineteen octavos. Of course, none of the unwholesome matter in which Swift revelled is retained, and the book can therefore be read aloud in the family circle. The greatest master of irony in the language is seen here in some of his most powerful efforts; yet we venture to think that the general reader, for whom the editor has laboured, will not find these selections especially attractive. Already, probably, he is acquainted with "A Tale of a Tub"; he is certainly familiar with "Gulliver's Travels," and will hardly care to read these extraordinary works in fragments. The famous "Argument on the Abolishing of Christianity in England," and the "Modest Proposal," which Mr. Leslie Stephen justly styles "one of the most tremendous pieces of satire in existence," give, no doubt, a proper Swiftian flavour to the book; and so, in another way, does "The Drapier's Fourth Letter." Yet, we venture to say that this carefully edited and beautifully printed volume will not convey to a reader, previously ignorant, a correct impression of Swift as an author, and much less as a man. It is in his least laboured writings—or what seem to be the least laboured—that the Dean of St. Patrick is the most attractive: in his Letters; in his Journal to Stella; in his nonsense verses. Truly does Mr. Lane-Poole say that, "to enjoy a great writer fully, you must read him through and then read him again." If the reader has not the interest or the patience to do this, the next best thing is a volume which shall represent the writer in all his moods. This is not done in these "Selections," and doubtless the editor will say that it was not his intention to do it. He considers that the introduction of verse would have led to an inadequate representation of both prose and verse, and that the journals and correspondence have a biographical rather than a literary value. From this point of view, his choice is a good one; but we think his judgment in the matter is fairly open to discussion. Let the reader, at all events, understand that it is not Swift that he meets with in these pages, but a piece of him—a significant piece, no doubt.

With the exception of Shakspeare, who is for all time, the Elizabethan age produced no dramatist equal to the author of "The Alchemist." *Plays and Poems by Ben Jonson, with an Introduction by Henry Morley* (Routledge and Sons), contains in a purified, and therefore abbreviated, form four of Jonson's most significant plays, and also some of his poems. The little volume, which belongs to the well-known Universal Library, will enable the general reader to judge very fairly of this distinguished poet's merits. As a dramatist, he does not depict characters so much as "humours." His men and women are not alive, like Shakspeare's; they never could have lived—but the wit, the ingenuity, the fancy, and the artful representation of the incidents, show an intellect of the subtlest order. Jonson, who professed a wish to purge the stage from its foulness, contributed not a little to its moral degradation; and we do not know what Professor Morley means by saying that "at his merriest he spurns low thought." As a lyric and ethical poet, Ben Jonson is far less known than he deserves to be. One or two of his songs, indeed, are still popular, but his "Forest" and "Underwoods," so rich in imaginative thought, are comparatively unread. We wish that Mr. Morley had inserted the epistle to Sir Robert Wroth, and the lines on Penshurst, two of the most significant of his poems. They show that this dear lover of taverns and of London life had a deep feeling also for the purer and more satisfying enjoyments of the country. But the poems selected for this volume are all worthy of "rare Ben," and characteristic of him.

Readers who like above all things to be amused in idle moments will find much to gratify their taste in *Parodies of the Works of English and American Authors, Collected and Annotated by Walter Hamilton*, Vol. I. (Reeves and Turner). The volume, which contains parodies of the poems of Lord Tennyson, Longfellow, Bret Harte, Wolfe, and Hood, is the first instalment of a collection which the editor hopes to make as complete as possible. "When the older masters of our literature are reached," he writes, "a great deal of curious and amusing information will be given; and it is intended to conclude with a complete bibliographical account of parody." It is possible that in his zeal Mr. Hamilton may give the public too much of a kind of humour in itself of the lowest order, and attractive to cultivated minds only when, as in the case of "Rejected Addresses," of the "Ben Gaultier Ballads," and of some of Mr. Calverley's efforts, it is of the finest quality. Here, for instance, are about thirty parodies of Hood's "Song of the Shirt," several of them dismally weak parodies; and there are thirty also of various degrees of excellence or no excellence of Tennyson's "May Queen." Of some of these, it may be said that the art of the rhymester could scarcely descend lower. There is nothing more irritating to the lover of poetry than to have ridiculous but not humorous lines recalled when reading some lovely lyric. It is only humour that makes a parody tolerable; and the true humourist is almost as rare in this world as the poet. Mr. Hamilton would seem, by-the-way, to have a personal dislike to Lord Tennyson, which we doubt not, however, the Poet Laureate will bear with equanimity.

As a study of character formed on a pessimistic estimate of life, *Ichabod, a Portrait*, by Bertha Thomas, two vols. (Fisher, Unwin), is clever and suggestive. Ichabod, a man with considerable mental powers and belief in himself, undertakes to reform society by destroying what he calls the emotional element. He detests all sentiment, does not believe in virtue, cares nothing for nature, and in a beautiful park sees nothing but seven hundred acres of waste land, which he would like to cut up in building lots. As Ianthe Lee, the heroine of the story says, he would turn cities into factories, the country into market gardens, and "humanity into an automaton to work them." For music his contempt is ineffable; and when on a lecturing tour, he is disgusted to find a violin-player winning a triumph to which he can make no pretension. Finding that the landlord of the inn regards music and all art as useless, he considers there ought to be freemasonry between Utilitarians, and asks him to smoke with him. Alas! the innkeeper has a sentiment; he is passionately fond of flowers. Ichabod tries to reform him by pointing out the superior utility of vegetables; but the man will not be persuaded. "I don't know what you are driving at," he says; "but if flowers arn't the sweetest, prettiest, purest things alive, may I never see my musk roses in bloom again." To which assertion Ichabod replies by observing that the uselessness of flowers is too obvious to need comment. Ichabod undertakes to convert to his opinions a young man, Tony Sebright by name, whose natural character is entirely opposed to that of his friend. He is passionate, enthusiastic, full of sentiment and intellect; and, to the disgust of Ichabod, falls in love with a beautiful actress. Of this complaint he is cured by the far from praiseworthy efforts of his mentor, only to fall far more deeply in love with Ianthe Lee, whose charms have even moved the cold heart of Ichabod. When Tony and Ianthe marry, as of course, after some prettily described courting, they are bound to do, Ichabod grows more and more hopeless and discontented, and finally commits suicide. As a story, there is comparatively little in these volumes to attract the novel reader; as a study, it has many clever points, and the description of an enthusiastic entomologist who thinks little of his life in comparison with the safety of "sixteen valuable beetles, and a moth of unspeakable rarity," contrasted with the cold-blooded indifference of Ichabod, has a touch of genuine humour.

The sea is becoming more and more a favourite path of tourists in quest of health and pleasure and of the gratification of intelligent curiosity. The voyages of the steam-yacht Ceylon, belonging to the "Ocean Steam-Yacht Company, Limited," have attracted many passengers of this class; and one of them, a twelvemonth ago, was Surgeon-General Munro, M.D., C.B., the veteran Army Medical officer, whose "Reminiscences of Military Service with the 93rd Sutherland Highlanders" was accepted as a very pleasant book. *A Two Months' Cruise in the Mediterranean* (Hurst and Blackett), the title of his present publication, is recommended by our acquaintance with the former volume, as the author has proved his faculty of treating with freshness and originality topics which do not possess the claim of absolute novelty, but which have an abiding interest for congenial readers. Dr. Munro's impressions of the nobly situated city of Lisbon, the romantic scenery of Cintra, the mighty Rock and British military fortress of Gibraltar, and of Malaga, Granada, and the Alhambra; of the shores and islands of the Mediterranean, Minorca and Port Mahon, Nice and the Riviera, Corsica, the Bay of Naples, Vesuvius and the ruins of Pompeii; further, of Sicily, with Palermo, Messina, and the distant view of Etna; of Corfu and the other Ionian Isles, of Athens, with its renowned monuments of classic antiquity; and, on the returning voyage, Malta, Tunis, the site of Carthage, and the mixture of French colonisation with Arab costumes and manners at Algiers, may be perused with no little entertainment. He had visited some of those places before, Gibraltar and Malta, of course, in his early years of professional service; but his lively regard for historical associations, and his love of the picturesque aspects of Nature and human life, have a sympathetic influence that makes him an agreeable literary companion in this tour of the inland sea of the Old World. The months of January and February, which are apt to be dreary in England, might be worse spent than in such a trip on board the Ceylon.

Mr. William Barber, Q.C., of the Chancery Bar, has been elected a Bencher of the Honourable Society of Lincoln's Inn, in place of the late Mr. Overend, Q.C.

Captain Sir George Strong Nares has been granted by the Lords of the Admiralty a good-service pension of £150 a year; and a distinguished service reward has been conferred on Major-General Dalrymple Prendergast, V.C., Commanding the Hyderabad Subsidiary Force, who gained the Victoria Cross for gallantry in the Indian Mutiny Campaign.

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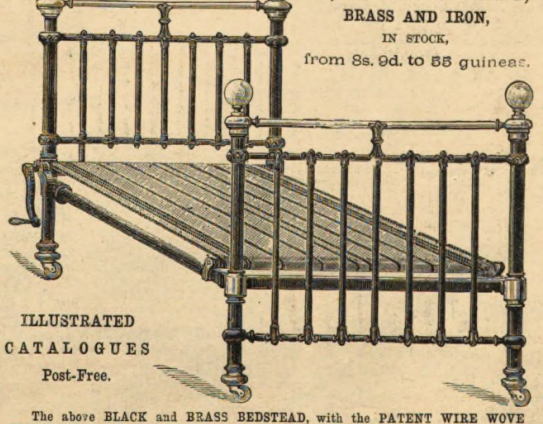
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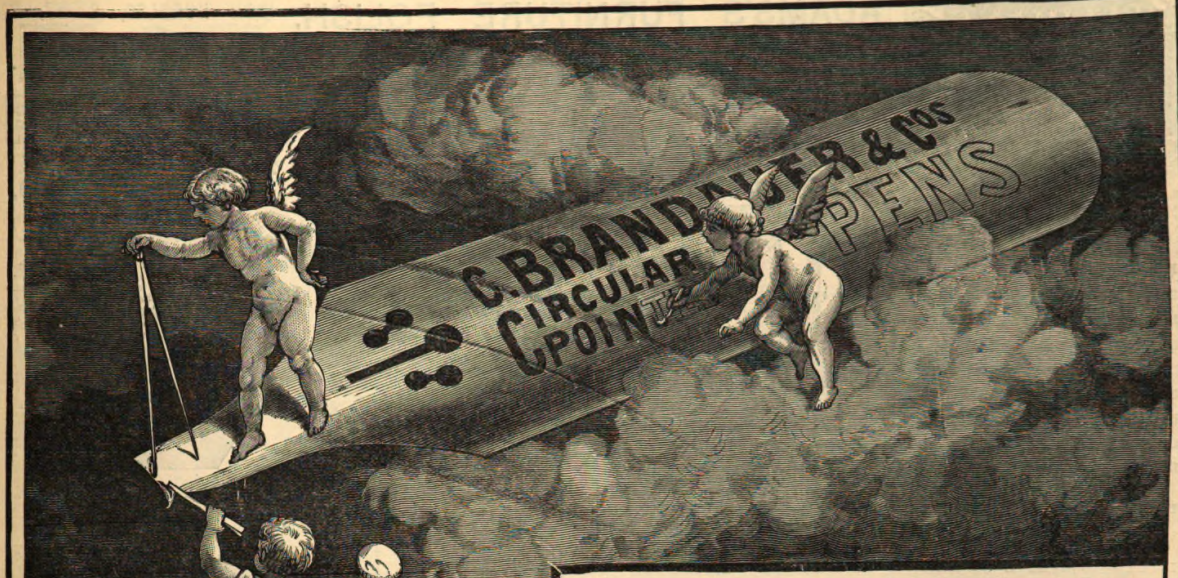
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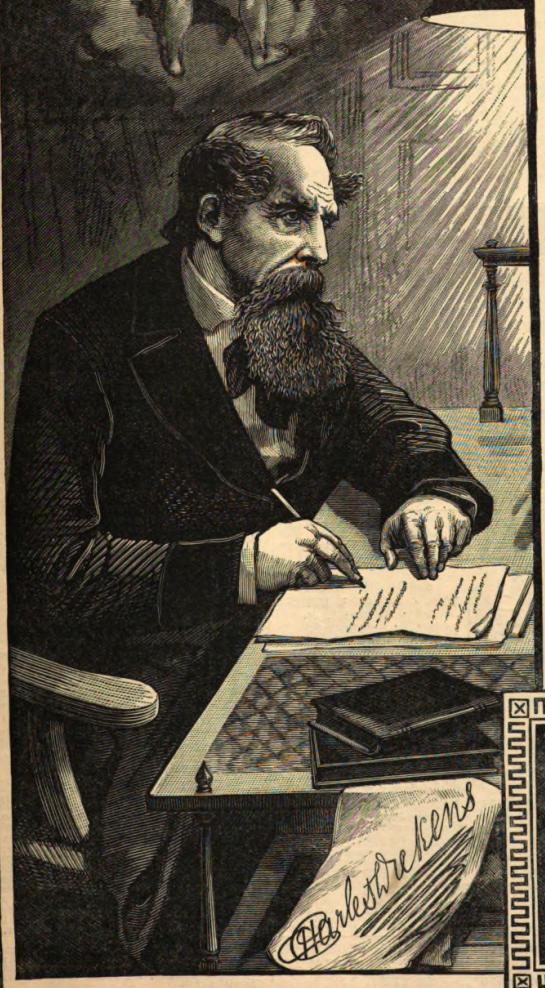
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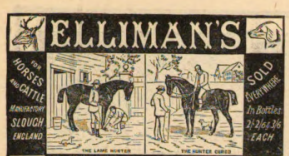
George: Augustus: Sala. Anthony Trollope



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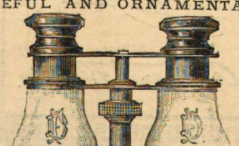
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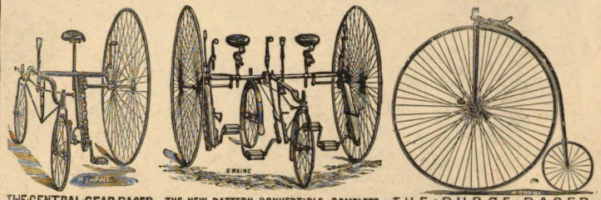
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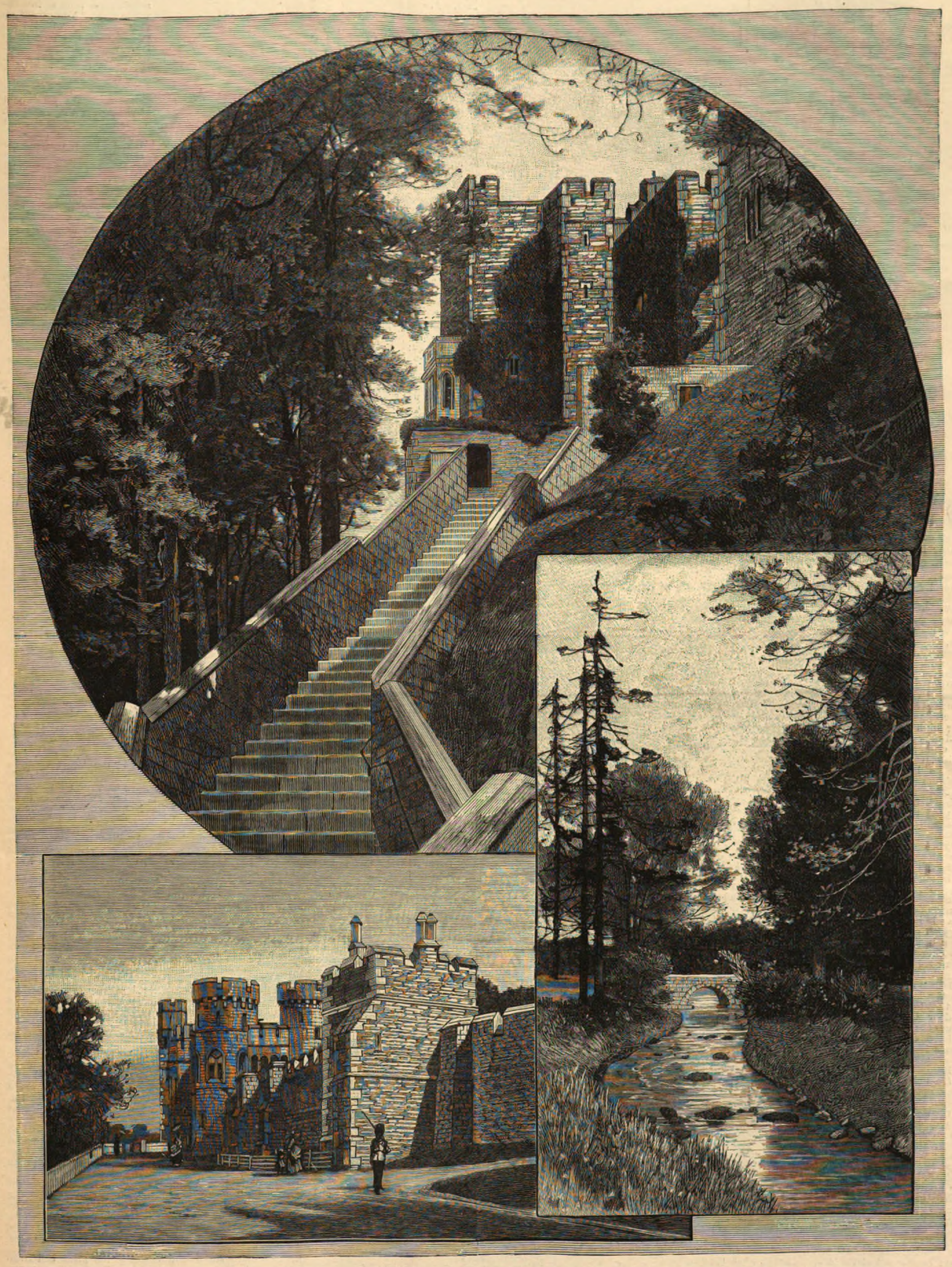
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ENGLISH HOMES.—No. I. WINDSOR CASTLE.

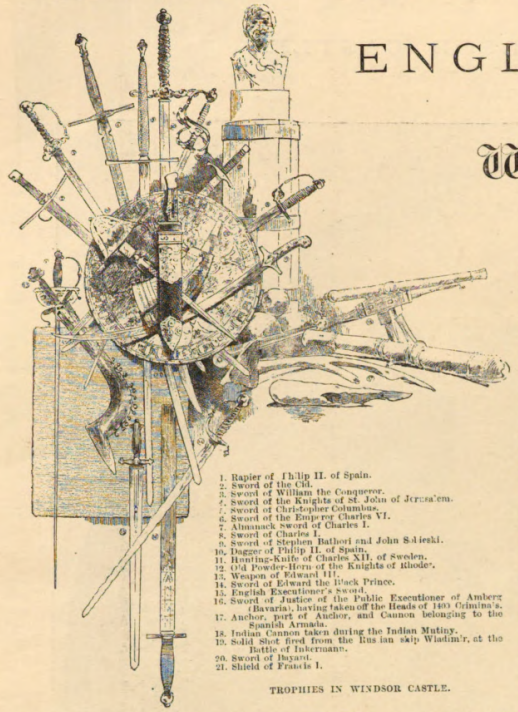


The North Terrace. The Hundred Steps. In the Private Garden of the Queen.

ENGLISH HOMES.

No. I.

Windsor Castle.



1. Rapier of Philip II. of Spain.
2. Sword of the Cid.
3. Sword of William the Conqueror.
4. Sword of the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem.
5. Sword of Christopher Columbus.
6. Sword of the Emperor Charles VI.
7. Almanack Sword of Charles I.
8. Sword of Charles I.
9. Sword of Stephen Bathori and John Sobieski.
10. Dagger of Philip II. of Spain.
11. Hunting-Knife of Charles XII. of Sweden.
12. Old Powder-Horn of the Knights of Rhodes.
13. Weapon of Edward III.
14. Sword of Edward the Black Prince.
15. English Executioner's Sword.
16. Sword of Justice of the Public Executioner of Amberg (Bavaria), having taken off the Heads of 1403 Criminals.
17. Anchor, part of Anchor, and Cannon belonging to the Spanish Armada.
18. Indian Cannon taken during the Indian Mutiny.
19. Solid Shot fired from the Russian ship Wladimir, at the Battle of Inkermann.
20. Sword of Bayard.
21. Shield of Francis I.

TROPHIES IN WINDSOR CASTLE.

OF ENGLISH HOMES, the first is that at Windsor—that Castle whose home-life has been made so familiar to all of us, by many pleasant revelations from the highest of its inmates. Naturally, then, one begins with Windsor Castle; without apology, one tries to tell in a few words its story, to give some notion of the place, and of all around it and about it.

You have only to go down by rail from Paddington or Waterloo, past the homely old-fashioned villages, Datchet and Wraysbury, an hour takes you to Windsor, and you are climbing the steep street that winds round the Castle. The town is picturesque, with quaintly named streets: Peascod-street, Sheet-street, Bier-street. You leave the bridge, a quarter of a mile across which stands the beautiful college of Eton, with its glorious chapel, grey and yellow with age, amid the dark brick schools. Up the hill, then, to the Castle; passing, if you have come by the London and South-Western, by the Hundred Steps, which wind from the first bend of Thames-street round and about up to the Canons' Cloisters; by the fine Curfew (or, as it was of old called, the Bell) Tower, rising high above you at the midmost point of the street; and finally sharp round by the Salisbury Tower, the south-west corner of the Castle, leaving on your right the comfortable, clean High-street of an English country town—with its large, handsome inns, good townhall, and the invariable pony carriage waiting at a sadler's door. These are fitting surroundings for Windsor Castle; the old houses on the left side of Thames-street, which were not long ago pulled down, completely spoiled and hid the beauty of its walls. There has seldom been a "restoration" so unquestionably right as their removal.

By a very recent and very good change in the regulations, the visitor now gets his tickets (to view the State Apartments, &c.) in the Castle itself, at a little window in the wall, on the left hand, just as you are approaching the Round Tower; though for nearly all that is to be seen no ticket nor formality is necessary. The old plan was to send the tickets for distribution (gratis) to some neighbouring shop, where one always felt as if in getting them one ought to buy something "for the good of the house"—photographic views, probably, if it were a bookseller's.

But now, having got his ticket, the unwary traveller's troubles begin—troubles which Dickens's admirable "Dictionary of the Thames" describes so well that it is expedient to quote the very words. "The arrangement of the hours given to sightseers," says the Dictionary, "is so peculiar as almost to suggest the idea that the Grand Steward of Windsor, or the Constable of Windsor Castle, on whichever of those amiable German Princes the duty of making such arrangements may devolve, has been running a match against the trustees of Sir John Soane's Museum for a puzzle prize. Mark the subtlety of that arrangement by which the public are permitted to view the Round Tower on any day from eleven to three in winter and from eleven to four in summer; while to see the Curfew Tower, application must be made to Mr. Gower, the belfry-keeper; and, to contemplate the Royal Mews, Mr. Moon, at the Castle-hill entrance, must be interviewed between the hours of one and three. Still, these objects of interest are open on any day. Now, the Albert Chapel is open every Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday from twelve to three without tickets; while St. George's Chapel may be viewed every day, except Wednesday, between the hours of 12.30 and four. This is not all, however, for if we go to Windsor we must see the state apartments. These are open to the public, during the absence of the Queen and the Court, on Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays, on production of tickets. . . . We struggle to arrange a table of days. The first fact we realise is that we had better not go to Windsor on Saturday. On Wednesday we should "be shut out of St. George's and the State apartments; while if we went on Monday or Tuesday we should be shut out of the Albert Chapel. We therefore fall back upon Thursday or Friday, with the reflection that persons in authority might just as well have said so at once, and saved us the mental agony of working out the puzzle for ourselves."

Starting thus, say on a Thursday, we may as well begin with what lies before us as we enter through the handsome gateway named after Henry VIII. We are in the lowest of the three Wards into which the Castle buildings are divided: the Upper Ward, forming the modern palace, with all its state and private apartments, and looking into the garden and park; the Middle, containing the Round Tower; and the Lower, an irregular oblong, being filled as to its northern side by the splendid buildings of St. George's Chapel and its adjacent cloisters. Splendid, however, as these are—the chapel itself, which Edward IV. raised upon the site of the former chapel built by Edward III., is one of the finest of "perpendicular" buildings—yet the crowning glory of the whole is the exquisite choir, in which are installed the Knights of the Garter. There is beauty in almost the plainest church: the arches, the high windows, the crucial form, the dark wooden pews, are enough in themselves, helped very likely by the beautiful associations which make them dear to us. What words, then, can do justice to the splendour of this chapel, in whose small space are crowded such wonders of exquisite form, of the richest colour, and of historic memories taking bodily form in the rich banners that line the stately building? Along each side are the stalls of the Garter Knights, with, above every one, their swords, crests, and mantles; over these their banners, and underneath brass plates, which record the names and bearings of all past and present Knights. Higher than the stalls, at the west end of the chapel, are the seats of the Sovereign and Princes of the blood Royal; and facing these, over the altar, is the Albert Memorial Window, of rich stained glass. North and south, too, the windows are coloured and blazoned with the cognizances of Knights of the Order.

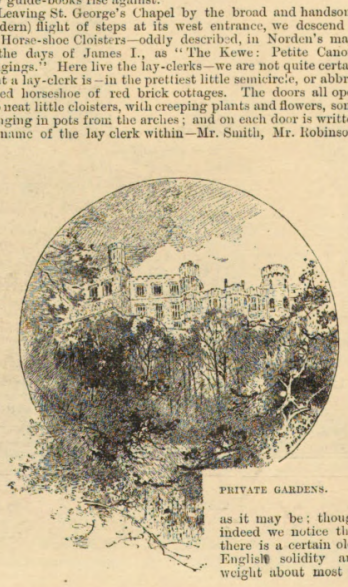
Henry VIII., Jane Seymour, and Charles I. are buried in the Royal vault beneath the centre of the choir, whose reopening, in 1813, by order of the then Prince Regent, suggested Byron's celebrated and ferocious lines:—

> Famed for contemptuous breach of sacred ties,
> By headless Charles see heartless Henry lies.
> Between them stands another sceptred thing:
> It moves, it reigns—in all but name a king.
> Charles to his people, Henry to his wife,
> In him the double tyrant starts to life.

Here are also buried Edward IV. and his Queen, and Henry VI.—who was to have been canonised, it is said, only "the demands of the Pope were too exorbitant"; a fact which throws a quaint little side-light upon the calendar of saints. And there is an irony in the remembrance of Henry VIII.'s elaborate directions for a magnificent monument to himself, to be 28 ft. high, with 134 statues and twenty-four bas-reliefs: all which was "to show that famous princes leaving behind great fame do never die"—and was never carried out.

Outside the choir, there will perhaps be nothing more interesting for the moment than the marble effigy of the Prince Imperial—immediately on the right as you enter the chapel—erected by his mother, and bearing those sad and almost prophetic words written by the young man as he started on his unhappy expedition. Out of place as a monument would doubtless have been in Westminster Abbey, there seems no reason why the Queen should not in her own residence thus honour a personal friend of Imperial birth. And the plain recumbent statue is a great relief to the eye after that wonderful cenotaph of Princess Charlotte—a thing that the very guide-books rise against.

Leaving St. George's Chapel by the broad and handsome (modern) flight of steps at its west entrance, we descend to the Horse-shoe Cloisters—oddly described, in Norden's map, in the days of James I., as "The Kewe: Petite Canons Lodgings." Here live the lay-clerks—we are not quite certain what a lay-clerk is—in the prettiest little semicircle, or abbreviated horseshoe of red brick cottages. The doors all open into neat little cloisters, with creeping plants and flowers, some swinging in pots from the arches; and on each door is written the name of the lay clerk within—Mr. Smith, Mr. Robinson,



PRIVATE GARDENS.

as it may be: though indeed we notice that there is a certain old-English solidity and weight about most of the names, which seems entirely in keeping. They are generally in two syllables, with plenty of consonants, and an air of fourteenth-century spelling about them.

In colour, these Horseshoe Cloisters are among the most satisfactory things in the whole place. You cannot go very far wrong with bricks, new or old; but new stone is a very different matter. In the time of George IV. the whole Castle was thoroughly renovated, very much rebuilt, and a good deal pulled down. A great deal of restoration was no doubt necessary, and much of what was done was in excellent taste—above all, the architect (Sir Jeffry Wyatville) made it his first object to preserve the Castle as it stood under Edward III.; while the heightening the Round Tower—by 50 ft. we believe—was an improvement of incalculable value, a true stroke of genius. Yet it is unquestionable that in the Windsor Castle of to-day, with its towers of (comparatively) small white stones, in unimpeachable repair and of the most uniform colour and surface, there is a neatness as of new pins, an air of respectability which is entirely unhistorical—for indeed nothing is less respectable than history. Now, observe how fine are the three western towers—called Salisbury, Garter, and Curfew—all built by Henry III. Their best aspect is perhaps that of which we have already spoken—from Thames-street, as one ascends from the station; but the views from their summits are also extremely fine. And a little bit further on, from a platform north-west of the Curfew Tower (whence one is straitly enjoined to throw no stones into the street below), there is quite another view, very homely, and very interesting and pleasant: one sees the red houses, the pretty country beyond, and then just under one's nose the commonplace serviceable thoroughfare to the river, known as Bier-street. After castles and cenotaphs and banners, there is something very human in this common bit of street.

Now let us leave it (casting no stones below), and, passing quickly by the houses of the Canons, and leaving to our left their cloisters and the Winchester Tower and the top of the Hundred Steps, get us back to the Albert Memorial Chapel, where indeed we ought to have been this long while—yet not neglecting on our way the Dean's Cloister, a very sweet and



THE CLOCK TOWER.

sacred little spot, just by the Albert Chapel's entrance. Here is the place, of all places in this great Castle, to sit quietly for a while on one of the stone benches by the wall, reading perhaps the quaint epitaphs of old valiant knights, or only looking at the little square of sunlight on the grass, and thinking of the deaths of kings, or of their famous lives, according to one's nature.

Sir Gilbert Scott was the architect chosen by the Queen to restore and beautify the building anciently known as Wolsey's Tomb House, in honour of the Prince Consort; and the work has been done with an effect, as the "Dictionary" already quoted well says, of "almost overpowering" richness. "The roof literally blazes with the Salviati mosaics, and the light entering through the stained-glass windows is enriched with gorgeous dyes." One of the most interesting objects in this small chapel—it is only 68 ft. long—is the cenotaph, of black and gold marble, with the recumbent statue of Prince Albert, in armour of the fourteenth century (*why*, does not exactly appear), executed in Carrara marble. One is reminded a little of the Albert Memorial in Hyde Park, with its gold and marble, by the style of splendour of this chapel; but here the evil influences of English weather and London smoke are happily avoided.

Facing the Albert and St. George's Chapels are the houses of the "Military Knights"—old gentlemen whose declining days are made comfortable (and very comfortable, we are happy to think) on tenure, apparently, by a service which would seem to consist of occasionally wearing a rather odd uniform. Beyond the Military Knights, we do not think that anything of very great interest—except, it may be, Henry III.'s Tower on our right—remains to be looked at in the Lower Ward: so we go to the next, or Middle Ward, in which stands the Round Tower, surrounded by an ancient fosse, now partly filled up and ornamented with particularly quaint and appropriate flower-beds.

To the Round Tower we pass under a very beautiful Norman gateway—massive, simple, and grand—a fitting entry for a palace. Immediately on the right, when this is passed, begin the innumerable steps—though, by-the-way, the children coming down always count them and always disagree as to their number—which do in the end lead to the summit of the Round Tower.

Coming down stairs—and noticing the great bell from Moscow, which children (some of them rather large) can never resist sounding—a picturesque gateway with steps leads down to the northern terrace, while a sharp turn to the right brings us facing the entrance to the state apartments, with, still on our right, the irregular quadrangle of the Upper Ward. Here, at the western end, is the statue of Charles II.; on the south, the great gateway of George IV., and the visitors' apartments


MONTMARTRE



of the palace, with, at the extreme end, the Victoria Tower; eastward lie the private apartments of the Queen, and northward the state apartments, into which we will now go.

It is a public day, and a little group of the public is waiting in the ante-room at the top of the staircase for the guide who, every quarter of an hour, "personally conducts" a party through the rooms. They are oddly made up, these parties; fortunately for the guide, they usually include several British workmen, or very small tradesmen, and their wives—an infinitely better audience for little jokes or impressive statements than haughty members of the educated middle class, who are always on their dignity in public. On the day of our visit there was an old fellow, the most perfect reproduction of one of the coachmen in "Pickwick," who persisted in waiting in every room till he was actually forced by the guide to move into the next, but who displayed great inarticulate joy at hearing the price of various articles of virtù. He had a particular snort of triumph for any sum over ten thousand pounds, which pleased our guide exceedingly; for this guide was a nice old gentleman, who thoroughly enjoyed his work, and who, having loudly made a statement for the benefit of the entire assembly, was wont, out of pure kind-heartedness, to repeat it *sotto voce* in the ear of some favoured individual.

First he took us to the Audience, then to the Presence Chamber; in both of which the ceiling is covered with the "sprawling goddesses" of Verrio—in each room the central figure is Catherine of Braganza, behaving allegorically—and the walls are covered with the story of Esther, told in Gobelin tapestry, really wonderful in its perfect preservation and vivid colour. The carved work of Grinling Gibbons in the Presence Chamber is extremely fine.

Next to these comes the Guard Chamber, one of the most interesting in the palace. It is stored with arms, picturesque in their evident readiness for use; and contains many trophies of unequalled interest. Among these are a part of the foremast of the Victory, with a colossal bust of Nelson, by Chantrey, and a shot fired from the Santissima Trinidad. There are also busts of Wellington and Marlborough, with banners above them: the estates of Strathfieldsaye and Blenheim are held upon the tenure of an annual presentation—on the 18th of June and the 2nd of August—of these flags. Then there are the complete suits of armour of many princes; a beautiful silver shield by Benvenuto Cellini (this name was a great triumph to our guide), given by Francis to Henry on the Field of the Cloth of Gold; a trophy from Zululand; King Koffee's umbrella; and—of all things—a chair called Burns's, made of oak from the roof of Alloway Kirk. *Que fait il dans cette galère?*

St. George's Hall, the grand banqueting-room, which comes next, first strikes one as much too long for its width; and, indeed, these are not its original proportions—it looks far better as one stands some 40 ft. from the door. Still, it is a fine room, and particularly well suited for its purpose. On its ceiling are painted the arms of all the Knights of the Garter, and their names are on the walls—almost last is that of Lord Beaconsfield, a self-made man among the countless emperors and kings. The last banquet in this hall was given when the late Czar was here; and the value of the service of gold then used delighted beyond measure our old gentleman from Dickens.

The Waterloo Chamber is said, by the guide-book of to-day, to be "in the style of architecture which flourished in the time of Elizabeth"; yet, when it was built by our "Sailor King," the irreverent compared it to the cabin of a ship. It contains the portraits of nearly every eminent man connected with the Battle of Waterloo—excepting one, Napoleon, who it is said was there. The chandeliers in this room are magnificent, and the tapestry very fine.

After these are the Grand Reception-Room, all in gold, with the story of Jason in tapestry on its walls, and the Throne-Room—along which the Siamese Ambassadors crawled on their stomachs to the further end, where her Majesty was sitting to receive them. The prevailing colour in this room is the rich Garter-blue.

The Rubens Room is of an ugly red, but the pictures are very fine—some of them are splendid examples of the dashing, exuberant strength of the master. Further on are a Zuccarelli Room—with some beautiful things—and a Vandyke Room, formerly called the Ball-Room, in which are twenty-seven portraits by Vandyke, almost all of very great historical interest: three of Charles I. (one from three points of view, painted for Bernini, who was to execute his bust), four of Charles II. as a boy, and three of James, with five of Henrietta Maria.

In the State Ante-Room (the "King's Public Dining-Room" of Charles II.) are some fine carving by Grinling Gibbons and a curious transparency of George III., doubly reflected by mirrors, and painted on glass from a portrait by Reynolds.

Into the private apartments one can only go with a special order from the Lord Chamberlain, and this is very seldom given. Their principal interest lies in the marvellous collection of what our fathers called "curiosities," to be found in the Grand Corridor—520 ft. in length, and extending round the south and east sides of the Quadrangle—and in the drawing-rooms. The porcelain is literally without a rival, and includes the most famous set of Sèvres in existence—the service made for Louis XIV., and afterwards acquired by George IV. The extraordinary Oriental trophies, too, and the wonderful pictures, must be "seen to be believed"—only, unfortunately, by the outer world they must *not* be seen.

From the windows of all these rooms, except those which look into the Quadrangle, one sees the splendid terrace upon which, whatever the weather, Elizabeth used to "take exercise" with a vigour worthy of a Virgin Queen. Everyone has admired this terrace, with its lovely views over town, woodland, and meadows: Miss Burney gives us a charming picture of the little Princess walking gravely there, and Pepys says, prettily, "It is the most romantique castle that is in the world. But Lord! the prospect that is in the balcone in the Queen's lodgings, the terrace and the walk, are strange things to consider, being the best in the world, sure."

This, leaving for the moment the Park and Virginia Water, is a brief catalogue of what is best worth seeing in Windsor Castle: now let us fulfil our promise of sketching, as shortly as may be, what most notable things have happened there—who built, besieged, and defended it.

It is a far cry from Queen Victoria of to-day to the mythical Arthur; yet Froissart says that he held his Round Table at Windsor—a statement which cuts both ways, proving both the age of the Castle and the existence of the King. A story told by William of Malmesbury about a miracle—the cure of a blind man by Edward the Confessor, after which the healed one was placed in charge of "the Royal palace at Windsor"—though it be not conclusive as to the saintly miracle, proves less doubtfully that in Edward's day the Royal palace was there to be taken charge of.



LEADING TO THE CLOISTERS.

A strict regard for truth compels us to add that this prototype of the Windsor Castle of to-day was probably at *Old* Windsor, some five miles nearer London than the comparatively modern buildings; but even were this fact more certain than it is, the first Royal residence deserves at least a mention in any account of the present.

We are treading on surer ground, however, when we come to the date at which—until Freeman and his disciples—the English history of schools practically began. William I.—conqueror of our, by hypothesis, unconquerable Fatherland—undoubtedly built a Castle on the brow of the hill two miles north-west of Old Windsor: it is quite possible that, if we only knew it, some of the bricks are there "at this day to testify it." We also know that he sometimes lived at Windsor; but here again the doubt as to whether it was Old or New steps in. Probably it was Old Windsor; that grim Norman castle was most likely at the first little more than a stronghold built on the strongest military point of those parts, and designed rather to keep enemies out and prisoners in than to add very much of sweetness or light to the lives of its occupants.

Soon enough, indeed, is it mentioned as a State prison: first in 1095, in the reign of William's red-haired son. The Earl of Northumberland did not pay his respects at the Court of this monarch, having very reasonable fears as to what might be his treatment there: and William straightway attacked him at his fortress of Bamborough Castle. Thence the Earl escaped; but was captured, and became the first of a long line of illustrious prisoners at Windsor. From his time onwards, in fact, the history of the Castle is but a chronicle of fightings and captivities, mixed with constant builders' accounts and varied by an occasional marriage.

Next to William Rufus came, the earliest to give something of their present shape to the buildings of the Castle, Henry I. He greatly enlarged the place, and made it more of a home in which a king could live; his buildings would seem to have occupied, roughly speaking, what are now the Middle and Lower Wards. Even of his work, however, nothing remains but the Keep, and that rather in form and position than in actual stone and iron. "Time is an eater of things:" a maxim which only the Romans who invented it seem to have been able to disprove—Roman roads and Roman walls alone stand the wear and tear of the ages.

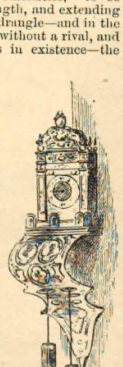
Henry also added the chapel named after Edward the Confessor, and in it was married and re-crowned—a ceremony then generally performed at the marriage of the King. At this second coronation a scene occurred only possible in the roughest of those rough times. William, Archbishop of Canterbury, was to have crowned the King, but his fierce rival, Thurstan, Archbishop of York, tried to secure for himself the performance of the ceremony. His cross-bearer actually carried the sacred emblem into the chapel—and had to be turned out therefrom, "neck and crop." We cannot conceive the possibility of such a scene nowadays.

Through the wars of Maud and Stephen the Castle seems to have passed untroubled; but special mention is made of it in a charter supplementary to the treaty of Wallingford, by which the English throne was given to Stephen for life, then to Henry, Duke of Normandy (afterwards Henry II.), and his heirs. "By the consent of Holy Church," said Stephen in this charter, "I have made unto the Duke such assurance of my castles and fortresses that at my death the Duke may not suffer any damage or delay in acquiring possession of the kingdom. The Tower of London and the Fortress of Windsor, with the consent of Holy Church, are delivered to Richard de Lacy, safely to be kept; and Richard de Lacy has sworn, *and has delivered his son in pledge*, to remain in the hands and custody of the Archbishop of Canterbury, that after my decease he shall deliver the Castle to the Duke." The pledge seems odd to us nowadays: one wonders how the poor boy passed his time, "in the custody of the Archbishop of Canterbury"—whether it was a sort of honourable captivity, or was only like being at boarding-school: though, by-the-by, Richard de Lacy's son was possibly a full-grown man.

This trusteeship of Windsor Castle seems to have passed off satisfactorily; a good deal, as money went in those days, was spent in works about the Castle—£135 16s. 8d. in one year, £188 4s. 6d. in three others, of which £20 were for repairs to the walls. But the next guardian had by no means such an easy time of it.

This was Hugh Pudsey, Bishop of Durham and Chief Justiciar of England, to whom Richard Cœur de Lion, on his departure for the Crusades, granted his custody, with the forest, and the shrievalty of the county of Berks. But the famous William Longchamp, Pudsey's great rival, managed to decoy him to a meeting in the Castle of Tickhill—where he was seized and detained until he had surrendered Castle, forest, and shrievalty, as well as the earldom of Northumberland!

This was pretty well, even for those days; but Longchamp was not the only one who could play at that game. The Castle passed to and from his keeping more than once, John (nicknamed Lackland) doing what he could to outshine the churchman in violence and contempt for ordinary scruples. At last William Longchamp was deposed, and compelled to surrender the Tower and Windsor to the Archbishop of Rouen, who—it seems odd in these more English days—was made Chancellor in his place.



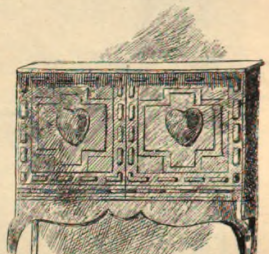
CLOCK PRESENTED BY HENRY VIII. TO ANNE BOLEYN.

The struggle was now between the French Archbishop, with the Barons—not yet English—of England, on his side; and Prince John on the other. In 1193 John, with no great difficulty, took the Castle; but the Barons, rising to oppose his army of Welshmen and foreigners, at once besieged it. The operations were under the command of the Archbishop—evidently of the Church militant—and the Castle held out a long time. At last the garrison lost heart and fled; but were caught, and, as Holinshed says, "put to worthy execution." In these confused and ignoble struggles it is often difficult to say which side was worthier to be punished; but it is perhaps fair to assume that John would always contrive to be in the wrong.

It was in his days, when he became King, that occurred one of the most famous or infamous tragedies which are connected with the name of Windsor; though whether it really took place here is by no means a certain thing—there is some evidence that Corfe Castle was its scene. William de Braose was a knight from whom the King had a good deal of difficulty in getting the rent he claimed in respect of certain lands in Ireland (history, by-the-way, certainly *does* repeat itself). The Knight resisted, *vi et armis*; but John—according to the Annals of Margam—crossed to Ireland and captured William's wife, Maud de Braose, and his son, whom he imprisoned, first at Bristol, then at Windsor. Their ransom was fixed at 50,000 marks; but William fled to France instead of paying it. Then the King, says another chronicler (the one who gives Corfe as their place of imprisonment), ordered mother and son to be inclosed in a room with a sheaf of wheat and a piece of raw bacon. On the eleventh day their prison was opened, and they were found both dead; the mother was sitting upright between her son's legs, with her head leaning back on his breast, whilst he was also in a sitting posture, with his face turned towards the ground. Maud de Braose, in her last pangs of hunger, had gnawed the cheeks of her son, then probably dead.

Part of John's punishment, and perhaps the bitterest part, took place not long after this, within a mile or two of Windsor, at Runnymede, the old "field of the council," as its name denotes, now the field of that council of Barons which wrung from him his consent to the great Charter. Next year Windsor Castle was besieged, while the King was ravaging Norfolk and Suffolk; but the Barons soon raised the siege, and marched to attack John himself.

The long reign of his successor was, perhaps, as important as any in the annals of the Castle. Henry III. built a new great hall in the Lower Ward, and the three towers already mentioned as his work, continued the wall on the south side of the same ward, and added the tower now known by his name; and, chief perhaps of all, the chapel whose place was first filled by Henry VII.'s Tomb House, which, again, was greatly reconstructed by Wolsey, and which was finally converted into the Albert Chapel of to-day. It is probable, too, that he built the Norman Tower, which now forms a gateway between the Upper and Middle Wards.



MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS' CABINET.

In 1264, during the Barons' War, Prince Edward carried off by a surprise the military chest of the City of London, and defended its treasures in Windsor Castle—which he lost and recovered a good many times during the war. However, in 1265, he had the pleasure of imprisoning the chief citizens of London there, till they paid a heavy fine for their adherence to Simon de Montfort.

The next great "Windsor King" was Edward III., born there, to whose Order of the Garter the Castle owes so much of its fame. There is really no need to repeat again that little scandal about Lady Salisbury, but I may say that, however it originated, the creation of the Order was a brilliant stroke of policy. The Garter is unquestionably the most famous of all chivalric orders, and there is no doubt that it completely served the turn of the ambitious Prince who founded it. The first installation took place on St. George's Day, 1349, with magnificent ceremonies and jousts—in which latter the King's ringing and characteristic motto was

Hay hay, the wythe swan
By God's soul I am thy man!

But even these festivities were outdone by the tournament and rejoicing held in honour of his prisoner, King John of France, taken at Poitiers in 1357. Edward seems to have been a little surprised that his captive did not enjoy himself more; but the French King was quite shrewd enough to see that feasts "in honour of" a prisoner, were yet more "in honour of" his conqueror. In 1356 Edward intrusted the works of rebuilding and improvement to the famous William of Wykeham, who built the Winchester Tower, and became Bishop of Winchester.

Shakspeare has described for us the next great historical scene here acted: the combat, before Richard II., between Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk, and Henry of Lancaster. How both the combatants were banished, and how one returned, everyone knows—even that "merest schoolboy" of fiction. And then, close after our mention of Shakspeare, two other poets' names rise to greet us—Chaucer, clerk of the works of St. George's Chapel at two shillings a day (it was a good deal then), and James, afterwards the First of Scotland, prisoner for eighteen years in the Round Tower. Here he saw and loved Jane of Beaufort, grand-daughter of John of Gaunt; and—which really is odd—they were actually married, and became King and Queen of Scotland, and lived happily ever afterwards.

Another poet was imprisoned in the Round Tower a century later—the Earl of Surrey, one of the band of courtly versifiers who surrounded that "bright occidental star," Elizabeth, in the days when, as would seem, every gentleman could not only write his sonnet but could put classic and genuine poetry into it. This prisoner, too, had his lady-love, the fair Geraldine, and they were married—but, alas! they married other persons: yet also, very possibly, lived happily ever after.

EDWARD ROSE.

ENGLISH HOMES.—No. I. WINDSOR CASTLE.



1. Favourite Walk of the Queen on the East Terrace.
2. The Norman Tower.
3. Entrance to the Private Gardens.
4. Cavaliers' Room in the Norman Tower. (Second Room.)
5. Cavaliers' Room in the Norman Tower. (First Room.)

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No. 2389.—VOL. LXXXVI. SATURDAY, JANUARY 31, 1885. TWO WHOLE SHEETS | SIXPENCE. By Post, 6½d.



THE LATE COLONEL FREDERICK BURNABY, ROYAL HORSE GUARDS, KILLED IN THE SOUDAN.—SEE PAGE 132.

OUR NOTE-BOOK

The public anxiety as to the safety of Major-General Sir Herbert Stewart's force after the engagement at Abou Klea was allayed by the publication of the War Office despatch on Wednesday (General Gordon's birthday, aptly). We give in another column the official telegram, which tersely tells how the first stage of the task intrusted by Lord Wolseley to Sir Herbert Stewart was accomplished with remarkable celerity. Metammeh was captured by the gallant troops under that distinguished General, though at a deplorable cost in killed and wounded; and Sir Charles Wilson forthwith left for Khartoum on board a steamer. The nation learnt with deep regret that to the lamentable roll-call of dead at Abou Klea, which contained the name of none more sincerely mourned than that of Colonel F. Burnaby, has been added a sadly large list of brave officers and men. Sir Herbert Stewart himself was severely wounded. The brilliant band of Special Correspondents suffered a grievous loss by the death of the able representative of the *Standard*, Mr. Cameron, and of Mr. St. Leger Herbert, of the *Morning Post;* while Mr. Bennett Burleigh, of the *Daily Telegraph*, was wounded.

Apropos of the enterprise of the London daily press in dispatching skilful writers to the Soudan, a due measure of praise should be awarded to Mr. Henry S. Pearse, who, after a fight for life in the British square at the Battle of Abou Klea, wrote as the Special Correspondent of the *Daily News* the lucid and admirable description of the engagement which appeared in that Journal on the 22nd inst. Mr. Pearse, who had his horse shot under him in the heat of the combat, is an enthusiastic hunting man, well known at Dulverton and with the Queen's Buckhounds. We have had the pleasure of inserting the picturesque report of more than one good run from the animated pen of Mr. Pearse; and since he joined Lord Wolseley's Expedition up the Nile Mr. Pearse has favoured *The Illustrated London News* with sketches in addition to the drawings we have received from Mr. Melton Prior, our Special Artist with Sir Herbert Stewart in the march from Korti to Metammeh.

The serious Dynamite Explosions of Saturday last, though causing great havoc at the Tower, in Westminster Hall, and in the House of Commons, had one satisfactory result. The fiendish outrages roused the American people to a feeling of natural indignation against the despicable outlaws who have hitherto abused the hospitality of the United States by conspiring to organise these attacks on humanity. Her Majesty's Government will, no doubt, cordially thank the President for the prompt expression of sympathy on the part of the Washington Senate, at the instigation of Mr. Bayard.

The system of extra embellishing recognised editions of books is no older than this century; but, judging from the prices realised at Mr. Herman's sale of his library last week, the practice is well worth adopting. Any cheap or ordinary book can be taken and despoiled of its binding. A collection is then made of autographs, engravings, newspaper cuttings, advertisements, or playbills having any bearing on the subject of the book. These are then all bound up together, an index is made, a fresh titlepage printed, and an insignificant octavo volume is metamorphosed into two or more folios. With the lives of great men this appears quite fashionable, and certainly has the distinct advantage of placing at once before the student details which he could not obtain otherwise but by protracted research. Of course everything depends on the nature and rarity of the interleaved documents; and so dexterously had Mr. Herman done his work that in several instances books worth only a few shillings by themselves realised sums varying from fifty to a hundred and fifteen pounds. Notably, the life of Edmund Kean had been extended to four large volumes by the additions of autograph letters of Kemble, Elliston, Braham, Burns, and others; tickets for the Princess's Theatre, signed by Charles Kean; fine engravings of contemporary actors and actresses, and no less than 304 playbills. This was purchased on behalf of Mr. Henry Irving, who was so anxious to secure the collection (it can hardly be called a book) that he cabled his commission from America.

A small, and apparently insignificant, pamphlet, consisting of only a few pages, realised, in proportion, the highest price of the day. This was an original edition of Shelley's "Adonais," which was bought by an American collector for fifty-two pounds. The reason of its value is that only a few copies were printed, and were intended for private circulation. Shelley was in Italy at the time he wrote this elegy on the death of John Keats, and the titlepage bears the notification that it was printed at Pisa in 1821. The copy sold had been presented by the author to Leigh Hunt, and by his son to Thomas Love Peacock. The edition is extremely rare, and apparently eagerly sought after by bibliophiles.

The Queen has always been very fond of Irish poplin, and it was said when the "sea king's daughter from over the sea" came to England, before her marriage with the Prince of Wales, that she wore a grey Dublin poplin, which was her Majesty's choice and gift. Whether this were so or no, Queen Victoria has taken every opportunity of showing her preference for these beautiful fabrics, and has now ordered from Messrs. Atkinson and Co., of College-green, Dublin, some exquisite pieces for the trousseau of Princess Beatrice. One has an ivory-white ground interwoven with gold threads, which form a rich Oriental pattern; another is of deep cardinal hue, and the very finest quality; and the third is sky-blue, strewn with sprays of forget-me-not.

The late Colonel Fred Burnaby, like the majority of practical men who have seen much of the world, had but little faith in thought-reading, and managed to mystify one of its earliest professors with complete success. The task of hiding the pin being confided to this son of Mars, he adroitly stuck it into the tail of the operator's dress coat, and then stood by, smiling all over his face, while the thought-reader spun round and round, made knowing dashes at such likely places as curtains and table-covers, and finally gave up the search and declared himself foiled.

Another well-authenticated story of this adventure-loving hero is that after the publication of his "Ride to Khiva" he was honoured by her Majesty's command to dine with her at Windsor Castle that she might hear some of his experiences from his own mouth. Colonel Burnaby accordingly deposited himself in the train at Waterloo, and went to sleep so soundly that he did not change at Weybridge, and, in fact, slept till he reached Basingstoke. The station master at that important junction helped him out of his dilemma by making up a special train and dispatching him in it direct to Windsor, where he arrived just in time to dress and appear in the Royal presence before dinner was announced.

Great artists have to a considerable extent abandoned the inconvenient old-fashioned practice of producing replicas of their favourite works. Sir Joshua Reynolds, and masters much more ancient than himself, made a habit of this system, not for fraudulent purposes of course, but to suit the demands of their patrons. The result is that posterity has been over and over again confused. One of the most charming productions of Sir Joshua is "Penelope Boothby," and "Penelope Boothby," by Sir Joshua Reynolds, is now on view at the Exhibition of Old Masters at Burlington House. But this is not the great original picture. It is a replica, probably painted and certainly touched up and adopted by the painter whose name is identified with it. *The* "Penelope Boothby," of which the engraving is so popular, is in the collection of the Earl of Dudley, and has not been shown in public for many years.

Like the poet, the cavalry leader seems to be "nascitur non fit." Sir Herbert Stewart, whose brilliant exploits in the Soudan are in every Englishman's mind at the present time, commenced his military career in a foot regiment, and two other prominent horse-soldiers of the present period, Colonel Valentine Baker and Sir Redvers Buller, were also formerly officers of infantry. But their inborn talent has found them out, and they have taken the posts for which their inspiration, not their education or the branch of the service they originally adopted, fitted them.

The very latest style of *coiffure* in Paris is *à la Récamier*, and probably the recently published memoirs of that celebrated beauty have had something to do with the revival of the fashion which so well became her. One modification has been introduced, and that is the insertion of a comb at the back. This is good news for ladies who are fortunate enough to possess fine old tortoise-shell or jewelled combs that belonged to their great-grandmothers.

Many anecdotes are told of the late Edmond About; but one of the most touching relates to the ex-Empress Eugénie. About's well-known romance, "Germaine," was appearing *en feuilleton*, and the interesting heroine was a consumptive girl, very deeply in love. When the *dénoûment* appeared imminent, the Empress wrote to the author, "I beg that you will not let her die"; and, like a gallant man, he saved Germaine's life in the very next number. A similar story is told of "Amaury," by Alexandre Dumas; but in that case it was a father who observed that the symptoms of the heroine resembled those of a beloved daughter, who was fading away. Dumas at once wrote a happy ending to the story, and sent it to the young lady; but the original one was published immediately after her early death.

Kings have been winning golden opinions lately from their subjects, and winning them pretty easily. The King of Italy behaved well in the dark days of cholera, and a grateful people gave him their blessing; and now the King of Spain has been visiting the scenes of earthquake and finding an enthusiastic reception. Neither King can be said, perhaps, to have done anything very extraordinary, though the King of Italy certainly ran some risk, as one of his race would always be ready to do. Still, the spectacle in either case is a prettier one than that of the old French King and his Pompadour looking callously on at the miseries of the people and murmuring, "Après nous le déluge." It was Belzunce, the "good Bishop," not the young King Louis XV., too young at the time for spontaneous action, who was the hero of the "Plague of Marseilles."

The German Reichstag is just now much occupied with considering how the employment of married women in factories can be regulated so as to give them the opportunity of fulfilling their home duties as well as adding to the family income. The deputies most prominent on this subject are Herr Kropatscheck, Herr Von Hertling, and Count Galen, and the amendments they wish to introduce into the existing laws will provide that no married woman be employed on a Sunday or fête day, or between 8.30 p.m. and 5.30 on the following morning. Another point is that these women should be free to go home for a full half hour before the interval for dinner, thus having an hour and a half to themselves in the middle of the day, and still another stipulates that on Saturdays and the eves of fête days they should return home three hours before the end of the ordinary day's work, or in no case later than half-past five in the evening; and by these means it is hoped that the homes and families of working men will be comfortable and well cared for. German legislation never seems to lose sight of the fact that the home is the true fount of social well-being, and the strong point of the Fatherland.

Here is a curious question, which it appears that Mr. Justice Denman cannot decide by himself alone. Mr. Thomas Ashwell asked for the loan of a shilling from Mr. Edward Keogh; and the latter, consenting to lend it, handed the former a sovereign by mistake. Mr. Ashwell stuck to the whole sovereign, and was consequently charged with stealing it; but it was pleaded on his behalf that he did not "take" it, he "kept" it. Then, if property comes accidentally into your hands and you only keep it, you do not steal it. Perhaps, if Mr. Ashwell had been charged with stealing nineteen twentieths of the sovereign, the case might have been a little plainer. A man who borrows a shilling is certainly not likely to be in a position to give nineteen shillings change out of a sovereign; but, if he does not, he evidently "takes" nineteen twentieths of the lender's sovereign. Mr. Ashwell is clearly a person who, if an inch were given him, would "take" an ell.

Billiards is going on merrily, and Mr. W. J. Peall has been making some wonderful practice at the "spot." But that the champion, Mr. John Roberts, jun., playing "all round," should have beaten Mr. F. Bennett, playing "all in," by more than 3000 points out of 10,000, is something more marvellous still. It will be a pity if the new example set at the Aquarium, when there was an exchange of "chaff" between Mr. W. Mitchell and a spectator, should be commonly followed: such beginnings generally lead to a bear-garden scene in the end, and that would be a consummation devoutly to be deprecated.

By-the-way, Messrs. Burroughes and Watts, the eminent manufacturers in Soho-square, have published a unique and instructive little work called "Billiards Simplified; or, How to Make a Break." The work is unique, insomuch as it gives examples not of how Mr. John Roberts, sen., or Mr. W. Cook, or Mr. J. Bennett, or Mr. W. Mitchell, or Mr. W. J. Peall might be expected to make a break under certain circumstances, but of how they really did it, the score having been taken down stroke by stroke from actual play in four cases out of the five. There are very good likenesses of the five players, and there are some very useful remarks about "the natural angle," with a diagram which deserves to be carefully studied. There is certainly no other book, so far as a pretty wide experience can be depended upon, which gives so much sound and sensible advice within so small a compass not only to students of billiards but also to proprietors of billiard-tables. That there should be no example of the play exhibited by Mr. John Roberts, jun., the Champion, who excels all other players in style and in "all round" play, if not in "spot" play also, is a matter for regret; but Messrs. Burroughes and Watts probably had good reasons for the omission.

One of M. Millais' pictures for the forthcoming Royal Academy Exhibition is now complete. It is called "Orphans," and depicts a lovely little pensive child, in a white frock and a yellow sash, playing with a baby rabbit. Both of them are supposed to have lost parents, and to entertain, therefore, a mute, unexplained sympathy for each other. The expression of the faces of the girl and the animal certainly carries out the intentions of the painter. "Little Miss Muffit," another picture by this artist, which was on view at McLean's Gallery, has been sold to Mr. Keiller, of Dundee, for five thousand pounds.

Is waltzing to be dignified by the name of a fine art? or relegated to the realm of heartless frivolity? According to Mr. Edward Scott, who has published a dainty little manual on the subject, it is not only high art, but high breeding and polished manners into the bargain. He points out that a lady in a ball-room may make a friend for life of the timid partner who is nervous and inexperienced, if she will but exercise a little kindly tact in putting him at his ease, and he analyses the construction of the waltz with the zeal of a lover. At the same time, Mr. Scott deprecates the selfishness of filling up ball programmes entirely with waltzes, and makes some very sensible remarks on "treading time to graceful measures" versus the romping, into which round dances sometimes degenerate. Quadrilles, lancers, the Highland schottische, polo, Caledonians, cotillons, and other modern dances, come in for their share of notice, and the "New Ball-room Guide," though small enough to go into a waistcoat pocket, is a perfect compendium of all that a novice can require when seeking to thread successfully the mazes of an evening devoted to terpsichorean exercise.

Horse-racing and betting at Newmarket are known to be of great antiquity, but scarcely of such antiquity as is apparently intended to be inferred from the following statement:—"An interesting discovery has been made on the Newmarket Heath. In levelling a mound, the workmen discovered in a concrete grave the skeletons of a male and a female, and, not far from them, a horse. In the grave were a number of flint arrow-heads, and some bits of metal were found in an urn, but no coins." We are clearly to infer that in the "flint age" that "male" and that "female" lost all their "coins" in betting about that "horse."

To see ourselves as others see us is proverbially instructive; and so it may be instructive, from an orthographical point of view, to note that the Mahdi regards us as "Inglis," and our Premier as "Klastun." But "what 's in a name"?

Apropos of the Mahdi, our victory at Abou Klea has met with scanty appreciation in French and German newspapers. That looks well for us; as there is nothing like success to excite envy, jealousy, and the spirit of depreciation. If we could only suffer some terrible disaster, our French and German neighbours would gladly sympathise with us (on paper). Let us hope that we may continue to be the object of their carping criticism; with their sympathy we can cheerfully dispense, when we reflect that there would be something not altogether displeasing to them in the misfortunes of even their best friends.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

Presumably, it is entirely in accordance with the spirit of the age that modern representations of Shakspeare's plays should appeal so much more to the head than to the heart. But so it is. So long as the eye is satisfied, the intellect may well look after itself. Now, "As You Like It," with all its poetical glamour and romantic charm, its chances for appealing to the imagination, and taking us to an ideal world, is perhaps the very last Shakspearean play that might have been expected at the St. James's Theatre. It does not follow because Mr. and Mrs. Kendal have occasionally played Orlando and Rosalind that therefore a modern comedy company, modern by tradition, modern by taste, modern by election, should be found capable of interpreting one of the most fanciful of the idyllic Shakspearean plays. Training, habit, manner, and disposition are all required before a company, selected and educated for one purpose, can be found identified with another. The spirit of "The Squire" or "The Ironmaster" is as different from "As You Like It" as light from darkness. The plays are as wide apart as the poles. They are modern prose contrasted with old poetry. Now, it is impossible to conceive that anything could possibly be badly done at the St. James's Theatre. There is no more careful direction in London. The stage is, perhaps, over-small and cramped for such a play as this; but it was quite certain that nothing would be left undone. And so it turned out. Mr. Lewis Wingfield, a learned and able authority, was asked to put a romantic play that has no period into some fantastic age. He went to the illuminated pages of Froissart, and gave himself up to the study of charming head-dresses and parti-coloured hose; he dressed and decked up his crowds in mediæval costumes; he made a pageant out of the old wrestling scene; he filled the Forest of Arden with courtiers and ducal nobles so smart and fine that they looked as if they were all off to a fancy ball; there was a hawk fluttering on a noble's wrists—a poor frightened creature, flapping his wings so distractingly that he interrupted the dialogue; there were lurchers and deer-hounds, and a real fallow deer on huntsmen's shoulders; there were choristers and choir-boys appointed to sing new music composed for this occasion by Mr. Alfred Cellier, as, of course, Dr. Arne and Henry Bishop were too old-fashioned and obsolete for a modern revival. In fact, everything was done apparently to show that our ancestors were either all wrong or strangely unambitious, and that "As You Like It" was to be seen in appropriate costume for the first time. There can be no question about the intention, but how about the result? I cannot, of course, pretend to say how it appeals to others; I can only place on record how this new-fashioned method of treating Shakspeare strikes me. I have seen the play under its old shabby surroundings at the Haymarket, when Helen Faucit and Adelaide Neilson were Rosalinds; I have seen it at the Imperial Theatre, under Miss Lytton's management, when the exact spirit of Shakspeare appeared to have been caught, and when the poem was put in an enchanting frame; I have now seen it at the St. James's Theatre, where probably more care and pains have been devoted to the play than ever, and I am bound to confess that it never interested me so little, or shut out my imagination so curiously against it. We were all dazzled with the beautiful and costly dresses; the pageants and processions passed before our eyes; the elaborate detail was not lost on us. I am silly enough perhaps to prefer the old music to the new, but that does not so much matter. I was enchanted with Mr. Harford's flower-starred wood, the glistening waterfall, the leafy glade, and the truly English forest; but somehow or other the whole poetic sense seemed to have evaporated from the play. The binding was there, but the book was gone. We had plenty of scenery, but very little Shakspeare. The melody of the master was no longer heard. The whole thing was costly and beautiful, but unmelodious and expressionless.

I attribute the difficulty to the fact that the majority of the performers are apparently utterly unable to understand or appreciate the rhythm, the charm, or the deeper meaning of Shakspearean verse. They are as much at sea with Shakspeare as if they were engaged on a Sanscrit poem. They speak the words, but do not convey to their hearers the slightest sense from them. Passage after passage of exquisite beauty falls flat on account of an almost universal ignorance of the first principles of stage elocution. With the principals no fault could be found. We may think what we please about Mrs. Kendal's conception of Rosalind, and her idea of this charming creation; but her cleverness would carry her through a far more formidable task than this, and her elocution is beyond reproach. How the company, hearing her speak her speeches, assisting in the dialogue, and delivering the epilogue, fail to profit by her example must ever remain a mystery. Again, when Mr. Hermann Vezin as Jaques or Mr. Maclean as Old Adam have the ear of the house, we feel at once that they understand Shakspeare, and can convey their understanding. Mr. John Hare as Touchstone has clearly got the right view of the character; he appreciates it and understands it, and I should not be surprised to find that this turned out to be a remarkably clever performance. At the outset, the method was at fault, because the actor was hindered by a sudden fit of nervousness, natural enough after the anxiety of such an important occasion. But what can be said of the estimable gentlemen who mumble the First Lord's description of the wounded deer, who murder the passage illustrative of the attack of the lioness on Orlando, who make of the banished Duke a worthy but utterly prosy and uninteresting old gentleman, and who, by their combined efforts, succeed in robbing the play of its chief grace and beauty? I can conceive that many a one in the audience—loving Shakspeare—would have willingly sacrificed a hawk or a hound, a girdle or a head-dress, for one speech more of Shakspeare properly understood and intelligently delivered. The company does not lack intelligence, but they are not trained to Shakspeare, and they all want as much training and drilling as the children who have just astonished London at the Savoy Theatre. Much of the money expended on the showy spectacle might well have been devoted to teaching an Audrey how to act and a Sylvius how to speak. Such performances as these are unworthy of a first-class theatre. If nothing better can be found, why attempt Shakspeare? By far the most promising of the younger members of the company was Miss Webster, who played Phebe with intelligence, and spoke her lines excellently, and of course Miss Linda Dietz made a charming Celia. Mr. Kendal is too steady and well disciplined an actor to go far wrong with a character outside his style and temperament. He looked Orlando, if he did not always feel the part; and Mrs. Kendal is so bright and clever that her Rosalind becomes a pleasant thing to look upon and to hear. It is not a Rosalind of the study, but of the stage. It is modern and un-Shakspearean, but it is unquestionably attractive. And that is, after all, the great point in these days. Now, as ever, "the drama's laws the drama's patrons give." It is quite possible that the majority present at a play prefer to see Mr. Wingfield's pretty dresses, the carefully arranged managerial detail, to see dogs on the stage, to behold hawks on wrists, and to hear the song of birds and clang of sheep-bells, and all such demonstrative realism, to any acting, good or bad; but I confess that I should have thought, in these days of elocution classes, Shakspearean readings, higher education, and extreme culture, that the first thing that would have been required in a Shakspearean play would be the spirit of Shakspeare, and the intelligent interpretation of the poet's text.

The happy return of Miss Ada Cavendish to convalescence has enabled Mr. Edgar Bruce—who is now the manager of the Olympic Theatre to secure the services of this popular actress, who brings with her a successful new play. Rumours have been blown to London of a certain Mr. Mark Quinton, who had convinced provincial audiences of his skill as a dramatist in a new play, called "In His Power," and evidently written to bring out all the emotional strength of which Miss Cavendish is capable. A woman who, married to a good husband, is suddenly confronted with the dark secret of her life, and threatened by the villain who can either ruin or rob her, is just the character that would suit the fair creator of the New Magdalen, Miss Gwilt, and Lady Clancarty. It cannot be said that the material used in the play is very new, but it is employed in a workman-like and effective manner, and two scenes out of many effective ones are particularly striking and weirdly melodramatic. The first is the scene where the frightened and guileless wife administers a narcotic to her husband in order that a secret despatch confided to him may be copied by the villain Scara; and the second is the search for the hidden wife by the suspicious husband. This last is a singular instance of vigorous stage management, and creates breathless excitement. A wild denunciation of a cowardly spy to a maddened Parisian mob concludes a series of striking adventures, all depicted without crowds, scenery, or a gigantic stage. The play is, in fact, like "Forget Me Not," *a mélodrame de salon*, and ought to be very valuable for starring purposes in the country. It is unquestionably effective; but I should conceive it had been hastily written and prepared for the stage in hot haste. As a first dramatic exercise, it is extremely creditable, and much more will be expected from the young and lucky author. He has been very lucky in the cast awarded to him; for, in addition to Miss Cavendish, who has returned to the stage even a better actress than she left it, and with a character that suits her style in every turn, we have that capital actor, Mr. Kyrle Bellew, as a romantic lover; Mr. Cartwright, with a new and excellent rendering of the fiend-spy and arch villain; and a very natural and admirable performance of a new "Charles, his friend," in Mr. J. G. Grahame, who has recently distinguished himself very much in the country, and won golden opinions as a kind of dashing Don Bazan in the new Spanish drama called "The Passion Flower; or, Woman and the Law": a play that will, doubtless, soon be presented in London with the original cast.

One of the most interesting events of a very busy theatrical week, and certainly the one most appreciated in art circles, has been the appearance of Jane Hading as Frou-Frou at the French plays. A more sympathetic and charming actress has not been seen in London for many years, and she has held her own against vivid memories of Desclée and Bernhardt in the same character. She has everything in her favour: youth, good looks, a high intelligence, and an intensely sympathetic manner. London will be loth to part with her. It is not at all improbable before the French play season closes that we shall all have the pleasure of seeing M. Achard, of the Gymnase, in one of his favourite characters. This young actor speaks English as well as Fechter did, and it is his intention to play in English afterwards, and possibly make London his home.

Mrs. Langtry has borne her defeat as the Princess George with graciousness and entire good humour. The play did not suit her public, and the public will be delighted to see Mrs. Langtry make a new start, when she will certainly receive the sympathy and consideration of playgoers who admire her invincible determination. On Saturday week Mrs. Langtry proposes to appear as Lady Teazle, a performance that has been highly praised in the provinces, particularly in critical Manchester. The cast of "The School for Scandal" is one of remarkable strength. Mr. William Farren as Sir Peter, Mr. Charles Coghlan as Charles Surface, Mr. Beerbohm Tree as Joseph Surface, Mrs. Vezin as Mrs. Candour, Mr. Everell as Sir Oliver, Miss Eva Sothern as Marie, &c., in conjunction with Mrs. Langtry as Lady Teazle, ought to delight playgoing London. This play, like "Hamlet," is immortal. Someone always wants to see "The School for Scandal." C. S.

Mr. Ellaby gave one of his pleasant recitals last Saturday afternoon at St. James's Hall new room, the first part being a selection from Shakspeare's "Taming of the Shrew," and the second part of a miscellaneous nature.

Sir Samuel Rowe, who is going to administer the Government of the British Sierra Leone Settlement, left on board the steam-ship Nubia, which sailed from the Mersey last Saturday for the West Coast of Africa.

At five o'clock on Sunday evening, while from 150 to 200 persons were skating on the second of the seven ponds at Highgate, the ice gave way, several men being immersed in the water. One died upon being drawn on shore.

An important sale of hunters, the property of Mr. Logan, of East Langton Grange, took place last Saturday at Messrs. Warner, Sheppard, and Wade's Repository, Leicester, and attracted one of the largest companies ever seen in the yard of this noted establishment. Of the twelve horses described on the catalogue one, Ward Union, was not brought for sale, but the eleven disposed of caused very spirited bidding, realising the high average of £359 16s.

The third annual meeting of the Westminster Sanitary Aid Association—of which the objects are to prevent the spread of infection, to show the poor how this is to be done, to assist them to carry out the necessary precautions, and to promote sanitary measures in general—was held on Tuesday in the National Society's room, the Sanctuary, Westminster. Cardinal Manning, who is joint vice-president with the Dean of Westminster, took the chair. The acting-treasurer, the Rev. J. F. Green, read the report, which showed that in the nine district parishes of Westminster, the sanitary visitors of the association had attended 233 cases within the past year.

The first meeting of the newly formed Manchester Geographical Society was held on Tuesday evening. Mr. Jacob Bright, M.P., spoke of the importance of establishing the society at a time when a universal scramble was taking place among the nations for the possession of distant islands. Lord Aberdare, president of the Royal Geographical Society, moved a complimentary resolution expressing the heartiest good wishes of the Royal Society for the success of provincial efforts. He urged upon the commercial community the value and importance of a knowledge of foreign countries, in the interests of our ever-extending commerce all over the world. Continental nations were, beyond all thinking, in advance of us in this respect, and Englishmen employed German travellers in preference to their own countrymen, a reproach which must be humiliating to the national feeling. Mr. Arthur Arnold, M.P., pointed out that geographical knowledge was the pioneer of civilisation, and the country which took the lead in knowledge would take the lead amongst the nations.

MUSIC.

The fourth concert of the Sacred Harmonic Society's new season occurred too late last week (on the Friday evening) to allow of comment until now. The specialty of the programme was the performance of the English version of Berlioz's trilogy, "L'Enfance du Christ." This remarkable work of a remarkable composer had already been heard in England, having been given by Mr. Charles Hallé at one of his Manchester concerts, and again at one of his series of concerts at St. James's Hall in 1881. Like all Berlioz's ambitious works, "The Childhood of Christ" contains much that is original and striking, together with some instances of forced effort, this last feature being, however, less apparent in the instance now referred to than in some of his productions. The original text was compiled from Scriptural sources by the composer, who (like Wagner) was distinguished for his literary as well as for his musical powers. Last week's performance of "The Childhood of Christ" was generally a very efficient one, alike in its solo, choral, and orchestral details. The music for Mary, the Narrator, and Joseph was especially well rendered, respectively, by Miss Carlotta Elliot, Mr. E. Lloyd, and Mr. Santley; among the principal effects in this respect having been the charming duet for Mary and Joseph, "O, darling child," and the Narrator's solos, "So through the desert" and "For three long days." The music for Herod and the Father of the Family was well declaimed by Mr. Hilton. The choruses of Magicians, of Shepherds, of Ishmaelites, and of Unseen Angels were all highly effective. Prominent features were the several distinct orchestral movements in which Berlioz's consummate mastery over all the varieties of instrumental colouring are so admirably manifested. The impressive "Night March" and "Incantation Music," the pastoral introduction to the second part, "The Flight into Egypt," and the elaborate "Serenade" in the third part, are instances of the composer's power. "The Childhood of Christ" was followed by Goetz's psalm, "By the Waters of Babylon" (solos by Miss C. Elliot and Mr. Santley), and Bach's cantata, "God's Time is the Best" (solos by Miss McKenzie, Mr. Lloyd, and Mr. Santley). Mr. Charles Hallé conducted with his usual care and efficiency. At the next performance of the society (on Feb. 27), Handel's "Belshazzar" will be given, in commemoration of the bi-centenary of the composer's birth.

The Popular Concert of last Saturday afternoon included the last appearance there this season of Madame Essipoff. The eminent Russian pianist played as her solo Beethoven's "Sonata Appassionata," with fine effect, especially in the impassioned first and last movements. Other features of the concert require no specific mention beyond the fact that Mr. Maas was replaced, in consequence of his hoarseness, by Mr. Thorndike, who contributed vocal pieces with good effect.

Musical tributes were rendered to Burns at St. James's Hall last Saturday evening, and at one of Mr. Carter's National Concerts at the Royal Albert Hall on Monday evening. On the former occasion, Mr. Sims Reeves appeared. The other principal solo vocalists were Mesdames Patey and A. Ross, Mr. W. Clifford, and Mr. Santley. Mr. Reeves was in good voice, and was enthusiastically applauded in his delivery of popular Scottish songs. A specialty of the programme was the late Sir H. R. Bishop's cantata "The Jolly Beggars," in which is some very characteristic and genial music. The solos were sung by members of the Select Glasgow Choir, the performance of the choristers in this and in other instances throughout the evening having been notable features. The recitations in the cantata were effectively rendered by Mr. W. S. Vallance, who also recited "Tam o' Shanter" and "Man was made to mourn." At the Albert Hall, as at the concert of Saturday evening, Mr. Sims Reeves contributed to the attractions of the evening, and was again in good voice, his songs on this occasion having been "The Land o' the Leal" and "Auld Lang Syne," the latter with the co-operation of the male choristers of Mr. Carter's excellent choir. Other effective vocal performances were given by eminent artists and by the choir, interspersed with violin solos, skilfully executed by Herr Poznanski, pieces rendered by the band of the Scots Guards, and a pianoforte and organ duet played by Mr. Carter and Mr. Bending.

Another of Mr. John Boosey's London Ballad Concerts took place at St. James's Hall this week, with a programme of the usual strong and varied interest.

The American concert given by Mr. L. Melbourne at Prince's Hall last Saturday evening included some excellent vocal performances by himself, Miss Griswold, Miss Lena Little, and other artists. Special features were Miss Griswold's fine delivery of the Jewel song from "Faust," and the refined singing of herself and Miss L. Little in the graceful duet from M. Délibes' "Lakmé." The first part of the programme was miscellaneous, the remaining portion having been entirely American.

Signorina Gemma Luziana gave a concert at Steinway Hall last Saturday, when her programme comprised her own pianoforte performances and other features, vocal and instrumental.

The annual day and night musical and dramatic fête with which Mr. Frederick Burgess has for the last twenty years identified his name took place on Tuesday, when an unusually attractive programme caused the St. James's Grand Hall to be filled successively by two more numerous audiences than had ever assembled, perhaps, on any similar occasion.

Next week's music will comprise a grand performance of Mr. Mackenzie's oratorio, "The Rose of Sharon," by the Royal Albert Hall Choral Society, on Wednesday evening; and Mr. Walter Bache's concert, at St. James's Hall, on the following evening, when the programme will include some important compositions by Liszt, with the co-operation of an orchestra and chorus of about 180 performers.

INCREASE OF THE VOLUNTEER FORCE.

The full returns of the Volunteer organisation have been prepared; and though it was generally understood that large additions had been made in the numerical strength and efficiency during the past year, few persons had any conception that the grand total of all arms would have reached such extraordinary and gratifying dimensions as the statistics now show. A quarter of a century since, the enrolled strength of all arms was set down at a little over 119,000. How the force expanded for many succeeding years is matter of history, and so also will be the extraordinary record now shown of 214,000 men forming the Volunteer force of Great Britain, a total unprecedented in the annals of the organisation. There has been no extra incentive to account for the advance of 5000 in the number of citizen soldiers, and the only apparent explanation for the increase is the fact that the force is gradually but surely becoming more recognised. Of this total, in round numbers of 214,000, nearly 208,000 are returned as efficient, the percentage of efficients going up from 96·69 to 97·01. There are, as nearly as can be ascertained, about 6000 officers who have earned the extra capitation grant for proficiency, and the number of sergeants similarly qualified amounts to the large total of 12,300, an increase of 200. The non-efficient return, which has exhibited a steady decrease for many years, is still further reduced, the number of men who through various causes did not carry out the Government requirements being brought down to a trifle over 6400.



THE LATE COMMANDER ALFRED PIGOTT, R.N.,
KILLED IN THE SOUDAN.



THE LATE MAJOR W. H. ATHERTON,
5TH DRAGOON GUARDS, KILLED IN THE SOUDAN.



THE LATE LIEUT. RUDOLPH DE LISLE, R.N.,
KILLED IN THE SOUDAN.

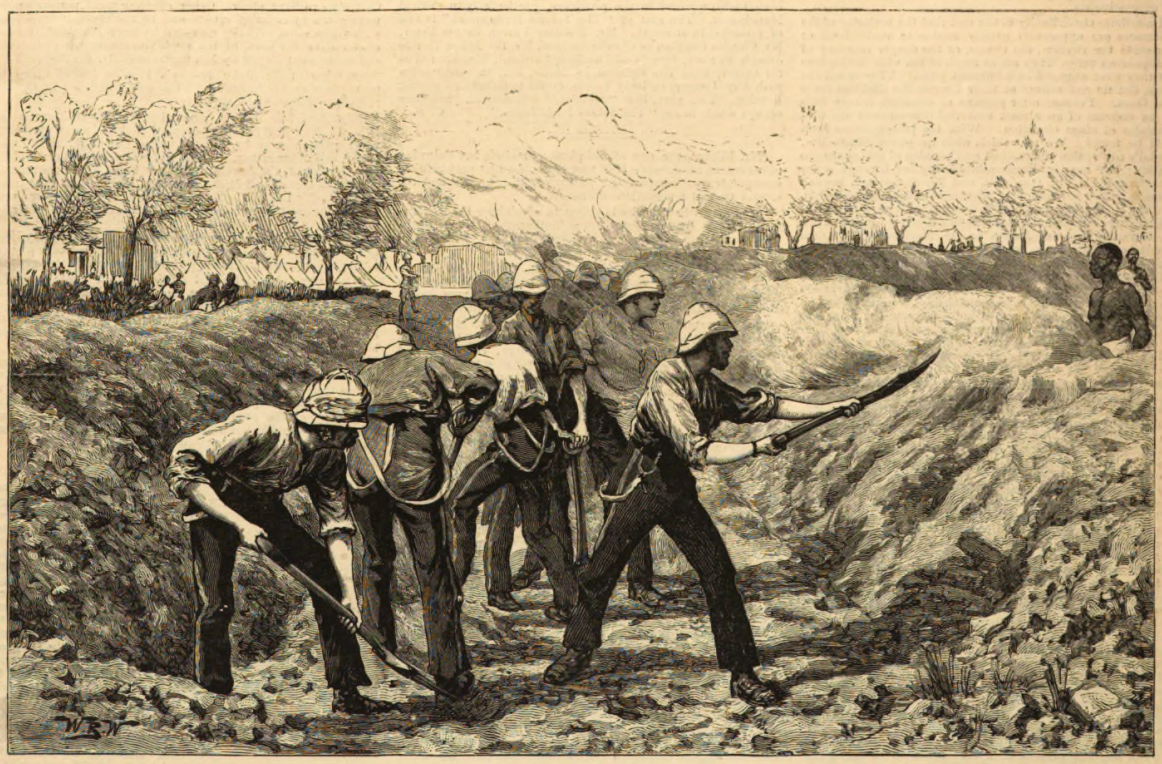
THE LATE LIEUTENANT RUDOLPH DE LISLE, R.N.

Among the officers accompanying Brigadier-General Sir Herbert Stewart's force across the Desert, in the advance from Korti to Metammeh, who fell in the battle of Abou Klea, on Saturday, the 17th inst., we regret to learn the death of Lieutenant Rudolph De Lisle, to whose pencil this Journal was indebted for some excellent Sketches of the cataracts of the Upper Nile, and of the difficult operations performed in getting the steam-boats and rowing-boats to pass up from Wady Halfa to Dongola. Lieutenant Rudolph Edward Lisle March-Phillipps De Lisle was the eighth son of the late Ambrose March-Phillipps De Lisle, of Garendon Park and Gracedieu Manor, Leicestershire, and of his wife, Laura Clifford, eldest daughter of Thomas, the fourth son of Hugh, fourth Lord Clifford, of Chudleigh. He was born at Gracedieu Manor on Nov. 23, 1854. After a year at Oscott College, he went to Gosport, to the late Mr. Burney, to be prepared for the naval cadets' training-ship, Britannia. He there took a first class on leaving. In May, 1869, he joined H.M.S. Cadmus for his first voyage. He was in H.M.S. Liverpool when the first flying squadron went round the world, returning to England in 1871. He was in H.M.S. Cameleon at the time of the war between Peru and Chili, and, for his gallant conduct at the time of the burning of Lima, he was made an honorary member of the Fire Brigade. He was promoted to be Sub-Lieutenant in March, 1873, and Lieutenant in May, 1877. He left H.M.S. Alexandra, in August last year, to join Commodore Hammill for the Nile Expedition, where he distinguished himself by his great energy and activity; and he was regarded as an officer of high promise, whose death is a loss to the naval service.

The *Freemason* states that the Prince of Wales has appointed Brother T. W. Tew, Provincial Grand Master of West Yorkshire, and Brother Sir Hedworth Williamson, Provincial Grand Master for Durham.

THE LATE COMMANDER A. PIGOTT, R.N.

One of the naval officers engaged in the Nile Expedition, whose services were of great value in managing the ascent of the rapids or cataracts by the flotilla of whale-boats and other vessels, conveying soldiers and stores, was Commander Alfred Pigott, previously in command of the store-ship Humber, in the Red Sea. This able and gallant officer led the First Division of the Naval Brigade, under Lord Charles Beresford, attached to General Sir Herbert Stewart's advanced force in its march across the Desert from Korti, and we regret to find his name among those killed on the 17th inst., in the conflict at the Wells of Abou Klea. He entered the Royal Navy in 1861, and served in her Majesty's ships Queen, Marlborough, Mutine, Inconstant, Lord Warden, and Hercules. He became Sub-Lieutenant in December, 1867, and Lieutenant in February, 1872. In June, 1877, he was selected to be Second Lieutenant on board H.M.S. Britannia, naval cadets' training-ship, during the training of Prince Albert Victor Edward of Wales and Prince George of Wales.



THE NILE EXPEDITION: ROYAL ENGINEERS BUILDING A FORT AT KORTI.
SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. MELTON PRIOR.



THE LATE COLONEL BURNABY IN HIS "RIDE TO KHIVA."

In 1881, he was appointed to H.M.S. Briton, and was employed in active service up the River Niger, where he was wounded by a shot in the thigh, and another bullet passed through his helmet. He was appointed First Lieutenant of H.M.S. Alexandra in 1882, and took part in the bombardment of Alexandria and the operations on the coast of Egypt. In March of last year, he was sent, with others, to make a reconnaissance of a section of the Nile. In June, he was appointed acting Commander of H.M.S. Humber, with which he proceeded to Souakim, but was again sent up the Nile in August, under Commander Hammill, to render assistance to the present military expedition. Our readers will recollect that the figure of Lieutenant or Commander A. Pigott was introduced in one of Lieutenant Rudolph De Lisle's sketches of their experiences on the river, published in this Journal about two months ago. Alfred Pigott, thirty-seven years of age, was eldest surviving son of Colonel Arthur Pigott, of Bath, formerly of the 89th Regiment.

THE LATE MAJOR ATHERTON.

The cavalry officers and soldiers enrolled in the Camel Corps for the Soudan Expedition seem to have borne the brunt of the fierce fighting, under Sir Herbert Stewart, at the Wells of Abou Klea, on the 17th inst. In Lord Wolseley's list of those killed is the name of Major W. H. Atherton, of the 5th (Princess Charlotte of Wales's) Dragoon Guards. We give the Portrait of this officer, who had not, so far as we know, previously seen any active service in war. The date of his commission as Lieutenant in that regiment is 1874, and he was promoted to the rank of Captain in August, 1879. He was senior of the five Captains of his regiment, and had recently attained the rank of Major. The regiment to which he belonged is now stationed at Manchester.

CITY ECHOES.

Wednesday, Jan. 28.

The tendency of the Money Market has not materially altered during the week. Rates continue much below the official minimum, but they may be expected to approach it more closely during the course of next month, in response to the diminution in the supply of cash. With regard to the Bank of England, a further addition has taken place in the reserve of notes and coin, and superficially the position appears stronger than a year ago, when 3 per cent was the rate of discount. There is, however, this difference, that whereas in January last year no uneasiness prevailed respecting any large withdrawals for abroad, the same cannot be now said. The New York banks have certainly made their resources remarkably strong, and the exchange on London has risen; but in other directions much uncertainty exists as to whether a demand may not be made upon us, and it should not be forgotten that the outside market is much less able to part with gold than was the case twelve months back. To begin, there is the monetary crisis in Buenos Ayres; then there is the impending French loan and also fresh Colonial borrowings to be faced. Russia also is said to be preparing to come into the market as a borrower. The expenses of the Soudan Expedition is another reason for the maintenance of the official minimum. It is argued that trade would be benefited by a lower bank rate; but it most certainly would not be in the interests of trade to have an inflation made now, to be followed perhaps, a little later on, by successive advances. Considerable difficulty is experienced in attracting gold from other centres, and when the opportunity is favourable, as at present, it should be taken advantage of.

Influenced by the cheapness of money, the English Funds and other high-class investment stocks have been in good demand; but, taken as a whole, there has been no appreciable increase in the volume of Stock Exchange business. Foreign bonds have risen in the majority of cases, and in Egyptian stocks dealings have been fairly active. The depression in Argentine loans continues, and the premium on gold has further risen. Home railways have fluctuated very little, and the chief incident has been the Metropolitan Company's meeting, at which some hopeful statements were made. Affairs at New York do not improve, the cutting of rates having been pushed a step further, while reports concerning the iron trade have been discouraging. A general fall in American railways has been the natural consequence.

As regards Canadian railway investments, the adverse experience in the States has been against them; but, at the moment, their condition is improving in connection with purely local circumstances. The Canadian Pacific dividend is announced at the rate of 5 per cent per annum, and this has caused a rebound in the price of the company's shares, while Grand Trunk stocks have benefited from a scarcity of stock. Hudson's Bay shares have gone back upon a decline in the value of furs, it being feared that the dividend will materially suffer on that account. A call of £1 per share by the Vancouver Coal Company has been followed by a sharp fall in the price of the shares.

Proprietors of North-Eastern Railway ordinary stock are to receive 7 per cent per annum for the half-year, compared with 8½ for the second half of 1883; while the Lancashire and Yorkshire Company pay 4½ as against 4¾, and the London and South-Western 6¾ against 7. These distributions are much the same as had been expected.

A falling off of 2 per cent per annum is shown in the dividend to be paid by the London and County Bank, the rate—viz., 20, comparing with 22 per cent per annum for several previous half-years. The operations of the London Banks during the past half-year have been considerably curtailed, an analysis of the accounts of the London and Westminster showing that the amount of discounts and advances was £1,961,000 less at the end of last year than at the same period the year before, the decrease being equal to over 10 per cent. The discounts and advances by the London Joint-Stock exhibited a decrease of £603,000, or 5 per cent; the Union of London, £1,715,000, or 20 per cent; the City, an increase of £43,000, or 1 per cent; the Alliance, £45,000, or nearly 2 per cent; the Imperial, a decrease of £127,000, or 5 per cent; and the Consolidated, £246,000, or 8 per cent. The reduction on these seven undertakings is £4,570,000, or slightly over 9 per cent.

Portuguese loans have had a marked decline during the present month, the 3 per cents, for example, having fallen over 8 per cent on the market price current at the beginning of the year. The budget for the financial year 1885-6 has been issued, and the ordinary receipts are estimated at £7,093,119, and the ordinary expenditure at £7,512,367, showing an estimated deficit of £419,248. The extraordinary expenditure is reckoned at £1,111,111, exclusive of the outlay on public work already submitted to the Chambers. T. S.

The London School of Medicine for Women has received notice that a legacy amounting to nearly £700 has been bequeathed by Mr. John Byrne, to found a scholarship for the purpose of assisting ladies of limited means in studying medicine at the school.

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Via NEWHAVEN, DIEPPE, and ROUEN.
Cheap Express Service Week-days and Sundays. From Victoria 7.50 p.m., and London Bridge 8.0 p.m. Fares—Single, 34s., 25s., 16s.; Return, 57s., 41s., 32s.
Powerful Paddle Steamers, with excellent Cabins, &c. Trains run alongside steamers at Newhaven and Dieppe.
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TICKETS and every information at the Brighton Company's West-End General Offices, 28, Regent-circus, Piccadilly, and 8, Grand Hotel Buildings; Hay's Agency, Cornhill; Cook's, Ludgate-circus; also at the Victoria and London Bridge Stations. (By order) J. P. KNIGHT, General Manager.

UNDER ROYAL PATRONAGE.

JAPANESE VILLAGE,

ALBERT-GATE, HYDE PARK.

ELEVEN to TEN. ONE SHILLING.

MILITARY BAND.

WEDNESDAYS, HALF-A-CROWN.

THE VALE OF TEARS.—DORÉ'S Last Great PICTURE, completed a few days before he died. NOW on VIEW at the DORÉ GALLERY, 35, New Bond-street, with his other great pictures. Ten to Six Daily. 1s.

ANNO DOMINI, by EDWIN LONG, R.A.—This great Work is NOW ON VIEW, together with other important works, at the GALLERIES, 168, New Bond-street. Ten to Six. Admission, 1s.

PRINCESS'S THEATRE.—MR. WILSON BARRETT, Lessee and Manager.—EVERY EVENING, at 7.45, HAMLET. Messrs. Wilson Barrett, Speakman, Dewhurst, Willard, Clifford Cooper, Frank Cooper, Cranford, &c., and George Barrett; Mesdames Eastlake, Dickens, &c., and M. Leighton. Doors open at 7.15. Box-office, 9.30 to Five. No fees. Matinée, Saturdays, Feb. 7 and 21, at 1.30. Business Manager, J. H. Cobbe.

THE PRINCE'S THEATRE.—Mrs. LANGTRY.—Sole Proprietor, Mr. Edgar Bruce. Season under the direction of Mr. Henry E. Abbey. EVERY EVENING, at a Quarter to Nine, will be produced a Drama in Three Acts, adapted from the French of Alexandre Dumas, called PRINCESS GEORGE. Characters by Mr. Coghlan, Mr. Everill, Mr. Carne, Mr. Smedley, Mr. C. W. Somerset, Mr. Crisp, Mr. Dalzell, Mr. Weathersby; Miss Amy Roselle, Miss Kate Pattison, Miss Helen Mathews, Miss Annie Rose, Miss Rosina Filippi, Mrs. John Billington, and MRS. LANGTRY. The Play produced under the direction of Mr. Coghlan. Doors open at half-past Seven; Comedietta TOM NODDY'S SECRET, at Eight. PRINCESS GEORGE at a Quarter to Nine. Carriages at 10.30. Box-Office open daily from Eleven to Five. No fees. Telephone 3700.—THE PRINCE'S THEATRE, Coventry-street, W.

MASKELYNE and COOKE, EGYPTIAN HALL, Piccadilly, give their performance EVERY AFTERNOON at Three; and on the Evenings, at Eight, of Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday. Mr. Maskelyne's New Programme includes a new sketch, entitled THE PARIES OF BENARES AND THEIR BRAZEN ORACLE, introducing many Novel Effects and Startling Illusions, differing entirely in character from any previously witnessed. Stalls, 5s.; Reserved Seats, 3s.; Area, 2s.; Balcony, 1s.

MONTE CARLO.—MUSICAL SEASON (CONCERTS, REPRESENTATIONS).
In addition to the usual Concerts, directed by Monsieur Romeo Accursi, the Société des Bains de Mer de Monaco has authorised M. Paadeloup to arrange a Series of Extraordinary Grand Musical Entertainments (Concerts-Spectaculaires) this Winter.
The services of the following distinguished Artistes have been already retained:—

Mesdames Kreuss,	Messieurs. Faure,
,, Devries,	,, Vergnet,
,, Salla,	,, Capoul,
,, Donadio,	,, Biorkstein,
,, Frank-Duvernoy,	,, Couturier,
,, Belloca,	,, Villaret,
,, Simmonnet.	&c.

Added to which the celebrated Instrumentalists will appear:
VIOLINISTS:
Mons. Sivori, Mons. Marsik, Miss N. Carpenter, American artiste, 1st Conservatoire Prize, 1883.
PIANISTS: Mons. Plante, Mons. Th. Ritter, Madame Essipoff.
HARPIST: Mons. Hasselmans.
These Extraordinary Representations will be given each Wednesday and Saturday, commencing the end of January and terminating the middle of March.
M. Paadeloup has the excellent idea to terminate each concert by fragments of operas, in costume, and scenery—viz.:

1st Concert.	LES HUGUENOTS.	Fourth Act.
2nd ,,	RIGOLETTO.	Fourth Act.
3rd ,,	LUCIA.	Selection.
4th ,,	MANON.	Second Act.
	FAUST.	Prison Scene.
5th ,,	HERODIADE.	Selection.
6th ,,	FAVORITE.	Selection.
	AIDA.	Third Act.
7th ,,	LAKME.	Selection.
8th ,,	LE BARBIER.	Selection.
9th ,,	HAMLET.	Third and Fourth Act.
10th ,,	LA TRAVIATA.	Fourth Act.
11th ,,	FAUST.	Garden Scene.
12th ,,	LE SIGURD.	Brunhilde's Dream.
	LE CHALET.	

TIR AUX PIGEONS DE MONACO.
The following is the Programme:—
BI-WEEKLY MATCHES FOR PRIZES.
Feb. 3: Prix Robert. A Purse of 200f. and a Poule of 20f.
Feb. 7: Prix Hopwood. An object of Art and a Poule of 20f.
Feb. 10: Prix Lafond. A Purse of 200f. and a Poule of 20f.
Feb. 12: Prix Esterhazy. An object of Art and a Poule of 20f.
Feb. 16: Prix du Comité. A Purse of 200f. and a Poule of 20f.
Feb. 21: Prix Camanor. An object of Art and a Poule of 20f.
Feb. 24: Prix Dreyon. A Purse of 200f. and a Poule of 20f.
Feb. 28: Prix Dorl. An object of Art and a Poule of 20f.
Mar. 3: Prix de Mars. A Purse of 200f. and a Poule of 20f.
Mar. 7: Prix Patton. An object of Art and a Poule of 20f.
Mar. 10: Prix W. Cull. A Purse of 200f., added to a Poule of 20f.
GRAND CLOSING PRIZES.
March 12 and 13: Grand Prix de Clôture. A Purse of 4000f. added to 100f. entrance; Second Prize, 1000f.; Third Prize, 700f.; Fourth, 200f.
A. BLONDIN, Secretary.

NEWS FROM NICE.—With the exception of a very few cold days, the weather is again splendid. Not a flake of snow has fallen. The sun shines almost perpetually, and the influence of its warm rays makes life enjoyable to all, and more especially to those who have by impaired health sought its influence.
There are no epidemics, and the average mortality of the city in 1881 was less per mille than London and many fashionable towns in England.
The streets, roads, and sewers are constantly cleansed and disinfected, and watered from the mountain stream of the Vesubie. There are three English doctors and physicians in practice here—viz., Messrs. West, Wakefield, and Sturge, and they will be happy to communicate with any intending visitors as to the healthfulness of the town.
The effects of the recent storm (the like of which has been unknown for thirty-five years) were comparatively trifling, and repaired in twenty-four hours. In some few low-lying rooms and cellars, near the Fish Market, the wash from the splash waves had entered, but this was soon pumped out by the firemen and military.
Visitors are beginning in increasing numbers, as is their wont at this season, and the approach of Carnival, which report says will be the best on record. The Municipal Theatre will open immediately, and the Théâtre Français, of which Mr. Cortelazzo continues the able Director, has several Star Artists for the Opera Comique, and an excellent Troupe de Comédie.
The Carnival and Regatta will be fully announced with other fêtes.
Nice, Jan. 30, 1885.

MENTON.—CARNIVAL, FEB. 14 and 16.
GRAND CORSO DE GALA.
Battle of Flowers and Confetti.
Cavalcades, Masquerades, Cars, Decorated Carriages, &c.
FÊTE DE NUIT.
Concert. Moccoletti. Illuminations.
SECOND DAY, FEB. 16.
Grand Corso.
Battle of Flowers.
Proclamation of Prizes, 5600 francs.
Illuminations, Fireworks, and Torchlight Processions.
Burning of the Carnival.
Grand International Regattas will follow.

BIRTH.

On the 21st inst., at Springhill, Coldstream, N.B., Lady Ada Scott, of a daughter.

MARRIAGE.

On Nov. 20 last, at the Cathedral, Goulbourn, N.S.W., by the Right Rev. Dr. Thomas, Lord Bishop of the Diocese, assisted by the Rev. J. Auchinleck Ross, Precentor of the Cathedral, Dr. S. W. Brierley, Beechworth, Victoria, to Mary, eldest daughter of Colonel T. E. Blomfield, of Sydney, N.S.W., late 26th Cameronians.

DEATHS.

On the 20th inst., at 24, Greenhill-gardens, Edinburgh, Lady Steell, wife of Sir John Steell, R.S.A.

On the 18th inst., at Debrett Villa, Hampton, Middlesex, Ann Rogers-Burden, aged 66 years, deeply lamented.

On the 21st inst., at her residence, Lea Castle, Worcestershire, Adelaide, widow of John Constantine, twenty-ninth Lord Kingsale, and only daughter of the late J. P. Brown-Westhead, of Lea Castle.

On the 21st inst., at Arborfield Grange, Reading, Lady Alicia Conroy, younger daughter of Laurence, second Earl of Rosse, and widow of Sir Edward Conroy, Bart., in her 70th year.

*** *The charge for the insertion of Births, Marriages, and Deaths, is Five Shillings for each announcement.*

THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION IN CANADA.

In the rooms of the Society of Arts on Tuesday—General Sir J. H. Lefroy presiding—Mr. Stephen Bourne read a paper entitled "With the British Association to the Canadian North-West." In the course of his paper Mr. Bourne said the visit of the association to Montreal would mark an epoch in the history of the society. It was not likely that for some years to come such meetings would take place out of the United Kingdom, although progress in the arts of locomotion might render a journey of the members of the society to India or Australia easy and agreeable.

Reference was made to the capabilities of the great North-West for occupation by the increasing number of our home population, and their freedom there to develop into a new nation. Starting from a little west of Winnipeg, in the 95th meridian of longitude, onward beyond Calgary to the 115th, and looking downwards to the 49th parallel—which joined the United States—upwards to the 54th, they had a wide expanse of country, 800 by 300 miles, of which one half or three fourths was fitted to be the feeding-ground of as large a resident population as could be employed in its culture and accessory occupations, by whom there could be raised an amount of food more than adequate for an exchange with those in the home and other countries, who might, in turn, manufacture all those other products which the necessities or desires of life might require. Montreal, to which the largest ships now had access, was distant but ten days from London. Thus within a fortnight's they could be transported from the dens of St. Giles's, where scarcely a foot of ground was untenanted, to the plains of Regina, where there were miles wholly uninhabited. Fifty years ago, to become a colonist was to be far away, and possibly for ever, from all one held dear, with but few opportunities of exchanging even letters with those who were left behind. But now a complete change had been wrought in that respect. Men might, and should, perhaps, in many cases go out for one season first, but it was families that were wanted. Home life could never exist without women and children, and in the Dominion, there was plenty of room for them, with work for them as they were able; although not to the undue extent which poverty, sickness, and drink rendered needful here, but in that wholesome measure which contributed to happiness, and fostered growth into true manhood and womanhood.

The paper condemned the protective policy of Canada, by which the produce of the mother country was shut out, as well as that of foreigners. To import raw cotton, for instance, from the United States, steam-engines and mill machinery from England and elsewhere, where skilled and therefore highly paid labour to work and direct their operation, for the purpose of raising up factories, and to maintain those at the cost of enhanced prices to the agriculturist, the fisherman, and the miner, was not, and could not be, a sound policy. The corn-grower and others could not recoup themselves by extra prices for their articles, because they had to compete with protected produce in the markets they sought; and, aided by the present low prices, it could not be long before they saw the folly of supporting monopolies in the benefits of which they themselves had no participation. The true policy would seem to be for each portion of the globe to raise or manufacture that for which it possessed either natural or acquired facilities, and freely to interchange those products between each other.

A discussion ensued, in which Mr. T. Saunders, Mr. Cornelius Walford, Mr. Colmar, Mr. Trueman Wood, Dr. Edmunds, the chairman, and other gentlemen took part.

At the close of the proceedings a vote of thanks was accorded to Mr. Bourne for his valuable paper.

The *Gentleman's Magazine*, founded by Edward Cave under the name of Sylvanus Urban, has a literary and antiquarian interest of no common order. The best writers of the day, including Johnson, contributed to its pages, and in the course of years a fund of most valuable information on a vast variety of subjects was supplied to this periodical. *The Gentleman's Magazine Library, Popular Superstitions, Edited by George Laurence Gomme, F.S.A.* (Elliot Stock), is one volume of a series intended to represent in a classified collection the chief contents of the *Gentleman's Magazine* from 1751 to 1868. To students of history and social life the facts thus saved from oblivion are invaluable, and it is fitting that the volume on Manners and Customs should be followed by one illustrating from the same copious source our Popular Superstitions. It will be evident that a work of this character is more likely to be used for reference, and by those wishing for special information, than by the general reader. At the same time, it is scarcely possible to refer to any subject given in the table of contents without gaining some curious knowledge or entertaining anecdote. Under the three headings, Days and Seasons, Superstitious Customs, Beliefs and Witchcraft, the facts stored up are invaluable. Some of the superstitions are familiar enough, such as the use of the divining-rod, the danger of dining thirteen at table, the supposed advantage of nailing horse-shoes on ships, and the King's evil cured by the Royal touch. Others are far less familiar, and probably few of our readers know how to call up a fairy, or what is the special virtue of a Good Friday loaf. The village superstitions of the past were often linked to great cruelty, and it is needless to say that the history of witchcraft forms one of the blackest chapters in the history of the race. Of the horrors called forth by a belief in this black art, England had her full share, and the portion of the story related in this volume displays a credulity wellnigh astounding. Yet we cannot pride ourselves on a freedom from superstition, though of a gentler kind, when we remember that in the present day spiritualism is a popular belief; that, according to the organs of this strange creed, the law of gravitation is frequently set at nought by heavy men floating in the air; and that spirits can be raised in numbers, and sometimes perplex the photographer by impressing their features on his plates. If we are to believe in the doings of these modern spirits, the aerial exploits of witches upon broomsticks are not so very wonderful after all

THE COURT.

The Empress Eugénie, attended by Madame D'Arcos and the Duc de Bassano, arrived at Osborne on Friday, last week, having crossed over from Portsmouth in her Majesty's yacht Alberta, Captain Fullerton. Princess Beatrice, attended by the Dowager Marchioness of Ely, met the Empress on landing at East Cowes; and Captain Bigge attended the Empress to Osborne from Portsmouth. The Queen drove out in the afternoon, attended by Lady Abercromby and the Hon. Evelyn Paget. Madame D'Arcos and the Duc de Bassano had the honour of dining with the Queen and the Royal family. Captain Fisher, C.B., of her Majesty's ship Excellent, arrived at Osborne, and had also the honour of being invited to dinner. Her Majesty went out last Saturday morning with Princess Beatrice. In the afternoon the Queen drove out with the Empress Eugénie and Princess Beatrice. Prince and Princess Louis of Battenberg dined with the Queen in the evening. The Bishop of Ripon arrived at Osborne, and had the honour of dining with the Royal family. On Sunday morning her Majesty and Princess Beatrice and the members of the Royal household attended Divine service. The Bishop of Ripon officiated. The Queen's dinner party included the Empress Eugénie, Princess Beatrice, Prince and Princess Louis of Battenberg, Lady Abercromby, the Dowager Marchioness of Ely, Madame D'Arcos, the Duc de Bassano, Lord Sackville, the Bishop of Ripon, and Captain Bigge. The ladies and gentlemen who had not the honour of dining with the Royal family joined the Royal circle in the drawing-room in the evening. General the Right Hon. Sir Henry Ponsonby, K.C.B., and the Misses Ponsonby and Lady Cowell had the honour of being invited. On Monday morning the Empress Eugénie took leave of the Queen, and left for Farnborough, attended by Madame D'Arcos and the Duc de Bassano. Princess Beatrice, attended by the Dowager Marchioness of Ely, accompanied the Empress to Trinity Pier, where she embarked on board her Majesty's yacht Alberta, Captain Fullerton. Captain Bigge attended the Empress to Portsmouth. The Queen and Princess Beatrice drove out on Monday afternoon, attended by Lady Abercromby. Earl Sydney, G.C.B. (Lord Steward), and Sir William Vernon Harcourt arrived at Osborne, and had the honour of dining with her Majesty. General the Right Hon. Sir Henry Ponsonby, K.C.B., was also invited. On Tuesday the Queen held a Council at which were present Lord Carlingford (President of the Council), the Lord Chancellor, Earl Sydney, G.C.B. (Lord Steward), Sir William Vernon Harcourt (Secretary of State for the Home Department), and General Sir Henry Ponsonby, K.C.B. Sir Robert Morier, K.C.B., was introduced, and sworn in a member of the Privy Council. At the council her Majesty was pleased to declare her consent to the marriage of Princess Beatrice with Prince Henry of Battenberg. Lord Carlingford and Sir William Vernon Harcourt had audiences of her Majesty. After the council the Turkish Ambassador and Hassan Fehmi Pasha (Special Ambassador from the Sultan) were introduced to her Majesty's presence by Sir William Vernon Harcourt, in the absence of the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs. The Peruvian Minister, Admiral García-y-Garcia, delivered his letters of recall. Mr. Edwin Corbett kissed hands on his appointment as Minister at Stockholm. Sir Robert Morier, K.C.B., kissed hands on his appointment as Ambassador at St. Petersburg. Princess Beatrice was present.

Upon receiving the news of the British victory at Abou Klea, the Queen instantly telegraphed to Lord Wolseley expressing her pride in the conduct of her troops and deep concern at the loss of so many officers and men. Her Majesty received information from Lord Wolseley to the effect that the wounded were doing well. Her Majesty the Queen, through Sir Henry Ponsonby, has expressed to Mrs. Burnaby her deep regret at the death of the late Colonel of the Royal Horse Guards.

The Prince and Princess of Wales entertained a number of guests at Sandringham during the past week. Among them were the Spanish Minister, the Marquis de Casa Laiglesia, who left Sandringham for London last Saturday afternoon. The Prince and Princess of Wales, with Prince George, Princesses Louise, Victoria, and Maud, accompanied by the guests staying at Sandringham, and attended by the ladies and gentlemen of the household, were present at Divine service on Sunday morning at the Church of St. Mary Magdalene. The Rev. F. Hervey, M.A., Chaplain to the Queen and Domestic Chaplain to the Prince and Princess of Wales, officiated, assisted by the Rev. T. Teignmouth Shore, Chaplain-in-Ordinary to the Queen, who likewise preached. On Monday morning the Prince attended the funeral, at Sandringham, of Mrs. Stewart, who for twenty-two years was in his Royal Highness's service, and since 1871 was housekeeper at Sandringham. The Princess, accompanied by Princesses Louise, Victoria, and Maud, was present during the funeral service in the church. The ladies and gentlemen of the household were in attendance. The annual meeting of the Provincial Grand Lodge of Norfolk was held in the evening at Lynn, and the occasion was one of special interest in consequence of the attendance of the Prince of Wales. The meeting took place in the Townhall, which was specially furnished for the occasion, and the adjacent rooms were set apart for the accommodation of the Prince. After the closing of the lodge, the brethren attended a banquet served in the Assembly Rooms to about 200 members of the craft, under the presidency of Lord Suffield. The Prince was present.

Prince Albert Victor has consented to open a new institution for working boys, which has been established under the name of the "Whittington Club and Chambers," at 86, Leman-street, Whitechapel. The ceremony takes place to-day (Saturday), at three o'clock. It is understood that the Prince has been entered as a student at the Honourable Society of the Middle Temple, although it is very probable that he will not commence his term there until the ensuing Easter term in April. It is also understood that the Prince of Wales, who is a Bencher of the Society, will dine with the Benchers on the occasion of Prince Albert Victor eating his first dinner in the hall as a student.

Last Saturday night the Princess Frederica of Hanover distributed the prizes won by members of the 5th Surrey Rifles in the drill-hall at Kingston.

FASHIONABLE MARRIAGES.

There was a large and fashionable assemblage on Tuesday morning at St. Peter's, Eaton-square, to witness the wedding of Lady Emily Boyle, eldest daughter of the Earl and Countess of Cork, with Mr. James Dalison Alexander. Shortly after eleven, the bride, accompanied by her mother, arrived. Lord Cork conducted her to the altar, where she was met by the bridegroom, who was attended by Mr. Higgins, as best man. The bride wore a rich dress of ivory-white satin, trimmed with deep Brussels lace and orange-blossom, and a veil of Brussels lace fastened by a diamond crescent brooch. Her other ornaments consisted of a magnificent diamond necklace and earrings. There were six bridesmaids—Lady Isabel Boyle, sister to the bride, Lady B. Capel, Miss Mabel Alexander, Miss Dalison, Miss Townley, and Miss Stewart Hodgson. They were attired in costumes of ruby velvet and trimmed with cream lace; ruby velvet hats to match, trimmed with sable tail. Master Travers Hodgson attended the bride as a little page, wearing a George II. costume of ruby velvet.

At the early hour of ten on Wednesday morning Mr. W. Jaffray was married, at St. Peter's, Eaton-square, to Mabel, youngest daughter of Lady Scott, of Great Barr Hall, Birmingham. The service was fully choral. The bride, who was given away by her father-in-law, wore a magnificent dress of white satin, and was completely enveloped in a Brussels lace veil. She was attended by two bridesmaids, the Misses Hope and Cox, who wore dresses of oatmeal cream, with bonnets to match, trimmed with blue. The breakfast was at Mr. Hope's house, in Chesterfield-gardens.

The marriage of the Hon. John Gage Prendergast Vereker, eldest son of the Viscount and Viscountess Gort, with Miss Eleanor Surtees, second daughter of the late Mr. Surtees, of Hammersley Hall, Durham, the author of "Sponge's Sporting Tour" and "Ask Mama," was solemnised at St. George's, Hanover-square, on Wednesday morning. The bride wore a dress of white duchesse satin, richly embroidered in seed pearls, trimmed with Brussels point lace, the gift of her sister; her ornaments being diamond sprays, earrings, and brooch, the gift of Viscountess Gort, and she carried a magnificent bouquet of orange-blossoms and other choice flowers, the gift of the bridegroom. The bridesmaids were the Hons. Mabel and Laline Vereker (sisters of the bridegroom), Miss Murray, Miss Cecily Surtees, Miss Sophia Fenwick (cousins of the bride), and Misses Laline and Mabel Craufurd (nieces of the bridegroom). They wore dresses of crême striped satin draped with deep dentelle broderie and trimmed with flots of crême satin ribbon and pearls, and red shoes. Their head-dresses were composed of Marie Stuart veils edged with pearls, and each wore a pearl and cat's-eye bee brooch, and carried a bouquet of choice white and red flowers.

The Chairman of the Finance Committee of the London School Board stated, at a meeting on Tuesday night, that he should at the next meeting of the Board have to ask for a sum little short of eight hundred thousand pounds, and that the expenditure must go on increasing.

A proclamation is published in the *Gazette* summoning the Peers of Scotland to meet at Holyrood House, at Edinburgh, on Tuesday, Feb. 17 next, between twelve and two p.m., to "nominate and choose two of their number to sit and vote as representative Peers in the House of Lords during the present Parliament, in room of the late Earl of Morton and the late Earl of Dundonald."

Vice-Chancellor Bacon gave judgment, last Tuesday, on the point which has arisen in connection with the will of the late Duke of Buccleuch. The trustees under the will had contracted to enfranchise some of the copyhold lands forming part of the Clitheroe estates, and the questions for decision were whether Lord Henry Scott was a tenant for life, and whether his consent was necessary to the exercise by the trustees of their powers of sale. His Lordship decided both points in the affirmative.

The Marquis and Marchioness of Ripon had a cordial and enthusiastic reception at Ripon last Tuesday on their return from India. The Marquis, in an address at a public luncheon, said the Viceroyalty of India was the most difficult post in the service of the Crown. He had endeavoured to discharge his duty and promote, to the utmost of his power, the well-being of India's teeming populations. The duties England owed to India were pressing and urgent. With regard to his policy, he appealed without fear from the temporary judgment of angry passion to the deliberate sentence of coming time.

Last week 2803 births and 1807 deaths were registered in London, the former having been 41 and the latter 107 below the average numbers. Forty-three persons died from smallpox, 20 from measles, 18 from scarlet fever, 12 from diphtheria, 49 from whooping-cough, 9 from enteric fever and 8 from dysentery. The fatal cases of smallpox exceeded the corrected weekly average by 19. The deaths referred to diseases of the respiratory organs, which had been 609 and 553 in the two preceding weeks, further declined to 513 last week, and were 24 below the corrected weekly average. Different forms of violence caused 66 deaths: 59 were the result of negligence or accident, among which were 24 from fractures and contusions, 10 from burns and scalds, 2 from drowning, and 16 of infants under one year of age from suffocation. Five cases of suicide were registered. In Greater London 3612 births and 2237 deaths were registered. In the Outer Ring 18 fatal cases of smallpox, 10 of whooping-cough, and 8 from diphtheria were registered.

Artistic Anatomy: by Mathias Duval. Translated by Fred. E. Fenton, M.R.C.P. (Cassell and Co.). In France the traditions of "a school of painting" have upheld more consistently than with us the routine of Academic training. It was not without cause that Haydon protested against the slovenliness which characterised the work of the Academicians of his day. Flaxman was as one crying in the wilderness, and by his contemporaries his teachings were as neglected as were the maxims of Hogarth. Happily, things have altered for the better since the days when Mulready, Dyce, John Philip, and a few others, who had already attained the highest honours of the Academy, met two or three evenings a week to take up the study from the life-figure, which they had up to that time neglected. Art is now taught, even in this country, upon a more scientific system. Although since Flaxman's Treatise appeared there has been no lack of instructors, a translation of M. Duval's estimable work is a welcome addition to every art-student's library. For many years M. Duval had the Professorship of Anatomy at the École des Beaux-Arts at Paris, where his popularity as a lecturer was only second to his reputation as a man of science. His method—as illustrated by his lectures, of which this book is a summary—differs from that of most writers on the subject. He takes the skeleton itself as the starting-point of all study of the movements of the members, of the play of the muscles; and, finally, he shows that the skin is, after all, only a transparent veil through which the action of the body and, in a sense, the thoughts of the mind can be distinguished. Up to this time, teaching by analysis has hitherto been the accepted system of art training. The advantage gained is obvious, if only in time saved to the student—who, in despair at being unable to wade through pages of text, betook himself to the superficial study of an illustrated atlas. In one sense, all works dealing with anatomical details must be dry, and whilst we do not claim for M. Duval's treatise the exciting interest of a novel, we can with truth say that he is never tedious. He describes clearly the respective proportions of the various members of the body, and the part they play in daily life, and then passes on to discuss the action of the muscles with which the human trunk and limbs are covered. In dealing with the muscles of expression, he refers at length to the interesting experiments of Duchenne, of Boulogne, to whom Darwin was so much indebted for the data of his celebrated work; and he leaves to artists themselves to draw the inference of how much they have to gain in expressing light and shadow, as well as emotion, in the faces of their pictures, by a knowledge of what underlies the skin.

MELANCHOLY ENGLAND.

What has become of the Merry England famous in history or legend? We have all heard of it; some of us may have dim recollections of it in our far off youth, when the sky was always blue, the sun always shone, the roses always bloomed, and fair girls' faces filled our small world with beauty. Ah! what laughing, loving eyes there were in that happy time, what red lips to kiss, what waists to clasp, what love whispers in the twilight, what carving of names on trees, what beating of young hearts, what vows of constancy beneath the inconstant moon! Did we ever doubt then whether life were worth living? Did we ever feel then that "monotonous leaden gloom," that "deep dull wretchedness" which, according to a medical journal, is now so prevalent amongst the cultivated classes? Or is it possible, in spite of school and college, that we were not "cultivated" then? For our parts, we were we not merry ourselves?—but a study of history does not make it very evident that mirth was greatly more prevalent in earlier centuries than it is in our own. Long before the age of Elizabeth, Froissart had written that we English took our pleasures sadly; and when we come to Shakspeare's time the fun of the period seems to have become a kind of horse-play, often of drunken play, rather than of genuine mirth. The cruelty and despotism of those times have left a stronger mark than their pomp and pageantry, and one remembers that a monarch's mirthfulness did not always ensure the safety of a courtier. The beheading and disembowelling of traitors, the burning of witches, wholesale executions, and heads kept to rot on London Bridge, must have given rise, one would think, to a very grim kind of merriment. Take up any general history of England, and try to find out, if you can, when this island could be rightfully called "Merry." Was it in the days of the Norman Conqueror, who drove thousands of villagers from their homes to make him a hunting-ground, who ravaged the country with fire and sword, who, if he made peace in the land at last, did so by the sternness of his rule? Was it under John, who, himself a slave, enslaved England; whose "punishments were refinements of cruelty—the starvation of children, the crushing old men under copes of lead"; and who, according to the verdict of his contemporaries, defiled hell itself by his fouler presence? Or was it under the Edwards, a period, no doubt, of greatness and of progress, but one of much disturbance and cruelty, especially to the Jews? That was, indeed, the age of Chaucer, the most cheerful of English poets; and all of that era which is sunny and bright lives in his pages: it was the age of Wyclif, whose trumpet note stirred men's hearts from one end of the country to the other. It was a serious and hopeful time, but not one which can be called merry; and the hope was doomed to be disappointed, for a century of darkness followed. Mirth is not to be looked for, surely, under the eighth Henry; nor under Elizabeth, albeit she raised England to a high place among the nations, and her age holds a deathless place in story; nor under Mary of bloody memory, nor under the Stuarts (that the Puritans abjured it goes without saying); and although the second Charles was called a merry monarch, he did as much to make his country ashamed and sad as a king could well accomplish within a reign of twenty-four years.

We need not pursue the search further. Depend upon it, the merry England of the poets belongs to the poetical dreams of what might have been and what ought to have been, rather than to what actually existed in any historical period. This golden age belongs to youth and to poetry, to the happy illusions of life's happiest period, not to the chronological data of which the historian takes account. We cannot measure happiness; but it is obviously possible for an age to be happier than its successor; and it is possible also to point to causes which, if the close of this nineteenth century in England be distinguished by what we call melancholia, and our ancestors called vapours, may in some degree account for the painful fact. It is a truism to say that a merry heart is neither due to wealth nor affected by comparative poverty. The cottager is often more cheerful than the Prince, and reasonably so, since he has fewer cares. "No man is poor," says Jeremy Taylor, "who does not think himself so"; and the greater our contentment, the more room is there for mirth. Discontent is one of the signs of the times. Universal competition means universal discomfort. The state of life in which we have been placed is the one we strain every nerve to escape from; and the constant effort naturally produces a reaction. What a tension there is upon mind and body in these days! We give ourselves no rest; we make haste to be rich, and, finding the haste vain, or at best unsatisfactory, fall into a despondent state. Then we have enemies to contend against which were unknown, or but partially known, to our forefathers. In an age of telegraphs, telephones, fast steamers, and express-trains, it is almost impossible to take life calmly. We are not allowed to repose, but fume and fret, and rush hither and thither, not because we enjoy noise and confusion, but because they are the order of the day. The hubbub of life in large cities is painful to weak nerves, and weak nerves are due in large measure to our mode of living. Do we not sit too often and too long at good men's feasts? Do we not work brain and stomach beyond their strength? Do we not find it easier to talk about the laws of health than to follow them? If you doubt this, the enormous sale of quack medicines, and the success of enterprising quack doctors, may prove to you that the age is neither wise nor healthy. Cheerfulness is due not only or chiefly to circumstances, but to the interior life. The age is one of doubt, not readily to be solved by magazine articles; one of political, social, and religious difficulties, which make the lives of some men far too serious to allow of merriment. This state of doubt, this pessimistic questioning, is not an indication of mental sanity. The man who "feels the breeze of nature stirring in his soul"; who enjoys the activities of life; who knows how to grapple with its problems; or how, with a calm but not indifferent mind, to leave them unsolved, is at once healthy and happy. Such men can afford to be merry within becoming limits, but such men are and always have been rare. What we want in these days is less excitement and more enjoyment, less fussiness and more composure. But, indeed, we want many things which are far easier to write about than to gain. Discontent is at the root of melancholy, and Wordsworth's description of the age is as true now as when it was written in the early years of the century:

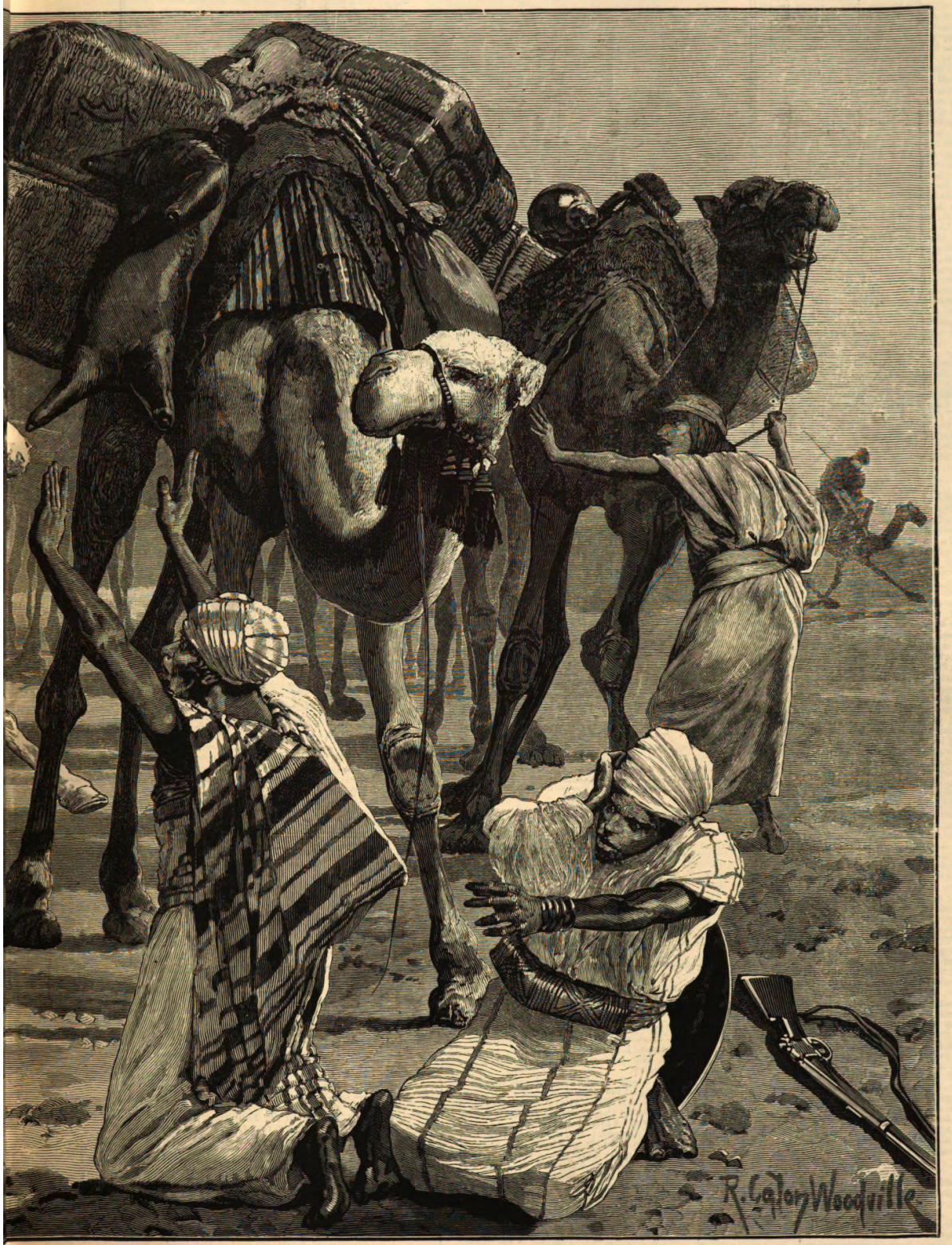
> The world is too much with us, late and soon,
> Getting and spending we lay waste our powers.
> Little we see in Nature that is ours,
> We have given our hearts away, a sordid boon.

And so, being out of tune with Nature, we fix our affections upon money-making when we might raise them to the stars.

The Very Rev. E. H. Bickersteth, the new Dean of Gloucester, was instituted by the Bishop at the cathedral on Tuesday, in the presence of a large number of dignitaries of the Church. He was installed by the Chapter on Wednesday.



THE NILE EXPEDITION.—THE ADVANCE ON KH



HARTOUM: CAPTURING THE ENEMY'S SUPPLIES.

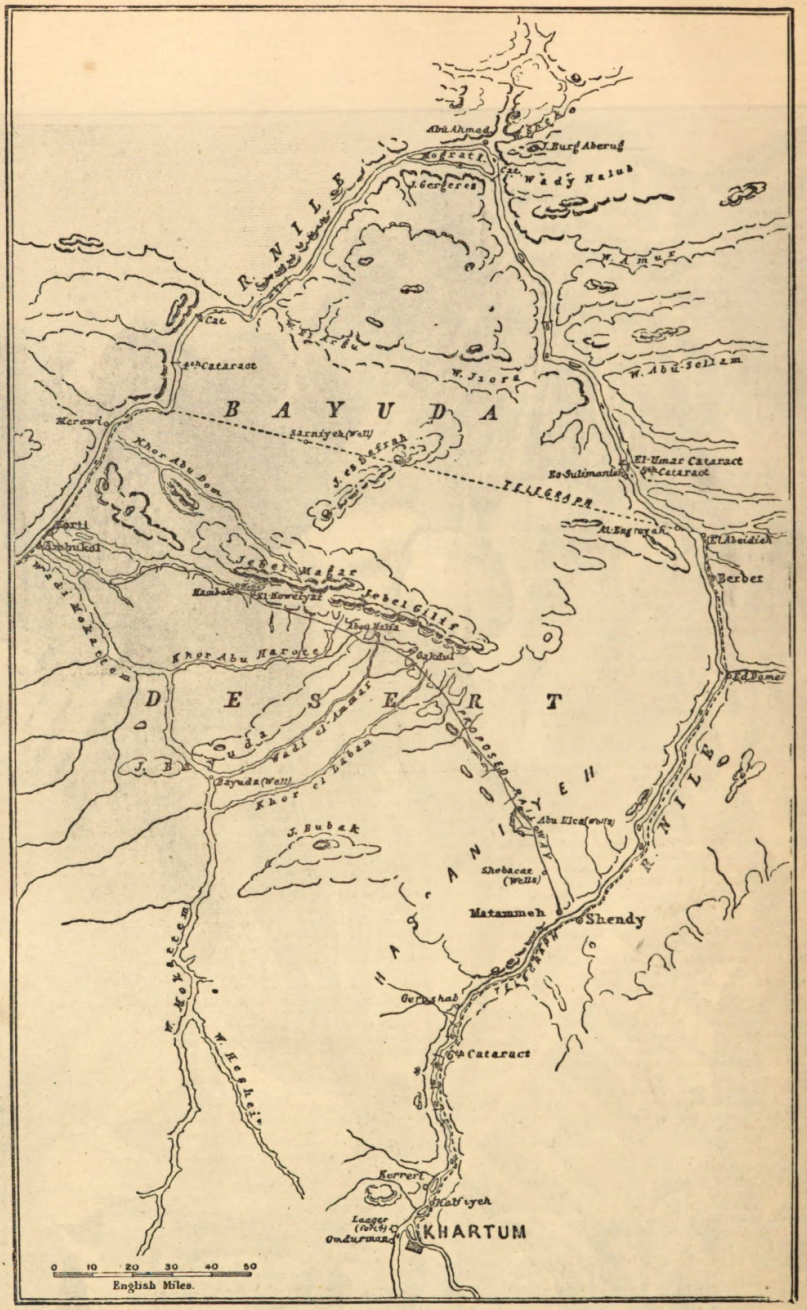
THE NILE EXPEDITION.

The gratification aroused last week by the news published on Thursday morning, that Brigadier-General Sir Herbert Stewart, with about fifteen hundred British soldiers, had defeated an army of eight or ten thousand warriors of the Soudan at the Wells of Abou Klea, was followed during some days by serious anxiety for the subsequent fortunes of the small British force, nothing further being known of it at Korti, the head-quarters of Lord Wolseley, since it moved on from Abou Klea, the day after the battle. We gave the news of that victory in the greater part of our impression last week, but a more complete account is here supplied. It was not till the forenoon of Wednesday in this week that the public mind was relieved from suspense by a despatch from Lord Wolseley, dated the same morning, which states that Sir Herbert Stewart fought a second battle on Monday, the 19th inst., against seven thousand of the enemy, and again defeated them, pursuing his march to the Nile at Metammeh. Twenty of our men were killed, and sixty wounded; Sir Herbert Stewart himself severely wounded. Two special correspondents of London newspapers—Mr. Cameron, of the *Standard*, and Mr. Herbert, of the *Morning Post*—were killed, and Mr. Burleigh, of the *Daily Telegraph*, wounded. Lord St. Vincent has died of his wound received on the 17th. The British force has avoided storming Metammeh, and occupies a position two miles higher up the river. It has opened communications with General Gordon, and Sir Charles Wilson has gone up with two of Gordon's steam-boats to Khartoum. We now proceed to relate the events made known since our last connected narrative of the Expedition, referring to the annexed Map.

Our readers know that the distance across the Desert from Korti to Metammeh, on the Nile between Khartoum and Berber, by the route of Hambok Wells, Abau Halfa, Gakdul, and Abou Klea, is about one hundred and seventy-eight miles; and that Abou Klea, the last of these resting-places, is twenty-three miles from the Nile at Metammeh. Sir Herbert Stewart had with him, at setting forth, a force of about two thousand, comprising ninety of the 19th Hussars, the three divisions of the Camel Corps, in all 1080 men, four hundred Mounted Infantry, a Royal Artillery battery of forty men, thirty Royal Engineers, fifty men of the Naval Brigade, the Royal Sussex Regiment, 320 strong, eighty men of the Essex Regiment, fifty men of the Transport Corps, and as many of the Medical Staff Corps; but he must have left some detachments to guard the wells in his rear. On Friday, the 16th inst., his brigade thus diminished had arrived within a few miles of the Abou Klea Wells, having almost accomplished the long waterless march of forty-three miles from the Wells at El Faar. They were, no doubt, looking forward to a halt and rest at Abou Klea, after which there would be but two short marches to Metammeh. Suddenly the Hussars, who were out scouting ahead, rode in with the news that the enemy in force held possession of the Wells. The whole column, formed now in close fighting order—the Guards Camel Corps on the left, the Heavy Division in the centre, the Mounted Infantry on the right—moved forward until within three miles of the wells; and as the enemy showed no signs either of retiring or of advancing to meet them, the troops were halted. They at once set to work to form an intrenchment, which should serve as a protection in case of a night attack, and as a stronghold where the camels and baggage could be left under a guard, when the main body moved out in the morning to meet the foe. An abattis of felled trees was formed round the camels and baggage, and a stone breastwork thrown up some hundreds of yards in front, where the first rush of the Arabs could be checked. The enemy's camp was in sight at a distance of about four miles; it contained a number of tents, and was fortified. While carrying out their work, our troops were watched by two bodies of the Mahdi's followers from some high hills on the left front. Towards six o'clock in the evening the enemy fired from a distance, but appear to have drawn off upon the Artillery replying with some rounds from the light guns. During the night a few shots were fired at intervals into the camp, but only one slight casualty resulted.

On the morning of Saturday, the 17th inst., the enemy were seen advancing in two divisions. Each numbered some five thousand men, gathered from Berber, Metammeh, and Omdurman; they came on with drums beating and flags flying, halting occasionally to see what course our troops intended to take. Sir Herbert Stewart for a time remained in the position he had intrenched, hoping to induce the enemy to attack him there; but, seeing at last that they were not to be drawn on, he formed his troops into the order in which they were to fight, and advanced to meet them. The British soldiers were all dismounted, and the camels were left in the inclosure, under the protection of a portion of the Sussex Regiment and some Mounted Infantry. The troops advanced in square; the Mounted Infantry, the Artillery, and a portion of the Guards in the front line; another detachment of Guards and a part of the Sussex Regiment on the right flank; some men of the Heavy Camel Corps and some Mounted Infantry on the left. In the rear were the Naval Brigade and the rest of the Heavy Corps, while the Gardner guns were in the centre, in readiness for action on either side face. As the square, which comprised some fifteen hundred men, moved forward against the enemy, the latter appear to have shifted their position until our troops had reached a position which the Arabs deemed favourable for their attack. Then, leaving their standards still waving to deceive the British as to their intentions, they disappeared from view, and, advancing under cover of some depression of the ground, suddenly charged down upon the square. The destructive fire poured in by the front line was too much for the Arabs, and, sweeping round, they flung themselves upon the left rear of the square, where the men of the Heavy Camel Corps were stationed. As at Tamanieb, the troops were for the moment unable to withstand the furious onslaught. They broke their formation, and the enemy poured into the midst of them. The men of the Heavy Cavalry, however, rallied quickly, and a desperate hand-to-hand fight raged in the square. The troops on the other faces kept their formation, and their tremendous fire upon the masses of the enemy around them prevented the latter from following up the advantage they had gained. The Guards, the Mounted Infantry, and the sailors concentrated their fire on the band of Arabs who had broken through, until the survivors fled, and the square again closed up. By this time the enemy were fairly beaten, and were speedily in full retreat, leaving the Wells open to our troops, who at once advanced and occupied the ground.

This battle of Abou Klea was the first actual fighting in the course of the Nile Expedition. The loss of our army was somewhat severe, nine officers and sixty-five non-commissioned officers and privates having been killed, and nine officers and eighty-five men wounded. Among the list of the slain, the officers killed are Colonel Burnaby, Royal Horse Guards; Major Carmichael, 5th Lancers; Major Atherton, 5th Dragoon Guards; Major Gough, 1st Royal Dragoons; Captain Darley, 4th Dragoon Guards; Lieutenant Law, 4th Dragoon Guards; Lieutenant Wolfe, Scots Greys; Lieutenants Pigott and De Lisle, Naval Brigade. The officers severely wounded are Lord St. Vincent, Captain 16th Lancers; Major Dickson, Royals; Lieutenants Lyall and Guthrie, Artillery; and Surgeon Magill. Those slightly wounded are Lord Airlie, Captain 10th Hussars; Lieutenant Beech, Life Guards; Lieutenant Costello, 5th Lancers, contusion; and Major Gough, Mounted Infantry.



THE GREAT BEND OF THE NILE, WITH THE DESERT BETWEEN KORTI (LORD WOLSELEY'S HEAD-QUARTERS) AND SIR HERBERT STEWART'S POSITION ABOVE METAMMEH.

The enemy left not less than eight hundred dead round the square, and prisoners report the number of their wounded to be quite exceptional. The Wells of Abou Klea were occupied by the British force at five in the afternoon, but the necessity of obtaining water delayed for some hours the advance of Sir Herbert Stewart on Metammeh; for which place he was, however, about to push on when his messenger left. A strong post had been established at the Wells, where tents had been pitched for the wounded, who were doing well.

The death of Lord St. Vincent, from his wound in the battle above related, is announced later, with those of Lieutenant Guthrie, R.H.A., Quartermaster A. G. Lima, 19th Hussars, Mr. A. C. Jewell, of the Transport Corps, Mr. Cameron, and Mr. St. Leger Herbert. The officers wounded on the 19th were General Sir Herbert Stewart; Major Lord H. A. G. Somerset, Royal Horse Guards; Lieutenant Crutchley, Scots Guards; Lieutenants T. D. O. Snow and C. P. Livingstone, Mounted Infantry; Captain A. G. Lennard, East Lancashire regiment; Lieutenant Munro, R.N.; and Major W. H. Poe, of the Royal Marines. The wounded left at Abou Klea on the 17th are doing well, and will be brought to Korti very shortly. The following is Lord Wolseley's despatch of last Wednesday, reporting the second battle:—

"Korti, Jan. 28, 1885, five a.m.

"Captain Pigott, of the Mounted Infantry, has just arrived from Gubat, on the Nile, two miles above Metammeh, which he left on the 24th inst. There has been some sharp fighting since the action on the 17th inst., and the men have had extremely hard work, and, until the 23rd inst., little sleep. General Stewart, who, I deeply regret, has been severely wounded, has carried out my instructions; and we have now a strongly fortified post on the Nile, half-way between Berber and Khartoum, and we hold the Desert route between it and this place. On the large island opposite Gubat there is plenty of green forage for horses and camels. Gubat can be held against any force the Mahdi can send to attack it. Four steamers from Khartoum, under Nusri Pasha, arrived at Gubat during the reconnaissance made of Metammeh of 21st inst. The Pasha landed men and guns, and took part in the operations.

"Sir C. Wilson left for Khartoum on the 24th inst. with two steamers and a detachment of the Sussex Regiment. Metammeh is occupied by about 2000 men, half of whom are regulars under Nur Angar, who has three Krupp guns, but very little ammunition for them. None of the shells fired from them exploded. At Shendy there is one Krupp gun and a

small garrison. A hospital has been established at Metammeh, where the wounded are well cared for.

"The movements of General Stewart's force, since my last telegram, were as follows:—Having established a strong post at Abou Klea Wells, he left there about four p.m., on the 18th inst. After passing Wells at Shebacat, he moved to their right, as my instructions were that, if Metammeh were held, Stewart should establish himself on the Nile between it and Khartoum. About seven a.m., on the 19th inst., when three or four miles from the river, the enemy showed in force. A halt was made for breakfast in a strong zereba. It was here that General Stewart was wounded, and the heaviest fire was sustained. Colonel Sir C. Wilson, as senior officer, assumed the command. The force, leaving wounded and impedimenta in a work constructed under heavy fire, marched about three p.m. on the 19th inst. in the gravel ridge overlooking the Nile, where a large force of the enemy was established. The enemy charged, led by several Emirs on horseback; but none were able to get nearer our square than about thirty yards. They were repulsed with heavy loss; five Emirs and about 250 dead left on the ground. Their wounded were very numerous.

"Sir C. Wilson in report says:—'Nothing could exceed the coolness of the troops both when exposed to fire of sharp-shooters in morning, and to the charge of spearmen in afternoon.' He speaks highly of Colonel Boscawen, to whom he gave command of the square during these operations. On 21st inst. a reconnaissance in force was made of Metammeh, which had been placed in a state of defence, the walls loop-holed. Although Sir C. Wilson reports he could have carried the village, which is long and straggling, he did not think it worth the loss it would have entailed. On 22nd inst. a reconnaissance made down the river towards Shendy, with three steamers, which returned same day.

"I most deeply deplore the losses we have experienced; but in every other respect the result of these operations, so ably and successfully conducted by Sir Herbert Stewart, is most satisfactory, and cannot fail to have a great effect upon the future of this campaign. I have had no letters of any importance from General Gordon. The most recent, dated Dec. 29, contains merely one line, saying 'Khartoum all right—could hold out for years.'

"Sir R. Buller starts to-morrow to assume the command along the Desert route to Gubat. We have plenty of troops, of ammunition, and of food. The Royal Irish begin their movements across the Desert to-day; the West Kent will follow. Sir Herbert Stewart writes in good spirits from on board one of steamers, and the last report of him says he is doing well; but his wound is very severe; and I cannot expect him to be fit for any more work this campaign. The temporary deprivation of his services at this moment I regard as a national loss. He is one of the ablest soldiers and most dashing commanders I have ever known. I recommend him most strongly to the Queen for her Majesty's most favourable consideration. I append a list of killed and wounded. I regret to say Lord St. Vincent and Lieutenant Guthrie, Horse Artillery, died of their wounds. The only officers killed since the 17th are Quartermaster Lima, 19th Hussars, and Conductor Jewell. The enemy did not fight with the same determination or courage as on the 17th inst."

It is, perhaps, to be regretted that, while Sir Herbert Stewart's brigade was encountering such risks beyond the Desert, and was cut off during ten days, after fighting a severe battle, from all communication with Lord Wolseley, another large portion of the army should have been sent up the Nile in an entirely different direction. The force commanded by General Earle, which numbers 2200 men, consisting of the Staffordshire Regiment, the Black Watch, 42nd Highlanders, the head-quarters and two companies of the Gordon Highlanders, the Duke of Cornwall's regiment, a squadron of the 19th Hussars, and the Egyptian Camel Corps, with the auxiliary native troop of the Mudir of Dongola, has passed above the Fourth Cataract, seventy miles or more to the north-east of Korti, on its way to attack the hostile Monassir and Robatat tribes. It would proceed, afterwards, nearly 150 miles further north to Abou Ahmed, the top of the great bend of the Nile, where the Desert route from Korosko terminates on the right bank of the river. The further ascent of the Nile, from Abou Ahmed to Berber and Khartoum is in a southerly direction; but the river course from Abou Ahmed to Metammeh or Shendy cannot be much less than 300 miles. It is, therefore, plain that, if General Earle's troops go up to Abou Ahmed, not the least direct assistance can be obtained from them to strengthen the position of Sir Herbert Stewart. By the winding river-route General Earle would take six weeks to get there. A glance at our Map, showing the great bend of the Nile, a circuit of nearly six hundred miles, from Khartoum down to Korti or Ambukol, with the intervening space of desert and the route along which Sir Herbert Stewart marched from Korti to Abou Klea, and subsequently to his present position on the river-bank above Metammeh, will help the reader to understand all the recent movements. Referring again to the position of General Earle's column in the north, we are informed that it is making good progress in boats up the river, the stations being at Hannek, Merawi, Hamdab, and Owli Island, above the Gerendid cataract. Colonel Colville, with the Mudir's troops, marched along the right bank of the river, and a detachment of cavalry scouted the country on that side under Colonel W. F. Butler; while Colonel Alleyne, in three boats manned by Canadians, went up in advance to examine the state of the river. It had been thought likely that the Monassir tribe, under the chief of Wady Gamr, the reputed murderer of Colonel J. D. Stewart and Mr. Frank Power, would fight at Birteh, thirty-five miles above Hamdab; but this is now considered to be doubtful. General Earle has issued very strict and precise orders with reference to each day's movements, and every arrangement has been laid down as to the course to be pursued in case of a sudden attack being made by the Arabs. The natives think that no serious opposition will be experienced until the troops approach Abou Ahmed, near the abode of the Robatat tribe, or until they get nearer the Fifth Cataract on the way to Berber. A chief called Nour-ed-deen commands on behalf of the Mahdi at Berber and at Abou Ahmed; at the latter place he has twelve hundred men and at Berber thirteen hundred men, so that together with the Monassir tribes he can dispose of four thousand warriors, half of whom have only spears and swords, the remainder being provided with good firearms. Nour-ed-deen has already left for Abou Ahmed, there to await the arrival of Earle's column. At Abou Ahmed there are several guns and a large quantity of ammunition and rifles belonging to the old Egyptian dépôt there.

The native troops of the Mudir of Dongola muster three hundred, armed with Remington rifles; they are pleased with the treatment they have received since joining our army.

The Sketches by our Special Artist, Mr. Melton Prior, represent Lord Wolseley's head-quarters at Korti, and a party of the Royal Engineers building a fort at that place; there is another scene of unloading boats on the river. Our large Engraving shows an incident of the war, the capturing of intercepted supplies on their way to the enemy.

PARISIAN SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

(From our own Correspondent.)

Paris, Tuesday, Jan. 27.

On Sunday the Parisians had to elect a Senator. Amongst the candidates was M. Spuller, a born Democrat, an orator and writer of merit, a man who has been usefully concerned in public affairs for fifteen years; but, as if to justify the maxim that democracy demands none but mediocre and obedient representatives, the electors preferred to M. Spuller one Doctor Georges Martin, aged forty, unknown to fame. M. Martin thus becomes the colleague of Victor Hugo as the representative of the Light City, the cynosure of civilisation, the navel of the universe, or, in other words, the capital of France. The programme supported by M. Martin is that of communal autonomy, the extremest form of Radicalism. Utterly vanquished at Paris, the policy of opportunism did not succeed very brilliantly in the provinces. In the departments of the Nord and Pas de Calais the Republicans have lost three seats, and, in spite of the new electoral law specially designed to combat the Conservatives, the latter have been by no means ignominiously defeated. The Duc de Broglie and M. Bocher have lost their seats, it is true; nevertheless, out of eighty-seven seats, the Conservatives have succeeded in keeping twenty. Thus M. Ferry has proved to be a false prophet in his prediction that with the new electoral law the Monarchists would be eliminated in thirty-one out of thirty-seven departments, and the Cabinet has received within the past few days two blows—the opportunist defeat at Paris and the military defeat at Kelung. The Conservatives, therefore, remain hopeful, and expect to obtain important reactionary results with universal suffrage at the time of the general elections. The Senate will resume its sittings on Thursday. The Chamber met this afternoon, and the first business of the Session will be the discussion of the Extraordinary Budget of 1885.

Society is skating and having night fêtes with the electric light on the pond of the Gun Club in the Bois de Boulogne. This is the seventeenth day of safe ice. Since the very hard winter of 1880-1 there has been no skating in Paris, so that the continuance of the frost is quite an event, and the reporters are writing columns about the exploits of exotic and other notabilities of fashionable Paris, who drive up to the Gun Club every afternoon to show off their furs.

Another chapter has begun in the life of that extraordinary genius, Sarah Bernhardt. She has abandoned her house in the Rue Fortuny and all that it contains to her innumerable creditors; and last week her furniture, objects of art, and, in short, all her worldly goods, were sold by auction at the Hôtel Drouot. Oddly enough, the sale attracted little or no attention; very few people took the trouble to go to see, much less to buy; and, with very few exceptions, the purchasers were brokers and dealers. The total of the three days' sale was small, 27,000f. A year or two ago the sale of Sarah Bernhardt's furniture would have been a Parisian event of the first magnitude. But everything has an end, and Sarah has provoked our curiosity in such multifarious ways, and so persistently, that she has finally wearied us. Happily for her, she has talent enough as an actress to force our admiration whether we will or not.

Let me take advantage of the general lull in political and social matters to mention a few notable new books. Awakened at length to the rapid progress made by neighbouring nations in all the branches of art, the French are beginning to feel the necessity of improving and enlarging their systems of artistic education, and, at the same time, of popularising artistic study. M. Quantin is now publishing, with this view, under the patronage of the Fine-Arts Department, an excellent series of manuals, with the general title of the "Library of Fine-Art Teaching." Each volume contains three or four hundred pages of text, and one hundred or one hundred and fifty engravings, and the whole series will form a complete encyclopædia of the Arts, written by the most competent authorities. Amongst the recently published volumes, I notice two of special excellence and interest: a dictionary of Art terms, and a most concise, readable, and complete account of Etruscan and Roman Art, by M. Jules Martha. Thanks to this handy volume, "L'Archéologie Etrusque et Romaine," a promenade in certain galleries of the Louvre which visitors are inclined to neglect becomes amusing as well as instructive. M. Jules Adeline's "Lexique des Termes d'Art," with its hundreds of illustrative little wood-cuts, has the merits of completeness, brevity, and usefulness: every private library and every student's shelves ought to have a copy. I mention these two volumes especially out of a dozen others, all of merit, on mosaic, Byzantine art, music, manuscripts and miniatures, engravings, &c.

The Anarchist leaders who created a disturbance at the Salle Lévis, a few Sundays ago, were tried last week. Five of them were condemned each to two months' imprisonment for inciting their fellow-citizens to murder and pillage, and one was condemned to five years' imprisonment for attempting to kill a policeman. During this trial a curious incident happened. The Judge summoned the reporters who were present at the meeting to give evidence, but they all refused, and were fined accordingly each 100f., according to the law. This is the first time that justice has taken such a measure towards the press, and all the newspapers agree in condemning the mistake of the magistrate in question. Reporters, it is maintained, ought to enjoy the privilege of professional secrecy.

M. Caro, the eminent "Christian philosopher" was hissed during his last lecture at the Sorbonne by the students, who are at the present moment of a Voltairian turn of thinking. Their hisses were meant as a protestation of a declaration of Christian faith made by M. Caro, the other day, at the funeral of Edmond About.

T. C.

The King of Spain returned to Madrid late on the 22nd inst., from his visit to the districts devastated by the earthquakes. He was cordially received by the people. Further slight shocks of earthquakes have been left at Malaga, Loja, Velaz-Malaga, and Almuñecar.

The Emperor William has recovered from his indisposition. The Empress held a reception at the Imperial Palace on the 22nd inst., and was afterwards present at the State concert which followed. The Crown Prince and Princess and the Princes and Princesses of the Imperial family also attended the reception and the concert. Prince Henry of Battenberg was present. The annual Court Ball at the Opera-House, fixed for the 30th inst., has been further postponed until the 3rd prox., owing to the Emperor's express desire to be present. The Emperor has contributed £1000 on behalf of the sufferers by the late earthquakes in Spain.—In the German Parliament a vote of 150,000 marks for explorations in Central Africa was agreed to by a large majority. In the course of the debate, protests were made against the addresses to Prince Bismarck expressing indignation at the recent refusal of the House to grant him another assistant at the Foreign Office.

In last Saturday's sitting of the Hungarian Lower House the proposal of Herr Ugron, of the Extreme Left, to make the Catholic Church independent of the State was rejected by 155 votes against 98. The Croatian members abstained from voting.

The University of Kieff was reopened on Monday. The Curator, in addressing the students, expressed his regret at the incidents which led to the closing of the institution. He hoped that as men of science they would in future devote themselves exclusively to the interests of science, and that the pursuit of these interests would lead to the permanent establishment of order and tranquillity in the University.

In Tuesday's sitting of the Finance Committee of the Danish Folkething, the Left majority reduced the Budget presented by the Government by seven and a half to eight million kroner. The Right had previously intimated their willingness to agree to a reduction of two million kroner. This abatement is spread over all branches of the State expenditure. It is believed that in consequence of this decision the Government will bring in a provisional Finance Bill.

The news of the dynamite explosions in London reached the American cities at noon last Saturday, causing a great sensation. Universal execration of the criminals was expressed. On Monday the Senate of the United States adopted, by 63 votes to 1, Mr. Bayard's resolution (proposed last Saturday) expressing indignation at the explosions in London, and detestation of such crimes. A resolution calling on the Secretary of State for information as to whether any citizen of the United States, or persons domiciled there, had been concerned in these explosions, was referred to the appropriate committee. The New York journals, one and all, denounce Rossa and his associates as enemies of civilisation. But at a meeting of Socialists, held in Chicago, the outrages in London were applauded, and the free use of dynamite against capitalists was recommended. The *Daily News* correspondent at New York telegraphs that a Dynamite Prohibition Bill has been introduced in the New York Legislature which is more comprehensive and satisfactory than Mr. Edmunds's measure. The Bill makes it a felony to contribute or solicit money for the purpose of manufacturing or using explosives to destroy life or property. The correspondent says that the sentiment in favour of legislation of some kind grows stronger daily. A resolution has been introduced in the Pennsylvania Legislature denouncing the dynamiters, and asking the Senators to support Mr. Edmunds's Bill.

A Reuter despatch from Melbourne states that the City Council has passed a resolution expressing regret that the representations of the Colonies with respect to recent German annexations in New Guinea were not received with due consideration by the British Government, and praying her Majesty to take steps to effectually remedy the evil done.

It is announced from Perth, in West Australia, that the manager and accountant of the Union Bank of Australia's branch in Roeburne have been found tomahawked on the bank's premises. There is no clue to the assassins.

A largely attended bazaar was held at Hastings on Tuesday, in connection with St. Peter's Church, which is being built mainly for the poor, and towards the erection of which the sum of £11,000 was given by an unknown benefactor.

Mr. Parnell, M.P., on the occasion of turning the first turf of a light railway to be constructed in county Clare, under the Tramways Act, delivered an address on Monday glorifying the League agitation, and denouncing landlord "tyranny" and English "misrule." He made no reference to the outrages in London.

At a public meeting at Ramsgate on Monday night the silver medal of the Royal Humane Society was presented to a Ramsgate fisherman, named Edward Grainger, who gallantly rescued a lad from drowning last November. The lad fell into the sluice water as it was rushing from the inner harbour with so much force that no boat could have gone to the rescue.

In connection with the inquiries set on foot by the Committee on Stamps, appointed by the late Postmaster-General, the Government have instructed Mr. Purcell, the Controller of Stamps, accompanied by two of the superior officers of his department, to visit and report upon the various Government stamp factories in the principal cities of Europe.

The Board of Trade have awarded a binocular glass to Captain Soren Carlsen, of the Norwegian brig Sigrinn, of Christiania, in acknowledgment of his humanity and kindness to the shipwrecked crew of the schooner Dewdrop, which was abandoned at sea, while on a voyage from Turk's Island to Jersey, on Feb. 3, 1884.

The annual Christmas-tree festival of the Royal Normal College and Academy of Music for the Blind took place last Saturday in that institution, at Upper Norwood, when Mr. L. Courtney, M.P., presided. Several letters from former pupils who are earning good salaries as teachers of music were read.

The Peabody trustees have erected another range of buildings for the industrial classes, which are intended to be thrown open for occupation at once. The buildings are situated on the west side of Little Coram-street, and have been erected on the Foundling estate, covering an area of about 15,000 superficial feet. They consist of eight double blocks, and have been built on the east, west, north, and south sides of the site, respectively, around a spacious open area and recreation-ground, about 220 ft. in length and 120 ft. in width.

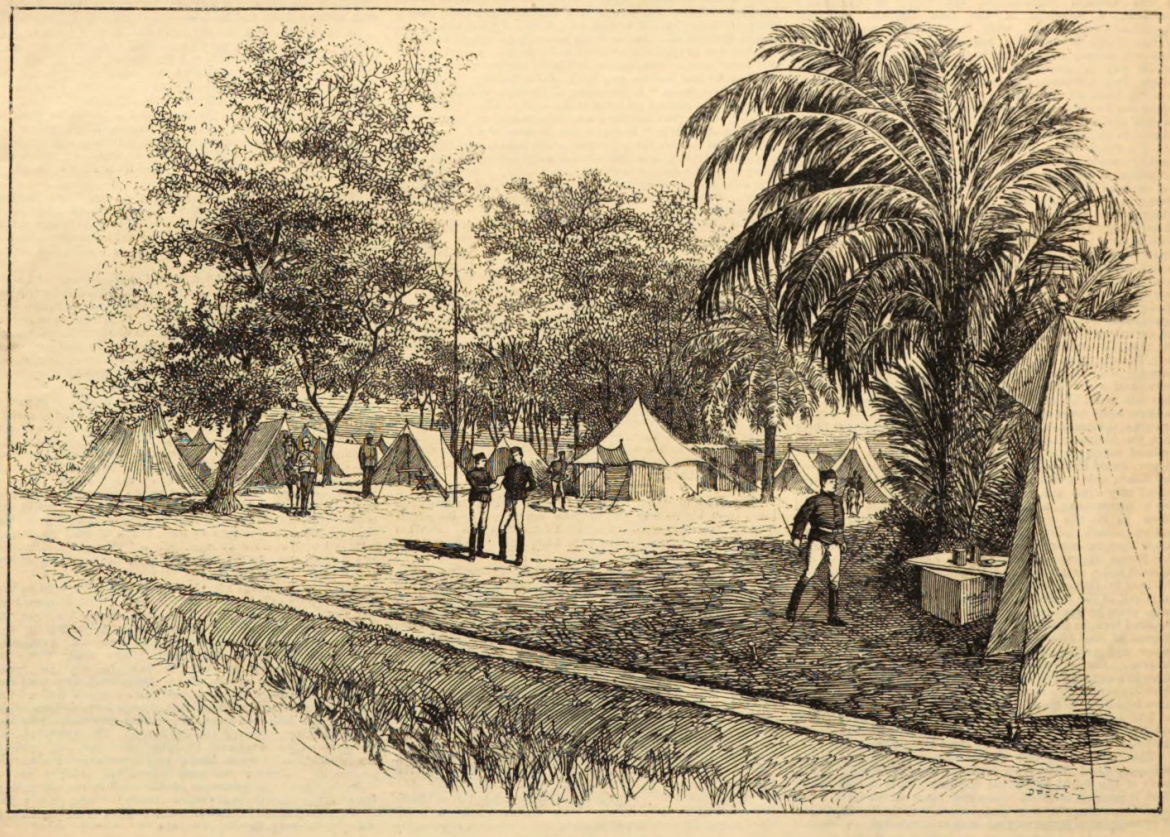
An interesting little letter appears in the *Times* from the governor of the Gas Light and Coke Company as to the cost of a London fog. On last Tuesday, the 20th inst., we suffered from a fog of fairly average density, which necessitated the burning of gas nearly the whole day. The result was that this single gas company had to deliver 35,000,000 cubic feet of gas above the corresponding day of the previous year, an increase of 37 per cent. The cost to the public from this one day's darkness in extra gas bills alone was £5250, and the manufacture of the extra supply of gas necessitated the carbonisation of 3500 tons of coal, 1 ton of coal producing 1000 feet of gas on the average. The quantity of gas delivered last Tuesday was 96,000,000 cubic feet, the largest quantity ever sent out in one day.

The eighth annual bicycle and tricycle show, held by the Stanley Cycling Club, was on Wednesday morning opened on the Thames Embankment. The show, which has from its establishment proved popular with a large section of the public, has for several years past been an increasing one. The gallery of the Royal Albert Hall, which in 1883 proved adequate for the exhibits, was last year vacated in favour of the Floral Hall, while this year the directors have been obliged to erect an enormous tent on the waste ground near Blackfriars Bridge, in order to accommodate the 300 and odd machines, comprising 270 distinct types, which have been entered for exhibition. The exhibits comprise every type of bi and tri-cycle, new and old, cycling impedimenta of various kinds, and a number of wheeling accessories. Among the most interesting exhibits are a "dandy horse," the precursor of the modern bicycle, dating from 1819, and an original "bone-shaker." The most practical outcome of the exhibition is the number of adaptations of the cycle to every-day requirements.

THE NILE EXPEDITION: SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. MELTON PRIOR.



UNLOADING BOATS.



LORD WOLSELEY'S HEAD-QUARTERS AT KÔRTI.



THE LATE P. C. ASBJÖRNSEN,
NORWEGIAN TALE-WRITER AND NATURALIST.



THE LATE EDMOND ABOUT,
FRENCH NOVELIST AND JOURNALIST.

THE EARTHQUAKE IN SPAIN.

In addition to our Sketches already published, which showed the tremendous havoc caused by the earthquake on Christmas Eve in the town of Alhama, and the disturbance and distress it occasioned in the cities of Malaga and Granada, we present a Sketch by Mr. Dietrichsen, a German artist, of the ruins of Albunuelas; this is a smaller town, but has suffered almost as severely as Alhama, and more than any other place in the province. Four hundred and fifty-seven houses were destroyed at Albunuelas; a hundred and seventy-three persons were killed, among them the parish priest and many of the principal inhabitants; and two hundred and sixty-six were wounded. Many of these remained for hours buried among the ruins before assistance could be obtained to dig them out. The road to Albunuelas passes through a wild country full of spots celebrated in the history of Spain as being the scene of conflicts with the Moors. Among them are the heights from which Boabdil looked his last upon Granada.

The town of Periana, at the foot of the Sierra Nevada mountains, but in the province of Malaga, was almost totally destroyed, the number of houses thrown down being seven hundred and fifty, while about a hundred persons were killed, and two hundred injured. The church, the townhall, and the convents were all destroyed. Only fifty houses are left standing, and they are in a ruinous state. At Velez Malaga, fifty-three persons were killed and seventy injured; four hundred and fifty houses, a convent, and two churches are in a ruinous state. This was a town of 26,000 inhabitants, near the seacoast, five miles east of the city of Malaga. At Cañillas two hundred and eighty houses were totally destroyed, and two hundred and twenty are in a ruinous condition.

The King of Spain, Alfonso XII., returned last week to Madrid, after a tour in which he visited most of the places which have suffered by the earthquake. His Majesty refused to accept any banquets or other public entertainments during the course of his tour, and requested that funds destined for such purposes should be given to the national subscription for the relief of the sufferers. He took much trouble, personally, in the distribution of the money which he had brought with him for the purpose among the families most in need of assistance, the wants of the widows and orphans being in the first place inquired into and relieved. The King went about among the sufferers and spoke to them with great kindness, and was visibly moved at the spectacle of such wide and deep distress. He was everywhere welcomed by the people with touching demonstrations of gratitude, as well as of loyalty.

Sir Frederick Leighton on the 22nd inst. distributed prizes gained by the Canterbury School of Art, and spoke of the beneficent and refining influences of artistic studies.

Messrs. Spiers and Pond's tender for the refreshment departments at the forthcoming South Kensington International Inventions Exhibition has been accepted by the executive council.



THE EARTHQUAKE IN SPAIN: RUINS OF ALBUNUELAS.

DOING GOOD.

"Doing good!" the reader may exclaim, upon reading the heading of this paper. "What more is there to be said about this terribly trite subject? Every day it is forced upon our attention. The post brings to us appeals of all kinds, the pulpits echo them, the advertisement columns of the daily papers repeat the cry, and every middle-aged woman we meet, who is unburdened with family claims, has at least half a score of charitable projects with which to fill her neighbours' hands as well as her own, or to empty their pockets."

It must be admitted that the reader is right. On all sides of us we see a strenuous, persistent philanthropy—a noble rage for doing good such as the world has never hitherto witnessed. Men and women are loving their fellow-creatures, or pretending to love them—for goodness is always followed by its counterfeit—with an energy resembling that of a mountain stream which the thaw of the snow has swelled into a torrent. Nor are our "fellow-mortals," the lower animals, forgotten in this generous crusade. We labour for their good—blindly perhaps, sometimes, but in a kindly spirit at all times; and though cruelty has by no means died out of the land, it receives from every right-minded person the execration it deserves. A man who beats his horse is liable to be imprisoned for the offence; he is not even allowed to beat his wife. There may be sentimental ladies who will weep over a dying cat, and eat pâté-de-fois-gras; who subscribe to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, while they torture their horses with bearing-reins, and are not ashamed to be seen at Hurlingham. Yet have they been known to give their clothes to the poor when far from being worn out, but only out of fashion; so that it may be supposed they are cruel simply from ignorance and thoughtlessness. They want imagination; they fail to conceive what they do not feel. They hate cruelty in the abstract, but when it comes to them in the form of pleasure they do not see that it is cruelty. However, let us own thankfully that aberrations of this kind are rare, and that doing good is as genuine a characteristic of the age as the passion for getting money. Sometimes the two are curiously linked together, and a man deludes himself by thinking he is working for humanity, when his real aim is to fill his own pocket and the pockets of his fellow-shareholders.

A delusion of another and less selfish kind is often to be seen in the advocates of doing good. With many of them this means doing exactly what they do. Some kinds of generous or useful action they understand fully, for other kinds they have no sympathy whatever. To give away tracts or bibles, blankets or soup, goody books or knitted shawls, and to teach in the Sunday school, is the broadest view they can take of doing good. Excellent souls! Surely they have their reward, although their world of charity is a narrow one. Unfortunately, it never occurs to them that men and women may be working on very different lines, and yet doing as much good, or possibly even more. For instance, the physician who, after years of unwearied toil, has discovered a remedy for some great physical evil, has done a service to mankind which cannot be weighed in any scales. Think what the use of anæsthetics has done for the relief of human suffering and for the progress of what has been justly called conservative surgery. "Past all counting," wrote Sir James Paget in 1879, "is the sense of happiness enjoyed by the millions who in the last thirty-three years have escaped the pains that were inevitable to surgical operations, pains made more terrible by apprehension, more keen by close attention, sometimes awful in a swift agony, sometimes prolonged beyond even the most patient endurance, and then renewed in memory and terrible in dreams. These will never be felt again." We forget our benefactors, but it would be shameless indeed to forget the good done by Dr. Simpson, of Edinburgh, who was the first to apply chloroform as an anæsthetic. And few men in these modern days have done more good to mankind than Mr. Lister, the originator of the antiseptic treatment, by which operations can be safely performed that would not have been attempted twenty years ago. Other illustrations, almost equally pertinent, might be given of what doing good means when the agent is a man of genius and of science. Whatever tends to lengthen human life, to lessen human suffering, to make existence brighter and happier, is a boon which the dullest intellect can appreciate. Other modes of doing good may not be quite so obvious. The poet or novelist, probably, is less esteemed as a benefactor than the distinguished surgeon or physician. Comparisons are difficult—nay, in many cases, impossible; but no reader capable of appreciating the works of Homer, Dante, Shakspeare, and Scott, or who has found, as Lord Holland found, a delight and sedative in Jane Austen's novels even when tortured with the gout, will doubt that they rank with the principal benefactors of mankind. Such writers give us, as a great poet has said, "nobler loves and nobler cures": they widen our intellectual horizon; they touch the heart with sympathy; they make sorrow less oppressive, and give a deeper intensity to joy. Can we doubt, too, that the authors of all really worthy books have done good of the most lasting kind, and that the work of the humblest conscientious writer may be at least as fruitful as the labours—shall we say?—of a district visitor?

There are, in fact, few kinds of human action, save those which are distinctly evil, which may not yield very definite good. Recreation, when wisely conducted, may do this in no mean measure, and yet people are prone to look upon recreation and amusement as having no connection with the duties of life. Art and music, and what is called light literature, may do this, and the good which the sight of Nature does to a weary spirit cannot be uttered in words. Nature, by-the-by, has a silent way of doing good, makes no parade about it, and cures her patients by the gentlest methods. What is needed seems to be that every man should strive to do the kind of good for which he is best fitted, making the action fine, as George Herbert said, by doing it in a right spirit. Do not let us all strive to run in the same groove. Every man has his own calling; and it would be as absurd to grumble that Lord Shaftesbury and Miss Florence Nightingale cannot write poetry like Lord Tennyson, as it would be to regret that he has not devoted his life, as they have done, to organising charitable works and putting down social abuses.

A young man named John Owen was brought before the Lord Mayor at the Mansion House on Wednesday charged with attempting to forge the transfer of £4900 East India Stock, standing on the books of the Bank of England in the name of the Rev. William Forbes Capel, of Frimley, Surrey, with intent to defraud the Bank of England. Mr. Capel, the owner of the stock in question, is at present travelling abroad, and on Jan. 6 a letter was written in his name to Mr. Shaw, a stockbroker, which represented that Mr. Capel was in England unknown to his family, and was desirous of selling £4900 East India Four per Cent Stock standing in his name in the Bank of England, but he wished the matter to be kept private, and this was why he did not employ his own stockbrokers. The writer of the letter also stated that a power of attorney would be required to sell out the stock, and if this was sent to him he would sign it, and appoint Mr. Shaw to act for him. The letter was dated from Studley-street, Hammersmith, which address upon inquiry turned out to be a small barber's shop, and suspicion seems to have been at once created in the mind of Mr. Shaw with regard to the transaction. He therefore communicated with the Bank of England, and the police were set in motion. Various communications passed in writing between Mr. Shaw and his correspondent, the latter on all occasions expressing his wish that for family reasons it should not be known that he was in England, or that he desired to sell the stock in question. The prisoner, it appeared, was in the habit of calling for the letters that were sent to Studley-street addressed to Mr. Capel, and he was apprehended by Sergeant Child on Wednesday morning when applying for them. When told what he was charged with, he appeared quite prepared for the emergency, and said that he was merely employed by a gentleman to fetch any letters that might be addressed to him at Studley-street; and he produced a letter which he had received that day from the gentleman, in which he inclosed him three shillings'-worth of postage stamps for his trouble. Sergeant Child was examined, to prove the circumstances under which he arrested the prisoner, and the case was then adjourned.

THE LATE EDMOND ABOUT.

This clever and witty French writer, who at one period lent his incisive pen to support the foreign policy of Napoleon III., and rendered some service to the liberation of Italy from Austrian and Papal oppression, died two or three weeks ago. He was born in 1828, at Dieuze, and, after a brilliant school course at the Charlemagne Lyceum, carried off, in his twenty-first year, the chief prize in philosophy, and entered the Ecole Normale, from which he passed, in 1851, to the French school at Athens. It was here that his first literary work, an archæological account of the Island of Ægina, was written. Returning to Paris, he wrote, in 1855, "The Greece of To-day," a book which was translated into several foreign languages; and by 1860 he had become famous as a journalist and novel writer. His pamphlet on the Roman Question, advocating the abolition of the Temporal Power of the Pope, made M. About the object of Ultramontane hostility. In the following years his work for the stage met with mingled success and failure. The year 1868 found him a member of the staff of the *Gaulois*; and when the Franco-German war broke out he was for a few weeks a correspondent at the front, whence he sent a vivacious account of the skirmish in which the Prince Imperial received his *baptême de feu*. After a brief imprisonment by the enemy, M. About returned to Paris, and became a Republican under M. Thiers, distinguishing himself by attacks in the *XIXme Siècle* on the Monarchical and Clerical parties. On a visit to Alsace he was again arrested by the German authorities, but the charge of high treason and outrage against the German Emperor was not sustained. He had recently been elected to the French Academy.

THE LATE P. C. ASBJÖRNSEN.

Many readers here are acquainted with the popular Norwegian fairy-tale writer, Asbjörnsen, "the Grimm of Scandinavia," whose death took place at Christiania on the 6th inst. A selection of his tales has been published in English translations. Asbjörnsen was born at Christiania in January, 1812, and took his degree at the University of that city in 1837. He spent much of his life in zoological studies and researches, and thus had frequent opportunities of visiting all parts of the country, and mixing with the people. He began early collecting the weird and wonderful stories which he heard on his wanderings, and, having become intimate with the poet Jörgen Moe, afterwards Bishop of Christiansand, who had a taste for similar pursuits, he published, in 1841, in conjunction with this friend, the first collection of "Norwegian Folk and Fairy Tales," which was followed by his second series, published in 1871. These tales have become a classic in Norwegian literature, and not only have an immense reputation in the Scandinavian countries, but have also gained the author a European fame. Translations of these remarkable specimens of quaint and primitive folklore have appeared in most of the European languages, and in America. In 1845 and 1848 he published his "Huldre Eventyr," a collection of tales about the Huldre, and other fairies of the Norwegian woods, hills, and rivers. Asbjörnsen has also written several scientific and practical works, and has been a constant contributor to the periodical press of his country. His stories have had a profound influence upon the younger poets of Norway of our day, owing no doubt to the elements of national character which he brought to light, and which had previously remained unnoticed and unappreciated. They afford the best opportunity of making foreigners acquainted with the life, the humour, and the temper of the Norwegian people, and with the interesting folklore of the country. Asbjörnsen's name will always occupy an honoured and revered place, not only in the literature of his native land, but also in the hearts of his countrymen.

General Gordon attained on Wednesday his fifty-second birthday.

Our Portrait of the late Colonel Frederick Burnaby is from a photograph by Mr. T. Fall, of Baker-street; that of Commander Alfred Pigott, R.N., from one by Mr. W. G. Lewis, of Bath; that of Major W. H. Atherton, by Messrs. Elliott and Fry, Baker-street; also that of Lieutenant Rudolph De Lisle, R.N.; and that of M. Edmond About, by Emile Tourtin, Boulevard des Italiens, Paris.

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GENUINE BARGAINS will be offered in each Department. Amongst them may be mentioned Silk Costumes, reduced from 8½ to 4½ guineas, from 8½ to 6, from 10 to 7½, from 14 to 10½.

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PEGLI.—Grand Hôtel Pegli (formerly De la Méditerranée). Facing the sea. South aspect, surrounded by gardens and mountains. Climate unsurpassed. Sanitary arrangements; satisfactory charges. BUCHER-DURRER, Prop.

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MR. STANFORD'S OPERAS. Messrs. BOOSEY and CO. beg to announce that they have made arrangements with Messrs. Puttick and Simpson to sell by Auction, on Tuesday, Feb. 24, Dr. J. Collis Browne and Stanford's two Operas. "The Canterbury Pilgrims" and "Savonarola." The former work was performed by the Carl Rosa Company last Easter, and was published at the same time. "Savonarola" was played in German at Covent Garden last summer. Although the Plates were engraved, it has never been published. Each work cost the publishers £1200 for Copyright. Further particulars may be obtained of the Auctioneers, 47, Leicester-square; or BOOSEY and CO., 295, Regent-street.

COUGHS, COLDS, ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS, and NEURALGIA.

DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S CHLORODYNE.—Vice-Chancellor Sir W. Page Wood stated publicly in Court that Dr. J. Collis Browne was undoubtedly the inventor of Chlorodyne; that the whole story of the defendant Freeman was deliberately untrue, and he regretted to say it had been sworn to.—See the "Times," July 13, 1864.

DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S CHLORODYNE.—The Right Hon. Earl Russell communicated to the College of physicians and J. T. Davenport that he had received information to the effect that the only remedy of any service in cholera was Chlorodyne.—See "Lancet," Dec. 31, 1853.

DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S CHLORODYNE.—Extract from the "Medical Times," Jan. 12, 1856:—"Is prescribedby scores of orthodox practitioners. Of course, it would not be so singularly popular did it not supply a want and fill a place."

DR J. COLLIS BROWNE'S CHLORODYNE is the best and most certain remedy in Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Consumption, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, &c.

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AUTHOR OF "MDLLE. DE MERSAC," "MATRIMONY," "THIRLBY HALL," &C.

CHAPTER VIII.

CARDREW.

Chance, which plays a considerable part in the lives of most people, is responsible for all the works and ways of a few. Chance took Mr. Irvine to Cornwall on his wedding-trip, some five-and-twenty years before the opening of the present narrative; chance led him to Polruth; the chance of his wife's having caught a cold in her head kept him for two days in that unfrequented fishing-hamlet; and chance caused him to walk up to the old grey house called Cardrew, which stands just beneath the brow of the hills above the village. Cardrew had been many years for sale, and its appearance at that time was hardly calculated to attract purchasers, its garden being an overgrown wilderness, its windows for the most part broken, and every fence and gate about it rotting away from neglect and age. But Mr. Irvine, who possessed a comfortable fortune and no home, happened to have his pockets stuffed full of house-agents' lists, and was anticipating, with the misery of an undecided man, a long period of house-hunting. Here was a house to be sold—a solid, well-built, roomy house, with a sufficiency of land about it, a healthy position, and an admirable prospect. What a deal of worry might be saved by securing it and making it habitable! He consulted his wife, and had the happiness to find that her views coincided with his own. There was certainly no reason why they should establish themselves in Cornwall, with which county they had no family connection; but, on the other hand, there was no particular reason why they should not. So the old place was bought for a mere song, and, the necessary repairs having been completed, Mr. and Mrs. Irvine took possession.

There they settled down and multiplied, as the years went on, with satisfaction to themselves and to those who dwelt around them. The neighbours, high and low—there were not a great many of either class—soon became attracted to this simple couple, and freely forgave them for not having been born and bred in the duchy. Mrs. Irvine, active, restless, and profoundly interested in local affairs, while keeping open her many lines of communication with the outer world, was in more ways than one a godsend to the parish. Her blunders, it is true, were many and frequent, but they were very seldom harmful, and though some people might occasionally find her a bore, no one had ever been heard to accuse her of selfishness or ill-nature. As for her husband, he was liked, as most of us learn to like the inanimate objects upon which our eyes rest every day. His long hair, his devious gait, and somewhat vacant smile became familiar to Polruth, and would, if they had disappeared, have been missed almost as much as the yew-tree in the churchyard or Daniel Chenoweth's old grey mare. In due time, his appointment as a magistrate added a touch of dignity to his harmless, desultory existence; but he was seldom seen two miles away from home, except when the news of an impending sale took him up to London, whence he would return laden with spoils in the shape of antiquities or additions to what was fast becoming one of the finest numismatic collections in the west of England.

When six boys and a girl had to be fed, clothed, and educated, the acquisition of these ancient coins entailed a rather larger outlay of modern ones than was quite convenient; but living at Polruth is very cheap, and although the Irvines were sometimes obliged to consider expense, they could not be said to have ever really felt the pinch of poverty. The boys grew up into young men with that amazing rapidity which is common to the human race, but which is perhaps more noticeable in quiet neighbourhoods than in cities. The girl, as we have seen, developed into a singularly beautiful young woman, and was not so conscious of the fact as she might have been if anyone or anything, except her looking-glass, had informed her of it.

But she did not consult her glass more often than was necessary for the purposes of the toilet, and in the immediate vicinity of Polruth there dwelt no young man of her own rank. Her occupations, after she had been released from the authority of her governess, were so few that she would have found time hang heavily on her hands had she not been bred to the enjoyment of still life: her amusements were for the most part such as her brothers could join in, and her knowledge of the world was gleaned solely from what they told her and from books, of which she was an eager and untrammelled devourer.

Thus it came to pass that Anglo-Roman society was astounded, one winter, by the appearance in its midst of that rare phenomenon, a totally unselfconscious beauty. That she did not receive at least a dozen offers during the three months which she spent with her parents on the banks of the Tiber, was probably due to the circumstance that she was at once monopolised by Mr. Wilbraham; to which cause may also be assigned her willingness to leave scenes which, to her inexperienced eyes, far surpassed all that had ever been said or written about them. For she did not wish to marry this man. Nature was beginning to awaken in her; in a vague, dreamy way she realised the possibilities of life and love, and felt within herself a capacity for happiness such as she knew of

only by hearsay. Carriages, diamonds, and the other adjuncts of wealth tempted her very little, nor did it occur to her to desire the love of a man who could give her these pleasant things. Yet Mr. Wilbraham, viewed in the abstract, was very desirable. He had large estates, he had powerful connections, and he was more than usually pleasing in person and manners. Such a highly favoured individual is not to be rejected without reasons, and reasons were precisely what Clare could not give for rejecting him. When Mrs. Irvine, with some natural impatience, asked her what she would have, she could only reply that she didn't know; and when her suitor roundly declared that he would not take No for an answer, she thought of all that he could do for the boys, and hesitated. Like many other young persons, she was subject to fits of melancholy which nothing in her circumstances warranted. It seemed to her that hers was a purposeless life, and that if she could promote the happiness of others by marrying a man whom she really did not dislike, it would perhaps be foolish, as well as selfish, to draw back because of some undefined prospect which she feared to lose. Wilbraham's arrival at Lucerne found her still wavering; but no sooner had she reached home than she wrote him a refusal so decisive that he made no further attempt to move her. From this it might seem as though the prospect above referred to had ceased to be undefined; but such was by no means Clare's belief. She was a good deal ashamed of herself, and felt that her eldest brother, Jack, was not far wrong when he called her an "awful duffer" for throwing such a chance away.

"Just think of the sport we might have had!" he exclaimed, regretfully. "Do you know that he has a deer-forest and a three-hundred ton yacht, and that they made bigger bags at his place in Norfolk last winter than on any other estate in England? It strikes me that you are too ambitious, Clare. The last member of the Royal family is disposed of now, you know; and the supply of unmarried Dukes is lamentably deficient."

The girl was really more hurt by this good-humoured chaff than she cared to show. No one treated her with unkindness; but it was clear enough that everyone thought her rather silly, and she was conscious that she had been to blame in taking so long a time to make up her mind. Heriot's arrival was a comfort to her. He and she had always been friends; she knew instinctively that he understood her, and this knowledge was not the less soothing because she had some difficulty in understanding herself. Sometimes she was inclined to ask him whether he thought she had done wrong; but now that the thing was over, and the decision irrevocable, there seemed to be little use in talking about it; so she kept her misgivings to herself, and carried them out to a certain grassy headland overlooking Polruth Bay, where she was wont to dream away some part of the long summer days.

One afternoon in the beginning of August she was sitting there upon the short, sweet-smelling herbage, her hands clasped round her knees, and her eyes fixed upon the golden mists which obscured the horizon. Some three or four hundred feet beneath her the Atlantic rollers woke the echoes of the caves; on her right hand Polruth, a jumble of slate roofs and steep, narrow streets, overtopped its diminutive harbour, and to the right of that again a great semicircle of white sand swept away to the promontory which formed the northern horn of the bay. Clare did not heed this familiar prospect, nor hear the shouts that arose from the returning fishing-boats. For a long time she had remained without changing her attitude, and from the intensity of her gaze it might almost have seemed as though, like Sister Anne, she expected to see somebody coming to her out of that mysterious haze which bounded the world.

Somebody was indeed coming; though from a less improbable direction. A young man, who had just arrived from London, and had taken up his quarters at Mrs. Trewecke's lodgings, had strolled out to get a breath of fresh air before dinner, and when this young man recognised Miss Irvine, his heart leaped up within him. What was he to do? He had come to Polruth with the firm intention of keeping his secret, of speaking to her only when other persons were present, and of avoiding all risk of self-betrayal. Prudence, therefore, counselled a swift and silent retreat, and he actually did turn round and take as many as six steps in the direction of the village before he stopped to see whether prudence might not be open to argument. What happens under such circumstances we all know. Prudence is always vanquished before the argument begins, and in another minute Clare heard a voice behind her saying, "Miss Irvine, how do you do?"

The voice had an odd tremor in it; it said a great deal more than the above meaningless phrase—a great deal more than it had any business to say. And when Clare scrambled to her feet and turned round, she met a pair of liquid grey eyes which spoke so plainly that she somewhat hurriedly dropped her own under their gaze. But it was without any other sign of trouble than this that she held out her hand, saying frankly: "How do you do, Mr. Vidal? So you have really come to Polruth, after all. I am so glad."

"You are very kind to say so," murmured Vidal. He was not accustomed to feel embarrassed in the presence of man or woman, and had perhaps never before in his life been at a loss for words; but now commonplaces seemed to stick in his throat, and he could only stand and look at her as she faced him there, with the sinking sun making a blaze of sea and sky behind her and turning her hair into a nimbus. The moment had come, then! He had hardly known how intensely he had longed for it; he had not expected that it would move him so deeply; he was really afraid to open his lips, lest the thoughts that were in him should escape through them against his will. Oh, miserable pettiness of an artificial state of society, which held him tongue-tied because, forsooth, his income was numbered in three figures instead of four! How was it possible for mortal man, with all his inner being in such a condition of ferment, to begin talking about the weather and the unpunctuality of the trains?

Perhaps it was not possible. At all events, Vidal continued speechless, and it was Miss Irvine who expressed a hope that the heat had not made his journey very disagreeable. "We have been having a most beautiful summer," she said, "and everybody prophesies that it is going to last. I hope it will; because, if so, you will see Polruth at its best, and perhaps, as my brothers are at home, you won't find it so overpoweringly dull. You know that Mr. Heriot is here?"

Vidal said "Yes," and did not add that, all things considered, he would have been just as well pleased if Mr. Heriot had not been there. They were walking back towards the village by this time, and he was wondering whether he would ever be alone with her again. Probably not. He could foresee what was coming. With a host of noisy young men swarming round him, and with Heriot for ever on the watch, it was not likely that such moments as these would recur. Well; perhaps it was best so.

"Do you remember our walk on the Rigi?" he asked, abruptly.

"Oh, yes; how wet and disagreeable it was! You went on to some place in the mountains afterwards, didn't you? Have you been long back in England?"

Wet and disagreeable!—was that the only memory that she had preserved of an afternoon which he had so often lived through again in his thoughts? Vidal's heart sank; he answered her questions mechanically, and scarcely listened to her while she enumerated the various diversions by which the monotony of life at Polruth might be relieved. What were lawn-tennis, and fishing for bass, and picnics to him? Yet, as they walked on, he could not but observe that her manner had lost its accustomed calm, that she was talking more and talking faster than she had ever done at Lucerne, and that all the time she looked straight in front of her, instead of turning sometimes towards her companion, as it would have been more natural to do. Now Vidal, though in love, had not so far parted with his powers of induction as not to know what this meant. His secret was evidently a secret no longer. Whether the discovery of it had been agreeable or disagreeable to Miss Irvine he could not tell; but he saw that she had made the discovery, and that it was agitating her. He did not offer to accompany her beyond the door of his lodgings, and secretly hoped that she might understand and appreciate this act of self-denial. Whether she did so or not, she was unmistakably relieved to be set free.

"Papa or one of the boys will come down and see you after breakfast to-morrow," she said; "and you must not expect to be allowed much time for work while you are here."

She paused and opened her lips, as if she were going to add something, but seemed to change her mind, and only said "Good-night," as she turned away.

Vidal watched her out of sight; then slowly climbed the stairs to his sitting-room. He threw himself down upon the broad window-seat and, with his folded arms resting upon the sill, looked out across the bay. He was two thirds remorseful and one third glad that he had broken down so deplorably at the very outset. That he should have done so did not say much for his self-control; but her knowledge of the truth would make his future part in some ways less difficult to play; "and after all," thought he, "it is not exactly my fault if she has found out to-day what she must have found out sooner or later; I said nothing that I ought not to have said; I didn't stay with her a moment longer than mere civility required. Unless I had gone away without speaking to her at all, I hardly see how I could have behaved with more discretion. And in any case, I must have seen her to-morrow, when she would infallibly have detected me. Don't women always know when a man loves them?"

He got what solace he could out of such sophistries as these, and then, dismissing the question of responsibility from his mind, fell to thinking of how lovely she was, and recalling all her words and movements, while the daylight faded out of the west and the sea changed from blue to grey and the stars came out, one by one.

Early the next morning Mr. Irvine made his appearance, charged by his wife with many messages, the exact wording of which he was compelled to own that he had forgotten on the way. "But I know," he concluded, "that I have strict orders to take you back to Cardrew with me, and I can say on my own account that we shall all be very much disappointed if you do not treat us like friends and lunch and dine with us whenever you are disposed. It doesn't look very friendly to have left you to house yourself in lodgings; but I think Mrs. Irvine explained to you that we are full to the roof just now. We are such a large family," continued the old gentleman, with something of a sigh, "that I often have difficulty in recollecting our exact numbers and names. However, Mrs. Irvine will be able to tell you that—and the more the merrier, you know," he concluded, cheerfully.

Vidal was not quite sure about the universal application of the proverb; but he said what was polite, and signified his willingness to be entertained. He was just then under the full influence of that beatific vision which comes once (let us hope at least once) to all mortals, and which, while it lasts, has power to convert the tamest landscape into a paradise, if only this be connected in some way with one especial person: but even though Cardrew had not been glorified by the presence of Clare Irvine, and though the lanes which led up to the house from Polruth had never received her footprints, Vidal must still have acknowledged that he had seldom seen anything more beautiful in its own way than the view which unfolded itself around him as he was conducted towards his destination. Beauty of scenery, like all other kinds of beauty, is more or less a matter of taste. "Shrubs and lowly tamarisks please not all," as the Latin grammar taught us long ago. In the last century the Alps were more shuddered at than admired; and there are people who find the north coast of Cornwall too wild and forbidding. But these, perhaps, have not had the advantage of studying it in fair weather. When the south wind blows softly, and the slowly heaving ocean is calm; when the flocks of sea-birds that congregate upon the rocks and the dark cliffs can sun themselves in peace; when the gorse and the heather have spread a mantle of purple and gold over the moors; and when the moisture that is always in the air lends a blue softness to all distant outlines, a man need not be so fortunate as to be in love in order to feel the peculiar charm of the region. Trees, it must be owned, are not numerous, and such as there are have been blown out of all symmetry by the furious winter gales; but in sheltered places vegetation is rich, and every whitewashed cottage has its fuchsia-trees and its giant scarlet geraniums.

Cardrew, which stands on the hillside, facing a point or two south of west, was built at a time when architects thought less of shelter from prevailing winds than of solidity of construction; but something has been done in the way of high stone walls and belts of hardy shrubs to protect the garden; so that Vidal was able conscientiously to compliment his host upon the brilliant flower-beds through which he made his way towards the lawn, where four youths in white flannels were playing tennis.

Mrs. Irvine hurried forward to welcome the stranger and to relieve her husband, who promptly disappeared. "How glad I am to see you! I told Clare she ought to have brought you back to dinner last night, but she said she was sure you wouldn't have come without dressing—quite unnecessary! Please understand, once for all, that we are not going to send you formal invitations. You are to come here whenever you like, and dress exactly as you please. What is the use of living in an out-of-the-way place if one can't dispense with formality? Now I must introduce my boys to you. This is Jack, my eldest son, who is still at college. Charley I think I told you about: he is to be a soldier, I hope. Bob is in the Navy; and the one who is trying to get behind the rhododendrons is Dick, who hasn't left school yet. Dick is shy—the only member of our family who was ever known to suffer in that way. Come out, Dick, and shake hands with Mr. Vidal. There are two others, Tommy and Billy, somewhere"——

"In the yard, helping Jonas to cart muck," interpolated the timid Dick, in a deep bass voice.

"You don't mean to say so! Then I trust they will stay where they are; for I know that nothing will induce them to wash their hands before luncheon. Now, boys, go on with your game; I am sure Mr. Vidal will excuse you."

Mr. Vidal would most willingly have excused the absence of every man, woman, and child in the house, except one; but he did not belong to that disagreeable class of lovers who show the depth of their affection for a single individual by assuming a savage demeanour towards all others, and he soon made friends with the rising generation of Irvines, whom he found to be very pleasant young fellows.

They came and sat down beside him presently, Mrs. Irvine having retired into the house, and put themselves and their resources at his disposition as cordially as their parents had done. Did he care about potting rabbits?—and had he brought his gun with him? If not, he could use Jack's whenever he liked, because Jack put on such a lot of side now that he wouldn't condescend to that humble form of sport. If sea-fishing was at all in his line, he could have abundance of that any day. Or, as he had not been in Cornwall before, perhaps he would like to visit some of the lions of the neighbourhood.

"I'll tell you what," cried Bob, excitedly; "I'll drive you over to Tintagel one day in the dog-cart. You ought to see Tintagel, you know, and I can take you by some short cuts that save miles."

"I should rather think he would!" said Jack. "He'd take you over a stone wall or two, most likely, because the horse would be sure to run away with him, and he'd never find it out till he tried to pull up. Don't you let Bob entice you into getting into a wheeled vehicle beside him. He tries it on with every stranger who comes here, because he knows very well that none of us are going to risk our lives for his amusement. Only the other day, in a moment of weakness, I allowed him to take the reins, and he wouldn't give them up again at any price. I don't think I ever was in such a funk in all my life. First we cannoned against a farmer's gig and smashed his shaft; then we ran over a pig"——

"We did no such thing," interrupted Bob, angrily. "We only just grazed the pig, and we should have cleared the other craft, right enough, if she had answered her helm properly. You fellows think nobody, except yourselves, can do the simplest thing."

"No, no, Bob," said his elder brother; "we have implicit confidence in you when you are upon your proper element; but on dry land we prefer to take care of our own necks, and if Mr. Vidal will be advised by me, he won't let you try experiments upon his. Anyhow, I can promise you one thing: you won't drive *my* mare any more."

"I don't see much fun in driving about the country this hot weather," remarked Charley. "Much better stop at home and play lawn-tennis."

The guest seemed disposed to concur in this view. "Does your sister ever play?" he asked, carelessly; to which Jack replied, "Oh yes, sometimes—when there's another girl here. But women rather spoil the game, don't you think so?"

After a time, Heriot strolled across the grass, with a straw hat on the back of his head and a newspaper under his arm; and Vidal felt himself colouring guiltily as his friend approached. But Heriot's face did not express disapprobation. All he said, on joining the group, was, "Well, Adrian; so you've found your way to Cornwall;" after which he remarked that it must be getting near luncheon-time.

By-and-by the young men went indoors to change their flannels; so that Vidal had an opportunity of saying, penitently, "I couldn't help it, old man—I really couldn't!"

Heriot made no reply; but after a moment he astonished his companion a good deal by exclaiming, abruptly: "I wish I were in your shoes!"

"Wish you were in my shoes!" echoed Vidal. "Why, in the name of all that's unreasonable, should you wish that? If ever there was a miserable man upon the face of the earth"——

"Quite so; but then misery such as yours is worth more than all the contentment that ever I have got out of life, or shall get. Go on!—enjoy yourself—make the most of your time. And when the day of tribulation arrives, come to me and we will mingle our tears. I'm not going to trouble you with any more sage precepts: events must take their course now. You had it open to you to choose whether you would come here or stay away, and you have chosen. Far be it from me to suggest unavailing regrets!"

Vidal glanced at the speaker with a mixture of vexation and amusement. "I can't quite make out whether you blame me or not, Heriot," he said.

"Neither can I," answered Heriot. "Suppose we go in."

Clare only made her appearance when the rest of the party were entering the dining-room. She took a place on the opposite side of the table to Vidal, and although she spoke to him several times, and was as friendly as everybody else, he could not help noticing that she avoided meeting his eyes. "She knows that I love her," thought the young man, with an inward exultation which he did not attempt to repress; "and that is all that I ever dared to hope for. She doesn't care for me—I can see that—and I'm glad she doesn't. Am I glad? Well, no—hardly. And yet I believe old Heriot is right, and pain such as this is better than years of bovine contentment. I wouldn't have it otherwise, if I could. Perhaps I could, if I would; for love begets love, they say. But I won't! I'll keep out of her way; I won't even speak to her, if I can help it; and if I find myself giving way ever so little, I'll be off the next morning!"

While these and other thoughts were passing through his mind, he was conversing cheerily with his entertainers, supported, like the Spartan youth with the fox gnawing him under his garment, by conscious heroism. Probably, other persons in the same room had an equal title to self-approval, from Mr. Irvine, who had Jack's bills to pay, down to Tommy and Billy, who were seldom free from the dread that one of their many delinquencies was on the point of discovery; for in the tragic comedy of life every man and woman has a part to play, and those who act best are deservedly the most liked. But the generality of us wear a mask simply because we must, and cannot, therefore, claim all the credit that belonged to this voluntary victim.

CHAPTER IX.

THE REWARD OF SELF-DENIAL.

During the month of August, with which the present history has to do, two phenomena occurred in the neighbourhood of Polruth. In the first place, no rain fell, except in the shape of an occasional shower, for three consecutive weeks. This, astonishing as it was, was merely a local and meteorological phenomenon: the second, though less remarked, was certainly more remarkable; being, indeed, nothing less than a phenomenon in the working of human nature. For it is a positive fact that, throughout the whole of the above-mentioned time, Vidal saw Miss Irvine every day, and never, by word, deed, or sign, attempted to make love to her. He sought the society of her brothers, who swore by him when they discovered that he knew how to use the graceful limbs with which Nature had provided him, and was a better swimmer and lawn-tennis player than any of them. Mr. Irvine found in him a patient admirer of ancient coins and mediæval art; while Mrs. Irvine, who had liked him from the first, took him up with the ardour which she had ever at the disposal of a fresh protégé, and introduced him to all her neighbours, with whispered assurances that he was a young man of extraordinary talent—*the* coming

novelist of the day. But to Clare he was just civil, and no more. If he saw her—as he often did—walking past his lodgings towards her favourite headland, he watched her from the window until she was out of sight, and then went resolutely back to his writing. At Cardrew he avoided every possibility of being left alone with her, and more than once declined to join a riding party because he foresaw the dangers to which that form of exercise might so easily give rise.

All this self-repression was not accomplished without pain, insomnia, and loss of appetite. If it was absurd—if it was illogical—if it was calculated to produce exactly the opposite effect to that intended, it was nevertheless a victory in its way, and a victory of a kind which is not very often won. For that much Vidal may be allowed to have credit; and in truth he was disposed to take a good deal of credit to himself at this time. He was quite astonished when Heriot said to him, one day: "Merely as a matter of curiosity, I should like very much to know whether you are playing a deep and skilful game, or whether you really have the simplicity to imagine yourself a martyr."

He stared for a moment, and then answered quietly: "That is a hard speech to make about any man, Heriot. I understand what you mean; but I don't know that I have ever given you the right to suspect me of being such a miserable humbug."

Heriot flushed slightly. He was conscious that his irritation had led him into saying more than he ought to have done, and he apologised. "But I can't help thinking it a pity that you should have taken up this particular line of conduct," he added. "It would have been so simple to go away."

"I would have gone away if it had been necessary," Vidal said; "but it is not necessary. I saw plainly enough, the first day, that she didn't care a rush for me. Yes; I know—I remember what you said at Lucerne. It is just possible that she might have come to care for me in the long run, if I had tried to make her. Well; I haven't tried."

"Oh, but, my dear fellow, the passive way of trying is so much worse than the active!" returned Heriot, half laughing.

The young man turned away with a gesture of impatience. "I wish to Heaven you would let me alone!" he exclaimed. "You said you wouldn't lecture me any more. The long and the short of it is that I *can't* go away yet. You think she may be piqued into loving me because I draw back from her; but you don't understand. I believe she is perfectly well aware of how things are with me. She doesn't care. You can see for yourself that her spirits haven't suffered."

Now, it was precisely because he thought that her spirits *had* suffered that Heriot had allowed himself to be provoked into breaking his self-imposed silence; but, not choosing to say this, he shrugged his shoulders and walked away.

This colloquy had taken place in the garden at Cardrew; and after his friend had left him, Vidal sat down upon a bench and thought. Hitherto he had tried to steer a course midway between duty and inclination, and, oddly enough, had succeeded after a fashion; but now he began to see that success of that kind could not be permanent. He was young; he was suffering from the torments of unrequited love; he felt the imperious craving for happiness natural to one of his years, and his sanguine nature was for ever whispering to him that happiness was not unattainable. He had a struggle which lasted for five minutes, and left him somewhat pale. Then—"I'll go," he said, softly, and rising up, walked towards the house.

His intention was to burn his ships by giving out forthwith that he was obliged to leave Polruth on the morrow; but when he entered the hall, he found everybody too busy to listen to him. For it had been arranged that a long-deferred visit to Tintagel should take place that day, and just now luncheon-baskets were being packed, and details discussed amidst the clamour which accompanied all movements of the Irvine family. Vidal listlessly looked on their preparations from the background. Clare, looking cool and fresh in a pale-blue print dress, was moving about among her brothers, lending a helping hand here and there, and did not seem to have noticed his arrival. An unreasonable anger took possession of the young man as he watched her. Was she so pitiless, then? Didn't she see how he suffered? Knowing that he loved her, was it nothing to her whether he declared his love or not? There was a good deal of the spoilt child in his composition, and he thought, "Well, perhaps when I am gone she will be sorry—at least, for a time."

Presently the carriages came round to the door, and a dispute arose as to the distribution of the party, from which also Vidal held aloof. Let them settle it among themselves, and put him where they pleased! Upon the whole, he would rather prefer not to be in the same carriage as Miss Irvine. Nevertheless, he was not very sorry when Mr. and Mrs. Irvine, Heriot, and Charley got into the landau and were driven away, followed by a small waggonette containing the younger boys and the luncheon. The only remaining vehicle belonging to the establishment was, as he knew, Jack's dog-cart, which it was evident that Clare, Bob, and himself were to share with its owner.

"I hope you don't mind the back seat, Vidal," said the latter. "Of course, you are very welcome to drive, though, if you'd rather."

"Thanks," answered Vidal, laughing, "but I have made it a rule through life never to drive another man's horses in his presence, and the back seat will do me very well." He was foolish enough to feel a thrill of pleasure at the prospect of passing his last few hours of comparative happiness in such close proximity to the object of his hopeless passion.

The dog-cart was some time in making its appearance, and Jack began at length to grow fidgety. "Bob said he would put the mare in," he remarked; "but I don't believe he has the slightest idea of how to set about it; and there's nobody to help him. Perhaps I had better go and see what he is doing."

However, at this moment Bob, beaming with satisfaction and flourishing his whip, pulled up at the door with a dash. "Now, you needn't look at the gear in that suspicious way," he said, "because it's all right. Do you suppose I never harnessed a horse before in my life?"

"Well, you've done better than I expected," Jack confessed, after making a few alterations and helping his sister into her place. "Now then, Bob, give me the reins and jump down."

"Jump down, indeed!" returned Bob, loftily. "Not exactly! No, my dear boy, you jump up. You are going to have the honour and pleasure of being piloted by me to-day."

"Nonsense, Bob! don't play the fool," said Jack, with some impatience. "We've got a long drive before us, and I don't want to waste time. Come!—hand over the reins."

"Beati possidentes," replied the other, placidly, without moving. "You won't turn me out without a fight for it, I can tell you."

A fight would undoubtedly have ensued then and there if Clare had not intervened. "Let him drive for once, Jack," she pleaded. "He won't be with us much longer, you know, and he will promise to very careful, won't you, Bob?"

"I am always careful," Bob affirmed; "but to-day I shall surpass myself. And look here, Jack; if I damage the beast I'll buy you another as soon as ever I can save up enough money. There! I can't say fairer than that."

"And how about our funeral expenses?" inquired Jack. But as he was a very good-natured young man, he made no further objections, and scrambled up beside Vidal, to whom he remarked, with a sigh, "If I had only foreseen this, I should have insisted upon your driving. But it is just wildly possible that we may pull through without a smash."

This was very consolatory. Vidal, remembering that a life far more precious than his own was being placed in jeopardy, inwardly commended the adventurous Bob to the devil; but it was hardly his part to enter a demurrer, so he smiled, and held his peace.

They were driven at a quiet pace down the park; though, on turning out of the gates, the trap gave a lurch which caused Jack to draw in his breath sharply. "For the love of Heaven, man," he exclaimed, "don't take your corners like that! Try to recollect that we're on two wheels, not four."

"You're only fit to be trundled about upon one," retorted the other. "A wheelbarrow is the conveyance for you. Never saw such a nervous chap as you are in my life."

And with that he gave the mare a cut with the whip which made her throw herself into her collar and accomplish the next quarter of a mile at a speed that called forth some subdued remonstrance from Clare. Then, more by good luck than good guidance, they passed a couple of carts without a collision, and turned off the high-road into a narrow lane.

"Now," said Bob exultantly, "I'll show you the short cuts."

Jack groaned. "It's no use protesting," he said to Vidal. "Sit tight, and let us pray that we may be upset in a soft place."

"Or that we may not be upset at all," suggested Vidal.

"Oh, that's past praying for. And by George! here's a flock of sheep. Now he'll run us up that bank—I know he will!"

The prophecy was hardly uttered before it was fulfilled. The dog-cart swayed, balanced itself for a moment on the off wheel, and then turned over with a crash, sending its occupants flying into the opposite ditch. Fortunately, the fall was so gradual that nothing about them suffered, except their clothes and their dignity. Vidal, after standing on his head for a minute, struggled into an attitude more convenient for making observations, and found that his companions were already erect. Clare was replacing her hat, which had fallen off; the two young men were standing over the ruins of the cart; and up a distant hill the mare, who had kicked herself free, could be seen galloping, with the broken shafts dangling at her sides.

"This," remarked Jack, sadly, "comes of letting a sailor drive."

Bob tilted his hat over his eyes, scratched his head, and looked crestfallen. "I'm awfully sorry," he said; "but it was the sort of thing that might have happened to anybody. I don't suppose I should have done it if you hadn't flurried me so; but I saw we were going to foul the bank, and I believe I made a mistake and took a haul at the port rein instead of the starboard. I'll pay for the damage," he added, ruefully.

"Wait till you know what it is," returned Jack. "I shouldn't wonder if the mare were to kill herself."

Happily, however, this apprehension proved to be unfounded; for Bob had not yet started in pursuit when a labourer appeared leading the runaway animal. He had caught her, as he affirmed, at the risk of his life, and demanded adequate remuneration.

"And now," said Jack, when this business-like person had been dismissed, "the question is, what are we to do?"

"I know what *I* am going to do," answered Clare, laughing; "I am going to make the best of my way home."

"But we must manage to let the others know what has become of us somehow, or they'll think we've broken our necks. Bob, the least you can do is to follow them and tell them of your success. I suppose you can hire a trap of some kind in Polruth—and somebody to drive it for you. What will you do, Vidal? It's a pity you should miss seeing Tintagel."

But Vidal answered, with perfect truth, that he didn't care very much about Tintagel, and Bob scouted the idea of returning to Polruth and searching about for a conveyance. "I'll foot it," he said. "I can cut across country, and I shall catch them up before they have done half the distance."

And without more ado he set off at a slinging trot, being perhaps not unwilling to testify in some measure to his penitence.

(To be continued.)

The Earl of Zetland has returned 20 per cent of their last half-year's rent to his Yorkshire tenants; and Mr. Wharton has remitted 50 per cent of their rentals to the farmers on the Skelton-in-Cleveland estates.

Notwithstanding that thousands of men engaged in the shipbuilding trades on the Clyde are idle, an offer made last week, on behalf of Messrs. Elder and Co., to build a vessel of 5000 tons on the same rate of wages as was paid in 1879 was rejected by the Trades Union by a majority of 209 to 15.

Lord Ashley took the chair at a meetiug of the Cabdrivers' Benevolent Association, at St. Andrew's Hall, Newman-street, on Friday evening, the 30th inst. Seven aged cabmen were elected to pensions of £20 a year each.—Mr. W. G. Spicer (Messrs. Spicer Brothers) will preside at the annual general meeting of the Newsvendors' Benevolent and Provident Institution, to be held at the offices of the society on Feb. 10.—Sir Farrer Herschell, Q.C., M.P., has consented to preside at the annual dinner on behalf of the Asylum for Idiots, at the Albion Tavern, on March 3.—The Duke of Portland has consented to preside at the anniversary festival, May 15 next, in aid of the building fund of the City Orthopædic Hospital, Hatton-garden.

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CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All communications relating to this department of the Paper should be addressed to the Editor, and have the word "Chess" written on the envelope.

E J W (Croydon).—A clever problem, and very acceptable.

M (Hampton Court).—You have overlooked that, after the moves 1. B to K B 4th, Kt to R 6th; 2. Kt to Kt 3rd (ch), 3. P to Q 3rd (ch), Black can capture the White Bishop with his King, and so escape the mate on the third move. Try it again.

T (Kingston-on-Thames).—A curious, but, as you say, not as good as the original.

R M (Liverpool).—You are right in your surmise. The colours indicated at the head and foot of the diagram should be reversed. The position then illustrates a well-known principle that the Knight cannot "gain a move."

W B (Stratford).—We must ask you to send an amended diagram.

W A (Old Romney).—*Zlata-Praher* is an illustrated paper, not a slip. We send you *Gazetta del Popolo*.

POLYANTHUS (Liverpool).—Solutions are occasionally forwarded by telegram, but usually through the post. Frederick the Great employed special couriers for such a purpose, but it is not recorded that anyone else ever did so. To be sure, there was no penny post in his time.

J S L (Blackburn, Natal).—The slip has come to hand. Thanks.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS of the CHRISTMAS CHESS NUTS have been received as follow:—viz., of L'HERMET'S PROBLEMS from W Risbrigr and Rev. John Wills (Barnstable, U.S.A.); of MCKETRICK'S PROBLEM from J R (Edinburgh); of SHERMAN'S PROBLEM from New Forest and J R (Edinburgh); of JEPPESEN'S SIX-MATE from Jumbo; of Nos. 2118, 2119, 2120 from J S Logan (Blackburn, Natal); of No. 2117 from Alpha, Emile Frau, C Belton (Tiffin), and E E Gibbins (Tiffin); of No. 2128 from T; of No. 2129 from J R (Edinburgh), W J Knight, Alpha, B H C (Salisbury), W F R (Swansea), H C (Harlesden), Carl Stepan, S P Owen, D W (Aberdeenshire), and Emile Frau; of JEPPESEN'S PROBLEM from R H Brooks, C Darragh, T G (Ware), M O Halloran, Dominican, J R (Edinburgh), J T W, Ben Nevis, L Falcon (Antwerp), Hereward, Carl Stepan, C W Milsom, Emmo (Darlington), H Worters (Canterbury), and F and G Howitt (Norwich).

CORRECT SOLUTIONS of PROBLEM No. 2130 received from R H Brooks, C Darragh, B L Dyke, An Old Hand, S Lowndes, T G (Ware), C Oswald, L Sharawood, Ernest Sharawood, M O Halloran, Dominican, W J Rudman, E E H, Alpha, L E G B, F P Potts, A L Ortt, Shadforth, J R (Edinburgh), E Elsbury, K Ingersoll, J T W, Rose, Ben Nevis, D W Kell, L Falcon (Antwerp), R Gray, Hereward, L L Greenaway, R L Southwell, A Wigmore, James Pilkington, G S Oddie, J W Dewe, A C Hunt, W Hillier, A W Scrutton, C W Milsom, W Biddle, G A A, Walker, C B N (H.M.S., Asia), Jupiter Junior, J G Austee, L Wyman, J Hall, H Wardell, G W Law, R J Vinen, Rev. W Anderson (Old Romney), Jumbo, H McCoy, Carl Stepan, R B (Chatteris), B H C (Salisbury), E Casella (Paris), A Karlberg (Hamburg), A M Colborne, Emmo (Darlington), H Worters (Canterbury), E Louden, T S (Brighton), H Lucas, F Ferris, and F and G Howitt (Norwich).

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2128.

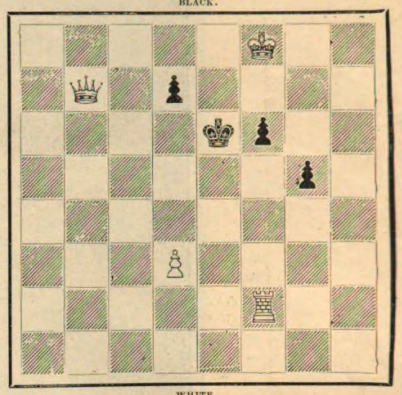
WHITE.	BLACK.
1. Kt to Q B 5th	K takes Kt
2. B to B 8th (ch)	K moves
3. Mates accordingly.	

The variations present no difficulty.

PROBLEM No. 2132.

By OTTO MEISLING (Copenhagen).

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in two moves.

As promised last week, we append the individual scores of the competitors in the great match between the St. George's and the City of London chess clubs. As most of our readers are aware, this was a return-match, the first having been played in the spring of 1881, when thirty-two players appeared in the lists, and the West-End club won with a score of twelve games to nine. In the return match some slight alterations in the conditions were agreed to. Honorary members of both clubs were debarred from taking part in the matches, and each pair of competitors were restricted to one game, instead of the "go-as-you-please" terms of the first. As we announced last week, the return-contest resulted in a victory for the City with a score of twelve points to eight. The following are the players and their respective scores, drawn games counting half a point to each side:—

ST. GEORGE'S.		CITY OF LONDON.	
Rev. W. Wayte	½	Mr. Potter	½
Dr. Ballard	0	Mr. Gunsberg	1
Rev. A. Skipworth	1	Mr. Block	0
Rev. C. E. Ranken	0	Mr. Lord	1
Mr. Lewis	0	Mr. Heppell	1
Mr. Minchin	½	Mr. Yyse	½
Hon. C. Plunkett	½	Mr. Hooke	½
Mr. Gattie	½	Mr. Frankenstein	½
Mr. Salter	1	Rev. S. Earnshaw	0
Mr. Puller	1	Mr. Cowen	0
Mr. Wyvill	0	Mr. Anger	1
Mr. Warner	0	Mr. Hirsch	1
Mr. Ball	0	Mr. Stevens	1
Mr. Gover	1	Mr. Laws	0
Colonel Dunnan	0	Mr. Wilson	1
Colonel Minchin	0	Mr. Chappel	1
Rev. L. Lewis	½	Mr. Bussey	½
Mr. Burroughs	½	Mr. Leonard	½
Mr. Marett	1	Mr. Watts	0
Mr. Heathcote	0	Mr. Taylor	1
	8		12

The following is one of the Games played on the above occasion between MR. WARNER, of the St. George's Club, and MR. HIRSCH, of the City Club.

(English Opening.)

WHITE (Mr. W.)	BLACK (Mr. H.)	WHITE (Mr. W.)	BLACK (Mr. H.)
1. P to Q B 4th	P to K 3rd	14. B to B 2nd	
2. P to K 3rd	P to Q B 4th	White loose time here, and lets the adverse Kt get to K B 2th without opposition.	
3. Kt to K B 3rd	Kt to K B 3rd	14.	Kt takes Kt
4. P to Q Kt 3rd	P to Q 4th	15. P takes Kt	Kt to B 5th
5. B to Kt 2nd	Kt to Q B 3rd	16. P to B 3rd	B to B 4th (ch)
6. P to Q 4th	P takes P	17. K to R sq	Q to Kt 4th
7. P to Q R 3rd	B to Kt 2nd	Black has now the attack, and conducts it smartly.	
8. B to Q 3rd	B to K 2nd	18. P to Kt 3rd	Kt to R 6th
9. Castles	Castles	19. Q to K 2nd	Q to R 4th
10. Q Kt to Q 2nd	R to Q B sq	20. P to Q Kt 4th	Kt to Kt 4th
11. Kt to K 5th		21. P to K Kt 4th	Q takes P
A premature advance. It seems preferable.	11. R to Q B sq	22. B to K 4th	Kt takes Q, and White resigned.
11.	P takes B P		
12. Q Kt takes P	P takes P		
13. P takes P	Kt to Q 4th		

A meeting of the members of the British Chess Association was held at Simpson's Divan on Tuesday, the 20th inst., the Right Honourable Sir Robert Peel, M.P., presiding on the occasion. A draught constitution prepared by the council of the association was submitted to the members, and was agreed to, with a modification of the rule regulating the amount of subscriptions to be paid by the federated clubs. A draught programme of the future work of the association, prepared by Mr. Thomas Hewitt, was also agreed to, and the elected council as already constituted was confirmed. Mr. H. E. Bird was elected auditor. A vote of thanks to the chairman, proposed by Mr. J. H. Lewis, seconded by Mr. Cubison, and received with acclamation by the members, brought the proceedings to a conclusion.

We found the following problem, by Herr Johann Berger, of Gratz, rather difficult, and shall be glad to hear what our readers think of it:—

White: K at K B 8th, Q at K 7th, Kt at K 5th, B at Q 5th; Pawns at K B 2nd, K 4th, and Q Kt 2nd. (Seven pieces.)

Black: K at Q 5th; Pawns at Q B 2nd, Q Kt 3rd, 5th, and 6th. (Five pieces.)

White to play, and mate in three moves.





AN AVALANCHE IN NORTHERN ITALY.

THE GROSVENOR GALLERY.

CONCLUDING NOTICE.

It only remains to say a few words on the men portraits to which allusion has not yet been made. Foremost amongst these must be placed "Colonel St. Leger" (23), in scarlet coat and white pantaloons, leaning against his charger. In every respect the work is noteworthy; for although it is to be found at Hampton Court, it is so hung that it is impossible to realise its excellence. It may be that its being "gibbeted" there is intended as a punishment inflicted upon Colonel St. Leger, whose influence upon society and the Royal family was most baneful. In this portrait, which was painted in 1782, he is represented as a young man almost the same age as the Prince of Wales (then just twenty-one years old), and it is therefore difficult to identify him with his namesake the President or founder of the Hell-Fire Club, and those of the party who entertained the beautiful Miss Gunnings at their famous introduction to London life, in 1751. As a matter of fact, the Colonel St. Leger who is here represented was not born until after that event, and was only about five years older than the Prince of Wales. The notice, therefore, in the catalogue, in which Horace Walpole, Peter Pindar, and the headless coachman are mixed up, is an extraordinary jumble of stories and myths relating to two totally different people. This portrait was painted as a companion to one of the Prince of Wales, which in 1815 was in the possession of Lord Dundas, and now belongs to Baron Ferdinand De Rothschild. Another portrait, about which there seems scarcely less confusion, is that of "John Skinner, Student of Christ Church" (194), represented in his robes as Lord Chief Baron of the Exchequer. There is no dispute that Gainsborough did paint for an Irish brother-Judge, Francis Burton, a portrait of his friend Skynner; but this picture Burton, when he became blind, gave to the Society of Lincoln's Inn, of which he was a Bencher, and it certainly was hanging in their hall a few years ago. The present work is lent by Christ Church, Oxford, of which house Skynner is said to have been a student. This may be so, although the fact has escaped the notice of his previous biographers, who represent him to have belonged to a poor family in Oxfordshire, and that by his own exertions he made his way in his profession. Amongst the other lawyers whose portraits by Gainsborough are to be found in the present exhibition is that of "Lord Camden" (60), in his snuff-coloured daily dress, indicating that it was taken after he had quitted office (1770), for having given such offence to the Court on the subject of Wilkes' election for Middlesex. Of portraits of statesmen, there are no less than four of William Pitt: one, a small oval, lent by Mr. Wells (13), probably that from which Sherwin engraved his plate; another lent by the Honourable Society of Lincoln's Inn (70), representing him leaning against the back of a chair; a small work lent by Lord Amherst (213); and, lastly, the very admirable half-length portrait now in the possession of Earl Stanhope (170), the original of the more familiar prints and engravings. Of the third Earl Stanhope, Pitt's brother-in-law, there is also a portrait (80), painted quite towards the close of Gainsborough's life. In the portrait of "Philip Stanhope, Earl of Chesterfield" (84), he is represented in plain morning dress and buff waistcoat, with ribbon of the Garter across his chest, one hand leaning on Cicero's "De Senectate," as if on its lessons rather than on his son's success in the world, all his thoughts were concentrated. Posterity knows Lord Chesterfield better through Hoare's portrait now at the National Portrait Gallery, but there can be little dispute that Gainsborough gives us the nobler side of his character. Of Fox the only relic is a curious picture filled with figures, entitled "Fox Addressing the House of Commons During Lord North's Ministry" (201). When, and under what circumstances, this picture, so unique amongst all the varied productions of Gainsborough's brush, was painted, it would be interesting to learn. It was never exhibited amongst his works at the Royal Academy during his lifetime, nor was it amongst those shown at Schomberg House after his death—but this does not, of course, exhaust all the possibilities of its authenticity; and General Alexander, the present owner, would be conferring a favour upon the students of Gainsborough if he would throw some light upon the past history of the picture. The only portrait of Canning (100) was taken when the future statesman had just left Eton. He is represented in a blue fancy dress, with rich dark hair falling over his shoulders - a weak, but good-natured face, suggestive rather of the fop than the statesman.

Of members of the aristocracy there was no lack in Gainsborough's studio in Bath, even before Royalty patronised him; but no sooner had he settled himself in Pall-mall (1774) than we find the King sending for him; and in the course of the next few years not less than eight different portraits of George III. and Queen Charlotte were painted by him, as well as three of the Prince of Wales, and at least a dozen of the other Royal children. There is considerable interest attaching to the portrait of "Lord Nugent" (204), on the staircase, as being in all probability the first of Gainsborough's pictures exhibited to the public (1761). It was sent to the Society of Artists, which in those days held their exhibition in Spring-gardens, and was probably one of the first causes of bringing Gainsborough in contact with Mr. Wiltshire, the Bath and London carrier, who showed himself a warm friend of the artist. "John, Viscount Kilmorey" (30) is a typical self-willed old landowner; "Mr. Wm. Poyntz" (55), though not a member of the aristocracy by birth, became so by the marriage of his sister to "John, first Earl Spencer" (16); but his portrait here, one of Gainsborough's earliest works, gives him more the appearance of a gamekeeper than of a county magnate. In addition to these should be noticed "Sir Francis Basset," afterwards "Lord De Dunstanville," who is made the subject of a series of genealogical blunders (56 and 155), "Lord Mulgrave" (181), "Lord Cathcart" (99), and "Edward Clive, Earl of Powis" (50), as a boy, painted in imitation of Velasquez.

To the middle class Gainsborough was indebted for some admirable subjects—notably "Thomas Pennant" (101), the naturalist; "The Rev. James Hingeston" (94), a clergyman near Southwold, who helped and encouraged him before he decided to embark upon life as a painter; and "John Ayton" (199), one of many who in his day bore the name of "Handsome Jack." Allusion has already been made in a previous notice to the admirable portrait of "Parson Bate" (171), and we only return to it in order to correct the statement, to which the catalogue gives support, that he was the originator of the *Morning Post*. That journal, established in 1772 by Mr. John Bell, had already been in existence three years when Mr. Henry Bate joined it; and he remained connected with it until 1780, when he quarrelled with his colleagues. The *Morning Post* some time afterwards became the property of Mr. Tattersall, who, however, sold it in 1795 to Mr. Christie, the auctioneer, of whom Gainsborough's excellent portrait (67) is in the adjoining room. At that time the circulation of the *Morning Post* was only 350 copies daily; and Mr. Tattersall sold the entire copyright, house, and printing materials for £600.

But it was with artists, after all, that Gainsborough was in fullest sympathy; and in painting their portraits he threw his whole soul into his work. "Tenducci" (29), the tenor singer, with parted lips, as if giving out a high note, is not less happily rendered than "Vestris" (11), the "divine dancer," on account of whose benefit the House of Commons postponed the discussion on Burke's Reform Bill, on which Pitt subsequently made his maiden speech. "Felice De Giardini" (156), who gained considerable reputation as a violinist, and lost it as manager of the Italian Opera in this country, was among Gainsborough's favourite associates, though hardly on such intimate terms as "Karl Abel" (46), the player on the viol-di-gamba and chamber musician to Queen Charlotte. The contrast between the two faces—the Italian's keen and mobile, the German's strong but sensitive—is very striking; and it is not difficult to see that Gainsborough has in both cases endeavoured to bring out the music in each man's mind. On his unworthy son-in-law, Johann Fischer (112), the hautbois player, this double care is still more manifest. This picture was, it is said, the cause of Gainsborough's quarrel with Mr. Philip Thicknesse, his first patron at Bath. Gainsborough's excessive love of music and musical instruments had emboldened him to ask Mrs. Thicknesse for her viol-di-gamba—an instrument made in 1612, and of exquisite tone and beauty; and at length it was arranged that he should paint her portrait in exchange. The next morning the first sitting was given, the head was finished, the dead colouring rubbed in, and the Newfoundland dog at her feet sketched. After a considerable delay, Mrs. Thicknesse called to see how her picture was progressing. Gainsborough invited her up, saying "Madam, I have something to show you." Upon reaching the studio, however, she found it was to see Fischer's portrait "painted in full length, completely finished, in scarlet and gold, like a Colonel of the Foot Guards, and mine standing in its tatter-a-rag condition by the side of it!"

Here we conclude, having, it is hoped, said enough to show that there are interests, historical or social, as well as specially artistic, to be found in nearly every picture of this most representative exhibition of Gainsborough's works, and how completely it bears out Reynolds' verdict on his rival, "How various the man is!"

FRENCH EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY ART.

At the Fine-Art Society's Gallery there is on view a small collection of engravings fairly illustrative of French art of the eighteenth century, and rendered doubly interesting by Mr. Wedmore's notes, which precede the catalogue. If we cannot altogether participate in his enthusiasm for the French painters of that period, we are ready to admit to the utmost the excellence of the engravers. The scheme of the exhibition does not include specimens of Morin, Nanteuil, Masson, and the "portraitists" who followed the traditions of the old and more severe teaching of Rigaud; but is limited to the school of Watteau and his imitators, who cared only to render life "pretty and amusing." Amongst these, Laurent Cars, Lebas, Duflos, and Lépicié occupy the first rank. They were ingenious and sympathetic interpreters of the elegant Court life of Versailles and Paris, of which Boucher, Pater, and Lancret were the painters. Opinions may differ as to their place in the history of art; but it must be admitted that they travestied and perverted nature until they only saw her through blue spectacles or as the "setting" of a fairy ballet. Chardin attempted to break away from the insipid accessories of Court life, and to depict more homely scenes, but the artificialness of his efforts are apparent. Nothing, in fact, is more striking in this collection than the absence of anything approaching either humour or pathos. In their place, sentimentalism à la Rousseau, or boudoir intrigue à la Crébillon, are put forward as the highest, or at least as the most desirable adjuncts of life, and prettiness its aim and object. It was no wonder, therefore, that an engraver like Vivares should turn his back upon such a public, and seek in the society of Hogarth and Reynolds subjects worthy of his needle. We have no wish to depreciate the present exhibition, which is excellent in its way, and is, we hope, only the prelude to others more complete; and we believe that through engravings and aquatints the English public will be more easily led to admire the grace and elegance of French eighteenth-century art than by the study of the original pictures.

THE AVALANCHES IN PIEDMONT.

The Subalpine valleys of North-West Italy were visited last week, in many places, by immense falls of accumulated snow from the steep mountain sides, destroying villages and causing much loss of life. Such calamities have often happened in Switzerland and the Tyrol, in Savoy, and in Piedmont; and the scene delineated in our large Engraving does not exaggerate the terrible aspect which they may occasionally present. Huge stones and detached fragments of rock are frequently brought down with the enormous mass of snow, besides quantities of loose earth, shattering as well as covering the houses beneath. On the Piedmontese side of the Alps, especially in the Val di Susa and the Val d'Aosta, west and north of Turin, between the mountain ranges successively marked by Monte Viso, Mont Cenis, the St. Bernard Pass, and Monte Rosa, in the narrow valleys traversed by the upper streams of the Chisone and Dora Riparia, the Stura and the Dora Baltea, which all flow towards the Po, sad havoc is reported from this cause; and likewise in the neighbourhood of Cuneo, some forty miles south of Turin, at the foot of the Maritime Alps. The Val di Susa, that of the Dora Riparia, due west of Turin, is familiar to all travellers by the Mont Cenis Railway; and the Val d'Aosta, opening into the great plain at Ivrea, has been a favourite resort of tourists. The south-western valleys are celebrated in history as the abode of the Protestant Vaudois or Waldenses; and all these provinces are inhabited by a loyal, honest, industrious people, whose sufferings deserve our sympathy on the present occasion. It is officially stated that eighteen lives have been lost in the province of Cuneo and thirty in the province of Ivrea. At Exilles, in the province of Susa, an avalanche swept away sixty-three persons, but twenty of them were rescued alive from beneath the snow. At Frassino, thirty dead bodies were recovered, but many more persons were missing. One avalanche which crushed a whole family measured over 150,000 cubic mètres. Another buried instantaneously twenty-two houses, with their inhabitants. Many entire villages have been destroyed. The troops everywhere are giving admirable service in assisting to disinter those who have been buried by the snow. The Mont Cenis railway traffic was stopped during several days by the avalanches between Bardonecchia and Chiamonte, and most of the dwellings in several townships near Chiamonte and Exilles have been destroyed. The Prefect of Turin has sent troops to the spot to render what aid they can to the stricken population. It is also announced that at Sparone, near Ivrea, fifteen people have perished under an avalanche. At Cuneo it had been snowing steadily there for three days, and the snow was over 6 ft. deep. At the southern opening of the Col di Tende Tunnel two men were killed by an avalanche. The Prime Minister of Italy, Signor Depretis, has announced in the Chamber at Rome the intention of the Government to assist the afflicted localities. The list of disasters occupies columns of the Italian newspapers.

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated May 30, 1879), with a codicil (dated Dec. 11 following), of Mr. Thomas Edward Johnston, late of No. 20A, St. James's-place, who died on Nov. 13 last, was proved on the 20th ult. by Major-General John Hall Smyth, R.A., C.B., James Alexander Strachan, and Alfred Trevor Crispin, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £251,000. The testator leaves numerous legacies to nephews, nieces, and other relatives, executors, and others; and the residue of his real and personal estate to his niece Emily Johnston, and his nephew the Rev. Charles Johnston, in equal shares.

The will of Mr. Thomas Cope, J.P., tobacco manufacturer, of Liverpool and London, who died at Huyton, near Liverpool, on Sept. 18 last, was proved in the Liverpool district registry on the 10th inst. by Mrs. Sarah Cope, the widow, John Hignett, and John A. Willox, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £182,000. The testator bequeaths to his brother, George, the testimonial clock of the late Robert Cope; to his sister, Sarah Sharpe, an annuity of £100 for life, and to each of the executors a legacy of £500. To the widow, he bequeaths, absolutely, all household furniture, pictures, horses and carriages at Huyton and elsewhere; and, for life, the dwelling-house at Huyton occupied by the testator, and other leasehold property there; also his share of rent or annual value of the factory premises in Lord Nelson-street, Liverpool, and Aldersgate-street, in the city of London. The executors are empowered to make all such arrangements as they may see fit with reference to the testator's share in the business of Cope Brothers and Co., and to stand possessed of the same in trust for his children in equal shares.

The will (dated Feb. 9, 1880), with two codicils (dated Nov. 22, 1880, and May 14, 1881), of Mr. George Edward Hardman, late of Oak Hill, near Rawtenstall, Lancashire, cotton and woollen manufacturer, who died on Oct. 4 last, at Buxton, was proved on the 24th ult. by George Openshaw, George Whitaker, and George Turner Hardman and James Henry Hardman, the sons, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £73,000. The testator bequeaths £20,000, but if the whole of his estate should not amount to £100,000, then only one fifth thereof, upon trust, for his daughter, Mary Ellen, to whom he also makes some specific bequests; and there are legacies to his executors and servants. All his real estate, and the residue of the personalty, he gives to his said two sons.

The will (dated Nov. 14, 1881) of Mr. Charles Allen, formerly of the Hon. East India Company's Service, late of No. 10, Norton Tenby, Pembrokeshire, who died on the 5th ult., was proved on the 24th ult. by Herbert James Allen, Charles Francis Egerton Allen, the Rev. William Osborn Bird Allen, and David Bird Allen, the sons, four of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £48,000. The testator leaves his dwelling-house at Tenby, with the furniture and effects, and the land contiguous thereto, to his eldest son; £3000 to each of his other sons; and legacies to nephews, nieces, servants, and executors. The residue of his property he gives to his six sons, Herbert James, Charles Francis Egerton, William Osborn Bird, David Bird, Jeffrey Jullian, and Walter Griffith.

The will of Mrs. Elizabeth Lewis, widow, late of Nightingale Villa, Clevedon, who died on Nov. 2 last, at Malvern, was proved on the 16th ult. last by David Harrhy, William Daniell, and Humphrey Thomas Martin Crowther Gwynn, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £42,000. The testatrix, after bequeathing annuities to her servants and several legacies to her executors and other persons, bequeaths to the Clevedon Dispensary all her shares and interest in the Clevedon Gas Light Company; and to the Clevedon Cottage Hospital all her shares, stock, and interest in the Clevedon Water Works Company. The residue of her real and personal estate she gives, upon trust, to pay two equal fourth parts of the income to her cousin Anne Mary Harrhy, one equal fourth part to her cousin Frances Harrhy, and the remaining one fourth to the said William Daniell and Mary Daniell and Edward Daniell. After the decease of the survivor of them, the said Anne Mary Harrhy, and Frances Harrhy, the whole of her trust estate is to be equally divided between her cousins Herbert James Daniell, the said William Daniell and Mary Daniell, Hugo Daniell, and the said Edward Daniell.

The will of Lieutenant-Colonel John Joseph Augustine Leonard Creaton, late of No. 7, Sydney-place, Onslow-square, who died on Nov. 27 last, was proved on the 24th ult. by Mrs. Emily Creaton, the widow and sole executrix, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £36,000. The testator gives, devises, and bequeaths all his estate and effects unto his wife, for her own absolute use and benefit.

The will (dated June 17, 1873), with three codicils (dated May 4, 1874; July 14, 1876; and Feb. 24, 1882), of Captain John Halliburton Murray, R.N., formerly of Anfield House, Ardrishaig, in the county of Argyll, N.B., but late of No. 11, Clapton-common, who died on Aug. 5 last, was proved on the 19th ult. by Charles Townshend Ashmore and Miss Frances Mary Ellis, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £25,000. The testator leaves the proceeds of his Scotch property, and the property to which he became entitled in right of his late wife, upon trust, for Mrs. Isabella Katherine Ashmore; and there are bequests to his nephews, Edward Digby Murray and Henry Whalley Murray, and to others. He appoints the said Charles Townshend Ashmore residuary legatee.

The will (dated July 21, 1883), with two codicils (dated Sept. 13 and 16 following), of Mr. Charles Barns Wilkins, J.P., late of No. 20, Royal-crescent, Bath, who died on Nov. 30 last, was proved at the Bristol district registry on the 23rd ult. by Miss Ellen Bisdee Wilkins, the daughter, and Samuel Butler, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £12,000. The testator leaves his High-church estate to his wife, Mrs. Mary Wilkins, for life, and then, upon trust, for the widow and children of his late son, Jacob; the Studley Grange estate, subject to the payment of £50 per annum to his wife, for life, to his said daughter; the Newlands Hall estate upon trust, for his grandson, Walter Hugh Fitzgerald Wilkins; his residence, No. 20, Royal-crescent, with the furniture and effects, to his said daughter; £50 to his wife, and £1000, upon trust, for her, for life; and there are other devises and bequests. The residue of the personalty he bequeaths to his said daughter.

The costume ball of the Royal Institute of Painters in Water Colours, which was postponed last year in consequence of the death of his Royal Highness the Duke of Albany, is to be held next May.

The private view of Messrs. Agnew's annual exhibition of water-colour drawings at Old Bond-street Galleries has been fixed for the 14th of next month. In addition to the works of living artists, it will be strong, as usual, in examples of painters of the old school, such as De Wint, David Cox, Prout, and Turner.

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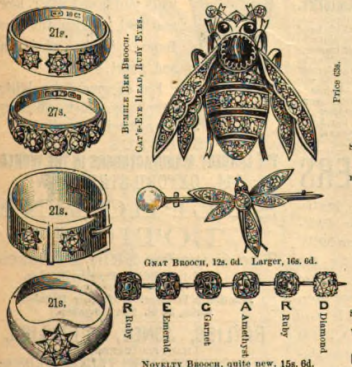
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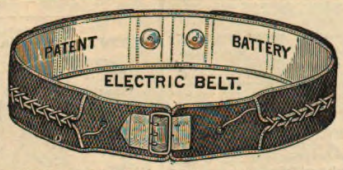
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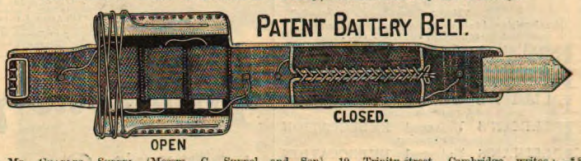
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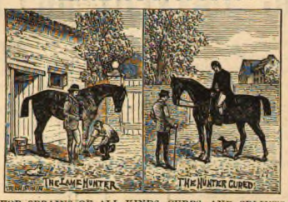
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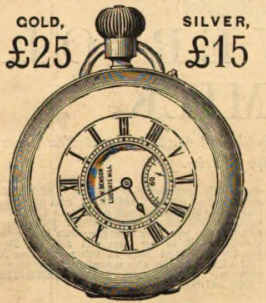
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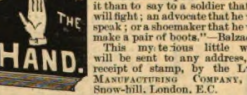


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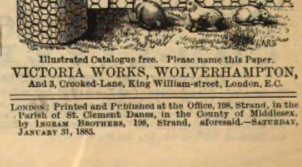
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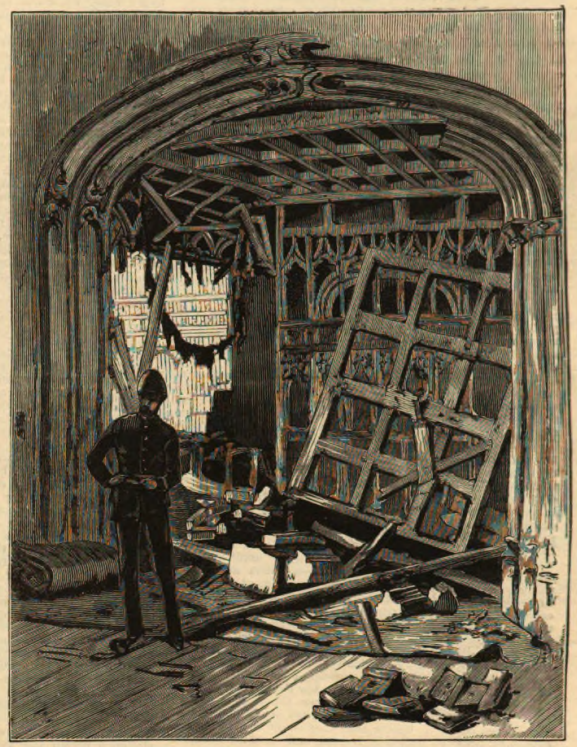
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THE DYNAMITE OUTRAGES.



DIVISION LOBBY OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS,
WHERE THE DYNAMITE WAS PLACED.



EFFECTS OF THE EXPLOSION IN THE DIVISION LOBBY, HOUSE OF COMMONS.



THE SPOT IN WESTMINSTER HALL WHERE THE FIRST PARCEL OF DYNAMITE EXPLODED.

DYNAMITE EXPLOSIONS.

THE TOWER AND THE PALACE OF WESTMINSTER.

The infamous gang connected with the remnant of "Irish Invincibles" from America, who trade upon the excitement caused by murderous outrages to obtain subscriptions from their silly dupes through the agency of O'Donovan Rossa and others at New York, have perpetrated further acts of mischief in London. On Saturday afternoon, at two o'clock, they effected an explosion of dynamite on the middle floor of the White Tower, at the Tower of London, where the store of infantry small-arms is kept; and ten minutes later, at the Houses of Parliament, there was an explosion near the steps between Westminster Hall and St. Stephen's Hall, followed in three minutes by another explosion within the House of Commons, below the Peers' Gallery. In both these noble public buildings, at the time chosen for the explosions, there were, as usual on Saturday afternoon, large numbers of visitors, men, ladies, and children, who came to see the interior; and the dastardly scoundrels who ignited blocks of dynamite in these places, at that hour of the day, must have known that there was great probability of their destroying many innocent lives. The guilt of murder is therefore both morally and legally attached to these villanous acts, if any of the persons who are severely injured should unhappily not recover. At the Tower, two young women and two boys were seriously hurt. At Westminster, a police-constable, named Cole, who bravely carried away the first parcel of dynamite to the entrance of St. Stephen's Crypt, another policeman, Cox, and Mr. Green, a civil engineer, whose wife and his sister-in-law, Miss Davies, had a very narrow escape, suffered injuries which may prove to be worse. The amount of damage to the buildings, in each instance, was such as can easily be repaired, being chiefly in the floors, the woodwork, and the fittings, but the repairs will be at a considerable cost. The effects of these explosions, like those at London Bridge, at the Victoria Railway Station, in St. James's-square, and in Scotland-yard, and at the Local Government Office, Westminster, prove that the force of dynamite acts only within a very small space, and that no large and substantial building can possibly be demolished by one or two charges of it placed in casual situations. This experience is more than enough completely to falsify the boastful predictions of the authors of such futile as well as wicked attempts. They remain unable, while due precautions against ordinary incendiarism are maintained, to destroy any important Government buildings or conspicuous public edifices; and they can only intend to create general alarm by the peril to life necessarily attending these explosions among the people thronging places of much resort in London. It is manifestly, therefore, part of their calculations that a number of deaths may be occasioned by these outrages, and they are justly to be regarded as wanton murderers of the vilest class, speculating on wholesale chances of homicide for the sordid gain of a few hundred dollars extracted from the American Irish—from the most ignorant, reckless, and uncivilised class of the United States' population. There is no reason to believe that they obtain any support or sympathy from the people of Ireland, and certainly not from the Irish dwelling in England; they are mere outlaws and enemies of society, whose foul deeds and cowardly plots deserve universal condemnation and the sternest punishment of the criminal law. We present a variety of Illustrations of the nefarious attempts made on Saturday, which we proceed to narrate, describing their actual results without further commentary, as they took place first at the Tower, secondly at the Houses of Parliament or Palace of Westminster, including Westminster Hall.

AT THE TOWER OF LONDON.

The White Tower, the most conspicuous feature of the collection of buildings called the Tower of London, rising high above the surrounding structures, with its square bulk of solid masonry and its four angle-turrets visible from the Thames and from many parts of east and south-east London, is a grand specimen of Norman architecture. It was constructed for William Rufus by Gundulph, Bishop of Rochester, who also built Rochester Castle. This massive quadrangular structure occupies the central part of the Inner Ward. It measures 116 ft. from north to south, and 96 ft. from east to west. The height is 92 ft. It is embattled, and has watch-towers or turrets at each angle. The roof is covered with lead. It consists of three lofty storeys, besides the spacious vaults in the basement floor. The external walls are 15 ft. in thickness. The communication between the storeys is by a spacious staircase in the north-east extremity of the building. The *newel*, or circular column, around which the stairs wind, is a curious specimen of ancient masonry. There are also staircases in the north-west and south-west angles, the former of which commences only on the first floor. A wall 7 ft. thick, extending north and south, divides the three storeys from the base to the summit of the building. Another wall, extending east and west, subdivides the easternmost of the former divisions into unequal parts; thus forming in each storey one large apartment and two smaller ones. The smallest division on the first floor is now known as "Queen Elizabeth's Armoury." This room has a vaulted roof, exhibiting a highly interesting specimen of early construction. On the north side of the room is a doorway communicating with a cell, 10 ft. long and 8 ft. wide, formed in the thickness of the wall, and receiving no light but from the entrance. Directly over this apartment, occupying the space from the first floor to the roof, is St. John's Chapel, "one of the finest and most perfect specimens of Norman architecture" to be found in this country. It has a semicircular termination at the eastern end, and the twelve massive pillars which divide the nave from the aisles are also arranged in a semicircle at the eastern end. The pillars are uni ed by arches which admit the light into the nave from the windows in the southern aisle. A gallery with arches corresponding to those below is above the pillars. The larger room on the upper floor was used as the Council Chamber when our Kings held their Court in the Tower. It bears the genuine aspect of antiquity, and its massive timber roof and supporters harmonise with the stately style of other parts of the building. Here it was that the Council assembled when Richard, Duke of Gloucester, ordered Lord Hastings to be beheaded. This room is entirely filled with a collection of Oriental arms and armour, arranged as trophies. The Banqueting-Hall, on the middle floor, adjoining St. John's Chapel, is about 90 ft. long and 60 ft. wide; its roof was pierced by two skylights and by a square opening to the floor of the Council Chamber above, which was protected by a brass railing. The whole floor of the Banqueting-Hall was occupied by standards of Martini-Henry rifles and bayonets, with passages between them, and it was here that the dynamite was exploded, at the south end, close to the dark passage leading into St. John's Chapel.

Saturday being a free day for visitors, there was a good number of applicants for admission, estimated by Mr. Bunyard, the chief warder, at between eighty and one hundred. A party of these, under the charge of the warder-jailer—a sub-officer of that ancient body popularly known as Beefeaters—was mustered at the Bell Tower, and was conducted in the usual way to the White Tower. St. John's Chapel is so notable a feature of the old fortress that visitors always linger here, while the accompanying guide gives a brief description; and the bulk of the warder's party were in the chapel, or on the steps leading up to it from the outside, when the explosion took place. The number who had passed on into the main room may have been twenty or thirty. It seems probable that the scoundrels who perpetrated the outrage had placed the packet of dynamite behind one of the rifle racks, in a position where, from the obscurity of this part of the building, it would be sure not to attract the attention of any casual passer-by. They must have previously reconnoitred the place and settled their plan, and, this being done, carrying it into execution was a very simple business. They had but to form the rear of one of the parties conducted through the place, and on coming out of St. John's Chapel into the Banqueting-Room furtively to drop the packet of dynamite unobserved, the fuse no doubt being so arranged as to give ample time to the perpetrator to put himself beyond the reach of risk. Then was heard a deafening report, with a flash of fire, followed by a hail of broken glass and a dense dust that hid everything for some time as in a fog. Cries of terror arose from the women and children, mingled with those of pain from some who had been injured by the broken glass, and who naturally thought themselves in much worse plight than happily proved to be the case. The chief warder, Mr. Bunyard, who was at his lodgings by the Bell Tower, heard the report and felt the concussion, and ran at once to the scene of the disaster. The yeoman-warder, who was struck by the flying glass without being wounded, nearly losing his balance from the rush of air, exerted himself to get his party together and out of the building. Women and children had been blown against the walls, some being thrown down, and the former, when they reached the open air, had some work in clearing each other's hair and dresses of fine fragments of glass with which they had been covered. In the confusion two or three children got separated from their parents or friends. A warder, whose duty confined him to St. John's Chapel, was blown off the chair on which he was seated; but he, like his colleague, the other warder, assisted in getting out the throng of frightened people, who were not at all reassured by it being discovered that the explosion had set fire to the flooring on which the dynamite had been placed. The flooring is very thick, a mass of solid timber and planking, and, in the interstices of this, fire had been lodged as the powerful explosive reft its way clean through to the lower storey of the building, and a dense smoke both from the upper and lower cavities thus formed showed that a dangerous fire was imminent. It was dealt with, however, promptly and effectively. A battalion of the 2nd Grenadier Guards is stationed in the barracks on the opposite side of the parade-ground, and within a minute of the explosion their bugler sounded the assembly. Officers and men swarmed out on the parade-ground, and were told off to cope with the casualty which had occurred. Three women and a boy who were the worst cut of the dozen or more who were injured were removed to the surgery of the battalion, where their wounds were dressed, and they were placed in safety. The rest of the visitors were handed over to the police stationed within the Tower, by whom they were removed from the Tower-green; their names and addresses were taken, and they were dismissed in batches by the Lion Tower and the Postern Gate to Tower-hill. The Guardsmen were at once formed as a cordon quite round the White Tower, pickets being posted also in the several approaches. A strong force was told off for fire duty, and under the direction of the firemen stationed in the Tower, the manual engines, always in readiness, were got out, and brought to the scene of action and rapidly into work; hose was unrolled, connected with fixed hydrants, and got into both floors of the building, and in a very few minutes good streams of water were being poured into the cavities from which smoke had been rolling out in rapidly-increasing volumes. The promptitude with which these measures were taken in all probability averted the destruction or damage to the 100,000 stand of arms that occupy the two store-rooms. In a little time it became apparent that all fear of a serious fire was at an end, and when in a creditably brief period the first engine of the Metropolitan Fire Brigade galloped on to Tower-green, speedily followed by two more, and by Captain Shaw, all danger was at an end. On examination it was found that the flooring for some distance in the Banqueting-Hall, and the wood lining of the ceiling of the ground floor, were torn into splinters. Rifle racks in the Banqueting-Room were tilted backwards and forwards from the scene of the explosion, and hundreds of the rifles damaged and displaced. In the lower storey, or gun floor, where the effect was very great, racks were smashed, and rifles by hundreds, in all stages of damage, were lying in a heap beneath, saturated with water. Upwards from the Banqueting-Room there were marks of the explosion on the ceiling. The epaulet worn by the Duke of Wellington when Constable of the Tower fell through the hole in the floor, and has since been hung on one of the cords which stretches between two of the arm-racks below. Every window, not only in the Banqueting-Hall and St. John's Chapel, but also in the ground floor and the upper floor or Council Chamber, was more or less wrecked, sash-frames and window curtains being blown across the parade-ground to a building opposite, inhabited by the families of married soldiers, where also some windows were broken.

The persons injured at the Tower were Elizabeth Ballan, twenty years of age, whose face was severely lacerated; Ann Nunn, aged nineteen, much burnt in the face and neck; and two little boys, Herbert George, eleven years old, wounded in the thigh and hands, and Ernest Stratton, about the same age, badly cut on the side of his head.

Colonel Majendie, Inspector of Explosives, made an inspection of the scene, accompanied by Sir F. Abel; Commissary-General Thorne, who has charge of the stores at the Tower, was also present. In the opinion of experts, the quantity of dynamite necessary to produce an explosion of this extent would be four or five pounds, which could be compressed into a space small enough to be carried in a man's hat. It is, however, suspected that the dynamite was conveyed into the Tower concealed in a woman's dress. On Sunday afternoon the Duke of Cambridge, attended by Colonel Lord Algernon Lennox, arrived at the Tower and was conducted through the rooms of the explosion by General Milman, Major of the Tower, the acting officer in charge. The 2nd Grenadiers are on duty there, commanded by Colonel P. Smith, C.B. The total number of arms displaced was found to be 4000 rifles.

Captain Shaw, C.B., in his official report, gives the details as follows:—"Called at 2.5 p.m. to the Tower of London. Name of occupier of premises, business, and name of residence and landlord, Constable and Chief Governor-General Sir Richard James Dacres, G.C.B. Supposed cause of fire, explosion. Where insured, contents and building not. Call, fire alarm and military. How extinguished, military and firemen, with seven private hydrants and three private manuals. Damage—White Tower, south end of first floor (known as Banqueting-Hall, used as stores for service arms), also second floor (known as Council Chamber, used as stores for ancient arms and armour), and contents severely damaged by explosion, fire, and water; rest of White Tower and contents slightly by explosion and water."

AT THE PALACE OF WESTMINSTER.

Westminster Hall, from the raised upper end of which, turning to the left, a flight of steps ascends to St. Stephen's Hall, the vestibule of the Houses of Parliament, is one of the earliest specimens of our Perpendicular Gothic style, and is thought to have been the work of William of Wykeham. This noble Hall was originally added to the ancient Palace of Westminster by William Rufus, who held his first Court here in 1099. Three centuries later Richard II. had its walls heightened two feet, the windows altered, and a new timber roof constructed, from the design of Henry de Yeveley, who was master-mason to three successive Kings and to the Abbey of Westminster. The dimensions of the Hall are 239 ft. long and 68 ft. broad. The roof, 40 ft. above the pavement, is one of the finest examples of ancient carpentry; its timbers spring gracefully upward from the stone string-course, sculptured with the white hart couchant under a tree, and other devices of Richard II. The hammer-beams, stretching out horizontally, are sculptured with angels bearing shields; and these shapes testify to the excellence of wood carving as early as the fourteenth century. From this open roof—on which the dust and soot of years had accumulated, formerly hung standards, guidons, and trophies of victory. In the years 1820 and 1821, forty loads of oak from old ships broken up in Portsmouth Dockyard were used in renewing decayed parts and completing the portion of the north end which had been left unfinished. The roof was also greatly strengthened, in 1851, by tension rods added to the principals. The old English Kings held their Courts, or, as the words ran, "wore their crowns," in Westminster Hall; and the place was also occasionally used as a high court of criminal justice, for the solemn trials of great delinquents, impeached by the House of Commons. Queen Anne Boleyn's trial was in Westminster Hall; and the trial of the Earl of Strafford, in 1640, before Charles I.; the trial of the King himself, nine years afterwards, being also in Westminster Hall. On the Restoration, in 1661, the Act for the King's Trial was burned by the common hangman while the Court was sitting. As early as the year 1248, the thirty-third of King Henry III., Parliaments assembled in this hall; the first representation of the people, as at present formed, being in 1265, the forty-ninth year of the same King's reign.

Anyone is at liberty to enter Westminster Hall and to pass the door of the Crypt, which is situated beneath St. Stephen's Hall. But, in order to arrive at the door of the House of Commons, it would be requisite to obtain an order to view the building, and to traverse a number of apartments and corridors guarded by picked members of the police force. Visitors, having tickets, must, during the Parliamentary recess, enter the Palace by the Norman porch, where the ticket is delivered up to a constable in attendance. The way then leads by the grand staircase, and by a turning to the right into the Queen's Robing-Room, past another constable, and so to the left into the Royal Gallery, containing Maclise's frescoes of the meeting of Blucher and Wellington on the field of Waterloo and of Nelson on board the Victory at Trafalgar. The visitor is next introduced into the Prince's Chamber, likewise under police surveillance, and he passes by the right to the back of the Throne into the House of Lords, also strictly guarded. Crossing the splendid Chamber of the Peers by the Woolsack, skirting the table, either on the Ministerial or Opposition side of the House, the visitor is directed through the brass gates into the Peers' Lobby, and thence into the Peers' Robing-Room. From there the stranger, leaving the Lobby, proceeds through the Peers' Corridor into the Central Hall, and straight across it through the Commons' corridor into the lobby of the Lower Chamber. After inspecting the different features of the House of Commons, his way out leads him into the Commons' Lobby, through St. Stephen's Hall, and down a flight of steps into Westminster Hall. No one, having once entered the Palace by the Norman porch, is suffered to return by that route, but all must make their way through the House of Lords to the Commons and thence to Westminster Hall.

It has been observed that, at the upper end of Westminster Hall, to the left of the grand staircase leading to St. Stephen's Hall, is a small oak door opening upon a short flight of steps, being the entrance to the Crypt; and a little way down those stairs is a narrow paved embrasure, where, a few minutes past two o'clock on Saturday afternoon, Mr. Edwin Green, a civil engineer, residing in London, accompanied by his wife, and his sister-in-law, Miss Davies, observed a parcel about the size of an ordinary brick, which was covered in some dark material resembling cloth, and from which smoke was issuing. Suspecting the parcel to contain dynamite, he shouted to the ladies to go back, at the same time allowing them to pass up the stairs into Westminster Hall, he following. Constable Cole, on duty in the Crypt, hearing Mr. Green's voice, rushed down the steps, and laying hold of the parcel, ran with it towards the Hall. Directly he arrived at the iron gates separating the entrance to the Crypt from the outer space of the Hall, the parcel exploded, wounding him severely, displacing the solid pavement, and making a cavity five feet by four, into which he was violently precipitated. Instantly the entire Hall was enveloped in a dense cloud of dust and falling glass, and all became dark, as if night had suddenly come on. Constable Cox, who was on duty in the Hall, then rushed forward to the place whence the sound of the concussion proceeded, and in the gloom, not being able to see his way, fell bodily into the abyss, where Cole lay insensible, and where Mr. Green was also discovered, the three being huddled together in a confused heap. Mrs. Green and her sister were hurled against the wall close to the gate of the Crypt.

At that moment Mr. Scott, resident superintendent of the Houses of Parliament, was in his apartments, situated within the building. He also hurried to the spot, and in the imperfect light saw Mrs. Green, who had partially recovered from the first shock of the concussion, standing on the steps leading to St. Stephen's Hall, and heard her shrieks of alarm. She cried "Who'll get my husband out? Who will save him?" Mr. Scott next saw Mr. Prim, the resident engineer, carrying Mr. Green from the gateway into the body of the Hall, past the canvas screen erected there, behind which two painters were at work on a large elevation drawing of the proposed restoration of the west side of the structure. Mr. Green was taken first to the quarters of Mr. Erskine, Assistant Serjeant-at-Arms, and afterwards removed to 24, Abingdon-street, close by, the residence of Mr. Liddell, with whom he was acquainted. Realising the frightful situation at a glance, Mr. Scott, without a moment's delay, requested Inspector Denning, who arrived almost simultaneously on the scene, to have the palace forthwith cleared of all strangers, and to stop every means of ingress or egress, further directing that all doors should be locked and closely guarded. Inspector Denning, assisted by a couple of constables, proceeded to institute a most rigorous search, in case

any other infernal machines might have been placed in the Hall or in the chamber of the Lords. The confusion at this time was at its height, and the persons who perpetrated the crime appear to have escaped.

IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

Three or four minutes after the first explosion, another was heard, which was in the interior of the House of Commons. A corridor to the left, from the Central Hall, beyond St. Stephen's Hall, leads to the proper Lobby of the House of Commons. Every visitor will recollect that the entrance to the House itself from the "Lobby" was guarded by handsome swinging oak doors, with carved and glazed panels, similar to those leading into the House itself, and from which it was divided by a short passage. On either side, right and left, were the doorways of the "Aye" and "No" Division Lobbies, each of them in like character, and built in a screen of similar design. Entering the Division Lobbies, a door led into that portion of the House "under the clock," which, while actually inside the precincts, is, by a Parliamentary fiction, presumed to be outside. On the left hand of entering, or Government side, just opposite to the stairway leading to the Peers' Gallery, in the "Aye" Division Lobby, was a flight of iron steps leading to the ventilating chamber below the House, whence the supply of hot air is regulated, and there is no doubt the charge of dynamite was deposited close to this spot. When parties of visitors are being conducted through the House, there is a barrier across this particular spot, and nobody is supposed to be allowed to go there, but there would be little difficulty in either getting under the barrier and laying a small parcel down, or throwing it round the corner to the place where it undoubtedly exploded. The only persons in the precincts of the House of Commons at the moment were a lady and gentleman, who fortunately escaped unhurt.

The damage effected in the House of Commons was not inconsiderable, but can be repaired before Feb. 19, the day fixed for the opening of Parliament. The left half of the swing door at the entrance to the House is blown completely away, and the short corridor between that and the door leading into the Chamber itself is also destroyed. The blocks of solid stone of which the door-jambs are composed were on the left side dislodged, their inner face being broken and pulverised. The doorkeepers' chairs are also damaged. One other effect of the powerful explosive was to break downward through the floor of the Division Lobby, flinging huge fragments of stone, iron, and wood into the vaults beneath. The cross-benches, where Mr. Bradlaugh usually sits, are completely wrecked; likewise the gallery devoted to the accommodation of Peers and Ambassadors immediately above. In that gallery the seats are torn from their sockets, overturned, and piled upon the railing to the left of the clock; three of the gallery supports, having been forced out, were shot into the body of the Chamber. One of these carved oaken stays, eight inches in diameter, seems to have been carried in a zigzag direction along the Government side of the House, passing by, without materially damaging, the Radical benches, which are strewn with planks and rafters, and fragments of the cloth covering with which the furniture of the apartment is enveloped when Parliament is not in session. This beam appears to have first struck the seat which Mr. Gladstone usually occupies, tearing out a large piece of the green leather, and ripping open the wool and horsehair stuffing. It must then have glanced off to the right, and coming into collision with the despatch-box on the table, opposite the Premier's seat, it broke off one of the two brass octagonal stars with which the box is ornamented, engraved with the initial of the Queen, leaving the other star inscribed with the letter "R" intact. The solid timber must then have hurtled across the table, carrying with it a portion of the brass gallery in front of the chairs allotted to the clerks of the House; thence it seems to have bounded once more upon the Treasury Bench, rending and tearing up part of its cushion, and in the bound hitting the right hand top corner of the Speaker's chair, partially destroying the leather covering, and finally finding a resting-place on the seat allotted by courtesy to Ministers. All the painted glass of the lantern roof by which the House is illuminated at night is smashed to atoms. On the east side half the windows are destroyed, as also are a few of those on the west side, and one of the shields running round the cornice beneath the roof, inscribed with the Irish harp, was flung down from its place and lay upon the short cross-bench in front of the chair of the Serjeant-at-Arms, close to the benches below the gangway on the left of the Speaker, where the Parnellite members rejoice to sit. The coverings of the seats on the floor have been blown from their places, and some of those in the galleries tossed over the rails, where they hang in festoons, particularly above the immediate site of the explosion. Every part of the Chamber is covered with a thick layer of dust, fragments of carved wood and pierced brass being scattered about the floor and seats. The major portion of the actual damage is, however, on the Ministerial side, in a line with the course of the explosion, very little hurt being done to the Opposition benches. The Reporters' and Ladies' Galleries, with the exception of glass destroyed, do not appear to have suffered much injury, and the same may be said of the two extremities of the Members' Galleries nearest the Speaker's chair. Apart from the very serious fracture to the left door-jamb of the entrance to the Chamber, the walls of the House are said to have sustained no displacement.

The Speaker of the House of Commons arrived in town from Bedfordshire on Monday morning, and, after inspecting the Chamber, paid a visit at Westminster Hospital to the two injured policemen, Cox and Cole, who are well known to most of the members of the House. They are under the care of Mr. Cowell, the Senior Surgeon at Westminster Hospital, and are both progressing favourably. Numerous inquiries were made as to their condition, one of the first being a telegraphic message from the Queen at Osborne on Sunday evening. Cole seems to have acted with extraordinary courage and self-devotion, as he knew that the package he picked up contained dynamite, the wrapper of which was apparently burning, and he therefore determined if possible to carry it into the open air before trying to put it out, so as to minimise the danger if it exploded. Mr. Green is also considered to be in a way of recovery, but he has some internal injury, causing hæmorrhage, from a heavy stone falling on his chest.

Mr. William J. Prim, the Resident Engineer at the Houses of Parliament, estimates the damage done in the Hall and the House by the two explosions at from £10,000 to £15,000. It is said that the stained south window in Westminster Hall, which has been riddled, cannot be restored at a cost of less than £1000. It was noticed that of the coloured glass in the ceiling of the House only one pane escaped uninjured. The damage at the Tower is estimated at £1000 only.

A young man who was taken into custody at the Tower on Saturday, on suspicion of being concerned in causing the explosion, was brought before Sir James Ingham at Bow-street Police Court on Monday. He had been living at 32, Scarborough-street, Whitechapel, and said his name was James Gilbert Cunningham. He is a native of county Cork, and has been in New York for four or five years, having returned from there in the autumn. He gave three or four different addresses, but ultimately his correct one, where some very good clothes were found. Although he describes himself as a dock labourer, and admits that he has done no work for a time, he had £7 10s. upon him when arrested.

Any persons who visited Westminster Hall, the Crypt, or Houses of Parliament on Saturday, between ten a.m. and 2.15 p.m., are requested to give information to the police if they observed a man and a woman answering to the following description:—Man: Age, thirty-five to forty; height, 5 ft. 10 in. to 11 in.; complexion, sallow; shaved on chin; fair whiskers and moustache; rather pug nose; long brown overcoat, dark trousers, billycock hat. Woman, age forty, short, complexion sallow, dark clothes, sealskin (or imitation) jacket, hair on forehead turning grey. Both man and woman appeared to be Americans. And if so, what they can state with reference to their movements, and at what time they were seen. All persons who visited Westminster Hall, the Crypt, and Houses of Parliament on Saturday are requested to send their names and addresses to the police.

A strict look out is kept by the police at Liverpool, Dover, Folkestone, and other ports, for suspicious-looking persons leaving the country. The public buildings and the prisons in London are guarded by extra police.

In the United States of America all the organs of public opinion express their horror and detestation of these outrages. The Senate at Washington, on Monday, with one dissentient vote, passed a resolution proposed by Senator Bayard to this effect. A bill has been introduced by Senator Edmunds, enacting severe penalties for manufacturing, keeping, or dealing in dynamite, to injure persons or property in America or abroad. It has been referred to the Foreign Affairs Committee, which may consider that the subject is properly one for the action of the several State Legislatures. But in that case the passing of Federal laws against all such organisations sustained by public subscription may be expected. The feeling against the dynamite outrages is strongly expressed in all the cities of Continental Europe.

THE CHURCH.

A wealthy colonist, Mr. John Campbell, has promised £10,000 towards the endowment of the see of Fiji.

The Duke of Northumberland, Mr. F Seager Hunt, and Mr. R. H. White have each contributed £100 towards the proposed new central premises of the Church of England Young Men's Society.

A meeting was held at the Chapter House, St. Paul's, on the 22nd inst., at which it was resolved to erect in St. Paul's Cathedral, by public subscription, a recumbent effigy of the late Bishop of London.

The Anglican diocese in the Canadian North-West, heretofore known as Assiniboia, under the spiritual care of Bishop Anson, will in future be called the diocese of Qu'Appelle, the the members of the diocesan synod having approved of the change.

At Cumberland Lodge on the 23rd inst., Prince Christian, in the name of a number of distinguished subscribers, presented to the Rev. E. L. Tuson, who has been nominated by the Queen to the living of Kingsthorpe, a handsome silver breakfast service and an illuminated address, on his retirement from the chaplaincy of the Royal Chapel, Windsor Park.

The old and interesting little church of Hampreston, in Dorset, has been much improved in appearance by the completion of the filling in of the five chancel windows with stained glass. The whole work has been carried out by Messrs. Mayer and Co.—The large east window of St. John's Church, Rammoor, Sheffield, is about to be filled with stained glass in memory of the late Dr. Chalmers.—The east window of Ewerby church, Lincolnshire, has been filled with stained glass as a memorial to the late Earl of Winchilsea.—In memory of the late Mr. Townshend Mainwaring, who represented the Denbigh boroughs in Parliament for many years, three stained-glass windows have been erected in the church of Trefnant—one by Mr. Mainwaring's relatives, and the other two by personal friends. The church at Trefnant was built by the Mainwaring family from Sir G. G. Scott's designs.—A new reredos has been placed in Brampton church, Hants; the design is of an elaborate character. The materials are alabaster, mosaics, and encaustic tiles. Mr. A. W. Blomfield was the architect.—A new reredos has been placed in the parish church of Cardington, Salop. It extends the whole width of the chancel, and is principally composed of Minton's encaustic tiles.—The Hon. Mrs. Morewood has presented to the parish church of Alfreton a handsome eagle lectern of brass, in memory of her son, the late Mr. William Palmer-Morewood.—In continuation of the restoration of St. Mary's, Chipping Norton, a marble mosaic pavement has been laid in the chancel, with steps of Irish fossil marble. The aisle passages have also been laid with marble mosaic.—The Dowager Marchioness of Hertford has erected an elaborate reredos of alabaster and marble in Arrow church, near Alcester, in memory of the late Marquis.

STREET'S INDIAN AND COLONIAL MERCANTILE DIRECTORY FOR 1885.

The present is the tenth issue of this most useful work. In addition to the Trade Returns, Tariffs, Populations, &c., the volume contains full particulars of the steam and other communications with the various places treated of, wherever anything like a regular mode of conveyance or correspondence exists. The leading merchants and traders of every class likely to be of any use to manufacturers and all engaged in commerce, are fully enumerated, together with the leading professional men. The usual carefully selected list of the principal merchants and traders in London and the chief towns in the United Kingdom is also given. Concise descriptions of each country and town are furnished, with a view more particularly to show their commercial capabilities and peculiarities. The principal products, and details as to the articles of which the trade returns chiefly consist, will also be found; also tables of the local weights and measures, and the value in English money of foreign coins. All the London agents to each of the banks are named; and wherever possible, the principal Government officials and Consuls in each town are given. Particulars of the various railways in operation, or in course of construction, are also supplied where practicable. The number of towns and cities has again been increased. Maps are given of all the principal countries of which particulars are furnished in the letter-press. These have been specially revised for the work, with the view to show the relative positions of the chief towns, without confusing the maps with names of unimportant villages and stations.

Inspector Simmons, of the Essex Constabulary, who was shot on Tuesday week by a gang of burglars, died about eleven o'clock last Saturday morning. He was thirty-seven years of age, had been in the force about twenty-one years, and had several narrow escapes from injury by armed burglars in the discharge of his duty. A reward of £250 is offered for information leading to the apprehension of the gang.

OBITUARY.

LADY GEORGIANA CHARLOTTE FULLERTON.

Lady Georgiana Fullerton, whose death we briefly mentioned last week, was a lady of great accomplishment and literary ability—the authoress of "Ellen Middleton," "Grantley Manor," and other popular novels. Becoming a member of the Church of Rome, she devoted her latter years to works of piety, and to the production of several religious publications, which were highly esteemed. Her Ladyship was born Sept. 23, 1812, the second daughter of the first Earl Granville, G.C.B., and married, July 13, 1833, Mr. Alexander George Fullerton, of Ballintoy Castle, county Antrim, and Westwood, Hants, by whom she leaves no issue.

MR. MORGAN O'CONNELL.

Mr. Morgan O'Connell, formerly M.P. for Meath, died at 12, Stephen's-green, Dublin, on the 20th inst., aged eighty-one. He was second son of Daniel O'Connell, the celebrated leader of the Irish people, and in early life joined General Devereux's "Irish South American Legion" in aid of Bolivar, and subsequently held a commission in the Austrian army. On his return, he was elected M.P. for Meath, and continued to represent that county until 1840. His Parliamentary career was undistinguished; the principal event for which it is remembered was his duel with Lord Alvanley, which he fought in place of his father. Mr. Morgan O'Connell, some time after his retirement from the House of Commons, was appointed Registrar of Deeds in Ireland, but resigned the office about fourteen or fifteen years ago. He married Kate Mary, daughter of Mr. Michael Balfe, of South Park, in the county of Roscommon, who survives him, but leaves no issue. Of his father's family, the only surviving son is Mr. Daniel O'Connell, formerly M.P. for Tralee.

We have also to record the deaths of—

Lieutenant-Colonel Burnaby, at the Battle of Abu Klea, on the 17th inst., aged forty-three. A portrait and a memoir of this gallant officer are given in this Number.

Mr. Patrick Francis Robertson, late of Halton House, Hastings, J.P. and D.L., on the 20th inst., aged seventy-seven.

The Rev. William Garrett Lewis, a prominent minister of the Baptist denomination, for some time minister of the Westbourne-grove chapel.

Lady Richard Browne (Agnes Elizabeth), wife of Lord Richard Browne, fifth son of the late Marquis of Sligo, and daughter of Mr. J. Amesbury, of Brighton, on the 17th inst.

The Rev. William Hall, Rector of Little Saxham, Bury St. Edmunds, Suffolk, fourth son of the late Mr. John Hall, J.P., of Portslade House, Sussex, on the 14th inst., at his Rectory, in his eighty-ninth year.

The Rev. Charles Rodd, fifty-three years Rector of North Hill, Launceston, Cornwall, on the 16th inst., in his seventy-eighth year. He was second son of the Rev. Edward Rodd, D.D., of Trebartha Hall, Cornwall.

The Rev. John Clutton, Prebendary of Norton, in the cathedral of Hereford, son of the late Rev. John Clutton, Canon of Hereford and Rector of Kinnersley, on the 16th inst., in his eighty-second year.

The Lady Alicia Conroy, widow of Sir Edward Conroy, Bart., and younger daughter of Laurence, second Earl of Rosse, on the 21st inst., at Arborfield Grange, Reading, in her seventieth year. She was married in 1837, and became a widow, with an only son, the present Sir John Conroy, in 1869.

Mr. Robert Barbour, of Bolesworth Castle, Cheshire, J.P. and D.L., High Sheriff 1866, on the 17th inst., aged eighty-seven. He was formerly one of the merchant princes of Manchester, and purchased, in 1857, the fine estate of Bolesworth Castle. He leaves one son, George, J.P., M.A. Trinity College, Cambridge, barrister-at-law; and one daughter.

Mrs. Thistlethwayte (Elizabeth Catharine), wife of Mr. Thomas Thistlethwayte, of Southwick Park, Hants, and second daughter of Lieutenant-General the Hon. Sir Hercules Robert Pakenham, K.C.B., of Langford Lodge, in the county of Antrim, on the 22nd inst. She was born May 19, 1823, and married Aug. 6, 1850.

Major-General George Pope, C.B., late H.E.I.C.S., youngest son of the late Mr. Robert Pope, of Navidale, in the county of Sutherland, on the 20th inst., in his eightieth year. He entered the Bombay Army in 1824, and retired as Major-General in 1861. He served, as Commissariat Officer, in Scinde, under Napier; and, as Chief Commissariat Officer, in Persia, under Outram.

The Emperor of Germany has appointed Sir J. Lister, Professor of Clinical Surgery in King's College, London, a Knight of the Order Pour le Mérite for Science and Arts.

Yesterday week Mr. William Bousfield presided at a public meeting to inaugurate the opening of a new Board school in Sherbrooke-road, Fulham. There was a large attendance, including Mr. W. Hayes Fisher, the selected Conservative candidate. Accommodation has been provided for 360 boys, 360 girls, and 457 infants.

Mr. George Pitt Lewis, of the Inner Temple, has been appointed Recorder of Poole, the office being rendered vacant by the appointment of Mr. Bompas as Recorder of Plymouth and Devonport.—The Queen has approved of the appointment of Mr. R. H. Spearman as Recorder of Bridgnorth, in the place of the late Mr. William Cope.

Robert Charles Hodgson, described as a clerk, twenty-four years of age, was yesterday week charged before the Croydon magistrates with having shot at a young lady named Edith Allen, many years his junior, with a revolver, with intent to murder her. The prosecutrix, who was accustomed to sit near the prisoner in church, had received a note from him, asking her to meet him, which she declined to do. He had fired three shots at her, but according to the medical evidence the injuries were only slight. A remand was ordered.

The Lord Mayor has issued an appeal to the public for funds to enable the Mansion House Council on the Dwellings of the People to continue their useful work. Last year a little over £1000 was contributed. This is now nearly exhausted, but the work is rapidly increasing. Upwards of 2500 cases of insanitary conditions in dwellings were dealt with during the year, and now that the object and methods of the council's operations are becoming better known, fresh cases of urgency are presented to them daily. He says:—"Our workers, all but three or four, are voluntary, and we need extra helpers of the same kind, especially such as will labour in the East-End."

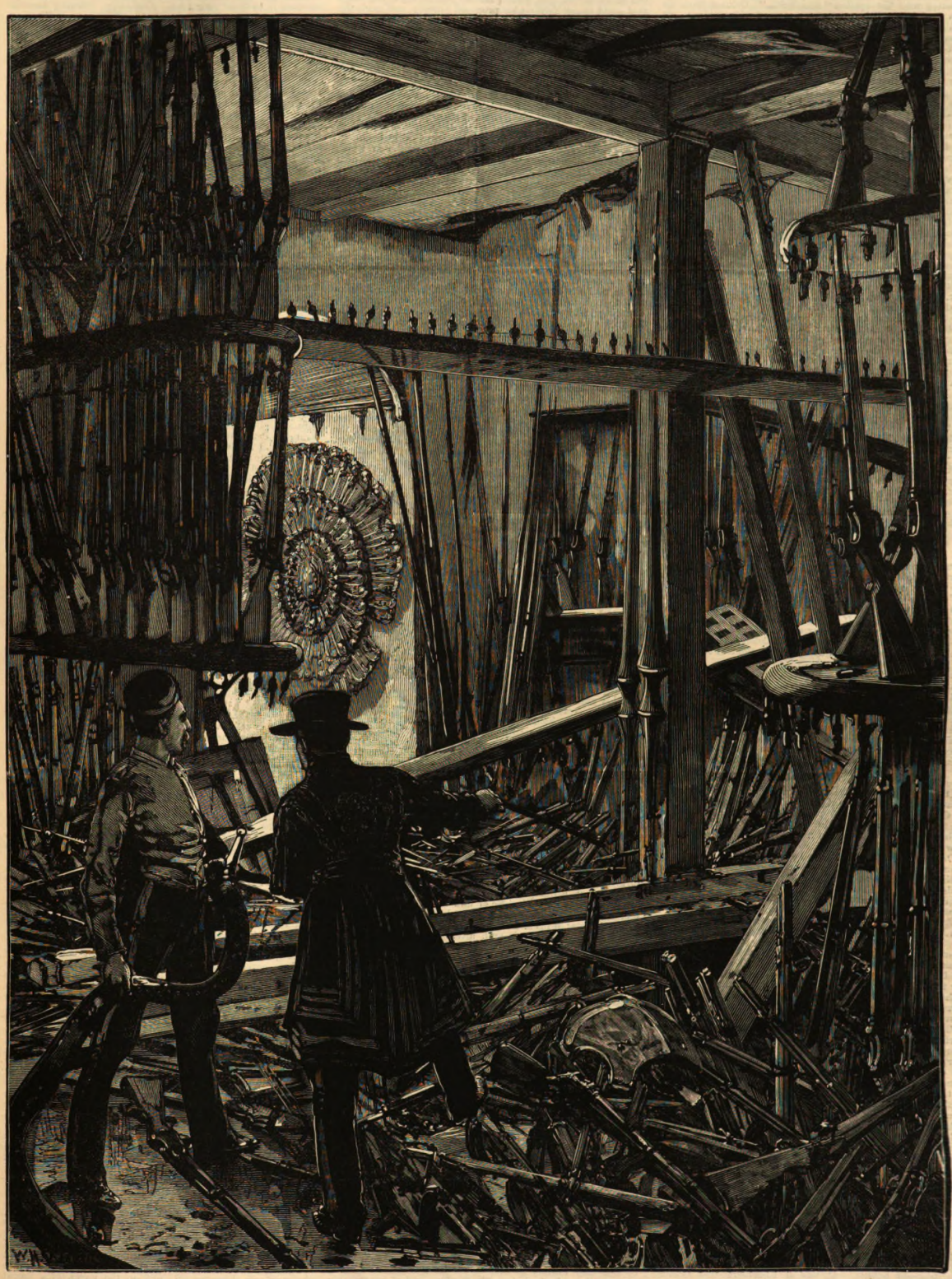
A telescope, with a fine object-glass of 3¼ in. aperture, has been presented by the Duchess of Marlborough to the Radcliffe trustees, for the use of the Radcliffe Observatory. The instrument bears the following inscription:—"This valued instrument, given to John Winston, seventh Duke of Marlborough, by Sir James South, F.R.S., is presented to the Radcliffe Observatory by Frances Anne, Dowager Duchess of Marlborough, to aid those astronomical studies in which her beloved husband took so deep an interest, and to preserve a memory of him in an institution of which he was so long trustee. November, 1884."

THE DYNAMITE OUTRAGES.



THE EFFECTS OF THE EXPLOSION IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS: OUR ARTIST SKETCHING FROM MR. GLADSTONE'S SEAT.

THE DYNAMITE OUTRAGES.



SCENE OF THE EXPLOSION IN THE TOWER OF LONDON.

THE LATE COLONEL BURNABY.

The career of the late Colonel Burnaby, whose fall in the battle of Abu Klea was so widely and deeply regretted, was at once brilliant and unique. He was skilled both in literature and arms; and, in summing up the record of his achievements, one is, in some respects, reminded of that marvel of the sixteenth century, whose name has been handed down to us, associated with the epithet "Admirable." Colonel Burnaby was a most accomplished linguist, a man of wide reading and much culture, a magnificent athlete, a splendid swordsman, a distinguished soldier, a daring balloonist, and a traveller of world-wide reputation. In physique he towered above his fellows. He was six feet four inches in height, and round the chest measured about forty-six inches. His features were finely cut and handsome, and his eyes full of the "native daring," which one might well look for in a hero who could boast of many a soldier among his ancestors of 800 years. But he was not the less a man of kindliest glance and of winning manner and cosmopolitan good humour, and his circle of friends and acquaintances was singularly large and varied.

Frederick Gustavus Burnaby, or "Fred" Burnaby—to give him the name by which he was known among his friends, and which he adopts on the titlepage of his famous "Ride to Khiva"—was the elder son of the late Rev. Gustavus Andrew Burnaby, of Somerby Hall, Leicestershire. The father, who was Canon of Middleham, married the third daughter of Mr. Villebois, of Marham, in Norfolk, and "Fred" was born at Bedford in 1842. In his early training, conducted at home, considerable attention was paid to athletics, in which he always excelled. In due course he was sent to Harrow, where, though he did not do much in Latin or Greek, he was distinguished for his progress in French. We hear, too, of his pluck in a big fight which he had with a schoolfellow older and taller than himself. Something at this period was also done by him in the way of rowing, for he took his little skiff from Windsor to Oxford, passed through the canal into the Severn, and rowed beyond Shrewsbury. The juvenile voyage lasted three weeks. Besides, it occurred to him to enlighten the public on the subject of fagging, through the columns of *Punch*. The public were amused, it is said, but the masters began to wonder if it would be necessary to expel this energetic youth. From Harrow, he was sent to Germany; and, when seventeen—after passing his examination, the youngest of 150 candidates—he was gazetted Cornet in the Royal Horse Guards (Blue).

At the age of twenty-two, by which time he was a Lieutenant, he made his first essay in ballooning. The story is a curious illustration out of many which his life afforded of that "contradictorious" character which, he tells us, his nurse ascribed to him. It was a hot summer night in July, and he had gone to Cremorne with some brother "subs" to smoke a cigar. Here he happened to meet a Captain, a friend of his, talking "to the manager of the gardens, and to a short, thick-set man, whose dark features, close-shaven face, and moustache, betokened his Gallic nationality." "This," said his friend, whispering impressively, "is Godard. You know, the man who is going up in the fire-balloon to-morrow." "Very good fun, I should think," was the easy reply of Fred. "Fun, indeed!" retorted the Captain—"fun with the chance of being burnt, as well as of being smashed. You would not think it fun, if you went up with him." "I was a little nettled at this," says Colonel Burnaby, in his "Ride Across the Channel," "and without taking time to reflect, said 'I should be delighted to ascend, if Monsieur Godard would take me.'" The story of his ascent next day with the French aeronaut is graphically told in the volume which Colonel Burnaby published in 1882, after he had accomplished the feat of crossing the Channel alone in a balloon.

In 1868 Burnaby, now a Captain, visited Paris and Pau, and thence passed to Bayonne, Biarritz, San Sebastian, Madrid, Seville, Cadiz, and Gibraltar, after which he crossed to Tangiers. 1870 finds him visiting St. Petersburg, Moscow, Odessa, and Constantinople; but this tour is cut short by his father's illness. Three years later he himself is lying prostrate at Naples from typhoid fever. This was the year in which General Kauffmann began his expedition against Khiva, and it was the intention of Captain Burnaby to have gone there and seen the fighting, if his illness had not put him *hors de combat*.

On his convalescence he again went to Spain, and succeeded, notwithstanding the convulsed state of the country owing to the Carlist rising, in reaching the French frontier by Vittoria, San Sebastian, and Irun. In the following year he returned to the Peninsula, and wrote a narrative for the *Times* of what he witnessed of the civil war. While he was with the troops of Don Carlos, whose friendship he won, an incident occurred which serves to illustrate the personal fearlessness of the man. While the Carlists were repelling an attack which the Liberals made on them at the church of Di Castello, Burnaby was calmly watching the fighting, when suddenly a body of the enemy appeared within a hundred yards, and delivered a murderous volley, which brought down several men behind him. "The commanding officer gave the order to kneel and fire under cover of the parapet wall. This was obeyed promptly enough, but Burnaby remained still standing on the same spot, until the attack was repulsed. One man was shot dead, and an officer had his ear cut off by a bullet, within a few feet of him." As the author of an appreciative "Special" in the *Daily News* has said of him with a touch of grim humour:—"Probably no man in the Army or out of it took such infinite pains to get killed as Burnaby did."

The close of this year sees him the guest of "Chinese Gordon," who had succeeded Sir Samuel Baker as head of an expedition sent by the Viceroy for the suppression of the Slave Trade. Captain Burnaby communicated an account of his experiences with Gordon to the *Times*. Khartoum he describes as "a clean-looking town of 20,000 inhabitants." Of the country through which the White Nile flows after it is joined by the Blue Nile in the neighbourhood of Khartoum, he writes that it is magnificent in the extreme. "Splendid timber on each side, fine and lofty trees, which would have ennobled an English park, were studded here and there in all directions. Every now and then we came to long avenues or vistas of trees, beneath whose shade we could discover quantities of gazelles, tebals, and oriel deer; along the banks swarmed hippopotami and crocodiles, and in the rich grass that grew luxuriantly from the river to the edges of the wood ran thousands of guinea-fowl, so tame that they utterly ignored the presence of our steamer. The country between Khartoum is a veritable sportsman's paradise; every species of deer abounds, while elephants, giraffes, and buffaloes, as well as lions and leopards, are to be met with at two hours' distance from the banks." To General Gordon's successful skill and energy, and to his exceptional disinterestedness, he pays a high and well-deserved tribute. It was at Khartoum that Colonel Burnaby determined upon his famous ride to Khiva, and the immediate occasion of his taking this resolution is told by himself in his introduction to the well-known narrative which he published—a work which, after reaching its eleventh edition, is now before the public in a popular form. He determined to go to Khiva, because, one day when he was chatting with a friend, his eye fell upon a paragraph which stated that the Government at St. Petersburg had closed Russian Asia to foreign travel. Anything difficult had its attractions for him, and he loved well to do what he was dared to do. "You will never get there," said his friend; "they will stop you." But in little more than a year Colonel Burnaby was in Khiva.

Though daring in attempt, Burnaby was not rash or careless in execution, and, before setting out, he read every book that could throw light on his proposed journey, and made the most careful arrangements regarding his outfit. How necessary was the most careful provision against the cold he had to encounter in crossing the "vast snow and salt-covered track" of the Kirghiz steppes may be gathered from the fact that, in crossing this bitter region in an exceptionally severe winter, he nearly lost both his arms through frost-bite. Happening to fall asleep in the sleigh, and to withdraw his hands, which he had neglected to glove, from his fur sleeves, in which he had inserted them crosswise, he awoke in intense pain to find his arms attacked as far as the glands at the arm-pit. It was one of those moments, he tells us, when death seems a relief to man. The frozen limbs, "which were of a blue colour, floated painlessly" in the tub of ice and water in which the Cossacks immersed them when he arrived at the next station. "The arms will drop off," despondingly remarked an attendant, "if we do not restore the circulation"; and it was not until they had been rubbed with naphtha, until the spirit in some places penetrated the raw flesh, that they were saved. It was several weeks before he recovered the effects of this terrible exposure and its necessarily rough cure. On the pretext of buying horses at Kalenderhana, Colonel Burnaby succeeded in inducing his guide to take him to Khiva without passing through the Russian fort of Petro-Alexandrovsk. Had he not made this *détour*, he would probably never have set foot in the Khan's capital—a view justified by the fact of his being summoned from Khiva to the Russian fort to receive a telegram from the Duke of Cambridge, requiring his immediate return to Europe. The "Ride to Khiva" gave Colonel Burnaby a European reputation, and added considerably to our knowledge of the territory he passed through and its inhabitants.

In the autumn of 1876, the year of his Khiva expedition, Colonel Burnaby discovered that he had not fixed on what to do with himself during his coming winter leave of absence. Most people would have stayed at home, or gone to the Riviera; but Burnaby determined to travel in Asia Minor. There, he argued, I shall be with Turks far removed from any European influence; and the character of the Turk was, in the agitation provoked by the Bulgarian atrocities, the topic of the day. There were two ways of reaching Van, which was to be the turning-point of his tour. The ordinary winter route was by the Black Sea and Erzeroum. Undeterred by the dangers ahead which the ferocious Kurds and the snow presented, he took Kiepert's map and struck a line across country to Erzeroum, reached Van, and returned to Constantinople via Kars, Ardahan, Batoum, and Trebizonde. The two volumes in which he describes this "Ride" are, perhaps, fully as interesting as his "Ride to Khiva," and they are of greater importance from the information which they contain. Our protectorate of Turkey in Asia, though conditional, and though lost sight of in the engrossing interest which Egypt possesses for us at present, is a fact which we cannot afford to ignore; and the undeveloped resources of that region and its military importance to the mistress of India necessarily give importance to any experiences of travel on the part of a close and intelligent observer. The advice of Colonel Burnaby is, therefore, well worth weighing, when he writes:—"Let foreign settlers go to Anatolia. Let them make railways throughout the country; it could supply the whole of Great Britain with corn, and the mines of coal and other minerals would prove a source of immense wealth to the inhabitants." Rich soil left fallow for miles around excited his astonishment. "There are not," said his guide, "enough inhabitants to cultivate the land." As to the character of the "unspeakable Turk," if Burnaby was not a Russophobist he was a Turkophile. The question, however, need not be entered on here. It is enough to add that apparently the Russian Government was Burnaby-phobist, for, on reaching Erzeroum, he found that the Russian Consul had received a telegram from the authorities in the Caucasus, in which it was ordered that the Colonel, described as a desperate enemy (*un ennemi acharné*) of Russia, should be expelled if he set foot on Russian territory; and for the proper execution of this order it seems photographs of the indomitable "Fred" had been hung up in the Russian frontier stations. They had not forgotten that he reached Khiva.

The succeeding events in the life of Colonel Burnaby are still fresh in the mind of the public. In 1877 we find him in Plevna as agent to the Stafford House Committee; and he was present at the memorable fight of Tashkesan. In 1878 he turned his attention to politics, and was approved by the Conservatives at Birmingham as their candidate at the next election. It is characteristic of him that he chose to attack Radicalism in its stronghold. So, also, is the story that in 1879—the year of his marriage—he defied a stormy meeting of the Birmingham electors, and, after stating he could if he chose walk through the meeting-room, took out his pipe, filled it, and began to smoke on the platform as placidly as if he had been sitting on the sands of Eastbourne. They then allowed him to proceed with his speech. In 1880, at another stormy meeting, he jumped from the platform, and made his way through an excited audience. As a public speaker, he has been described as "remarkable for his excellent delivery, and for a sturdy downright way of hitting the nail on the head, which often proved extraordinarily effective." Although an uncompromising Tory, he was successful in polling no fewer than 15,716 votes. In 1882 he crossed the Channel alone in a balloon, landing in Normandy. He proved that when the wind of a lower altitude is adverse to such an attempt, it is still possible to succeed by throwing out ballast and reaching a higher and favourable current. He had also the interests of his own branch of the service in view, for he thought ballooning should be conducted by the cavalry, and not by the engineers. When the Soudanese war broke out he joined Baker Pasha, and was present at Souakim. Later on he was severely wounded at El Teb. He was the first to mount the parapet, and the Khedive's medal was conferred on him.

In the present campaign, unable to obtain an appointment, he left for Africa, and friends who supposed he had gone to the Transvaal next heard of him at Korti. The rapidity with which he conducted a convoy from Korti to Gakdul, in order to reach General Stewart, is well known. Under General Stewart, in the recent memorable battle of Abu Klea, he met his fate. A lance pierced him in the jugular vein in the fierce fight that took place when our square was forced. We may be sure how bravely he fought, for he was a born soldier, of marvellous physical strength, fearless, and of indomitable energy. Besides,

> No thought was there of dastard flight,
> Groom fought like noble, squire like knight,
> As fearlessly and well;
> Each stepping where his comrade stood
> The instant that he fell.

Of such a man, naturally, there is many a story told which cannot be incorporated in a brief epitome of his life. We are told, for example, how assiduously he nursed the faithful servant Radford who accompanied him through Asia Minor, and who, returning, died at Dover in the state of unconsciousness in which he was landed. A survivor of El Teb writes to a contemporary to tell how, after their return to Trinkitat, Burnaby, seeing several around him parched with thirst, knocked the neck off his last little bottle of Medoc and distributed it to those near him. Noticeably, Burnaby himself was a very temperate man. Most people know how at Windsor he carried out, one under each arm, two small ponies which his fellow-officers had obligingly conducted to his room. His feats with colossal dumb-bells are also well known. It is also recorded of him that one day ascending a ladder—or rather two ladders roped together—sixty feet high, with a view to descending hand over hand by the rungs, he found, on swinging round, his support was tottering, and that he instantly dropped his grasp to catch the ladder some three rungs lower down and threw his weight on one side, thereby averting a probably fatal accident. The wonder is that, with a passionate devotion to athletics which so lowered his vitality when young that foreign travel was recommended as an alterative, Burnaby found either time or inclination to read or write. But he was, as we have said, a man of culture; his pen was rarely idle, and he was, more or less, proficient in nine languages. Perhaps Mr. R. K. Mann, who two years ago wrote a book about Colonel Burnaby, lets us into the secret of this when he says of his hero, then in the happy days of a brilliant career:—"All he does is without hurry or confusion, and as systematically as if he had been trained in a merchant's counting-house. He is most orderly, and has appointed hours of work, and . . . he is an early riser." There is, however, no royal road by early rising, or otherwise, to being what one is not; and comparatively few men are born with the indomitable energy which Burnaby displayed in the brilliant career cut short in the fierce fight of Abu Klea.

NOVELS.

Not a little of the freshness suggested by the title pervades the story of *Between the Heather and the Northern Sea:* by Mary Linskill (Richard Bentley and Son), which exhibits considerable originality and power of writing. The reader must be prepared to find æsthetics mingled with the romance of the tale and to enjoy (or not) a great deal of "tall talk" concerning art and the gifted beings who devote their lives to it. The novel resolves itself, as is the case with most novels nowadays, into several studies of character, and most prominent among them is a study of the very unlovely character which belongs to a certain Diana Richmond. Externally she is as beautiful and majestic as an incarnate Juno; internally she is of a spirit too mean and too meanly vindictive to inspire the actions of the commonest kitchen-maid of modern times. She is not ashamed to make open love to a painter who will have none of her, and to do all she can to ruin him and his unoffending daughter, when he refuses the offer plainly made to him; and she declines to return the letters of a former lover, whom she never really loved and who gives her distinctly to understand that he loves her no longer, in order that she may have the whip-hand of him and hold within her grasp the means of torturing both him and the poor girl on whom he has bestowed his affections. There is something so fundamentally unwomanly about such a creature as this, that she may be regarded as quite an original conception, more original by far than either agreeable or probable. She, however, gives occasion for the introduction of many picturesque, powerful, passionate scenes; and it would be ungrateful, therefore, to regret that it is necessary to make her acquaintance. Among the other personages of the story, on the contrary, there is scarcely any whom it is not a pleasure to meet, if only in the pages of three volumes; and, though some of them are a little more long-winded than is altogether desirable, there is a remedy, well known to the "general reader," for that by no means uncommon infirmity; a remedy, alas! which it is not possible to apply to the "ancient mariner" or other wordy customer whom we encounter in the flesh. Of the personages with whom it is most gratifying to make acquaintance, none is more charming than Miss Genevieve Bartholomew, daughter of the unappreciated artist already alluded to as a "painter," and none more entertaining and at the same time pathétic in their way than the Cravens and Ishmael Crudas, who are handled in a manner worthy of "George Eliot."

Were it customary to read novels to a musical accompaniment, then *The Lover's Creed:* by Mrs. Cashel Hoey (Chatto and Windus), should be read to the tune of "The girl I left behind me." For the story is of a young woman who was left behind him in England by a young gentleman, when he went to fight the Russians in the Crimea. And let it not be supposed that young "woman" and young "gentleman" are terms thoughtlessly employed, and used without significance: for the great point of the romance is that the son of the Squire fell in love with the lovely daughter of a tenant and would fain have married her. But we know the little prejudices which even the best of Squires may be expected to display in such cases; and so the hero, whose father is the very best of Squires, and the heroine, who is the most considerate of maidens, agree to keep their engagement secret. This is the only point upon which there is any concealment in the son's dealings with the father; and, oddly enough, the only point upon which there is any concealment in the father's dealings with the son is one of a similar kind. Indeed, the picture of perfect, manly understanding between father and son is chief among the many charms which the novel possesses. It can scarcely be necessary to state that, whilst the hero is absent at the wars, the heroine, whose father is a brute of the lowest type, has a dreadful life of it, and is reduced to the depths of despair by finding her lover's name in the list of killed and wounded. This is sure to occur in a novel, and the experienced reader will take the matter much more philosophically than it is taken by the poor heroine, and will continue to read on in the certainty, rather than the hope, that the report of the hero's death will turn out to have been strictly false. True; but, in the meanwhile, what of the heroine? The report may have been her death-blow, or it may not. She may even have imitated the behaviour of Annie Laurie, in whose case report was more truthful, and may have married that lucky "second string," who figures in romantic narratives under the style and title of "another." However that may have been, the story is likely to excite considerable interest, though, by an exercise of perversity rather than of originality, that interest is excited far less by the young hero and heroine and their affairs than by the elders of the story and their very singular position and proceedings. The heroine's father and step-mother are made to figure with needless frequency and conspicuousness; and this is the more to be regretted, because the spectacle, however well put on the pages, of a brutal husband bullying and even beating a timid and submissive wife is exceedingly painful and repulsive. Some of the best portions of the romance are reserved for the time when the scene shifts from England to Brittany; and they are very good indeed. The book is illustrated, but by whom is not

stated: yet the illustrations are not a whit inferior to the current sort.

Murder and mystery have a great attraction for a certain large class of readers, and to them *Great Porter-Square:* by B. L. Farjeon (Ward and Downey), may be recommended with more than ordinary confidence: for the three volumes are all murder and mystery from beginning to end. And a very fair specimen the novel is of its kind, being much better written than the majority of such works. The author makes unsparing use of a hypothetical evening newspaper called, or supposed to be called, the *Evening Moon*, from which he pretends to take copious extracts, and so saves himself a vast deal of the trouble which he might otherwise have had to expend upon artistic construction. Upon that hypothetical newspaper, then, it is permissible to draw in order to put readers in the way to understand what it is they must prepare to read about. The aforesaid hypothetical newspaper is supposed to have appeared one evening with a number of "sensational headings," such as "the murder in Great Porter-square," and "a romance in real life," and "a hundred thousand pounds," and "wealth, beauty, and love at first sight"; and then to have commenced a long narrative as follows:—"After a lapse of several weeks, we reopen the subject of the murder in Great Porter-square. Although the murderer is still at large, the affair has advanced another and most important stage, and one element of mystery in connection with it is satisfactorily cleared up. We are about to disclose the name of the murdered man, and at the same time to lay before our readers certain interesting information relating to him which, without doubt, will be eagerly read." The murdered man's name was Holdfast, a gentleman of large fortune, a widower with one son. He married, when his son Frederick was about of age, a second time, a lovely young widow, who tells a story, after the murder, of his having fallen in love with her, and treated her in such a manner that his father kicked him out of the house. The son went to America, and is reported to have died in Minnesota; but is it more than report? The father went to America in search of the son, but could not find him dead or alive: may not the report of the son's death be untrue; may not the son have followed the father home to England, and, being in need of money, have dogged the rich man, who always carried a thousand pounds or so (as rich men so very seldom do) in his pocket, to the mysterious house in Great Porter-square, and then ——? It is a horrible suggestion; and, of course, some reason must be discovered for the fact that a wealthy gentleman, with a good house of his own and a lovely young wife in it, went and took dingy lodgings in a feigned name. Well, it appears that he was visited by a veiled lady, who may or may not have been his wife, but never gave so much as even a feigned name. Enough has now been written to show what kind of literary fare is provided in the novel; but all who like it set to with appetite.

Once more the French marriage-laws, with the "three respectful citations," have been pressed into the novelist's service, and form a fundamental portion of the material out of which the story entitled *Ulrica:* by Cecil Clarke (Tinsley Brothers), is more or less skilfully elaborated. Ulrica is the lovely daughter and apparently only child of a Parisian silk-merchant and his wife; and they, after the real or supposed fashion of their country, have promised her in all her youth and beauty to a rich but old and hateful silk-merchant of Lyons, to be his wedded wife, without asking the young lady's leave or opinion until after the promise has been made. The young lady herself, being already pre-engaged, as it were, to a young clerk in her father's business, refuses to listen to reason, as is revealed in a very good introductory scene. The parents would, of course, have regretted their charming child's stubborn disobedience far less, if it were not that her father, as so frequently happens to fathers of beautiful, marriageable, but unmanageable girls in novels, is in pecuniary difficulties, which have placed him in the power, as he fears, of the amorous ogre, who is the young lady's abhorrence. There is a great deal of quarrelling and temporising, until Ulrica comes of age; and then, having done what the law requires of her in the matter of the "three respectful citations," she promptly marries the impecunious clerk of her heart. After this comes all manner of trouble, embittered by remembrance of an affectionate mother's curse; and in the end, whether the novel be intended to illustrate the wickedness of the French marriage laws or not, it will probably be a question with the reader whether Ulrica would not have done better for all concerned, herself included perhaps, if she could have swallowed her certainly very natural antipathies, taken the old scoundrel with the money-bags for worse if not for better, and devoted her talents to bamboozling him, twisting him round her little finger, and exerting her talents and her charms to make him her more or less willing slave. It is curious that the writer, who seems to know something about France and French, should persist in writing "chaperone" instead of "chaperon" (possibly meaning to accept an Anglicised form of the word), and should be seduced, by the desire of appearing to make a smart remark, no doubt, into observing, when one personage promises to "let off" another personage, that the expression would be used of a "pop-gun." For the two personages are supposed to be speaking French, not English (which is only employed because the story is written in that language); and, of course, neither of them would have used the term which calls forth the smart remark.

Mr. A. P. Voules has been appointed Head Master of the Chesterfield Grammar School.

A Royal fund for the relief of the orphans of sea fishermen has been founded as an outcome of the late International Fisheries Exhibition, and has received from its surplus funds a grant of £10,000, in accordance with the recommendation of the Prince of Wales. An urgent appeal is made to the public for liberal donations and subscriptions.

The past week's arrivals of live stock and fresh meat at Liverpool, from the United States and Canada, amounted to 1991 cattle, 72 sheep, 11,069 quarters of beef, 980 carcases of mutton, and 70 hogs—which, in comparison with the imports of the preceding week, show a further increase in the shipments of cattle and fresh beef, but a decrease in that of sheep and mutton.

The marriage of Mr. George Earle Buckle, editor of the *Times*, with Miss Alice Payn, the third daughter of Mr. James Payn, took place on the 22nd inst. at St. Saviour's Church, Warrington-crescent, the officiating clergyman being the Rev. G. Buckle, Weston-super-Mare, father of the bridegroom, assisted by the Rev. Prebendary Harry Jones, of Barton, formerly of St. George's-in-the-East. A large number of friends of Mr. Buckle and of the bride were present.

A high school for girls, called Queen Elizabeth's Girls' Grammar School, was opened at Mansfield on the 20th inst. The original school was for boys only, and was founded in 1561 by Queen Elizabeth. In 1875 premises were built, under Queen Elizabeth's endowment, for a day school for boys, which has greatly prospered; and now, under a portion of the same endowment, a school has been opened for the higher education of girls in Mansfield and neighbourhood.

NEW BOOKS.

A lively, amusing, gossipy book, but at the same time a sad one, has been written by Mr. George Dolby, entitled *Charles Dickens as I Knew Him. The Story of the Reading Tours in Great Britain and America (1866—1870)*, (Fisher Unwin). Mr. Dolby acted as the business manager during the tours, a task of no common difficulty; and it speaks well for him that in those years he exchanged his official position of a financial agent for that of a friend of the great humourist. Very pleasant is the account given of Dickens, in his private character as a travelling companion, and in his public rôle on the platform. Few men have ever gained so much popular applause and excited at the same time so much enthusiasm among the cultivated classes. And Dickens seems to have borne his honours modestly, but not without an excitement which ruined a naturally robust constitution. It is melancholy to hear of the strain caused by these Readings, and at a time, too, when he was as capable as he ever had been of original composition. No doubt the vast sums received were a great temptation to a man with a large family—out of the 242 readings given under Mr. Dolby's management he cleared nearly £33,000; but at the same time his books yielded a fortune. The price agreed to be paid to him for "Edwin Drood" was to be £7500 for the copyright, and a half share of the profits after a sale of 25,000 copies. He was also to receive £1000 for the advance-sheets sent to America; and the writer states that the total sales of the work during the author's lifetime exceeded fifty thousand copies, "though the book was little more than half finished, and only about one third of it in the press." That he should have undertaken to write this book at all, and written what he did write so well, may well surprise anyone endowed with less force of character. In America, he could not give a reading without much suffering; and, after giving one, was sometimes forced to lie down for half an hour in a state of the greatest exhaustion before he could undergo the fatigue of dressing. When, on returning to England, he gave his final course of readings, all the bad symptoms increased in severity. Complete rest was the sole prescription of the doctors, and rest he would not take. Dickens's physical as well as mental energy was tremendous; but it killed him. We do not know that Mr. Dolby's narrative throws much new light on the character of his hero, but it is an affectionate tribute, from one who knew him intimately, to Charles Dickens's many noble qualities of head and heart. Mr. Dolby writes modestly and well.

It is the common habit of small poets and versemen to follow the style in vogue among the greater singers of the day. In his prettily printed little volume, *Bramble Cloisters* (Elliot Stock), Mr. John Watkins Pitchford throws off this allegiance altogether. There is not a line of his blank verse which will remind the reader of Tennyson or Browning, of Swinburne or Matthew Arnold. Neither does his poetry express the spirit of the age. It carries us back to a period of less struggle and perplexity, and to that homely, simple enjoyment of natural objects which distinguishes the descriptive poetry of Thomson from the more spiritual and subtle fidelity of Wordsworth. Mr. Pitchford has an eye to see and skill to describe; he is as faithful to the common life around him as Cowper, or as the Scottish poet Grahame. His pictures are singularly vivid; unlike Thomson, his style is never turgid, but he resembles that poet—once the most popular in England, and now almost forgotten—in his careful observation of outdoor life. We do not say for a moment that Mr. Pitchford has the weight and significance of Thomson: there are doubtless passages in the "Seasons" far beyond his mark; but he may be called his son. Here is one brief extract from "The Idyll of the Dawn" which, though it cannot express the worth of the book, will illustrate its style:—

Now shoot o'er dewy hedge
Through opening woods, the sun's first rays,
Reddening and warm; and with a thrill of life
All things awake: the hum of bees is heard
About the garden hives, and round the elms
The buzz of daring flies; chirp, twitter, song,
Glad flit of hasty wing, the upward soar
Of joyous-throated lark, the blackbird's song
Warbled in rounded tones, make sweet the hour.
Sparkles the hoary dew upon the grass;
The trailing mists drift from the shining woods,
From out whose dark blue depths come gentle sounds
Of cooing doves, happiest of happy birds.
Cutting and diving through the freshened blue
Of cloudless heaven, the arrowy swallows dart.
Ere pale blue wreaths of climbing smoke arise
Above the garden trees from cottage roofs
The satchelled labourers come, with tools in hand,
Bound for the hayfields or the distant woods.

Our want of space forces us to break off abruptly. Perhaps we have said enough to show the character of Mr. Pitchford's work. It is as true to life as the wonderful prose idylls of Mr. Richard Jefferies.

Dr. Johnson's "Lives of the Poets," in spite of much prejudice and sometimes of what we may venture to call critical incapacity, is so full of weighty thought and of the writer's personality that it must always retain a place in literature. Of the *Lives of Famous Poets, by William Michael Rossetti* (Ward, Lock, and Co.), it would be hazardous to express the same confident opinion. The author has the qualifications of knowledge and of love, his taste is catholic, and his power of expression for the most part felicitous. If his estimates of poets do not always satisfy the reader—and how is this possible if the reader has a poetical creed of his own?—they are not wanting in force and distinctness. To this we may add that Mr. Rossetti's biographies have the advantage of being brief and eminently readable. Like most critics, his feeling sometimes gets the better of his judgment. We may admire and even love Shelley without regarding his nature as "transcendent" and his art as "unspeakable." It is but fair to note, however, that, with all his enthusiasm for a mystic poet like Shelley, the writer can also, though with certain limitations, admire Scott. Mrs. Hemans, by-the-way, is a voluminous and sometimes a sweet versifier, but it is hard to see why she should be placed among "famous poets." And we observe that Mr. Rossetti still holds to his belief, expressed several years ago, that Walt Whitman is the real American poet, "a man enormously greater than Longfellow or any other of his poetic compatriots." Well, we are all mortal, and even critics make mistakes. The volume is apparently a reprint, with illustrations, of the edition published in 1878. The woodcuts are commonplace, and cannot be said to increase the attractions of the book.

In a tiny volume, consisting of four chapters, entitled *Sketches in Holland and Scandinavia* (Smith, Elder, and Co.), Mr. Augustus J. C. Hare undertakes to travel through four countries. His written sketches are clever and picturesque, and so also are the little wood-cuts with which the letterpress is studded. Probably the liveliest writer about Holland is De Amicis, but Mr. Hare is an agreeable companion with whom the stay-at-home traveller may spend an hour pleasantly enough. He is struck by the ugliness of the Dutch churches, which are burdened with Calvinism and whitewash, and at the irreverence displayed in them. "All the men smoked in church, and this we saw repeatedly; but it would be difficult to say where we ever saw a Dutchman with a pipe out of his mouth." Dortrecht is praised as a thoroughly charming place; and Rotterdam, on the contrary, is pronounced immense and filthy, and the most odious town the traveller was ever in. The Hague is said to be the most delightful of little capitals; but Mr. Hare is disappointed with Amsterdam, "grievously disappointed" with the far-famed organ at Haarlem, and finds very little remarkable in Brock, "except even a greater sense of dampness and oziness than in the other Dutch villages." Alkmaar struck him as the cleanest place in Holland, and also the most picturesque. Thence he flitted to Zaandam, a pretty village surrounded by windmills, eighty being visible from the station alone. A serious annoyance of Dutch travel is the difficulty of obtaining food. "All the inns," Mr. Hare writes, "are equally inhospitable: 'The table d'hote is at four p.m.; we cannot and will not be bothered with cooking before that, and there is nothing cold in the house.' 'But you have surely bread and cheese?' 'Certainly not. *Nothing.*'" Before quitting Holland, we may observe that readers interested in the land question and in peasant proprietorship should turn to page 55 for the account of a province which is said to be agriculturally one of the richest in the kingdom. In the capital of Denmark the traveller is struck by the indescribably elastic air, and by the novelty of everything he sees. Copenhagen is indeed a charming city, and the lovely beech woods around form a cool refuge in the hot summer time. Sweden, as far north as Upsala, is, according to Mr. Hare, an exaggerated Surrey—not beautiful, but very pretty. The present King, Oscar II., is styled "the ideal Sovereign of the age—artist, poet, musician, student, equally at home in ancient and modern languages, profoundly versed in all his duties and nobly performing them." Norway was visited under a cloudless sunshine which hatched all the mosquitos; but even those pests are tolerable where there is so much to repay the traveller, where no one is in a hurry, and nature can be enjoyed leisurely. Trondtjem, which boasts the most northern railway-station and the most northern cathedral in Europe, is declared by Mr. Hare to be one of the most beautiful places in the world; indeed, he can scarcely find language to describe its loveliness. But verily Norway is the land of beauty, and people who care about good living will be glad to know that, unlike Holland, it is the land also of good and cheap food.

Good intentions always command respect, but they do not atone for bad verse; and it is, we think, a pity that the friends of the late William Sharp should have been led to publish *Euphrenia; or, the Test of Love: A Poem* (Kegan Paul). Nothing can be more unexceptionable than the moral of this story in rhyme; and so good were the author's intentions that we regret to say that when the verse is not doggerel it is utterly commonplace. Mr. Sharp does not seem to have had the slightest ear for versification, and no beggar who earns his pence by feigning lameness can limp with more persistent assiduity than he does. Under no conditions of metre can

The recollection of the days when

form a line of verse; and if the following medical diagnosis be not doggerel, we know not where to find it—

There was cerebral pressure,
The symptoms served to prove it;
But local application
He trusted would remove it.
He could detect no fracture
In his examination,
But greatly dreaded the effects
Of nervous irritation.

There is a stanza describing a wife and her husband after three years' matrimony. The poet observes with what, doubtless, is meant for humour

That though we left them only two,
Somehow we find them three.

And adds that, although the lady is not quite the sylph she was once, yet

. . . place the gain against the loss,
And you will find the amount
Is more than balanced, when the child
Is carried to account.

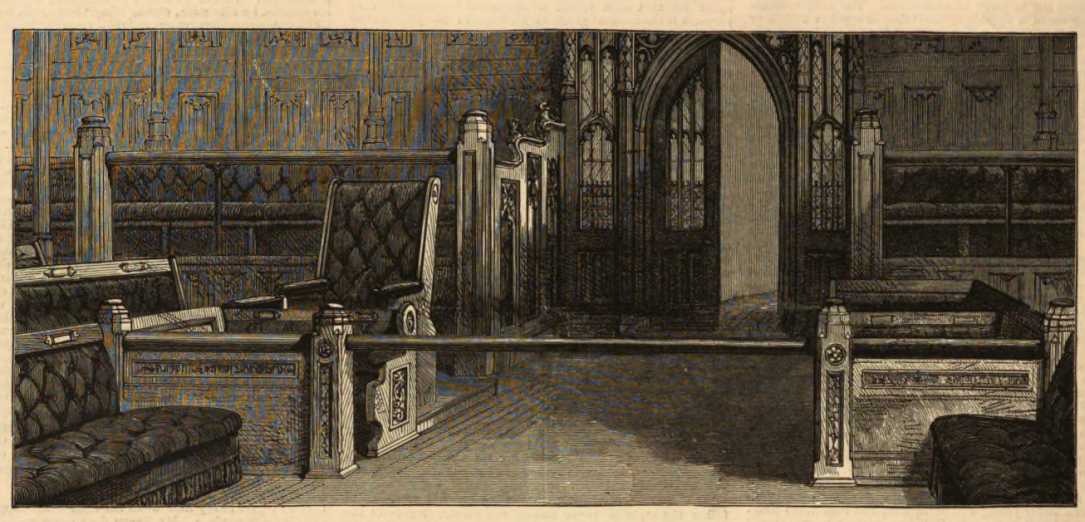
That a writer of this easy-going kind should blunder in metaphor will surprise nobody. In the succeeding lines the child is a little casket, containing a jewel pure and bright; but before the stanza closes it is a gentle bud and a frail flower, with a wondrous mystic tie, with a father's heart and a mother's soul within its fastenings. The father of this jewel, or bud, or frail flower had one fault, on which the writer dwells facetiously for some stanzas. He smoked a pipe.

It was the only vice he had—
Indeed 'tis hardly fair
To mention this last article,
But truth compels my pen
To state a fact which proves that he
Had faults like other men.

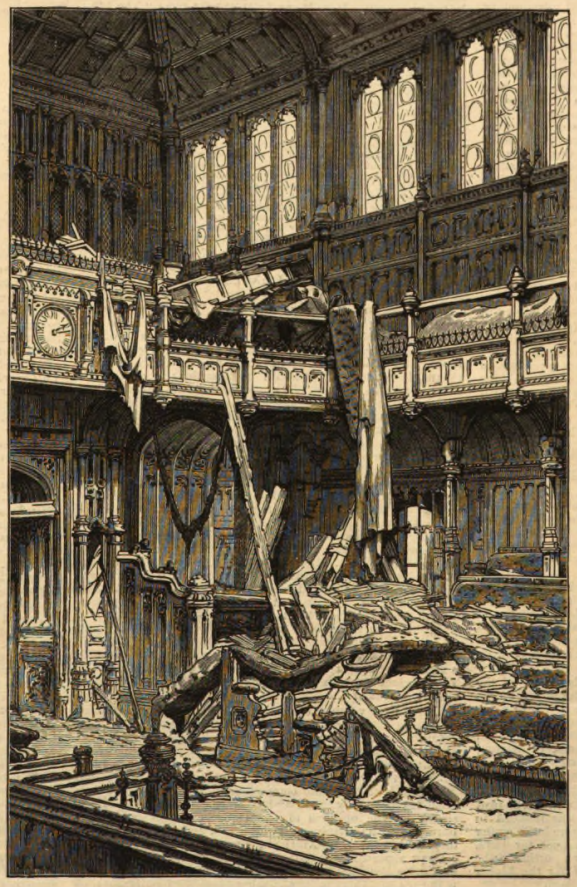
Truth also compels our pen to say that Mr. William Sharp's lines have faults which are wholly unlike the defects of other poets.

Although, happily for the world, few people are to be treated as insane, the analysis of insanity is of great interest to mankind in general. Dr. G. H. Savage, Physician and Superintendent of the Royal Hospital of Bethlem, tells us much that concerns us all in a most useful little book, *Insanity and Allied Neuroses*, just published by Messrs. Cassell and Co. This excellent treatise is mainly "practical and clinical," a guide for those of the medical profession, and its students, who may be occupied with the care of the insane, or may be consulted about it. But it contains much wisdom for everyone who has occasion to be anxious concerning the mental soundness of others, or who studies to preserve his own mind in perfect health. The author, who ranks among the most eminent investigators of this subject, and is Lecturer upon it at Guy's Hospital, has a decided view that the causes of insanity are not confined to changes in the brain alone, but often arise from nervous irritation in other organs of the body. This seems conformable with general experience, and it is corroborated by his minute description of the various forms of insanity, the conditions, periods, and modes of their manifestation. His scientific classification, for the purpose of this manual, includes hysteria, with mania; hypochondriasis, with melancholia; dementia (or loss of mental power), general or partial, primary and secondary; certain chronic disorders of the mind and hallucinations, delusions, or moral perversions; general paralysis (of the insane); paralytic and epileptic insanity; puerperal insanity of women; insanity caused by poisoning (including alcoholic); visceral insanity and several other types connected with peculiar organic diseases; besides different forms of idiocy. Even suppressed gout appears to be one of the exciting immediate causes. We are left to conclude that morbid states of the vital functions, where a predisposition to insanity exists, which may be hereditary, can bring it about through the disturbance of the nerve centres and of the brain; and that irregular or excessive emotions, of various kinds, are the immediate cause in very many cases. This general view of insanity seems to be accordant with commonsense; and it is important with reference to health, conduct, and the education of youth. The treatise, in some parts, is scarcely adapted for the perusal of every reader; but it suggests good advice upon matters of extreme moment to those who may apprehend danger to themselves, or to persons belonging to them, from any of the causes here indicated. The greater portion of the volume, however, is specially designed for instruction relative to the diagnosis and treatment

THE DYNAMITE OUTRAGES.



THE BAR OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS BEFORE THE EXPLOSION.



THE BAR OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS AFTER THE EXPLOSION.

of insanity. It is calculated, we should suppose, as well to guide the judgment of medical men who are called upon to sign certificates of insanity, as to supply a text-book for medical students. The high authority of Dr. Savage will be a sufficient recommendation of the work to them; but even the unlearned reader must appreciate the methodical clearness and exactness with which he develops a rather complex subject, the scrupulous moderation of his statements, and the sound inductive reasoning which he applies to every doubtful point. Such a writer, being as little as possible of a dogmatist, is not likely to have much of his treatise corrected or superseded by those who may hereafter deal with the subject, whatever additional light may be thrown, in the progress of science, on questions yet remaining somewhat obscure. The detailed accounts of a number of particular cases, mostly under his own observation, all carefully ascertained, are necessarily painful to read; but it is comforting to see how far this beneficent and enlightened branch of the grand healing art has advanced in our days; how much can be done, under favourable circumstances, to effect a cure when proper treatment is applied at an early stage; and how greatly the malady is alleviated, in its distressing consequences, at the public asylums of England, nowhere more efficiently than at Bethlem Hospital. It is to be noticed that, as idiocy, epilepsy, and chronic mental disorders are not treated in that institution, the chapter of this book on idiocy is contributed by Dr. Fletcher Beach. A serviceable chapter on the legal regulations concerning the insane is furnished by Mr. W. Haigh, with the prescribed forms of orders or requests for admission of private patients, medical certificates, and affidavits, and a list of the public hospitals and licensed private houses, London and provincial, in which such patients are received. Dr. Savage, in a thoughtful and earnest spirit, discusses the question of responsibility for criminal acts under the conditions of insanity. The volume is furnished with about twenty illustrations, mostly from photographs of persons affected with different kinds of insanity, in whose faces their sad life-history is too plainly told. Some original letters from patients, describing their peculiar hallucinations, are extremely curious and probably instructive to the student of psychology.

There is probably no man living who is better acquainted with the Highlands of Scotland than the famous Professor of Greek in the University of Edinburgh. His feelings about the depopulation of the country are strong; but strong also is his honesty, and no one who reads *The Scottish Highlanders and the Land Laws; an Historico-Economical Inquiry* (Chapman and Hall), will doubt that while Professor Blackie writes warmly he endeavours also to write impartially. A more opportune volume could not be published. How thoroughly the writer has mastered his subject will be evident to readers who give the book the attention it deserves. Some may even think that his treatment is too exhaustive, and that his investigation is carried too far back. We do not think so. It is intolerable that subjects should be docketed as ancient history because they have not happened within the last decade; and, with regard to the treatment of the Highlanders since the exchange of the old clan system for a government of lords and landlords, nothing is more certain than that, without a historical knowledge of the past, we cannot understand the present. If the reader, as is quite possible, objects to some of the author's opinions when he denounces what Dr. Norman Macleod has called the "rash and reckless depopulation of the country" and the "gross misconduct and inhuman policy" of some landlords, while giving warm praise to others, let him at least study the facts which, with elaborate care, Professor Blackie has collected. The strength of a land, he says truly, lies in men, not in money; and while by no means unfavourable to what may be called natural emigration, he deplores the compulsory expatriation, for the sake of deer forests, of men whose love of country is their strongest passion. The greatest of Scotchmen, and a Tory to boot, denounced more than sixty years ago the "selfish and hard-hearted policy of the Highland landlords." No one who reads the account of the Strathnaver Clearance in the early years of the century, and of the Knoydart Clearance in 1853, will think Sir Walter Scott's expression too strong to be applied in both cases. Inhumanity could indeed scarcely have gone further without the actual destruction of its victims. It must not be supposed that the whole history of the Highlands through the present century is a dark one. Such a notion would be neither consonant with truth, nor with Professor Blackie's statements. It is, however, perhaps inevitable in certain cases that the evil which men do should make a stronger impression than the good. The chapter entitled "The Crofters' Commission" deserves especial attention at this time; but, indeed, every chapter bristles with suggestive facts and comments. We cannot praise the form in which the volume appears. It has neither index nor table of contents.

It is scarcely necessary to say to those familiar with the author's earlier researches that readers interested in theories respecting the origin of society will find much food for discussion in *The Patriarchal Theory, Based on the Papers of the late John Ferguson McLennan, Edited and Completed by Donald McLennan, M.A.* (Macmillan and Co.). "From the time of Plato downwards," writes the editor, alluding to his brother's argument, "theories of human society have been current in which the family living under the headship of a father is accepted as the ultimate social unit. These theories have taken various shapes, but in his opinion the most important as well as the most influential shape to be taken account of is that represented in the works of Sir Henry Maine." "Ancient Law," no doubt, is now a standard work, and one which all students of Jurisprudence are bound to study. Its conclusions are fundamentally at variance with those arrived at by the late John McLennan and by his brother; and in this volume the attempt is made to refute the Patriarchal Theory. It will be seen that the work is not one likely to attract the general reader. The arguments, advanced with great learning in these pages, demand the "fit audience" philosophers as well as poets love; and such an audience they will probably secure.

We are authorised to state that the State Apartments of Windsor Castle are closed until further orders.

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THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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No. 2390.—VOL. LXXXVI. SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 7, 1885. TWO WHOLE SHEETS | SIXPENCE. By Post, 6½D.



THE RELIEF OF KHARTOUM: MAJOR-GENERAL SIR HERBERT STEWART, K.C.B., LATE COMMANDING THE ADVANCED BRIGADE.
WOUNDED ON JAN. 19.

OUR NOTE-BOOK

Among the many strange instances of literary fraud, the claim of Joseph Liggins to the authorship of George Eliot's works, is assuredly one of the strangest. As an illustration of knavery on the one side and credulity on the other, the imposition deserves more attention than it receives in the life of the novelist. In a letter to the *Times*, "S. G. O." states that the man had warm supporters, and that one lady declared she had actually seen him at work on the manuscript of one of the books published under the name of George Eliot. A letter to the real George Eliot from an old friend ignorant of her secret, displays an amusing complication. Mrs. Lewes is asked if she has read "Adam Bede" or the "Scenes of Clerical Life," and whether she knows that the author is Mr. Liggins?—a poor man who has no servant, and does everything for himself? The writer adds that "it sounds strange to hear the 'Westminster' doubting whether he is a woman when *here he is so well known*." A Warwick-shire magistrate espoused the cause of Liggins, and undertook to explain the process by which the books were written. He, however, seems to have been brought to a right mind by the exertions of Mr. Lewes. Nothing beyond this of any significance is related in the biography. Some reasonable curiosity may be felt, however, as to the way in which Liggins began and carried on his imposition, what proofs he offered of the truth of his statements, how long they were credited, and what became of the pretender ultimately.

That Mr. John Roberts, jun., should be able to "allow the spot" and yet beat such a player as Mr. John North at billiards in a game of 12,000 points, as he did last week, is astounding; but it is also comforting to lovers of the "all round" game, to whom the "spot" is generally as a red rag to a bull, or as the famous grapes were to the fox when he could not get at them. It appears that miraculous breaks off the spot, like Mr. Peall's 1989 (nearly all spot strokes), do not come much oftener than Christmas in the course of a year, though Mr. W. Mitchell or another may make a paltry 500 or 700 off the spot now and then, as Mr. Mitchell has lately been doing, just to keep his hand in.

By-the-way, the great interest awakened by billiards at present has led to inquiries as to how matters stand in respect of the various players who have won the championship from time to time. Well, then, it was in 1849 that Mr. John Roberts, senior, became champion by the default of Mr. Kentfield, of Brighton, who is understood to have been the first to hold that title; in February, 1870, Mr. W. Cook became champion by beating Mr. J. Roberts, senior, and since then there have been many matches, but between very few players, for the championship, as the following statement—which contains pretty nearly, if not quite, all the matches hitherto played—will show. In April, 1870, Mr. J. Roberts, junior, avenged his father by beating Mr. W. Cook; in November, 1870, Mr. Joseph Bennett defeated Mr. J. Roberts, junior; in January, 1871, Mr. J. Roberts, junior, defeated Mr. J. Bennett; in May, 1871, Mr. W. Cook defeated Mr. J. Roberts, junior, and, in November, Mr. J. Bennett, who had challenged; in March, 1872, Mr. W. Cook again defeated Mr. J. Roberts, junior; in February, 1874, Mr. W. Cook once more defeated Mr. J. Roberts, junior; in May, and again in December, 1875, Mr. J. Roberts, junior, defeated Mr. W. Cook; in May, 1877, Mr. J. Roberts, junior, once more defeated Mr. W. Cook; after this, if there be no mistake, the championship reverted by unaccepted challenge to Mr. W. Cook, whom Mr. J. Bennett challenged and defeated, making 125, the largest break ever yet made on a championship table, in 1880; and in 1881 Mr. J. Bennett defeated Mr. T. Taylor, who had challenged. Since then, if there be no mistake again, the championship has not been played for, though the title has been assumed by right of unaccepted challenge. Mr. J. Roberts, junior, dubs himself, or is dubbed in advertisements, "champion of the world"; and nobody, apparently, disputes the title. It will be observed that Mr. J. Roberts, junior, has beaten Mr. W. Cook four times, and Mr. W. Cook has beaten Mr. J. Roberts, junior, three times.

Whatever other useful functions the managers of her Majesty's Civil List may perform, they certainly deserve credit for the discovery of literary or scientific distinction in quarters where one would least expect to find it. An inquiry—a real, not a sham one—into the administration of the £1200 per annum provided for her Majesty's Civil List would probably reveal mysteries as great and influences as remote as those which induced Lord Palmerston to pension the Poet Close, the "Laureate" to the King of Bonny.

Invitations are not to be lightly accepted at Sheffield. The other day Mr. Thomas Cranmer, no longer an archbishop but a "table-knife cutler," received an invitation from seven of his "mates" to meet them at a certain tavern; and he, scenting hospitality no doubt, accepted. Fancy his surprise when he was seized, tied hand and foot, wheeled about the streets, pelted with all manner of dirt, and so maltreated that, after four hours' experience with a placard carried in front of him and bearing the words "Tom Cranmer, liar, cur, and sneak," he became insensible. And what had he done? To all appearance, he had merely taken the liberty in this free country of saving or acquiring enough money to set up in business on his own account; a piece of presumption which, of course, is "very tolerable and not to be endured." Mr. Cranmer claimed £50 damages, which does not appear too much; but a jury awarded him only £40, the claim being reduced by £10 for some inexplicable reason, perhaps because he ultimately recovered his senses, the jury assessing the value of senses at ten pounds sterling.

There has just been a great sale of rare books and curios belonging to the Marquis Valerio de Urria, at the Hôtel Drouot, in Paris, at which the highest figure was attained by twenty-four volumes of Madame De Sévigné's Letters, knocked down at £53; while the complete original edition of Molière's works brought £43 5s. Among other items was a very curious sixteenth-century wooden door, which came from an old house in the Rue Croix de Fer at Rouen. A chimney-piece from the same house was purchased for the Hôtel Cluny in 1880.

Although business is at a very low ebb in Paris, and there is a great deal of distress among artisans, the locksmiths are doing well, and driving a thriving trade in door-chains, iron bars, and other means of defence against thieves. Robbery and assassination have become so terribly frequent in the French capital that every householder is taking strenuous measure of protection for life and property, and doors and windows are better barricaded than they have ever been in the past.

Everyone knows how terribly the Burgundian and other vineyards have been devastated by the phylloxera of late years, and most people are aware that a prize of £12,000 was long ago offered to him who could discover a certain and efficacious cure. M. Dodille, a peasant vine-grower, who bought his early experience in Réunion, and spent seven years of his life in the marine infantry of his country, has cultivated two vineyards near Châlons-sur-Saône with more or less success since 1880, and attributes the pest to a great extent to the absence of small birds in France, and declares that the only remedy is to turn large numbers of fowls loose daily among the vines from the middle of June to the end of September. The insect is supposed to swarm about the end of the former month, and M. Dodille, recommends that a little grain should be scattered about on the soil to induce the fowls to scratch and pick it up with their beaks, during which process he declares that they will swallow immense quantities of the phylloxera. His theory is based on experience, is attracting a great deal of local attention, and has been taken up and investigated by the *Figaro*; but it is to be feared that the *Académie* will treat it as an old woman's remedy, because it does not savour of science or chemistry.

Mr. Pierre Lorillard, the well-known American racing man, with his wife and a large party of friends, had an almost miraculous escape from a horrible death on Jan. 19. They were travelling through the Southern States in the luxurious railway car originally constructed for Patti when, on rounding a sharp curve on the Great Southern Alabama line, two small boys were seen frantically waving their hats and gesticulating for the train to stop. It was pulled up just in time on the very brink of a chasm, the bridge over which had been carried off by a torrent. The weather was very cold, and the boys had stood there for four hours waiting for the appearance of the train. It is almost needless to add that they were handsomely rewarded.

Field and excursion clubs are delightful institutions, especially in the neighbourhood of great cities, where they offer sensible and interesting inducements for Saturday afternoon and other outings. Sometimes the whole distance can be accomplished in a break, and sometimes it can be managed by a pleasant country walk of three or four miles, and then by taking advantage of the railway. There are hundreds of Essex, Kentish, Surrey, and Middlesex villages, stranded high and dry since the cessation of old coaching times, which contain historic mansions, picturesque cottages, or rustic churches with a few fine old monuments or brasses, or rare specimens of early ecclesiastical architecture. Such excursions are best when "personally conducted" by an archæologist, and should always be accompanied by a botanist and entomologist. Persons of similar tastes are thus drawn together, and in the discussion of their several hobbies and the pleasant interchange of ideas and experiences, all social distinctions disappear. Birmingham, Sheffield, and Derby are admirable centres for such excursions; and those within reach of Gloucester, Hereford, and Worcester embrace some of the loveliest spots to be found within the breadth and length of rural England.

"The Dramatic Review," of which the first number has recently appeared, is evidently a serious attempt to treat the drama as one of the fine arts, and to divorce the stage from its old companions, the licensed victuallers and sport. What the playhouse has to do with the tavern or the racecourse has never been very evident to many of its patrons, who will welcome a critical journal conducted in a friendly tone and gentlemanly spirit. New brooms proverbially sweep clean, and, side by side with such recognised students of the stage as W. G. Wills, W. Archer, and Clement Scott, we find a fiery and impetuous Hotspur in Mr. Harry Quilter, who is as violent against modern newspaper critics as either Lord Lytton or Mrs. Kendal. He thinks that if those "who are empowered to judge and describe a theatrical performance allow their sympathy or their friendship with the actors and actresses to obscure their judgment or to pervert their record, they deserve the condemnation which we assign in all other matters to these who are blinded by prejudice or influenced by partiality." Quite so; but why is Mr. Harry Quilter alone to be permitted to discuss the drama *ex cathedrâ*, and to be considered free from the ordinary frailties of human nature?

Surely, one of the most curious mistakes ever made in an authoritative tone of correction was the one perpetrated by a theatrical contemporary, who gravely called Mr. Herman to account for not reading the books that formed the celebrated theatrical library recently sold by public auction. The ground of accusing the bibliophile of an assumed indifference to literature was that the majority of his valuable tomes were described in the catalogue as "uncut copies," meaning, of course, that the edges had not been mutilated by the binder. They were, to use a technical phrase, "tall copies" with the proper amount of margin. The notion that an "uncut copy" of a book means one that has not had its pages severed by the paper-cutter could only have occurred to one as ignorant of books as of the art of binding them.

It will be curious to see how far the late Lord Lytton has availed himself of plays already extant before composing his tragedy of "Brutus," now in rehearsal at the Princess's Theatre, under the direction of Wilson Barrett. There are no less than seven plays in existence on the subject of Tarquin's fall. The most celebrated of these are "Lucius Junius Brutus," by Nat Lee (1681); "Lucius Junius Brutus; or, the Expulsion of the Tarquins," by Downman (1779); "The Sibyl; or, the Elder Brutus," by Cumberland, never acted, but published amongst his posthumous works; and "Brutus; or, The Fall of Tarquin," an historical tragedy, in five acts, by John Howard Payne, stolen from the Downman and Cumberland plays, and played by Edmund Kean at Drury-Lane in 1818. But there is yet another source at which the late Lord Lytton may have quenched his dramatic thirst. Voltaire wrote a tragedy called "Brutus," which was produced in Paris in 1730, and dedicated to "Milord Bolingbroke." Says Voltaire to Lord Bolingbroke, "You know that my 'Brutus' was born in England. You remember that, when I lived in retirement at Wandsworth with my friend Mr. Falkener, that worthy and virtuous citizen, I occupied my time at his house in writing in English prose the first act of this play, and it stands almost exactly the same in French verse. I often discussed the subject with you, and we were both surprised that no English author had treated a subject which is of all the most suitable for the theatre." Then follows a foot-note by Voltaire: "There is a 'Brutus' by an author called 'Lée,' but it is a play quite ignored, and is never represented in London."

The system of paying officials by means of perquisites frequently leads to curious and absurd abuses. It is said that the first Napoleon was so overwhelmed by the heat one July night that he rose, unable to sleep, about two o'clock, and wandered along the quays by the river Seine for a couple of hours, and, just as the sun was rising, turned his steps homeward. To his great surprise he beheld several of the chimneys of the Tuileries and the Louvre pouring out such thick volumes of smoke that the palace might have been taken for a huge factory. Of course the Emperor inquired the reason, and elicited the fact that at the Tuileries there was a steward who received no salary, his sole emolument being the right of disposing of the cinders of the establishment. This worthy's income being uncomfortably low during the dog days, he devised the expedient of making roaring fires where they were not likely to be observed during the small hours of the morning, and converting a considerable amount of fuel into cinders.

Now is the season of steeplechasing, and people of a "horsey" turn talk chiefly of the Grand National (which is the Derby of steeplechasing), though it will not be run and jumped for until flat-racing has begun. This is one of the few great public events in which gentlemen nowadays ride their own horses, as when Lord Manners won with Seaman, and when Count Kinsky, who, being a Hungarian, is of course a born horseman, won with Zoedone. The chase is over more than four miles of what is sometimes very "holding" ground, and the weights are far heavier than those of flat-racing; yet the winner, as when Emblem won in 1863 and Emblematic in 1864, is sometimes a "weed" that does not look stout enough to carry a "feather," and has been rejected as useless for the purposes of flat-racing. Herein is a remarkable problem which learned gentlemen who expound the laws of Nature in public lectures could possibly solve to their own satisfaction, but which unlearned observers are wont to give up with the remark already quoted to the effect that "Nature 's a rum un."

Mr. Brudenell Carter complains of the general ignorance that prevails upon the subject of eye-sight; and a thousand other learned gentlemen are constantly complaining of the ignorance that prevails upon a thousand other subjects which are their special "hobbies." Is everybody to know everything? "Nec scire fas est omnia," said, some nineteen hundred or more years ago, the Roman lyric poet, who himself was "short-sighted," or had some complaint of the eyes; and the worst of it is that scientific theories are seldom final, so that you have to go on unlearning as well as learning. The Germans have done very well in war, notwithstanding their spectacles; and Lord Sherbrook, notwithstanding short-sightedness, can see as far as most people into a stone wall. Life is hard enough without having to learn to do our very seeing, and making our children do their seeing, according to the book. Do let us regulate at least the use of our eyes by the light of nature, if we may not regulate the affairs of life by the rule of thumb. It has by no means been proved to everybody's satisfaction that, in proportion to population, we have not now as many individuals with their bodily organs, including the eye, in full perfection as we had before the days of civilisation; only we are now so numerous that it would not be difficult to collect together a sufficiently large array of "shocking examples" to answer the purpose of anybody who has anytheory about the deterioration of civilised humanity in any faculty whatever. Moreover, we know, or ought to know, how shaky a foundation is afforded by statistics.

By-the-way, Mr. Cantlie, F.R.C.S., a gentleman who has hygienic theories, has been alarming us with his picture of the manner in which the true Londoner, born, bred, and immured for ever—bar an occasional bank holiday—in London, degenerates and decays until he disappears altogether, before reaching the fourth generation, like a vanishing fraction of humanity. It may be so; but one would rather take the opinion and believe in the dogma of somebody who has lived through four generations and kept up a continual inspection all the while. Besides, whatever is true of London is true of all great cities, and in some of them is still more noticeable than in London, which, for a great city, is notoriously a healthy place of residence; so that it is a little gratuitous to pick out the Londoner for a specimen of degeneracy. Moreover, "Nature," as the illiterate philosopher sagely remarked,

"is a rum un," insomuch that she enables human beings to live and even to thrive under such circumstances as fully confirm, in a peculiarly striking and illustrative way, the truth of the saying that "what is one man's meat is another man's poison." The fact is, that the fashion of delivering public lectures on all sorts of subjects has spread so much as to have become a little mischievous: clever gentlemen take to public lecturing to push themselves into notice, and to attract attention they must advance some more or less startling proposition. It needed no public lecture to teach us that, all other conditions being the same, it is healthier to live in the country than in a big city, and, therefore, than in London; but to invest so old and so universally accepted a proposition with a certain air of novelty, it was necessary to invent a theory about a natural and inevitable decay and extinction of Londoners in particular before they arrive at the fourth generation. At any rate, they must thus evade a part of the penalty entailed by the sins of forefathers.

From an article contributed some time ago by Lord Cadogan to one of the magazines, a reader would be likely to conclude that the institution of the Jockey Club originated in a desire to purify the Turf, and was invested from the first with some kind of self-conferred legislative authority. The evidence is very much the other way. It is plain that the Jockey Club, at its earliest appearance on the scene at Newmarket, was an exclusive body of gentlemen who wished to have a certain number of races all to themselves, to the extent even of riding their own horses, who cared little or nothing about the morality of the turf in general, and who neither had, nor pretended to have, any sort of jurisdiction, save at Newmarket. Their first acts were to establish two Plates "for horses the property of members of the Jockey Club," and then (in 1768) a Cup "for horses the property of members of the Jockey Club," the public being debarred from competition. And what has been the result? The Plates no longer exist; and the Cup, with modified conditions, is a dead failure, as it was almost from the first. The early "legislation" consisted of a few resolutions (dating from 1758) applicable to Newmarket only, as the Club in its infancy was very careful to state. Moreover, in 1767, Lord Holland wrote to Selwyn: "The Jockey Club is a tribunal I never heard of before"; and in 1785 we read of a practice which, it is said, "ought not to have any weight when it is contrary to so respectable an authority as that of the Jockey Club." From which it is clear that the Jockey Club was not considered to have general jurisdiction; and it is a very interesting study to observe how, by the help of the *Calendar*, the Club gradually made itself into an absolute power. Perhaps it is desirable that the Club should be lord of all, and perhaps the members have latterly done their best or shown a disposition to do their best to purify the Turf and to put horse-racing on a sound or a little sounder footing; but it is more than probable that the natural reaction which set in after the "Hastings era," and the Act which was passed in 1879, have had far more than the Jockey Club has had to do with that decrease in the number of "places of sport," which Lord Cadogan complacently ascribes to the salutary measures adopted by the Club.

Arsenic is popularly supposed to be good for the complexion; but, even if the supposition be well founded, it can hardly be considered a good reason for what has taken place lately in East Kent, where not only foxes, but pigs and sheep, have been poisoned by arsenic which may, or may not, have been intended for the improvement of the animals' complexions.

The Library of the British Museum is, with the exception of the Paris Library, the largest in the world. To catalogue 1,350,000 printed books is a gigantic undertaking, and has, of course, grown in difficulty with the rapid increase of volumes. In 1878 there were no less than 2000 folio volumes of manuscript catalogue in the reading-room, and it was calculated that in time 9000 such volumes would be required. It became evident, therefore, that a new system of cataloguing must be adopted, and it was resolved to give up the use of manuscript and to print. This reform, which was ably advocated by Mr. Garnett and is now under his supervision, was begun in 1880, and up to the end of last year seventy-four printed volumes have been published, which are said to include the entire contents of 276 of the old manuscript volumes. The saving of space by the new method is indeed extraordinary. The map catalogue has hitherto filled 233 volumes; it will be complete in eight or nine. "Virgil" occupied three manuscript volumes, but now seventy-four columns of print will comprehend all the works under that title. "Bible" takes up at present twenty-one volumes; by the new arrangement it will not occupy more than three or four. It is supposed that the catalogue will be completed with the close of the century. It will form a stupendous monument, truly, of human wisdom and folly. One wonders what the size of our great national library would be if it contained only works of real service to society and to literature. Imagine the relief of Mr. Garnett and his fellow-labourers if, by the exercise of some magic art, all that is weak and worthless on those miles of library shelves in Bloomsbury were suddenly to be swept away!

In a Note last week it was incorrectly stated that "Sir Joshua Reynolds's picture, Penelope Boothby, on view at the Exhibition of Old Masters, Burlington House, is not the original picture, but a replica, probably painted and certainly touched up and adopted by the painter whose name is identified with it. *The* Penelope Boothby, of which the engraving is so popular, is in the collection of the Earl of Dudley, and has not been shown in public for many years." We are informed on undoubted authority—and we gladly give the correction—that *the Penelope Boothby at the Exhibition of the Royal Academy is the Original Picture. It was purchased last year of the Earl of Dudley by Messrs. Thomas Agnew and Sons, and sold by them to Mr. Daniel Thwaites, its present owner.*

FALL OF KHARTOUM.

A Third Edition of the *Daily Telegraph* of Thursday, Feb. 5, issued at Ten o'Clock, a.m., contains the following painful intelligence:—

We deeply regret to announce that despatches have been received at the War Office from Lord Wolseley stating that, upon the arrival of Sir Charles Wilson near Khartoum, he found that, through an act of treachery, the city had been captured by the Mahdi.

At the moment of going to press no details of this deplorable event had been communicated by the War Office.

It is feared that General Gordon is a prisoner in the hands of the Mahdi.

THE NILE EXPEDITION.

The Commander-in-Chief's despatches to the War Office published in our Journal last week gave an account of the battle fought at Abou Klea, twenty-three miles from Metammeh, on Saturday, the 17th ult., by General Sir Herbert Stewart, with fifteen hundred men of his advanced brigade, against nearly ten thousand of the Mahdi's army; and of the battle on Monday, the 19th, between the Wells of Shebacat and Metammeh, within sight of the Nile; when a second attack of the enemy was repulsed, enabling the British force to gain a secure position at Gubat, on the bank of the river two miles above Metammeh; and to meet the armed steamboats which General Gordon had sent down from Khartoum, conveying four hundred black troops of the Khartoum garrison. The latest news from Gubat communicated last week by Lord Wolseley, to the date of Saturday, the 24th, stated that Sir Charles Warren had gone up to Khartoum by steamer, with a small guard of the Sussex Regiment; while, Sir Herbert Stewart having been wounded on the 19th, the command of the troops at Gubat was taken by Colonel the Hon. E. T. Boscawen, of the Coldstream Guards. The lists of officers killed and wounded in the two actions were also given, with the names of two newspaper correspondents, Mr. J. A. Cameron, of the *Standard*, and Mr. St. Leger Herbert, of the *Morning Post*, who were killed in the second conflict on the 19th.

The correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph*, Mr. Burleigh, was slightly wounded, having a graze on the neck and his foot struck by a spent bullet. He was able, nevertheless, to send that journal an animated description of the fighting on the 19th; this was published in the *Daily Telegraph* on Friday of last week. The *Daily News* had already, on Thursday, the 23rd, published the letter of its correspondent, Mr. H. S. Pearse, giving an account of the first battle on the 17th, this letter being written on the very day of the battle. We now reproduce, with some abridgments, these narratives by eye-witnesses of both engagements; which may be compared with those supplied by the official despatches.

THE BATTLE OF ABOU KLEA, JAN. 17.

Mr. Pearse writes as follows:—"Yesterday morning we had bivouacked and breakfasted at the south-east side of the great plain, with distant hills to the right and left, and a black and rugged ridge in front, over the saddle of which the caravan route leads to Abou Klea. The 19th Hussars had gone on to reconnoitre, and we heard the sound of distant rifle-shots. About noon came news from Major Barrow that the enemy were holding the Wells.

"General Stewart immediately made his dispositions for attack, massing the brigade in line of columns, the Guards on the right, the Heavy Camel Corps in the centre, the Artillery and Engineers in the rear of the Guards forming the right face of the square. Lord Charles Beresford's Naval Brigade was similarly posted behind the Mounted Infantry. The Sussex Regiment, on foot, closed up the rear, and all the baggage was in the centre. In this compact square of column, the brigade moved forward as steadily as if on parade, and halted four hundred yards from the foot of the ridge, while General Stewart and his staff went forward across it to reconnoitre.

"Thinking it too late then to advance and attack without knowing the actual strength of our foes, General Stewart wisely resolved to form a zereba for the night, with flanking squares strongly occupied, and pickets holding posts on the lofty hills on our left. All night long we were harassed by shots from the heights a thousand yards distant. On the opposite flank there was the continuous hissing of bullets overhead. Now and then one fell in the square, but only two men and a camel were hit. Our sleep was not very sound. Thrice the men were called to arms before dawn, when a general attack on our position was expected. This morning all was quiet until after breakfast. Then the fire recommenced from the stone breastworks constructed during the night on the heights on our right and rear. This was only a feint fire, and was soon suppressed by the Mounted Infantry.

"By eight o'clock, the enemy developed considerable strength on the right front, coming over the black stony hills in good order in two long lines, with banners flying bravely. At the same time some force of the rebels began creeping stealthily up the grassy Wady on our left front, the direct road to the Wells. The screw-guns battery made good practice. Two or three shots checked the advance for some time. Our position in the hollow, with lines extended along the ridge, was strong and well covered. Nevertheless, several men were hit. One of the Heavy Camel Corps was killed early in the action. Another of the Mounted Infantry was dangerously wounded within a few yards of where I write. A camel close by was hit by the next shot. The rebels evidently made skilful use of their Remingtons. But our Martinis' fire, hitherto restrained, was now beginning to tell effectively. At half-past nine the enemy's scouts were reported trying to creep round the hills on the left flank. Barrow's Hussars were sent forward to check this. Meanwhile, the fire in the centre of the line was hotter every minute.

"At ten o'clock, General Stewart determined upon a counter-attack, and formed a hollow square, the Guards in front, the Mounted Infantry on the left flank, the Sussex Regiment on the right, the heavy cavalry and Naval Brigade, with a Gardner, in the rear, the camels, with the ammunition and hospital stretchers, in the centre. We advanced two miles exposed to a heavy fire on all sides. We moved out to the attack under a hail of bullets. Men dropped from the ranks right and left, but none of the wounded were left on the field. The medical staff, under Surgeon-Major Ferguson, worked splendidly under the heaviest fire. There were frequent stoppages for these purposes, which made progress slow. It was nearly an hour before we sighted the enemy's main body, and realised that at least 7000 or 8000 men were against us. We halted and closed square; General Stewart took up a good position on the slope where the rebels must advance uphill, across open ground. Skirmishers of the Mounted Infantry were sent forward to force on the attack, while Captain Norton's battery of screw guns planted several shells among the densest mass. The concealed enemy sprang up, twenty banners waving, and came on in a splendid line. The troops on the right were led by Abu Saleh, Emir of Metammeh. On the left they were under Mahommed Khair, Emir of Berber. The latter was wounded, and retired early; but Saleh came desperately on at the head of a hundred fanatics, escaping the withering fire of the Martinis marvellously, until shot down in the square. The rear face, composed of the heavy cavalry, broke forward in the endeavour to fire on the rebels, who swept round the flank and broke into us. Then came the shock of the Arabs' impulsive charge against our square. For a moment, there was much confusion, and the fate of the whole force trembled in the balance, until the steadiness of the Guards, Marines, and Mounted Infantry prevailed. The Sussex Regiment, though taken in rear, rallied and fought desperately. The men fell back, re-formed in good order, and poured volleys into the enemy, every one in the leading division falling dead in our midst. In the temporary confusion, the Gardner gun could not be got into action at the most effective moment. When it opened fire, the rebels were close on it. The Naval Brigade therefore lost very heavily; Pigott and De Lisle were both killed. But the greatest losses fell on the Heavy Camel Corps, of whose officers six were killed and two wounded. The Guards moved not an inch, even when the rear was threatened simultaneously with the front. Among the first of our officers mortally wounded was Colonel Burnaby, who fell gallantly in fight close to his old comrades the Blues.

"When we had time to look, we saw that line after line of the enemy had fallen under the Martini fire as they advanced. There could scarcely have been less than eight hundred or a thousand of dead and wounded Arabs. Others in scattered bands made off in various directions, leaving the ground strewn with dead and wounded, with arms and banners. Major Barrow's Hussars came up soon after, but were too late to strike at the retreating foes, many of whom, however, were shot down while retiring. The enemy had fought with the most reckless and admirable courage, and displayed great tactical skill. They harassed the zereba all the previous night, and endeavoured to lead us into a skilfully-laid trap.

"I escaped unhurt amidst the hand-to-hand mêlée with the loss of my horse. After the fight, in which the enemy brought all their best troops against General Stewart's brigade, we gained the Wells of Abou Klea, and bivouacked there last night."

THE ADVANCE FROM ABOU KLEA.

The following is the better part of Mr. Burleigh's letter:—"A fierce battle and hard-won victory had secured to us the Abou Klea Wells, giving the troops an abundant supply of water, with something for the horses and camels. By night-fall, we were collected inside a rather weak, irregular, and incomplete zereba. The front face, instead of being formed of cut brushwood, was protected by low walls of rough stones. An undulation in the ground left an opening in the wall twenty-five yards wide. The wall itself was twenty inches high, and the zereba was nearly 200 yards square. Each man had his pint of water served out—half his day's supply—and on that quantity he had to work, march, and fight in a thirst-provoking country. Lights were all ordered out at dusk, and the troops lay down in square formation, with their arms beside them ready for instant use.

"By dint of hard work and going without sleep, the column was ready to resume its forward march on Sunday at four p.m. The old zereba was emptied, all the supplies having been transported to the Wells by working overnight; and a new small zereba and fort were built at Abou Klea, a detachment of the Sussex Regiment and a few men of the Royal Engineers being left to hold that post.

"It was given out by General Stewart that the force should only go five miles out and encamp till morning. The column got on punctually, tired though the men and animals were. Nearly one hundred camels were taken with the column to carry water, ammunition, and cacolets. These were all inside the square. It was with pleasure that we set our faces to another forced march so that we might get to the river. Instead of making a protracted halt at sunset, the column rested a few minutes only, to allow the darkness to settle down. Then, altering our course so as to avoid Shebacat Wells and the Arabs posted there to intercept or hinder us, we struck due south into the desert, attempting to reach the Nile before daylight, and before the Arabs could stop us. The General sought to avoid another battle until the force should have intrenched itself, or, at any rate, packed its baggage by the water's edge.

"Part of the way, the force moved in columns of regiments, the Mounted Infantry leading, with the Hussars in advance and on the flanks. Although this increased the width of our front, it did not diminish the length of the column. Ali Gobah, the outlaw robber chief, directed our course, which was at times rather circuitous—now south, then south by west, and again south by east. Sir Charles Wilson and Captain Verner of the Rifles looked after Ali, in whose experience as a path-finder they both trusted.

"Daylight broke, finding the column six miles from the river, and about the same distance south of Metammeh. The objective point was to occupy a position on the Nile four miles south of Metammeh. An hour before sunrise we had altered our course, turning more to the east. Before the sun was up, we saw that the enemy was on the alert all along our front. Streams of men on horseback and on foot came from Metammeh, interposing themselves between the column and the water we longed to gain. For a short time, Sir Herbert Stewart deliberated whether to push on two miles nearer the Nile. As the Arabs mustered in sufficient force seriously to threaten our advance, he decided to halt upon a ridge of desert covered with sparkling pebbles, four miles from the river. To our right and rear lay a few low black hills, one mile to two miles distant; on our front, the Desert rolled downward towards the green flats bordering the Nile; for here, as at Dongola, the belt of cultivation is rich and wide."

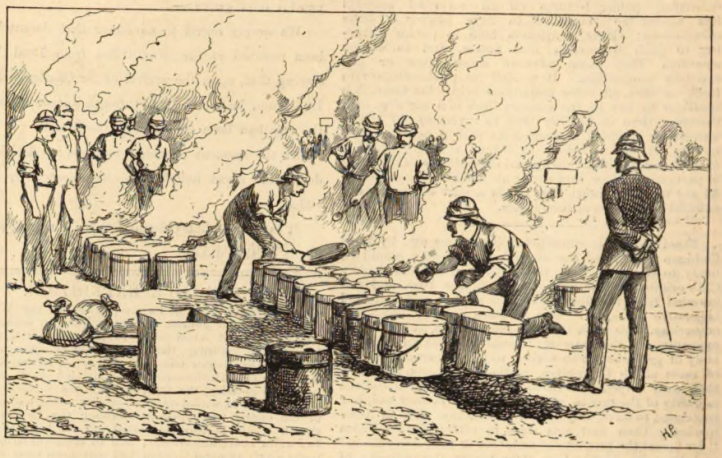
THE BATTLE OF THE NILE, JAN. 19.

"Turning with a light smile to his staff, General Stewart said, 'Tell the officers and men we will have breakfast first, and then go out and fight.' The column was closed up, with the baggage animals to the centre, as usual; the boxes and pack-saddles being taken off, to make an inclosure to protect the square from rifle fire. In less than ten minutes the Arabs were not only all over our front and flanks, but had drawn a line around our rear. Groups bearing the fantastic Koran-inscribed banners of the False Prophet, similar to those of which we had taken two or three score at Abou Klea, could

THE KHARTOUM RELIEF EXPEDITION: SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. MELTON PRIOR.



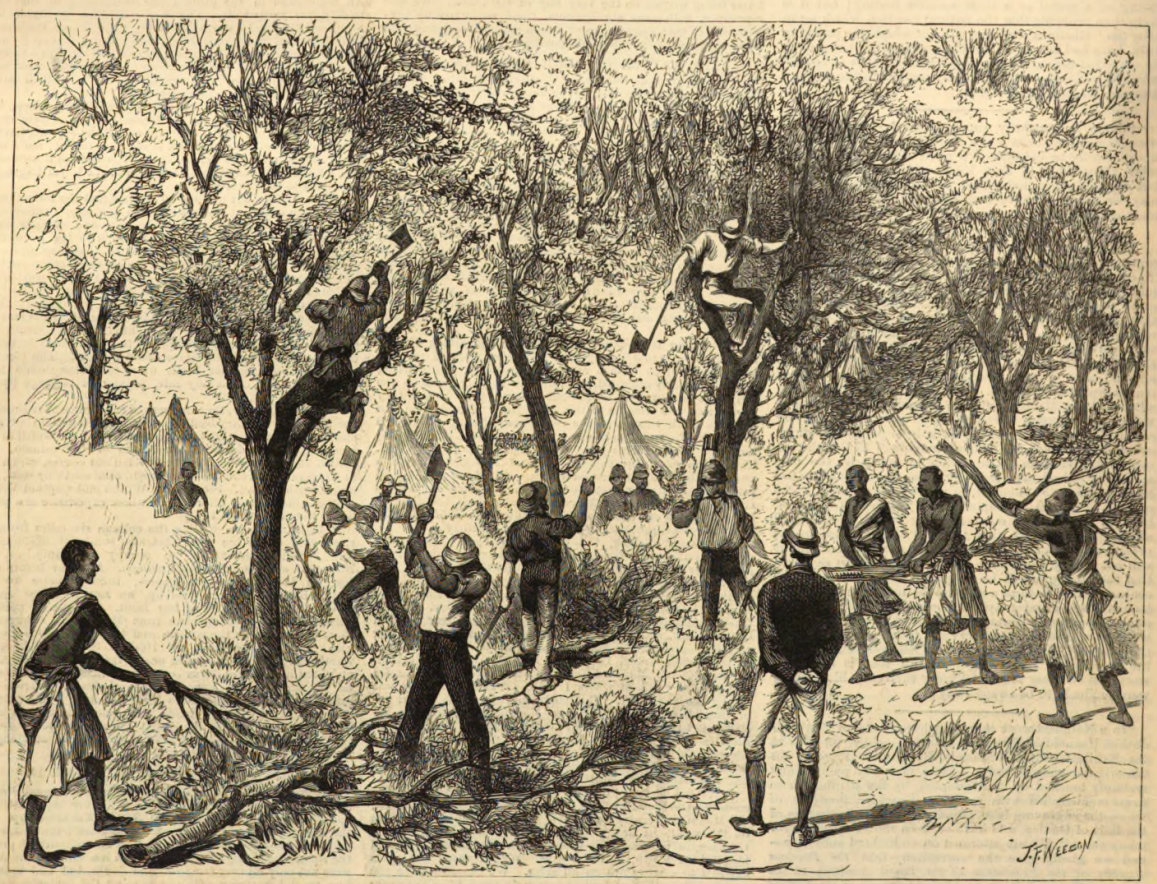
CHRISTMAS EVE AT KORTI: BOILING THE CHRISTMAS PUDDING FOR THE "HEAVIES."



"WHAT A TIME THE PUDDING TAKES TO BOIL!"

be seen occupying vantage-points all around. The enemy's fire grew hotter and more deadly every minute. Evidently their Remingtons were in the hands of Kordofan hunters. Mimosa bushes were cut, and breakfast preparations were suspended for an hour, whilst most of the troops lay flat. Fatigue parties strengthened our position. In going towards a low mound, a hundred yards on our right front, where we had a few skirmishers, General Stewart was shot in the groin. The command devolved upon Lord Charles Beresford by seniority, but he, being a naval officer, declined it, and Sir Charles Wilson took it over. One of the most touching incidents in the zereba was the wounded General tended by his friends, two or three of whom wept like men, silently. Poor St. Leger Herbert, the *Morning Post* correspondent, one of these, was himself shot dead shortly afterwards.

"The mound on our front was quickly turned into a detached work, forty volunteers, carrying boxes and pack-saddles, rushing out, and, in a short space of time, converting it into a strongly defensible post. Gradually, the enemy's riflemen crept nearer, and our skirmishers were sent out to engage them. They were too numerous to drive away; and the nature of the ground, and the high trajectory of their Remingtons, enabled the Arabs to drop their bullets into the square at all points. Soldiers lying behind camels and saddle-packs were shot in the head by dropping bullets. Mr. Cameron, the *Standard* correspondent, was hit in the back and killed whilst sitting behind a camel, just as he was going to have lunch. The enemy were firing at ranges of from 700 to 2000 yards, and their practice was excellent. The zip, ping, and thud of the leaden hail was continuous; and, while the camels were

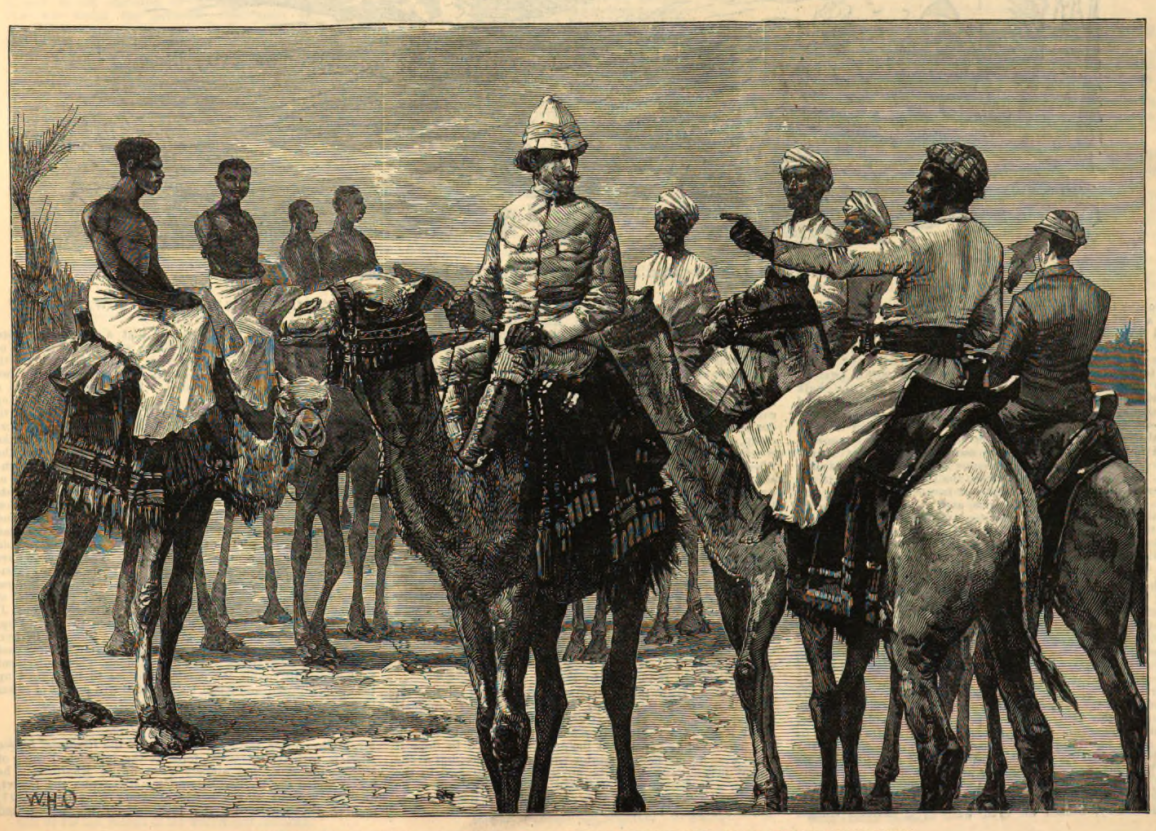


CHRISTMAS EVE AT KORTI: CLEARING THE GROUND AND PREPARING FOR THE BONFIRE.

THE KHARTOUM RELIEF EXPEDITION: SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. MELTON PRIOR.



FATIGUE PARTY OF THE BLACK WATCH (42ND HIGHLANDERS).



MAJOR KITCHENER, WITH HIS GUIDES, AT KORTI, JUST BEFORE THE START ACROSS THE DESERT.

killed in numbers, our soldiers did not escape, over forty having to be carried to the hospital, sheltered as well as possible in the centre of the square behind a wall of saddles, bags, and boxes. As a precaution against stampede, the poor camels were tied down, their knees and necks securely bound by ropes to prevent their getting upon their legs. The enemy's fire increased in intensity; and, as stretcher after stretcher with its gory load was taken to the hospital, the space was found too little, and the wounded had to be laid outside. Surgeon-Major Ferguson, Dr. Briggs, and their colleagues had their skill and time taxed to the utmost. Want of water hampered their operations; doctors and patients were alike exposed to the enemy's fire.

"Our situation had become unbearable. We were being fired at without a chance of returning blows with or without interest. The ten thousand warriors whom the Mahdi had sent from Omdurman to annihilate us were blocking our road to the Nile; and over a hundred Baggara, the horsemen of the Soudan, and crowds of villagers, who had joined Mohamed Ahmed's crusade, hung like famished wolves on our rear and flanks, awaiting an opportunity to slay. Apparently, they were emboldened by our defensive preparations.

"There were three courses open to us—to sally forth and fight our way to the Nile; to fight for the river, advancing stage by stage, with the help of zerebas and temporary works; or to strengthen our position, and try to withstand the Arabs and endure the lack of water, till Lord Wolseley should send a force to our assistance; we, meanwhile, sending a messenger or two back to Korti with the news. It was bravely decided to go out and engage the enemy at close quarters. At two p.m. the force was to march out in square, carrying nothing except ammunition and stretchers. Each man was to take a hundred rounds and to have his water-bottle full. Everything was put into thorough readiness for this enterprise. Lord Charles Beresford, with Major Barrow, remained in command of the inclosure, or zereba, containing the animals and stores. They had under them the Naval Contingent, the 19th Hussars, a party of Royal Engineers, and Captain Norton's detachment of Royal Artillery, with three screw-guns, and details from regiments and men of the Commissariat and Transport Corps.

"It was nearly three o'clock before the square started, Sir Charles Wilson in command, and Colonel Boscawen acting as Executive Officer. Lord Airlie, who had been slightly wounded at Abou Klea, and again on the 19th, together with Major Wardroper, served upon Sir Charles's staff, as they had done upon General Stewart's. The square was formed to the east of our inclosed defence, the troops lying down as they were assigned their stations. The Guards formed the front, with the Marines on the right front corner, the Heavies on the right and right rear, the Sussex in the rear, and the Mounted Infantry on the left rear and left flank. Colonel Talbot led the Heavies; Major Barrow, the Hussars; Colonel Rowley, the Guards; Major Poë, the Marines; and Major Sunderland, the Sussex Regiment. Captain Verner, of the Rifle Brigade, was told off to direct the square in its march towards the river. When the order was given for the square to rise and advance, it moved off to the west to clear the outlying work.

"The instant the Arabs detected the forward movement on our part, they opened a terrific rifle-fire upon the square from the scrub on all sides. In the first few minutes many of our men were hit and fell. The wounded were with difficulty picked up and carried. When the square slowly marched, as if upon parade, down into the grass and scrub-covered hollow, intervening between the works we had constructed and the line of bare rising desert that bounded our view towards the south and east—shutting out of sight the river and the fertile border slopes—all felt the critical movement had come.

"Steadily the square descended into the valley. Gaps were made in our force by the enemy's fire. As man after man staggered and fell, these gaps were doggedly closed; and, without quickening the pace by one beat, onward our soldiers went. All were resolved to sell their lives dearly. Every now and again the square would halt, and the men would lie down, firing at their foes hidden in the valley. Those sheltered behind the desert crest were too safely screened to waste ammunition upon at that stage. Wheeling to the right and swinging to the left our men fought like gladiators, without unnecessarily wasting strength or dealing a blow too many. A more glorious spectacle was never seen than this little band in broad daylight, on an open plain, seeking hand-to-hand conflict with the courageous, savage, and fanatical foe, who outnumbered us by twelve to one.

"As the square moved over the rolling ground, keeping its best fighting side—or rather its firing side—towards the great on-rushes of the Arabs, the soldiers swung around, as though the square pivoted on its centre. Once it entered ground too thickly covered by grass and scrub, halted, and coolly swung round and marched out upon the more open ground, with the Arabs to the right front, their 'tom-toms' beating, and their sacred battle-flags of red, white, and green flying in the air.

"Bearing banners lettered with verses from the Koran, a host of fanatic Arabs was the first to hurl its swordsmen and spearsmen upon the square. The column wheeled to receive them, and the men, by their officers' direction, fired volleys by companies, scarcely any independent firing being permitted. The wild dervishes and fanatics who led the charge went down in scores before our fire, which was opened on them at 700 yards, and none of the enemy got within some yards of the square. This checked their ardour, which had been excited by seeing the gaps in our ranks. Three more charges were attempted by the enemy at other points along the line of the square's advance.

"At half-past four, after nearly two hours' incessant fighting, as the column neared the south-easterly edge of the valley to pass out of it, the Arabs made their final grand rush. Nearly 10,000 of them swept down from three sides towards the square, their main body—numbering not fewer than 5000—coming upon our left face. It was a critical moment. Their fire had made fresh gaps in our ranks, and fierce human waves were rolling in upon every side to overwhelm our force. Down the Arabs came from behind the ridge at a trot, and not at the top of their speed, as the Hadendowas charge. Gallant horsemen and wild dervishes led them, and shouted to their followers to rush on in Allah's name and destroy us. Firm as a rock, the square stood steadily, aimed deliberately, and fired. Again and again had volleys to be sent into the yelling hordes as down they poured. The feeling was—Could they be stopped before closing with us? Their fleetest and luckiest, however, did not get within twenty-five yards before death overtook them; while the bulk of the enemy were still a hundred yards away. At last—God be thanked!—they hesitate, stop, turn, and run back. Victory is ours, and the British column is safe! The broken lines of Arabs sullenly retreated towards Metammeh; but our square had to gain the ridge before escaping from their sharp-shooters' fire, or getting a chance of punishing the daring foe. Without further opposition, the British advanced to the river, and encamped in a sheltered ravine for the night; the men lying down with their arms, and strong outposts being on the alert against any surprise. Every man drank freely of the refreshing water, and, exhausted by the hardships endured, slept soundly, grateful that the enemy left them undisturbed for that night."



FACSIMILE OF A SKETCH BY THE LATE LIEUTENANT DE LISLE, R.N.

POSITION OF THE ADVANCED FORCE.

Gubat, on the left bank of the Nile two miles above Metammeh, and ninety-eight miles below Khartoum, is the site of the fortified camp occupied since Jan. 19, by the troops under command of Colonel Boscawen. General Sir Herbert Stewart, with other wounded officers, is in a steam-boat on the river. General Sir Redvers Buller, V.C., when he arrives with the Royal Irish Regiment, will take command of the advanced force; he started from Korti on Thursday week. Colonel Sir Charles Wilson, R.E., with twenty men of the Sussex Regiment, went up to Khartoum by one of the steam-boats on Saturday, the 24th, and it is probable that he has arranged future movements with General Gordon. His return to the camp has been eagerly expected. The safety of the camp at Gubat is not doubtful, or the sufficiency of its provision supplies. Its stores of ammunition are superabundant, and there is not the slightest risk of their being annoyed by the two or three thousand Arabs who are watching them, quite close by, behind the mud walls of Metammeh village. Since the desperate battle of the 19th, the Arabs have once marched out from the fortified village towards Stewart's intrenchments, but when they saw the English come out to meet them, they prudently retired. Provisions must have been sent to Metammeh from Gakdul; a quantity of stores was brought down by Gordon's steamers; and the Nile banks about the intrenchment, with the island in rear of the English lines, contain large supplies of grain and cattle. The advanced brigade may therefore be fairly described as tolerably well off. No sickness has broken out in camp, and the wounded are making satisfactory progress to recovery. The village of Gubat consists of 130 houses, and has 700 inhabitants. It is surrounded by vegetable gardens, which supply the population of Shendy. Here is also a burying-ground containing some graves sacred to the Mohammedan world, those of saints who lived and preached at Shendy, as well as local chieftains and dervishes. The place is visited by all caravan travellers. Under Ismail Pasha a good road was commenced from Metammeh towards Khartoum, but it was completed only as far as El Hadjir; but on the other bank there is an excellent road all the way to Khartoum.

The appearance of General Gordon's steamers was dirty and much battered, though protected by wooden screens. They were, however, full of goats and grain supplies. The crews have their families on board, and all manifested great delight on the arrival of the British troops, by letting off rockets throughout the night and by singing and dancing. The steamers have each a kind of crow's-nest high up on the mast, which is used by the look-out man.

The Royal Irish Regiment started from Korti on foot on Wednesday week, with their baggage and water supplies carried on camels. The next regiment to follow will be the West Kent. On the Desert sands a rate of twenty miles a day would not be considered too great. It could be done if there were urgent need of reinforcements at Gubat; but as the Gubat brigade appears to be anything but harassed by the enemy, a marching rate of fifteen miles is supposed to be sufficient for Sir Redvers Buller's column. The distance from Korti to Gubat is 180 miles.

GENERAL EARLE'S MOVEMENT TOWARDS ABOU AHMED.

Our readers will not have forgotten that a separate advance has been undertaken by General Earle, with a large portion of Lord Wolseley's army, going in boats up the Nile from Korti, north-east to Abou Ahmed, in order to secure the Nubian Desert route from Korosko, and to proceed afterwards in a southerly direction to Berber. It was expected that they would have to fight the hostile Monassir tribe at Birti, above the Fourth Cataract, but this week's news, forwarded by Lord Wolseley from Korti, seems to make it likely that no resistance will be made to the advance so far as Abou Ahmed. On Sunday morning General Earle, with Colonel Butler, a squadron of the 19th Hussars, the Egyptian Camel Corps, and half a battalion of the Black Watch, reconnoitred the enemy's position at Birti. Finding that all was quiet, they pushed on and entered the village, and discovered that the enemy had evacuated the place, leaving behind only some women, old men, and their stores of grain, and cattle. They seem to have been alarmed by the numerous flotilla of boats, and the occupation of both banks of the river by our advancing troops. Several influential sheikhs of the Monassir tribe, and two uncles of Suleiman Wad Gamr, the chieftain who murdered Colonel J. D. Stewart and Mr. Frank Power, have given themselves up. It is stated that the Arabs have retreated direct to Berber. Upon this point all the prisoners speak positively, and say that some of the Berber troops were with Suleiman. Their retirement to Berber will enable the communications to be opened up between Korosko and Abou Hamed, and will permit of stores being sent on to us there across the Desert.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

Mr. Melton Prior, the Special Artist of the *Illustrated London News*, is with the advanced force at the intrenched camp of Gubat, unless he has already gone up to Khartoum; he accompanied Sir Herbert Stewart's march across the Desert, and was present at the battle of Abou Klea on Jan. 17, and at the battle on the 19th, where his friend and

comrade, Mr. Cameron, Special Correspondent of the *Standard*, was killed. We shall no doubt receive from Mr. Prior, as soon as possible, abundance of Sketches of these incidents of the campaign; but our readers will bear in mind that sketches cannot be sent home so quickly as the verbal narratives of newspaper correspondents, which are telegraphed from Korti to London. The Illustrations presented this week are therefore of a date some few days before the final advance of Sir Herbert Stewart's complete force; and the scene at Gakdul Wells is that of the arrival of the first column of troops. The Guards' division of the Camel Corps is shown on the march in the Desert; and Major Kitchener, with his Guides, preparing to lead the way, and to discover the unknown route. Some of the scenes in the head-quarters' camp at Korti, represented by our Special Artist's Sketches, are highly characteristic of this singular military Expedition. The drilling of the Camel Corps, and especially training those strange beasts to endure the alarm of a cavalry charge passing close to the formed square, was a very curious sight for British soldiers. Lord Wolseley's frequent inspections of each part of the force at Korti; the fatigue party of the Highlanders (42nd Black Watch) who have since followed General Earle up the Nile; the Christmas entertainments heartily enjoyed by all the men, including an amateur concert, at which a sailor gave a song; the lighting of a grand bonfire, and the boiling of the Christmas pudding; the bivouac of the Special Correspondents, not in tents, but with the scanty shelter of a few blankets suspended between the trees—these and other features of campaigning life in the Soudan are cleverly delineated by our Special Artist. The cataracts of the Nile, so far as his present experiences are concerned, seem to be left entirely behind; he is no longer among the boats in their toilsome struggle with the rapid current and the labyrinth of rocks; but we have added two of his Sketches of the river banks, those of the old Fort at Debbeh, and of Hannek, the reputed birth-place of the Mahdi, which is not far above Korti in going up to Merawi.

GENERAL SIR HERBERT STEWART, K.C.B.

The march of the advanced brigade of the British army from Korti, across the Bayuda Desert, to the banks of the Nile near Metammeh, with the hard-fought battles of Jan. 17, at Abou Klea, and Jan. 19, not far from the river, is a brilliant military achievement. Colonel Sir Herbert Stewart, acting as Brigadier-General, has won high renown by this important service, for which he had prepared the way by his former march, with a smaller force, as far as Gakdul Wells, establishing stations and garrisons along the route. Lord Wolseley, in his despatch published last week, expressing his regret that Sir Herbert Stewart was severely wounded on Jan. 19, commended him in very high terms; and a message from the Queen, thanking her brave troops and their commander, while expressing likewise her deep concern for their losses and sufferings, announced that he would be promoted. The War Office has accordingly notified the promotion of "Major and Colonel Sir Herbert Stewart, K.C.B., 3rd Dragoon Guards, Aide-de-Camp to the Queen, now a Brigadier-General on the Staff with the force on the Nile, to be Major-General in the Army, for distinguished service in the field."

Sir Herbert Stewart is forty-two years of age; he is a son of the late Rev. Edward Stewart, an Irish clergyman; his mother being Louisa Anne, daughter of Mr. C. J. Herbert, of Muckross Abbey, county Kerry. He was educated at Winchester College, entered the Army in 1863, and in less than three years was Adjutant of the infantry corps which he had joined. Thence he exchanged into the cavalry, entered the Staff College, and passed with credit and distinction. Stewart was constantly employed in the Zulu War, first as Brigade Major of Cavalry, and then as Chief of the Staff to Baker Russell in the storming of Sekukuni's stronghold. All this was under the personal observation of Wolseley, whose Military Secretary and Chief of the Staff Stewart had become at the conclusion of the Zulu campaign. The brief and disastrous war on the border of the Transvaal, in January, 1881, brought him very different experiences; he was Adjutant and Quartermaster-General with the ill-fated General Colley on Majuba Hill. Another staff appointment was secured for him by Lord Wolseley, who had known him from the earliest stage of his military career. Among the appointments made on the organisation of the army for the Egyptian war in 1882, one of the first was that of Stewart to the staff of Sir Drury-Lowe, who had command of the cavalry division. A romantic incident of the Egyptian campaign was General Drury-Lowe's brilliant ride through the Desert to Cairo, after the battle of Tel-el-Kebir. When the Egyptians sent out a white flag to meet the advancing British force, it was Colonel Stewart who, at the head of a hundred Lancers and Dragoons, demanded and received the surrender of the citadel, and it was to him that Arabi Pasha offered to give up his sword. In Lord Wolseley's despatch, the following passage is not the least memorable:—"Before passing from the cavalry division I must bring prominently to your notice the name of Lieutenant-Colonel H. Stewart, 3rd Dragoon Guards, Assistant Adjutant-General to the Cavalry Division, one of the best staff officers I have ever known, and one whom I feel it will be in the interest of the Army to promote. General Drury-Lowe has written to me about him in the highest terms, especially remarking upon the tact with which he conducted the surrender of Cairo, and of the garrison of that city." Lord Granville, then moving the thanks of the House of Lords to the troops, said: "The cavalry and artillery march to Cairo, which crowned the operations, especially excited the admiration and the curiosity of the German military authorities;" and a similar tribute was paid by Mr. Gladstone, in the House of Commons, to the gallant body of cavalry by which Cairo was seized, on the evening of Sept. 14, 1882, after a march of thirty-nine miles under the burning Egyptian sun. Colonel Stewart was made a Companion of the Bath. When General Graham went to Souakim, in February last year, he was accompanied by Colonel Stewart, who with his horsemen bore a conspicuous part in retrieving the fortunes of the day at Tamasi, when the Arab charge broke the first square. He was most anxious to take the Hussars across the Desert to Berber; but this project was forbidden by the Government. He was raised to the dignity of K.C.B., before accompanying Lord Wolseley on the present expedition up the Nile. Sir Herbert Stewart married, in 1877, Lady Tombs, widow of Major-General Sir Henry Tombs, and daughter of Admiral Sir James Stirling. His wound being likely to prevent him from rendering further active service in this campaign, Major-General Sir Redvers Buller, V.C., K.C.B., has been sent to succeed him in command of the advanced force at Gubat and probably at Khartoum.

Our Portrait of Sir Herbert Stewart is from a photograph by Mr. Chancellor, of Dublin.

In order to commemorate the great public services of the late Sir Alexander Grant, Principal of the University of Edinburgh, his friends have raised by subscription a fund exceeding twelve thousand five hundred pounds. This fund will be for the benefit of his widow and children.

THE PRINCE'S THEATRE.—Mrs. LANGTRY.
Sole Proprietor, Mr. EDGAR BRUCE.
Season under the direction of
Mr. HENRY E. ABBEY.
EVERY EVENING, at Eight, Sheridan's Comedy, in five acts, SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL, produced under the direction of Mr. Coghlan. Characters by Mr. W. Farren, Mr. H. Beerbohm Tree, Mr. Everill, Mr. A. Wood, Mr. E. D. Lyons, Mr. Lin Rayne, Mr. Carne, Mr. Smedley, Mr. Crisp, Mr. Thorpe, Mr. Daniell, Mr. Weathersby, and Mr. Coghlan; Mrs. Arthur Stirling, Miss Kate Pattison, Miss Eva Sothern, and MRS. LANGTRY.
Doors open at Half-past Seven; SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL at Eight. Carriages at Eleven. Box-Office open daily from Eleven till Five. No fees. Telephone 3708.—THE PRINCE'S THEATRE, Coventry-street, W.

PRINCESS'S THEATRE.—MR. WILSON BARRETT,
Lessee and Manager.—EVERY EVENING, at 7.45, HAMLET. Messrs. Wilson Barrett, Speakman, Dewhurst, Wiliard, Clifford Cooper, Frank Cooper, Cranford, Beaumont, Lyall, Lewis, Bennett, Lacy, and Mackay; Mesdames Eastlake, Dickens, &c., and Miss Leighton. Doors open at 7.15. Box-office, 9.30 to Five. No fees. Matinees, Saturdays, Feb. 7 and 21, at 1.30. Business Manager, J. H. Cobbe.

MASKELYNE and COOKE, EGYPTIAN HALL, Piccadilly,
give their performance EVERY AFTERNOON at Three; and on the Evenings, at Eight, of Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday. Mr. Maskelyne's New Programme includes a new sketch, entitled THE FAKIRS OF HINDOSTAN AND THEIR BRAZEN ORACLE, introducing many Novel Effects and Startling Illusions, differing entirely in character from any previously witnessed. Stalls, 5s.; Reserved Seats, 3s.; Area, 2s.; Balcony, 1s.

ST. JAMES'S HALL, PICCADILLY.
EVERY NIGHT AT EIGHT O'CLOCK.
MONDAY, WEDNESDAY, and SATURDAY at THREE also.
THE
MOORE and BURGESS MINSTRELS'
TWENTIETH ANNUAL CARNIVAL OF MUSIC AND FUN.
The Monstre Holiday Programme. This also EVERY NIGHT at Eight.
MONDAY, WEDNESDAY, and SATURDAY at Three and Eight.
All New and Beautiful Songs.
New Budget of Screamingly Funny Stories. New Comic Sketches.
New and Important Additions to the Great Company.

THE VALE OF TEARS.—DORÉ'S Last Great PICTURE,
completed a few days before he died, NOW on VIEW at the DORÉ GALLERY, 35, New Bond-street, with his other great pictures. Ten to Six Daily. 1s.

ANNO DOMINI, by EDWIN LONG, R.A.—This
great Work is NOW ON VIEW, together with other important works, at the GALLERIES, 168, New Bond-street. Ten to Six. Admission, 1s.

JAPANESE VILLAGE.
Under Royal Patronage,
ALBERT-GATE, HYDE PARK (Near Top of Sloane-street).
Eleven a.m. to Ten p.m. One Shilling. Children under Twelve, Sixpence.
WEDNESDAYS, Half-a-Crown. Children under Twelve, One Shilling.
MILITARY BAND.
Performances in the New Annexe at Twelve, Three, and Eight (free).
Managing Director, TANNAKER BURICOSAN.

MONTE CARLO.—MUSICAL SEASON (CONCERTS, REPRESENTATIONS).
In addition to the usual Concerts, directed by Monsieur Romeo Accursi, the Société des Bains de Mer de Monaco has authorised M. Pasdeloup to arrange a series of Extraordinary Grand Musical Entertainments (Concerts, Representations) this Winter.
The services of the following distinguished Artistes have been already retained:—

Mesdames Krauss,	Messieurs Faure,
" Devriès,	" Vergnet,
" Salla,	" Capoul,
" Donadio,	" Bouhy,
" Frank-Duvernoy,	" Castelmary,
" Belloca,	" Villaret,
" Simonnet.	&c.

Added to which the celebrated Instrumentalists will appear:
VIOLINISTS:
Mons. Sivori, Mons. Marsik, Miss N. Carpenter, American artiste, 1st Conservatoire Prize, 1883.
PIANISTS: Mons. Plante, Mons. Th. Ritter, Madame Essipoff.
HARPIST: Mons. Hasselmans.
These Extraordinary Representations will be given each Wednesday and Saturday, commencing the end of January and terminating the middle of March.
M. Pasdeloup has the excellent idea to terminate each concert by fragments of operas, in costume, and scenery—viz.:

1st Concert.	LES HUGUENOTS.	Fourth Act.
2nd "	RIGOLETTO.	Fourth Act.
3rd "	LA DJA.	selection.
4th "	MANON.	Second Act.
	FAUST.	Prison Scene.
5th "	HERODIADE.	selection.
6th "	FAVORITE.	selection.
	AIDA.	Third Act.
7th "	LAKME.	selection.
8th "	LE BARBIER.	selection.
9th "	HAMLET.	Third and Fourth Act.
10th "	LA TRAVIATA.	Fourth Act.
11th "	FAUST.	Garden Scene.
12th "	LE SIGURD.	Brunhilde's Dream.
	LE CHALET.	

TIR AUX PIGEONS DE MONACO.
The following is the Programme:—
BI-WEEKLY MATCHES FOR PRIZES.
Feb. 7: Prix Hopwood. An object of Art and a Poule of 50f.
Feb. 10: Prix Ladoué. A Purse of 300f. and a Poule of 50f.
Feb. 12: Prix Edershay. An object of Art and a Poule of 50f.
Feb. 16: Prix du Comité. A Purse of 300f. and a Poule of 50f.
Feb. 21: Prix Canmore. An object of Art and a Poule of 50f.
Feb. 24: Prix Devron. A Purse of 300f. and a Poule of 50f.
Feb. 28: Prix Dori. An object of Art and a Poule of 50f.
Mar. 3: Prix de Mars. A Purse of 300f. and a Poule of 50f.
Mar. 7: Prix Patton. An object of Art and a Poule of 50f.
Mar. 10: Prix W. Cali. A Purse of 300f., added to a Poule of 50f.
GRAND CLOSING PRIZES.
March 12 and 13: Grand Prix de Clôture. A Purse of 4000f. added to 100f. entrance; Second Prize, 1000f.; Third Prize, 700f.; Fourth, 300f.
A. BLONDIN, Secretary.

NEWS FROM NICE.—With the exception of a very few wet and cold days, the weather is again up genial. Not a flake of snow has fallen. The sun shines almost perpetually, and the influence of its warm rays makes life enjoyable to all, and more especially to those who have by impaired health sought its influence.
There are no epidemics, and the average mortality of the city in 1884 was less per mille than London and many fashionable towns in England.
The streets, roads, and sewers are constantly cleansed and disinfected, and watered from the mouth and stream of the Vesubio. There are three English doctors and physicians in practice here—viz., Messrs. West, Wakefield, and Sturge, and they will be happy to communicate with any intending visitors as to the healthfulness of the town.
The effects of the recent storm (the like of which has been unknown for thirty-five years) were comparatively trifling, and repaired in twenty-four hours. In one or two low-lying streets and orchards, near the Fish Market, the wash from the spent waves had entered, but this was soon pumped out by the firemen and military.
Visitors are heralding in increasing numbers, as is their wont at this season, and the approach of Carnival, which report says will be the best on record. The Municipal Theatre will open immediately, and the Théâtre Français, of which Mr. Corbelano continues the able director, has several Star Artists for the Opera Comique, and an excellent Troupe de Comédie.
The Carnival and Regatta will be fully announced with other fêtes.
Nice, Jan. 30, 1885.

NICE CARNIVAL, February 1 to 17.
CORSO CARNIVALESQUE.
Masked Revelries, Promenade of Allegorical Cars,
Cavalcades, Masquerades.
CORSO DE GALA.
Bataille de Fleurs, Bataille de Confetti.
Veglione, Masked and Costume Balls,
Grand Charity Fancy Fair.
Moccoletti, Serenades, Torchlight Parades, Electric Lights,
Fireworks, Illuminations.
Distribution of £2400 in Prizes.
President, Monsieur LE COMTE DE CESOLE.
Secretary, M. A. SAETONE. Treasurer, BARON ROISSARD DU BELLET.

MENTON.—CARNIVAL, FEB. 14 and 16.
GRAND CORSO DE GALA.
Battle of Flowers and Confetti.
Cavalcades, Masquerades, Cars, Decorated Carriages, &c.
FÊTE DE NUIT.
Concert. Moccoletti. Illuminations.
SECOND DAY, FEB. 16.
Grand Corso.
Battle of Flowers.
Proclamation of Prizes, 5600 francs.
Illuminations, Fireworks, and Torchlight Processions.
Burning of the Carnival.
Grand International Regattas will follow.

MARRIAGES.

On the 28th ult., at St. Stephen's Church, South Dulwich, by the Rev. J. Meek Cark, assisted by the Rev. S. F. Bridge, Sydney Cheshyre, second son of Thomas Lynn Bristowe, Esq., of Dulwich Hill House, to Ethel Susan Graham, only daughter of William Paterson, Esq., of Beech Grove, Sydenham-hill.
On the 24th ult., at Rawal Pindi, Punjab, Henry Tanner Ferguson, M.Inst.C.E., to Beatrice Madeline Erskine, eldest daughter of the Rev. Edward Maule Cole, M.A., Vicar of Wetwang, York, and niece of the Earl of Mar.

DEATHS.

On the 28th ult., at Carlton-crescent, Southampton, after a brief illness, Emily Eugenia, Dowager Lady Ramsay, of Bamff, aged 78.
On the 31st ult., at Datchet House, Bucks, in her 87th year, Lady Alicia Mary Bristowe, sixth daughter of Francis Jack, first Earl of Kilmorey, and widow of the late Samuel Edmund Bristowe, Esq., of Beesthorpe, Notts.

*** *The charge for the insertion of Births, Marriages, and Deaths, is Five Shillings for each announcement.*

POSTAGE FOR FOREIGN PARTS THIS WEEK.
FEBRUARY 7, 1885.

The publication of the Thin Paper Edition of the ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS being for the present week suspended, subscribers will please to notice that copies of this Number forwarded abroad must be prepaid according to the following rates:—*Twopence* to Africa (West Coast of), Alexandria, Australia, Austria, Belgium, Brazil, Canada, Cape of Good Hope, China (viâ United States), Constantinople, Denmark, France, Germany, Gibraltar, Greece, Holland, Italy, Jamaica, Mauritius, New Zealand, Norway, Russia, Spain, Sweden, Switzerland, United States of America; *Threepence* to China (viâ Brindisi), and India; and *Fourpence* to the Transvaal.
Newspapers for foreign parts must be posted within eight days of the date of publication, irrespective of the *departure* of the mails.

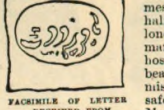
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GENERAL GORDON'S DESPATCH FROM KHARTOUM.

In Lord Wolseley's telegraphed despatch of Jan. 28 from Korti, which we published last week, he says, "I have had no letters of any importance from General Gordon. The most recent, dated Dec. 29, contains merely one line, saying, 'Khartoum all right—could hold out for years.'" A preceding despatch of Gordon's, received by Lord Wolseley on Jan. 1, was mentioned at the time; and it was described as written on a very diminutive scrap of paper, which a native messenger could secret about his person, half-naked as he was, in his perilous lonely journey across the Desert. The man was actually stopped by some hostile Arabs, bound, searched, and beaten, but managed to keep this tiny missive undiscovered, and to bring it safely to Korti. Our Special Artist, Mr. Melton Prior, was permitted by the Commander-in-Chief to make a copy of the letter, which is written on both sides, in Arabic and English, and we present a facsimile, of the exact size. "Khartoum all right," with Gordon's signature, and with the date of Dec. 14, was sufficient a month ago to give us satisfactory assurance that it was not too late for the successful attainment of the objects of the Expedition.



FACSIMILE OF LETTER RECEIVED FROM GENERAL GORDON.

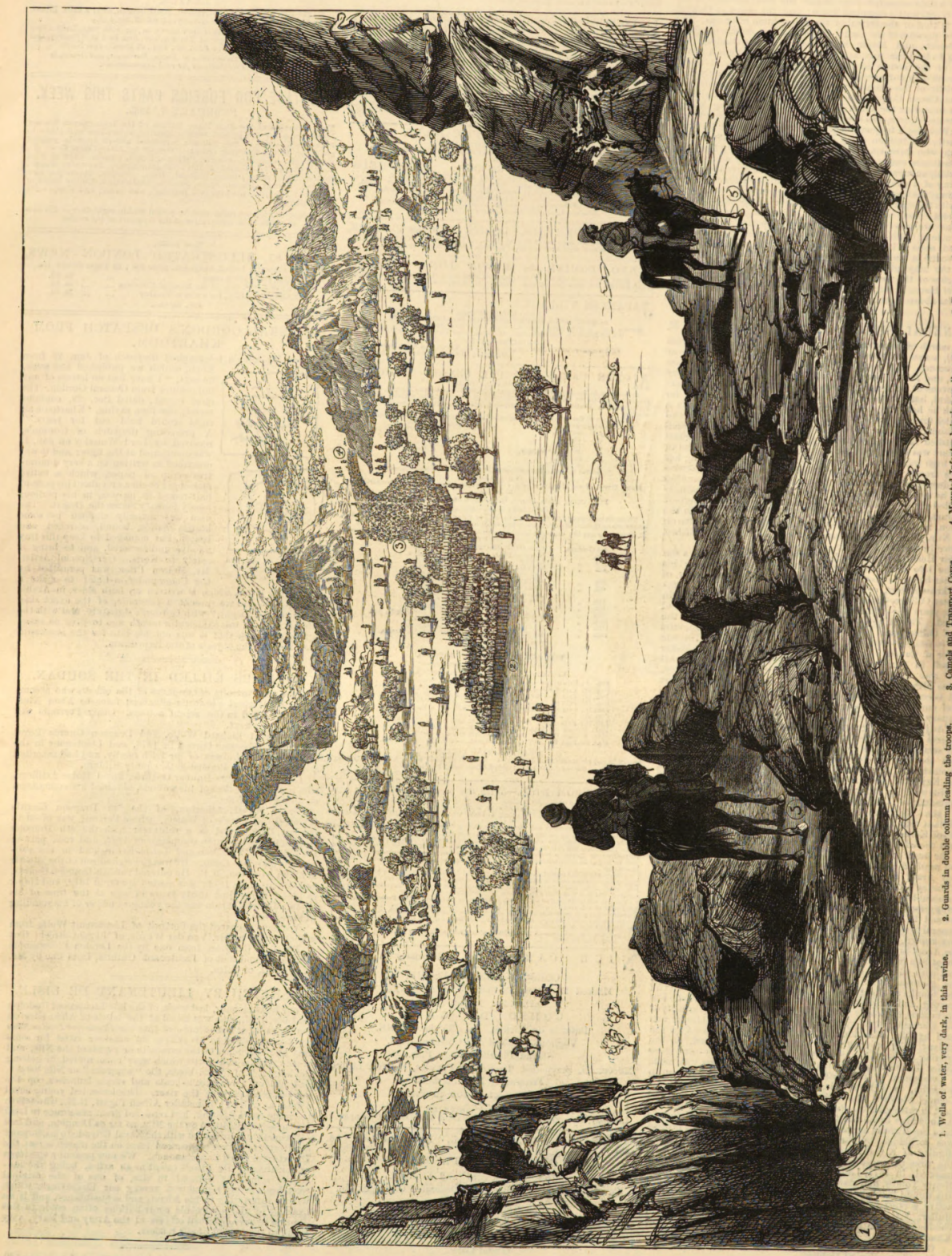
OFFICERS KILLED IN THE SOUDAN.

We give the Portraits of two more of the officers who accompanied Sir Herbert Stewart's advanced force to Abou Klea, and were killed in the recent actions. Other Portraits will appear in our next.
Lieutenant Richard Wolfe, 2nd Dragoon Guards (Royal Scots Greys), became Cornet in 1878, and Lieutenant in the following year; he was of an Irish family, and had inherited a landed estate at Forenaughts, county Kildare.
Lieutenant James Dunbar Guthrie, Royal Horse Artillery, who has likewise died of his wounds, obtained his commission on Jan. 25, 1877.
Major W. H. Atherton, of the 5th Dragoon Guards (Princess Charlotte's of Wales), whose Portrait was given in our last, had served as a volunteer with the 4th Dragoon Guards in the Egyptian campaign of 1882, and took part in the battles of Kassassin and Tel-el-Kebir, and in the subsequent march to Cairo. He was the second son of the late Sir William Atherton, M.P. He entered the 5th Dragoon Guards, as Lieutenant, in 1874; was made Captain in 1879, and Major in 1884. Being just thirty years of age at the time of his death, Major Atherton was the youngest officer of his standing in the service.
We have engraved the Portrait of Lieutenant Wolfe from a photograph by Mr. Van der Weyde, of Regent-street; that of Mr. J. A. Cameron, from one by the London Stereoscopic Company; and that of Lieutenant Guthrie, from one by Mr. O. Schoefft, of Cairo.

A SKETCH BY LIEUTENANT DE LISLE.

In our brief memoir, last week, of the late Lieutenant Rudolph De Lisle, R.N., who was killed at the battle of Abou Klea on the 17th ult., it was mentioned that the *Illustrated London News* had been indebted to his skill as an amateur artist for some very good Sketches of the cataracts or rapids of the Nile, and of the labours and perils which were encountered in getting the hundreds of whale-boats, the "nuggahs" or Nile barges, and two or three steam-boats and steam-launches, up the most difficult parts of the river. This lamented young naval officer, as well as Commander Alfred Pigott, R.N., who fell in the same day's fighting, had rendered great assistance to Lord Wolseley's Expedition on the Nile, as far as Dongola, and had subsequently volunteered with the Naval Brigade to accompany Sir Herbert Stewart's advanced force on the march across the Desert from Korti to Metammeh. We now present a specimen of Lieutenant De Lisle's talent as an artist, being the facsimile, somewhat reduced in size, of one of the original Sketches already reproduced among our Engravings, which will be interesting to his friends and acquaintance, and is an example of the serviceable contributions often made to this Journal by accomplished officers of the Army and Navy, very much to the benefit of our readers.

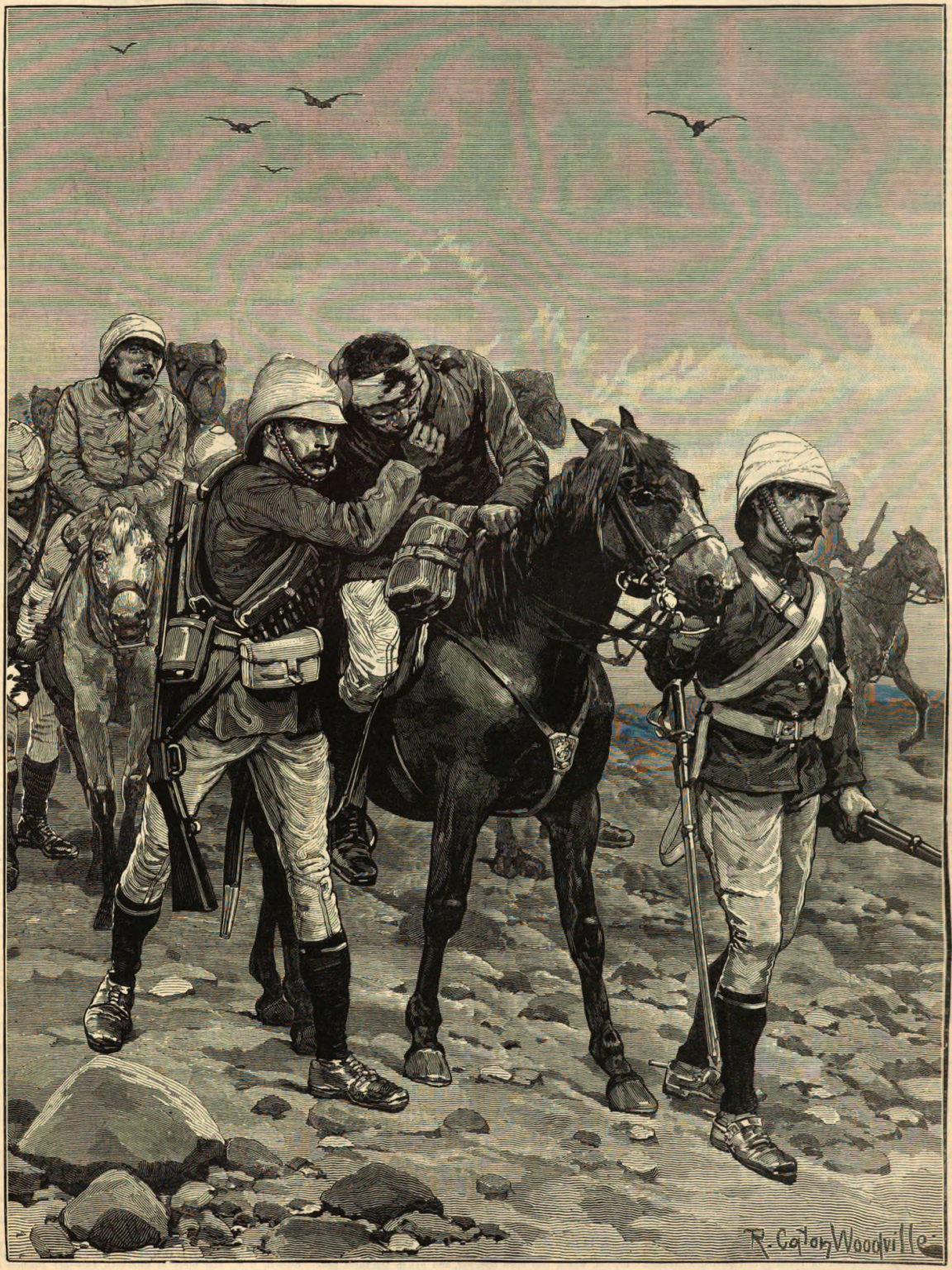
Besides the fashionable marriages recorded on page 160, the following have recently taken place:—The marriage of Viscount Torrington with Miss Emmeline St. Maur Seymour, third daughter of the Rev. Henry Seymour, Rector of Holmes Pierrepont; and of Viscount Sackville with Miss Sneyd, of Calderwood House.



1. Wells of water, very dark, in this ravine. 2. Guards in double column leading the troops. 3. Camels and Transport Corps. 4. Mounted Infantry bringing up the rear. 5. Troopers of the 19th Hussars scouting.

THE KHARTOUM RELIEF EXPEDITION: ARRIVAL OF FIRST COLUMN AT THE WELLS OF GAKDUL.
A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. MELTON PRIOR.

THE KHARTOUM RELIEF EXPEDITION.



A CONVOY OF WOUNDED.

PARISIAN SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

(From our own Correspondent.)

Paris, Tuesday, Feb. 3.

The calendar is, as usual, in contradiction with the weather, and, as if influenced by our nineteenth-century haste to live, February begins with March winds and April showers and soft vernal breezes. In Paris the harbingers of spring are not those celebrated by the poets Virgil and Thomson, but simply a variety of picture exhibitions, minor "Salons" at clubs and elsewhere, where society meets to gossip of an afternoon and to criticise Carolus Duran's portrait of the Comtesse X, or Cabanel's portrait of the Duchesse Z. At the clubs of the Rue Volney and of the Place Vendôme, all the eminent artists, including even the great and greatly over-rated Meissonier, exhibit; but the most important and interesting of all the picture exhibitions now open is that of the Water-Colour Society in the Rue de Sèze. The thirty members of this Society exhibit 176 water colours and fifty-six drawings, not one of which can be said to be mediocre. Detaille's studies of the Russian army and De Neuville's military subjects are full of masterly observation; Madame Madeleine Lemaire's flowers and figure subjects are novel and graceful; MM. Heilbuth, Dubuge, Le Blant, Français, Worms, Harpignies, Delort, have all made a successful effort to get out of the ordinary rut; and the society has made some valuable recruits in MM. Maurice, Courant, Maignan, Gros, Yon, and Adrien Moreau. M. Vibert, the president and founder of this society, which is in the seventh year of its existence, has invented a new water-colour process, which has the advantage of being as imperishable as oil painting; its only disadvantage, and that is a great one, is that it is opaque, whereas the great charm and characteristic of water colour is its transparency.

Politics remain uninteresting for the moment, the Deputies being busy with the Budget, and the Senators with the verification of the powers of new members and the formation of the bureau. In the Chamber an important incident happened yesterday, when, on the proposition of M. Ballue, secret voting was abolished by 418 against 13. The object immediately aimed at is to have an open vote on the forthcoming debate on the *scrutin de liste*. The probabilities of a dissolution of Parliament at no distant date are increasing.

The Prince of Wales, passing through this city on his way to Cannes, called yesterday upon President Grévy, who shortly afterwards returned His Royal Highness's visit at the Hôtel Bristol. The Prince attended the performance of "Théodora" last night.

The Paris Municipal Council agreed yesterday to the purchase, for 963,000f., of springs in Burgundy, Normandy, and Brie, with a view to the improvement of the water supply. The scheme is estimated to cost 80 millions, and to comprise two aqueducts, of a total length of 120 kilomètres.

The forthcoming exhibition of 1889 is bringing forth all kinds of projects. One of the latest and most novel is the "sun column." A palace 66 mètres high would be constructed in the centre of Paris, and serve at the same time as an engine-house and as a permanent electrical museum. On this foundation would be placed a colossal column with a basement 35 mètres in diameter, and at the summit of the column an electric light surmounted by a statue of the genius of science, whose head would be 360 mètres from the ground, over 1000 ft. high. The column would have a hollow space of 8 mètres diameter in the centre, and at different levels there would be dwellings for aeropathic treatment, so that people would no longer have to go to Switzerland or the Pyrenees. This tower of Babel, besides being a monument of the centenary of the Revolution of 1789, would, according to the projector, M. Bourdais, light all Paris and be a great economy to the city. At present the lighting of Paris costs 120,000f. a day; the electric sun column would cost 4500f. a day. On the other hand, if water-power were used instead of coal and steam-power, the cost would be reduced to the simple keeping up of the machinery and personnel. The project is certainly curious, and, in the present stage of science, there seems to be no reason why it could not be executed.

M. Dupuy De Lôme, the eminent French naval engineer, senator, and member of the Institute, died last week, at the age of sixty-nine. M. Dupuy De Lôme, after studying ship-building in England, constructed, at Toulon, the first rapid screw-steamer, the Napoleon, which rendered eminent service in the Crimean war, and in 1856 the first iron-clad frigate, La Gloire, which ever figured in the navy of any country. La Gloire, it is needless to say, revolutionised the navies of the world. M. Dupuy De Lôme also occupied himself with the problem of aerial navigation, and constructed a balloon with a screw-propeller, which was to have served during the siege of Paris.

The latest novelty in Parisian amusements is a company of Viennese girls who have been trained in all the finesses of fencing by Professor Hartl, of Vienna. The assault given at the Cirque d'Eté last night was a great success, and the exercises of the young Viennese ladies were found to be very graceful. Professor Hartl has set himself the task of proving that fencing is the best and cheapest exercise for women, as it is for men.—The candidates for the seat left vacant in the French Academy by the death of Edmond About are the lawyer M. Allou, the greatest French forensic orator; M. Bardoux, ex-Minister; M. Henri De Bornier, poet and dramatist; M. Gustave Droz, author of "Monsieur, Madame, et Bébe"; M. Ferdinand Fabre, the novelist of French religious and clerical life; M. Eugène Manuel, professor and poet; and M. Léon Say, ex-Minister, friend of the Rothschilds, a formidable economist, and a man who would like not only to be member of the Academy, but also President of the Republic.

T. C.

The Belgian Ministry, with the consent of the Chambers, has re-established the Belgian Embassy to the Vatican.

Princess Mary of Prussia, widow of Prince Henry of Holland, has been betrothed to Prince Albert of Saxe-Altenburg.

The Bulgarian Chamber has voted the bill for the reorganisation of the National Bank. The Government will deposit 10,000,000f. in gold in the bank, which will be authorised to issue notes to the amount of 20,000,000f.

The first State ball of the season was given at Vienna, on Thursday week. It was attended by all the members of the Diplomatic Corps, including the new Chinese Minister. The Emperor and Empress entered the rooms at half-past nine, arm-in-arm, followed by their Imperial relatives. The Crown Prince and Princess were both slightly indisposed, and were unable to attend.—In the Hungarian Diet the Estimates of the Ministry of Justice have been discussed and accepted.

The annual Court Ball at the Royal Opera-House, Berlin, after being twice postponed on account of the Emperor's recent illness, took place on Tuesday, and proved a brilliant success. This festivity, which is the great event of the Berlin season, is always attended by the élite of the aristocracy and the diplomatic, military, and official world, numbering some 3000 persons, who fill all parts of the Opera-House, which presents a dazzling sight. Both the stage and auditorium are combined to form one great ball-room. The Court appeared after nine o'clock, and the ball then opened with the polonaise, in which only the members of the Royal family and Court took part, and during which the opera choir, stationed in the gallery, sung a chorus to the band accompaniment. The Emperor, who looked in excellent health and spirits, led the Crown Princess, followed by the Crown Prince, with Princess William, Prince William, Princess Frederick Charles, Prince Frederick Charles, and Princess Victoria. Many foreign Ambassadors and members of the Conference were present, with their ladies.

The Norwegian Storthing was opened on Tuesday by the Crown Prince, the Crown Princess being also present. The speech from the Throne announces the introduction of several bills, including a measure relating to military service, and one for amending the present system of criminal procedure. The financial condition of the country is described as satisfactory.

President Arthur, in a message sent to Congress, suggests that the Arctic exploring-vessel Alert, presented by the British Government to the United States, shall now be returned with suitable acknowledgments. The President further recommends that he be authorised to return the vessel.—The Nicaraguan Treaty has been defeated in the Senate by 32 to 23 votes.—O'Donovan Rossa and his followers held a meeting on Sunday night, and rejoiced loudly over the London explosions. There is said to be great excitement among the St. Louis dynamiters because of the disclosures about Cunningham. Threats were made to assassinate the Irishman who made those disclosures, if he can be discovered.—Affairs, however, took quite another turn on the following day. An attempt was made to murder O'Donovan Rossa, in Chambers-street, New York, on Monday afternoon, by a young woman who fired at him five times with a revolver, but only one bullet entered his body. She was handed over to the police. She gave the name of Yseult Dudley, and said she was an Englishwoman and a widow. It is announced by the surgeons in attendance on O'Donovan Rossa that the wound he has sustained is not of a dangerous character. At the Tombs Police Court Mrs. Dudley was on Tuesday charged with attempting his life, and was remanded for further inquiries after some formal evidence had been given. O'Donovan Rossa says that she had proposed to subscribe to the dynamite fund, and was walking with him conversing, when she dropped behind and shot him. The excitement caused by the dynamite outrages led to a free fight on Tuesday amongst the Irish agitators in a public hall in New York. The riot lasted two hours, and was eventually quelled with great difficulty by the police, many arrests being made, including that of Herr Schwab, a German Socialist ringleader.

The Dominion Parliament was opened on Thursday week by the Governor-General, who, in his speech on the occasion, announced that several measures of importance would be submitted for consideration. During the past year the revenue of Canada had exceeded the expenditure chargeable to the Consolidated revenues. Lord Lansdowne suggested that the Dominion should be represented at the forthcoming International Exhibitions at Antwerp and London.—The Canadian papers say it is understood that the Dominion and Manitoba Governments have arrived at an agreement relative to the financial arrangements between the two parties, which will go into effect from Jan. 1. It is in substance that, in lieu of her lands, which are held and administered as Dominion lands, the province of Manitoba shall receive an annual grant of 100,000 dols. instead of 45,000 dols., as now; and that this shall be regarded as a final settlement of the land question. The province is also to be put in possession of all the swamp lands within her borders, instead of one half the swamp area, as heretofore. In addition to this, Manitoba already holds one-eighteenth of her area as school lands.

A telegram from Capetown says that Sir Charles Warren and President Kruger have come to an understanding. There is every prospect of peace, but the troops continue to advance.

Mr. Service, the Prime Minister of Victoria, has sent to the Governor a strongly-worded protest against the vacillation of her Majesty's Government in regard to New Guinea.

The Hon. Francis J. Pakenham, Minister Resident in Chili, has been appointed her Majesty's Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary at Buenos Ayres.

An exhibition of Persian, Damascus, and Rhodian works of art, from various private collections, will be held at the Burlington Fine-Arts Club during March and April.

General Sir J. Henry Lefroy has been elected a member of the council of the Royal Colonial Institute, in the room of Sir George MacLeay, who has retired.

On Tuesday the first Levée given this season by Earl Spencer was held in Dublin Castle, and was very largely attended. Owing to information received, extraordinary precautions were taken to protect the place.

Messrs. Boosey and Co. announce the sale by auction of the copyright of Mr. Stanford's two operas, "The Canterbury Pilgrims" and "Savonarola." These works cost the publishers £1200 each, and the latter is still unpublished. They will be sold by Messrs. Puttick and Simpson on the 24th inst.

The Brompton Hospital entertainment on Tuesday evening was under the direction of Mr. Walter Clifford. For the first part the popular triumveretta, "Cox and Box," was given—Cox being personated by Mr. Walter Clifford, Box by Mr. Eric Lewis, and Sergeant Bouncer by Mr. Richard Temple, of the Savoy Theatre. The second part consisted of a miscellaneous concert, the artists being Madame Osborne Williams, Mrs. W. Weblyn, Mr. Osborne Williams, Mr. Orlando Harley, Mr. Fred Mervin, and Mr. Walter Clifford.

On Monday, at the Royal Institute of British Architects, a most interesting exhibition was opened, comprising original drawings by Inigo Jones, Sir Christopher Wren, and the Brothers Adam, with many others by Sir Jeffry Wyattville, Nash, Pugin, Barry, Cockerell, Gilbert Scott, G. E. Street (the architect of the New Law Courts), W. Burges, Professor Ruskin, and more also of typical importance. The Queen and the Duke of Devonshire are among the contributors. Mr. Maurice B. Adams, who has brought the collection together, read a paper in the evening on "Architectural Drawings," by invitation of the council, and the exhibition remains open all the week.

Last week 2727 births and 1885 deaths were registered in London. Allowing for increase of population, the births were 107 and the deaths 51 below the average numbers in the corresponding weeks of the last ten years. The deaths included 29 from smallpox, 16 from measles, 19 from scarlet fever, 15 from diphtheria, 60 from whooping-cough, 1 from typhus, 13 from enteric fever, 1 from ill-defined form of continued fever, 12 from diarrhœa and dysentery, and not one from cholera. The deaths referred to diseases of the respiratory organs, which had been 609, 552, and 513 in the three preceding weeks, rose again to 556 last week, and exceeded the corrected average by 18. Different forms of violence caused 53 deaths: 50 were the result of negligence or accident, among which were 18 from fractures and contusions, 6 from burns and scalds, 6 from drowning, 2 of labourers at leadworks from lead poisoning, and 16 of infants under one year of age from suffocation. Two cases of suicide were registered.

OBITUARY.

VISCOUNT ST. VINCENT.

The Right Hon. John Edward Leveson Jervis, fourth Viscount St. Vincent, of Meaford, in the county of Stafford, died of the wounds he received at Abou Klea on the 17th ult. He was born April 3, 1850, the eldest son of Carnegie Robert John, third Viscount, by Lucy Charlotte, his wife, youngest daughter of Mr. John Baskervyle Glegg, of Withington Hall, Cheshire. He was educated at Harrow, and entered the Army, in the 7th Hussars, in 1871. He afterwards changed into the 16th Lancers, and became Captain in 1881. This gallant and promising officer served in the Zulu war of 1879, and was present in the engagements at the Zuingiun Mountain and Ulundi, for which he had the medal and clasp. In 1880 he was in the expedition against the Marrees, in Afghan; in 1881, in the Boer war; and in 1882, in the Egyptian campaign. He was a fearless soldier, an amiable, genial friend, and a popular sportsman. He was not married, and consequently his next brother, Carnegie Parker, becomes fifth Viscount St. Vincent. The title was originally granted in 1801, with a special limitation to the famous Admiral Sir John Jervis, who had previously been given an earldom in requital of his brilliant victory off Cape St. Vincent.



LORD O'HAGAN, K.P.

The Right Hon. Thomas, Lord O'Hagan, of Tullahogue, in the county of Tyrone, in the Peerage of the United Kingdom, K.P., P.C., a Commissioner of National Education, and Vice-Chancellor of the Royal University of Ireland, died on the 1st inst. He was born May 29, 1812, and claimed descent from the ancient Irish Sept of O'Hagan, of Tullahogue. Called to the Bar in 1836, he became soon distinguished for his eloquence, and was made a Queen's Counsel in 1849. In 1859, he was appointed Queen's Serjeant; from 1860 to 1861, held office as Solicitor-General for Ireland; and from 1861 to 1865, was Attorney-General. He was member for Tralee from 1863 to 1865. In the latter year, he was raised to the Bench as Judge of the Common Pleas, and in 1868 constituted Lord Chancellor of Ireland. He resigned in 1874, and was reappointed in 1880. In 1870, he had been created a Peer. On his final retirement, in January, 1882, he was enrolled a Knight of St. Patrick. He married, first, in 1836, Mary, daughter of Mr. Charles Hamilton Teeling, of Belfast, and by her (who died in 1868) had several children, all now deceased, except the youngest daughter, Frances, wife of the Hon. Mr. Justice O'Hagan. His Lordship married, secondly, in 1871, Alice Mary, youngest daughter and co-heiress of Colonel Towneley, of Towneley, county Lancaster, by Lady Caroline Harriet, his wife, daughter of the second Earl of Sefton, and had by her surviving issue, two sons and two daughters. The elder of the former, Thomas Towneley, now second Lord O'Hagan, was born Dec. 5, 1878. Brilliant as an orator, able and accomplished as a lawyer, and upright and consistent as a politician, Lord O'Hagan leaves behind him an unsullied reputation. In private life, his great personal gifts were enhanced by his warmth of heart, his benevolence, and the kindliness of his nature. A portrait of Lord O'Hagan appeared in our Number for April 6, 1865.



SIR CORNWALLIS RICKETTS, BART.

Admiral Sir Cornwallis Ricketts, second Baronet, of Beaumont Leyes, in the county of Leicester, J.P., High Sheriff 1851, died at Florence on the 30th ult. He was born Feb. 27, 1803, entered the Royal Navy in 1816, and attained the rank of Admiral in 1877. He married, first, May 31, 1834, Henrietta, youngest daughter of Colonel John Tempest, of Tong Hall, county York; and secondly, Jan. 29, 1852, Lady Caroline Augusta Pelham Clinton, third daughter of the fourth Duke of Newcastle, and had issue by each. His eldest son by his first wife (who died Nov. 13, 1838) is now Sir Robert Tempest Tempest, third Baronet, of Tong Hall and Aughton, born Dec. 7, 1836, who assumed by Royal Licence, April 23, 1884, the surname and arms of Tempest in lieu of Ricketts. He married, July 26, 1861, Amelia Helen, eldest surviving daughter of Mr. John Steuart, of Dalguise, Perthshire, and was left a widower in 1869, with one son and one daughter.



We have also to record the deaths of—

Mr. Charles Longuet Higgins, M.A., of Turvey Abbey, Bedfordshire, on the 23rd ult.

Major Ludovick Montefiore Carmichael, 5th Lancers, who fell at Abou Klea. He was forty-nine years of age.

Major James Rutherford Lumley, late Assistant Adjutant-General, Bengal Army, eldest son of General Sir James Rutherford Lumley, K.C.B., on the 24th ult., aged seventy-four.

Elizabeth, Lady Steel, wife of Sir John Steel, Knight, R.S.A., Sculptor to the Queen for Scotland, on the 26th ult., at 24, Greenhill-gardens, Edinburgh. She was daughter of Mr. John Graham, and was married in 1826.

Mary Anne, Viscountess Torrington, widow of George, seventh Viscount, and only daughter of the late W. John Dugdale Astley, Bart., of Eversley. She was married in 1833, but leaves no surviving child.

General Richard Budd, retired list Madras Army, on the 22nd ult., in his ninetieth year. He entered the Army in 1812, and became General in 1874. He served during the Mahratta campaign and in Burmah.

Laura, Marchioness of Normanby, wife of the present Marquis of Normanby, G.C.M.G., daughter of Captain Robert Russell, R.N., and niece of Elizabeth, Dowager Duchess of Cleveland, on the 26th ult., aged sixty-eight. Her Ladyship was married Aug. 17, 1844, and leaves issue.

Lady Alicia Mary Bristowe, at Datchet House, Bucks, on the 31st ult., in her eighty-seventh year. She was sixth daughter of Francis Jack, first Earl of Kilmorey, and married, in July, 1836, Mr. Samuel Ellis Bristowe, of Beesthorpe, Notts, who died in 1855.

MEMBERS OUT OF PARLIAMENT.

With the advent of the month in which birds do mate and St. Valentine's mystic rites are celebrated and Parliamentary duties are resumed, it is characteristic of Sir Stafford Northcote's sweet disposition that he should endeavour to resolve himself into a busy bee, and gather honey all the day from each new opening flower. The right hon. Baronet was, at any rate, not unlike Dr. Watts's industrious insect when he soothingly buzzed about primroses and orchids at an Exeter Conservative soiree on Tuesday. Anyone intimately acquainted with the peculiar genius of the late Lord Beaconsfield might not unnaturally have supposed that to the late acute leader of the Conservative party "a primrose by the river's brim, a yellow primrose was to him, and it was nothing more." But the exigencies of Party have transformed this simple flower into a political badge. Accordingly, Sir Stafford Northcote diligently and discursively sought to make political capital out of the fact that, while Conservatives cling to the primrose as the favourite flower of their departed chief, the apostle of Radicalism flaunts in his button-hole a gaudy exotic, the orchid. For his part, naturally, Sir Stafford Northcote preferred "the Party of the Primroses" to "the Party of the Orchids"—he was not rude enough to stigmatise his opponents as "the Orchid Squad," though it is not improbable that that is the form his idea will eventually shape itself into in a *Moonshine* cartoon. Seeing how partial Mr. Gladstone is to a flower in his button-hole on the occasion of a set speech, Sir Stafford Northcote might not inaptly have paid the Premier the compliment of calling his adversaries "the Sweet William Party." But the right hon. Baronet contented himself with the remark that Mr. Gladstone "prefers trees to flowers." We cannot follow the Opposition leader further in his floricultural disquisition, agreeably though it heralded the time regarded by poets—and by them alone—as ethereally mild. Yet it may be owned that it is reassuring to find that, when other minds are distracted by reports of exploded buildings in London and by suspenseful tidings from the Upper Nile, Sir Stafford Northcote can philosophically extract comfort from orchids and primroses.

The Prime Minister, it happens, has not altogether been disassociated from flowers on his side of late. The "primrose path of dalliance" has had no seductions for him; but orange-blossoms probably made Mr. Gladstone's eyes glisten on the Twenty-ninth of January, when the right hon. gentleman and Mrs. Gladstone were present at the marriage of the Rev. Stephen Gladstone and Miss Wilson, at Liverpool. Since then Mr. Gladstone has been the guest of the Duke of Devonshire, with the Marquis of Hartington, at Holker Hall, the quiet of which must have been particularly grateful to the Secretary for War after the recent period of excitement and anxiety at the War Offices.

The Marquis of Ripon's home-coming was made the occasion of a grand banquet at Leeds in honour of the ex-Viceroy of India, who justified his administration in a comprehensive and statesman-like speech explanatory of his policy of conciliating native feeling where it was expedient. Mr. Childers was among the distinguished personages present; and the Chancellor of the Exchequer, replying to the toast of Her Majesty's Ministers, had the pleasant duty of reading the gracious message of sympathy her Majesty had sent to Sir Herbert Stewart in the Soudan, with the intimation that the brave and skilful leader had been promoted to be Major-General.

Plain speech always comes from Birmingham. Plenty of it was forthcoming from Mr. Bright and Mr. Chamberlain on the evening of Thursday week, when, strongly and irreconcilably though the senior member differs from the junior member on the singular Egyptian policy of the Government, the veteran "Tribune of the People" was found siding with Mr. Chamberlain and the Ministerial policy generally on the same platform, that of the Birmingham Townhall. In view of the considerably enlarged electorate which will have to elect the next Parliament, Mr. Bright performed a seasonable service in pointing out the errors committed by existing countries in which the democracy is the governing power. Bellicose as ever was Mr. Bright against the wars of the Victorian era: and unduly severe against the growing desire for a closer federation of Great Britain and the Colonies. Mr. Chamberlain, more to the point, had a sympathetic word of regret for the death of Colonel Burnaby at Abou Klea; and was ready with an assurance that after General Gordon had been rescued with the Egyptian garrisons in the Soudan, that country would be left to its own people. He forcibly called upon Mr. Parnell to express his horror at the dynamite outrages. With regard to the future, Mr. Chamberlain re-stated his desire for a redistribution of taxation to make it fall less heavily on the poor; and called such an alteration of the land laws as would re-establish on the land the old class of yeomen who were once the pride and strength of the country. It may be mentioned, in passing, that Mr. Chamberlain, in a letter to Wednesday's *Daily News*, takes strong exception to the *Times*' adverse criticism of his suggested plan of a graduated system of taxation. Condemned though this notion is on high authority, it happens that a scheme of graduated Income Tax for small incomes was brought into vogue by no less a Conservative luminary than Sir Stafford Northcote himself.

The only member of the Upper House who has distinguished himself exceptionally this week is Lord Sherbrooke. Bearing his blushing honours meekly, as has been his wont since he left the stormy arena of the Lower Chamber for "another" place, the noble Lord formerly known and feared as Mr. Lowe was on Tuesday married to Miss Sneyd at Torquay, a charming place for a honeymoon. Thus doth love level all.

There are two ex-Cabinet Ministers who occupy corner seats above the Treasury Bench in the Session, whose speeches for or against the Government ever command the earnest attention of Mr. Gladstone. They are evidently uneasy out of office, and would be more comfortable were they again included in the magic circle of the Cabinet Council. Hence the unsparing efforts of Mr. Forster and Mr. Goschen to enlighten the country as to their claims as political guides, philosophers, and friends at this critical juncture. As Lord Randolph Churchill, Mr. Gorst, Sir Henry Drummond Wolff, and Mr. Balfour form the "Fourth Party," so Mr. Forster and Mr. Goschen may be said to form the "Party of Two," in so far as their following in the House goes. Outside the House, the soundness of their views, and particularly the outspokenness of Mr. Forster in favour of Colonial Federation, command so much respect that it should not be long before both return to Downing-street. Especially apt in these times of industrial depression were Mr. Forster's praises of co-operation at Bradford on Saturday; and Mr. Goschen's definition in Edinburgh the same day of what would in his opinion be the chief features of a just measure of land reform proved moderate and reasonable enough to recommend itself to Conservatives and Liberals alike. Mr. Goschen's Imperial speech to the Edinburgh Literary Institute on Tuesday was most noticeable for the implied censure of Earl Granville for "fumbling" in his dealings with Prince Bismarck. The right hon. gentleman's German origin, perhaps, led him into the mistake of exalting the German Chancellor at the expense of the Foreign Secretary of England. Or, was it simply one of those rhetorical digs in the ribs which candid friends—out of office—delight to inflict on their late colleagues in office?

Mr. Parnell, though directly appealed to by Mr. Chamberlain, has not thought fit, to his discredit be it said, to denounce the perpetrators of the dynamite outrages as the worst enemies of Ireland. The golden opportunity was seized, however, by Mr. J. O'Connor Power, on Saturday last, to condemn these agents of violence and treason in the most eloquent terms. Having to deliver a lecture on the poetry of Thomas Moore in the south of London, Mr. O'Connor Power did honour to himself, and to Irishmen generally, by his earnest denunciation of the dynamite criminals, and by his apposite reference to the bravery of Irish soldiers in fighting loyally shoulder to shoulder with Englishmen and Scotsmen in the Soudan deserts. Mr. O'Leary deserves similar credit for inveighing against O'Donovan Rossa's inhuman doctrine of assassination in the presence of somewhat stormy meetings of Irishmen in Manchester and Glasgow on Sunday and Monday. But Mr. Parnell still maintains his frigid silence.

CITY ECHOES.

Wednesday, Feb. 4.

The Bank of England rate of discount is now 4 per cent, and, as the unemployed balance is now little short of fourteen millions, the reduction from 5 per cent is quite justified, more particularly as the accumulation is due largely to the influx of revenue to the Treasury account. It is to be hoped, however, that the imports of gold from abroad, which were at length being attracted by the 5 per cent rate, will not be checked, especially as some gold has been taken out of the Bank in connection with the anticipated inquiry resulting from the Argentine financial crisis. The lowering of the rate has exercised a beneficial effect upon the stock markets, as indicating a belief by the Bank directors that no disturbance of credit is to be feared. Home Government stocks and Colonial issues also have risen, while foreign bonds have had a substantial advance on Continental support, and railways have, as regards several classes, regained some lost ground.

Like most other kindred companies, the Southampton Dock Company are to pay a reduced dividend—namely, 1 per cent per annum, as against 2½ last year; but the extent of the reduction is, in this case, beyond recent experience, the East and West India Dock Company paying 4 against 4½, and the London and St. Katharine Company 2 against 2½. This class of property has been under a cloud for some time now, as the fall in the market prices of the respective stocks in the last few years indicates. The Surrey Commercial Dock Company have had an exceptional experience, and their stock has more than maintained the price of five years ago.

Recent discussions give importance to the reports of the Railway Share and Railway Debenture Trusts. The disparaging circulars recently issued are commented upon, and the directors propose that the condition of the companies should be examined into by committees. The valuation of securities held by the Railway Debenture Trust Company shows a depreciation in market values of £101,902 for the year, against which there is a reserve fund of £90,906. The transactions of the year admit of a dividend at the usual rate of 6 per cent, less the interim payment of 3 per cent. Only 5 per cent per annum, however, is recommended, and the declaration of this is postponed to an adjourned meeting. The valuation of the securities of the Railway Share Trust Company shows a depreciation of £119,986, against which is the reserve fund of £10,934. The working shows a credit balance of £64,332, less £27,813 already paid as interim dividend. There is thus sufficient to distribute a further 2½ per cent, but the result of the proposed investigation by an independent committee is awaited before any dividend will be declared.

Shareholders of the Anglo-American Brush Electric Light Corporation are to be congratulated at the result of the past year's working, which shows a marked improvement compared with that of the previous year, and in fact leads to the hope that the company may now become a dividend-earning undertaking. Deducting the debit balance of £1616 brought forward from 1883, the accounts show a credit balance of £4127, which is equal to slightly over 2 per cent on the reduced capital. The above sum, however, is to be thus distributed—£1000 to the reduction of goodwill and licenses, and £1500 to the reduction of patents account, leaving a surplus of £1627 to be carried forward. From the report, it appears that every effort has been made to economise, and at the same time to improve the position of the concern. With some modification of the Electric Lighting Act, and a reduction in law charges, which were very heavy last year, the shareholders may look to the future with some satisfaction.

It is estimated by the directors of the Anglo-American Telegraph Company that, as a result of the reduction from 2s. to 1s. 8d. per word, a loss of about £170,000 a year will be incurred by the Atlantic Cable companies which are the parties to joint purse agreement, there being no reasonable expectation that this decrease of revenue will be recouped by an equivalent, or even appreciable, augmentation in the number of messages. The total revenue of the Anglo Company for the past half-year was £190,427.

Notice has been given by the Direct United States Cable Company of the interruption of their main cable between Ireland and Nova Scotia, but as the cable will, it is stated, be shortly repaired, the earnings of the company will not be affected, as by the joint-purse arrangement one year is allowed wherein to make good the injury before ceasing to participate as usual in the earnings of the joint concerns. By the agreement above referred to, the Anglo-American Company receives 48·825 per cent, the Direct United States 16·275, the French undertaking 12·400, and the American Telegraph and Cable Company 22·500 per cent of the amount of the combined receipts of the four concerns.

Marine insurance companies have scarcely maintained the position held a year ago. Of the eleven companies which have so far made known the result of the working of 1884, seven pay the same dividend, while two have gone back, and two non-dividend companies are still unable to divide profits. T. S.

The Rev. J. Grey Richardson, late Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, Vicar of Monks Kirby, Warwick, has been elected to the Warburton Lectureship, in succession to the Rev. Dr. Edershim. This lecture, which is tenable for four years, is delivered in the chapel of the Society of Lincoln's Inn, and was established, in 1768, by Dr. Warburton, Bishop of Gloucester.

Sir William Thomson presided on Monday at the opening of the new physical and chemical laboratories which have been founded at Bangor, in connection with the University College of North Wales. Mr. Rathbone, M.P., Mr. Richard Davies, M.P., and Mr. John Roberts also took part in the proceedings, which were followed by a conversazione, given by Principal Reichel and the members of the Senate.

THE COURT.

The Queen received the intelligence of the further success of Sir Herbert Stewart's column, and of the engagements on the 19th inst. and following days. While rejoicing at the victory gained by her gallant troops, her Majesty has learned with sincere regret the losses sustained, and laments deeply the wound to Sir Herbert Stewart, which has deprived her Majesty of the services of a most valuable officer. The Prince of Leiningen, G.C.B., visited her Majesty on Wednesday week, and remained to luncheon. The Judge Advocate-General had an audience of the Queen. The Prince of Wales, attended by Colonel Teesdale, C.B., V.C., arrived at Osborne on Thursday week. The Queen and her Royal Highness Princess Beatrice drove out in the afternoon, attended by Lady Waterpark. Prince and Princess Louis of Battenberg dined with her Majesty and the Royal family in the evening. General the Right Hon. Sir Henry Ponsonby, K.C.B., and Colonel Teesdale, C.B., V.C., had the honour of being invited. The Prince of Wales left Osborne yesterday week for London. Her Majesty went out with Princess Beatrice. On Sunday morning the Queen and Princess Beatrice and the members of the Royal household attended Divine service at Osborne. The Dean of Windsor officiated. Prince and Princess Louis of Battenberg, who visited the Queen on Saturday, lunched with her Majesty and Princess Beatrice on Sunday. The Queen has announced to the father of the late Dr. Marshall, her Majesty's Resident Physician, that she has granted him a yearly pension of £150 for life. Mr. Marshall resides at Crieff, Perthshire. Lady Cust has been appointed one of the Women of the Bedchamber in Ordinary to her Majesty, in the room of Lady Codrington, resigned.

The Duke of Edinburgh, Princess Christian (accompanied by Princess Victoria), and the Duchess of Albany visited the Prince and Princess of Wales, at Marlborough House, last Saturday, and remained to luncheon. Prince Albert Victor arrived at Marlborough House, attended by the Rev. J. N. Dalton. Prince George likewise arrived. The Italian Ambassador (Count Nigra), the Spanish Minister (the Marquis de Casa Laiglesia), and the Roumanian Minister (Prince Ghica) presented, in the names of their respective Sovereigns, the insignia of the Annunciata of Italy, of Charles III. of Spain, and of the Star of Roumania to Prince Albert Victor, on the attainment of his majority. The Prince of Wales visited Mr. Boehm's studio in the afternoon to inspect the sketch model of the proposed statue of the Duke of Wellington. Prince Albert Victor opened on Saturday afternoon a new club, which has been established in Whitechapel, chiefly for the boys of the Shoeblack Brigade, and is called the Whittington Club. After the ceremony, the Prince saw the boy members in the gymnasium, and addressed some kind and encouraging words to them. On Sunday the Prince and Princess of Wales, accompanied by Prince Albert Victor and Prince George were present at Divine service. Princess Louise (Marchioness of Lorne), the Duke of Edinburgh, and the Duke of Cambridge, visited the Prince and Princess of Wales, and remained to luncheon. The Prince of Wales has left London for Cannes. Prince Albert Victor and Prince George have returned to Trinity College, Cambridge, and to the Royal Naval College, Greenwich, respectively. The Princess of Wales left Marlborough House on Tuesday afternoon for Sandringham, where her Royal Highness will remain until the return of the Prince of Wales from Cannes.

The Duke of Connaught has accepted the presidency of the City and Port of London District of the St. John Ambulance Association.

Prince and Princess Christian left Cumberland Lodge, Windsor, on Tuesday for the Continent.

THE VOLUNTEERS.

Several meetings were held in London on Saturday last.

At a meeting of Volunteer commanding officers at the Volunteer Service Club, it was resolved to establish a benefit society for Volunteers, and a committee was formed to prepare a scheme for carrying out this object.

Sir F. Leighton, the President of the Royal Academy, presided at the annual meeting and distribution of prizes to the Artists' Rifles at the Criterion. Colonel Edis gave a résumé of the work done during the year, and congratulated the regiment on its general efficiency. Sir F. Leighton presented the prizes, and made a brief address to the regiment.

Mr. Childers was present at the presentation of prizes by Mrs. Childers to the 2nd Tower Hamlets Volunteers, and remarked that there were now 208,000 efficient Volunteers, out of an enrolled strength of 215,000. He spoke of the great advantages of the union and discipline which the system taught them, and expressed the hope that their numbers would increase.

Colonel Croll entertained at dinner at St. James's Hall all the members of the 2nd Tower Hamlets (East London) Engineer Volunteers, on the occasion of his retirement from the honorary colonelcy. Among the guests, who numbered nearly 500, were Mr. J. Holms, M.P., and Baron H. De Worms, M.P.

Sir Andrew Clarke, Inspector-General of Fortifications, distributing the prizes to Engineer Volunteers at Liverpool on Tuesday night, said no one now doubted the success of the Volunteer movement, and what they all desired was to render it perfect, and so organised that it became a thoroughly efficient army. The Volunteer movement had prevented those panics which were so disastrous to commerce, industry, and labour; and it had been of the greatest moral and physical benefit to the people of England. He congratulated the corps upon its position and efficiency.

It is understood that the total number of Martini-Henry Rifles to be issued to the Infantry and Engineers of the Volunteer force will exceed 175,000, the issue being based on the returns of the enrolled strength of each corps at the date of the last returns forwarded to the War Office. The issue is proceeding as rapidly as the new weapons can be stamped with the names of the various regiments, and several thousands of Volunteers are now drilling with them.

It is stated that provision is to be made in the Army Estimates for the attendance in camps of exercise and instruction of a large number of Volunteers of all arms in the various military districts this year, besides the usual encampments at Shoeburyness for the Artillery, at Chatham for the Engineers, and at Aldershott for the Infantry. It is estimated that last year 80,000 Volunteers availed themselves of this practical method of extending their military knowledge.

The anniversary dinner in aid of the funds of the French Hospital and Dispensary will be held this (Saturday) evening at Willis's Rooms, St. James's. The French Ambassador will preside, and will be supported by the Lord Mayor and a distinguished company.

The Lord Mayor went in state to the Guildhall on Tuesday, to open the New Commission of Sewers for the City of London for the present year. Mr. George Noah Johnson was elected chairman, and the officers of the Commission were reappointed.



LATE LIEUT. J. D. GUTHRIE, ROYAL HORSE ARTILLERY, KILLED AT ABOU KLEA.



THE LATE MR. J. A. CAMERON, SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT OF THE "STANDARD," KILLED ON JAN. 19

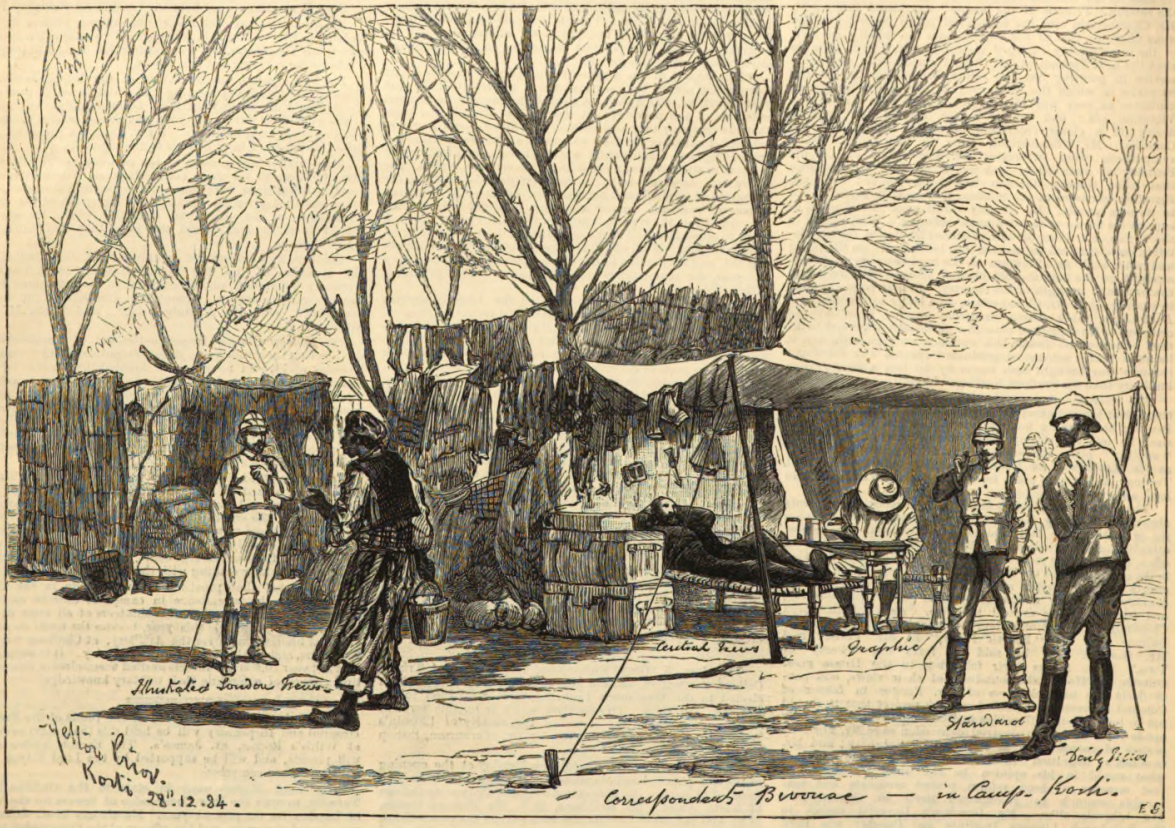


THE LATE LIEUT. RICHARD WOLFE 2ND DRAGOONS, KILLED AT ABOU KLEA.

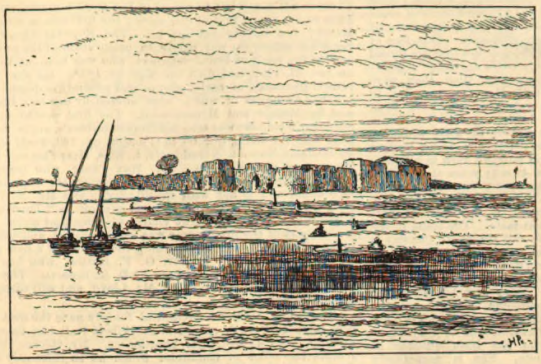
THE KHARTOUM RELIEF EXPEDITION: OFFICERS KILLED IN FIGHT.

THE LATE MR. J. A. CAMERON.

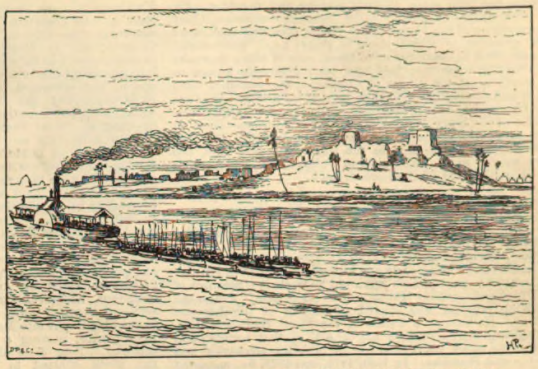
The death of this gentleman, the Special Correspondent of the *Standard*, who was shot on the 19th ult., in the Arab attack on Sir Herbert Stewart's advanced brigade, on the march from Abou Klea to the Nile above Metammeh, has called forth many expressions of regret. Mr. ohn Alexander Cameron was a native of Inverness, where he has left a widowed mother and other relatives; he was at first a bank clerk in that city, but went out to India, to be employed in a mercantile house at Bombay. He soon began to contribute occasionally to the *Bombay Gazette*, and was for a short time acting editor of that paper, when Mr. J. M. M'Lean left for Europe. The Afghan War of 1879 required a Special Correspondent in the field for the *Bombay Gazette*, and Mr. Cameron gave up his appointment connected with mercantile business to accompany the first campaign in the expedition to Cabul; he was with the division of General Roberts in the advance through the Khurum Pass. His letters attracted great attention; and, in the following year, when the war in Afghanistan was renewed by Ayoub Khan's advance on Candahar, attended by the defeat of a British force at Maiwand, the *Standard* accepted Mr. Cameron's services to join the column which, under General Phayrer, was preparing to march to the relief of Candahar. Journeying night and day, he reached Quettah in seven days after leaving Bombay, having ridden up the Bolan Pass from Sibi in thirty-six hours. He was the first to ride with the news of the victory of General Roberts to the nearest telegraph post, beating his competitors and the Government couriers by a day and a half. Then, returning with equal rapidity to Candahar, he accompanied the first party who went out to the battle-field of Maiwand, and sent home a description of the scene and of the fighting, which established his reputation as one of the ablest as well as most enterprising of journalists. Soon after his return to Bombay, the Transvaal insurrection broke out. Mr. Cameron at once crossed to Natal, arriving there long before the correspondents dispatched from England could reach the spot. He was present at the battles of Laing's Nek and Ingogo, and at the fatal fight on Majuba Hill, where he was knocked down and taken prisoner by the Boers, but contrived, nevertheless, on the following day to get through his message descriptive



THE SPECIAL CORRESPONDENTS' CAMP AT KORTI.



THE KHARTOUM EXPEDITION: FORT AT DEBBEH, ON THE NILE.



HANNEK, ON THE NILE, THE REPUTED BIRTHPLACE OF THE MAHDI.

of the battle. After peace was concluded in the Transvaal, he returned to England, but upon the news of the first riots in Alexandria, in June, 1882, left for Egypt, and was present on board the Admiral's flag-ship, the Invincible, at the bombardment of Alexandria. He continued with the British forces until their arrival at Cairo, having witnessed and described every engagement which took place. After a short rest at home, he started for Madagascar, and his letters gave the first trustworthy accounts of the state of affairs in the island. As the French delayed their attack, and it was uncertain when hostilities would commence, he crossed the Pacific to Melbourne, and thence made his way to Tonquin, where the fighting between the French and the natives had just begun. He was present at the engagement in which the French, acting in three columns, failed to carry the defences which the Black Flags had erected. English correspondents not being allowed to remain with the French forces, Mr. Cameron was on his way home, towards the end of 1883, when Osman Digna's forces began to threaten Souakim, and no sooner did he reach Suez than he took ship for that port. He was present when Baker Pasha's force was crushed by the Arabs, and narrowly escaped with his life. He remained at Souakim until the British Expeditionary Force arrived, accompanied them in their advance upon Tokar, and was a witness of the battles of El Teb and Tamanieb. His stay in England after his return from this long absence was brief, for in a few weeks he again started for Egypt, and pushed up the Nile with the advanced boats of Lord Wolseley's Expedition. His recent telegrams and letters are fresh in the memory of the public. The personal esteem in which Mr. Cameron was held by his comrades in similar employment, and by the staff and regimental officers in every military expedition that he attended, has been fully testified upon the occasion of his lamented death.

THE DYNAMITE OUTRAGES.

While Jeremiah O'Donovan Rossa, the author, as he boasted, of the dastardly schemes for destroying public buildings in England at the risk of killing many innocent people, has been shot at New York by the hand of an Englishwoman, the police and magistrates of London seem to be not entirely unsuccessful in discovering his agents employed on Saturday, the 24th ult., to cause the explosions at the Tower and the Palace of Westminster. The person who was arrested at the Tower, James Gilbert Cunningham, otherwise calling himself Gilbert and Dalton, a native of Cork, who had been some years in America, and who came from New York to England last November, was again brought up for examination on Monday, before Sir James Ingham, at Bow-street Police Office. He is about twenty-two years of age, and describes himself as a labourer, but there is no proof of his having ever done or sought any honest work. At Christmas, he came from Liverpool to London, and lodged at 30, Great Prescot-street, Whitechapel, the house of Miss Cannon, till Jan. 14, when he removed to other lodgings, those let by Mrs. Moore, at 32, Scarborough-street, Whitechapel. At the first-mentioned lodgings, he called himself Mr. Gilbert, and at the latter place Mr. Dalton. He brought with him from the



THE LATE MR. GWYN JEFFREYS, LL.D., F.R.S.

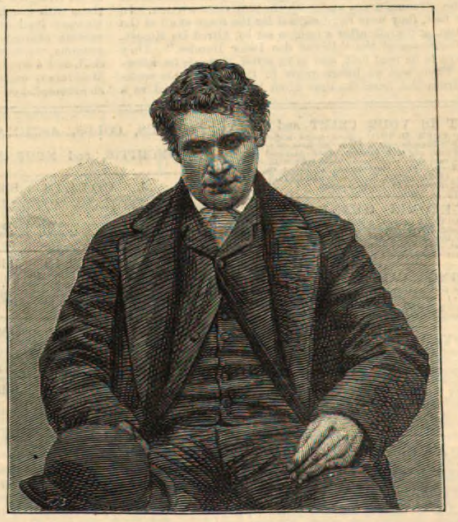
railway, to the house of Miss Cannon, a large brown box, which he said belonged to a friend, and which mysteriously disappeared a day or two before he quitted the house, being replaced by a smaller black box, in which he afterwards kept a good stock of clothes. He had also a black bag, which contained articles of clothing; but at the bottom was found, when the Detective Police searched his property, a small copper tube containing the detonating mixture of chloride of potassium and fulminate of mercury, which is used for exploding charges of dynamite or gun-cotton. Such a detonator is not used for any other purpose. This man gave false accounts of the place where he had lodged at Liverpool, and of his having been employed at the docks there. He told Mrs. Moore that he was looking for a clerk's situation in London, but that he was not in a hurry, as he had a little money. He is said to have visited the Tower on free days, more than once, and was seen there on the day of the explosion, before and at the time when it happened. After his arrest, the photograph, from which our portrait of him is copied, was taken by order of the Criminal Investigation Department of Detective Police, and we now publish it at their request in the hope that it may assist in his identification. He is prosecuted by Government, Mr. Poland, with the solicitors to the Treasury, conducting the case against him at Bow-street, while Mr. Quilliam, a Liverpool solicitor, appeared for his defence. The prisoner was remanded for further examination, after the evidence of the persons above-named, and of several other witnesses on Monday. The police next day, at a house in Whitechapel, arrested another man, in whose possession was found a heavy brown box, supposed to be the one removed from Cunningham's lodgings in Great Prescot-street. A man has also been arrested on suspicion at the Derby railway station.

A young man named Goodman, who had been lodging in North-street, Smith-square, Westminster, was last week arrested on suspicion, but was soon liberated, as he gave sufficient proofs of his respectable antecedents. He is an Englishman, with friends residing in London, and is an artist by profession, who has travelled in America and throughout the Continent of Europe. He raised no objection to his box being examined, and nothing more dangerous than artist's materials, sketches, and clothes was found in it. He was detained at the station but a short time while inquiries were made about him, with a satisfactory result.

The two police-constables of the A Division, Cole and Cox, who were severely burnt and hurt by the explosion of the first parcel of dynamite at Westminster, found by Miss Davis and Mr. Edwin Green on the steps going down to St. Stephen's Crypt, are doing well in Westminster Hospital. Both these men acted very courageously, and it was Cole who lifted the parcel, with its burning envelope, and carried it in his hands up the steps of the crypt and out of the doorway into Westminster Hall, where he was obliged to drop it when it burnt his hands; Cox, who was on duty in the Hall, kept close by him, and fearlessly rendered him assistance. We give the Portrait of William Cole, whose daring act of self-sacrifice probably averted a greater disaster; and we are glad to see an announcement, in the *London Gazette* of Tuesday, that the Queen has been graciously pleased to confer upon him the Albert Medal of the First Class, "for conspicuous gallantry displayed" on this occasion. The Home Secretary, Sir William Harcourt, by her Majesty's personal command, last



POLICE-CONSTABLE COLE,
WHO CARRIED THE DYNAMITE OUT OF THE CRYPT, WESTMINSTER HALL.



JAMES GILBERT CUNNINGHAM,
TAKEN INTO CUSTODY AT THE TOWER.

THE DYNAMITE OUTRAGES IN LONDON.

week visited Cole and Cox at the Hospital, and communicated to them her high sense of their courage and devotion. He also wrote to the same effect to Sir Edmund Henderson, Chief Commissioner of the Metropolitan Police, directing that upon their recovery, of which there is every hope, professional rewards shall be conferred upon them. Sir William Harcourt observes that these men had long been personally known to the members of the House of Commons, who esteemed them and would sympathise with their present sufferings. Cole has four ribs broken on the left side, while Cox has a slight concussion of the brain, and the shock caused injurious effects in both cases, with deafness, which is now passing off. The conduct of these brave men, as the Home Secretary says, has done honour to the Metropolitan Police Force, and has won the approbation of all their countrymen.

THE LATE MR. GWYN JEFFREYS.

Mr. John Gwyn Jeffreys, the well-known conchologist, died suddenly on Saturday last, at his residence, No. 1, The Terrace, Kensington. Mr. Gwyn Jeffreys was born at Swansea in 1809. From an early age he took an interest in science, and when he was nineteen years old he wrote a "Synopsis of the Pulmonobranchous Mollusca of Great Britain," and in the following year he was elected a member of the Linnean Society. He became a Fellow of the Royal Society in 1840, and subsequently served on the council of that society; and he was for many years treasurer of both the Geological and the Linnean Societies. In 1869, 1870, and 1875, he conducted exploring expeditions in H.M. s.s. Porcupine and Valorous in the North Atlantic; and in the years 1871 and 1880 he took part in expeditions fitted out by the Governments of the United States and France. Mr. Gwyn Jeffreys wrote over a hundred papers on scientific subjects, but is best known by his principal work, "British Conchology," in five volumes. Mr. Gwyn Jeffreys was called to the Bar in 1856, and he was J.P. for Glamorganshire and Breconshire, and J.P. and D.L. for Herts, of which county he was High Sheriff in 1877.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

Mr. G. W. Godfrey appears to have been as much fascinated with the dramatic ingenuity and literary charm of one of the lighter comedies of Octave Feuillet as was Mr. Tom Taylor. Over a quarter of a century ago, the best adaptor of that, and perhaps of any other time took Feuillet's "Péril en la Demeure" and turned it into an English play called "The House or the Home." There was nothing particularly new or original in the story. Business men are apt to neglect their wives, and childless women whose husbands are engaged on affairs of State are apt to grizzle, to loll upon sofas reading novels, and to pine for sympathy. Then comes the dangerous moment when the neglected wife "plays with fire," and domestic peace is necessarily endangered. Tom Taylor's play owed most of its success to the excellent acting of the Wigans, for no literary skill could possibly reconcile the incon-istencies and improbabilities of Octave Feuillet's romance of real life. The polished, suave, and natural Alfred Wigan was, of course, at home in the character of an English Under-Secretary of State and Member of Parliament, who, blind to the infatuation of susceptible junior clerks in his office, neglects his "home" and his pretty wife for the business of politics and the "House" at St. Stephen's, Westminster. But even better than Alfred Wigan, Billington, Charles Selby, and Henrietta Simms, was Mrs. Wigan, who had a character after her own heart—a clever, common-sense, shrewd woman, the mother of the love-sick Foreign Office clerk, who is able by her tact and diplomacy to restore order in a disorganised household. Such a play mainly depends upon the skill of the actress who undertakes that character. It is as important as Suzanne in "Les Pattes de Mouche" ("The Scrap of Paper"). All the strings of the delicate intrigue are in her hands, and it depends upon her to move them clumsily or adroitly. It has been rumoured, and it can be very well believed, that the object of writing another version of this old French play was to provide Mrs. Bancroft with a character of high comedy. All who have seen this admirable actress play Mrs. Haygarth in "The Vicarage," an adaptation of Octave Feuillet's "Le Village," will understand how well she interprets a part requiring lightness of touch, finesse, humour, and an occasional touch of pathos. Mrs. Rivers, in Mr. Godfrey's play "The Opal Ring," is all this; but somehow or other there were no opportunities for the play at the Haymarket—a two-act comedy presents an immediate difficulty to the managerial mind—so the new version of an old story was transferred to the Court, where it has been produced with very gratifying success.

In criticising Octave Feuillet's lighter plays, we must never forget the circumstances under which they were written. In point of fact, they were not designed for the stage at all at the outset, but appeared, after a fashion set by Alfred De Musset, in the feuilleton of the "Révue des Deux Mondes." They were plays to be read first, and to be acted, if needs be, afterwards. There was an interregnum in the life of this sentimental dramatist from the time when he was employed as a hack writer by the elder Dumas to his later days of "Le Roman d'un Jeune Homme Pauvre" (the "Romance of a Poor Young Man"), "La Tentation" ("Led Astray"), and the still more notorious "Le Sphinx," memorable in the palmy days of Cadizette and Sara Bernhardt, at the Français. This fact of publication will explain some of the crudenesses that are forced into prominent notice when Feuillet's plays are acted. Nowadays, playgoers are far more exacting than they were in the time of the Wigans, and Mr. Godfrey has to stand a fire of criticism that would never have been directed at Tom Taylor. We hear a great deal from untried journalists and dilettante writers of what dramatic critics ought or ought not to be; but one thing is just certain, that plays are more severely handled now in all parts of the house than they were six-and-twenty years ago. When Playgoers' Clubs hold weekly discussions the critic must necessarily be on the alert, or his influence, whatever it may be, will be gone. "The Opal Ring" is, for the most, part acted with fine finish and in excellent taste. The scene in the first act between Mr. John Clayton and Mr. H. B. Conway is as good and as natural comedy as anyone would desire to see, and surely must delight the oldest and most obstinate of veteran playgoers; whilst Mr. Arthur Cecil, as an old, gouty, cantankerous, and meddlesome Peer, shows that his gallery of senile aristocrats is practically inexhaustible. The best dialogue in the play is put into Mr. Cecil's mouth, and he does it more than justice, making a strong character out of very slight material. Poor Miss Marion Terry has been unlucky in the parts allotted to her of late. She is perpetually suffering from matrimonial neglect, and wringing her hands over the weakness of poor human nature. But she is always sympathetic and charming, and of the greatest value to any cast. Miss Lydia Foote is not exactly the actress in style or temperament that one would have chosen for the astute, worldly, and diplomatic Mrs Rivers; but she is a true artist in whatever situation she finds herself, and is ever welcome in any comedy.

The Saturday afternoon recitals of Mr. Clifford Harrison at the Steinway Hall may well be commended to the earnest attention of all who desire an intellectual treat. Surely, the stage has here lost an actor of remarkable versatility and conspicuous talent. Mr. Harrison has that best of all the actor's gifts—decision and repose, and at will can touch the notes of the gayest comedy and the tenderest emotion. Such contrasted selections as the Waterloo scene from "Vanity Fair," a comic poem, called "The Hat," and recitals from the poems of Dante Rossetti and Adelaide Proctor, accompanied on the piano with excellent effect, show in this young entertainer gifts as remarkable as they are welcome. There is a not a dull instant in the pleasant hour and a half during which Mr. Harrison recites, mimics, acts, dreams, and plays over a choice selection from our best writers of prose and poetry.

Rehearsals are being busily carried on at nearly all the prominent theatres in London, and by Easter time, if not before, nearly every programme will be changed. Mr. Wilson Barrett is hard at work on "Brutus," by the last Lord Lytton; by-the-way, there is a wonderful likeness of Wilson Barrett as Brutus in the steel engraving to Nat Lee's play contained in "Bell's British Theatre." Mr. G. R. Sims is toiling bravely with his new melodrama for the Adelphi, concerning which gossipers have been taken off the scent, for there is as much country life as town sorrow, as much Derbyshire as Docks in the human story to be developed in dramatic action. The Bancrofts are bidding farewell to "Diplomacy," and getting ready "Masks and Faces" in order to play Triplet and Peg Woffington once more to their many friends and admirers. Mr. Thorne is preparing Dr. Westland Marston's new comedy at the Vaudeville, and no doubt there will soon be a change at the Strand and the Court. It is the "Private Secretary" alone that runs on for ever.

Mrs. Langtry once more selects Tuesday for her *première*. Next week "The School for Scandal" is to be produced with an admirable cast, and everyone will be anxious to see the new Lady Teazle.

C. S.

A notice of the Magazines for February is unavoidably deferred.

Mr. Justice Mathew, in the Queen's Bench Division, has decided that the Ashton-under-Lyne Gas Company had acted beyond their statutory powers in carrying forward a large amount of undivided profits instead of reducing the price of gas, and has ordered the price to be lowered from 2s. 4d. to 2s. per 1000 cubic feet.

Mr. MacHale, who has been favourably received in the north of England, especially in Manchester and Liverpool, made a very successful first appearance in London last week, at St. George's Hall, in a kind of entertainment resembling those with which audiences have been made familiar by Mr. Howard Paul and Mr. Maccabe. Without enumerating the various character sketches that form Mr. MacHale's programme, we may say that he possesses humour, some musical skill, and a considerable command of foreign languages. Mr. MacHale is assisted in his entertainment by Mr. Batchelder, an accomplished pianist.

MUSIC.

There is not much left to record of last week's music, and but little to say about that of this week; the full tide of returning activity not having yet set in. The Popular Concert of Saturday afternoon was partly in celebration of the anniversary of the birth of Franz Schubert, who was born (at Vienna) on Jan. 31, 1797, and died on Nov. 19, 1828. He was one of several instances of early genius and premature death, other notable examples of which were offered by our own Purcell, and by Mozart and Mendelssohn. The first portion only of Saturday's concert was selected from Schubert's works, beginning with the string quintet in C major, op. 163, finely played by Madame Norman-Néruda, Mr. L. Ries, Herr Straus, Signor Pezze, and Signor Piatti. Mr Max Pauer, who made his second appearance at these concerts, played the impromptus in F minor and E flat with much effect; and Mr. E. Lloyd sang the *lied* known, in the English version, as "Thou whom I vow'd to love," with great charm of voice and style. The second part of the programme was miscellaneous, and calls for no specific notice beyond recording the success of a new song, "For Ever Nearer," by Mr. G. F. Hatton, who has very happily set some expressive lines by D. G. Rossetti. The song was rendered to perfection by Mr. Lloyd, and will doubtless become popular.

The Royal Amateur Orchestral Society gave the first concert of its thirteenth season at the Albert Hall last Saturday evening, with a substantial programme. Mr. George Mount retains the office of conductor which he so efficiently filled during past seasons.

The London Ballad Concerts—so ably directed by Mr. John Boosey—are pursuing a career of continued success at St. James's Hall. The seventh concert of the nineteenth season took place last week, when a programme of the usual varied attractions was prepared. Two new songs, "A penny for your thoughts," by Cecile Hartog, and "The Cumberland" (a naval ditty), by Charles Marshall, were successfully given, respectively, by Miss M. Davies and Mr. Santley; Madame Trebelli made a special impression in Mr. Cowen's song, "Regret," and the "Gavotte" from "Mignon"; and other effective vocal performances were contributed by Madame Antoinette Sterling, Misses Davies and Larkcom, Mr. Maas, Mr. Santley, Mr. B. Foote, Mr. Maybrick, and the members of Mr. Venables' choir, interspersed with violin solos charmingly played by Madame Norman-Neruda. This week's programme included the names of most of the principal singers just specified, together with that of Miss Carlotta Elliot, Madame Neruda having again been the solo violinist.

The sixth concert of the fourteenth season of the Royal Albert Hall Choral Society took place this week, when Mr. Mackenzie's oratorio, "The Rose of Sharon," was performed.

Of Mr. Walter Bache's grand orchestral concert at St. James's Hall, on Thursday evening, we must speak next week. As on former occasions, Mr. Bache's admiration of the works of Liszt was manifested by a selection from his works, rendered with the co-operation of a full band of upwards of eighty performers, and an effective chorus.

The Highbury Philharmonic Society gave the second concert of the new season on Monday evening, when Gade's cantata, "The Crusaders," was the principal work performed, with the co-operation of a complete band and an efficient choir, and of Miss C. Samuell, Mr. E. Lloyd, and Mr. F. Ward as solo vocalists. The remaining portion of the concert was miscellaneous. Dr. Bridge conducted ably.

The Popular Chamber Concerts at the Highgate Literary and Scientific Institution—organised by the esteemed violinist, Mr. G. H. Betjemann—entered on a second series on Thursday evening. Mr. Betjemann is supported by other skilful instrumentalists, and his programmes include selections from the best works of the classical masters interspersed with vocal solos. The concerts cannot fail to be welcome to the neighbourhood where they are given.

A fresh sign of renewed musical activity will be given next week by the resumption of the Crystal Palace Saturday afternoon concerts, after the usual suspension in favour of Christmas and New-Year entertainments.

We have already given the details of the arrangements for the triennial Birmingham Festival, to take place towards the end of August, and of that of Hereford early in September, and have now to speak of the recurrence of the Chester Festival (also triennial), which will precede those just named, the dates being fixed for July 22, 23, and 24. The principal works to be performed, on the respective mornings, are:—Gounod's "Redemption"; Bach's motett, "Blessing, Glory"; one of Handel's organ concertos; "Daniel," a new oratorio by Dr. Bridge; Rossini's "Stabat Mater"; Mendelssohn's "St. Paul"; and Handel's "Messiah"—these in the Cathedral—miscellaneous evening concerts taking place in the Music-Hall.

Next Saturday, Feb. 14, has been appointed for the private view of the Spring Exhibition of the Nineteenth-Century Art Society, at the Conduit-street Galleries, and the exhibition will be open to the public on Monday, the 16th.

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PANCAKES.—SHROVE TUESDAY, FEB. 17. If Pancakes are to be the delicious things which they ought to be, the following ingredients must be used in making them:—To half a pound of flour add two large teaspoonfuls of BORWICK'S BAKING POWDER—without this they cannot be well made—seasoned with a little salt. Mix these in a dry state and add an egg beaten up, with three quarters of a pint of milk. Fry at once with butter or lard. N.B.—Tell your grocer you must have BORWICK'S.

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DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S CHLORODYNE.—Vice-Chancellor Sir W. Page Wood stated publicly in Court that Dr. J. Collis Browne was undoubtedly the inventor of Chlorodyne; that the whole story of the defendant Freeman was deliberately untrue, and he regretted to say it had been sworn to.—See the "Times," July 13, 1864.

DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S CHLORODYNE.—The Right Hon. Earl Russell communicated to the College of Physicians and J. T. Davenport that he had received information to the effect that the only remedy of any service in cholera was Chlorodyne.—See "Lancet," Dec. 31, 1853.

DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S CHLORODYNE.—Extract from the "Medical Times," Jan. 12, 1856:—"Is prescribedby scores of orthodox practitioners. Of course, it would not be thus singularly popular did it not supply a want and fill a place."

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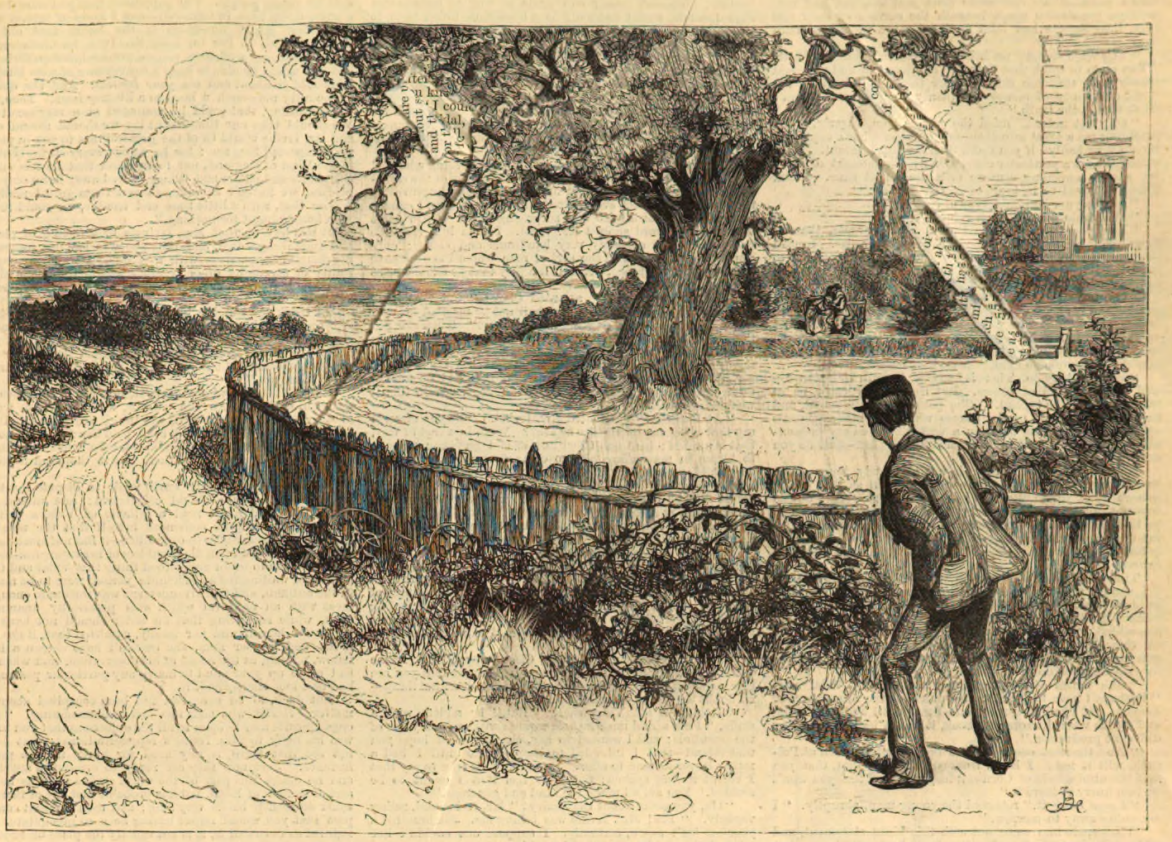
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Jack Irvine, sauntering homewards from the village, became aware of two figures seated in the garden above, and was presently astounded to see them draw closer, and lose distinctness of outline in a close embrace.

ADRIAN VIDAL.

BY W. E. NORRIS,

AUTHOR OF "MDLLE. DE MERSAC," "MATRIMONY," "THIRLBY HALL," &C.

CHAPTER X.

A SUMMER AFTERNOON.

Thus it came to pass that circumstances for which he was in no wise responsible placed a conscientious man in a quandary. Jack, who had to see about getting the wreck of his dog-cart transported to Cardrew, evidently took it for granted that Vidal would walk home with his sister; and, indeed, no other arrangement seemed possible. Yet Vidal could not but perceive that such a proceeding would be fraught with the gravest danger. What he feared just now was not so much that the impassioned utterance in words might call forth some response [illegible] hopes which he still cherished might be [illegible] a point-blank refusal. Indeed, he felt himself well enough to be aware that [illegible] difficult as to be wellnigh impossible. [illegible] dangers that threatened him, he must inevitably befall him if he [illegible] her as far as the lodge, and there bid [illegible] necessity of packing up for an early start [illegible] they would give him a sufficient excuse for returning to his lodgings.

But Vidal, like the rest of the world, was a better hand at forming resolutions than at carrying them into effect; and when Clare and he had reached the entrance to Cardrew, he had not yet so much as announced his impending departure. Up to this point, the walk had not been exactly an enjoyable one. There had been an uncomfortable feeling of restraint on both sides which had made the way seem long; yet, although the young people had kept up conversation with some difficulty, and had said nothing that was not absolutely flat and commonplace, they had been exchanging thoughts through some more subtle medium than that of speech, and Vidal was no longer able to take a dispassionate view of the situation. He understood that Clare had been asking him the whole time what was the matter with him, and he had answered, "The matter is that I adore you, and that I must not say so." Now, while he held the gate open for her to pass through, she said, after a momentary hesitation, "Will you not come up to the house? Jack will be back soon, and we can give you a luncheon of some sort." And Vidal, feeling that all strength of purpose had gone out of him, let the gate swing back, murmuring, rather foolishly, "Oh, thanks—if I shan't be in the way."

Every now and then—not often, of course; still, every now and then—it happens to most of us to make up our minds that we will do the things that we ought not to do; and on those rare and delightful occasions such of us as are wise at once kick conscience overboard. For if one cannot do wrong without suffering from pangs of remorse the whole time, it is surely better to stick to the dull path of duty and preserve at least one's self-respect. A certain merry Cardinal, now no more, once found himself at a great dinner in Rome during Lent. There was fish for him, and there were vegetables, and of these he partook freely, getting what comfort he could out of them, and maintaining a cheerful countenance. But when a haunch of venison made its appearance, his brow became clouded with care; for his soul, like the soul of Isaac, loved venison, and he could not bring himself either to let the dish pass or to indulge his appetite. If he had only neglected the fish he might have stretched a point and allowed himself a little meat for his stomach's sake; but to eat both fish and flesh at one and the same meal was what no ecclesiastic could do without falling into sin. For some moments the conflict which was raging within him was visible by outward signs to his neighbours; then, breaking into a jolly laugh, "*Basta!*" he exclaimed, "*Mi confessero!*" So he swallowed the venison and enjoyed it, and, let us hope, duly performed penance the next day. Vidal had this in common with his Eminence, that he neither deceived himself nor repented at the wrong moment. As soon as he had yielded to temptation, his heart grew lighter, and he thought, "Well, since this is to be my last day with her, it shall be as happy a one as I can make it." He let himself go; he began to talk, without first thinking of every word that he said; and Clare's spirits also seemed to rise in sympathy with his; so that, before long, the cloud which had arisen between them of late was all but dispelled.

In due course they discovered that they were hungry; and then they had luncheon together in the dining-room, which seemed strangely silent and empty with only two people seated at the long table. One of them, at all events, desired no addition to their number, and longed only for time to stand still.

"Do you know, I am very glad you let Bob drive," he could not help saying; and Clare did not ask him why he was glad, but only laughed, and blushed ever so slightly.

They had finished their meal before Jack came in, apologizing quite needlessly for having been so long, and explaining that he had had a great deal of trouble in finding somebody to bring the cart home. When he had stayed a vigorous appetite, he proposed a cigar and a game of billiards to his guest, who replied that he didn't want to smoke, and that it would be a sin to stay indoors on such a fine afternoon.

"We might have a knock-up at lawn-tennis, then," suggested the innocent Jack.

"All right; if you like," answered Vidal; "but don't you think it's too hot to run about?"

"But we can't lie on our backs in the garden till dinner-time," remonstrated the other.

"Oh, I don't know," said Vidal; "I think I could. What shall you do, Miss Irvine?"

Clare replied that she meant to sit out in the shade somewhere; and then, to Vidal's great relief, Jack said, "Well, if you don't mind, I think I'll just stroll down to Polruth and see if I can't find out something about the otter-hounds. I heard they were to meet near this next week, and I should like to show you an otter-hunt, Vidal, if you've never seen one."

In this way Vidal's destiny led him into pleasant places. Sitting on a bench in the shade, with the object of his adoration beside him, with the slumberous murmur of insects in his ears, and with all the sunny landscape stretched out before him till it dropped abruptly to meet the blue Atlantic far beneath, he surrendered himself to the bliss of the passing moments, and began to realise what is so seldom realised by mortals, the delight of living in the present. Only to watch Clare, to listen to her, to meet her eyes every now and again, was enough, and he almost forgot that a morrow was coming which would find him journeying towards London and duty. At any rate, if some suppressed consciousness of this sad fact was in his mind, he would not suffer any hint of it to pass his lips, thinking, very sensibly, that it would be time enough to say what must be said when the others returned from Tintagel.

But, considering the condition of mind that he was in, this and all other matters that he might desire to conceal were evidently at the mercy of hazard. His colloquy with Clare was not continuous, but was broken by irregular intervals of silence more dangerous than speech. During one of these, Vidal glanced at his neighbour, whose hands were lying idly in her lap, and who was, to all appearance, plunged in profound meditation. She remained so long without stirring that at last he could not refrain from asking, softly, "What are you thinking about, Miss Irvine?"

She started, smiled, and made the reply which is usually made to that absurd question—"Oh, about nothing particular."

If she had answered quite truthfully, she would have had to say, "About you;" but not being disposed to submit to further cross-examination, she uttered the meaningless phrase above recorded; and, by way of changing the subject, followed it up with a question on her own score—"Are you writing another book?"

"Oh, yes," answered Vidal; "that is my trade, you know." He had wondered more than once why, during the whole time that he had been in Cornwall, Clare had never said a word to him about his literary pursuits; but, to be sure, he had given her little opportunity for doing so.

There was another short pause before she resumed: "Is it to be like the last?"

"I hope not," answered Vidal, with a laugh. "The last didn't give universal satisfaction, as I dare say you are aware."

"Didn't it?" said Clare; and then, rather hesitatingly, "Do you mind my saying that I didn't like it very much."

"I don't mind in the least," replied Vidal, who, however, minded a good deal. "No one knows better than I do that it was a dull book."

"Oh, it was not that: it was extremely clever, I thought—only of course I am no judge. But—but is it quite *true*? Do you think people are really as bad as you make them out?"

"I should say they were—quite," answered Vidal. "The fact is, that I didn't know I had painted humanity at all particularly black."

"You painted London society very black, at all events. And there were no nice people in the book—at least, no nice women."

"I thought some of them were rather nice in their way," said Vidal.

In truth, he had tried to make them so; but as he had drawn most of his characters from real life, and had not, perhaps, penetrated much beneath the surface of their real lives, their defects had been rendered more prominent than their virtues.

"You seem to have no belief in women," pursued Clare. "You seem to think that they are all deceitful and vain and greedy, and that the things which they covet most in the world are plenty of money and plenty of admirers. I don't think that is the truth."

"Oh, but indeed," cried the young man, eagerly, "you are doing me a great injustice—or else I must have expressed myself very badly—if you think that is what I meant. I was writing about a particular class, and I never thought of passing such a sweeping censure even upon that class. I took what I believed to be types of it, that was all."

"And is your heroine a type of it?"

"Which do you call the heroine?"

"I supposed she was the heroine: at all events, there is more about her in the book than about anybody else. I mean the wretch who is in love with the hero, and who refuses to leave her husband, whom she hates, because she can't bear to lose her money and her position."

Vidal felt a little uncomfortable. He remembered certain passages in his book which he would just as soon that Miss Irvine should not have read, and he understood that what appeared to him to be a temperate enough picture of modern society might easily strike her as an abominable libel. "I am afraid such people do exist," he said, at length.

"Perhaps they do. There is Lady St. Anstell, for instance—and I have heard of others. But surely they can't be so numerous as to be typical." She paused for a moment, and then gave utterance to the phrase which has made domestic criticism so appalling to many a writer. "You say fashionable women are like that," she remarked; "but—how do you know they are?"

Now, Vidal's past career, if not absolutely immaculate, would have borne looking into quite as well as that of the generality of young men who have lived in the world; but he was not prepared to tell Miss Irvine the exact means by which he had arrived at his knowledge of a certain variety of feminine character. So he answered: "Oh, well, a good deal of it is hearsay, of course. One must be guided in some degree by hearsay."

The effect of this admission was eminently satisfactory. "I should not have thought that hearsay was a very safe guide," Clare rejoined; but it was plain that the writer's chief offence in her eyes had now been removed. By-and-by, she added, "You will think me very presumptuous for saying all this; but I have wanted for such a long time to ask you whether you really meant what I fancied you did; and I am so glad that you don't."

"One writes of what one sees and hears," Vidal said. "Perhaps I have had rather too much of the atmosphere of London. If I had been near you—I mean, if I had been living at Polruth when I wrote that book, it would have been a very different production."

"And the next one will have been partly written at Polruth, will it not? I hope, from your saying that, that you find the atmosphere of Cornwall inspiring, and that you won't be in a hurry to leave it."

"I *must* leave it," returned the young man, abruptly. "I am going away to-morrow."

What made him come out with this blunt statement, and add no single word of explanation to it he hardly knew; but it may be that he was not wholly innocent of a dramatic intention. He was looking down when he spoke; but presently he stole a glance out of the corner of his eye and saw that Clare appeared not only startled but displeased.

"We shall all be very sorry to lose you," she said, rather coldly; "but it is natural that you should be bored here."

"Bored!" exclaimed Vidal. "But you can't think that. I have never been so happy in my life as during these last three weeks—yes; in spite of everything, I have never been so happy; and perhaps I shall never be so happy again. I would give ten of the years that I may still have before me to stay another month at Polruth—if I dared."

"If you dared?" repeated Clare, with raised eyebrows.

"Yes—if I dared. Don't you understand? I *know* you understand. I have been here too long, as it is. Heriot said I ought never to have come; and perhaps he was right. I didn't mean to tell you this; but you 'll forgive it, I hope, now that I am going away so soon."

"Why must you go?" asked Clare, in a low voice.

He broke into a short laugh. "Why? Because I have only six hundred a year in the world, and because if I had six thousand you wouldn't care for me."

Clare made no answer; but she looked at him, and her eyes spoke a language which could not be misinterpreted.

Lector dilectissime, you have been young; possibly you are young still. It may be that you are yet conjugating the verb *amare* in the present tense, indicative mood, active and passive voices, whereas some of us have have long since got on to the past tenses, and even to the conjunctive moods of these. But to whichever category you may belong, you must be aware that there are circumstances under which prudence ceases to be either possible or desirable, and you will therefore readily understand how it came to pass that Jack Irvine, sauntering homewards from the village, became aware of two figures seated in the garden above him, and was presently astounded to see them draw closer together and lose distinctness of outline in a close embrace. Jack was a young man who possessed some clearness of mental, as well as of physical vision, and his comments upon what he had witnessed were brief and to the purpose.

"By George!" he exclaimed aloud, after a protracted whistle; "there 'll be a row in the house this journey, and no mistake! I don't believe the fellow has got enough to keep himself; and who the deuce was to suspect what he was after all this time? Why, he has hardly spoken a dozen words to her since he has been down here! Pretty bad form, I must say, keeping things dark like that."

Then, as he did not wish to play the spy any longer, he turned away and marched off in the opposite direction, with his hands in his pockets, meditating mournfully.

CHAPTER XI.

DREAMS.

Possibly, Jack Irvine, whose notion of a desirable brother-in-law was that such a person should be the owner, at the very least, of a country house and good shooting, may have been over ready to assume that the requirements of his parents must necessarily be the same as his own, and that they would at once refuse to listen to any suitor in Vidal's circumstances. Be that as it may, the "row" which he had foretold never came off. Poor Mrs. Irvine could not pretend to be very much pleased when Clare followed her into her bed-room that night and there made confession of what had occurred during the afternoon; but she neither reproached her daughter nor forbade the engagement. She had always been too kind-hearted to cherish schemes which were not compatible with the happiness of others, and although a son-in-law who, like Mr. Wilbraham, possessed money and lands, as well as influence in high quarters, would naturally have been more to her taste, it was not in her to reject Vidal merely on account of his poverty. So she only sighed, and said: "I think he might have spoken to your father first. It would have shown better feeling, if he had."

"But he did not mean to speak to anybody," Clare urged. "He meant to go away to-morrow morning without saying a word; and I suppose he would have gone away and never would have been any explanation at all but for that fortunate accident. I shall always feel grateful to Bob for upsetting us out of the dog-cart."

"He must never be allowed to do such a thing again!" cried Mrs. Irvine, quickly—as though a repetition of the catastrophe might be expected to bring about a second improvident marriage. "How Jack ever twisted him with the reins, I cannot understand! But it is all very surprising to me. Oh, I don't mean to say a word against Mr. Vidal. I liked him from the first; and he is certainly very handsome and clever; only somehow he is not at all the sort of man whom I should have expected you to choose. And it *is* a pity that he should be so badly off; isn't it?"

"Yes, I suppose so," assented Clare; "but that is no fault of his; and, you know, we shall not be married for ever so long—not until he is making more money." Then she put her arms round her mother's neck and kissed her. "I am sorry, mamma," she whispered. "I know it is a disappointment, and you are very good about it. I did try to accept Mr. Wilbraham, and I thought perhaps I should be able to do it, until—until that time at Lucerne. Then I knew that it was not possible."

"At Lucerne!" ejaculated Mrs. Irvine. "Do you mean to say that it began so long ago as that? Well, in a sort of way, that is a relief; for I don't feel now as if I had been so much to blame in persuading him to come down here. Now, my dear child, you need not pull my cap off, because I really am quite fond of Mr. Vidal, and from what you tell me, I have no doubt that he tried to do what was right—only these things will happen, in spite of all precautions. I will talk to your father about it, and we shall see what he says. I can't promise that he will give his consent, you know."

But Clare knew very well that Mr. Irvine's consent was precisely what her mother could safely answer for at all times, and she had no fears as to the result of a formal appeal to the head of the family. It seemed almost unfair to take advantage of such simplicity; and, indeed, this was very much the feeling that Vidal had when he was summoned to the old gentleman's study the next morning, and was received as affectionately as if he had been a millionaire.

"I am sure that you will make Clare happy," Mr. Irvine was kind enough to say; "and my wife tells me that you are sincerely attached to one another. That is the essential thing—no doubt that is the essential thing."

"I think it is," Vidal said. "But," he added, with a smile, "I am afraid most fathers would consider it only one of the essentials; and I wanted to say, Mr. Irvine—I hope you understand—that I intended to keep silence until I had a rather larger income to offer. It wouldn't be true to say that I regret having spoken; but I do feel that I ought to be scolded. You are all much too kind and generous."

"Oh, you mean about the money?" Mr. Irvine said, rather vaguely. "Yes; Mrs. Irvine was telling me. Six hundred a year—it isn't much, certainly. I suppose one couldn't live upon six hundred a year, could one?"

The question was so evidently asked in perfect good faith that Vidal laughed outright. "I believe people do live upon even less than that," he replied; "but a very small income entails sacrifices which perhaps you would hardly like your daughter to put up with. I hope to be better off before long, and even now I make from about a hundred to a hundred and fifty more than the fixed sum that I have named; still it would unquestionably be more prudent for us to wait awhile before thinking of marriage."

Then he laughed again; for he could not help being a little tickled by the whimsicality of his preaching prudence to his prospective father-in-law.

Mr. Irvine remained grave, and rubbed his head with an air of perplexity. "The question of money," he observed confidentially, "is always a troublesome one. I used to think that I was pretty well off; but nowadays, what with education and allowances, and one thing and another, there are so many payments that I am apt to forget how I stand—at least, until I get my pass-book from the bank. But certainly we ought to help—oh, yes; we shall be able to help, to some extent; and although it may not be as much as we could wish"—— He broke off, and then asked, almost apologetically, "Upon how little, now, do you think it could be done?"

Vidal hesitated; and indeed the question was not a very easy one to answer.

"Well," resumed Mr. Irvine, "I suppose a thousand a year would be the least. As you say, people do, no doubt, marry upon less; but we should not like to think of Clare being in difficulties. Let me see; six and four make ten—four hundred, h'm!" He pinched his lower lip between his finger and thumb and looked up with an appealing expression of helplessness. "Well, I'm sure I don't know," he said. "Possibly some means might be devised—— But perhaps," suddenly brightening up—"perhaps you had better consult Mrs. Irvine."

All this was by no means what Vidal had anticipated, and it affected him with a mixture of gratitude and compunction. Who would ever have supposed that there were such disinterested people in the world? He felt almost inclined to say, "But, my dear, good Sir, you don't know the rules of the game. It is only when your daughter marries a rich man that you are required to make handsome settlements. If she takes a fancy to a pauper, your course is to point out that you can't afford to allow her anything: and then the match is broken off. You will be behaving very magnanimously by merely giving a conditional assent to our engagement."

He did not make this speech at the time; but he did afterwards say something of the kind to Mrs. Irvine, who laughed at him. Did he flatter himself, she asked, that it was for love of him that they wished to make their daughter comfortable? And if they could spare a few hundreds a year (it would not be four hundred, she was afraid, but it might be three; and surely the harvest of Mr. Vidal's pen would suffice to make up the deficiency)—if they could spare this money, how could it be better spent than in averting the ordeal of a long engagement?

"I abhor long engagements!" the good lady went on. "For the man it is all very well, because being engaged doesn't interfere with any of his amusements; but the poor girl is in a wretched position. Young men fight shy of her, and the other girls generally laugh at her in their sleeves, and declare that it will never come to anything. And most frequently it does *not* come to anything, as I could prove to you by many instances in my own experience. But now, what I was thinking was this. In London, a thousand a year doesn't go far. You would be just able to keep your heads above water, no doubt, and you would have enough to eat and drink; but you couldn't attempt to go into society—and that makes life so dull for young people. But supposing that you were to take a house down here in Cornwall—and I know of several within reach that might do—there is the house that old Mrs. Tregenna used to live in, near St. Ives, for instance, and plenty of others—well, then, you see, you could live quite cheaply, and you would be able to keep a conveyance of some kind, and you could go about and see your friends. And the quiet of the country too—such a boon to a literary man! Then, as to the furnishing, that could be managed at a very small cost. We should take our time about it; we should attend sales; and Mr. Irvine would be of the greatest use to you in picking up unexpected bargains; for he knows every curiosity-dealer in the West of England, not to mention that he has endless oak chests and chairs and things stowed away in an outhouse, because we haven't a corner to put them in. I really do believe that, with a little time and trouble, we could furnish your house almost for nothing."

It will be seen that Mrs. Irvine's first feeling of chagrin had quite disappeared, and that she was looking forward to her daughter's marriage with that delight which an opportunity of arranging other people's affairs for them always afforded her. "What do you think?" she concluded, anxiously.

"I think you are the kindest people I ever met or heard of," answered the young man. "Of course there is no necessity for our living in London, and I am sure you are right about the money going further here than there. My only doubt is whether I should be at all justified in accepting so much from you."

"But it is Clare who accepts it, not you; and when you are rich, as I am sure you will be, after you have written another book or two, she need not take it any longer. Didn't I hear of somebody who had been paid five thousand pounds for a novel? And a novel could not take much more than a year to write, I suppose; so there is five thousand a year at once."

Perhaps it was hardly worth while to dispute the trustworthiness of this off-hand calculation; and indeed Mrs. Irvine (who had never read a syllable of Vidal's writings) had by this time quite convinced herself that the mantle of Dickens or Thackeray or George Eliot—it did not much matter which—had fallen upon the shoulders of her future son-in-law.

So it came to be an understood thing that Vidal and Clare, instead of waiting for an indefinite period, were to be married in the autumn, and this arrangement was fortunate enough to meet with an approval which was practically unanimous. Jack, while regretting that his sister should not have done better for herself and her family, admitted that, if she must needs wed a poor man, she couldn't have chosen a better fellow, adding, as the result of his observation, that when you had made up your mind to marry any particular person, you had best look sharp about it.

But Jack, to be sure, had not been consulted about the matter. Heriot, who had, was less accommodating. "Long engagements may be open to all the objections that you urge," was his reply to Mrs. Irvine's representations; "but I cannot see that there is any need for hurry in the present instance. Just now they are ready to consent to anything; and no doubt this part of the world strikes them as being a sort of Garden of Eden, but it is probable that one of them will think differently before very long; and then it might come to pass that you would regret having been so precipitate. Delightful as Cornwall is, it is not exactly the place of residence for a man who proposes to make his living by studies of modern life and character. Besides, they are both young, and they have known each other only a very short time. I really don't think that waiting a year or so would do either of them much harm."

"It seems to me that you want the engagement to be broken off," cried Mrs. Irvine, irritably; for what she had applied for was approval, not advice.

"Adrian Vidal is about the most intimate friend I have in the world," answered Heriot, "and I hope you know how I feel towards all of you. I have no more sincere wish than that both Clare and he should be happy."

This somewhat ambiguous response satisfied Mrs. Irvine, who returned, in a tone calculated to silence further opposition, "Then let them be happy in their own way."

For the time being, at all events, their happiness was complete. Their movements and their meetings were free from restriction of any kind, and, except in the shape of some derisive raillery on the part of the boys, they incurred no penalty for withdrawing themselves from the daily amusements of those about them. Whether, in the course of their protracted rambles, they learnt to know one another better, may be doubted, since they were both under the glamour of love; but their mutual admiration increased—which was perhaps a more desirable thing. As for Vidal, he could hardly believe in his good fortune, and told Clare as much, one day.

"It seems too good to be true," he said. "To think of it! Only a few days ago I was keeping myself alive upon a vestige—a mere vestige—of hope; just a little peradventure which I wouldn't allow common-sense to rob me of, though it tried hard. And now!—it is like a dream."

She gave his arm a slight pressure, by way of proving that she was a substantial reality; and presently, looking up into his face, she said, "Adrian, if I ask you a question, will you answer me?"

"Of course I will."

"But truly, I mean—as you would answer if anybody else asked you."

"Certainly; if I can."

She paused for a moment, drawing some wild flowers, which she had gathered, through his button-hole and then pulling them out again and throwing them away.

"Well?" said Vidal, smiling down upon her.

"Well, then—do you think that love lasts for ever?"

He answered "Yes." Perhaps no one, situated as he was, would or could have made any other reply; but it must be said for him that he believed himself to be speaking the truth. Love of the kind about which she was inquiring is a passion which may, in extreme cases, survive marriage by as much as a couple of years, but which far more frequently begins to fade after a few months of conjugal felicity; and of this abstract circumstance Vidal was just as well aware as the rest of the world. But then he knew that to every rule there are a few exceptions; and how could he doubt that their love for each other was of an exceptional kind? Had any two people ever loved so devotedly since the world began? It did not seem likely. So he said "Yes" with a quiet mind, and emphasized his assertion in the customary manner.

But she drew a little away from him. "You said just now that it was like a dream; and I am afraid it *is* a dream—it must be! Life can't really be so beautiful. And don't you think—don't you think that some day you may wake up?" She went on, without giving him time to reply, "It is so with other people: one can't help seeing it. Men have a sort of affection for their wives—something like friendship, if they

happen to get on well together. But I don't want that—I wouldn't have it—I would almost as soon that you hated me! Oh, Adrian, if you ever cared for anyone else as you care for me now, I think I should die!"

There was such a strange look upon her face, and she spoke with so much vehemence, that the young man was startled. "Why, Clare," he said, "what has put such notions into your head? Care for anyone else as I care for you! Don't you know that that is utterly impossible?"

"All sorts of impossible things happen," she answered, more quietly, and with a certain shamefacedness, "and all sorts of horrid thoughts come into one's mind. But one ought not to speak them out. Please, forget that I said that, Adrian."

But he did not forget it. He remembered the speech afterwards, when he was alone, and the look that had come over the girl's face as she uttered it, and he said to himself—not without reason, it may be—that he was unworthy of such love. Those few words were in some sort a revelation to him; for he was quick at interpreting signs of character, and he perceived what he had hitherto only half suspected, that Clare's was one of those deep and strong natures which surrender themselves wholly when they surrender at all, and which will be satisfied with nothing short of complete surrender in return. Well, if it were so, there was no need for disquietude. "Love is not love Which alters when it alteration finds, Or bends with the remover to remove;" nor would Clare ever have reason to complain that she did not hold the first place in his thoughts. She was not one of those unreasonable women who will quarrel even with that measure of allegiance which an artist owes to his art.

CHAPTER XII.

HERIOT'S WEDDING PRESENT.

The happy summer time stole on with scarcely [illegible] material or metaphorical, to dim its brightness. Every now and again a heavy shower would sweep [illegible]m from the westward, converting the steep streets of Polru[illegible]h into running watercourses for half an hour or so; but [illegible] this year the elements seemed to have entered into a conspi[illegible]cy to make two lovers happy; and day after day the sky and [illegible] the sea were blue, and the rocks and islets of the coast slept i[illegible]n a golden haze, while Clare and Adrian wandered about toge[illegible]ther, repeating the old phrases which never suffer by repe[illegible]tition, while the boys, giving up this couple as hopeless, re[illegible]verted to their ordinary pastimes, and while Mrs. Irvine sco[illegible]red the county in search of eligible residences.

If there was a gloomy face in t[illegible]he household, it was that which rose above Heriot's bowed s[illegible]houlders. He had congratulated his friend and had said [illegible]all that was pretty and appropriate to Miss Irvine; but h[illegible] had not managed to conceal from either of them the misgi[illegible]vings which he felt with regard to this marriage, and it was [illegible]but natural that they should resent his unspoken disapprov[illegible]l. Therefore the news of his approaching departure was not greeted with that general chorus of protest which he was accustomed to hear annually from his hospitable friends at Cardrew. Mrs. Irvine, however, was loud in her reproaches.

"You have never given us less than a month before," she exclaimed, "and it is too bad of you to run away like this, just when I am in need of somebody to consult with. I know you think me a silly old woman for wanting to keep Clare near us; but that is no reason why you should deprive me of the benefit of your advice now that the thing is decided upon; and I am sure no one who has not had to look about for houses can have any idea of how difficult it is to find what you want. As for those two, I can't move them to take the slightest interest in the matter. They say that anything with four walls and a roof will do, and that they are quite content to leave it to me—which is so absurd; because it is they, not I, who will have to live in the house. Well, I must do the best I can. I suppose we shall see no more of you now until next summer."

"Oh, you haven't quite seen the last of me yet," answered Heriot, with a laugh. "I have been asked to stay with the St. Austells, and I dare say we can contrive one or two meetings before I leave Cornwall. So that the blow will be softened."

He did not add that the spare room at Cardrew might very possibly be coveted by one who had a better right than he to occupy it; although this was one of the reasons which had led him to hasten his leave-taking.

Adrian made no comment upon the subject, one way or the other; but that evening, when he had bidden the family goodnight and was setting off for his lodgings, Heriot surprised him a little by saying, "I think I'll just walk down with you, Adrian, and smoke a pipe before I go to bed."

"All right," answered the young man. "Come along, and I'll give you a whisky-and-soda, or whatever it is that your doctor allows you to drink." But he was not very much delighted; for he thought, "Now I'm in for another lecture;" and it seemed to him that it was rather too late in the day to deliver or listen to lectures.

However, Heriot did not seem to have very much to say, after all. He walked almost in silence from the house to the village, and afterwards, at Vidal's lodgings, sat smoking for half an hour with a preoccupied air and replying in monosyllables to the remarks addressed to him. It was only when he had risen to go that he came to the point.

"You are to be married some time in the autumn, I suppose," he said, somewhat brusquely.

"I believe so. Nothing is absolutely settled yet."

"Yes;—well, I wanted to say that I'm afraid I shan't be able to come to the wedding."

"Why, my dear fellow," exclaimed Adrian, "I was counting upon you to do best man."

"Ah, I had the vanity to imagine that perhaps you might honour me so far; and that is why I thought I had better beg you at once to ask somebody else. I am sure you won't accuse me of unfriendliness: but you see, my health is so uncertain—and in the autumn I generally have to move south—and—and altogether, I am afraid I shall have to content myself with being with you in the spirit when the day comes."

He spoke with some hesitation and embarrassment; and Vidal, perceiving that these excuses were not genuine, was the least bit in the world offended. But he answered good-humouredly enough: "Just as you think best, old chap. We shall all miss you, of course; but if you're in Egypt, you can't be in Cornwall, that's certain."

"No; just so—that's it, you see," said Heriot; "and if I am not quite as far off as Egypt, I may very likely be on my way there; so that it would be best not to reckon upon me. And, Adrian," he added, producing an envelope from his pocket, and still speaking in the same flurried, uncertain manner, "I thought I would take this opportunity of giving you my wedding present. I have ventured to put it in the coarse and practical form of a cheque; because one wishes one's friends to buy what they will like, and how am I to know what would please a young lady?"

Adrian took the envelope, and mumbled his thanks after the usual fashion. But it appeared that Heriot had still something to add. "It's—it's for a rather larger amount than one generally gives as a wedding present," he said; "but I hope you won't mind that, and that you'll take it as it is meant. You know, I have more money than I can spend, and it occurred to me that furnishing and setting up house and all that——Besides which, I have my doubts about this Cornish establishment. I think it will have to be London, most likely, after all; and then, perhaps, a few extra tables and chairs, you know, might come in useful."

"I couldn't accept more than a certain amount, Heriot," said Vidal, somewhat alarmed by this incoherent explanation.

"Well, it isn't more than a certain amount," returned Heriot, sharply. "Don't be silly; I'm not offering you a fortune. Now, good-night; and may you never need a friend to help you out of trouble to the end of your days. But if you ever should, you know where to apply."

So the two men [illegible] hands, and Heriot made for the door. But on the three[illegible] halted again irresolutely. "Look here, Adrian," h[illegible] don't want to preach; but the old Adam is stron[illegible] I must say one word. You are going to mar[illegible]s had no experience of life whatsoever. Sh[illegible]—literally nothing, about it, and when she [illegible] will hear and see many things which s[illegible] you are prepared for that, no doubt [illegible]a impatient at the time. Don't be in[illegible] don't let her lose faith in you. Bec[illegible]ily be made happy, she can also be [illegible] don't think she can very easily f[illegible]

The advice might be a little [illegible] was well meant. After Heriot [illegible]ope and found that it contained

(To be continued.)

[illegible].M.G., has been elected treasurer [illegible] of Gray's Inn for the ensuing year.

[illegible]e Midland Circuit, has been elected a Be[illegible]her o[illegible]rable Society of the Inner Temple, in succession to the [illegible] Mr. Deedes; and Mr. G. F. Speke, of [illegible]e Western Circuit, and Recorder of Helston, has been elected a Bencher of this honourable society, in succession to the late Mr. Cole, Q.C.

Lieutenant-General Sir Archibald Alison will hold the chief command on the occasion of the volunteer field-day at Brighton on Easter Monday. At an influential public meeting held at Brighton, presided over by the Mayor, the Town Council was requested to invite the Prince and Princess of Wales and Prince Albert Victor to honour the review with their presence.

In a letter to Sir E. Henderson, Commissioner of Police, Sir W. V. Harcourt states that, by the personal command of the Queen, he has conveyed to Constables Cole and Cox her Majesty's high sense of the courage and devotion which they displayed on the occasion of the outrage at Westminster. The Albert Medal will be conferred on former, and both will receive promotion in the force.

The valuable collection of books in the health section of the Exhibition Library, consisting of about 1500 volumes, has been presented to the Parkes Museum, Margaret-street. The library of this museum already contains a large collection of standard works on sanitary science, and a complete collection of reports of medical officers of health over the whole country. The council have made special arrangements for the admission of students to the library and reading-room.

The Royal Agricultural Society of Ireland has fixed July 1, 2, and 3 as the days for holding the annual show, to be held this year at Londonderry. The Marquis of Hamilton has consented to become president of the society for the year. It was stated that the Irish Society has contributed £50 towards the prize list. Major Barrowes complained of the wealthy London Companies having estates in the north of Ireland not coming forward liberally in aid of the society.

Earl and Lady Spencer left the Viceregal Lodge, Dublin, yesterday week, and took up their abode at Dublin Castle for the usual seven weeks' season. During the stay of his Excellency at the Castle, the utmost precautions will be taken. No one will, after nightfall, be permitted to pass the gates, which are guarded both by policemen and military sentries, without producing a written permit containing the name, abode, and occupation of the holder, who, in addition, must state to what department he is going, and what is his business. Constables will be scattered through the courtyards, and there will be two special constables guarding the gateway which communicates between the lower Castle yard and the upper yard, in which the state apartments are situated.

The prizes and certificates awarded to the students at the West London School of Art during the past year were distributed to the successful competitors yesterday week at the Steinway Hall. Mr. G. A. Thrupp presided, and Mr. Owen Roberts gave away the prizes. After an introductory address from the chairman, Mr. J. I. Rawle, head master, read his special report, which showed that 420 students had attended the school, and the Government grant had amounted to £472. No less than 5766 works had been sent to South Kensington for examination as the result of the twelve months' work; and the school obtained nearly 26 per cent of the entire number of national awards gained by the nineteen metropolitan district schools of art. Several works were sent up to the Health Exhibition, and a silver medal was awarded to the collective exhibit. The first of the three prizes offered by the Goldsmiths' Company for the best design for a toilet set, open to the whole kingdom, had been won by Mr. W. H. Woodall, a student at the school, and a travelling studentship, offered through the Painters' Company, had fallen to Mr. A. C. Weatherstone, who also took a gold medal in the national art competition at South Kensington, and other distinctions.

A special general meeting of the members and friends of the Cabdrivers' Benevolent Association, for the purpose of electing seven annuitants to the benevolent fund, was held yesterday week at St. Andrew's Hall, Newman-street, Oxford-street. The Society, which was founded in 1870, has a fourfold object—namely, to give annuities of £20 to aged cabdrivers unable by infirmity to earn their living; to grant loans and temporary assistance to members; to give legal assistance to members unjustly summoned to the police courts; and to assist the widows and orphans of members. Besides the annuitants then elected, there are twenty-three now receiving the pension. About thirty other deserving cases urgently demand relief, but lack of funds alone prevents the committee from extending to them the benefits of the institution. The candidates for the pension must be aged and incapacitated cabdrivers who for not less than three years have subscribed 5s. a year to the society. There are at present about 1000 benefit members, many of whom, with their wives and daughters, were present at the ballot, and remained for a concert given under the direction of Herr Lehmeyer, in which Mr. Howard Paul, Mr. F. Williams, Mr. Henry, Mrs. Chatteris, Miss Clara Myers, and other ladies and gentlemen took part. During an interval in the concert, Lord Ashley took the chair, and the result of the election of annuitants of the association was announced.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

R M.—Your description of the position is accurate. The key-move of the solution is 1. P to K 3rd, followed, if Black discovers check, by 2. K to R 3rd, and mating next move.

G W A (City Club).—Please accept our cordial thanks for your unfailing courtesy, and our congratulations on the result of the match.

W A (Old Romney).—There is no Pawn wanted in No. 2131. Look at it again.

J G (Kensington).—In No. 2123, after White's move 1. Q to K 6th, should Black play 1. P to R 3rd, the continuation is 2. R to Q B 4th, &c.

Tom (Manchester).—We think your solution of No. 2123 was acknowledged, but have not had time to verify our impression. The theme of No. 2129 is not absolutely new; but, as the theatrical manager observed, "revivals are often more successful than new plays." Thanks for good wishes.

Emmo (Darlington).—We are always glad to hear from you, and shall be pleased to examine and report on the problem referred to.

F H (Munich).—Thanks for the *Semaine*. You have, of course, seen our No. 2127.

A T L (Ellangowan).—We believe Mr. W. Morgan, Caledonian-road, supplies india-rubber stamps of the chess-board and pieces.

L K H (Pisa).—We cannot afford space to answer your question fully, but you can apply for particulars to the editor of the *English Mechanic*, York-street, Covent-garden, London. Your problem is still under examination.

Correct Solutions of Problem No. 2128 received from Fluela; of Nos. 2128 and 2129 from Ivan Severjco (Klagenfurt); of No. 2129 from E L G; F J Whitehouse, William Davis; of No. 2130 from Columbus, L K Hirsch (Pisa), Josiah Dupsont, J Veale, George, D W (Aberdeenshire), L Desanges, W F R (Swansea), E L G; of J Jespersen's Problem from Jumbo, D W (Aberdeenshire), Rev W Anderson (Old Romney), H F C (Salisbury), E L G, William Davis; of Lloyd's Problem from S Lowndes, C S Cole, J G Jumbo, L Sharswood, Ernest Sharswood, L L Greenaway, G S Oldfield, E Casella (Paris), W Dewse, R Robinson, N S Harris, W Hillier, R J Vines, H Ward (Norwich), Jupiter Junior, James Pilkington, Ben Nevis, E Elsbury, F Ferris, Jupiter Junior, Carl Stepan, Emmo (Darlington), R Worters (Canterbury), B H C (Salisbury), Rev W Anderson (Old Romney), E L G, and H Blacklock.

Correct Solutions of Problem No. 2131 received from F F Pott, C S Coxe, T S Redmund (Wexford), B R Wood, Otto Fulder (Ghent), L Sharswood, Ernest Sharswood, C Oswald, L L Greenaway, G Fenbrooke, Julia Short, G S Oldfield, A C Hunt, R Jesson, Jupiter Junior, C Darragh, E Casella (Paris), Aaron Harper, R Tweddell, H R C Holdron, W Dewse, Joseph Ainsworth, L Falcon (Antwerp), C W Milsom, N S Harris, J Coad, R Worters (Canterbury), D W Keil, Ben Nevis, A Wigmore, E Louden, E Elsbury, R Ingersoll, W J Knight, F Ferris, F and G Howitt (Norwich), Jupiter Junior, James Pilkington, E L Southwell, E Featherstone, G Huskisson, Carl Stepan, Shadforth, J Alois, Schmucke, Rev. W Anderson (Old Romney), and E L G.

Note.—This problem appears to have proved a hard nut to some of our regular solvers, if we may infer so from the diminished proportions of our list of correct solutions received. One correspondent, only one, states that it is inaccurate, but on re-examination of the position we could discover no error in the construction to warrant the suggestion.

Solution of Problem No. 2129.

WHITE.	BLACK.
1. Kt to K 2nd	P moves
2. Kt to Kt sq	K takes P
3. R to K Kt 5th (ch)	K moves

4. K5 mates accordingly.

Solution of Problem No. 2130.

WHITE.	BLACK.
1. R to B 6th	B takes R *
2. Kt to B 2nd (ch)	Any move

3. Pawn mates.

* If Black play 1. Kt takes P, White continues with 2. Kt to B 2nd (ch), and 3. R to K 6th, mate. If 1. Kt to R 6th, then 2. Kt to Kt 3rd (ch), and 3. R to K 6th, mate. If 1. K to K 5th, then 2. R to K 6th (ch), and 3. Kt to Kt 3rd, mate. If any other move, then 2. Kt to B 2nd (ch), and 3. P to Q 3rd, mate.

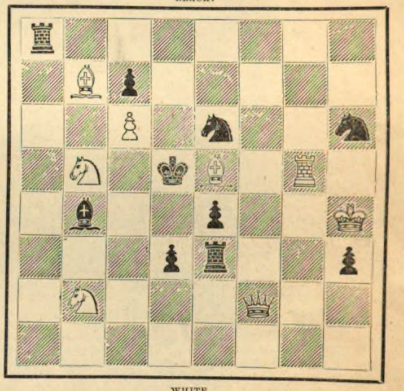
M. Jespersen's Problem.

WHITE.	BLACK.
1. Kt to R 5th	K takes Kt
2. Kt to B 4th (ch)	K moves
3. Q mates.	

Variations obvious.

PROBLEM No. 2133.
By A. E. Studd.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

An interesting Game in which the veteran "Delta" yields the odds of K Kt to another Amateur.

(Remove White's K Kt from the board.)—*(King's Bishop's Opening.)*

WHITE ("Delta").	BLACK (Mr. J.)	WHITE ("Delta").	BLACK (Mr. J.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	Weak. We should have preferred 12. P to K B 4th.	
2. B to B 4th	B to B 4th		
3. P to Q Kt 4th		13. P to B 5th	Kt to Kt 4th
In giving large odds something must be risked, but an Evans' Gambit without the King's Knight does not look "good business."		14. P to B 6th	P to K Kt 3rd
		15. P to K 6th	Kt takes P
		16. K to R sq	P to Q 4th
3.	B takes P	17. Kt to R 3rd	B to B 2nd
4. P to Q B 3rd	B to B 4th	18. Q to Q 2nd	P to K R 4th
5. Castles	Kt to K B 3rd	19. Kt to Q B 2nd	Q to Q 3rd
6. P to Q 4th	P takes P	20. P to Kt 3rd	P to R 5th
"Delta" here suggests 6. P to Q 4th for Black, and we agree with him that it would be better than the move in text.		21. B to R 3rd	
		Black's short-lived attack is now at an end.	
7. P takes P	B to Kt 3rd	21.	P to B 4th
8. P to K 6th	Kt to K 5th	22. P takes P	Kt takes P
9. B to Q 5th	Kt to Kt 4th	23. Q R to K sq (ch)	B to K 3rd
10. P to K B 4th	Kt to K 3rd	24. R takes B (ch)	
The movements of this Knight materially assist the development of White's game.		The *coup de grâce*.	
		24.	P takes R
11. B to Kt 2nd	P to Q B 3rd	25. P to B 7th (ch)	K to B sq
12. B to Kt 3rd	P to Q 3rd	26. Q to Q 4th, and Black resigned.	

The following two-move problem comes from the *Baltimore Sunday News*, via the *Nationaltidende* of Copenhagen. It is the composition of Mr. C. E. Dennis, of Thurlow, Pennsylvania.

White: K at K Kt 6th, Q at K R 7th, R's at Q 6th and Q Kt 8th; B's at Q R 6th and 4th, Kts at K B 7th and K 6th. (Eight pieces.)
Black: K at K 2nd, R at Q Kt 5th, Kt at Q sq, Pawn at Q 2nd. (Four pieces.)

White to play, and mate in two moves.

At the monthly supper of the City of London Chess Club, held on the 20th ult., Dr. Pilkington presided, and was supported by a large gathering of members. Among the toasts of the evening were the health of Dr. Zukertort, the umpire in the late match with the St. George's Chess Club; the health of Mr. H. F. Gastineau, the vice-president; Mr. George Adamson, the honorary secretary; and the chairman. A smoking concert followed the toasts, and the meeting did not break up until close upon midnight.

A match between the Athenæum and North London Clubs was played on the 21st ult., thirteen competitors on each side. It was won by the last-named club with a score of eight games to five.

The handicap tournament of one hundred members of the City of London Chess Club is now over in all the sections except one. The winners are Mr. W. E. Vyse (second class), Mr. B. G. Laws (third class), Mr. J. H. Taylor (third class), Mr. J. H. Clark (sixth class), Mr. L. Stiebel (third class), Mr. M. Klemantaski (fourth class), Mr. H. D. Woolley (fourth class), Mr. G. A. Hooke (second class), Mr. C. P. Griffiths (third class). In the case which is not yet decided, Mr. W. C. Coupland (third class) and Mr. Thomas Durrant (fourth class) have tied for first place.

The annual general meeting of the City of London Chess Club will be held on Wednesday, the 25th inst., when officials for the coming year will be elected.



WAR IN THE DESERT:



A RUNNING FIGHT.

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated May 30, 1884) of the Right Hon. Richard George, Earl of Scarborough, late of Sandbeck Park, Tickhill, Yorkshire, who died on Dec. 5 last, was proved on the 24th ult. by the Right Hon. Alfred Frederick George Beresford, Earl of Scarborough, the son, the sole executor, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £90,000. The testator bequeaths to his wife, Frederica Mary Adelisa, Countess of Scarborough, £2000, a carriage and a pair of horses, with the harness and appendages as she may select. All his real and personal estate, subject to the said legacies and charged with the payment of his debts, funeral and testamentary expenses, he gives to his said son.

The will (dated May 7, 1874) of Mr. Edward Carter, late of Thames Bank, Westminster, and of Upton, near Ryde, who died on Nov. 12 last, was proved on Dec. 30 by George Carter Evelegh, Thomas Valentine Smith, and Edward Carter, the son, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £82,000. The testator bequeaths £500, all his furniture, plate, pictures, linen, books, effects, horses, carriages, live and dead stock, and an annuity of £1200, to his wife, Mrs. Martha Carter; he also gives her a right of residing during widowhood at Upton; legacies amounting to £20,000 each, upon trust, for his daughters, Mary Jouana and Georgina; and £100 each to his executors, Mr. Evelegh and Mr. Smith. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for his said son, Edward Carter.

The will (dated Sept. 7, 1881), with four codicils (dated Oct. 3, 1881; Sept. 3, 1882; and Feb. 20 and April 4, 1883), of Mr. George Atty, late of the Middle Temple, and of Redfields, Crondale, in the county of Southampton, who died on March 14 last, was proved on the 3rd ult. by the Rev. Abraham Adlard Welby and Henry Potter, two of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £57,000. The testator bequeaths £2000 to Eleanor Mary Welby; £3000, upon trust, for Catherine Adeline Atty, for life, and then for Mrs. Harriot Kerr; and some other legacies. His freehold estate, Redfields, he settles on Adlard Welby for life, then on Abraham Adlard Welby for life, and then on Adeline Bertha Welby. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for the said Rev. Abraham Adlard Welby and his children.

The will (dated April 15, 1874), with two codicils (both executed in May, 1879), of Mr. James Bischoff, formerly of No. 73, Kensington Gardens-square, but late of No. 44, Sonnenberger Strasse, Wiesbaden, who died on Nov. 21 last, was proved on the 6th ult. by Thomas Wolryche Stansfield and August Gottlieb Meissner, the nephew, two of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £43,000. The testator leaves £10,000 and all his furniture, plate, jewellery, books, effects, horses and carriages, to his wife, Mrs. Elizabeth Bischoff; some shares in the Van Diemen's Land Company, and £4000, to his said nephew, subject to his paying thereout £200 per annum to his wife, for life; and some other legacies. The residue of his real and personal estate is to be held, upon trust, for his wife, for life; and at her death, as to one moiety for the children of his sister Sarah Towgood, and as to the other moiety for the children of his sister Margaret Meissner.

The will (dated Aug. 10, 1882), with a codicil (dated Oct. 15, 1884), of Mr. Joseph Chatto Lamb, late of Ryton House, in the county of Durham, who died on Nov. 6 last, was proved at the district registry, Durham, on Dec. 29 by William Rutherfurd Lamb, the son, one of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £37,000. The testator leaves to his wife, Mrs. Isabella Anderson Lamb, his carriages, carriage horses, wines and consumable stores, and an annuity of £300 (subject to reduction in the event of her marriage again) in addition to the annuity secured to her by their marriage settlement; and to his son, Joseph Chatto Lamb, £4000 and a share in a steam-vessel, also a further sum of £4000 if alive on the death of testator's wife. All his real estate and the residue of the personalty he gives to his said son, William Rutherfurd Lamb.

The will (dated Sept. 14, 1880), with two codicils (dated June 18 and Dec. 18, 1883), of Mr. William Peere Williams-Freeman, formerly of her Majesty's Diplomatic Service, but late of Clapton, Northamptonshire, who died on Sept. 18 last, was proved on Dec. 27 by the Rev. Ernest Pearce Williams-Freeman, the brother, the acting executor, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £35,000. The testator gives to his wife his furniture, linen, china, wines, consumable stores, horses and carriages, £300, and an annuity of £400 during life or widowhood, in addition to the provision made for her by settlement; his diamonds to his wife, for life or widowhood, and then to his son who shall first attain twenty-one; his plate to his son who shall first attain twenty-one; to his sons, Lionel and Ralph, to his daughters, Agnes Caroline and Violet Mary, and also to any after-born children, such sum as with the sums they will receive under settlement will make up their portions to £9000 each; and legacies to executors and others. All his real estate and the residue of the personalty he leaves to his son who shall first attain twenty-one.

The will (dated Oct. 24, 1884) of Mr. Brooke James Greville, late of No. 17, Stanhope-gardens, Cromwell-road, South Kensington, who died on Nov. 22 last, has been proved by Oscar Leslie Stephens, junior, the sole executor, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £34,000. The testator bequeaths £10,000 and all the silver plate bearing his arms, upon trust, for his son, Harry Fulke Greville; and a few other legacies. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for his daughter, Catherine Caroline Greville, for life, and then as she shall by will appoint.

The will (dated Feb. 7, 1880) of Mr. John Fisher, late of Dudley, Worcestershire, iron merchant, who died on May 21 last, was proved on the 2nd ult. by Henry Starkey Coldicott, one of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £24,000. The testator leaves £150 and his residence, with the furniture and effects, and £600 per annum for life, to his wife, Mrs. Catherine Fisher; and an annuity to his sister. There are some specific gifts to his son, Wiliam Fellowes, but no further provision is made for him, he being already amply provided for. The residue of his real and personal estate he gives to his sons Walter Penson and John Herbert, and to his daughters, Elenor Gertrude and Jessie Catherine Louise.

CANDIDATES FOR SCHOLARSHIPS.

The Examiner for the London School Board Scholarships sends to the *Journal of Education* the following notes of answers:—

1. By what right does the Queen sit on the throne? (*a*) Because Prince Albert married her, and she was the daughter of the late King, and grand-daughter of Rollo, the Sea King; (*b*) she was the only daughter of Edward VI., who was her father, son of Edward V.; (*c*) she won a great battle.

2. Explain the meaning of the Executive, manhood suffrage, and protective duties.—The Executive was the man who was appointed to the duty of hanging a person, or otherwise executing him. Manhood suffrage is the state of suffering to which all mankind are born. The protective duty was the duty of a man to protect another person from receiving harm of any kind.

3. Cromwell was the brother of Lord Wolseley. Prince Rupert was a celebrated experimental chemist. Thomas Wyatt was the man who helped to invent locomotive engines. Washington invented steam-engines; he was a great phylosipher. Warren Hastings was a Viking; he landed in England and tried to take it, but was defeated. Lord Nelson was a brave man who fought in the Battle of Waterloo. Washington fought with Nelson in the Battle of Waterloo, and took his place when he was killed. Nelson's last words were, "Do not throw me overboard unless the King wishes to." Lord Palmerston lived in the reign of William I., and was the chief of the feudal system.

4. An alderman is (*a*) a man who keeps turtles; (*b*) a man who cuts down alders; (*c*) a man who feeds on the people. (N.B.—The above is a Radical answer.) A Conservative is a man who looks down on Liberals; a Liberal is a man who spends the people's money freely. Mr. Gladstone is a Liberal and head of the House of Commons; Lord Beaconsfield is a Conservative and head of the House of Lords. An antiquary is an enemy of fishes (Latin *anti*, against, and *aqua*, water).

5. Explain "All the world's a stage."—The world is a flat surface, like a stage for people to walk on. The seasons are caused by the sun going round the moon.

6. Explain "The child is father of the man."—(*a*) The law is such that the father can't do nothing to his own boy; (*b*) everyone knows, or nearly everyone, that Adam is our common parent, but he couldn't have been such if he had not been a child first, though we're not told so in the Bible.

7. An essay on "Your favourite author."—I cannot say which I like best out of Shakspeare or Longfellow; "As You Like It" enchants me, but "Excelsior" is supreme.

At the eleventh annual meeting of the Hospital Saturday Fund, held in the Memorial Hall, Farringdon-street—Mr. S. Morley, M.P., in the chair—the chairman remarked that there was a debt of £2000 on St. Margaret's Home, and if £1600 were raised within the year he would add £400 to pay it off. It was stated that the awards from the fund had been £9000 last year, and it was agreed that the collection in the streets ought to be on the third Saturday in July.

Yesterday week the annual meeting of the Association for the Better Endowment of the University of Edinburgh was held in the Physicians' Hall, Edinburgh—the Lord Provost presiding. The report stated that there was a balance of the ordinary funds of the association applicable to permanent foundations amounting to £1553. Since the last annual report, various new foundations in the University had been intimated. The report gave a statement of the income and expenditure of the General University Fund for the last year for which such information was available, 1882-3, from which it appeared that the income from matriculation and graduation fees was £8749 14s. 6d., and from other sources £4242 14s. 1d., making a total of £12,992 8s. 7d. The ordinary expenditure amounted to £11,052, but, with an additional contribution of £2000 towards the cost of the new buildings, there was a surplus expenditure of £59 14s. The Lord Provost moved the adoption of the report. The Rev. Dr. Phin seconded the motion, and, referring to the appointment of Sir William Muir to the Principalship, said he had no doubt that under the new Principal the University would go on increasing in prosperity and popularity. The report was adopted.

THROUGH MASAI LAND.

The recent achievements of Mr. Joseph Thomson in exploring that part of East Africa between Mombasa, on the seacoast north of Zanzibar, and Lake Victoria Nyanza, are in some degree known to our readers. We published, not long since, a few Illustrations, from photographs, with which Mr. Thomson had furnished us, of Mount Kilimanjaro in the south of that region, Mount Kenia in the north, and the habitations and personal appearance of the Masai people. A volume full of interesting narrative and description, entitled *Through Masai Land*, is now produced by Messrs. Sampson Low and Co., in which Mr. Thomson conducts us over the whole of that new ground, and makes a valuable addition to geographical knowledge. The fatigues and perils he endured in this expedition, from March, 1883, to the end of May, 1884, were as severe as those experienced by travellers of great renown in Central Africa. He is still a comparatively young man, having been scarcely of age in 1877, when he accompanied the late Mr. Keith Johnston to the Lake Nyassa region, and soon took command of the expedition upon the lamented death of its first leader. The Royal Geographical Society may expect much good future work from Mr. Thomson; and we hope for some more books, equal in value to those he has given us on the "Central African Lakes," and on "Masai Land." The country north-west of Mombasa, which lies four degrees south of the Equator, had been entered by Dr. Krapf and his colleague Rebmann, German missionaries, by the Baron von der Decken and the Rev. C. New, but they had not gone much farther than Mount Kilimanjaro, which is certainly a magnificent feature of Eastern Africa. The great obstacle to getting northward seems to have been the savage and inhospitable temper of the Masai, who occupy a strip of inland country three or four hundred miles long and ninety miles wide, its southern portion consisting of desert plains, with many volcanic peaks of great altitude; its northern part, a beautiful plateau, 6000 ft. high, inclosed between two parallel mountain ranges, copiously watered and richly wooded, especially on the east side beneath the Aberdare range, while Lakes Naivasho, Nakura, and Baringo, lie in the trough below the great western escarpment. Mr. Thomson is the actual discoverer of these places; and his explorations were thence directed westward, through Masawa, to the north-west corner of the great Equatorial Lake Victoria Nyanza, the probable source of the Nile, among the Kavirondo tribes; and eastward into Lykipia, between the Aberdare range and Mount Kenia, a country of forests and swamps, and of natives whose disposition is extremely "nasty" to deal with. He had difficulty enough in getting out of that country, and the patience, tact, and discretion with which he managed to escape any violent conflict, and to guard against murderous treachery, deserve much commendation. His stores of goods for the purchase of food and accommodation became exhausted; and in December, when he turned back from the shores of Victoria Nyanza, he was attacked by fever, which was aggravated by exposure and fatigue in the homeward journey, and complicated with dysentery, till it brought him very near death. His only European companion, an intelligent Maltese sailor named James Martin, rendered all possible help and comfort; he had ten guards from Zanzibar, and a hundred luggage-porters or general servants, with two donkeys for riding, but travelled mostly on foot. Hunting adventures, including such large game as the elephant and the buffalo, were tolerably frequent, and Mr. Thomson was once tossed by a buffalo, whose horn inflicted a big wound in his thigh. The variety and exciting character of his personal experiences have much romantic interest; but his clear and vivid descriptions of the physical geography of a region previously quite unknown, and of savage tribes differing in many of their customs from other East African nations, are of greater importance. The volume is furnished with a route map, a geological map, and numerous illustrations, from photographs and sketches, well engraved on wood.

At a meeting of the London School Board recently held the Finance Committee reported that £1,160,138 would be required to meet estimated liabilities to March next year. This requires a rate of a little over ninepence in the pound.

The new artisans' and labourers' dwellings erected on the Petticoat-square site, near East Aldgate station, were opened last week by Mr. George R. Innes, chairman of the Commissioners of Sewers. The new buildings will afford a large amount of accommodation for artisans, &c., and the rents are to be fixed at as low rates as possible.

Miss Rye's next party of children for Canada will leave England in March; and she has room in her training-home for a few little destitute girls, between the ages of eight and thirteen, whose friends are willing for them to emigrate. Applications to be made at once to Miss Lizzie Still, Avenue House, High-street, Peckham, London.

The City Corporation have voted £525 for the relief of the sufferers by the earthquakes in Spain; £105 for the widows and families of the crew of the steam-ship Pochard, lately wrecked off Holyhead; and granted a superannuation allowance of £450 a year to Lieutenant-Colonel H. S. Bowman, Chief Superintendent of the City Police, who retired after fifteen years' service.

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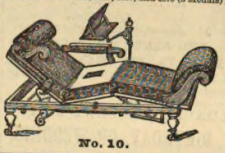
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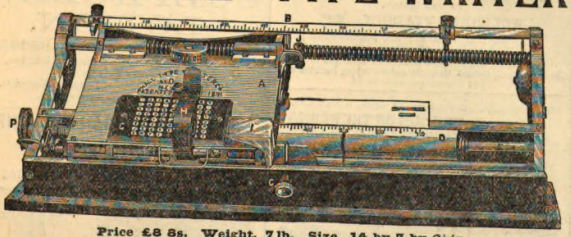


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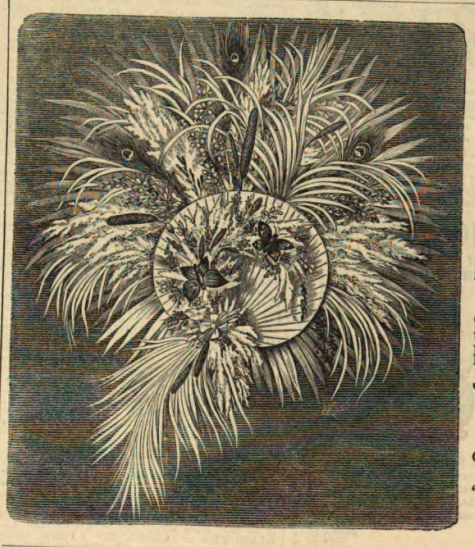
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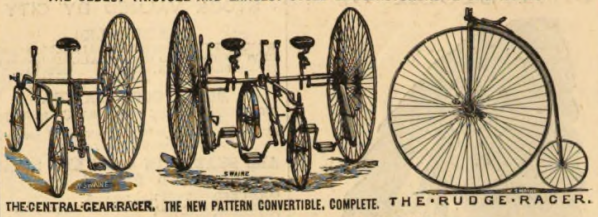
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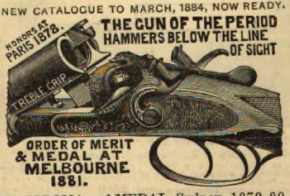
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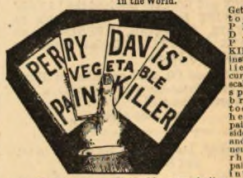
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THE RELIEF OF KHARTOUM: TESTING THE STEADINESS OF CAMELS—19th HUSSARS CHARGING BY A CORNER OF THE CAMEL SQUARE.
SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. MELTON PRIOR.

GEORGE ELIOT.*

It is evident that George Eliot, modest and diffident though she was, anticipated for her novels a permanent place in literature; and no critic capable of forming a judgment can doubt that she was justified in doing so. Her heart is in her books, and the "precious life-blood" that flows through them gives a fresh and larger life to the reader. It has been said that the author's personal character may be read in such tales as "Adam Bede" and "The Mill on the Floss," and to some extent this is true; but a womanly nature like that of George Eliot is not to be read alone in works of imagination, and there is a reasonable curiosity to know how she lived her own life, what she thought, what she did, what she suffered, how she took her part in the common affairs of every day, and whether there was a harmony between the imaginative life of the novelist and the prosaic life of the woman.

We may say at once that this curiosity is not satisfied by Mr. Cross. Interesting as the three volumes of George Eliot's biography are, the reader is conscious that this is far from being a full representation of character and circumstances. Perhaps it could not have been otherwise, considering the peculiar domestic relations of George Eliot and the situation of Mr. Cross. His position was one of great delicacy, and he shows no little tact and good taste in leaving the union between Mary Ann Evans and George Henry Lewes to be explained and justified by his late wife. Of the pain that it cost her thus to oppose the moral judgment of society, and of the comparative isolation that ensued from it, we hear nothing; and of Lewes himself the portrait drawn is not from the hand of a faithful artist, but from that of an affectionate, loving woman. Then it is impossible to doubt that the struggle of a nature like George Eliot's, in passing through so many phases of faith, must have been far more severe than it appears to be in these volumes. To judge from them, apart from other sources of knowledge, it would seem as if these spiritual changes were due even more to a sympathetic, responsive nature than to mental conviction; for, with all her genius, the heart in George Eliot held a more potent sway than the intellect.

It is the aim of Mr. Cross that his wife should as far as possible tell her own story, which is done by means of letters and journals; and he observes that each letter has been pruned of everything that he thought George Eliot would have wished to be omitted. By such a process, something is gained, since, from first to last, no unkindly word is uttered of the living and no bitter feeling roused; but much also is lost, for the woman, as she appeared to others, is scarcely seen at all. Still, if the book does not satisfy the admirer and lover of this fine writer, if it wants the "special touches" which Lewes thought so necessary in biography, its attraction will be felt by every reader. Without attempting, therefore, to give anything like an abstract of a biography which, if the subject be a guarantee, should be the most popular of the season, we shall be content to note a few points of interest suggested by these volumes.

Creative genius and an ardent desire for acquirement do not always go hand-in-hand, but with George Eliot the love of learning was an enduring passion. It began when she was a child, and up to the day of her death she was still "climbing after knowledge infinite." "I enjoy all subjects, all study," she writes in mature age, "more than I ever did in my life before. . . . Science, history, poetry—I don't know which draws me most, I could enjoy everything, from arithmetic to antiquarianism." And we believe George Eliot could master any subject with the single exception of mechanics, in which she found it impossible to take an interest. Her love of books and their authors is warmly and frequently expressed in these letters, and occasionally, too, we find a strong utterance of dislike. Lamb and Scott were her friends in youth, and her love for them never changed. She thought the life of Scott a perfect biography, and, after reading it aloud, felt, on closing the book, a personal sorrow. In earlier days, Sir Charles Grandison was read, and the morality pronounced to be perfect; but Byron, so popular in her youth, is styled the most vulgar-minded genius that ever produced a great effect in literature. Of contemporary writers, Hawthorne was a great favourite, while Thackeray's "Esmond" is "the most uncomfortable book you can imagine." To talk to Dickens was a great pleasure—"there is a strain of real seriousness" she writes, "a'ong with his keenness and humour"; "Aurora Leigh" was read for the third time with more enjoyment than ever; Darwin's famous book is tabled as not impressive from want of orderly presentation; and Buckle, as a writer, inspired her with a personal dislike. Enough of books, perhaps; but, before passing to another subject, the following short passage must be quoted:—"If my book-marker were just a little longer, I should keep it in my beautiful Bible in large print, which Mr. Lewes bought for me in prevision for my old age. He is not fond of reading the Bible himself, but 'sees no harm' in my reading it."

George Eliot had a high sense of the dignity of literature. For her it was no idle trade, and large as were the sums she received for her novels, it was in no mercenary spirit that she wrote them. "Do you see," she writes, "how the publishing world is going mad on periodicals? If I could be seduced by such offers, I might have written three poor novels and made my fortune in one year. Happily, I have no need to exert myself when I say, 'Avaunt thee, Satan!' Satan, in the form of bad writing and good pay, is not seductive to me." And when composing the "Spanish Gypsy," she says, "Don't you imagine how the people who consider writing simply as a money-getting profession will despise me for choosing a work by which I could only get hundreds, where for a novel I could get thousands?" Her literary conscience was always highly sensitive; and, tolerant as she was in her estimate of all sincere work, she had no tolerance for writers whose chief object is to make a sensation and to put money in the purse. "Is it not odious that as soon as a man is dead his desk is raked, and every insignificant memorandum, which he never meant for the public, is printed for the gossiping amusement of people too idle to re-read his books? I think this fashion is a disgrace to us all. It is something like the uncovering of the dead Byron's club-foot."

Like her great sister-novelist, Jane Austen, George Eliot has few signs of humour in her correspondence. A spirit of intense earnestness pervades it, and only here and there do we find faint indications of the genius that created Mrs. Poyser and Dolly Winthrop, Mr. Brooke and Mrs. Cadwallader. The shortness of life and the length of art, the little genuine sincere worth in the world, and the mass of frivolity, seem to have constantly impressed her. Passages illustrating these feelings might be quoted in large numbers, but one or two must suffice. "There comes a season," she writes on one occasion, "when we cease to look round and say, 'How shall I enjoy?' but, as in a country which has been visited by the sword, pestilence, and famine, think only how we shall help the wounded, and how find seed for the next harvest—how till the earth and make a little time of gladness for those who are being born without their own asking." And here are words that might have been uttered by Dorothea Brooke, whose nature was much akin to that of George Eliot. "People talk of the feelings dying out as one gets older; but at present my experience is just the contrary. All the serious relations of life become so much more real to me—pleasure seems so slight a thing, and sorrow and duty and endurance so great; I find the least bit of real human life touch me in a way it never did when I was younger."

One of the few pages, written by Mr. Cross *in propriâ personâ*, pictures with great felicity George Eliot's receptions at the Priory. In the common talk of society she was not gifted; and he describes how, when engaged in conversation, her body was usually bent forward with eager, anxious desire to get as close as possible to the person with whom she talked. "Playing around many disconnected subjects, in talk, neither interested her nor amused her much. She took things too seriously, and seldom found the effort of entertaining compensated by the gain. Fortunately, Mr. Lewes supplied any qualities lacking in the hostess. A brilliant talker, a delightful *raconteur*, versatile, full of resource in the difficulties of amalgamating diverse groups and bridging over awkward pauses, he managed to secure for these gatherings most of the social success which they obtained." Mr. Cross alludes also to the charming little dinners, never exceeding six persons; and that one of them, at least, was charming the writer of this article can testify.

Our space is exhausted. There is sadness in this self-told story of George Eliot's life, as there is profound sadness in her novels; but it is impossible to put down one or the other without feeling the presence of a great spirit lingering with you still.

* "George Eliot's Life, as Related in her Letters and Journals." Arranged and Edited by her Husband, J. W. Cross. Three vols. (Blackwood).

THE NEW TILBURY DOCKS.

At the invitation of the chairman and directors of the East and West India Dock Company, a numerous party, including many representatives of the leading railways, visited Tilbury yesterday week to see the progress already made on the works for the new docks.

A special train from Fenchurch-street conveyed the visitors to Tilbury in about thirty-five minutes; and, under the guidance of Mr. Dobree, the chairman of the dock company, Colonel Du Plat Taylor, the secretary, Mr. A. Manning, the engineer in charge, and Mr. Colson, of the firm of Messrs. Lucas and Aird, the contractors who are carrying out the works, they were conducted, in the first place, to the river bank, where the entrance to the great tidal basin will be cut when the excavations have been completed. Descending next into the deep hollow made by digging out the earth over an area of more than nineteen acres to form the tidal basin, the party inspected the nearly completed structural portions of the lock through which ships will pass into the main and branch docks. The great lock, which is 700 ft. in length and 80 ft. in width, and which will have a depth of water above the sill at low water during spring tides of 36 ft., is divided by middle gates into two lengths of 550 ft. and 150 ft. respectively. Near to and parallel with this lock, and also opening directly into the main dock, are two graving docks, so spacious and deep that the largest steamer at present afloat or likely to be built might enter when loaded, and so constructed that by the use of four powerful steam centrifugal pumps, made by Messrs. Simpson, of Pimlico, it will be possible to empty the dock in two hours for the thorough examination or repair of the ship. So much progress has been made with the great excavation for the main dock that, with the exception of about 400 ft. of the side of one of the branch docks, the foundations of the 4½ miles of quay are all laid. The dock lines of railway, it may be added, comprising some fifty or sixty miles of sidings, will be in connection, at Bow, Bromley, and Barking Junctions, with all the trunk lines north of the Thames; and for communication with the Continent and with the south of England there will be access to the South-Eastern Company's wharf and to the new waterside premises of the London, Chatham, and Dover Railway. The company are confident that the docks will be completed by the end of this year.

After the visit to the dock works, the inspecting party crossed the river in a special steam-boat, and had lunch at the Falcon Hotel. Mr. H. H. Dobree, chairman of the East and West India Dock Company, presided.

MODERN PIANOFORTE COMPOSERS.

Professor Ernst Pauer addressed the members of the Royal Institution in Albemarle-street, Piccadilly, yesterday week, on the works of living composers for the pianoforte. He confined his attention to a period of about twenty-five years, and included only composers who were still in the prime of life and who expressed in their works the spirit of the present age. The spirit which distinguished our present pianoforte music from that of the earlier times was that of elegance, more cleverness than feeling, and carefully considered refinement. None of the composers introduced could boast of the genius of Mozart, Beethoven, or Schubert, but they might lay claim to talent of a high order, and they had, by earnest, steady, undaunted perseverance and accomplishment, certainly attained a high degree of very artistic excellence. All the present composers had been influenced by Mendelssohn, Chopin, Schumann, and Wagner. Each of the pieces to be performed was full of piquancy and elegance; every point was polished and finished with the greatest care, even to the minutest detail. Of the composers included in his programme, two, Brahms and Rheinberger, might be called scholastics. Rubinstein, a Russian, showed in his work not only great impulsiveness and fire, but also a certain wildness—qualities belonging to his compatriots. Ischaikowski seemed to possess a much milder and less impulsive feeling than his older countrymen, but in his compositions he gave them most effective characteristic pictures of the Russian people. The Norwegian, Greig, was a national composer par excellence. He never could divest himself of certain crude and harsh harmonies, which resulted from the imperfect state of the Norwegian peasants and shepherds. At the same time, his pieces possessed an undeniable charm by their quaintness and interest. Scharwenka, in his Polish dances, had given them specimens which deserved to be compared with the beautiful mazurkas of Chopin. Nicodé, a German, possessed great refinement, and succeeded in portraying in the most delightful manner the Italian character in the canzonetta and tarentella. Moszkowski was also very successful in his characteristic pieces. Professor Pauer gave short biographical sketches of the composers he had mentioned, and his son, Mr. Max Pauer, rendered on the pianoforte works in which their style was strongly exemplified.

An exhibition of the water-colour drawings of the late Frederick Walker, A.R.A., will be held towards the end of February, at the rooms of Mr. Dunthorne, in Vigo-street, in aid of the Artists' Benevolent Fund.

The managers of the Gaiety Theatre have placed their theatre at the disposal of the Council of the Royal Hospital for Diseases of the Chest in the City-road for a matinée performance, to be given on Thursday, Feb. 12, in aid of the building fund of the new wing.

FASHIONABLE MARRIAGES.

Rarely has any church been more crowded than was that of Christ Church, Hunter-street, Liverpool, on Thursday morning, last week, on the occasion of the marriage of the Rev. Stephen Gladstone, Rector of Hawarden, with Miss Annie Crosthwaite Wilson, third daughter of Mr. C. B. Wilson, of Abercromby-square. The church was tastefully decorated, and the bride was met at the west end of the edifice by the choir, the Rev. J. W. B. Sproule, and the officiating clergy, who were the Rev. Malcolm McColl, Rector of St. George's, Botolph-lane, and Canon of Ripon, and the Rev. Robertson Bardell, Vicar of the parish. As the bridal procession passed up the central aisle, the hymn "How welcome was the call" was sung; and after the Benediction, and before the address, another hymn, "O Holy Spirit, Lord of Grace," was sung. The bride, who was given away by her father, wore a handsome dress of ivory Sicilienne silk with square drapery, trimmed with real lace and festoons of orange-blossoms, tulle veil, and wreath of real orange-blossoms. Her bridesmaids were Miss Wilson, Miss Maud Wilson, Miss Agnes Wilson, Miss Gladstone, Miss Bower, and Miss Dumaresq. They wore dresses of crème nun's veiling, trimmed with gold braid and massive bands made in the Grecian style; fine crème Dunstable straw bonnets, trimmed with crème velvet, and crème aigrettes with crème and gold osprey. The two younger bridesmaids wore crème Dunstable straw Marguerita hats. Mrs. Wilson wore a rich reseda silk dress petticoat of plush basque and train of silk, trimmed with real lace, and a bonnet to match, trimmed with plush of the same hue, with reseda and crimson-shaded ostrich-plumes. The guests included only members and relations of both families. The Premier was heartily cheered on arriving and leaving the church. The bride and bridegroom left for Halkin Castle, Flintshire, kindly lent by the Duke of Westminster, the bride's going-away dress being of bronze cashmere, trimmed with plush, and bonnet and muff to match trimmed with humming birds. The wedding presents were about two hundred in number, and were of a costly and beautiful nature; they included a diamond cross and a dressing-case from Mrs. Gladstone, and a diamond ring from the Prime Minister. The Duke of Westminster and Sir Andrew Clark each sent a cheque for £100, and presents were likewise received from the parishioners of Hawarden and the household at the castle.

There was a large gathering of Herefordshire and Shropshire notables on the same morning at St. Peter's, Eaton-square, to witness the marriage of Sir Offley Wakeman, Bart., with Miss Rouse-Boughton, daughter of Sir Charles and Lady Boughton. The officiating clergy were the Dean of Hereford and the Rev. C. W. H. Kenrick. The bride, who was given away by her father, wore a magnificent dress of white satin duchesse, draped in front with white satin and trimmed with point de gaze lace, and bouquets of orange-blossoms. Her corsage was en suite, the train being very long. She wore a Brussels veil and a wreath of orange-blossoms, fastened with diamond stars. The bridesmaids—Miss Boughton Knight, Miss Florence Boughton Knight, the Hon. Gertrude Hanbury, Miss Mary Herbert, Miss Adlington, Miss Thompson, Miss Meyrick and Miss Marion Cartwright—wore dresses of cream satin merveilleux, trimmed with coffee-coloured lace and Neapolitan velvet ribbon, bronze shoes, and brown silk stockings, straw bonnets trimmed with cream velvet and Neapolitan violets, of which their bouquets were also composed. The best man was Mr. H. O. Wakeman, of All Souls' College, Oxford. The bride and bridegroom left in the afternoon for the south of England, the bride's going-away dress being of sapphire blue velvet, draped with cashmere, and jacket and bonnet en suite. Among the many presents received by the bride was a beautiful necklace of pearls from the inhabitants of Ludlow, and an inkstand and candelabra from the Freemasons, while Sir Offley Wakeman received a splendid clock from the Shropshire Freemasons, of which he is Deputy Grand Master.

St. Michael's, Chester-square, was crowded the same morning on the occasion of the marriage of the Rev. William Charles Gib, Junior Chaplain Madras Establishment, and eldest son of Brigadier-General W. A. Gib, C.B., with Miss Fannie Fleming, youngest daughter of the Rev. James Fleming, Vicar of the parish and one of the Canons of York. The service was semi-choral. The officiating clergymen were the Rev. H. N. Purcell, M.A., Vicar of Fowey, Cornwall, uncle of the bride; Rev. E. S. Carter, M.A., Minor Canon of York; and Canon Stevenson, D.D. The bride, who was given away by her father, wore a dress of striped white satin with pearl tablier in front, and net veil. The bridesmaids were Miss Fleming, Miss Minnie Fleming (sisters of the bride), Miss Gib (sister of the bridegroom), and Miss Clerke, daughter of Lady Clerke. They wore dresses of light brown cashmere, trimmed with dark brown velvet, dark brown velvet hats, trimmed with light brown feathers and osprey, their ornaments being gold brooches in the shape of a fan, the gift of the bridegroom. The best man was Mr. J. M. Paterson, of Corpus Christi, Cambridge.

Gadesbridge, Hertfordshire, was en fête the same morning on the occasion of the marriage of Major Bathurst with the youngest daughter of Sir Astley Cooper, at the parish church. The bride wore a dress of rich white broché silk, trimmed with point de gaze lace, and Brussels lace veil, and a wreath of orange-blossoms. She was attended by six bridesmaids, the Misses Cooper (two), Wharton, Newton, Cochrane, and Phipps, who wore pink Surah dresses trimmed with ruby velvet, and on their heads tulle veils with pink aigrettes and ostrich feathers, the two children wearing Gainsborough caps. The bride's going-away dress was of sapphire blue velvet, with a coat of the same material trimmed with sable tails.

The marriage between Lieutenant-Colonel the Hon. Robert Napier, eldest son of Lord Napier of Magdala, to the Hon. Mrs. Langham, eldest daughter of Godfrey, fourth Lord Macdonald, took place last week at St. Columba's Church, Portree, Isle of Skye.

The marriage of the Hon. Cecil Saumarez Irby, of The Grange, Taplow, second son of the late Lord Boston, and brother of the present Peer, with Florence Augusta, second daughter of the late Mr. Clement Upton Cottrell Dormer, of Rousham, Oxfordshire, was celebrated in St. Peter's Church, Eaton-square, on Saturday last.

The marriage of the Duke of Buckingham and Chandos and Miss Graham Montgomery, eldest daughter of Sir Graham Montgomery, Bart., of Stobo Castle, Peebles, is fixed to take place on Tuesday, the 17th of next month, in London.

The Concert Season at the Royal Victoria Hall and Coffee Tavern (long known as the Victoria Theatre), Waterloo-road, under the immediate patronage of Princess Christian and the Duke and Duchess of Westminster, began on Jan. 22 with a miscellaneous concert and the Band of the Coldstream Guards, conducted by Mr. C. Thomas, and will continue every week until Easter. The announcements for the following Thursdays are equally promising. The science lectures are becoming more and more appreciated, and have latterly been received with perfect ovations. The variety entertainments are continued on Saturdays and other days.

THE CHURCH.

Mr. John Walter, M.P., has promised £25 towards the proposed new central premises of the Church of England Young Men's Society.

The Rev. Isaac Taylor, LL.D., Rector of Settcrington, and formerly Vicar of Twickenham, has been appointed to the Canonry and Prebend of Fenton, in York Minster.

The Archbishop of Canterbury, while approving the proposal to create a Bishopric in Fiji, disclaims any intention to interfere with the Wesleyan mission, or to proselytise natives who are already converted to Christianity.

The parish church of St. Marylebone was consecrated last Saturday by the Bishop of Bedford. The church has undergone extensive alterations, principally in the interior, the massive front of the exterior remaining unaltered. The alterations, together with the cost of the new organ and the stained windows, have involved an expenditure of £24,000, most of which has been subscribed.

The preachers at Westminster Abbey last Sunday were the Dean (officiating for the West London Mission) and Canon Rowsell; and for the remaining Sundays in this month will be as follow:—On the 8th, at ten, Canon Rowsell; at three, Archbishop of Canterbury; on the 15th, at ten, Dr. Troutbeck; at three, Canon Rowsell; on the 22nd, at ten, Rev. L. E. Shelford, Vicar of St. Matthew's, Upper Clapton; at three, Canon Rowsell.

A large collection of geological curiosities, consisting principally of mineral specimens from Cumberland, Devonshire, and Wales, has been presented to the Dean and Chapter of Canterbury Cathedral by the Rev. J. J. S. Sparrow, of Willesborough, Kent, as a memorial of his brother, by whom the collection was made. The specimens, which will, when properly arranged, be of much interest and value to students of mineralogy, have been deposited in the Cathedral library.

The Rev. Edward King, who has been appointed to succeed Dr. Wordsworth in the Bishopric of Lincoln, is the son of Archdeacon King, and graduated at Oriel College, Oxford, in 1851, taking his M.A. degree in 1855. He was ordained deacon in 1854, and priest in 1855, by the late Bishop Wilberforce; and for four years was Curate of Wheatley, the parish adjacent to Cuddesdon. In 1858 he became Chaplain of Cuddesdon College, Canon Liddon at that time being the Vice-Principal; and five years later became Principal. He was appointed Regius Professor of Pastoral Theology and Canon of Christ Church in 1873.

The Archbishop of York yesterday week unveiled a statue of the late Mr. Christopher Bushell, in the museum, William Brown-street, Liverpool. The sculptor is Mr. Bruce Joy, of London. The Archbishop said the city owed it to Mr. Bushell that the School Board system of education had worked so well there. But there was no limit to his sympathies and good works. When he was satisfied that anything was good for the town in which he lived, he was ready to promote it. He was not a man of ambition, but most humble; and nothing could be more admirable than his character. His great reward, as he said himself, in doing good was that it brought him in contact with good, and it raised his own character. Let the young men of the future, who saw this statue, try to follow Mr. Bushell's example. Dean Howson mentioned that a scholarship was to be founded in University College in honour of Mr. Bushell.

The Very Rev. E. H. Bickersteth, who was installed as Dean of Gloucester only a few days ago, has accepted the see of Exeter, in succession to Dr. Temple, translated to London. Mr. Bickersteth was educated at Trinity College, Cambridge, where he was Chancellor's English medallist in 1844 and the two following years. He graduated with honours in 1847, and took his M.A. degree in 1850. He was ordained deacon in 1848, and priest in 1849, by the late Bishop of Norwich, and was appointed Vicar of Christ Church, Hampstead, in 1855. The new prelate was Chaplain to the Bishop of Ripon in 1857, and before his nomination to Hampstead successively held the curacies of Bannngham, Norfolk, and Christ Church, Tunbridge Wells, and the rectory of Hinton Martell, Dorset. He is the author of several religious works, including "The Spirit of Life," "Water from the Well-Spring," "The Rock of Ages," and many others which have been widely read beyond the limits of the northern London parish where he has so assiduously laboured during the last thirty years.

The Archbishop of York presented the scholarships and rewards given by the Liverpool Council of Education to successful scholars in the elementary schools of that city, on Thursday week. His Grace discussed the question whether we were right in bestowing so much time and education on Latin or Greek, or were there some other studies by cultivating which we might at the same time cultivate the human mind. He pointed out that the modern scheme of knowledge had so very much increased that the relations of Greek and Latin to the rest of the curriculum of studies must be changed somewhat by the mere fact that knowledge had been so increased and multiplied upon the earth. Science was a branch of education that in these days could not be neglected. It was impossible also to dispense with the study of languages. It had been suggested that, as a general rule, Latin and French might be substituted for Latin and Greek, and to those he would add another tongue not studied by the people, and that was English. It was perfectly monstrous that there should be a system of education in which Latin and Greek were taught but not English.

Dr. Temple, Bishop of Exeter, has been appointed to the see of London, in succession to the late Dr. Jackson. Dr. Temple, born in 1821, was educated at the Grammar School, Tiverton, and Balliol College, Oxford, where he graduated B.A. in 1842, and took a double first-class. After acting for some time as Principal of the Training College at Kneller Hall, he became an inspector of schools, and was subsequently Head Master of Rugby from 1858 till his appointment to the Bishopric of Exeter in 1869. Dr. Temple wrote the first of the celebrated "Essays and Reviews," published in 1860, and his authorship led to a strong opposition being made to his appointment to the episcopal bench, and counsel were employed by a portion of the clergy, who felt strongly on the subject, to oppose his election. This feeling, however, soon died away. During the time he has presided over the see, great progress has been made in Church work, and he took great interest in the formation of the Bishopric of Truro, giving up a considerable portion of his income for that purpose.

Dr. Temple presided yesterday week at the annual meeting of the Exeter branch of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, and, in replying to a vote of thanks, said: "I am soon to leave this diocese. I do not expect at my age now that I can have another period of work so happy as that which I have experienced in Exeter, for nothing could be kinder than the friendship I have everywhere met with, and nothing could be more to my very heart than the way in which the whole diocese has responded to everything I have endeavoured to do in the service of the Church or for the good of my fellow-creatures since I have been here. I go because it appears to me I have no right to refuse such a call. I go to heavier work than I have had to do, but with much less chance of being surrounded with such friends as I have found here. Certainly I should not make the change at all if I did not think it an imperative duty to the Church to obey the summons I have received. But for the rest of my life never shall I forget the county of Devon or the city of Exeter, and those in them from whom I have constantly received such kindness" (Cheers).

ST. ANDREW'S UNIVERSITY.

Lord Reay, the Governor-elect of Bombay, was installed as Lord Rector of St. Andrew's University yesterday week. The ceremony drew to the ancient city the most distinguished assembly which has been present upon such an occasion at St. Andrew's.

Previous to the installation, the Senatus of the University conferred the honorary degree of LL.D. upon the following:—Lord Reay, the Marquis of Lorne, the Earl of Elgin, the Earl of Dalhousie, the Earl of Aberdeen, the Earl of Rosebery, the Hon. Geo. Waldegrave Leslie, the Right Hon. Sir Richard Cross, Sir George Young, President of London University; Mr. Robert Anstruther Dalyell, Vice-President of the Indian Council; the Rev. Alex. Stewart, Ballachulish; Dr. John Duncan, Edinburgh; Dr. Wm. S. Playfair, Principal Peterson, Dundee University; Mr. W. L. Courtney, Fellow of New College, Oxford; Professor Ray Laukester, Mr. Arthur James Balfour, M.P., Mr. Wm. J. H. Lecky, London; Mr. John B. Balfour, Lord Advocate; Mr. James A. Campbell, M.P.; and Mr. Andrew Lang, late Fellow of Merton College, Oxford.

Degrees of D.D. were also conferred upon the Right Rev. Charles Wordsworth, Bishop of St. Andrews; the Right Rev. Frederick Temple, Bishop of Exeter, Bishop-designate of London; the Rev. Henry Allon, Islington; the Rev. J. D. Geden, Professor of Hebrew, Didsbury College; and the Rev. Emilie Comba, Professor in the Waldensian College, Florence. Most of the above noblemen and gentlemen were present.

Lord Reay's rectorial address referred exclusively to the question of University reform. He urged the Scottish Universities to aim at a high standard of teaching, and especially to equip themselves with scientific appliances. They ought also to throw open their divinity chairs to the best men.

Lord Rosebery, after complimenting Lord Reay upon his address, remarked that he thought his Lordship placed too much importance upon State aid as a necessary element in the development of Scotch education. With or without aid from the Treasury, education and the Scotch people would not be kept apart.

THE GERMAN HOSPITAL.

At the annual general meeting of the governors, donors, subscribers, and supporters of this institution, held last week at the City Terminus Hotel, Cannon-street, Baron von Schroder (treasurer) was the chairman. The report showed that the hospital had carried on during the year, without interruption, and to its full extent, all its duties. The number of in-patients during the year was 1822, of whom 353 were cases of accidents, most of them English: 45 were admitted into the sanitarium, 351 gained admission into the convalescent home at Dalston, and as many as 34 were sent to the Convalescent Hospital at Eastbourne. The number of out-patients last year was as follows:—At the Hospital Dispensary (including 2001 cases of accidents treated as out-patients, three-fourths of them being English), 15,921; at the Eastern Dispensary of the institution, 3991; at the Western, 1760; dental cases, 1003: making a total (together with 1822 in-patients) of 24,500. Of the usual sources of income the principal one had again been the anniversary dinner, which, besides £200 annual subscription from the Emperor of Germany, had yielded the amount of £2935. With sincere gratitude, it was added, the following, amongst other donations given on the occasion of the last anniversary banquet, were acknowledged:—A donation of £50 from the Emperor of Austria, £20 from the King of Bavaria, £20 from the Grand Duke of Hesse, 150 marks from each of the Ducal Governments of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha and of Brunswick-Lonsburg, and £50 from the Senate of Hamburg.

The appointment of Mr. Richard Faulknor Curry, M.A., Christ Church, Oxford, to be one of her Majesty's inspectors of schools has been gazetted.

The Lady Mayoress holds afternoon receptions at the Mansion House on the first and third Tuesdays in each month, from three to five.

Hospital Sunday in Sheffield, in aid of the medical charities of the town, realised over £2000, and it is expected that further returns will increase the amount.

Mr. C. Scotter, goods manager of the Manchester, Sheffield, and Lincolnshire Railway, has been elected general manager of the London and South-Western Railway.

Mr. E. Lewis Thomas, B.A., of Sidney Sussex College, Cambridge, and Lincoln's-inn, has been appointed executive officer of the Mansion House Council on the Dwellings of the People.

The Company of Drapers have given twenty guineas, the Company of Merchant Taylors ten guineas, and the Company of Armourers and Brasiers three guineas, to the Homes for Working Girls in London. These Homes are intended for girls and young women who are employed in the factories and workrooms of the metropolis, accommodating 345.

Mr. John Walker, of Cornhill, has completed for the Government of Western Australia four massive gold hunting chronometer watches for presentation to Lance-Corporal of Police John McKenna, David Kilpatrick, William Smith, and Edmund Horace Smith, on account of gallant conduct on Sept. 16, 1884.

The steamer Gulf of Mexico, of 2059 tons, Captain Allan, chartered by Sir Saul Samuel, K.C.M.G., Agent-General for New South Wales, sailed from Plymouth for Sydney on the 27th ult., with a total of 582 emigrants, under the supervision of Dr. L. R. Huxtable as surgeon-superintendent, Miss Chicken being in charge of the single women.—The steam-ship Duke of Sutherland sailed from Gravesend on the 28th ult. with the following passengers for Queensland:—Second cabin, 21 adults, equal to 26 souls; emigrants, 181 single men, 43 single women, and married couples and children equal to 621 adults.

The Birmingham Musical Association have issued a report of the association during the past season. Twenty-four concerts have been given, exceeding by one the number given in the preceding season. The total number of persons attending during the season was 56,613, giving an average of 2358, or 133 less than the preceding season. The average receipts for the season were £42 per concert. The Executive Committee state that from an educational point of view the frequent rehearsals of both band and chorus are of great value, and the fact that members of the association band have been appointed to positions in local professional orchestras may be regarded as a proof that valuable technical experience is gained which could probably not be otherwise acquired.

LITERARY BIOGRAPHY.

The publication of Mr. Cross's "Life of George Eliot" suggests a topic which to all lovers of literature is of no slight interest. There was a time when it was taken for granted that the life of a literary person must necessarily have little attraction for the general reader. In the biographies of this class published during the last century, the writer frequently begins his work by saying that since the life he is about to record was spent chiefly in the study and in the society of men of learning, since there occurred in it no desperate incidents of field or flood, since the hero of the book neither led armies in the field nor legislators in the House of Commons, it is evident that the story of his career will be valued chiefly by men following the same pursuits. And, judging from several of these narratives which we have had the misfortune to read, it would seem as if the chief purpose of the biographers was to cultivate dullness. They leave out all the suggestive details which bring up a man's presence before us, and indulge in platitudes and moral reflections. So anxious are they to be dignified that they put human nature aside, and show that if there be a stupidity due to ignorance, there is also a stupidity which belongs to learning. For instance—Dr. Joseph Warton, editor of Pope, and head master of Winchester College for more than a quarter of a century, was a man important enough, perhaps, to deserve a memoir, and his friend, the Rev. John Wooll, undertook to write it. The honest man, who is careful to give his views of the biographical art, observes that "to descend to the minutiæ of daily habits is surely beneath the province of biography," and adds that the reader must not expect "a detail of those peculiarities and trifling incidents which are by some indiscriminately termed strokes of character"—the result being that when the reader has waded through the big volume, he will be of opinion that Joseph Warton resembles the women described by Pope who have no character at all.

The modern biographer, it must be admitted, does not generally err on this side. He is liable to relate too much about his hero, rather than too little; to insert what is essentially unimportant, and to amplify facts which are of trifling significance. In the hands, indeed, of such masters of the art as Boswell and Lockhart, Southey and Mr. Trevelyan, the minutest detail is not without its value; not because it is significant when standing alone, but because, like a subtle stroke of the painter's brush, it gives expression and completeness to the portrait. To know how to use small incidents, and at the same time how to avoid what is really trivial, is an indication that at least in one respect the writer understands his art. Nor is it always the intrinsic value of a subject that entitles it to a prominent place in a biography. It is not needed there if it does not illustrate character and contribute to the progress of the narrative. The way in which some memoir-writers will foist in topics that have no essential connection with the lives they are writing, shows that they are incapable of appreciating literary form. And yet there can be no doubt that this form is the salt which preserves a book from corruption. Memoirs are frequently what George Eliot calls them—"A string of mistakes." The writers may fail from having no style, from the want of any sense of proportion, from insufficient reticence on the one hand, from the fear of being too familiar on the other. They may be too regardless of the feelings of contemporaries, and too prone to exalt a hero at their expense. Perhaps the greatest defect of a biographer—and are not all other defects summed up in it?—is the want of vision. If the artist does not properly see what he is painting, the features must be blurred; if he sees but one feature perfectly, it is inevitable that he should distort the rest; if too short-sighted to see beyond the facial lines of his subject, how can he represent faithfully that which lies around him and beyond?

It is comparatively easy to say what a biography ought to be, and "if to do were as easy as to know what were good to be done," lives would rank with the most delightful literature in the language. The best of knowledge is the knowledge of great and good men who have lived and died before us. We learn from their failings as much almost as from their virtues; some of their strength we gain for conflict, some of their patience for endurance, some of their courage for manly acts. It is possible to read a book of abstract science, or of moral reflection, without gaining one whit more capacity for daily duties than we had before; but what man or woman can read the biographies of Johnson and Scott, of Arnold and Kingsley, of Macaulay and Bishop Patti'son, without gaining larger views of the possibilities of life and stronger incentives to exertion? Carlyle said that biography is the only history, and certainly the more the historian can bring human beings before us in his pages the more capable are we of understanding the meaning of events. The task, however, is one of the highest difficulty. It is easier to describe what may be called mass movements than individual action. The public acts of a great statesman can be readily chronicled, but endeavour to present a truthful picture of the man himself, and the probability of failure is considerable. Do you doubt this? Then try to draw a characteristic likeness of some person with whom you are in constant intercourse, and who lives under the same roof; you will probably succeed very partially, if at all. Yet, for the most part, the biographer must work out his materials without having enjoyed this advantage. It is calculated that not more than two years and six months of Dr. Johnson's long life were spent by Boswell in his society. The opportunities of most biographers are even less, and few men know how to make use of them as Boswell did. The greater the difficulty, the greater the glory, and to write a really fine biography secures to the author at once a distinguished place in literature. Yes, a really fine biography; but, rich as is our literature in other departments, the principal achievements in this line of literary art may be easily counted on the fingers.

J. D.

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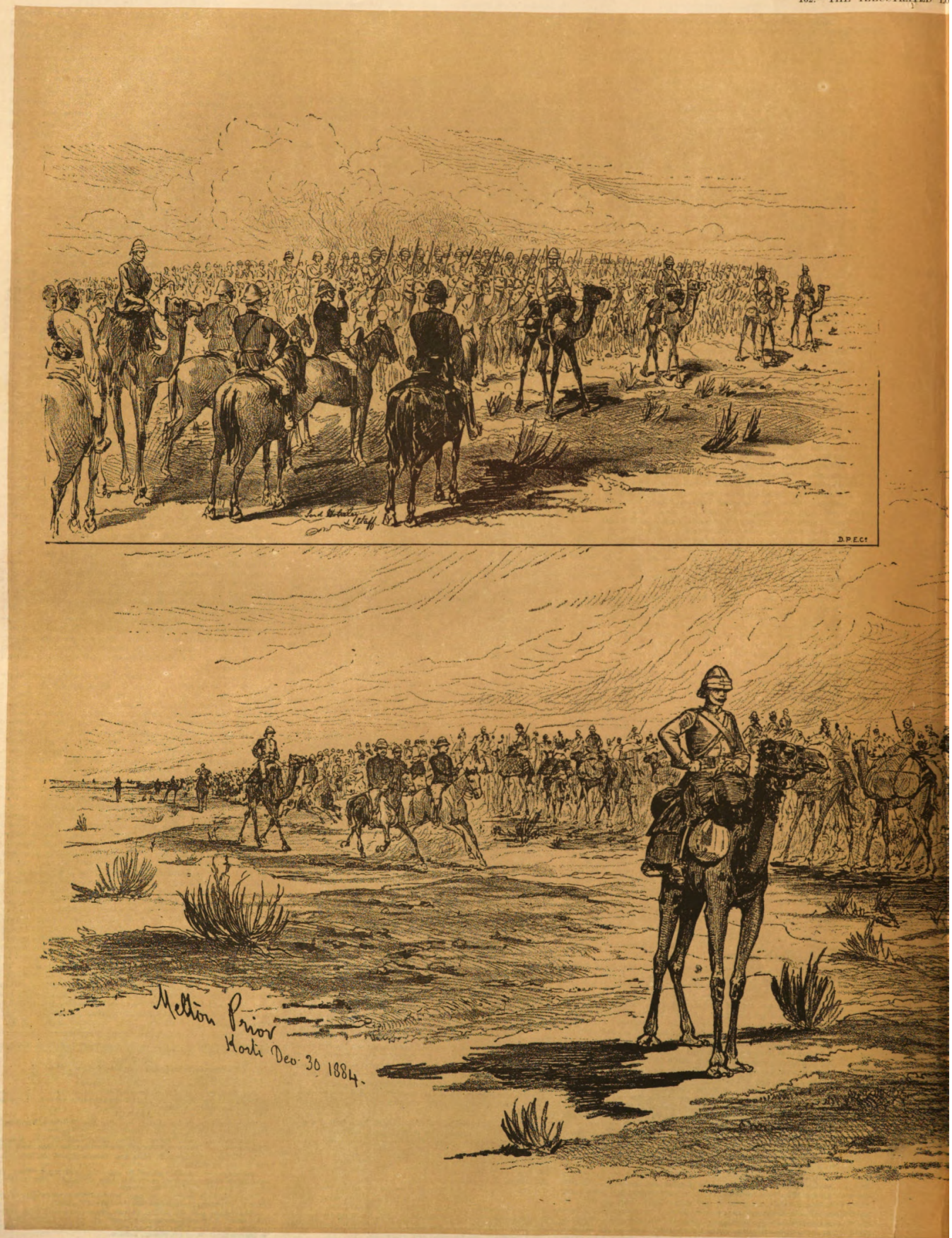
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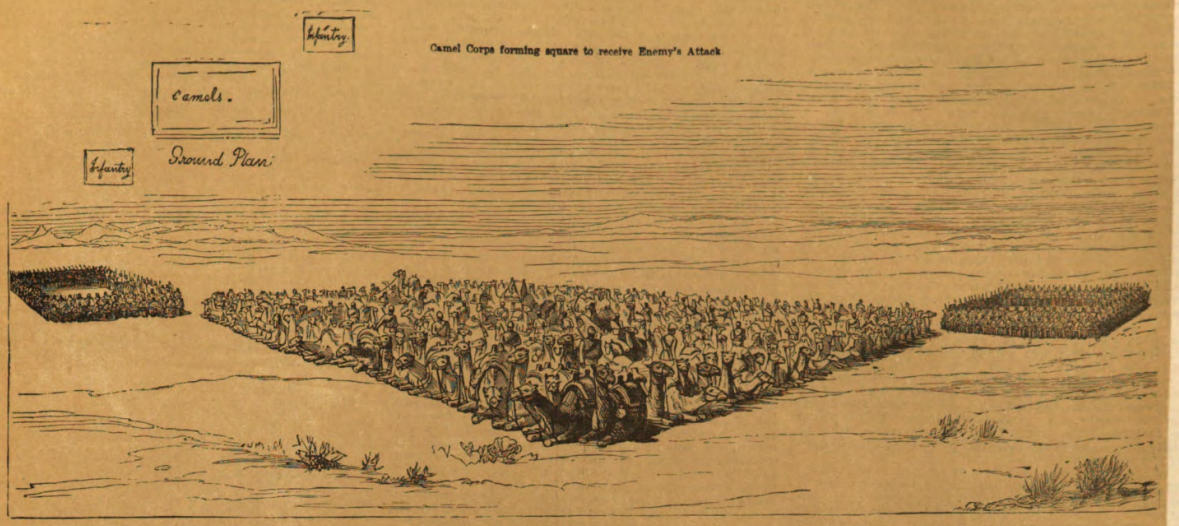
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THE RELIEF OF KHARTOUM.—FROM KORTI TO METAMMEH, ON

FACSIMILE OF SKETCHES BY OUR



Camel Corps forming square to receive Enemy's Attack



THE ROAD TO KHARTOUM: THE START ACROSS THE DESERT

SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. MELTON PRIOR.

THE OLDEST INHABITANT.

The soft grey mist blows along the tops of the hills, and a south-west wind is rollicking up the valley, where a thousand tiny rills of water are running musically along and singing loudly of the coming spring-time. Away beyond the garden, the rooks are quarrelling and consulting about the state of preservation in which their nests are after the winter; while an occasional jackdaw puts in a word, that is promptly cawed down, when he sails off, a little rebuffed, towards his own residence in the old ruined castle near by, that only requires a few more straws to be ready for use the moment he has made up his mind to begin housekeeping once more.

Already the birds have begun to sing just a little in the early morning; a faint brown hue is dawning on the willows in the hollow; in the hedge-sides that are least exposed to the weather, the hard, black look that characterises winter is giving place to the purple flush of life that means spring; and in the garden the first snowdrop dances enthusiastically in the breeze, and challenges the primroses to a game, regardless that they are only just peeping from their warm green leaves, as if they were not quite so confident that the cold weather had really gone as are the snowdrops and the gold and purple crocuses that are making quite a show in the south border under the window—where, year in and year out, sits, placidly knitting and looking out into the calm world of the country, our dear kind friend, the oldest inhabitant of this distant shire.

The scent of the violets is strong in the air, and the sun is really driving away the mists, and so, rising with our help from her chair, and leaning on our arm, we persuade her to take her quiet daily walk in the dear old garden; and, as we wander up and down, she looks with her keen blue eyes over the scenery, and owns it is as fair a morning as any she has seen in the one hundred years and six months that have been her portion, so far, in this sublunary sphere; where she intends, if all be well, to continue in health and good spirits for as much longer as it will please Providence to leave her to enjoy her life.

It is such a calm, even flow of life, too, now, that we, impetuously inclined to be up and doing, taking our part in the rush and hurry of the world at large, cannot help wondering why she cares to continue what is at the best surely only mere existence. Imbued with the nineteenth-century idea that a day passed without seeing or doing something new is a day lost, we venture to say as much. We mention that from her windows can be seen little save the procession of the seasons; the birth of a year that must surely die when winter walks the land; that to her home comes nothing, save, may be, news of the death of someone whose grandparents were her own familiar friends. But she only smiles calmly at our unrest and our questionings, and declares that she is satisfied, and requires nothing so long as she can look out at the garden, planted and arranged by her and her young husband now nearly eighty years ago. As she mentions him, her figure straightens, and a smile comes on her aged face; and, pointing with her stick, she shows us the design of the house: how it was made to face south, and yet so that it should not receive the full strength of the winds that came from the sea, often filling the valley with mist; and how the walls were made double and then filled up with cement, mixed and poured in, so that they should be strong, and able to keep out the heat of summer and the cold in winter, in a manner that would appear wonderful indeed to the builders of the present day, whose one idea is hurry and how to give as little as they can in return for the money they obtain. And then she points beyond the garden, and shows us where she met her husband first, in the early years of the century, when Waterloo was yet unfought, and Bonaparte was the dread and fear of the simple villagers, who expected his landing daily on their coast, and never went to bed without dreaming of what might happen before the day once more dawned, with its comparative security.

It is like a page out of a very old book to listen to her, as she slowly paces that narrow garden-path, curiously bordered with the bones of cows' feet in a peculiar pattern that surely was never seen elsewhere, and talks to us of all she has seen and heard.

Her placid voice is as peaceful as her whole life appears to be now; and we can hardly believe she has really lived over all the trials and troubles that have been hers, and existed through the stream of events that racked the outside world, and that only ruffled the mere edge of life so far from London was her home before the date of railways.

Still, she tells us of her own love-story, redolent of lavender and other old-world scents that hang about the love-letters bound together with a soft purple ribbon, that replaced the pink one of her youth when her venerable husband went to his rest in the churchyard near by, that we can see from the parlour window. She shows us a tiny shoe, belonging to the first baby, who died, too, almost before he had opened his eyes on this quiet corner of the world; and she smiles as she does so, because she still can knit the same shoes now, and has lost all the bitter sense of loss, keeping nothing but the bright side of the memory of an infant that she confidently expects to see as soon as ever she has ceased to be in her body; the while she turns over the drawers in the old oak cabinet, and shows us letters of invitation, apologising for the lateness of the hour that is mentioned, and giving as an excuse that "Mr. Audrey cannot get back from the justices' meeting" before half-past three, and therefore dinner must perforce be at four o'clock.

That these dinners were important functions is shown by the fact that each invitation has been carefully kept, as if it were a state document; and as she tells us of the long sitting over the mahogany, of the toasts drunk, and of the ladies retiring, to be joined no more by the gentlemen, who had generally to be fished out from under the table and conveyed home, we are glad, indeed, the good old times have vanished, and it is no longer considered the thing to consume two bottles of port, and to be carried back insensible to one's house, as a proof of the strength of the wine and the excellence of the hospitality that has been enjoyed by the guests.

In her early days, china plates were rare possessions, and pewter services were in general use; dresses were carefully selected, after much consultation among friends and neighbours, from stalls held by "London mercers" at the biennial fairs in the neighbouring town, that were the great events looked forward to by old and young alike, and that now are almost improved off the face of the world. The post came occasionally, walking leisurely across the valley, when the spirit moved him, which was not often; and letters used to be fetched on market-day, having often spent two or three days in the post-mistress's window, in the hope that someone would see them and take them to their destination; while a newspaper was an event, little sought after or noticed, by-the-way by, the ladies of the household, who cared little and knew less of what was going on in the world outside—Waterloo even passing unheeded, save for the facts that the beacons used no longer to be kept up, and that the post was accelerated because a local dignitary was incensed at the delay in receiving a letter that told him all about the great fight.

True, once she remembers being busy about a law-suit, the particulars of which, bound in calf, and dated 1837, read like a piece out of the Middle Ages to us, who were not born in those far-distant days; but she waxes eloquent over the details, and gives us a graphic description of producing one of the old invitations mentioned above, the formation of an S in which proved conclusively that the will was a forgery: for the propounder thereof only made his S's in one way, and this invitation was, as it happened, the only piece of his writing to be found; for she tells us, too, of the midnight burning of some of the old man's documents, that she happened to see from her window, being kept awake by a restless baby; and the conspirators, forgetting in that quiet place to draw down a concealing blind, were visible to her as she stood rocking the infant, who died at sixty some years ago. And as she takes the book from us and looks over it again, she goes inch by inch over the evidence with a lawyer's keenness, and quite forgets her age as she fights the long-ago won battle over again.

It is curious to hear our dear old friend talk, for she seems to have a stand-point entirely her own, and appears to be on an eminence from which she can look over the turmoil of our daily life, and take from it nothing save what is good and worth hearing. Enthusiastic still over the comings and goings of her descendants, she seems to hold life in an even balance, and, never expecting too much, is consequently above being disappointed, for she knows the worst and the best life can bring her; and, having outlived all the fierce agonies of love and death, she loves her quiet life, living in the past, that has lost all bitterness, and shows her nothing save pleasant pictures; and, having no sense of age, talks confidently of "next year" as if Death had passed her by, and intended to leave her with us for ever, still appreciating the proud position she enjoys to the full of being undoubtedly "the oldest inhabitant." J. E. PANTON.

The council of the London School of Medicine for Women have received notice of a legacy amounting to nearly £700, which has been left to them by the will of the late Mr. John Byron, who wished a scholarship to be founded for the purpose of assisting ladies of limited means desiring to study medicine as profession.

The Sailors' Home at Leith, erected at a cost of £9200, was opened on Thursday week in the presence of a large company. Mr. James Currie, shipowner, chairman of the committee, gave a history of the Sailors' Home at Leith, stating that thousands annually availed themselves of the old building, whence they transmitted to relatives as much as £2000 in one year. Only £800 was wanted to clear the new building of debt. Admiral Sir Alexander Milne congratulated the committee on the erection of the building. Lord Rosebery, in expressing sympathy with the sailor, asked What was it that constituted the greatness of this country? It was not so much our laws or our Constitution. The surest outward sign of the spirit and life of the nation was the prosperity and welfare of our seafaring populations. This nation did not wish to be cooped up and hemmed in in the islands of Great Britain and Ireland, but this would be the case if our naval force was allowed to fall below its proper standard; and should, unfortunately, that moment ever arrive, he thought it would then be time to emigrate to some better and new part of the world. Great Britain might truly be called a sailors' home, and so long as they gave their sailors a home he was quite sure they need never fear for the future of this country. His Lordship then declared the Home open.

THE DEGENERATION OF LONDONERS.

Mr. James Cantlie, F.R.C.S., delivered an address at the Parkes Museum of Hygiene, on Thursday week, on "Degeneration Among Londoners." The lecturer first defined London, hygienically considered, to be a region where there was no ozone, as a place where, from either the want of light or ozone, sun-burning was unknown, and as a place where beneficial exercise—that is, exercise in the fresh air—was impossible. A Londoner was one whose father and mother were born, brought up, and lived in the area he had defined, and who was brought up and lived in London, and whose only notion of a relaxation was a run to the country or the seaside on a Bank Holiday. It was wellnigh impossible to find a third, and absolutely impossible to find a fourth, generation of pure Londoners; the progeny ceased, partly from moral and partly from physical decline and inability of continuance. The pure Londoner of the third generation, which he had been able, after much search and inquiry, to get hold of, was a picture of physical decline, involving shortness of stature, narrow chest, deformity of jaws, miserable appearance (squint prevailing), scrofulous diseases, and small head. Pure Londoners were seldom to be found in workhouses, because they died young. Entering at length into the effect of too little exercise upon young children, youths, adults, families, nations, and races, the lecturer foretold evil to the townsfolk of to-day if means were not taken to provide means of exercise in fresh air. It was a serious question whether the welfare of this country should in the next generation be left to a race out of whom all enthusiasm and earnestness had passed. Everywhere in England people were becoming more "townified," and if it were not for the fresh air of the country they would soon be reduced to the same level.

The Right Hon. W. E. Forster, M.P., has consented to take the chair at the forthcoming annual festival of the Newsvenders' Benevolent and Provident Institution, which will take place at Prince's Hall, Piccadilly, on March 11.

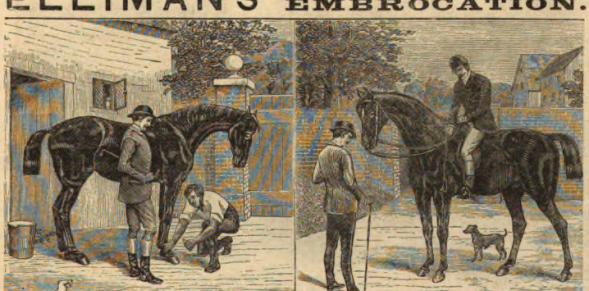
The report of the company which took over the assets of the City of Glasgow Bank has been issued. The profits for the year are £40,747. The directors recommend 4 per cent dividend, which, with 3 per cent paid last July, makes a dividend of 7 per cent for the year. These dividends absorb £35,000, leaving nearly £6000 to be carried forward. The recoveries during the year are £11,545. This sum has been added to the surplus assets, which now amount to £217,709.

At a Court of Common Council a recommendation of the Officers' and Clerks' Committee was considered that the Court should pay Mr. Roberts, late Remembrancer, £1600, and not enforce the payment of the taxed costs which he had been adjudged to pay in the actions he had brought. This recommendation was rejected by seventy-five votes to seventy. A proposal to give £1200 was also lost, and an amendment to give £1000 was carried, but afterwards rejected on being put as a substantive motion.

The President of the Sheffield Chamber of Commerce stated at the annual meeting that the general trade of the country had not been much less in bulk in 1884 than in 1883. The accumulated production of three years was beyond the demand, consequently they had to reduce it in 1884. Hence the decrease in profits. The British Empire had 80 per cent of the mercantile navy of the world, representing a value of no less than £60,000,000. The item of ships built for foreign countries was not entered in the Board of Trade returns. In thirty-one limited companies in Sheffield there had been a depreciation in value of £3,600,000, and eight other companies had an increase £1,600,000, leaving a deficit of £2,000,000. House property had deteriorated from 15 to 13 per cent, and the value of the land had gone down from 10 to 40 per cent.

The annual meeting of the Scottish Farmers' Alliance was held in Aberdeen on Thursday week—Mr. John Rae, Haddo, presiding. The annual report stated amongst the objects of the alliance was one to obtain the institution of a land court in each county in Scotland, whose principal duties shall be to regulate the conditions of occupancy on the application of either landlord or tenant, and to deal with the allocation of allotment of land for working men, both in town and country—the court to consist of three commissioners, two of whom should be practical agriculturists. The other objects are to obtain the total abolition of the game laws, so far as applicable to arable land; to have all heritable property rated at its fair annual value, whether let or unlet; to obtain the abolition of the laws of entail and primogeniture; and to secure a thorough representative system of county and parochial government for Scotland. The committee expressed their thorough satisfaction with the year's work, especially in view of the passing of the Reform Bill, showing that the legislation of the future would be directed more than hitherto to social questions. The committee refused to identify themselves with the proposal at the great meeting in Glasgow that there should be no property in land. After detailing the work of the year, the committee reported that it was suggested to alter the name of the alliance to the Scottish Land Alliance, and to make an alteration in their objects and rules, the principal of which was for the introduction of a Land Court as a final arbiter in all cases where a landlord and his tenant cannot agree on any question affecting the conditions of occupancy.

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"Dec. 16, 1884.
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"S. G. BUTSON, J.P.,
"Master of the Kilkenny Foxhounds."

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THE KHARTOUM EXPEDITION: GAKDUL WELLS.

FROM A SKETCH TAKEN ON THE SPOT BY THE LATE LORD ST. VINCENT, CAPTAIN 16TH LANCERS.

OUR NOTE-BOOK

The late Lord Lytton left behind him three unacted plays. One was founded on a classical subject, "The Captives," by Plautus; another was unfinished, but was completed, at the request of the present Peer, by Mr. Coghlan, the actor, and produced some seven or eight years ago. It is called "The House of Darnley." The third piece is "Brutus," and, although the author has been dead since 1873, the drama is only now going to see light, being in preparation for the Princess's Theatre. The hero is not Marcus Junius Brutus befriended by Cæsar, whom he afterwards conspired against; but Lucius Junius Brutus, who feigned insanity, and thereby saved his life, though his father and eldest brother were murdered by Tarquin. With the suicide of Lucretia and sudden exposure of the artifice of Brutus, there is plenty of material for strong dramatic situations; while the fame of the author and the fact that the production is posthumous, should make the event highly interesting.

Here is a significant historical reminiscence. Six hundred and ten years before the Christian era, Nechos, a king of Egypt, attempted to make a canal between the Gulf of Arabia and the Mediterranean Sea. The essay was abandoned in the following year, after costing, according to Herodotus, the lives of twelve thousand men. Another Egyptian canal, and the rights appertaining to it, seem likely to lead to the sacrifice of many more lives after the expiration of twenty-five centuries.

People have unwittingly given their names to articles which they have invented or popularised. Thus Dr. Guillotin is responsible for the instrument of execution adopted in France; and Bowie knives are so called in consequence of being made after the pattern of the hunting dagger of Colonel James Bowie. At the Exhibition in New Orleans the original implement which belonged to him is on view. No doubt it will interest many who are fond of relics, but Mr. Barnum tells a story that casts a doubt on the authenticity of this sort of thing. "A newspaper man," he says, "called on me when first I opened my great museum in New York, and after going over the building with me and admiring my exhibits, he suggested that if I could but obtain the club with which Captain Cook had been killed by the Sandwich Islanders that it would prove a great attraction. I had at the time several war clubs in a lumber-room up stairs, so, seizing on the idea, I told him that curiously enough I had secured the treasure yesterday, and that I would fetch it for his inspection. Having procured a descriptive label, I came down triumphantly, and placed the club in his hand. He turned it over and over; he almost shed tears I thought; but at length he spoke. 'Poor Cook,' he said, 'poor fellow; I'm glad you have shown me this, but I expected it. *I have been to all the smaller museums in the city, and they all had it, so I felt sure that a gigantic establishment like this would not be without it.*'"

As a rule, donkeys are not considered to be ornamental animals; and yet the latest Parisian craze points to the apotheosis of the ass. Donkey skin has become the favoured material for adorning ladies' costumes, and prominent portions of the beast are worn in various ways. To be in the newest fashion, one should have the ears of the obstinate beast trimmed in a bonnet of grey fur, with the same coloured velvet strings; and one young lady we have seen has gone so far as to have a huge clasp made of the fronts of two donkeys' faces, to fasten up her skirt.

At several weddings amongst the presents announced as having been received by the bride and bridegroom have been cheques for considerable sums of money. This is an example that might in many cases be advantageously followed. Frequently, young people commencing life together want certain things that their means preclude them from purchasing at first. Instead of getting one article that would really be useful, they are inundated with a dozen china vases, sets of salt-cellars, or carriage clocks. They have a natural diffidence in disposing of these, while so many are absolutely useless. Even if they could sell them and buy what they wanted, tradesmen's profits would prevent them getting full value for the goods. Had the money been given, the donor would have paid his compliment and the recipients have been doubly delighted and well served.

Hunting in England can never come in the category of cheap amusements; but it might be imagined that the joys of the chase could be thoroughly indulged in with a stud of, say, twenty horses. The Earl of Lonsdale, however, whose stables at Thrapston are probably the most beautiful and best appointed in the country, possessed over a hundred hunters. Now that the season is coming to a close, and Lord Lonsdale is giving up a portion of the woodland county he hunted, a draught of forty spirited creatures have been sent up to Tattersall's for sale. It must have been flattering to their noble owner to find that his stock fetched prices up to 400 and 500 guineas each. The purchasers, too, have this disadvantage, that there is a long enforced idleness after next month.

That the French invent what their rivals utilise has long ago passed into an aphorism, whose truth has been proved by a Parisian named Estienne. This gentleman some few years ago invented an improvement on the Morse system of telegraphy, with a new mode of writing, and several original details which give all the advantages of that system without any of its drawbacks. He submitted this invention for Government inspection, and certain official specialists recommended it most highly, but there the matter rested, and the Estienne system was not even tried. The inventor thereupon offered it to the German Government, which at once recognised its merits, and it is now used throughout the Fatherland.

Some curious details come from Paris respecting a certain Sheikh Gemal-Eddin, who is in that capital for the purpose of receiving news of the Mahdi and communicating it to the Mussulmans of India by means of a journal called *Le Ralliement*, which is printed in Arabic, and sent to them in parcels. According to this authority, the Mahdi may perhaps negotiate with England the exchange of Gordon for Arabi, who is popular, and of service to the cause of Mahomet. Gemal-Eddin had a share in the education of the new Prophet of Islam, and says he is about thirty-two years of age, very intelligent, a hard worker and deep thinker, very reserved, willing to listen to others, but preferring his own counsels to anyone else's. Having no official dignity, nor social position, he depends on his personal character alone. The Sheikh declares that Gordon must be alive, as the Mahdi would not dream of sacrificing him.

People speak of orchids and orchises as though they were totally different, whereas they belong to the same family known to botanists as the Orchidaceæ. Broadly speaking, our British species, such as the spotted orchis, which grows side by side with the primrose, the bee orchis of the Bonchurch downs, and the lady's tresses of the New Forest, are the tuberous and fibrous rooted Terrestrial orchids, while the rare and splendid tropical kinds that grow chiefly on other plants, adhering to their bark or rooting in the scanty soil on their surface, are called Epiphytes. Vanilla is the product of two Asiatic and six American species of climbing orchids, a couple of which, *V. aromatica* and *V. planifortia*, are said to contain so much benzoic acid and essential oil that the labourers who collect their seeds for commercial purposes become giddy, and show other symptoms of intoxication.

One of the most richly dowered brides in the world, Miss Eva Mackay, who was married in Paris on the 12th inst. to Don Fernando Colonna, Prince di Galatro, set a most refreshing example of simplicity in her wedding raiment. She wore a long plain dress of rich ivory-white satin, embroidered with orange-blossoms on silken bands. A spray of real orange-flowers at her throat, and another at the side of her dress, with a small diadem wreath on her head keeping the graceful white tulle veil in its place, were her only ornaments. Not a morsel of lace, nor a single jewel, enriched this charming toilette; but she was radiant with youth and freshness and the happiness of what seldom comes to pass in these days, a genuine love-match.

The jewels Mrs. Mackay has presented to her daughter consist of a magnificent necklace and bracelets, each containing five rows of pearls separated by diamond bars. The earrings are large pearls set with brilliants. A *parure* of diamonds given by both parents includes a wreath of miniature fern-leaves for hair or corsage, a comb with a similar heading of diamond foliage, solitaire, earrings, porte bonheur bracelets, and a necklace which has two rows of diamonds to go round the throat, from which fall three rows of leaves. A second pair of earrings, to go with this set, consists of two splendid rubies, set in diamonds. Mrs. Mackay is well known to have a perfect taste and discrimination in the matter of rubies, and is the owner of one of the finest in the world.

The report that a French war-correspondent, named Olivier Pain, is acting as generalissimo and universal adviser to the Mahdi may be exaggerated, but, viewed by the light of past events in the career of that eccentric journalist, is by no means impossible. Pain was Rochefort's devoted friend and coadjutor, and escaped with him from New Caledonia by swimming three miles out to a boat which conveyed them to a vessel bound for England, and they ultimately took up their abode at Geneva. When the Russo-Turkish war broke out, Pain found his way thither as military correspondent of the *Bien Public*, contrived to pass through the Russian lines, and reached Plevna, where he speedily ingratiated himself with Osman Digna. Before long, he exchanged the pen for the sword, and fought as a Turkish artilleryman. Being taken in that uniform after a Russian defeat, he was taken to Sizerane, on the banks of the Volga, and closely guarded in prison. Here he was told that his trial was approaching and he would certainly be shot, and wrote telling his father his impending fate. The old man sent the letter to Rochefort at Geneva, and he lost no time in persuading the Chancellor of the Swiss Republic and the Minister of the Interior to telegraph to St. Petersburg and claim his friend as a Swiss citizen.

The matter being brought before the late Czar, he decided that there was no case against Pain; and, though he had fought on the Turkish side, a journalist must choose his own mode of carrying on his vocation. The Communist was therefore permitted to depart, and within a month he reached Geneva in his dirty ragged Turkish uniform, and with a fez by way of head-dress. The amnesty followed before very long, and Pain returned to Paris, where he has earned his living ever since by writing for the various papers. When our troops were ordered to the Soudan, his old love of adventure returned, and he proposed to the *Figaro* that he should join the Mahdi's camp, an offer which was too good not to be accepted. He accomplished his purpose, and forwarded two or three articles, which were duly published. No more was heard from him, and it was presumed that he had gone so far into the interior as to be unable to communicate with France, until a few days ago, when a rumour from a Governmental source announced that he had participated in the taking of Khartoum, and had become the Mahdi's Minister of Foreign Affairs. In this, as in so many other cases, we can only acquiesce in the dictum that truth is stranger than fiction.

Mr. Phil Morris, A.R.A., has always been strong in baby pictures, and is said to have prepared four or five for the forthcoming exhibition at Burlington House. One or two of them are nude studies; another represents Edward I. showing the first Prince of Wales to the Cymri at Carnarvon; and a very striking one is called "Foster-Sisters," and shows a child born in the purple side by side with a child of the gutter.

ANOTHER GREAT BATTLE IN EGYPT.

OUR SUCCESS COMPLETE.

DEATH OF GENERAL EARLE AND COLONEL EYRE.

FROM GENERAL LORD WOLSELEY TO THE SECRETARY OF STATE FOR WAR.

(Received Feb. 12, dated Korti, Feb. 11, 11.50 p.m.)

The following telegram just received from General Brackenbury:—Dulka Island is about seventy miles above Merawi. The attack was well planned and gallantly executed, and I expect its effect will be to open the way without further fighting to Berber. Message begins:—

"Camp opposite Dulka Island, Feb. 10.—Having found enemy in position stated in telegram No. 98, of 9th inst., General Earle concentrated Staffords and Black Watch here yesterday, reconnoitered the position, and this morning advanced to attack it. They held a high ridge of razor-backed hills and some advanced koppies in front, close to the river. Two companies Stafford and two guns being left under Colonel Aldeyne to hold the enemy in front, we marched with six companies Stafford and six companies Black Watch round the high range of hills, entirely turning the enemy's position, which we attacked from the rear. The enemy's numbers were not great, but their position was extremely strong and difficult of access, and they fought with most determined bravery.

"The Black Watch advanced over rocks and broken ground upon the koppies, and after having by their fire in the coolest manner driven off a rush of the enemy, stormed the position under a heavy fire. General Earle was among the foremost in this attack, and to the deep sorrow of every officer and man in the force was killed on the summit of the koppie. The Staffords attacked the high ridge, and over the most difficult ground it was possible for troops to advance upon, carried the position. In this attack their gallant commanding officer, Lieutenant-Colonel Eyre, was killed. Meanwhile, the squadron 19th Hussars, under Colonel Butler, swept round to the rear and captured the enemy's camp. Our success is complete. We have captured ten standards, and the whole of the position is in our hands. It is difficult to estimate the enemy's loss, but their dead are lying thick among the rocks and in the open, where, when they found themselves surrounded, they tried to rush through our troops. Scarcely any can have escaped.

"Our own loss is as follows:—Major-General Earle; Lieutenant-Colonel Eyre, South Staffords; Brevet-Lieutenant-Colonel Coveny, Royal Highlanders; one corporal and three privates Royal Highlanders; three privates South Staffordshire, and two Egyptian Camel Corps missing. One private Royal Highlanders. Wounded very severely: Brevet-Lieut.-Colonel Wauchope, Royal Highlanders. Severely wounded: Captain Horsbrugh, Staffords; Lieutenant Hon. J. G. R. Colborne, Staffords; Lieutenant T. Kennedy, Royal Highlanders. Wounded: Twenty non-commissioned officers and men Stafford, and eighteen Black Watch. List will follow with written report by special messenger.

"Prisoners report enemy led by Moussa Wad Abuhegel, Ali Wad Aussein, cousin of Lekalik; and Hamid Wad Lekalik, brother of Lekalik. All these are reported killed. The enemy said to have consisted of the Monassir, with some Robatab and a force of Dervishes from Berber.

"Our advance by river will be continued to-morrow at daylight, and I shall endeavour to carry out your instructions to General Earle, with which I am fully acquainted."

The War Office is prepared to accept the services of a limited number of Officers belonging to the Militia and Reserve for temporary service with the departments of the Army. Application for employment should be addressed to the Military Secretary, Horse Guards, War Office. All Officers of the Reserve who have not kept the Military Secretary informed of their addresses are requested to do so at once.

War teaches us geography and leads to the invention of new names for new things, enriching languages with new words, such as mitrailleur or mitrailleuse (between which two forms writers seem to be divided); and such as "loot," which came to us from our Indian campaigns, &c. We have now "camelry," for a body of soldiers mounted on camels, and it remains to be seen whether the new term will assert itself permanently. Our Irish troubles have given us "boycott," as one of our murderers is said to have given us "burke." Our explosions have given us "dynamitard"; to our billiards we are indebted for "cueist." Our "fast" life has given us "masher"; but that will no doubt fall into desuetude, like "macaroni," like "buck," and like similar terms. It appears to be a mere chance whether a new word will "stick" or not. Sometimes even an invention of the "euphuists," or the "affected" school, which was laughed to scorn at first, meets with ultimate acceptance and establishes itself for ever. Nobody now would tell a servant seriously in English to "agitate the tintinnabulator"; but anybody might say in French, when speaking of somebody who has got into low company, "il s'encanaille." Yet we know that, when Molière wrote, the expression was considered ridiculous, and worthy of Mademoiselle De Scudéry in her most extravagant mood, such as would prompt her to command the snuffing of a candle in the following "tall" language: "retranchez le superflu de cet ardent."

THE KHARTOUM EXPEDITION.

FALL OF KHARTOUM.

A painful revulsion of feeling was caused last week by the news published on Thursday morning that Khartoum, instead of being "relieved" by the gallant advance of Sir Herbert Stewart's brigade to the Nile above Metammeh, had fallen into the hands of the Mahdi, its Egyptian garrison having surrendered, apparently, on Tuesday, Jan. 27; while the fate of General Gordon, being still unknown, was a subject of distressing anxiety. Our own weekly review of the military events of the campaign had been compiled on Wednesday evening, and its opening sentences had expressed satisfaction at the prospect of the immediate "Relief of Khartoum"; but this paragraph was superseded, in the later part of our impression on Thursday, by an acknowledgment of the disastrous news which the War Office had then received.

The report of the fall of Khartoum was first brought to Metammeh by a messenger who went ashore from the island where the steamers stranded, and came by foot to Gubat, the fortified camp of the advanced British force, whence the news of the disaster was at once sent across the Desert to Lord Wolseley. Shortly afterwards, Lieutenant Stuart-Wortley, who had accompanied Sir Charles Wilson in the steamers to Khartoum, arrived at Gubat in a small boat with further details, and a second messenger was promptly dispatched to Korti, the head-quarters of Lord Wolseley. In the meantime, Sir Charles Wilson, having been rescued from his perilous situation on the Nile island by Lord Charles Beresford's steamer, came down to Gubat, and started at once for Korti, where he arrived last Monday evening, and the latest information was then forwarded by telegraph to London.

When Sir Charles Wilson started for Khartoum from Metammeh his expedition was not expected to be dangerous. The report that Omdurman had been captured by the Mahdi rendered it probable that the steamers might have to run the gauntlet of a few shots when they arrived at the junction of the Blue and White Niles; but this was not regarded as a formidable danger. Apparently, however, the river must have fallen since the steamers came down, for one of the vessels is reported to have been wrecked on its way up to Khartoum, probably at the Sixth Cataract, at Shabluka, where the other steamer ran aground on its return. The vessel carrying Sir C. Wilson continued on its way after the loss of its consort until it arrived at Halfiyeh. Here the banks of the river were lined with rebels, who opened fire with four Krupp guns at the steamer. No material damage seems to have been done, owing, no doubt, to the fact that General Gordon had all the steamers protected as far as possible with plates of iron and other means of keeping out missiles. They discovered that the report that Omdurman had fallen into the hands of the enemy was only too true, and from that position also the enemy opened fire. Things began to look worse when the enemy was found to be in possession of the island of Tuti, which lies at the junction of the two Niles, just outside the city of Khartoum. Still pressing on, under a storm of bullets, they came within hail of Khartoum. To their dismay, they found that instead of being welcomed as deliverers, the garrison of the capital took up the fire from which they had been suffering and received them as foes. No flags were flying from the public buildings in the town, which appeared to be in undisputed possession of the enemy. The palace, a well-known building, visible from the river, was to all appearance gutted. Finding it impossible to effect a landing in face of the overwhelming forces of the enemy, they were compelled to retreat out of range, and then endeavour to obtain what information they could by communication with the shore as to the fate which had befallen General Gordon. All reports agreed in asserting that Khartoum was in the hands of the Mahdi, and that the city passed into his possession by treachery. It was stated that Faragh Pasha, being left in charge of the ramparts, on the night of Monday, the 26th, opened the gates and admitted the enemy into the town.

The reports of the fate of General Gordon brought by Lieutenant Stuart-Wortley were conflicting: a messenger from the Mahdi reached Sir C. Wilson when in the steamer on Jan. 29, "telling him that Gordon had adopted the Mahdi's uniform, and calling upon us to surrender; that if we did not become Mohammedans, he would wipe us off the face of the earth." But it was the general opinion that Gordon had been killed, though some said he was shut up in a church at Khartoum, with some Greeks. On Sunday, Feb. 1, Lord Charles Beresford, with the Sofia, one of the steamers left at Gubat, manned by British seamen of the Naval Brigade, started up the river to relieve Sir Charles Wilson and his companions, on the island where they landed when their steamer was wrecked the day before. The steamer moved up slowly against the stream, and was not able to get up there before Tuesday. It was fired at incessantly by the enemy's riflemen, who were estimated to be 4000 strong, and a battery of three Krupp guns, at a point about forty miles above Metammeh. The small steamer was temporarily disabled by a shot passing into her boiler. This mishap compelled Lord Charles to anchor within 500 yards of the native fort; he succeeded, however, in keeping the enemy at bay by means of the Gardners and rifles. The Tuesday afternoon and night were spent in the difficult work of effecting repairs, and the whole party at length got away on the morning of the 4th. The steamer's loss amounted to one seaman killed, seven men wounded, and Lieutenant Van Koughnet, R.N., wounded. Several men were scalded by the outburst of steam. Sir Charles Wilson's loss was two men killed, and twenty wounded—all Egyptians—and four men of the Sussex Regiment slightly injured.

The latest news brought by Sir Charles Wilson was that General Gordon was killed while leaving the Government House on the morning of Jan. 27, the enemy having been admitted into Khartoum during the night.

The British troops in the intrenched camp at Gubat have not been attacked, and have this week been reinforced by the Royal Irish Regiment, which marched on foot across the Desert from Korti, its stores and ammunition being carried by Arabs of the friendly Kabbabish tribe. The Royal Sussex Regiment, the West Kent Regiment, and the Light Camel Corps would follow, so that General Sir Redvers Buller will have a strong force at his disposal to take Metammeh by storm. After capturing Metammeh, he will intrench himself at Gubat, and wait there for General Earle; or else he will march northwards along the Nile bank and meet him at Berber. Of General Earle nothing more need be said at present, except that a day or two ago he was posted at a spot six miles above the village of Berti, on the way up to Abou Hamed.



MAP OF THE EASTERN SOUDAN, SHOWING THE ROUTE FROM SOUAKIM TO BERBER.

In a very short time the interest of the campaign will be diverted to quite a different part of the Soudan—namely, to Souakim. It will be seen from our Map that the Desert between Souakim and Berber measures about two hundred and forty miles across. The garrison at present there is under the command of General Freemantle, who in a recent reconnaissance discovered that Osman Digna was in force in the neighbourhood of Tamai and at the Hasheen Wells, the former about eighteen, the latter about twelve miles from the seaport. The movement of the British troops to Souakim has already begun; two companies of the Mounted Infantry are to start from Egypt immediately, and the other troops which are to be sent from the same country will start in about a week. On the other hand, large forces are now to be sent out from England, and there will be a fresh army collected there in the next five weeks. The Souakim force should be ready to start from its base on or about March 10, and on the first days of April it should be encamped on the Nile at Berber.

The troops which are to be sent out from England are the 1st Battalion of Coldstream Guards, the 2nd Battalion of Grenadier Guards, the 2nd Battalion of Scots Guards, the 20th Hussars, the 5th Royal Irish Lancers, the 3rd Battalion of the Rifle Brigade, the 1st Dorsetshire Regiment, the 10th Company of Royal Engineers, and the Telegraph Company, the 1st Devonshire Regiment, and the 1st Cheshire. These will go to Souakim; the 1st Battalion of Highland Light Infantry, the 2nd Royal Dublin Fusiliers, from Gibraltar, and the 1st Shropshire, from Malta, are also ordered to Egypt; and there will be two or three native infantry battalions and a native cavalry regiment from India. General E. Newdigate, C.B., is mentioned as the probable Commander of the force at Souakim, which will amount to eight thousand men. Lord Wolseley's army in the Soudan, altogether, is between nine and ten thousand already.

Our Special Artist, Mr. Melton Prior, has furnished this week's Number with several interesting Sketches of the march of Sir Herbert Stewart's troops across the Desert from Korti to Metammeh; of the midday halt, with the men of the 1st Life Guards "standing at ease"; the capture of some prisoners near Gakdul; and the water-drawing scenes at Gakdul Wells, the upper and the lower "well," or pool in the rocks, a Sketch of which, by the late Captain Lord St. Vincent, is also engraved for our front page. Lord St. Vincent, in his letter accompanying this Sketch, gives the following description:—"The wells at Gakdul are two; one very large pool, or so-called well, and another small one, which latter is only reached by a circuitous path winding in and out of the rocks from below. They are on the road from Korti to Shendy, nearly midway between these two places, and in a desert almost entirely devoid of other water. For this reason, they are of the greatest importance, in a strategical point of view, to Lord Wolseley's Expedition, as without the possession of them it would be impossible to march a force across nearly two hundred miles of desert; and their occupation by the British troops, on Jan. 2, solved the most difficult problem he had to deal with. I may add that two thousand camels marched in five days two hundred miles, there and back, with a daily allowance of two pints of water per man, to effect the capture of Gakdul Wells."

GENERAL GORDON.

On Wednesday last, six days after the news of the capture or surrender of Khartoum and its occupation by the Mahdi's forces had reached London, the mournful intelligence of General Gordon's death was published, upon the authority of information obtained by Sir Charles Wilson and Lieutenant Stuart Wortley, who arrived on Monday evening at Korti, the head-quarters of Lord Wolseley. It was stated that General Gordon died on the 4th inst., at Khartoum, apparently from a wound inflicted upon him by assassins who stabbed him, on the morning of the 27th ult., as he was coming out of the Government House or Palace, the gates of the city having been opened to the enemy, during the night, by the treacherous officers of the garrison. We fear that the announcement of his death is but too true; it had seemed very possible that he might have been able, with a few personal followers, to escape from the city and to get up the Nile, where he could easily have found a place of safety; and if, on the other hand, he had been taken prisoner by the Mahdi, there is every reason to believe that his life would have been spared, in order that he might be kept for a hostage, or to exact a ransom for his liberation. There does not seem to have been any considerable fighting in Khartoum upon this occasion; and we can only regard the killing of General Gordon as an act of murder, which may have been perpetrated by some of his own revolted native soldiery, or by Musselman fanatics, or perhaps by the perfidious officers and local chiefs who had gone over to the enemy's side.

The character and exploits of this distinguished man, who had just completed the fifty-second year of his age, are well known to his countrymen, and have been described in our Journal upon former occasions. Charles George Gordon, born at Woolwich on Jan. 28, 1833, fourth son of Lieutenant-General H. W. Gordon, R.A., and younger brother of Commissary-General Sir Henry Gordon, K.C.B. (who survives him), entered the Royal Engineers, from Woolwich Academy, in 1852; served in the Crimea, and was employed in the survey of the Russian frontiers in Bessarabia and Armenia; joined the military expedition to China in 1860, and attained the rank of Major. In 1863 he entered the Chinese service, and performed marvellous feats of skilful soldiership, during fifteen months, in subduing the Tai-ping rebels, capturing the cities of Soo-Chow and Nan-King. He was promoted, on quitting the Chinese service, to the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel, and was made a C.B. When he returned home, in February, 1865, he was appointed Commander of the Royal Engineers at Gravesend, and was employed, during six years, in superintending the construction of forts and batteries on the Thames. In 1871, he was sent to join the International Commission for the improvement of the mouths of the Danube. In 1873, when Sir Samuel Baker retired from the governorship of the Soudan under the late Viceroy of Egypt, Ismail Pasha, Colonel Gordon succeeded him, and laboured zealously to correct the abuses of Egyptian rule in those provinces, and to suppress the slave trade, until July, 1879, when he resigned his office upon the accession of the present Viceroy, Tewfik Pasha. After his return to England, he accepted the post of private secretary to Lord Ripon, who was going out to India as Viceroy; but Gordon resigned this appointment a few days after reaching Bombay. He then went to China for a short visit, and gave the best counsel to the Chinese Government upon the reform of its military administration. In 1881 he held command of the Royal Engineers in the Mauritius; and in 1882 went to the Cape to serve the Colonial Government in command of its local forces in Basutoland; but a disagreement with the Government caused him to resign office in about two months. Major-General Gordon then went to reside in Palestine, devoting himself to studies of Biblical archæology; but in January, last year, he accepted an offer made him by the King of the Belgians, President of the International Association for the settlement of the Congo. He came to London, and went to Brussels for the purpose of arranging the conditions of his intended service on the Congo. The destruction of General Hicks's Egyptian army in the Soudan, in November, 1883,

THE KHARTOUM EXPEDITION: SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. MELTON PRIOR.





THE KHARTOUM EXPEDITION.



LATE VISCOUNT ST. VINCENT, CAPT. 16TH LANCERS,
KILLED IN THE SOUDAN.



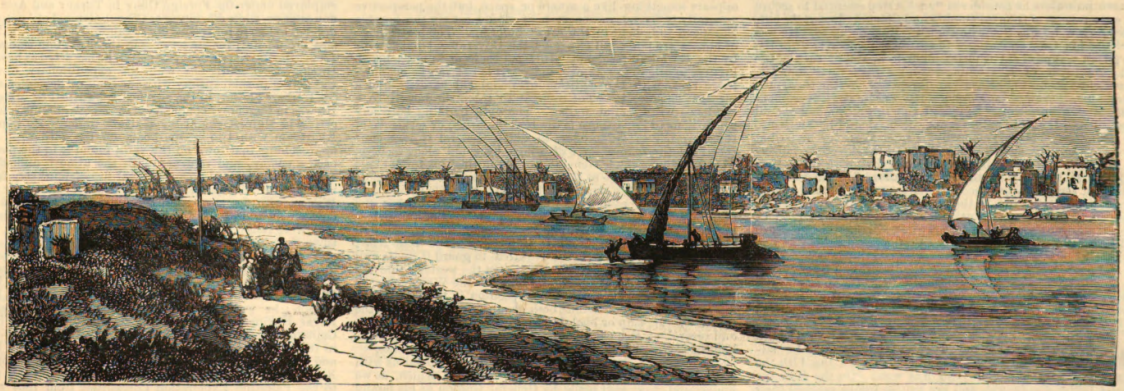
LATE CAPT. J. W. W. DARLEY, 4TH DRAGOON GUARDS,
KILLED IN THE SOUDAN.



COLONEL SIR CHARLES W. WILSON, R.E., K.C.M.G., C.B.,
LATE COMMANDING ADVANCED FORCE TOWARDS KHARTOUM.



LATE MR. ST. LEGER ALGERNON HERBERT, C.M.G.,
SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT "MORNING POST," KILLED IN THE SOUDAN.



KHARTOUM, FROM THE NILE.

had caused much perplexity to our own Government. The *Pall Mall Gazette* sent an "interviewer" to call upon General Gordon at Southampton, and to elicit his views in favour of the policy of attempting to retain Khartoum and the Eastern Soudan. General Gordon seems to have felt confident of the effect of his personal influence among the native tribes, and of his ability to dissuade them from joining the Mahdi. Although he vehemently protested against the abandonment of the Soudan, the policy which had been announced by the British Government and accepted by the Khedive, it was hastily resolved to send Gordon out upon a special mission, "to report on the military situation there, to provide in the best manner for the safety of the European population of Khartoum, and of the Egyptian garrisons throughout the country, as well as for the evacuation of the Soudan, with the exception of the seaboard." Gordon himself described the mission on which he was going in the following terse phrase:—"I go to cut the dog's tail off. I've got my orders, and I'll do it, *coûte que coûte*." He distinctly understood that he was not to expect, under any circumstances, the support of a military force; and this he fully acknowledged in his official communications to our Government, before proceeding from Cairo.

It was on Feb. 18 of last year that General Gordon arrived at Khartoum, exactly one month after leaving London. Gordon had made no secret of his confident belief that he would be able to pacify the Soudan by means of his own personal influence, and the effects of administrative and fiscal reforms. This remarkable man always had the courage of his opinions. The very day of his arrival he astonished the Government by telegraphing for Zebehr Pasha's appointment as his assistant, and the next day he liberated the prisoners, burnt the Government records of taxation, and decreed that the practice of holding slaves would not in future be interfered with. This last particular caused considerable excitement in England. Gordon had not been a fortnight in Khartoum before he was able to estimate the real strength of the rebellion, and his proclamation of himself as the Khedive's Governor-General of the Soudan must, to some extent, have produced the contrary effect to that which he intended. The very name of Khedive was an abomination to the powerful Baggara tribes, which had already rallied round the Prophet's standard; to every Arab on the Southern Nile territories, in the Bahr Ghazal, the great country of the slave hunters, and throughout the whole of Kordofan. They could not understand why the English Pasha should assume the title and dignities of Governor-General of the Soudan, if his object was to evacuate the country. In less than a month after Gordon's arrival at Khartoum, the Mahdi and his "Emirs" succeeded in spreading the insurrection throughout most of the Nile districts between Khartoum and Berber. On March 16 one of Gordon's officers was defeated at Halfiyeh, a small town some miles to the north of Khartoum; a few days later, fighting began outside Khartoum, where the Egyptian soldiers, after firing one volley, turned and fled, and were cut down in hundreds by the enemy's cavalry. This defeat, however, was proved to have been due to the treachery of two pashas, who were promptly tried by court-martial and shot. From the day he assumed command, Gordon entertained a very poor opinion of the bulk of the men forming his nominal fighting force. One Arab, he wrote on April 28, was able to put to flight 200 of his wretched Egyptians. Many of the latter he managed to send to Berber, for whose subsequent fall they were in a great measure responsible. By the end of March, the whole country south of Berber was in a state of revolution, and Gordon had almost daily fights with the enemy, but in the latter half of April, his head-quarters at the Khartoum palace were assaulted by the rebels from the opposite shore. By the beginning of May, the Arabs, crossing the Blue Nile, had established themselves at Buri, a mile from the eastern corner of the intrenchments. At this spot, the besiegers suffered terribly from the mines which General Gordon had laid down. As early as the middle of April, Gordon had begun to have recourse to this method of disposing of his assailants. On May 7, nine mines (according to Mr. Power's diary) were exploded during an attack, and one hundred and twenty of the Mahdi's men were blown to pieces. On June 25 General Gordon and his companions had their first news of the fall of Berber, which isolated them still more from the outer world. Nevertheless, they continued the defence with greater vigour than ever. On July 29 Gordon drove the rebels out of Buri, killed numbers of them, captured quantities of rifles and ammunition, and cleared them out of thirteen zerebas or stockades, which they had constructed on the river banks. Mr. Power's diary finishes at the end of July, up to which date General Gordon had lost 700 men. The public feeling in England demanded an expedition for the relief of Gordon. On Aug. 5 the House of Commons passed the vote providing money for preparations to enable the Government to be prepared for contingencies; on the 22nd the Gordon Relief Expedition was finally sanctioned. Early in May, however, orders were sent to Cairo to prepare for the dispatch of the Expedition in October, and 12,000 camels were ordered to be purchased. It was expressly stated, in the instructions of our Government to Lord Wolseley, that the object of the expedition was "to bring away General Gordon and Colonel Stewart from Khartoum; when that object has been secured, no further offensive operations of any kind are to be undertaken." Lord Wolseley was not even to advance so far as Khartoum unless he considered "such a step essential to secure the safe retreat of General Gordon and Colonel Stewart"; but, in that case, he was "not precluded" from doing so. He was to "use his best endeavours to ensure the safe retreat of the Egyptian troops of the Khartoum garrison, and of such of the civil employés of Khartoum, together with their families, as might wish to return to Egypt." With these instructions, there was an emphatic renewal by our Government of their assurance that "Egyptian rule in the Soudan should cease," and that the military operations should be limited to the relief of Gordon personally. Lord Wolseley arrived at Cairo on Sept. 10, and at Wady Halfa on the 4th of the following month; but it was not until Nov. 2 that, with the arrival of the first battalion of the South Staffordshire Regiment at Dongola, the actual advance on Khartoum may be said to have commenced. On Nov. 25 the Guards' Camel Corps arrived at Handuk. Three days later the Naval Brigade, under Lord C. Beresford, was formed. December witnessed the transference of the head-quarters to Ambukol, and thence to Korti; and on the 29th Lord Wolseley determined upon dividing his forces and advancing upon Khartoum by the Desert and by the river. The New Year opened auspiciously with the receipt of a message from Gordon, stating that Khartoum was all right on Dec. 14. On Jan. 2 Sir Herbert Stewart arrived at Gakdul Wells with the first portion of his force. He hurried back to Korti, and had returned to Gakdul with reinforcements by the 12th. On the 14th he advanced from Gakdul Wells to Metammeh. On the 17th the brilliant victory of Abou Klea was won. On the 19th the second battle was fought, and the British troops reached their present advanced position at Gubat, close to Metammeh; in a couple of days more they were met by Gordon's four steamers; and Sir Charles Wilson, who was then in command, received Gordon's laconic message, of date Dec. 29, that "Khartoum was all right," and "could hold out for years." Gordon's four steamers reached Metammeh on the 21st; but not until the 24th did Sir Charles Wilson, with two of the steamers and a detachment of the Sussex Regiment, start on their hundred-miles trip to Khartoum. The beleaguered city fell into the hands of the Mahdi on the very day before Sir Charles Wilson's arrival.

This is a sad and tragical story; and we wish it could be shown that adequate measures had been taken to communicate to the Mahdi, and to the insurgent tribes of the Soudan, while Khartoum was yet safe, the conciliatory intentions of our Government. Her Majesty's Ministers were of opinion, as they always said, "that the extension of Egyptian rule over these distant countries has been injurious to the interests of the people of Egypt." It was obvious, indeed, "that Egypt has not, and cannot be expected to have, either pecuniary resources or military strength sufficient to justify the extension of her territory beyond the natural boundary of the great Desert to the south." These grounds justified their conviction that the advice it was their duty to give the Khedive to retire from the Soudan was wise and necessary, and they gave instructions accordingly both to General Gordon and to Lord Wolseley. It was stated that the Egyptian Government would be prepared to pay a reasonable subsidy to any chief, or number of chiefs, who would be sufficiently powerful to maintain order along the valley of the Nile from Wady Halfa to Khartoum, and who would agree to the following conditions:—1. To remain at peace with Egypt, and to repress any raids on Egyptian territory. 2. To encourage trade with Egypt. 3. To prevent and discourage by all possible means any expeditions for the sale and capture of slaves. Either General Gordon or Lord Wolseley was authorised to conclude any arrangements which fulfil these general conditions, but we are not aware that such efforts have been made; and the forcible repression of the Soudan revolt has been pursued with results hitherto unavailing, at an enormous sacrifice of life, accompanied by the fall of Khartoum and the death of General Gordon.

The Portrait of General Gordon presented for our Extra Supplement this week is from a photograph by Messrs. Adams and Scanlan, of Southampton.

KHARTOUM AND ITS NEIGHBOURHOOD.

Khartoum, situated at the junction of the White Nile, the river of the Equatorial Lakes, with the Blue Nile, which flows from the mountains of western Abyssinia through the plains of Sennaar, is 1500 miles from Cairo, but has been, during sixty years past, the capital of the Egyptian dominions in the Soudan. When the founder of the present reigning family in Egypt, the famous Pasha Mohamed Ali, sent his sons, Ismail and Ibrahim, in 1819, to extend his authority up the Nile and to conquer the Soudan, Khartoum at once became the natural base of their operations and the future capital of their conquests. Before that period, the principal town in this region had been Shendy, for it was there that the merchants of the Arabian coast and the African interior exchanged their commodities. The town of Khartoum is therefore closely associated with the rule of the Pashas and Khedives of Egypt. Khartoum lies on the left bank of the Blue Nile or Bahr-el-Azrak, and rather more than three miles south of its confluence with the White Nile or Bahr-el-Abiad, at the northern point of the Isle of Tuti. The channel south of that island affords a slightly nearer approach to the White Nile, coming out immediately opposite the new and fortified camp of Omdurman, whence Colonel Hicks set out on his unfortunate expedition last year. Travellers have described its appearance as they have approached it by the river as "a long mud wall," with a few buildings of greater size than architectural pretensions peeping over it; but they all agree, from Mr. George Melly, who visited it thirty-five years ago, to Sir Samuel Baker and General Gordon, in saying that its external aspect is much to be preferred to the reality found inside its walls. This feature it shares with almost every Oriental town that could be named. There must, however, have been something exceptionally disagreeable in the smells of Khartoum to have raised such unpleasant memories and so strong a feeling of disgust in the minds of so many experienced travellers. General Gordon has explained the reason why the stench can be tolerated, and how it has not produced the mortality that one would have expected. The atmosphere, except during the rainy season, which is now close at hand, is so dry that everything "is dried up hard in an incredibly short space of time." The population of the town has fluctuated very much, principally in accordance with the character of the Governor for the time being. If he has not exceeded the limits of human endurance, Khartoum has contained as many as 30,000 people; but sometimes official exactions have been too cruel, and the population has fallen to half that number. Authorities agree, however, that, while the proportion of inmates fluctuates, there are 3000 houses in Khartoum. These are of uniform character and appearance, being all constructed of mud and having flat roofs. Mr. Melly, already mentioned, has given the following description of the inside of Khartoum:—"The town consists of about 3000 houses, resembling those already described. Architecture in these regions being in an extremely primitive condition, the arrangement of the streets is just what might be expected from the aspect of the houses. There are no spacious thoroughfares; here and there appears something like a square or space, but the perspective generally is by no means such as would satisfy the humble European judgment in the art of building. The better class of houses are possessed either by the Government officials or by the European residents. In some there are approaches to luxury, in others to comfort; indeed, it is but fair to acknowledge that, with the addition of delightful gardens and a pleasant climate, it is not difficult to reconcile oneself to a residence within mud walls." The only building with any pretensions to importance is the Hukumdarieh, or residence of the Governor of Hukumdar, in which General Gordon concentrated the scanty force of which he could alone dispose. This building, which General Gordon during his former rule there called "as large as Marlborough House," is situated close to the river; and the steamers which form the Nile flotilla, and which originally numbered fifteen, are beached during the shallow period of the river under the protection of the palace guns. The town of Khartoum itself is surrounded by a wall and a ditch, except where it is protected by the Blue Nile; but a large garrison would be required to guard it in its full extent against a numerous enemy. On the western side the wall approaches to within half a mile of the White Nile, so that Khartoum, from its admirable position in the fork of the rivers, effectually commands both channels. Khartoum is the centre of the ship or boat building trade on the Upper Nile, and several of the neighbouring villages on the river are inhabited exclusively by the people employed in these works.

The London Stereoscopic Company has supplied us with four photographs of Khartoum, the originals of which, as we understand, were sent home by General Gordon to his family in England during the period of his former Governorship of the Soudan, which terminated in July, 1879. They represent the Fort, or Barracks, the Governor's Palace, and two Views on the banks of the Blue Nile, one looking up that river, and the other looking down, opposite to Tuti Island. The Palace is the house where General Gordon is said to have been stabbed, on the 27th ult., as he was coming out of the door; and if he died of his wound, according to some accounts, on the 4th inst., he may have expired in one of the rooms of the Palace.

We are indebted to Colonel J. A. Grant, C.B., F.R.S., the well-known African traveller and explorer who accompanied Captain Speke in his journey to discover the source of the Nile, when they were the first to visit the shores of Lake Victoria Nyanza, for some interesting Views of the junction of the Blue and the White Nile at Omdurman and in the neighbourhood of Khartoum; also of the river about sixty miles below Khartoum, near "Mount Rooeeyan," above the Sixth Cataract; and of the Fort of Abou Hamed (or Abou Ahmed), which is distant, we suppose, nearly three hundred miles from Khartoum, being situated at the northern extremity of the great bend of the Nile, where the Desert route from Korosko terminates on the right bank of the river. This view of Abou Hamed will nevertheless be interesting at the present crisis, because General Earle's movement up the river from Korti is directed immediately to that point, from which he was expected to turn southward, ascending the river to Berber; and it is not unlikely that the operations which must now be undertaken to concentrate Lord Wolseley's forces at Berber may render that part of the Nile, from Berber to Abou Hamed, of much greater military importance. For the moment, however, our attention is turned rather to the neighbourhood of Khartoum, and to the portion of the Nile below Khartoum as far as Metammeh, near Shendy, and to the position of the advanced British force at Gubat. Colonel Grant's sketches were made in April, 1863, but the natural features of the localities he has delineated cannot have undergone much alteration. There are probably some buildings of more recent construction at Khartoum; and the fortifications at Omdurman, being part of the new works, do not appear in the Views drawn by Colonel Grant. It may be remembered that a twelvemonth ago, on Feb. 10 last year, he wrote to the *Times* upon this subject, with reference to General Gordon's journey to Khartoum, and then made public some extracts from his journal of 1863, describing the condition of the river all the way from Khartoum to Berber, speaking particularly of the islands, the shoals and sunken rocks, the Gherri Pass, the rapids of Gibloga, the so-called Sixth Cataract, and other difficult parts of the voyage midway between Khartoum and Metammeh, which were probably found to be the worst obstacles to Sir Charles Wilson's recent passage with his steamers. We shall now give Colonel Grant's notes accompanying the Sketches furnished by him, without further comment:—

"The sketches of Omdurman and Khartoum are taken from the same spot; one looks down and the other up the Blue Nile. The junction of the White and Blue Niles is seen in the Omdurman sketch. The former river passes some rocks here, and is turbulent, with a strong current; whereas the Blue Nile, at the same low season, is quite placid and easily forded; boats are generally poled up it. The hills are seven miles from the river. It may be seen from the sketch of Khartoum that the clay bank of the Blue Nile, on which the town stands, is liable to slip at every inundation, the river rising twenty feet higher than is seen in the sketch, and coming into portions of the town during flood-time each September and October. It is merely a matter of time for Khartoum to disappear entirely, and for its materials to be carried down to the Delta of the Nile, as it goes foot by foot every year; but the town might be rebuilt on new ground.

"Mount Rooeeyan is near that part on the river where boats rest for the night previous to descending through the shoals of rocks from here to the Sixth Cataract. The process of navigation through the rocks requires a pilot and steersman of skill, and it takes at least four hours during the months of low Nile and one hour during high Nile to make the descent, as the rounded river rocks are below water, and the sluices are full."

With reference to his sketch of the Nile at Abou Hamed, Colonel Grant supplies the following note:—"The mud fort of Abou Hamed is nearly buried in sand on its north side; indeed, the wall here is bridged over with sand blown from the Korosko Desert behind it. The whole of the Nile is not seen in this sketch. The right branch is represented, and the Island of Mograt, from which the natives of Abou Hamed obtain supplies. The road in the foreground goes between Abou Hamed and Berber."

SIR CHARLES WILSON, C.B., K.C.M.G.

This distinguished Colonel of the Royal Engineers, who took the command as senior officer of the advanced force of the Khartoum Expedition when General Sir Herbert Stewart was wounded on the 19th inst., and who afterwards went up in a steam-boat to Khartoum, has seen much Staff service, and his previous experience had specially qualified him for the duty in which he has just been engaged. As a subaltern, he acted as secretary to Sir J. Hawkins in the delimitation of the boundary between our possessions in British North America and United States territory, and served for several years on the Ordnance Survey in Ireland and Scotland. From 1869 to 1876 he acted as Assistant Quartermaster-General on the Intelligence Branch of the Head-quarters' Staff. In 1879 he was employed under the Foreign Office in Turkey and Asia Minor, and later on, while officiating as Consul-General of Anatolia, was ordered to Egypt for special duty, gaining the medal, with clasp and bronze star, for his services in the Egyptian campaign of 1882. During the present campaign, he has acted as head of the Intelligence Department with the expeditionary force, and was acting in this capacity with the Staff of Brigadier-General Sir Herbert Stewart in the advance from Korti to Metammeh. He was in temporary command of the troops at Gubat, until the arrival of Major-General Sir Redvers Buller. He went up to Khartoum with two steam-boats on the 24th ult., but, on approaching that town on the 28th, found it in the possession of the enemy, and returned with the utmost difficulty, his vessel being exposed to a continual fire of musketry from the river banks. Both the steamers were wrecked, and Sir Charles Wilson, with the party who accompanied him, passed several days on an island near the Sixth Cataract, at Shabluka, till they were relieved by the other steamers from Gubat. He has, since then, quitted the camp of the advanced force at Gubat, and arrived last Monday at Korti, Lord Wolseley's head-quarters, to report the details of his information concerning the actual state of affairs at Khartoum. Sir Charles William Wilson was born in 1836, being a son of the late Mr. Edward Wilson; he was educated at Cheltenham, and entered the Royal Engineers, in which he became Lieutenant in 1855, Captain in 1864, Major in 1873, and Brevet Lieutenant-Colonel in 1879. He was created a Knight of the Order of St. Michael and St. George in 1881, having been made a Companion of the Bath in 1877 for civil services. He rendered valuable services to the Palestine Exploration Committee, from 1864 to 1868, in the earlier topographical surveys of the Holy Land and adjacent countries, and in editing their reports for publication.

Our Portrait of Sir Charles Wilson is from a photograph by Mr. Lafayette, Westmoreland-street, Dublin.

OFFICERS KILLED IN THE SOUDAN.

Our Obituary last week contained a memoir of the late Lord St. Vincent, a Captain in the 16th Lancers, who died of the wounds received in the battle of Abou Klea, on the 17th ult. This nobleman, the fourth Viscount St. Vincent, John Edward Leveson Jervis, was in the thirty-fifth year of his age. He was educated at Harrow, and it is the intention of the masters and boys of that school to place in the chapel a commemorative tablet bearing record of the late Lord St. Vincent and of the late Colonel Burnaby, likewise an old Harrovian, who fell in the same day's fighting. Lord St. Vincent had served with credit in the Zulu, Afghan, Transvaal, and Egyptian campaigns. As orderly officer to Major-General Marshall, during the Zulu war, he was present with the 17th Lancers in the engagements at Zunguin Mountain and Ulundi. For his services in those actions he obtained a medal and clasp. In the expedition against the Marrees, in Southern Afghanistan, in 1880, he also served as orderly officer to Brigadier-General Macgregor, and was mentioned in the despatches, besides receiving a medal. In the Transvaal war of 1881, he acted as Adjutant of Barrow's Mounted Infantry. His service as Aide-de-camp to Major-General Drury-Lowe, in the Egyptian war of 1882, and his part in the memorable cavalry ride and capture of Cairo, will also be remembered. For these services he received a medal with clasp, the decoration of the Fourth Class of the Medjidieh, and the Khedive star. In Lord St. Vincent the English Army has lost a brave and promising officer, whose devotion to the duties of his chosen profession of arms was proved in a succession of arduous campaigns. Our Portrait of this nobleman is from a photograph by Mr. Samuel A. Walker, of 230, Regent-street.

The *Illustrated London News*, not many days ago, received from his Lordship, when he had accompanied the first reconnaissance of the intended route of Sir Herbert Stewart's advanced force, in its march across the Desert from Korti to Metammeh, as far as Gakdul Wells, reaching that place on Jan. 2, the Sketch of the rocky ravine and secluded wells at that place, which is reproduced in our front page Engraving. Lord St. Vincent, who acted as Captain and Adjutant of the Heavy Camel Corps, which was composed partly of soldiers and officers from different cavalry regiments of our Army, sent us this Sketch, with a letter, from Korti, the head-quarters of the Expedition, on the 6th, when the first reconnoitring party had returned from Gakdul, and when preparations were being made for the definite movement of Sir Herbert Stewart's column forward to Metammeh. An extract from his letter, describing the wells, is given in another article, with some remarks upon our different Illustrations of Gakdul.

Captain Joseph Watkins Williams Darley, 4th (Royal Irish) Dragoon Guards, was born at Dublin, on Aug. 29, 1853, and entered that regiment as a Sub-Lieutenant in November, 1873; he obtained a Lieutenant's commission in November, 1874, and that of Captain on Oct. 29, 1881. He served with his regiment in the Egyptian war of 1882, and was present at the two actions at Kassassin, the battle of Tel-el-Kebir, and the march to Cairo and capture of that city. He received the Egyptian medal with clasp and the Khedive's star. The Portrait of Captain Darley is from a photograph by Messrs. W. and A. H. Fry, of Brighton.

Conductor of Supplies A. C. Jewell, who was killed near Metammeh on the 19th ult., although a gentleman by birth, at the age of twenty, in June, 1871, enlisted as a trooper in the 20th Hussars, and rose after four years' service to the position of Quartermaster-Sergeant in that regiment. In February, 1879, he was made Conductor of Supplies; and in the same year served with distinction in South Africa, obtaining a medal. His portrait was taken when serving in the Hussars, by Messrs. Hennah and Kent, of Brighton.

THE LATE MR. ST. LEGER HERBERT, C.M.G.

The Special Correspondent of the *Morning Post*, Mr. St. Leger Algernon Herbert, who was killed, as well as Mr. Cameron, of the *Standard*, in the fighting on the 19th ult., belonged to that branch of the Herbert family of which the Earl of Carnarvon is the head. His grandfather, the Very Rev. William Herbert, Dean of Manchester, was third son of the first Earl of Carnarvon; and the Dean's second son, Captain Frederick Herbert, R.N., was the father of St. Leger Algernon Herbert, by his marriage with the daughter of the late Captain Henry Stuart, of the 39th Regiment. Mr. St. Leger Herbert was in his thirty-fifth year, and had seen varied service. His University career was brilliant. He was a scholar of Wadham College, and obtained a first class at the Oxford Moderations. His first public appointment was with Lord Dufferin, when that nobleman was Governor-General of Canada. He acted as private secretary to Lord Wolseley (then Sir Garnet) at the annexation of Cyprus, and was civil secretary to Sir Garnet Wolseley again when he proceeded to South Africa as High Commissioner. For his services on these occasions Mr. Herbert was made a Commander of St. Michael and St. George. He was present at the taking of Sekukuni's mountain, for which he obtained the South African medal. Mr. Herbert was also civil secretary to Sir Frederick Roberts in South Africa, and when that General returned to England he was made secretary to the Transvaal Commission. Mr. Herbert served with the Mounted Infantry at Tel-el-Kebir as a volunteer, for which he obtained the Egyptian medal. He was present two years later at the engagements of El Teb and Tamasi, where he acted as galloper to Sir H. Stewart, and obtained the clasp. At Tamasi Mr. Herbert received a severe wound, but his youth and good constitution enabled him quickly to recover from it. The *Morning Post* had the advantage of his services as correspondent during a portion of the Souakim expedition, and in the present campaign up the Nile.

The Portrait of this gentleman is from a photograph by Messrs. Boning and Small, of Baker-street.

Our Portrait of the late Right Hon. Sir Robert Phillimore, Bart., D.C.L., is from a photograph by the London Stereoscopic Company. That of Police-Constable William Cole, engraved last week, was by Messrs. A. and G. Taylor, photographers, of Queen Victoria-street.

The officers of the Fishmongers' Company last month seized at Billingsgate Market thirteen tons and a half of fish as unfit for human food. In the same period, the total delivery of fish at Billingsgate was, by land, 9440 tons, and by water 3896 tons, or 13,336 tons in all. Five cwt. of fish were seized at Farringdon Market during the month.

James Gilbert Cunninghame and Harry Burton were again charged at Bow-street Police Court on Monday with being concerned in the dynamite outrage at the Tower. Mr. Poland, who prosecuted, stated that the case was but yet in its infancy. He gave a narrative of the movements of the two prisoners, showing that, during the past year, although but working men—the one a dock labourer and the other a carpenter—they had twice crossed the Atlantic, and were in London at the time of the explosions at Scotland-yard and the Carlton Club. They had been seen together by a detective set to watch Burton. After some additional evidence had been given, the accused were again remanded.

BRIGHTON. — Frequent Trains from Victoria and London Bridge.
Also Trains in connection from Kensington and Liverpool-street.
Return Tickets, London to Brighton, available for eight days.
Weekly, Fortnightly, and Monthly Tickets, at Cheap Rates. Available to travel by all Trains between London and Brighton.
Cheap First-Class Day Tickets to Brighton every Weekday, from Victoria 10.0 a.m., fare 12s. 6d., including Pullman Car.
Cheap Half Guinea First-Class Day Tickets to Brighton every Saturday from Victoria and London Bridge, admitting to the Grand Aquarium and Royal Pavilion.
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Pullman Drawing-room Cars between Victoria and Brighton.
Through Bookings to Brighton from principal stations on the Railways in the Northern and Midland Districts.

PARIS.—SHORTEST, CHEAPEST ROUTE.
Via NEWHAVEN, DIEPPE and ROUEN.
Cheap Express Service Week-days and Sundays. From Victoria 7.30 p.m., and London Bridge 8.0 p.m. Fares—Single, 34s., 26s., 18s.; Return, 57s., 41s., 32s.
Powerful Paddle Steamers, with excellent Cabins, &c. Trains run alongside steamers at Newhaven and Dieppe.
SOUTH OF FRANCE, ITALY, SWITZERLAND, &c.—Tourists' Tickets are issued, enabling the holder to visit all the principal places of interest.

TICKETS and every information at the Brighton Company's West-End General Offices, 28, Regent-circus, Piccadilly, and 8, Grand Hotel Buildings; Hay's Agency, Cornhill; Cook's, Ludgate-circus; also at the Victoria and London Bridge Stations. (By order) J. P. KNIGHT, General Manager.

THE VALE OF TEARS.—DORÉ'S Last Great PICTURE, completed a few days before he died, NOW on VIEW at the DORÉ GALLERY, 35, New Bond-street, with his other great pictures. Ten to Six Daily. 1s.

ANNO DOMINI, by EDWIN LONG, R.A.—This great Work is NOW ON VIEW, together with other important works, at the GALLERIES, 168, New Bond-street. Ten to Six. Admission, 1s.

MONTE CARLO.—MUSICAL SEASON (CONCERTS, REPRESENTATIONS).
In addition to the usual Concerts, directed by Monsieur Romeo Accursi, the Société des Bains de Mer de Monaco has authorised M. Pasdeloup to arrange a Series of Extraordinary Grand Musical Entertainments (Concerts, Representations) this Winter.
The services of the following distinguished Artistes have been already retained:—

Mesdames	Kreuss,	Messieurs.	Faure,
"	Devriès,	"	Vergnet,
"	Sails,	"	Capoul,
"	Donadio,	"	Biorksténn,
"	Frank-Duvernoy,	"	Couturier,
"	Belloca,	"	Villaret,
"	Simmonnet.	&c.	

Added to which the celebrated Instrumentalists will appear:
VIOLINISTS:
Mons. Sivori, Mons. Marsik, Miss N. Carpenter, American artiste, 1st Conservatoire Prize, 1883.
PIANISTS: Mons. Planté, Mons. Th. Ritter, Madame Essipoff.
HARPIST: Mons. Hasselmans.
These Extraordinary Representations will be given each Wednesday and Saturday, commencing the end of January and terminating the middle of March.
M. Pasdeloup has the excellent idea to terminate each concert by fragments of operas, in costume, and scenery—viz.:

1st Concert.	LES HUGUENOTS.	Fourth Act.	
2nd "	RIGOLETTO.	Fourth Act.	
3rd "	LUCIA.	Selection.	
4th "	MANON.	Second Act.	
	FAUST.	Prison Scene.	
5th "	HERODIADE.	Selection.	
6th "	FAVORITE.	Selection.	
	AIDA.	Third Act.	
7th "	LAKME.	Selection.	
8th "	LE BARBIER.	Selection.	
9th "	HAMLET.	Third and Fourth Act.	
10th "	LA TRAVIATA.	Fourth Act.	
11th "	FAUST.	Garden Scene.	
12th "	LE SIGURD.	Brunhilde's Dream.	
	LE CHALET.		

TIR AUX PIGEONS DE MONACO.
The following is the Programme:—
BI-WEEKLY MATCHES FOR PRIZES.
Feb. 16: Prix du Comité. A Purse of 200f. and a Poule of 50f.
Feb. 21: Prix Lamasier. An object of Art and a Poule of 30f.
Feb. 24: Prix Breton. A Purse of 80f. and a Poule of 50f.
Feb. 28: Prix Dori. An object of Art and a Poule of 50f.
Mar. 3: Prix de Mars. A Purse of 80f. and a Poule of 50f.
Mar. 7: Prix Patton. An object of Art and a Poule of 30f.
Mar. 10: Prix W. Cali. A Purse of 80f., added to a Poule of 50f.
GRAND CLOSING PRIZES.
March 12 and 13: Grand Prix de Clôture. A Purse of 960f. added to 100f. entrance; Second Prize, 100f.; Third Prize, 70f.; Fourth, 20f.
A. BLONDIN, Secretary.

NEWS FROM NICE.—With the exception of a very few wet and cold days, the weather is again splendid. Not a flake of snow has fallen. The sun shines almost perpetually, and the influence of its warm rays makes life enjoyable to all, and more especially to those who have by impaired health sought its influence.
There are no epidemics, and the average mortality of the city in 1884 was less per mille than London and many fashionable towns in England.
The streets, roads, and sewers are constantly cleansed and disinfected, and watered from the mountain stream of the Vesubie. There are three English doctors and physicians in practice here—viz., Messrs. West, Wakefield, and Sturge, and they will be happy to communicate with any intending visitors as to the healthfulness of the town.
The effects of the recent storm (the like of which has been unknown for thirty-five years) were comparatively trifling, and repaired in twenty-four hours. In some few low-lying rooms and cellars, near the Fish Market, the wash from the open waves had entered, but this was soon pumped out by the firemen and military.
Visitors are hastening in increasing numbers, as is their wont at this season, and the approach of Carnival, which report says will be the best on record. The Municipal Theatre will open immediately, and the Théâtre Français, of which Mr. Cortelazzo continues the able Director, has several Star Artists for the Opera Comique, and an excellent Troupe de Comédie.
The Carnival and Regatta will be fully announced with other fêtes.
Nice, Jan. 30, 1885.

MENTON.—CARNIVAL, FEB. 14 and 16.
GRAND CORSO DE GALA.
Battle of Flowers and Confetti.
Cavalcades, Masquerades, Cars, Decorated Carriages, &c.
FÊTE DE NUIT.
Concert. Moccoletti. Illuminations.
SECOND DAY, FEB. 16.
Grand Corso.
Battle of Flowers.
Proclamation of Prizes, 5600 francs.
Illuminations, Fireworks, and Torchlight Processions.
Burning of the Carnival.
Grand International Regattas will follow.

JAPANESE VILLAGE.
Under Royal Patronage.
ALBERT-GATE, HYDE PARK (Near Top of Sloane-street).
Eleven a.m. to Ten p.m. One Shilling. Children under Twelve, Sixpence.
WEDNESDAYS, Half-a-Crown. Children under Twelve, One Shilling.
MILITARY BAND.
Performances in the New Annexe at Twelve, Three, and Eight (free).
Managing Director, TANNAKER BUMICROSAN.

PRINCESS'S THEATRE.—MR. WILSON BARRETT, Lessee and Manager.—LAST NIGHTS. EVERY EVENING, at 7.45, HAMLET. Messrs. Wilson Barrett, Speakman, Dewhurst, Willard, Clifford Cooper, Frank Cooper, Crauford, &c., and George Barrett; Mesdames Eastlake, Dickens, &c., and M. Leighton. Doors open at 7.15. Box-office, 9.30 to Five. No fees. Business Manager, Mr. J. H. Cobbe. Matinee, Saturday next, Feb. 21, at 1.30.

THE PRINCE'S THEATRE.—Mrs. LANGTRY. Sole Proprietor, Mr. EDGAR BRUCE. Season under the direction of Mr. HENRY E. ABBEY. EVERY EVENING, at Eight, Sheridan's Comedy, in five acts, SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL, produced on the direction of Mr. Coghlan. Characters by Mr. W. Farren, Mr. H. Beerbohm Tree, Mr. Everill, Mr. A. Wood, Mr. E. D. Lyons, Mr. Lin Rayne, Mr. Carne, Mr. Smedley, Mr. Crisp, Mr. Thorpe, Mr. Dalzell, Mr. Weathersby, and Mr. Coghlan; Mrs. Arthur Stirling, Miss Kate Pattison, Miss Eva Sothern, and Mrs. LANGTRY. Doors open at Half-past Seven; SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL at Eight. Carriages at Eleven. Box-Office open daily from Eleven till Five. No fees. Telephone 3703.—THE PRINCE'S THEATRE, Coventry-street, W.

PRINCE'S HALL.—M. VERBECK (from the Théâtre des Nouveautés, Paris) will give a SERIES of his Extraordinary Representations of PRESTIGIATION and MESMERISM, at the above Hall, commencing on MONDAY EVENING, FEB. 16, as given at Sandringham by command of their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales. M. Verbeck will be assisted by his marvellous subject, Mdlle. de Marguerit. The dates of the Representations are as follow:—Afternoon, Feb. 16, 20, March 3, 4, 5, 9, 10, 16, 17, and 19. Evenings: Feb. 16, 17, 19, 23; March 6, 7, 12, 13, 14, 20, and 23. Reserved Seats, 7s. 6d. and 5s.; Balcony, 2s.; Admission, 1s. Tickets may be obtained at the Hall and of all the Librarians. The Afternoon Representations will commence at Three, and the Evening at Eight. Doors open at 2.30 and 7.30. Carriages, 5.15 and 10.15.

ST. JAMES'S HALL, PICCADILLY.
EVERY NIGHT at EIGHT O'CLOCK. MONDAY, WEDNESDAY, and SATURDAY at THREE also. THE
MOORE and BURGESS MINSTRELS'
TWENTIETH ANNUAL CARNIVAL OF MUSIC AND FUN. The New Programme. This and EVERY NIGHT at Eight. MONDAY, WEDNESDAY, and SATURDAY at Three and Eight. All New and Beautiful Songs. New Budget of Screamingly Funny Stories. New Comic Sketches. New and Important Additions to the Great Comedy. The annual farce of closing all places of amusement on Ash Wednesday will be performed as usual.

DEATHS.

On the 8th inst., at Wanstead, John Charleton, aged 62.
On the 6th inst., at Bodrean, Truro, Ellen Frances, widow of the late Humphrey Willyams, Esq., of Carnanton, and daughter of the late Colonel Neynoe, of Castle Neynoe, county Sligo, aged 86. R.I.P.

*** *The charge for the insertion of Births, Marriages, and Deaths, is Five Shillings for each announcement.*

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THE CHURCH.

It is stated that Canon Liddon will be the new Bishop of Salisbury.

The Archbishop of York reopens Acaster Malbis parish church, after restoration, to-day (Saturday).

In the absence of the Bishop of Rochester, who is indisposed, the Bishop of St. David's yesterday week consecrated St. Luke's Church, Grange-road, Bermondsey.

The Blakeney Memorial Committee, of which the Archbishop of York is the chairman, have decided that the memorial shall take the form of a scholarship, and also a tablet to be erected in Bridlington Priory Church.

An organ recital was given on Tuesday afternoon in the Temple Church by Dr. E. J. Hopkins, the organist, on the occasion of the 700th anniversary of the consecration of the church by Heraclius, Patriarch of Jerusalem, 1185.

Dr. Temple, the Bishop designate of London, on Saturday last, and the Archbishop of Canterbury on Sunday, in Westminster Abbey, directed the opening services in connection with the Mission which is being conducted this week in north and west London.

The Rev. Brooke Lambert, Vicar of Greenwich, preached in Westbourne Park Baptist Chapel on Sunday night, at the invitation of the Rev. Dr. Clifford, the pastor, and the offerings collected were devoted to the London Mission now being carried on from Church centres.

The Ecclesiastical Commissioners have given a site whereon a new Norwich Diocesan Training College for Schoolmistresses is to be built. The college is to be erected in compliance with the requirements of the Education Department, the existing one having been condemned.

An offering of £1000 has been sent to the Vicar of Teddington, by a donor who does not wish his name made public. It is to be used in aid of the new church buildings. This is the second offering of £1000 made to the church since the Vicar's arrival in Teddington. Another anonymous donor has sent £200 for the purpose of improving and decorating the chancel of the parish church.

Both Houses of Convocation of the Province of Canterbury reassembled on Tuesday. In the Upper House resolutions expressing regret at the loss the House and the Church have sustained by the death of the late Bishop of London and the resignation of the Bishop of Lincoln were passed. The Lower House was mainly occupied with a discussion on the report of a committee on fallen women.

The Bishop of Ely, the Bishop of Durham, and Mr. Beresford-Hope, M.P., were present on the 3rd inst. at the dedication of the last portion of St. Luke's Church, Chesterton, Cambridge, and spoke at the luncheon. The Bishop of Durham referred to the difficulty in the diocese in keeping pace with the ever-increasing demand for church accommodation. He wished he had a Cambridge University, with its many voluntary workers, in proximity to some of the towns in his diocese.

On Tuesday the Bishop of Chester consecrated a new church at Warburton, Cheshire. The church has been erected at a cost of £7000. The picturesque old Church of St. Mereburgh, which will now cease to be the parish church, bears the site date of 1645. The Rector is the Rev. Geoffrey Egerton; who was nominated to the living by Mr. Rowland Egerton Warburton, of Arley Hall, Cheshire, at whose expense the new church has been erected.

Attention is called to an advertisement in another column, from which it will be seen how inadequate has been the response to what has proved to have been the last public appeal put forward by the late Bishop of London for Rescue work in the London Mission. Money is especially needed for that most trying and difficult work—the rescue of the fallen. Many devoted ladies are ready to help, but the providing of homes, both temporary and permanent, is costly. Will any of our readers send donations to the treasurer, the Rev. A. J. Ingram, 20, Finsbury-square, E.C.?

M. Waddington, the French Ambassador, presided last Saturday night at the annual dinner in aid of the French Hospital and Dispensary, Leicester-place. Subscriptions amounting to £1200 were announced.

The silver medal awarded by the jurors of the International Health Exhibition to the Society for Improving the Condition of the Labouring Classes was on Tuesday presented to the Earl of Shaftesbury, as its president for over forty years, by Mr. Alfred Alewood, secretary, in accordance with a resolution passed at the last committee meeting of that society, proposed by Rev. Canon Nisbet, and carried unanimously.

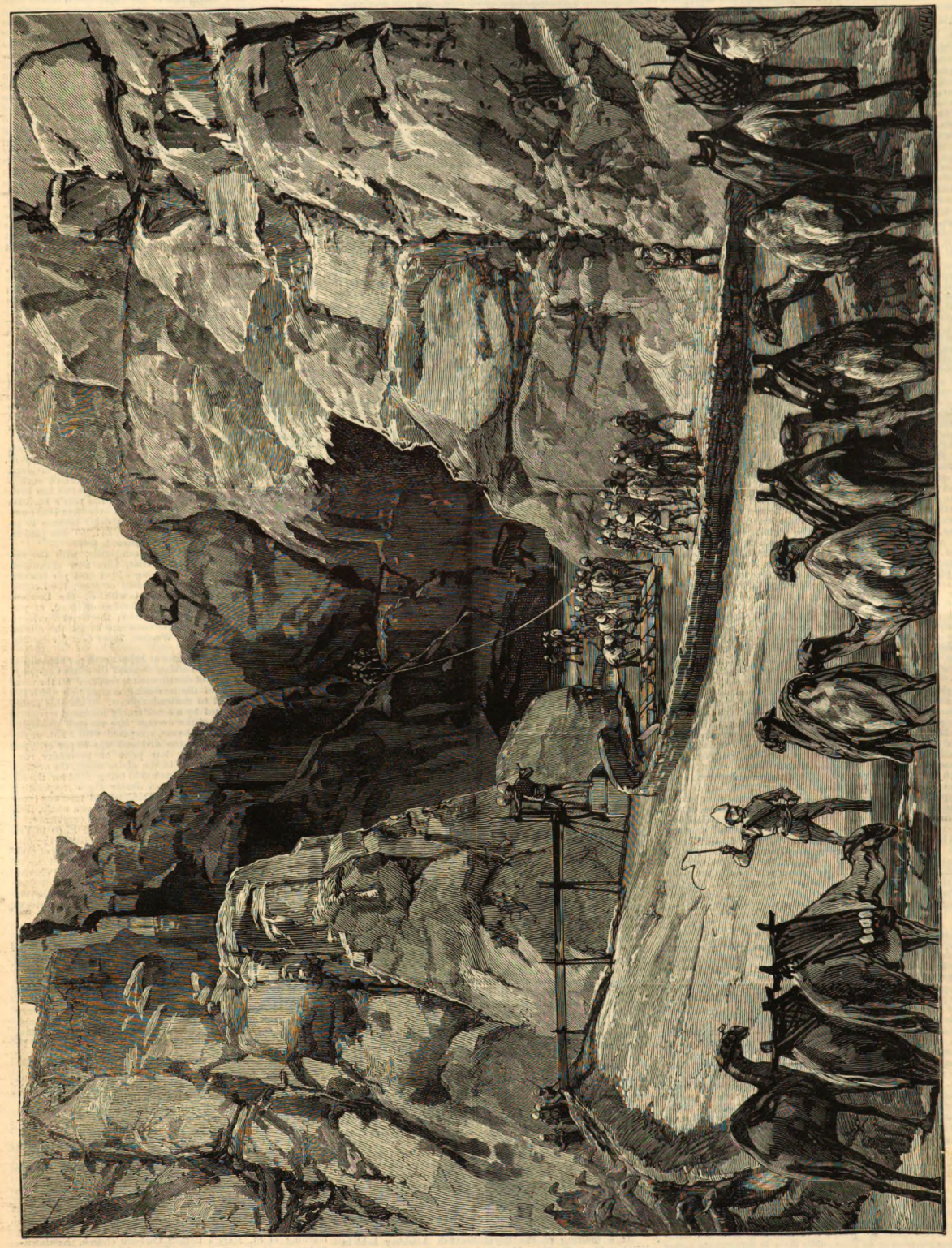
The number of live stock and the quantity of fresh meat shipped weekly to this country from the United States and Canada continues on a very large scale. The arrivals at Liverpool during the past week from the above-named countries were in excess of any preceding week since the beginning of the year. The total imports amounted to 2069 cattle, 12,805 quarters of sheep, 2184 carcases of mutton, and 100 hogs.

In London last week 2806 births and 1592 deaths were registered. Allowing for increase of population, the births were 101 and the deaths 473 below the average numbers in the corresponding weeks of the last ten years. There were 41 deaths from smallpox, 16 from measles, 18 from scarlet fever, 19 from diphtheria, and 41 from whooping-cough. The 41 fatal cases of smallpox did not include 19 deaths of London residents from this disease recorded in the Metropolitan Asylums Hospitals.

We learn that an error occurred last week in our account of the parentage of the gallant General Sir Herbert Stewart. His father, the Rev. Edward Stewart, of Sparsholt Rectory, Hampshire, was there described as an Irish clergyman, whereas, in fact, he was very much Scotch, being grandson of the seventh Earl of Galloway; he was son of the Hon. Edward Richard Stewart, who was brother to George, eighth Earl of Galloway, and also to Lieutenant-General the Hon. Sir William Stewart, K.C.B., who commanded a division throughout the Peninsular War, and who raised the Rifle Brigade; whilst the mother of the Rev. Edward Stewart was the Lady Katherine Charteris, sister of the seventh Earl of Wemyss. The mother of Sir Herbert Stewart was an Irish lady, Louisa Anne, daughter of C. J. Herbert, Esq., of Muckross Abbey, Killarney.



THE KHARTOUM EXPEDITION.—GAKDUL WELLS, ON THE DESERT MARCH: PASSING WATER DOWN TO THE TROOPS FROM THE UPPER WELL.
SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. MELTON PRIOR.



THE KHARTOUM EXPEDITION.—ON THE DESERT MARCH: LOWER WELL AT THE WELLS OF GAKDUL.

SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. MELTON PRIOR.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

There are two plays, at any rate, that are never played to empty benches. When all else fails, the experienced manager cannot go far wrong when he puts up "Hamlet" or "The School for Scandal." Sheridan's immortal comedy has once more been selected for a run of popularity, and it may now be seen to considerable advantage at the Prince's Theatre, thanks to the enterprise and good taste of Mrs. Langtry. It is a matter of history that one of the most brilliant revivals of this play occurred at the Prince of Wales's Theatre during the management of the Bancrofts, and it is equally well known that it had an extraordinary run of good luck at the Vaudeville some years ago, soon after Mr. Thorne assumed the managerial seat. We remember the first chiefly on account of its luxury of appointment; the last, by reason of the excellence of the cast. Here, at the Prince's, we have a judicious mixture of the two celebrated revivals. Mr. Charles Coghlan comes to play Charles Surface, with his own charm of style and admirable comedy spirit, bringing with him, from the pretty little band-box theatre in the Tottenham-court-road, recollections of the minuets, the assemblies, the fashions, the customs, and the minute detail of society life in the last century. Whilst, on the other hand, we have artists like William Farren, with his father's traditions at his fingers' ends for Sir Peter, a rich, spirited, and most admirable performance; Mrs. Arthur Stirling for Mrs. Candour, Mr. A. Wood for Crabtree, and Mr. F. Everill a capital Sir Oliver Surface. It will thus be seen that Mrs. Langtry is anxious to associate herself with the best art that can be obtained in these days, when comedy is for the most part presented in a haphazard fashion. Much has been said recently of the doubtful advantage of first-night criticism, and we have had endless discussions as to how far art is injured by the inevitable hurry of publicity. But, whether new plays or revivals are criticised on the first night or not, the experienced eye and the trained judgment can easily see how far the little difficulties of a first production are temporary, and how far they will permanently disfigure the work under discussion. There were no doubt grave misfortunes connected with the first performance of the "School for Scandal." The play began late, and was started at a snail's pace. The waits were interminably long. The scenes were curiously divided. The audience was puzzled by the continual dropping of those abominable things known as tableaux curtains; the minor characters were, as a rule, indifferently played; and we certainly missed that finish, punctuality, order, and style that are associated with our first comedy theatres.

But, for all that, it was easy to see that the defects were merely temporary. It is as unjust to ridicule such a revival as contemptible because of the accidental slips of a disorganised first night, as it is to go harping on the fact that Mrs. Langtry is handsomely dressed, and thereby implying that the audiences of the future are asked to see costumes and not comedy. Such comments as these are utterly misleading. The waits, the hitches, the disorder, and the dullness of a first representation like this can be easily remedied; and, when they are, is it not at least charitable on the part of those who understand what acting is, to recommend a visit to a playhouse that can show a Sir Peter like Mr. William Farren, a Charles Surface like Mr. Coghlan, a Sir Oliver like Mr. Everill, all of whom give tone and health to the best scenes in the play, and who cannot fail by their example to put a little life and heart into their frightened or listless companions? And as to the dresses worn by Mrs. Langtry, about which so much fuss is made. If she is well dressed, and in accordance with the fashion of the period, so is everyone else. She does not stand out alone, the centre of a shabby crew. It is not her fault that she has distinction and style. No; the old play is quite as well dressed and mounted as it ought to be; the rout, with its crowds of dancers and loungers, is amply sufficient for the purpose, and the supper scene of Charles is thoroughly in accordance with the temper of the play, and of the age in which it was written.

Mrs. Langtry's Lady Teazle is to me a very interesting study. She avoids, for the most part, old business and tradition when she cannot feel the importance of them. Her comedy scenes are full of life and nature. Her coaxing with Sir Peter is never loud, vulgar, or hoydenish. She dances a minuet as to the manner born; and whether supposed to have been brought up in the country or not, the new Lady Teazle has evidently soon acquired a taste of town manners. It is just the sort of woman, in fact, socially considered, who would have attracted a precise and particular old bachelor like Sir Peter. He could never have tolerated for one instant a wearisome fidget. His wife must before all things be a lady, and this is clearly Mrs. Langtry's view. I wish, on the other hand, she could appear to feel the pathos of the screen scene more than she appears to do. Her tones were not sufficiently sincere, either in her humiliation before Sir Peter or her disgust at the conduct of Joseph the hypocrite. A Lady Teazle, to succeed here, must be lost in her abandonment to the situation. She must feel the position, or she will never be able to make it effective. Anyhow, Mrs. Langtry has already shown us good work far in advance of anything she has given before, and her industry will in the end be rewarded with inevitable success. I confess that I do not understand Mr. Beerbohm Tree's reading of Joseph Surface. The man was no vulgar hypocrite, it is true; he did not wear his deceit on his sleeve; there was something extremely subtle in his humbug. He was what modern ladies call "very deep"; but I, for one, never conceived him to be a fantastic, somewhat indolent creature, who could scarcely take the trouble to carry on an intrigue, or had not the method of expressing passion. Lady Teazle is, at any rate, fascinated by him, or there is no meaning in the play; but there is little in the new Joseph to suggest the subtle lady-killer. For, of course, Joseph Surface has his one chance of showing his real nature. He may deceive society and Sir Peter, but when he is left alone with Lady Teazle in her library, then the real man comes out. If the serpent is not shown here, fangs and all, the difficulty in which Lady Teazle is placed is not apparent. A good acting scene goes for nothing. But, after all, it is the one difficult character in the whole range of comedy. Mr. John Clayton got nearest to it, years ago, at the Vaudeville; but never in our time has it been quite satisfactorily played. All the opening scenes of the play were ruined and made ineffective by the "under-acting" that is now so much in fashion. If managers only knew the folly of the policy of intrusting good dialogue to those who cannot understand it to begin with, and have no method of delivering it afterwards, they would spare the patience of their audience. An uninteresting actress or an inarticulate actor in subordinate scenes does more damage than can be easily remedied. And when a play begins with yawns it requires a genius to pick it up again. The modern school of acting has its merits, but the young actor or actress of the period is, as a rule, totally at sea in old comedy. They dawdle, they do not act; they mumble, they do not speak. Success is obtained by an electric communication between artist and audience. The audience is ever on the alert, but the artist is too often stupid or sulky—or both.

C. S.

MUSIC.

Mr. Walter Bache's annual grand orchestral concert at St. James's Hall, on Thursday week, was a specialty occurring too late for more than brief mention until now. Mr. Bache has, for some years, been a strong and practical advocate for the claims of Liszt to rank as a great composer. Many of his important works have been given—some for the first time in this country—at Mr. Bache's concerts, thus affording opportunities for judgment thereon that should be welcomed by all, whether admirers or not of the remarkable compositions of one of the most remarkable men of recent times. Last week's concert included a fine performance of one of Liszt's most elaborate works, his symphony in illustration of Dante's "Divina Commedia." This had before been given at one of Mr. W. Ganz's orchestral concerts, and was noticed at the time. The music of the first part, "Inferno," contains much that is wild and eccentric even beyond the limits that might be conceded for such a subject; in the next divisions, "Purgatorio" and "Paradiso," there are some pleasing passages, especially those suggestive of the loves of Paolo and Francesca da Rimini; and the close—with female choir singing the Magnificat to a Gregorian chant, and ending with "Hosanna, Hallelujah"—is impressive. The symphony altogether, however, is lengthened to a degree not justified by its musical interest. Mr. Bache played Liszt's first Pianoforte Concerto (in E flat) with much success; and the same composer's "Scène Dramatique," "Jeanne d'Arc au bucher" (well sung by Mdlle. Alice Barbi); an "Angelus" for stringed instruments; the march, "Die heiligen drei Könige," from "Christus"; and the orchestral arrangement of the popular "Rakóczy" march (with which the concert began), made up a representative selection from the works of Franz Liszt. With the exception of the concerto (directed by Mr. Dannreuther), the performances were conducted by Mr. Bache. The band and choir were on an extensive and efficient scale.

At last week's concert of the Royal Albert Hall Choral Society—the seventh performance of the fourteenth season—Mr. Mackenzie's oratorio, "The Rose of Sharon," was given for the first time in that locality. The work, it will be remembered, was commissioned for the Norwich Festival of October last, when it was produced with great success, having been soon afterwards performed at St. James's Hall, the Crystal Palace, and elsewhere, with a similar result. In last week's performance, Miss Griswold (the American soprano) sang the music of the Sulamite with much refinement, that of the Beloved having been rendered with earnest feeling by Mr. B. McGuckin. As on a former occasion elsewhere, Miss Hilda Wilson sang the contralto music with fine effect—Mr. W. Mills having displayed progress in the important passages for Solomon. The choral and orchestral performances were worthy of the society. Mr. Barnby conducted, and Dr. Stainer presided at the organ.

The Monday Popular Concert of this week included the last appearance here this season of Madame Norman-Néruda. At the afternoon performance of to-day (Saturday) Herr Joachim is to appear for the first time this season.

Mr. John Boosey's attractive "London Ballad Concerts" are approaching the close of their nineteenth season, nine performances of the series having now been given. This week's concert included the last appearance here of Madame Trebelli, whose fine singing has been a special feature on previous occasions.

Mr. Anton Hartvigson—a pianist of exceptional skill—gave a recital at Prince's Hall on Wednesday, when his programme comprised specimens of the classical and brilliant styles.

The Crystal Palace Saturday afternoon concerts are resumed this week, with the eleventh performance of the twenty-ninth series.

Mr. William Carter will celebrate St. Valentine's Day this (Saturday) evening by one of his grand national concerts at the Royal Albert Hall. Mr. Sims Reeves and other eminent artists are announced to appear.

Ash Wednesday will be celebrated by a grand performance of "The Messiah" by the Royal Albert Hall Choral Society, conducted by Mr. Barnby.

The Bach Choir will give its first concert of the year next Thursday evening at St. James's Hall.

ART NOTES.

In the collection of sketches made by Mr. Pownoll Williams, now on view at Mr. McLean's Gallery in the Haymarket, there is greater variety than the artist has hitherto displayed in his work. For once, he has—partially, at least—broken away from Italy, and shows, side by side, his appreciation of the Upper Thames and of the Riviera. Our chief complaint, perhaps a strange one, is that the two districts should have so much in common—that is, on Mr. Pownoll Williams's canvas. It is pleasant to think, but difficult to believe, that the atmosphere of Mentone and Pangbourne is so similar as to represent distant outlines, evening shadows, and even foliage, with so little appreciable difference. Possibly, the exceptional summer through which we have passed last year may be the explanation of this miracle. Our other difference of opinion with Mr. P. Williams regards his treatment of light as seen through the trees, wherein he differs *toto cælo* (to use an appropriate expression) from the greatest masters of landscape painting in Italy, Holland, or England. We do not wish to say this in any depreciatory sense, for every artist must see with his own eyes, and not with those of any forerunner, great or small. The most ambitious work in the whole series is "The Silver Thames" (50), which, in spite of its golden haze, really admirably rendered, is not the most successful work in the room; whilst the "Mill Pool at Maple-durham" (44) just misses being a great success by the excessive strength with which the trees are rendered. When dealing with foliage on the Riviera, as in the case of "The Olive-Tree at Sunset" (30) and "On a Grey Day" (31), Mr. Pownoll Williams is more at his ease; and, although the latter suggests somewhat crudely the conventional olive-tree of stage decoration, there is no reason to suppose it to be otherwise than truthful. "Winter Calm" (11), a study of amber clouds over an amber sea, is, in all respects, a bold and original treatment of the Mediterranean as it is to be seen sometimes towards the close of a bright winter's day; and it should be compared with two other evening studies (62 and 63), which hang on the opposite wall, in each of which the artist shows great delicacy of feeling combined with deftness of hand.

At a meeting of the Royal Scottish Academy held in Edinburgh on Tuesday, Mr. Clark Stanton, sculptor, Edinburgh, was elected an Academician.

At the February examination at the Inner Temple, on the subjects in which instruction has been given by the tutors of the Inn, the masters of the Bench have awarded pupil scholarships of 100 guineas each to the undermentioned students:—Common Law, Mr. P. G. S. Payne: Equity, Mr. A. J. Walter; Real Property Law, Mr. E. E. H. Brydges.

CITY ECHOES.

Wednesday, Feb. 11.

A decided change has taken place in the tendency of the Money Market, which is now much firmer, rates having risen, mainly in response to the unfortunate turn which affairs in the Soudan have taken and to the rapid absorption of cash as the result of the revenue collections. Present appearances are, in consequence, against the realisation of the expectations lately indulged in to the effect that another reduction in the Bank rate of discount was imminent. Outside quotations have approached more closely to the official minimum, and the foreign exchanges have as a result moved in our favour, with the probability of gold being attracted to this country very shortly, as on the Continent the value of money is very low. In the Stock Exchange the general tone has been greatly influenced by the intelligence of the fall of Khartoum, and the upward movement, which had begun to assert itself, was immediately reversed on the news becoming known, a severe fall taking place nearly all down the list of securities. The Funds lost ground to the extent of fully 1 per cent, and, of course, Egyptian Government stocks suffered a material reduction, while the depreciation spread to home railways as well as to other securities. The instructions given to Lord Wolseley have, however, since restored confidence to a large extent, and some of the decline has been recovered. Amidst the general weakness, a noteworthy feature was the steadiness of Colonial Government stocks. Only 3 per cent is given for deposits at call, and 3½ per cent for money at notice, whereas at current quotations Colonial Government loans yield about 3⅞ to 4 per cent per annum.

From the statement of liabilities and assets issued by Glyn, Mills, Currie, and Co., it appears that on the 31st ult. the paid-up capital was £1,000,000; the reserve fund, £500,000; current and deposit accounts, £9,459,627; and liabilities on account of acceptances, &c., £1,167,579; making in all £10,959,627; against which there was cash in hand and at the Bank of England to the amount of £1,313,573; money at call and short notice, £1,564,000; investments, £2,757,785; discounts, &c., £5,224,269; and bank premises, £100,000. The chief point in the accounts is the large amount of investments, represented by £1,470,000 of Consols, £461,505 of other securities bearing the British guarantee, £637,680 of Indian and Colonial Government securities, and £188,600 of securities of the Metropolitan Board of Works. Among purely metropolitan banking companies, Glyn's, therefore, ranks about fourth in size. The London and Westminster comes first, the London Joint-Stock second, and the Union of London third.

Without even hinting of through whom the loss has been made, the directors of the Merchant Banking Company of London report that since July last, when an interim dividend of 3 per cent was paid, the company have suffered such a disaster that the whole reserved fund of £100,000 has been swept away, together with the profit on the year's business (say, £45,000), a balance of £13,276 left over from 1883; and there is, even after these absorptions, a debit balance to go into 1885 of £28,000, of which, however, £11,250 was paid on interim dividend. A call of £1 per share is made.

All the leading home railway companies, with the exception of the Metropolitan District, have now announced their dividends, the Midland paying 5¾ per cent per annum, compared with 6¼ for the second half of 1883; the London and North-Western, 7¼ compared with 8; the London, Chatham, and Dover their full preference dividend, as was the case for the corresponding period; the Great Northern 6 per cent per annum, or at the same rate as for the second half of 1883, and the Great Western 7 per cent per annum, compared with 7¼.

Another dividend at the rate of 12½ per cent per annum has been announced by the London General Omnibus Company, which favourable rate of distribution is rendered all the more satisfactory because of the increasing competition which the undertaking has had to contend against. That this result has only been obtained by a considerably increased service is patent by the fact that the average fare for each passenger carried was 2·04d. last half-year, compared with 2·17d. in the second half of 1883, when the dividend was 10 per cent per annum. The exceptionally low price of provender contributed in no small degree to the above result, the average cost of feeding and bedding each stud being £142 for the six months, or £6 per stud less than during the corresponding half-year. Shareholders of both omnibus and tramway companies have had a favourable half year, taken as a whole, thus forming a conspicuous exception to the general experience.

Judgment has been given in favour of the Pico to Yca bondholders with respect to their claim to priority in the distribution of certain funds accruing from the proceeds of sales of Peruvian guano. This decision is a most important one, as by it the amount left for distribution amongst the Peruvian bondholders will be very small. It has, however, been decided by the Peruvian bondholders' committee to present an appeal to the House of Lords against this decision. Peruvian stocks have naturally receded in value on this result.

Reference was made in this column last week to the financial position of several of the dock companies. Since then the Southampton Company have issued their report, from which it appears that negotiations have been in progress having for their object the construction of deeper water accommodation, in order to give better facilities to the large ships now resorting to the docks, as well as to attract others. The Corporation of Southampton have promoted a bill in Parliament to enable them to borrow money and to lend money to the Dock Company upon favourable terms, and although the shareholders have not accepted the terms, the Corporation are in the hopes that arrangements may be made which will be of mutual benefit.

T. S.

Mr. John L. Child will give his third recital of the present series at St. George's Hall next Thursday evening, on which occasion the selection from "Macbeth," with Locke's music, which was received with enthusiasm last season, will form the second part of the programme.

Madame Essipoff, the Russian pianiste, joined several members of the Liverpool Kyrle Society last week in a concert given in the Music-Room of the School for the Blind in Hardman-street, the audience being pupils of that institution. A number of glees were sung by Messrs. Hardy, Cleaver, Hornby, and Vickery; recitations were given by Mr. Naftel; and Madame Essipoff's performance of varied examples of pianoforte music was followed with the keenest interest.

The marriage of Sir Henry Grattan Bellew, 5th Dragoon Guards, with Lady Sophia Forbes took place on Wednesday morning at St. Mary's Roman Catholic church, Newtownforbes, county Longford. The bride, who was given away by her father, the Earl of Granard, wore a dress of white satin, trimmed with Brussels lace, sprays of orange-blossoms, lilies of the valley, and shamrock, and a Brussels lace veil. The bridegroom wore the uniform of his regiment. The bridesmaids—Ladies Eva and Margaret Forbes, Miss Grattan Bellew, and Miss Langdale—wore pale blue plush dresses with toques to match, and gold bangles with pearl and sapphire bees, the gift of the bridegroom. The best man was Captain Shaw, 5th Dragoon Guards, who was in uniform.

PARISIAN SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

(From our own Correspondent.)

Paris, Tuesday, Feb. 10

A British tourist, passing along the boulevard yesterday afternoon with his wife, was surprised to see the Place de l'Opéra held by troops and police, and the foot-paths occupied by crowds of patient gapers. The British tourist inquired at a newspaper kiosk, and, as I passed, I heard him tell his wife that the woman in the kiosk had said that something was going to happen, but what it was she did not know. This seems to be a fair statement of French affairs at the present moment: something is going to happen, but nobody knows what. It is difficult even to say what has happened. Yesterday, for instance, what was the meaning of all that display of cavalry and infantry and dusky policemen. A newspaper announced some days ago that the Anarchists were to hold a "grand meeting des affames," or a "starvation meeting," on the Place de l'Opéra, on Monday; and handbills were distributed inviting the 250,000 workmen out of employ to come and exhibit their rags and misery in presence of the splendour of the rich—that is to say, at the foot of Carpeaux's group, "La Danse." The police arrested several Anarchists before Monday; and at two o'clock on the appointed day the troops were kept ready in the barracks of Paris; strong battalions of police were massed in and around the Opéra; the whole Place was occupied by infantry soldiers, placed at intervals of a yard or two, with grounded arms; while a squadron of cavalry was stationed in the courtyard of the Opéra. This display of force caused people to imagine that something was really about to happen, and the crowd grew thicker and thicker; only it was not a crowd of Anarchists or of workmen out of work. It was a crowd of idlers, boulevardiers, gapers, and *badauds* of all kinds—one of those essentially Parisian crowds such as you see lolling over the bridges on the Seine watching an old woman washing a poodle. The Anarchists made absolutely no manifestation. At five o'clock the police received orders to disperse the crowd: then there was a rush and some hooting and hissing, and a certain amount of damage done in the neighbouring cafés. At half-past six the crowd was charged by the cavalry, sabre in hand, and the boulevards cleared from the Opéra as far as the Crédit Lyonnaise. What little manifestation there really was took place elsewhere. In the Rue Lafayette a band of some few score revolutionaries broke the window of a gun-shop and stole half a dozen revolvers; in the Rue d'Allemagne a baker's shop was pillaged, and on the Boulevard Poissonnière a chair was flung through the window of a clock-shop. The manifestation of yesterday was made not by the Anarchists, but by the Government, which at the end of the day scored some forty arrests. In reality, the only people who profited by the events of yesterday were the keepers of the cafés in the neighbourhood of the Opéra. Paris, of course, will suffer, for although the sight of cavalry and infantry charging the mob may reassure the French bourgeois, it will most decidedly frighten away the foreigner, who is not accustomed to street fighting and to shops suddenly closed when the projectiles begin to fly.

Unfortunately, this abortive manifestation leaves matters precisely where they were. Thousands of men are out of work, the streets of Paris are infested by beggars, and the amount of misery here is enormous. The serious revolutionaries naturally take advantage of this state of things to maintain a constant state of alarm; and further manifestations are announced as lugubrious interludes in the Carnival.

The discussion of the bill relative to the proposed tax on cereals and imported cattle occupied the greater part of the time of the Chamber last week, and promises to be very lengthy, for no less than forty-nine orators have put their names down. The debate naturally turns upon the questions of Free Trade and Protection. Hitherto, the only point upon which all are agreed is that agriculture in France is in a desperate condition, and that some means must be found to enable the farmers to continue their trade, in spite of foreign competition and in spite of the increasing dearness of labour, owing to the migration of the country people into the large towns. The Parliamentary Commission has proposed a duty of three francs on every hectolitre of imported grain.

In the course of the sitting of Thursday the Chamber discussed a proposition of M. Tony Revillon relative to a grant of twenty-five millions for distribution amongst the workmen out of employ. The demand of "urgency" was refused by 237 votes against 112, and the proposal referred to the Budget Committee. A resolution of M. Revillon, requesting the Government to begin immediately the public works provided for by the Budget of 1885, was adopted unanimously.

The pale-faced newspaper boys have been making the boulevard re-echo during the past few days with the great victory of Lang-Son, and some of the journalists have had the bad taste to contrast the doubtful successes of the French in Tonquin with the reverses of the English in Egypt. Another specimen of bad taste is a melodrama in five acts, "Les Français au Tonkin," played last night at the Théâtre du Château d'Eau. The traitor is an Englishman; the hero of the piece is Commander Rivière, whose remains were buried in Paris only a few days ago; and the principal scenes are the taking of Sontay and Hanoi. This ignoble parody of the French Army has, of course, nothing in common either with literature or with dramatic art.

M. Edmond du Sommerard, member of the Institute, curator of the Cluny Museum, died last week, at the age of sixty-eight. He was the son and successor of Alexander du Sommerard, who, at a time when Greek and Roman art was alone accepted in France, devoted his fortune and thirty years of his life to collecting objects of the Middle Ages and of the Renaissance, and forming that unique collection which now constitutes the Cluny Museum. M. Edmund du Sommerard was an archæologist and antiquary of great distinction, an active member of all the great artistic societies of Paris, and Commissioner-General of France at the Universal Exhibition of London and Vienna.

In anticipation of further disturbances on the part of the Voltairian students, M. Caro's philosophy lecture at the Sorbonne has been suspended.

The British Chamber of Commerce held its annual banquet at the Hôtel Continental last night. Amongst the guests were MM. Leroy-Beaulieu, Jules Simon, and Rouvier, Minister of Commerce, and other eminent French Free-traders. M. Leroy-Beaulieu remarked that commercial crises occurred periodically both under the régime of Free Trade and under that of Protection, and that at the present moment Protectionist countries, like Spain and Russia, were more severely tried than Free Trade countries. M. Jules Simon hoped, in no distant future, to see Europe transformed into one vast workshop, in which each nation would have its specialty.

T. C.

The Italian Ministers decided last Saturday that immediate action in favour of England in the Soudan was desirable. An Italian transport has left Naples for Port Said with nearly a thousand men, besides artillery and provisions, and another vessel has left Spezia with a hundred thousand rations for the same destination.

The Emperor William put in an appearance for a short time at the Crown Prince's ball, wearing, besides his Prussian orders, the ribbon of the Garter, in honour of the Crown Princess.—The Reichstag has decided against the participation of Germany in the forthcoming Antwerp Exhibition.—Another ironclad corvette of the cruiser class was added to the German Navy at Kiel on the 7th inst. Prince William of Prussia, the Emperor's grandson, who launched the vessel, named it the Alexandrine, after the Dowager Duchess of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, his Majesty's surviving sister. Afterwards, at an official banquet, the Prince eulogised the past exploits of the Imperial Navy and predicted well of its future.—The convicts Reinswald and Kuechler, who attempted to assassinate the German Emperor at the Niederwald, were executed at Halle last Saturday morning.

The Lower House of the Hungarian Diet has passed the Estimates for 1885 by 229 against 140 votes.—In Tuesday's sitting of the Lower House of the Austrian Reichsrath, a Ministerial Bill was introduced, establishing a system of insurance making provision for working-men in the event of sickness incapacitating them for work.

A ball given at St. Petersburg on Tuesday, at the British Embassy there, was honoured by the presence of the Emperor and Empress.—The following Imperial ukase appears in the official *Gazette* restricting the Imperial title borne by members and relatives of the reigning family in Russia. It decrees that the sons, brothers, daughters, sisters, and also grandchildren of Emperors in the direct male line, be intitled Grand Dukes, Grand Duchesses, and Imperial Highnesses, and that the great-grandchildren of Emperors in the male line be called Highnesses, Dukes, and Duchesses of the Imperial blood.

It is stated at Ottawa that Colonel Williams, a member of the Dominion Parliament, has tendered his services, and those of a regiment 600 strong, to be selected from the Canadian militia, for garrison duty in England; and that Captain Pouliot has offered to raise a regiment of French Canadian Volunteers for service in Egypt or elsewhere.—We learn that the Dominion Government has resolved to prepare special laws for preventing Canada from being made a base for dynamite operations against England.—The Governor-General of Canada, in council, has accepted the portrait of the Marquis of Lorne, which Mr. Millais, R.A., lately forwarded for presentation to the national gallery of the Dominion.

Intelligence from St. Paul de Loanda, dated Jan. 15, says that the Portuguese occupy the mouth of the Congo, where they have four war-vessels.

A Sydney telegram dated Feb. 7 says:—The sculling-match between Hanlan and Clifford took place to-day over the championship course on the Paramatta river. The attendance was enormous, every point of vantage on the river and on the steamers being crowded with spectators. Both men were in excellent condition. Hanlan went away from his man, and won pretty much as he liked by six lengths.

THE COURT.

It is announced in the Court Circular that the lamentable intelligence of the fall of Khartoum caused profound sorrow to her Majesty, who anxiously awaits further news as to the fate of General Gordon. Sir John and Lady Cowell visited Miss Gordon and her two sisters to express to them the Queen's sympathy in their sorrow and painful suspense. Prince and Princess Louis of Battenberg dined with her Majesty on Friday last week. The Queen and Princess Beatrice drove out last Saturday afternoon, attended by Lady Waterpark. The Hon. and Rev. Francis Byng arrived at Osborne, and had the honour of dining with her Majesty. The Queen, Princess Beatrice, and Prince and Princess Louis of Battenberg, and the members of the Royal household attended Divine service at Osborne on Sunday morning. The Hon. and Rev. Francis Byng, Vicar of St. Peter's, Brompton, and Chaplain in Ordinary to her Majesty, officiated. The Marquis of Hartington arrived at Osborne and had an audience of the Queen, and afterwards had the honour of dining with her Majesty. General the Right Hon. Sir Henry Ponsonby had also the honour of being invited. Prince Louis of Battenberg visited her Majesty on Monday, and remained to luncheon. Tuesday was the forty-fifth anniversary of the marriage of the Queen with the Prince Consort, the ceremony having taken place at the Chapel Royal, St. James's Palace, on Feb. 10, 1840. Lady Cust, the widow of Sir Leopold Cust, Bart., has been selected by the Queen for the vacant post of Woman of the Bedchamber.

Notice is given in the *Gazette* that the Prince of Wales will, by command of the Queen, hold Levées at St. James's Palace, on Behalf of her Majesty, on Monday, March 2, and on Saturday, March 14.

The Prince of Wales is still at Cannes. He has visited the Villa Nevada, where the Duke of Albany died. On Thursday week he was present at a fête given by Lady Murray at the Villa Victoria. While driving thither the carriage ran against a heap of stones. One of the shafts was broken, but no further damage was caused; and another carriage having been sent for, his Royal Highness proceeded to the fête. Yesterday week the Prince dined at the Villa Isola Bella, a large number of guests being invited to meet his Royal Highness. A grand dinner was given last Saturday evening by Princess Sagan, at which the Prince was present. The other guests were the Prince and Princess of Saxe-Meiningen, the Comte De Gontaut-Biron, the Duchesse de Luynes, Captain Perceval, Mr. Saville, Comte Lareinty, and the Marquis de Gallifet. The town band played a selection of music during dinner. The Prince dined on Monday at the residence of the Duchesse de Luynes, and afterwards witnessed a regatta and some pigeon shooting. In the evening he was present at a fête given by the Duke of Mecklenburg. On Tuesday the Prince was a spectator of the Battle of Flowers, an episode of the Carnival fêtes at Cannes. The Princess of Wales and Princesses Louise, Victoria, and Maud, attended by Miss Knollys and Sir Dighton Probyn, were present at Divine service at Sandringham church on Sunday morning. The Rev. J. A. F. Hervey, Vicar, officiated. The Sultan has conferred the Grand Cordon of the Osmanié Order on Prince Albert Victor of Wales. Prince George of Wales is to complete his gunnery and torpedo education on board her Majesty's ship Excellent, at Portsmouth.

Princess Louise, Marchioness of Lorne, who was accompanied by the Marquis of Lorne, on the 5th inst. opened a bazaar at the Manor Rooms, Hackney, in aid of the Schools and Mission House Building Fund of St. Barnabas, Homerton.

An exhibition of canaries and British and foreign cage birds was opened at the Crystal Palace last Saturday, and remained on view to Thursday.

Vice-Chancellor Sir James Bacon attained his eighty-seventh year on Wednesday, he having been born on Feb. 11, 1798. He is the oldest Judge on the Bench, and since the resignation of the late Vice-Chancellor Hall, in 1882, has become the last of the Vice-Chancellors. Sir James Bacon has been over fifteen years on the Bench, and is therefore entitled to a retiring pension should he resign.

OBITUARY.

SIR ROBERT PHILLIMORE, BART.



Sir Robert Joseph Phillimore, Bart., P.C., D.C.L., of The Coppice, Shiplake, Oxon, late Judge of the High Court of Admiralty and of the Court of Arches, died on the 4th inst., aged seventy-four. He was the second son of the late Dr. Joseph Phillimore, of Shiplake, Regius Professor of Civil Law in the University of Oxford, was educated at Westminster and Christ Church, Oxford, was called to the Bar in 1841, and appointed Queen's Advocate and knighted in 1862. In 1867, he became Judge of the High Court of Admiralty and sworn of the Privy Court; in 1875 he was made a Judge of the High Court of Justice, and in 1881 created a Baronet. Sir Robert was a great authority on English Ecclesiastical Law. He married, Dec. 19, 1844, Charlotte, daughter of Mr. John Denison, of Ossington Hall, Notts, and sister of John Evelyn, Viscount Ossington, by whom he leaves one son, now Sir Walter George Frank Phillimore, second Baronet, Chancellor of the Diocese of Lincoln, and three daughters. Sir Robert was M.P. for Tavistock from 1853 to 1857. A Portrait of Sir Robert Phillimore is presented in this Number of our Journal.

CARDINAL MACCABE.

Cardinal MacCabe died on the 11th inst., at Dublin, after a few hours' illness, aged sixty-nine. The late Cardinal was a native of Dublin, and his pastoral life was spent in the diocese. In 1877 he became coadjutor to Cardinal Cullen, and in the following year, on the Cardinal's death, succeeded to the Metropolitan See. In 1882 he received the Cardinal's biretta and hat himself. During the distress of 1881 he worked on the Mansion House Relief Committee with Archbishop Trench. He was a stanch Loyalist, and for his disapproval of certain phases of the Land League he incurred popular odium.

SIR THOMAS NELSON.

Sir Thomas James Nelson, the City Solicitor, died suddenly on the 7th inst., at his residence, The Grove, Hampton Wick, in his fifty-ninth year. He was the son of Mr. Thomas Nelson, of Mark House, Walshamstow, received his education at the City of London School, was admitted a solicitor in 1848, and practised in the City until 1862, when he succeeded to the office of City Solicitor, which office he held up to the time of his death. To him the opening of Epping Forest is mainly owing. The honour of knighthood was conferred on him in 1880. He was one of her Majesty's Lieutenants for the City of London and a J.P. for Kingston-on-Thames. He married, 1850, Jemima Louisa, only daughter of Mr. William H. Mullens, of Broom Hall, Teddington, and leaves several children.

We have also to record the deaths of—

Mr. Sidney Gilchrist Thomas, one of the inventors of the basic Bessemer process, on the 1st inst.

Major-General Thomas Pierce, of the Bengal Staff Corps (retired), on the 3rd inst., at Rhyl, aged fifty-seven years. He served in the Punjaub campaigns of 1845-6 and 1848-9.

Colonel Freer, commanding the Halifax Regimental Dépôt, suddenly, on the 30th ult., in his fifty-seventh year. He had seen service in India, and was wounded at Delhi.

Mr. Edward Bilke, of Chester-square, at his residence at Bromley, Kent, in his eighty-seventh year. He was of an exceedingly benevolent disposition, known for his numerous charities, and occasional princely donations to hospitals.

Colonel William F. F. Waller, V.C., Bombay Staff Corps, and late of the 25th Bombay Native Infantry, in his forty-fifth year. He entered the Army in 1857, and in 1858 gained the Victoria Cross for his gallantry at the capture of Gwalior.

Surgeon-General Thomas C. O'Leary, in his sixty-third year. He entered the service in 1847, and served with the 68th Light Infantry at the siege and fall of Sebastopol, receiving the Crimean and Turkish medals and the fifth class of the Order of the Medjidie.

Mr. Charles Anthony, recently, aged eighty-one, the proprietor of the *Hereford Times*, which he founded fifty-three years ago, taking part in its production to the day of his death. Mr. Anthony was Mayor of Hereford for several years in succession.

The Rev. Dawson William Turner, D.C.L., on the 29th ult., at Charing-cross Hospital, of which institution he was a governor. He held for many years the head-mastership of the Royal Institution School at Liverpool, and was the author of a number of educational works.

Mr. Colin Minton Campbell, the head of the famous Minton pottery, on the 8th inst., after a long illness, at his residence, Woodseat, near Uttoxeter. Mr. Minton Campbell sat in the House of Commons for North Staffordshire from 1874 until 1880 as a Conservative, and he was for ten years the chairman of the North Staffordshire Railway Company.

Mr. Robert Vaughan Tidman, on the 4th inst., aged forty-nine, at his residence, Lee, Kent. Mr. Tidman, the eldest surviving son of the Rev. Arthur Tidman, D.D., and nephew of the Rev. Robert Vaughan, D.D., was Deputy Lieutenant for the Tower Hamlets and an Hon. Sec. of the Charity Organisation Society.

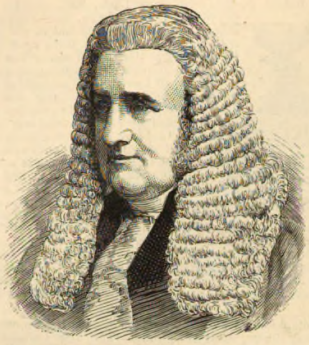
Colonel William Leader Maberley, who successively represented Westbury, Northampton, and Shaftesbury in the unreformed House of Commons, and was the first member returned in 1832 for the newly enfranchised borough of Chatham. He retired from Parliament in 1834, on his appointment to the Secretaryship of the General Post Office.

Major Wilfred Arbuthnot Gough, Royal Dragoons, killed in action at Abou Klea, was second son of General Sir John Bloomfield Gough, G.C.B., by Elizabeth, his third wife, daughter of Mr. George Arbuthnot, of Elderslie. He was born in 1853, and married, in 1880, Beatrice Mary, eldest daughter of Mr. James Alexander Guthrie, of Craigie, in county Forfar.

Adelaide, Dowager Lady Kingsale, widow of John Constantine, twenty-ninth Lord Kingsale, and only daughter of Mr. Joshua Proctor Brown Westhead, of Lea Castle, in the county of Worcester, on the 21st ult. She was married in 1855, and had an only child, the Hon. Adelaide Constance Rohesia De Courcy.

Mr. Lancelot John Hunter Allgood, of Nunwick, Northumberland, J.P. and D.L., on the 22nd ult., aged sixty-one. He was eldest son of the late Mr. Robert Lancelot Allgood, of Nunwick, and great-grandson of Sir Lancelot Allgood, M.P. for Northumberland in 1748, who married Jane Allgood, the heiress of Nunwick.

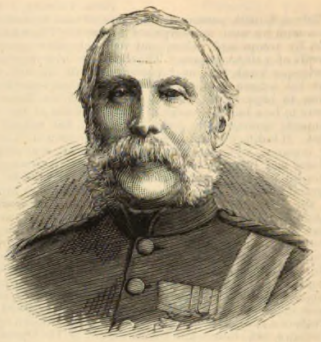
Mr. Frederick James Fegen, C.B., R.N., of Ballinlonty, county Tipperary, J.P., barrister-at-law, on the 1st inst. He was born in 1822, third son of Captain Richard Fegen, R.N., and was long a paymaster in the Navy, becoming in 1882 paymaster-in-chief. He married, in 1848, Mary Rose Amelia, eldest daughter of the late Mr. Magrath Fogarty, of Ballinlonty.



LATE SIR R. J. PHILLIMORE, BART., D.C.L.



CONDUCTOR OF SUPPLIES A. C. JEWELL,
KILLED IN THE SOUDAN.



LATE COLONEL R. WADESON, V.C.,
LIEUTENANT-GOVERNOR OF CHELSEA HOSPITAL.

THE LATE COLONEL WADESON, V.C.

The death of the Lieutenant-Governor of Chelsea Hospital, Colonel Richard Wadeson, V.C., is much regretted by the inmates of that institution, and by his old military comrades and other personal friends. He was a thorough soldier. He came of an old English family, but, being unable to purchase a commission in the Army, he entered the ranks of the 75th Regiment, now the 1st Battalion Gordon Highlanders. Owing solely to personal merit, he rapidly rose through the non-commissioned grades, and attained the rank of Sergeant-Major. The outbreak of the Indian Mutiny found him in that responsible position; and the manner in which his regiment behaved at the battle of Budlee-ke-Serai, in May, 1857, proved how admirably he must have done his duty. After that fierce engagement, in which the 75th charged and captured a battery, the regiment moved on to take part in the memorable siege of Delhi, and on June 2 a commission was bestowed on Wadeson. Not long afterwards he won the Victoria Cross by an act of signal gallantry, in bringing in from the front, under heavy fire, a wounded soldier. At the storming of Delhi, Ensign Wadeson was severely wounded, but soon recovered, and took part in the subsequent operations in which his regiment was engaged. He obtained his lieutenancy in September, 1857; his captaincy in December, 1864; his majority in July, 1872; and his lieutenant-colonelcy and command of the regiment in December, 1875, only eighteen years from the date of his first commission. During the greater part of his service as a subaltern, he filled the position of adjutant, and so acquitted himself as to win the esteem of all, while rendering his corps equal to any in drill and discipline. This reputation he fully maintained during his five years' service as regimental commanding officer. Equally popular with officers and men, he acquired for the 75th the character of being one of the smartest regiments in the Army, and when he had to leave, under the compulsory retirement regulation, the feeling of regret was universal. It showed the estimation in which Colonel Wadeson was held that the Duke of Cambridge bestowed the post of Lieutenant-Governor of Chelsea Hospital on him without solicitation, direct or indirect. In that appointment, as throughout his previous career, Colonel Wadeson earned the highest approbation. The funeral service at Chelsea Hospital, previously to the interment at the West Brompton Cemetery, was attended by Field Marshal Sir Patrick Grant, with staff officers in uniform representing different military departments, and by the Chelsea pensioners and old soldiers of his regiment.

THE CHURCH AND EMIGRATION.

A large and influential society has been incorporated in connection with the Church of England for the purpose of dealing practically, on a commercial basis, with the pressing question of emigration. The Rev. G. Prothero, Canon of Westminster, Rector of Whippingham, and Chaplain to the Queen, is the chairman; and Sir William Vincent, Bart., deputy chairman; and amongst the members of the council of administration is the Rev. J. Bridger, the emigrants' Chaplain, St. Nicholas' Church, Liverpool. The operations of the society will, in the first instance, be commenced in Canada, and a large quantity of land has been secured on very advantageous terms in Manitoba. It is near the railway, and has been selected by a practical north-western farmer (a Yorkshireman), who has also been persuaded to act as the local manager. The emigrants who may take advantage of the proposals of the society will be placed upon the land and upon homesteads within its area, and will be assisted to establish themselves, and to cultivate their lands. Out of the capital subscribed a tenth portion will be set apart to provide the settlers with religious ministrations under the control of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts. Another object the society has in view is to establish an agricultural training college for the benefit of young men of means desirous of settling in the country, and of acquiring, before doing so, a practical knowledge of agriculture. Mr. Bridger sails to Canada with the first party of settlers on April 23, and, as in previous years, will be followed by other detachments.

The Queen, patron of the Royal Fund for the Relief of the Orphans of Sea Fishermen, has sent to the chairman, Mr. Birkbeck, M.P., £200 to the fund, towards which the president, the Prince of Wales, has also contributed one hundred guineas.



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Magrat Island. Jebel Abna.



LOOKING DOWN THE NILE TO ABGU HAMED FORT.

VIEWS ON THE NILE.—FROM SKETCHES BY LIEUTENANT-COLONEL J. A. GRANT.

MEMBERS OUT OF PARLIAMENT.

The lamentable tidings of the fall of Khartoum through treachery, with the swiftly succeeding news of General Gordon's death and the rutiless massacre of the inhabitants and of the faithful residue of the garrison, have nerved the Government to a great effort. Lord Wolseley's application for Reinforcements is to be instantly complied with. Inasmuch as the firm attitude assumed by the Ministry at this crisis has been misrepresented, it is essential that their position should be made clear. Their latest spokesman, Mr. G. O. Trevelyan, now a Cabinet Minister and Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, on Tuesday night delivered an admirable calm address to the Manchester Reform Club, by the members of which the right hon. gentleman was entertained at dinner. Mr. Trevelyan said, amid the cheers of his hearers:—

> The Mahdi and his followers, and those who may be his followers to-morrow but are not now, belong to a race and a class who have their fine qualities, but whose politics are war, and nothing but war. The security of our brave soldiers, the loyalty of the tribes which are wavering, the lives of those who have joined our cause, the safety of Egypt, for which we are responsible, and far wider and more general interests than these, which it is not necessary to indicate, all depend upon our military position and our military performances. We did not seek the quarrel. If the Mahdi had behaved as any civilised Power would behave, and have let the Egyptian garrisons go, we should not, for aught I know, have crossed each other's paths. But now that the sword has been drawn against a fanatic Oriental enemy, we cannot put up with failure. We have the most perfect confidence in Lord Wolseley. His plans will be adopted heartily and promptly, and all the means which he requires will be placed freely at his disposal.

The boldest course in a military sense may in the end prove the most merciful in the Soudan. Most Englishmen will disapprove the timid counsels offered by Mr. Leonard Courtney and Mr. John Morley, who, the former at Torpoint and the latter at Glasgow, virtually advised the Government to order the withdrawal of our forces from the Upper Nile, in the teeth of the undoubted fact that General Gordon—to rescue whom Lord Wolseley undertook the Expedition—has either been killed in Khartoum or is a prisoner of the Mahdi. No craven policy will at this juncture be tolerated by the country. The martial ring of the Earl of Rosebery's energetic speech on Monday to the Epsom and Leatherhead Liberal Association was quite in accordance with the prevailing feeling. England's blood is up. When a fanatical enemy has felt and acknowledged our power—that will be the time to treat with the False Prophet as to the future of the Soudan.

The Marquis of Salisbury hastens home to consult with the leaders of the Conservative Party as to the course to be followed in criticising the Soudan action of the Government. Meantime, Mr. Gibson, addressing a Dublin meeting of Conservatives on Saturday, directly charged the Ministry with being responsible for the fall of Khartoum and General Gordon's fate. It was pleasanter to hear the Marquis of Ripon on Tuesday, fresh from the hearty Yorkshire welcome home, calmly replying in London to the congratulatory address of the Indian Reform Association, and to his confident assurance that Lord Dufferin would act in a fair and liberal spirit to all classes in India.

The First Division of the Court of Session, Edinburgh, has upheld a codicil to the will of the late Mr. Stirling Crawfurd, of Milton, by which his widow, the Dowager Duchess of Montrose, is held entitled to a legacy of £120,000.

A large and influential company assembled at Elsenham Hall on the 5th inst. to witness a sale of highly bred Shire horses, the property of Mr. Walter Gilbey. The Elsenham Hall Stud has in ten years attained a very high position. During the spring and summer months of 1884 animals from this stud won forty-seven prizes at leading shows in England; and these included three champion prizes, four special premiums, twenty-seven first, and thirteen second prizes. The announcement, therefore, that Mr. W. Gilbey would sell the bulk of his young and prize-winning horses attracted great interest, and brought to Elsenham a company numbering over 1500. Forty animals were catalogued, and the sale thoughout was remarkably successful. The bidding was very spirited, and for the choicer animals there was keen competition. The forty animals realised £6784, or an average of £169 12s.

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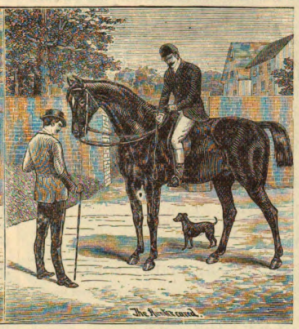
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AUTHOR OF "MDLLE. DE MERSAC," "MATRIMONY," "THIRLBY HALL," &C.

CHAPTER XIII.

LADY ST. AUSTELL.

By far the greatest man in the neighbourhood of Polruth was Sydney George, third Earl of St. Austell and eighth Viscount Blaise; but his local greatness was due rather to the fact that he owned nearly the whole of the surrounding district than to any personal qualities that he might possess; for of these not much was known to Cornish folk. He spent but a very short time out of each year at Blaise Castle, having estates in other parts of England which he preferred; and during that short time his tall, bony figure, his hook nose, and purple whiskers were seldom exhibited to an admiring tenantry. In London, on the other hand, as well as at Newmarket, Melton, Cowes, and other resorts of fashionable society, he was, if not great, at all events famous. All his life long he had gone in lavishly for every form of amusement which costs money, and, although he had been, upon the whole, successful on the turf, the racing stud which he still kept up in his old age must have swallowed a very much larger annual amount than it returned. He had, however, always been wealthy, and was moreover declared by those who had reason to know to be an exceedingly sharp man of business. It is probable that the sums which he lost at play during the early years of the century were not so enormous as was currently reported.

But indeed many reports were current respecting this old nobleman which, if looked into, might have been found to be untrue or exaggerated. Fame, when once she takes to blowing the trumpet of any individual with regard to some special quality, is apt to blow so loudly that false notes must needs come out every now and then; and just as all witty sayings used to be attributed to Sydney Smith, and most solemn platitudes to poor Benjamin Franklin, so Lord St. Austell, having established a reputation for phenomenal wickedness, had fathered upon him many crimes of which he was, perhaps, innocent. The balance might have satisfied him; for in truth there was hardly a vice in the exercise of which he had not shown himself an adept; but if any unfounded accusations were brought against him, it was not he who would think of refuting or complaining of them. He was well aware that he passed for being the greatest sinner in England, and though he never boasted of his by-gone iniquities, he took an intense silent delight in the name that he had earned for himself. A sceptic as to religion, and a cynic as to morality, he had devoted the whole of his long life to the one object of gratifying his personal desires, and had never stepped aside to serve a friend or to avenge himself upon a foe—neither of these ends being, in his opinion, calculated to repay the trouble of achievement. Why such a man should have been popular it would be rather hard to say; for he possessed no single virtue, except that of physical courage; but that he did enjoy popularity of a certain kind is undeniable. He had been three times married. His first two wives, it was said, had succumbed to his fascinations, as a great many other people's wives had done, had married him out of pure affection, and had died broken-hearted on discovering that other people's wives interested him considerably more than his own.

The third and last Lady St. Austell had not accepted the coronet offered to her from any such motives, and was in no danger of incurring so melancholy a fate. It might have seemed like a piece of poetical justice that this old reprobate should have found himself at the end of his career linked to a partner many years younger than himself, whose flirtations were common talk; but Lord St. Austell, as it happened, was quite cognizant of his wife's peculiarities, and didn't care a bit. She amused him; which was more than either of her predecessors had been able to do. He took a malicious kind of pleasure in watching her, in seeing how far she would venture to go, and in condoling with her when she failed—as she occasionally did—to capture the particular admirer whom she coveted. Sometimes he succeeded in making her angry by leading her to the glass and pointing out that she was growing stout and losing her complexion—which was great fun. Sometimes, too, he frightened her; and that was better fun still. He knew very well that she would never overstep the thin boundary-line which separates mere indiscretion from downright folly. Perhaps he would not have minded very much if she had; but he liked to let her feel, from time to time, that he had the whip hand of her, and would crack the whip for the satisfaction of seeing her scared.

After all, he knew very little about her; for they were seldom together. He thought her a silly sort of woman, and so, no doubt, she was; but he had not troubled himself to examine closely into her character, nor had he any suspicion that she was in reality a philosopher of his own school. Heriot, who had been all his life acquainted with this thoroughly egotistical, yet not unamiable lady, found her an even more amusing study than her husband did. If he had no very profound esteem for her, he could not help liking her, and she, on her side, honoured him with something as nearly approaching friendship as her nature could compass. Heriot was not a man with whom it was possible to flirt; so she had long fallen into the habit of treating him as one outside the pale of the emotions and excitements for which she lived, and was wont to confide to him, with delightful candour, all the details of these. Her emotions were genuine; she had learnt the trick of stimulating them. Fortunately, they were also shallow, and did not "delve the parallels on beauty's brow" which she dreaded more than anything else in the world. As the sense of humour was developed in her to a greater extent than is common among women, Heriot and she sometimes had an unexpected laugh together, which refreshed them both.

Almost the first thing that she said to him, after he arrived at Blaise Castle from Cardrew, was: "You find me in the depth of despair. I don't know when in my life before I have felt so miserably low-spirited."

"Dear me!" said Heriot. "Has anything happened to Charley, or Jimmy, or whatever his name was?"

"Johnny. Johnny Spencer. You know what a charming young fellow he was. Always so cheery and pleasant and"——

"And so devoted to you. But why do you speak of him in the past tense? Is he dead?"

Lady St. Austell sighed. "No; but I am sorry to say that I have had to marry him to an heiress. It has left me very much depressed, though the match was an excellent one as far as that goes, and you can easily understand how it became necessary. *He* was beginning to be so disagreeable that I felt things couldn't go on much longer as they had been doing."

The emphasised pronoun referred to Lord St. Austell, whom her ladyship was often pleased to represent as a jealous tyrant.

"You will have to get another," said Heriot.

"Ah, no! I shall never be as fond of anyone again as I was of him. Why do you laugh? I suppose you think yourself much wiser than I am because you have never chosen to advance a step beyond friendship with any woman. Well, you are wrong. You miss the greatest blessing of existence."

"Very likely. But as Nature has treated me rather unkindly in the matter of features, and as my health won't allow me to be a marrying man, perhaps I may be consulting my peace better by letting love alone."

"What on earth has marriage to say to the question? Or features either, for that matter? You might spend some very happy hours, if you chose; but you don't choose, because you are afraid of losing your peace. Well, I grant you that your peace would have to go for a time; but supposing it did? Is peace such a treasure? If peace were all one wanted, one might as well be an old cow at once. I don't recommend you to fall in love with a girl, for girls naturally think about establishing themselves, and you are well off; but surely among your acquaintances you might find some married woman whom you could care for."

"Wouldn't that be rather immoral?" asked Heriot.

"Certainly not. You are not going to call me immoral, I hope! Now, you know how perfectly innocent all my little affairs of that kind have been. Disinterested too—as I have proved by my behaviour in Johnny Spencer's case. I have never tried to keep myself from indulging in a platonic love for anyone towards whom I have felt drawn, and I never will. Do you think that does them or me any harm? Harm!—why it does us the greatest possible good. It brings out all the noblest qualities of our characters; it enables us to forget the dreary boredom of everyday life; and, for my own part, even

if the individual doesn't happen to care for me, I am always glad to have the power of feeling such a pure and delightful emotion."

"In other words, it is the emotion that you love and not the individual."

"Well, I love the individual for giving me the emotion. Believe me, there is nothing else in life that is worth the trouble. I have tried most things; so I can speak with some authority. Do you know, I remind myself very much of a character in a novel that I was reading the other day, called 'Society,' or some such name. Have you seen it?"

"If you mean 'Satiety,'" answered Heriot, "it is by a friend of mine, a man named Vidal, who is in Cornwall at this moment."

"You don't say so!" cried Lady St. Austell, with quickened interest. "Is he young? Is he good-looking? Is he the sort of person whom one could ask to one's house?"

"He is young, he is good-looking, and he is the sort of person who would be calculated to reflect credit upon his hostess," replied Heriot, gravely. "Also he is engaged to be married. His future wife is the only daughter of my friends the Irvines."

"I should like to meet him, all the same," said Lady St. Austell, pensively. "So he is going to marry that pretty Miss Irvine, is he? He might amuse me. Do you think he would amuse me?"

"I dare say he would," answered Heriot; "only, as he is engaged"——

"Yes, yes, I know;—don't be absurd. We will have the Irvines to dinner one day next week. I don't much like the old lady, because she always bothers one so for subscriptions, but we really ought to show them some civility. Now I come to think of it, I believe we haven't asked them to dinner for two years."

The result of this conversation was that Mrs. Irvine received a friendly note the next morning, in which Lady St. Austell congratulated her upon her daughter's approaching marriage, and begged her, as well as Mr. and Miss Irvine to "join a few friends at dinner" on the following Thursday. "And we shall be so glad," continued the writer, "if you can persuade Mr. Vidal to come with you. Please tell him that he needs no introduction to me, for I already know him through his very clever book, which I have read with the greatest interest."

"Now, this is most fortunate!" exclaimed Mrs. Irvine, after reading the above sentences aloud and laying down the note upon the breakfast-table. "I was just wondering how I could manage to get hold of Lord St. Austell, and put in a word for those poor fishermen. I am a little bit afraid of him, I confess; but it would never do to let such an opportunity slip. Of course we must accept. You will come, won't you?" she added, turning to Vidal, who was now staying in the house.

"Oh, certainly," he answered. He had not been insensible to Lady St. Austell's flattering reference to himself, and was rather surprised when Clare confided to him afterwards that she had hoped he would decline.

"Why? Would you prefer to be without my company?" he asked, smiling.

"You need not ask that question," she replied; "but don't you think it was rather impertinent of her to invite you in that way? It sounded as if—as if"——

"As if what?"

"Well—as if she only wanted you to come because you had written a book that amused her."

Vidal laughed. "But, do you know," he said, "I don't find that an insulting reason. Of course, you and I are aware that my acquaintance is an inestimable boon in itself; but we can't expect Lady St. Austell to have discovered that, since she has never been fortunate enough to see me. If reading my book has given her a desire to see me, why shouldn't she say so?"

"I am sure you won't like her," said Clare. "She is a horrid old thing, who makes herself up with powder and paint and has very disagreeable, artificial sort of manners. Even Mr. Heriot, who never will say a word against any of his friends, admits that she is bad style."

However, Vidal was unable to admit the justice of this criticism when he found himself face to face with the subject of it. The lady who received him at Blaise Castle was certainly not old, nor—so far as could be seen in the dim light—was she painted; and if her manner was artificial, it was far from being disagreeable. She had a vivacious little face, with bright eyes, a retroussé nose, and very red lips. It was not exactly pretty; but it was decidedly attractive. Her figure had probably been prettier some years back: it was now somewhat too full for beauty.

These details he noted as he followed the Irvines into a spacious room, full of people. Lady St. Austell did not detain him, having other guests to welcome, and being more alive than her husband was to the advisability of keeping upon good terms with the squirearchy. The "few friends" of whom she had spoken in her note of invitation, in reality comprised every decent person who dwelt within a twelve-mile radius of the Castle, and it was easy to foresee that the impending dinner would be as long and dull as such overgrown entertainments always are. Vidal, who at this particular period of his life had eyes for only one person, was not interested in the assemblage, and found the conversation of the lady whom he subsequently took into the dining-room extremely tedious. The same causes which prevented him from doing justice to the company interfered with his appreciation of the dinner, which was nevertheless an excellent one; for Lord St. Austell was not the man to put up with indifferent cooking.

"I'll tell you what to eat," Vidal heard him saying confidentially to the stout dowager who sat on his right hand. "Put yourself into my hands, and you needn't be afraid of taking anything that will disagree with you. I suppose you are like me and suffer from a fit of gout every now and then, don't you? You look as if you did."

Lord St. Austell had a peculiarly rude way of saying rude things when he was in a bad humour, and country dinner parties always put him in a bad humour. His neighbours were very much afraid of him, and indeed he looked a sufficiently terrible old man, sitting there, at the end of that long vista of fruit and flowers and priceless china, like a living *memento mori* in the midst of so much luxury. His pallid visage, his unnaturally black whiskers, the eye-glass which gleamed when the light fell upon it, and the long teeth which gleamed always, preached as pithy a sermon and diffused as effective a chill around him as any mummy at an Egyptian feast could have done. When he spoke (he had a high-pitched, ringing voice), everybody stopped talking and quaked; because it was impossible to tell what dreadful thing he might not be going to say; and if there was an episode in your past life which you desired to bury in oblivion, you might be pretty sure that Lord St. Austell had heard about it, and would not neglect a chance of referring to it.

At the other extremity of the table, things were more cheerful. Of Lady St. Austell no one had need to be frightened; and although she may have been quite as much bored as her husband, she did not avenge her wrongs, as he usually did, upon the first person who came to hand. Round about her, therefore, there was a brisk cackle of voices and laughter which spread to a certain distance. Clare, sitting about midway between the gaiety and the gloom, had for neighbour a young man who informed her that he was staying in the house and hardly knew a soul at the table. He appeared anxious to correct this ignorance—having, perhaps, some difficulty in finding topics likely to interest a country-bred maiden—and she enlightened him as to the names and residences of his fellow-guests, which pretty well exhausted all that there was to be said about them. But when he inquired who the fair-haired man opposite was, she answered, colouring slightly, and not without a certain intonation of pride, "That is Mr. Vidal."

"You speak as if he were the show man of the district," remarked her questioner.

"He does not live here," replied Clare. "He is *the* Mr. Vidal, you know." Indeed, she supposed that every person of ordinary education must have heard of this celebrated author.

"Oh, yes," said her neighbour, vaguely, "very stupid of me; but somehow that doesn't seem to convey much idea to my mind. Who is The Vidal when he's at home?"

"He is the Mr. Vidal who writes. But perhaps you don't read books," said Clare, with a touch of disdain.

"Well, not very much. I read the papers; and as I am an idle man, that is almost all I can find time for. What is Mr. Vidal's line? Science, history, travels, or poetry? Poetry, I should think, by the look of him."

"He writes novels," answered Clare. "That is, he has written one; but he has been a contributor to the best magazines for some time, I believe."

"Oh, novels? Then I may make acquaintance with his productions some day. I like a good novel—only it must be a good one. Whyte-Melville's, for instance: Whyte-Melville knew what he was writing about. Some of these authors—upon my word, I can't think where they find the cheek to publish their rubbish! Why, only the other day, as I was coming down here, I bought a novel to read in the train, and in the very first chapter I came to something about pheasant-shooting in September. Well; I thought perhaps that was only a slip of the pen. I said to myself, 'Don't let's be too hard on the poor chap,' and I read on. But, if you'll believe me, I hadn't got through a dozen pages before I came to a yachting scene where the hero is represented as beating up a narrow channel against the wind, and singing out to his skipper to gybe! Well now, you know, I do call that just a little bit too bad. I don't pretend to criticise grammar or style; but it does seem to me that a man ought to have some elementary knowledge of his subjects before he sits down to write a book."

"I don't think Mr. Vidal makes such mistakes," said Clare.

"Doesn't he? You seem to take great interest in him. Well, I dare say he's a clever fellow, and he's good-looking enough, anyhow. I suppose that is why how revered hostess has been making eyes at him ever since we sat down."

The poor man meant no harm. He could not tell that his fair neighbour was engaged to Mr. Vidal, and he was a good deal taken aback when she turned upon him with sudden fierceness, exclaiming: "Making eyes at him! I can't believe that even she would be so—so disgusting as that! If you are a friend of hers, you ought not to say such things about her."

Clare's own eyes were flashing, and her cheeks had become pink. Her interlocutor, who began to have an inkling of the state of affairs, could not help answering maliciously: "As I am a friend of hers, I know her little ways, and I can assure you that she is a most dangerous person. When she makes eyes at a man it is generally all up with him. But you need not feel alarmed about Mr. Vidal. He doesn't know what an impression he has produced; he hasn't even glanced at her. Perhaps he has found someone more agreeable to look at."

Clare perceived that she had made herself ridiculous, and was proportionately ashamed; but, although she immediately changed the subject, she did not succeed in banishing it from her mind. During the rest of the dinner, she was preoccupied and uneasy, and afterwards, in the drawing-room, when she saw Lady St. Austell bearing down upon Adrian, she felt that painful constriction of the heart which only a swift pang of jealousy can produce.

The law of our being, which throws us poor mortals upon the world with certain hereditary tendencies, infirmities, defects, and so on, and leaves us to make the best we can of the imbroglio, had not spared Clare Irvine any more than it has spared the humble writer and the respected reader of these words. Like the rest of us, she was imperfect, and it must be confessed that the sweetness of her disposition was somewhat marred by what, after all, is not so much a vice as a misfortune. Jealousy is no more to be fought against than the toothache—the utmost that can be accomplished in the case of either malady is to conceal it—but what adds bitterness to the former is that those who suffer from it are as often as not aware that their sufferings are wholly irrational. Nothing, for example, could have been more absurd upon the face of it than that Clare should object to see a man who adored her conversing for a matter of ten minutes with a stout lady whose charms were on the wane, and whom he might very probably not encounter a second time in the course of his life. Yet she did object; and indeed it was perhaps just as well that she could not overhear the dialogue which was taking place at the end of that long and dimly-lighted room.

"Mr. Vidal," Lady St. Austell began, "I have a crow to pluck with you. I want to know what you mean by putting me into a book."

"I don't think I need defend myself against that accusation, Lady St. Austell," answered Vidal; though he knew what she meant, and was secretly pleased that the fidelity of his sketch should have been recognised. How could I have written about you when I have never had the happiness of meeting you until this evening?"

"You must have heard of me, then—from Mr. Heriot, perhaps. Oh, I assure you I know myself when I see my face in the glass; I have no illusions. The lady in your novel is a portrait of me, and a very unflattering portrait too. Well; I will forgive you, if you will make haste and write another book as amusing. But now, tell me, why do you attack women of the world with such acrimony? What have we done to you that you should be so severe upon us?"

"I dare say your shoulders are broad enough to bear my attacks," answered Vidal, smiling, and then bethought himself that he might have hit upon a happier phrase; for, in truth, Lady St. Austell's shoulders had lost the gracefulness of proportion that they had once possessed.

But she went on, without heeding him: "You quarrel with our ways of killing time; but you don't seem to consider that time must be killed somehow, and that we haven't so many means of doing that as you have. I suppose you are like all men: you believe that the world was created for you, and that we were only put into it as an afterthought."

"The Book of Genesis lends some support to that theory," observed Vidal. "At the same time, I should be an ardent upholder of women's rights if I could only find out exactly what they were. What I do venture to contend for is that both men and women might find something better to do with time than to kill it."

"Ah, yes; that has been put into rhyme, hasn't it? 'Teach the orphan boy to read, and teach the orphan girl to sew,' &c., &c. Praiseworthy, but not exciting; and excitement is what we require. You take care to have plenty of it for yourselves, I notice; only you can't admit that your wives and daughters may have the same cravings that you have. What a fortunate thing it is that most of you have a blind faith in your own wives and daughters, and that, unless they are very stupid indeed, they can always manage to amuse themselves without letting you into their secrets! How is it that you don't understand that human nature is human nature all the world over?"

"All women are not alike," remarked Vidal.

"They are more alike than you think for, perhaps. Just now, I know, there is one woman whom you consider immeasurably superior to the rest of us, and I don't wonder at that. She is very pretty, and probably very charming too, when you know her. Tell me about her; I like listening to lovers' rhapsodies."

It may be taken for granted that Lady St. Austell did not really enjoy a form of conversation which has never yet been found enjoyable by man or woman; but she spoke with a certain appearance of sincerity and drew rather nearer to her companion, smiling up into his face and throwing back her head, with a slight inclination to one side, in a way that she had. Her closed fan just touched his coat-sleeve; the diamonds in her hair and about her neck dazzled the eyes of the young man, who, if the truth must be told, was a little bit flattered at having been singled out for so conspicuous a share of his hostess's attentions. He did not rhapsodise, as he had been requested to do, but he tried to be agreeable and to say some clever things; and possibly he succeeded. At any rate, the colloquy lasted for some time; and Clare, watching it all, felt her soul disquieted within her.

Out of the four people whom the Irvines' carriage bore away into the night, shortly afterwards, one was silent and depressed, one was sleepy, and two were highly elated.

"I have got ten pounds out of him," Mrs. Irvine was saying triumphantly. "It isn't handsome, considering what his income is; but with his name to head my list, I shall do tolerably well, I hope, and really he was not nearly as uncivil as I expected him to be. Lady St. Austell was most friendly. She said such nice things about you both, and she is coming over to luncheon some day soon. You and she have arranged it all, have you not, Adrian?"

"She told me she was anxious to explore Polruth," answered Vidal. "It seems that she has seen very little of her husband's property in these parts, and she wanted to know whether I would show her all the objects of interest; but I said I thought Clare was more capable of undertaking that task than I."

"If Lady St. Austell discovers any objects of interest in Polruth, it is certain that I shall not be one of them," observed Clare; but Adrian did not notice the dryness of her intonation.

"The chief object of interest to Lady St. Austell, in Polruth or elsewhere, will always be Lady St. Austell," he rejoined, laughing; "but I confess that she is an object of interest to me too. I found her very entertaining, and there is an absence of humbug about her which rises almost to the level of a virtue."

"I have always thought that there was a great deal that was nice in her," said good-natured Mrs. Irvine; "and although she has not been particularly neighbourly until now, I shall be very glad if she likes to begin."

But in this expression of kindly feeling Mrs. Irvine was not seconded by her daughter.

(To be continued.)

GLASGOW INSTITUTE OF THE FINE ARTS.

The twenty-fourth annual Exhibition of Works of Modern Artists, held in the galleries of this Institution in Sauchiehall-street, was opened to the public on Tuesday, the 3rd inst. The merit of the pictures exhibited is rather above the average, and this is due not only to the works sent on loan, a feature of this exhibition which adds greatly to its interest, but also, and in a high degree, to those by contemporary and local artists, who, by their choice of subjects in the various branches of landscape and portraiture, and their artistic mode of treatment, have certainly enhanced their reputation and presented a real treat to the lovers of art in the west of Scotland.

Captain George L. Sulivan, R.N., has been awarded the good-service pension of £150 a year, vacant by the retirement of Captain W. B. Grant on the 29th ult.

Lord Deas has tendered his resignation as a Judge of the Court of Session in Scotland, having been absent from the Bench owing to ill-health since March last. He is in his eighty-first year, was called to the Scottish Bar in 1828, and has been on the Bench wellnigh thirty-two years.

The January volume of that useful reprint of the masterpieces of literature, "Morley's Universal Library" (Routledge and Sons), contains Hobbes's "Leviathan"; the February volume, Butler's "Hudibras"; while the March volume will contain descriptions of three ideal commonwealths—Moore's "Utopia," Bacon's "New Atlantis," and Campanella's "City of the Sun."

The Prince of Wales, as president of the Colonial and Indian Exhibition of 1886, has appointed as a finance committee for the exclusive purpose of administering the finances in connection with the exhibition:—Sir John Rose, G.C.M.G., chairman; Sir George C. M. Birdwood, C.S.I.; Mr. Edward Birkbeck, M.P.; Sir Barrow Helbert Ellis, K.C.S.I.; and Sir W. Charles Sargeaunt, K.C.M.G.

Ten thousand Board School children were last week entertained at Leicester, by the Mayor, Mr. Israel Hart, to the pantomime of "Jack the Giant Killer," at the Theatre Royal. The children were liberally supplied with refreshments, and the Mayor, who was accompanied by the Mayoress, addressed the children as to the importance of industry and enterprise in promoting the national welfare. Special precautions were adopted to ensure safety.

The Duke of Westminster last week laid the foundation-stone of a new museum and school of art for Chester—a building towards the erection of which the Duke contributed £4000 and gave a portion of the site, which stands out prominently on Grosvenor-road, leading from Chester to Eaton Hall. An interesting feature in connection with the ceremony was the conspicuous place assigned to nearly 2000 school-children, whom the trustees desired thus early to interest in the museum and art schools. There was a distinguished company present.

The steam-launch Queen Victoria, sent to Egypt by the National Society for Aid to the Sick and Wounded in War, to serve for conveying medical comforts up the Nile and bringing down invalids from Lord Wolseley's Army, was "christened" by Lady Baring, at Cairo, on the 10th ult., in presence of Sir Evelyn Baring, General Stephenson, and the medical staff. It is under the medical charge of Mr. E. F. White, of St. Thomas's Hospital, and is fully equipped for this special service. Assistant-Commissary-General J. S. Young acts as Special Commissioner for the National Society in Egypt.

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated April 5, 1876) of his Highness August Ludwig Wilhelm Maximilian Friedrich, Duke of Brunswick and Luneberg, late of Sybillenort, in the Duchy of Brunswick, who died on Oct. 18 last, was proved in London on the 27th ult. by his Royal Highness Ernest Augustus William Adolphus George Frederick, Duke of Cumberland and of Brunswick and Luneburg, the residuary legatee named therein, there being no executor appointed, the value of the personal estate in England amounting to upwards of £161,000. The testator bequeaths to H.R.H. the Duke of Cumberland (in the will called Prince Ernest of Hanover) all his private property, the houses in Vienna and Hietzing, in Brunswick, Richmond, and the villa; to King Albert of Saxony all his estates in Silesia; to Mrs. Franziska and her son, Franz, 50,000 thalers; to the Finance Director, von Hantleman, 20,000 thalers; to two gentlemen of the Chambers 10,000 thalers each; and he recommends his suite and servants to his successor in the government.

The will (dated March 19, 1877), with twelve codicils (dated between that time and Nov. 26, 1884), of the Right Hon. Joseph Warner Henley, P.C., late of Waterperry House, Oxfordshire, who died on Dec. 8 last, was proved on the 30th ult. by Joseph John Henley and the Rev. Francis George Henley, the sons, two of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £11,000. The testator leaves his estates of Waterperry, Oxfordshire, and Shabbington and Oakley, Buckinghamshire, subject to certain charges thereon, to his said son, Joseph John; and he specifically bequeaths to him the plate and picture presented to him by the electors of the county of Oxford. There are special provisions in favour of his daughters, Anne and Adelaide Charlotte, and legacies to servants. The residue of the personalty he gives to all his children, except his eldest son.

The will (dated June 19, 1884) of Sir George St. Patrick Lawrence, K.C.S.I., C.B., late of No. 20, Kensington Park-gardens, who died on Nov. 16 last, was proved on the 24th ult., by Lieutenant-General Richard Charles Lawrence, the brother, George Henry Lawrence, the son, and Major-General William Beynon, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £40,000. The testator gives many legacies, pecuniary and specific, to his children and others; after these are provided for, if there is any residue, he bequeaths annuities to his two sisters; £500 between the Officers' Daughters Home, the Soldiers' Daughters Home, the Strangers' Home for Asiatics, the Aboo-Lawrence School for Founding Scholarships, and the Medical Branch of the Indian Female Normal School and Instruction Society; and a further legacy to one of his daughters. The ultimate residue of his property (if any) is to go to his son, George Henry.

The will of Roger Assheton Rasbotham, formerly of Glan Alyn, Gresford, Denbighshire, but late of Ebnal Malpas, Cheshire, was proved over £69,000 on the 3rd inst. by George Lyon and the Rev. William Townshend, the executors. The testator gives the income of his real and personal estates to his widow, for widowhood, and upon her death, or marriage, he devises his real estate to his elder son absolutely, and bequeaths the personal estate to his younger son and his daughter in equal shares, subject to the payment of an annuity to the widow if she should marry again.

The will (dated June 14, 1884) of the Rev. William Barry, late of Blisworth, Northamptonshire, who died on Dec. 10 last, was proved on the 12th ult. by George John Barry and the Rev. Henry Thomas Barry, the sons, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £60,000. The testator devises and bequeaths all his real and personal estate to be equally divided between his said two sons as tenants in common.

The Scotch Confirmation, under seal of office of the Commissariot of Selkirk, of the trust disposition and settlement (dated Feb. 12, 1880) of Mr. John Cochrane, sometime residing at Elm Bank, Galashiels, who died on Sept. 18 last, granted to Adam Cochrane, junior, Kenneth Cochrane, James Stalker, and Robert Sanderson, the executors nominate, was sealed in London on the 2nd ult., the value of the personal estate in England and Scotland amounting to over £49,000.

The will (dated March 29, 1879), with four codicils (dated Aug. 4, 1881, and Jan. 15, May 19, and July 20, 1883), of Mrs. Amelia Pereira de Paiva, late of No. 3, Gloucester-street, Portman-square, who died on Dec. 6 last, was proved on the 16th ult. by Miss Maria Pereira, the sister, and Edward Tegart, the acting executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £45,000. The testatrix bequeaths to her said sister £9300 and an annuity of £500 and her residence, with the furniture, plate, books, and effects, for life. There are numerous legacies to relatives and others, and the residue of her real and personal estate she leaves, upon trust, for her grand-daughter, Maria de Carmo Ferreira; but if she enter religion or becomes a professed nun, the said bequest is to become void.

The will (dated June 21, 1882) of Mr. William Parker Hamond, J.P., D.L., late of Pampisford Hall, Cambridgeshire, who died on Nov. 12 last, was proved on the 14th ult. by the Rev. Peter Francis Hamond, William Currie, and Francis Alfred Currie, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £13,000. The testator settles all his manors, messuages, lands, tenements, and hereditaments in the counties of Cambridge and Surrey, and all other his freehold hereditaments, and also his copyhold and leasehold property, upon his cousin, Major Robert Thomas Hamond, R.A. His plate, pictures, sculptures, books, furniture, and effects, are to go with Pampisford Hall. The residue of the personalty is to be applied in paying off the charges on his Cambridgeshire estates.

The will (dated Dec. 13, 1875), with three codicils (dated Aug. 2, 1877; July 15, 1878; and Sept. 12, 1883), of Mr. Quintus Vivian, late of No. 17, Chesham-street, Belgrave-square, and of Tregavethan Manor, Truro, Cornwall, who died on Oct. 8 last, was proved on the 17th inst. by Mrs. Isabella Jane Vivian, the widow, and Harry Houlton Palmer Vivian, the son, the acting executor, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £13,000. There are gifts to his wife and daughter, and the residue of his property the testator gives to his said son.

The Company of Clothworkers have contributed £50 to the North London Hospital for Consumption, Hampstead.

Mr. J. Passmore Edwards, M.P., has presented to the city of Salisbury a portrait of the late Postmaster-General.

An Architectural and Building Trades Exhibition is to be opened on March 2, in the Floral Hall, Covent-garden, under the auspices of the Society of Architects.

The *Birmingham Daily Post* hears that, on the recommendation of Mr. Gladstone, a grant of £100 from the Royal bounty fund has been made to Dr. George Gore, F.R.S., in recognition of his eminent services in original chemical research.

The Queen has granted an annuity of £100 per annum out of the Civil List Fund to Mrs. Matilda Griffiths, in consideration of her late husband's services to mechanical science, especially in connection with screw propellers and the method of steering ships by machinery.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

W J P and F F P (University College).—Very few novices, if any, are likely to solve No. 2131 at one sitting; therefore you need not be disheartened at your failure. We shall be glad to receive your solutions at all times.

L W (London).—You shall have an early report on your problem.

ALPHA.—See solution of No. 2131 below. The variation you suggest is met therein for your special amazement. One correspondent informs us that he found Herr Berger's problem "rather easy."

W B (Stratford).—Thanks for the amended diagrams; they shall be examined.

T S (Brighton).—A solver should send all the variations embodying a strong defence to the attack.

Victor (Portsmouth).—There are two objections to the game inclosed in your letter. The notation is unintelligible, and you do not give the names of the players.

B H C (Salisbury).—Our note of last week will probably restore confidence in the accuracy of No. 2131.

E H K (Brockley).—We regret to have kept you waiting, but shall, if possible, let you know next week.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2129 received from F E Gibbins (Tiflis), C Belton (Tiflis), A Cameron (Tiflis), and A Chapman; of No. 2130 from Emile Frau and W J Knight; of No. 2131 from T S (Brighton), Z Ingold, D McCoy, Rev. W Anderson (Old Romney); of the PROBLEM by Mr. LOYD from J Jumbo, H H Brooks, Hereward, J R (Edinburgh); of HERR BERGER'S PROBLEM from T S (Brighton), W J Knight, T G (Ware), L Sharwood, Emmo (Darlington), Carl Stepan, E Casella (Paris), R M, Alpha, R H Brooks, J T W, B H C (Salisbury), E L G, Lashman Penfold, H H D, and R Worters (Canterbury).

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2132 received from W L Salusbury, J K (South Hampstead), W Penton, W Biddle, G G Hallward, M Ritch, E L G, C S Cox, F and G Howitt (Norwich), T C D C, J Hall, L Sharwood, Ernest Sharwood, T S (Brighton), E Louden, W Miller (Cork), Magnum in Perro (Dublin), T G (Ware), E Casella (Paris), C B N (R.M.S. Asia), J P Langley, Ben Nevis, E T Ward (Folkestone), W E Manby, W F R (Swansea), Emile Frau, Emmo (Darlington), Otto Fulder (Ghent), Alpha, Charles Meiklejohn, J Farrow, M A Ennis (Wexford), Henry Hancock, H St. George (Weybridge), Bernard Green, C Darragh, W Humphreys, C W Milsom, Jumbo, L L Greenaway, W J Knight, B Walter Scott (Carrick-on-suir), Z Ingold, T S Redmond (Wexford), G A Fernsby, E E H, A W Scrutton, H Northcote, T Sinclair, M O'Halloran, D W Kell, Carl Stepan, A S Lion, J Allen (Chislehurst), Fred F Pott, T F Wilkinson (Lincoln), L Falcon (Antwerp), N S Harris, H Wardle, R L Southwell, Two Duffers, A L Orr, D Jackson, H Blacklock, Snyder Junior, (cornit, F J Whitehouse, J R (Edinburgh), Laura Greaves (Shelton), R Worters, H H Brooks, Hereward, George Joicey, G Seymour, L Wyman, S Lowndes, Clement Fawcett, L Desanges, Shadforth, G A A Walker, John Hodgson (Maidstone), Mrs. Monckton (Maidstone), F Pine, jun., J Alois Schmucke, E J Winter Wood, G W Law, J T B, A Chapman, H H Noves, Julia Short, Stephen W Hooper, J G Powell, A M Porter, Fanny H Levy (Edmonton), D A Davidson, James Pilkington, Mike Snilders, L Ratzger (Hamburg), T H Holdron, A C Hunt, S H Nash, Rev. W Anderson (Old Romney), Columbus, C Oswald, B H C (Salisbury), J Hymon, Gerald A Nathan, A Wigmore, A Lund, Edwin Smith, jun., Dominican, and J F Bateman.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2131.

WHITE.	BLACK.
1. Kt to Kt 5th	P to K 4th
2. R to R 5th	P moves
3. B to B 7th, mate.	

NOTE.—If Black play 1. P to K 3rd, White continues with 2. Kt to K B 7th (ch) and 3. B to B 5th, mate. If 1. K to K 4th, then 2. Kt to Q B 3rd (dis. ch) and 3. R or Kt mates accordingly. If 1. Kt to Q 2nd or B 3rd, then 2. R to B 5th (dis. ch) and 3. R or B mates accordingly.

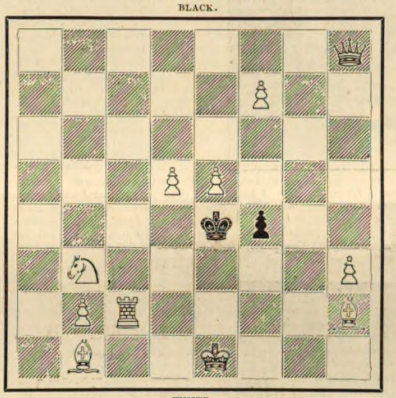
SOLUTION OF MR. LOYD'S PROBLEM.

WHITE.	BLACK.
1. B to B 4th	K to B 4th
2. Q to K Kt 3rd	Any move
3. Q or B mates.	

NOTE.—If Black 1. K takes P, White continues with 2. Q to B 4th (ch), and 3. B mates.

PROBLEM No. 2134.
By E. J. WINTER WOOD.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in two moves.

THE BRITISH CHESS ASSOCIATION.

The following is the constitution of the newly formed British Chess Association as adopted at the meeting of the members referred to in our issue of the 31st ult. The programme for the current year includes a play tournament in which four prizes will be given, value, respectively, twenty guineas, ten guineas, five guineas, and three guineas; and an international problem tournament for three prizes, value, respectively, ten guineas, five guineas, and three guineas. There will also be a tournament between the federated clubs for a silver cup, a problem solution tourney, blindfold play, and telegraphic matches between London and the chief towns of Great Britain and Ireland.

1. The British Chess Association is a federation of chess clubs, chess associations, and individual chessplayers in the British Empire.

2. The object of the B.C.A. is the promotion of the theory and practice of chess in all its branches.

3. The governing body of the B.C.A. shall consist of a president, three vice-presidents, a treasurer, secretary, and council of twenty-one members, in whom the property of the association shall be vested. One third of the council shall retire annually by rotation, but shall be eligible for re-election. In the first two years the retirement shall be in alphabetical order.

4. Membership of the B. C. A. may be attained by clubs and associations on payment of an annual subscription of 5s. for every twenty-five members and fraction of twenty-five members on its books. In the case of individuals, life-membership may be attained on payment of £3 3s., and annual membership on payment of 5s. annually; in all these cases with the approval of the council. Foreign players of distinction may be elected honorary members of the association at the discretion of the council.

5. The degree of M.B.C.A. (Chess-Master) shall be conferred on members of the association in recognition of their pre-eminent achievements as chessplayers. This honour to be conferred only by acclamation of the council.

6. That the degree of F.B.C.A. (Fellow) be awarded to members of the association for their proficiency in any branch of chess. This honour to be awarded by the votes of at least two thirds of the members of the council.

7. No member shall be eligible as M.B.C.A., or F.B.C.A., until after fourteen days' notice, posted by the secretary, to each member of the council of the name of the candidate. No member of the council proposed shall take part in or be present at the time of voting for his election. Members of council may vote in this instance by proxy.

8. No member shall be elected an F.B.C.A. on account of his merit as a chessplayer unless his proficiency is such that no master can successfully give him greater odds than a pawn and two moves. In other departments of chess distinction it shall be left to the discretion of the council.

9. Every club and association shall have the right to nominate one delegate for every twenty-five members (or fraction of twenty-five subscribed for) to represent it at the general meeting of the B. C. A., which shall be held at least once a year, in the month of January, and shall be convened by the council. Each such delegate shall have an equal vote with individual members on all questions before the general meeting, which shall include the election of the governing council, the arrangement as to time and place of the association meetings, the national and international tournaments and contests to be held under the direction of the B. C. A., and the prizes to be awarded thereat, and the settlement of the programme for the ensuing association meetings.

10. No resolution at such meetings shall be deemed to be carried unless it receives the votes of the majority of members actually present.

11. All subscriptions shall be payable in advance, and shall be due upon Jan. 1 of each year. And no member, whether a club or an individual, whose subscription is in arrear, shall be entitled to vote.

12. The Annual Chess Meeting of the association shall be held in every year alternately in London and in some large provincial town, and the first meeting shall take place in London, at a time to be appointed by the council.

13. No change in the constitution of the B. C. A. shall be made, except by a three-fourths majority of voters actually present at a general meeting, nor until after written notice of such proposed change shall have been given to the secretary of the B. C. A. at least one month previous to such meeting. On a requisition of forty members, the secretary shall summon the council, who shall thereupon convene a general meeting.

A match was played on the 4th instant at the Salutation Tavern between the fourth class of the City Club and the London and Westminster Bank Club, resulting in a victory for the latter, with a score of 7½ to 2½. A very creditable performance for the bankers.

The fourth and final match of the chess season at Melbourne, was played between the Victorian and Turn-Verein Chess Clubs, on Nov. 25 last. There were six competitors on each side, and the victory fell to the "Victorian" by six to four, with two drawn games. The *Australasian* of Melbourne notes that much excitement prevails in anticipation of the arrival of the British Champion, Mr. Blackburne, and predicts for him a cordial welcome.

In transcribing the following problem, we omitted to note the name of the author or the publication in which it appeared. Perhaps some of our readers will enable us to do justice to both:—

White: K at K 3rd, R at Q Kt 4th, B's at Q Kt sq and Q B sq. (Four pieces.)

Black: K at Q 8th, Pawns at Q Kt 4th and Q B 6th. (Four pieces.)

White to play, and mate in four moves.

MUSICAL PUBLICATIONS.

Messrs. Boosey and Co.'s recent publications include some pleasing songs that will be welcome in drawing-room circles. "Our Last Waltz," by J. L. Molloy, and "May Margaret," by Theo. Marzials are among the novelties that have been recently sung with great success at Mr. John Boosey's London Ballad Concerts. The first-named song is in flowing waltz time, and of specially vocal character, the other being also very melodious and agreeable in a different style. "Saturday night," by J. L. Molloy, is an expressive setting of some sentimental lines by E. F. Weatherly. "A Penny for Your Thoughts," by Cécile S. Hartog has much marked character, both in the lady's music and the lines by T. M. Watson, "Can it be true?" and "Do you think of me?" Two songs by F. L. Moir deserve favourable mention, each having a prominent and taking melody of a smooth and vocal character. "The Cumberland" is a very effective setting, by Charles Marshall, of some vigorous lines by Longfellow, descriptive of a naval engagement. The composer has reflected the sense of the verses in some energetic strains that lend themselves readily to vocal declamation. Mr. Louis Diehl's song, "Steady and Ready" is of a martial stamp, and very suggestive of military ardour. "Two Thoughts" is by Lady Arthur Hill, whose graceful compositions we have before had occasion to commend. The song now referred to is another example of her Ladyship's command of fluent melody of pleasing character; unpretentious, while yet being free from commonplace phrases. Mr. Molloy's song, "Our Last Waltz" (referred to above), has been transcribed for the pianoforte, in dance form, by George Lamothe, the marked rhythm of the original rendering it peculiarly suitable for such adaptation. Messrs. Boosey and Co. are the publishers, as of all the other pieces above mentioned. "A Lullaby" is an effective song by G. E. Prince, who has produced some good declamatory strains that may be rendered very telling by a singer of moderate vocal powers. It is published by Morley and Co.

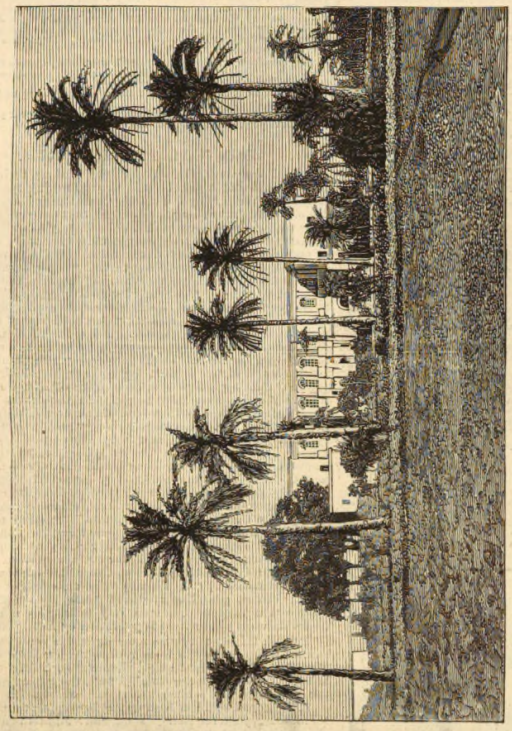
Mr. W. Czerny publishes some agreeable vocal and instrumental music. In the former class are: "Birds of Balmy Woodlands" ("Adieu, adieu, Bonheur"), a bright "Tyrolienne," with French and English text, the latter arranged by the publisher. The music bears the well-known name of J. B. Wekerlin, and is a good specimen of florid vocal writing. "Flowers Beyond the Stars," song, and "Mai tout en Fleurs," chansonette, both by E. Marlois, have each a distinctive character, the first in accordance with the sentiment of the English text, the other having much of the light piquancy of the French style. "Loving for Ever," by G. Money, is a good specimen of the sentimental ballad, with an effective change from common-time to waltz rhythm. Mr. Czerny's collection of "Ladies' Choruses," in fourpenny numbers, has now reached its fifth series, and comprises a large number of pieces of part-music, for three and four voices, by ancient and modern composers, forming an inexpensive but intrinsically valuable collection. Mr. Czerny's issue of instrumental music comprises a charming "Canzona" by the late Joachim Raff; a sprightly "Valse des Abeilles," by O. Wagner"; "Viola" (worthily entitled "Danse Gracieuse"), by M. Schröter; "Repose," a pleasing sketch by B. Tours (for piano, solo or with violin or violoncello); fragments from Bach's celebrated "Chaconne," easily arranged by D. Brocca for piano, solo or with violin; and Czerny's Major and Minor Scales in double notes; excellent practice for pianoforte students.

"The Shadowed Home" ("Via Crucis Via Lucis") is a song of a serious character, in which some earnest lines by Mary Mark Lemon are set to appropriate strains by Mr. Suchet Champion. The solemn tone of the music is well relieved by occasional changes of rhythm. Mr. J. Williams is the publisher. "London Town" is a pleasingly melodious song by Mr. Watson, published by Mr. B. Williams.

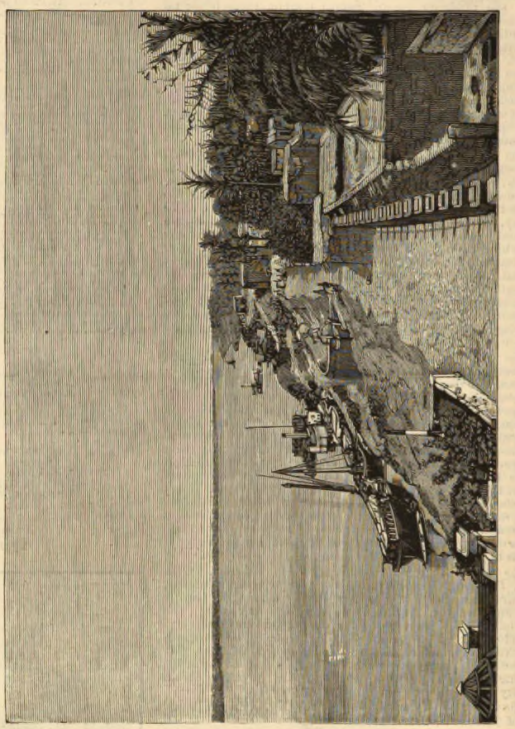
In "Prospice," lines by Browning have found a congenial musical setting at the hands of Mr. C. V. Stanford, who has earned celebrity by many important compositions for the church, the chamber, and the stage. The song now referred to has much strongly marked individuality of character and affords good scope for a declamatory singer. It is published by Messrs. Stanley Lucas, Weber, and Co., from whom we have also "Love that hath us in the net," lines from Tennyson's "The Miller's Daughter," pleasingly set to melodious strains by E. Hatzfeld. "At the feet of my love," and "Arise, Belov'd," both by Kate Ralph, (from the same publishers), may be commended for their smooth vocal melody and appropriate accompaniments. The lady composer, who is a pianist of sterling acquirements, has herself provided the pleasing lines of the second song. Among various settings of Tennyson's songs published by Messrs. Stanley Lucas, Weber, and Co., is "Ring out, Wild Bells," the music by M. Gounod, who has produced a very expressive vocal piece—the reiterated phrases in the accompaniment, with the frequent use of a pedal bass, being highly suggestive of the sentiment of the words.

"The National Book of Hymn Tunes, Chants, and Kyries," edited by W. A. Jefferson, is an important volume published by Messrs. Patey and Willis. The first purpose of the work was to provide a supplement to existing hymnaries and chant books, consisting of new and original compositions by living British composers; but the large amount of material offered to the editor led to a great extension of the original design, and the book accordingly forms a complete collection, available for independent use by choirs and congregations. Among the many contributors to the volume are the musical professors of the four Universities. The contents are excellently arranged for ready and facile use, copious and various indices being important features. The work is well engraved and printed, and published at a comparatively small cost.

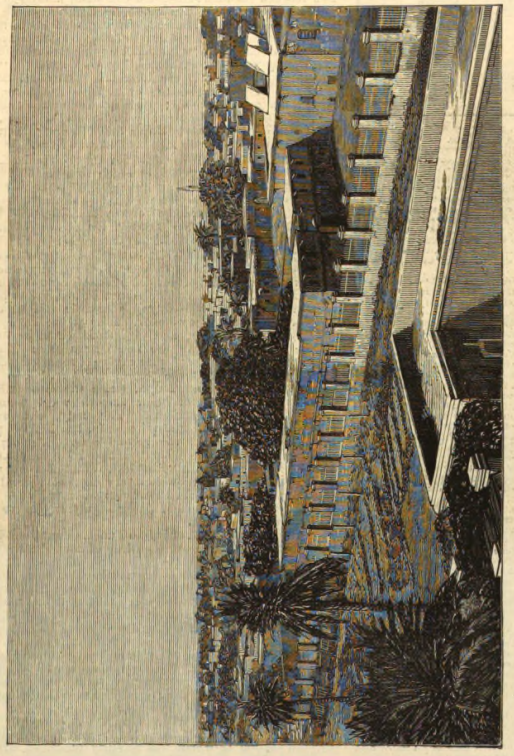
From Messrs. W. J. Willcocks and Co. we receive "Menuet de Manon"—an extract from M. Massenet's new opera, the English version of which was recently produced, with great success, at Liverpool, by Mr. Carl Rosa, who intends giving it during his approaching season at Drury-Lane Theatre. The piece of dance music now referred to has much delicate grace, with a touch of the antique style belonging to the form indicated. It is published both as a pianoforte solo, and for two performers.



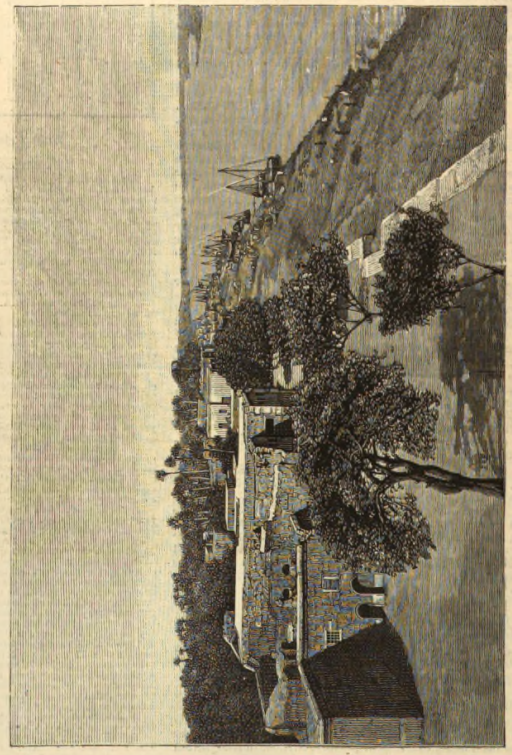
THE PALACE.



LOOKING UP THE NILE.



THE FORT.



LOOKING DOWN THE NILE.

VIEWS OF KHARTOUM.—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS.



THE WAR IN THE SOUDAN: A BIVOUAC IN THE DESERT.

THE MAGAZINES FOR FEBRUARY.

The *Cornhill* concludes "The Talk of the Town" in the only way which the story admitted, although William Henry's repentance is, we fear, apocryphal. In other respects, the tale has strictly followed the course of history: so curious that those who do not know Mr. Payn's strict fidelity have probably condemned his plot as unnatural. "Rainbow Gold" maintains its character as a clever and powerful but hard and mechanical story. Mr. Grant Allen describes the natural history of the banana, and alarms us with a prophecy of the extinction of the potato, whose originally fine constitution, it seems, is sadly impaired. "The Daisycliffe Mystery" is one of those amusing tales of successful roguery, not too heinous for a laugh, of which this magazine has produced so many.

Mr. Morley has scarcely done George Eliot or himself justice by his essay upon her correspondence in *Macmillan's Magazine*. The appreciation is pitched many notes too low, and most of the criticism, though well expressed, is of an obvious and commonplace character. The fact is, we believe, that the book is not one to be reviewed in a hurry. It must be absorbed quietly, ruminated patiently, and is the very last to be intrusted to a busy man, however able, distracted by the whirl of politics. Mr. Morley is seen to much greater advantage in his review of the month. Scepticism and pessimism, usually dull and depressing, are with him pungent and vivacious. Timid counsels were never advocated with so much courage. Lord Tennyson's "Becket" is not a work over which the reviewer need spend much time, and it receives thorough justice in a very able anonymous criticism. Mr. Lecky's melodious and finely felt verses, "On an Old Song," make us wish for more of his minstrelsy. Mr. F. Pollock writes like a true patriot in his narrative of his visit to Canada; and "Village Life in South Africa" is eminently graphic and picturesque.

"Shakspeare's County," by Miss Rose Kingsley, and "Naworth Castle," by Professor Creighton, are excellent specimens of the topographical papers familiar to the readers of the *English Illustrated Magazine*. The illustrations are

admirable, as also are the little gems from the old masters of engraving scattered throughout the number. "In an Italian Taverna," by Charles Grant, is a pretty and affecting story; and Mr. Wilkie Collins's "Girl at the Gate," concluded in this number, is nearer his old style than anything he has written for years. Nor is Mr. Hugh Conway's "Family Affair" devoid of merit, although it has not the sensational character of his first attempts in fiction.

"The Search Party's Find," by J. Arbuthnot Wilson, in *Longmans' Magazine*, is a powerful story; and "An Incident of Empire" is a striking narrative. Mr. Brander Matthews's paper on "The Antiquity of Jests" contains excellent remarks on this subject, enlivened by appropriate examples.

Blackwood, which always honours its past contributors on fitting occasions, opens with a regular official article on George Eliot. Everything which is fitting to say was said: yet there seems a want of the warmth which marked the more spontaneous tribute paid on occasion of her decease. The best portions of the article are the references to Mr. Lewes. "The Waters of Hercules," lively as ever, has reached a crisis. "Plain Frances Mowbray," on the other hand, the plot of which is laid at Venice, promises to be a quiet, though by no means an uninteresting story. The most remarkable of the other contributions are Lady Martin's observations on the character of Beatrice, in a letter to Mr. Ruskin, and a lugubrious chronicle of "A Black Year for Investors," dwelling on the national loss occasioned by the depreciation of securities on the Stock Exchange. From the appended analysis, however, it would appear that more than a third of the total loss has been incurred in American bonds and shares, which may not improbably admit of recovery.

The *Nineteenth Century* is varied, but heavy. The important problems of Imperial federation and the reform of the House of Lords are advanced, though not solved, by Mr. Forster and Lord Pembroke. Mr. Matthew Arnold praises the Americans for knowing their own minds, and contrasts their directness in politics with the confusion and inconsistency of English political parties. M. Vambéry decides that Russia is not likely to conquer India until her Tartar subjects are thoroughly Russianised—an operation which may require generations. In the meantime, India might be made thoroughly secure by a combination of the foreign policy of Lord Lytton and the internal policy of Lord Ripon. Colonel Moncrieff pleads the cause of irrigation in Egypt; Mr. Archer instructs dramatic critics in their duties; and Mr. Henry George and Mr. Hyndman discuss quite cheerfully and amicably the question whether landed property only should be stolen from its present possessors for the good of the nation, as Mr. George thinks; or funded and commercial property also, as Mr. Hyndman would prefer.

The *Fortnightly Review* is not very interesting. Mr. F. Harrison's Positivist review of the year is noticeable for its unqualified surrender of all the features of Comte's Positivism which were distasteful to Stuart Mill. Three papers of conjectures on the probable "ideas of the new voters" are one-sided, but suggestive nevertheless. Mr. Kebbel gets the most possible out of the meagre domestic records of Jane Austen. Mr. Irving's sketch of "the American audience" is undesignedly amusing. "*I understand*," he says, "that when they do not like a performance they go away." It is, of course, inconceivable that Mr. Irving should have had any personal experience of this Transatlantic peculiarity.

Mr. Justin M'Carthy's indictment of "Dublin Castle," in the *Contemporary Review*, is open to the usual complaint against Irish Nationalist writings, that they are eloquent in the denunciation of evils, but vague in the suggestion of remedies. Mr. M'Carthy does not tell us how, in the event of the abolition of the Castle, the lives and properties of unpopular persons are to be protected, nor does he even say that they can be protected, except by the system he condemns. Mr. F. Myers reports the result of his experiments in automatic writing to be the identification of "Planchette" with unconscious cerebration, and seems to make out a good case. The Hon. Roden Noel contributes a thoughtful critique on Tennyson, and M. Sardou's "Theodora" is ably analysed by Professor Bryce.

Sir C. G. Duffy's appeal, in the *National Review*, to the Conservative party to take up the idea of Home Rule in a moderate form will be received with the respect due to the eminence of the writer. But, like Mr. M'Carthy's article in the *Contemporary*, it offers no guarantee for the safety of the course recommended. Sir Charles must prove the existence of the moderate Irish party on which he relies, but of which, in the present condition of Irish politics, it is difficult to discover any trace. Mr. Armstrong's paper on Gainsborough, and Mr. Baden-Powell's on Imperial federation, are the only other contributions of much interest.

The *Century* commences a new novel by Henry James, "The Bostonians," showing no falling off in his peculiar talent, but as yet failing to create a powerful interest either in its personages or its situations. "A Florentine Mosaic" is a clever text accompanying very clever sketches; but the main attraction of the number is General Grant's account of the battle of Shiloh, supplemented by independent narratives from Confederate sources. The conflict of testimony is extraordinary: it will, to all appearance, never be settled whether General Grant was, or was not, within an ace of destruction, and whether General Beauregard did or did not throw away a victory already won. *Harper* is full of entertaining illustrated papers, the best being those on Hatfield House, and "The New and Old in Yucatan." The paper on the Lick Observatory gives a very interesting account of the most remarkable institution of this description in the world. "At the Red Glove" is an excellent story; and the description of the great social experiment at the works of the Pullman Car Company is full of interest. The *Atlantic Monthly* has the conclusion of Miss O'Meara's reminiscences of Madame Mohl's salon, and an excellent notice of Vernon Lee's writings by Miss H. W. Preston.

The serial novels in *Temple Bar* are continued with spirit, and there is abundance of entertaining anecdote in Mr. Serjeant Ballantine's "Recollections of Law and Lawyers." The reminiscences of George Eliot are utterly barren of incident, but convey a pleasing impression.

The *Gentleman's Magazine* has two good stories, the continuation of Miss O'Hanlon's "The Unforeseen," and Mr. Theodore Bent's "Romance of a Great Statue," which seems founded on the discovery of the Venus of Milo. There are several miscellaneous papers of interest, among which Mr. Percy Fitzgerald's disquisition on Shakspeare folios and quartos deserves especial notice. Julian Hawthorne's "Miss Cadogna" is completed in *Belgravia*, and Mr. Russell's "Strange Voyage" and Cecil Power's "Babylon" are continued with abundance of spirit. The latter is one of the most amusing of current serial tales, but the cleverness displayed is rather that of the satirist than that of the novelist.

Time, which is immensely improved under its new management, contains an admirable paper by Miss A. M. F. Robinson, giving a most interesting account of the mysticism of the religious orders in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, and especially of the representatives of earlier and later Beguinism, the nuns Mechtilde and Katryn. Mr. Bowie's narrative of Mr. Fawcett's work at the Post Office, Miss Betham-Edwards's "Rebuke amid Roses," and the review of "Miss Brown," are also contributions of a high class.

The *Magazine of Art* contains the usual variety of readable articles and interesting illustrations, among them being Raphael's "Madonna Ansidei," the great picture which it is proposed to buy from the Duke of Marlborough for the National Gallery. The *Art Journal* for this month is full of interest as regards the subjects treated, but the illustrations are most of them extremely poor. Orchardson's picture of "Napoleon on board the Bellerophon" has had all the life polished out of it in the process of making a steel engraving; and Mrs. Alfred Hunt's interesting account of Whitby is badly illustrated with some flat and spiritless views, apparently from photographs. Mr. J. S. Hodson's account of modern processes of automatic engraving promises to be of interest to the technical reader.

The *Theatre* has good photographs of Miss Jessie Bond as the Charity Girl in "The Sorcerer," and of Messrs. Hill and Penley in the "Private Secretary"; and among its varied and pleasant contents are—a critical study of "Beckett," the foyers of the minor theatres in Paris, Mr. Irving's second American tour, and much information under the headings Our Musical Box, Our Play Box, and Our Omnibus Box.

The principal serials of the enterprising firm of Messrs. Cassell, Petter, Galpin, and Co., besides The Magazine of Art, noticed above, are—Cassell's Magazine, The Quiver, Cassell's Saturday Journal, Greater London, Royal Shakspere, Familiar Wild Flowers, Book of Health, Old and New London, Illustrated Universal History, Popular Gardening, Picturesque Europe, Picturesque America, the Life and Words of Christ, by the Rev. Cunningham Geikie; Little Folks' Magazine, Cassell's Popular Educator, and the first part of Our Own Country.

Among Fashion Books received are—Le Follet, The Season, Ladies' Treasury, Ladies' Gazette of Fashion, World of Fashion, Moniteur de la Mode, and Myra's Journal of Dress and Fashion.

We have also to acknowledge London Society, The Argosy, the Month, Good Words, the Army and Navy Magazine, Household Words, St. Nicholas, the Red Dragon, Eastward Ho! the Antiquarian, Chambers's Journal, All the Year Round, Merry England, Irish Monthly, Leisure Hour, Book Lore, United Service Magazine, Fores's Sporting Notes and Sketches, Harper's Young People, the Illustrated Science Monthly, Technical Journal, Baptist Magazine, Aunt Judy's Magazine, and the Rosebud.

There was a quiet wedding last Saturday morning at St. Peter's, Cranley-gardens, Mr. R. Seymour Stewart, son of the late Mr. and Lady Helen Stewart, being married to the only daughter of Colonel O'Hanlon, late of the Bengal Cavalry. The bride, who was not attended by any bridesmaids, was given away by Field-Marshal Sir Patrick Grant.

The returns of emigration from the United Kingdom during the last month show that 8434 emigrants of British origin left our shores in January, 1885, the number in January, 1884, having been 10,409. The emigrants to Australasia numbered 2752, those in January, 1884, having been 4466. To British North America the numbers were 233, as against 512 last year. As was the case in January, 1884, the English were the most numerous, being 6193, the Irish being 1363, and the Scotch 878.

FURNISH THROUGHOUT (REGISTERED).

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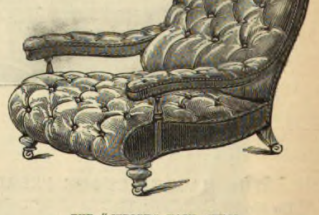
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IMPORTANT TO TRAVELLERS AND ALL LEAVING HOME FOR A CHANGE.

"Winchester, July 13, 1884.—Sir,—I write to tell you what your FRUIT SALT has done for me. During the Zulu War, Consul O'Neill and myself had occasion to survey the Maputa River. We had great difficulties in stowing sufficient fresh water for our need, and were obliged on our return to drink the river water—water you may call it, but I call it liquid mud; mud banks both sides, a tropical sun all day, and a miasmatic dew all night. We had the good fortune, however, to have with us a couple of bottles of your invaluable FRUIT SALT, and never took the "water" without a judicious admixture of it, and so did not suffer from the abominable concoction. Now, when we arrived at Lorenzo Marquay, there was no more FRUIT SALT to be obtained. I was sent on to Durban, but poor Mr. O'Neill was on the flat of his back with ague. At Durban I could only get one bottle, as every one was sold out, it being so much in demand. When I mention that we only went in a small boat with four niggers, and that two expeditions from men-of-war, with fully-equipped boats, had tried the survey before, and only got forty miles (having lost the greater part of their crews through the malaria), while we got over eighty miles, I think I am only doing justice in putting our success down to your excellent preparation.—I am Sir, yours faithfully, A LIEUTENANT, R.N., F.R.G.S.—To J. C. Eno, Esq., Hatcham, London, S.E."

PERSO-AFGHAN FRONTIER.—One of her Majesty's Consuls writes from Teheran:—"It may interest you to know that while riding from Teheran to Meshed not long ago, being one day rather unwell, to my astonishment and delight the Persian courier who accompanied me produced a bottle of what he called Numuki meeveh, which was no less in fact translated than ENO'S FRUIT SALT. The man told me that he now never travelled without a bottle.—Yours faithfully, SHEIKH JAM, December, 1884.—To J. C. Eno, Esq."

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THE SECRET OF SUCCESS.—"A new invention is brought before the public and commands success. A score of abominable imitations are immediately introduced by the unscrupulous, who, in copying the original closely enough to deceive the public, and yet not so exactly as to infringe upon legal rights, exercise an ingenuity that, employed in an original channel, could not fail to secure reputation and profit."—ADAMS.

IMPORTANT TO TRAVELLERS.—"We, the undersigned, have for the last four years used your FRUIT SALT during several important Survey Expeditions in the Malay Peninsula, Siam, and Cambodia, and have undoubtedly derived very great benefit from it. In one instance only was one of our party attacked with fever during that period, and that happened after our supply of FRUIT SALT had run out. When making long marches under the powerful rays of a vertical sun, or travelling through swampy districts, the undersigned have used the FRUIT SALT two and three times a day in the following manner and proportions:—At daybreak, two teaspoonfuls mixed with the juice of a raw lime, and a little sugar, in a tumbler of water, shortly afterwards a light meal of tea or coffee, bread and fruit; about mid-day, one small spoonful with raw lime-juice and water; and before retiring for the night, another teaspoonful in water. The FRUIT SALT used as aforesaid acts as a gentle aperient, keeps the blood cool and healthy, and wards off fever. The undersigned have pleasure in voluntarily testifying to the value of your preparation, and our firm belief in its efficacy. We never go in the jungle without it, and have also recommended it to others.—Yours truly, Commander A. J. LOFTUS, F.R.G.S., his Siamese Majesty's Hydrographer; E. C. DAVIDSON, Superintendent Siamese Government Telegraphs.—Bangkok, Siam, May, 1883.—J. C. Eno, Esq., London."

A SOUTH AFRICAN PROFESSIONAL MASON DIVER'S EXPERIENCE of the BEST METHOD of PRESERVING HEALTH under TRYING CONDITIONS:—"Having for many years suffered from biliousness and sick headache, without obtaining any relief, I was recommended to take ENO'S FRUIT SALT, which I did, and after a few doses found great relief. From that time (five years since) I have never been without a bottle of your invaluable FRUIT SALT. Being a professional Mason Diver, I was sent from Cape Town to the Orange River Bridge by the Government Engineer, to prepare the foundations of piers, &c. In the hurry I forgot my bottle of FRUIT SALT, and had not been many days before my old complaint began to trouble me. It was a week before I succeeded in procuring a bottle of ENO'S FRUIT SALT, and in that time I suffered very much, but after taking it I perfectly recovered. If I feel ever so bad from the effects of a long stay under water, a moderate dose puts me all right, and I am fit for work at any moment. I think I am only doing justice in putting the success of my staying powers down to your invaluable FRUIT SALT.—I am, Sir, yours faithfully, WILLIAM LEA, Colonial Government Mason Diver, Orange River Bridge, Cape Colony, Dec. 26, 1884."—To Mr. J. C. Eno, Hatcham, London, S.E.

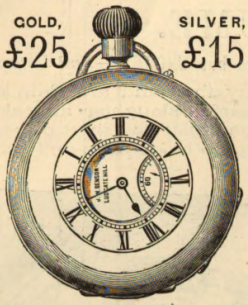
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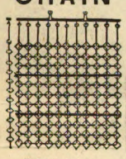
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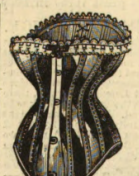
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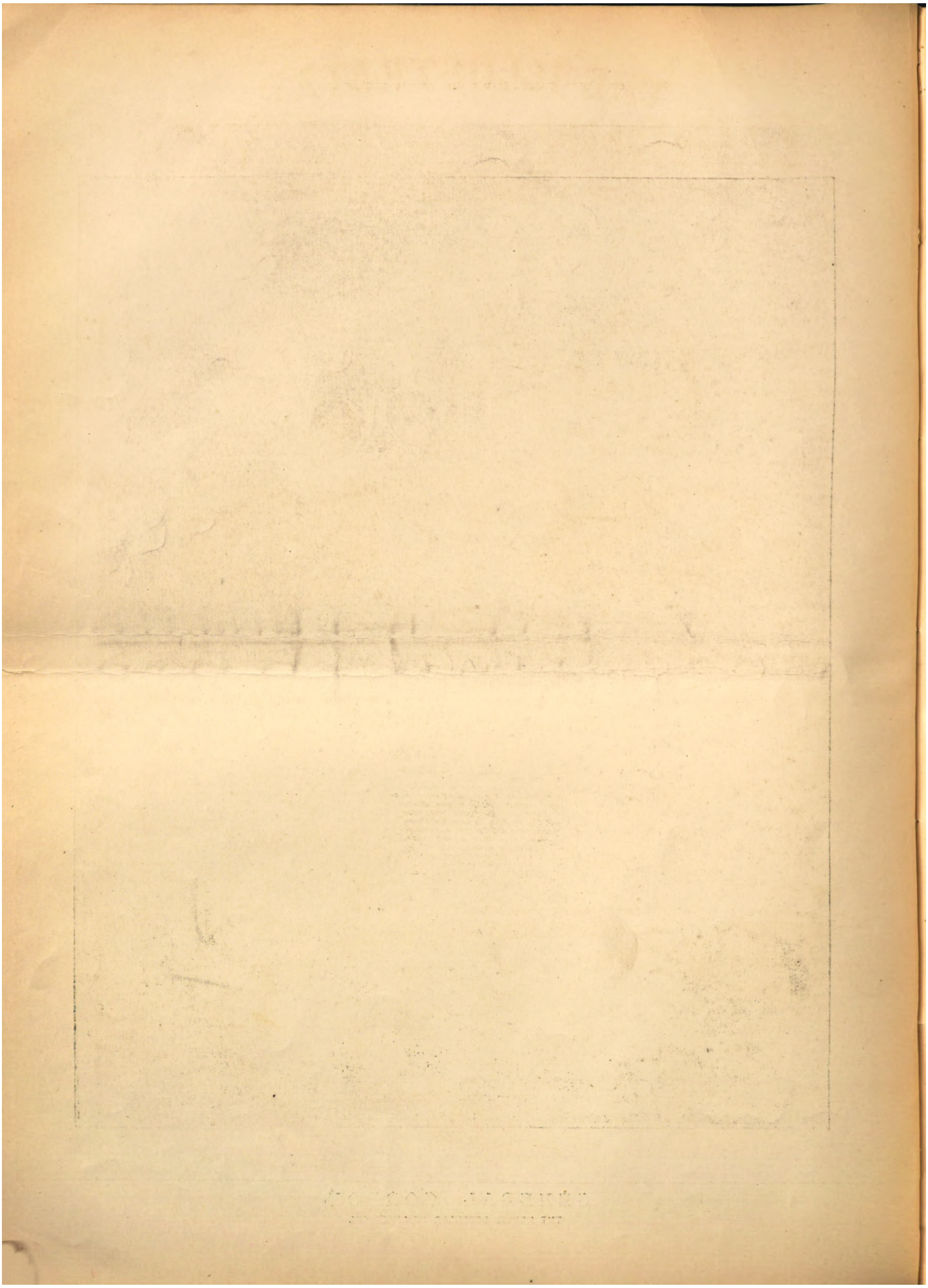
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THE LATE LIEUTENANT-COLONEL R. C. COVENY,
42ND ROYAL HIGHLANDERS (BLACK WATCH), KILLED IN THE SOUDAN.



THE LATE COLONEL P. H. EYRE,
38TH (SOUTH STAFFORDSHIRE) REGIMENT, KILLED IN THE SOUDAN.



THE WAR IN THE SOUDAN: KHARTOUM, FROM A SKETCH BY LIEUTENANT-COLONEL J. A. GRANT, F.R.S., TAKEN IN APRIL, 1863.
The steam-boat is introduced to show the spot from which Sir Charles Wilson reconnoitred the town.

OUR NOTE-BOOK

The Government were saved from being harassed by one vexed question at the resumption of the Session by the sound judgment of Mr. Arthur Peel. It was only natural that the criminal attempts to blow up the House of Commons and Westminster Hall by dynamite should be followed by the institution of stringent rules for regulating the admission of the public to hear the debates. Members of both Houses will, no doubt, exercise due caution in the issue of orders, and also in their personal introductions. Now the objectionable restrictions which would greatly and needlessly have impeded the members of the Press in the discharge of their duties in the inner Lobby and in the Galleries have been gracefully withdrawn, it is not necessary to dwell upon the manifest impropriety there would have been in putting a serviceable body of gentlemen to signal inconvenience. On the contrary, the Speaker of the House of Commons has increased the high estimation in which he was held by his frank and courteous withdrawal of the unduly severe rules in regard to the Press.

To read what is written about "Carmen Sylva" and other Royal personages who make literature, it would seem as if sovereigns and the consorts of sovereigns did something extraordinary, and showed a certain condescension by becoming authors. Can it be forgotten that King David and King Solomon wrote such poetry as even "Carmen Sylva," Queen—not of Sheba, but—of Roumania, could no more equal than she could fly? Are the works of Marcus Aurelius, Roman Emperor and "philosopher," of the Princess Anna Comnena, of Alfred the Great, of French Charles the Ninth, who wrote about hunting, of "Marguerite des Marguerites," and all the rest of them, blotted out of remembrance? Why, Royal authors, poets and poetesses, swarm; and common authors, if it so please them, may reflect that Royal brethren of their craft date from remote antiquity, and that, so far, there is a sort of lineage to be traced between King Solomon and "the poet Close."

The question as to "who shot the dog" has been set at rest: it was not a Volunteer, but a farm-bailiff (who, by-the-way, may be a Volunteer) at Sevenoaks, and the dog he shot was "a young pedigree bull-dog." The farm-bailiff, being sued in the County Court, pleaded that the dog in life showed symptoms of hydrophobia, but a veterinary surgeon deposed that the dog after death and dissection showed no such symptoms, and the farm-bailiff had to pay five guineas, "with costs." It is a pity that dogs cannot be made to carry a written character about with them, for it is very difficult sometimes to distinguish between what is hydrophobia and what is "all fun" on the part of an eccentric dog. The case, however, is so far satisfactory in that it establishes the value of "a young pedigree bull-dog" according to the Cocker of the Sevenoaks County Court: five pounds five shillings.

"De mortuis nil nisi bonum" is an excellent precept; but if all that has been written about the Hamburg firm of "South Sea Kings" must be accepted, there appears to be very little "bonum" indeed to be said of the lately deceased Herr Godeffroy, the founder of the "concern." He was probably a pattern of every virtue in his domestic circle; but, unfortunately, all we are told has to do with his principles of business, and they seem to have been quite shocking, if at least he is to be held responsible for the administration of his "kingdom," and if to him is to be applied the maxim, "Qui facit per alium, facit per se." Still, even the Godeffroys, whose kingdom, by-the-way, has fallen, if they did decree that "no article was" to be "sold for less than one hundred per cent on its prime cost," gave the people they employed a personal interest in the traffic, and tried their hardest to oust the sponge-like "middleman." Howbeit, the "middleman," if not too receptively sponge-like, is a very useful person, and no doubt holds the same debatable views as another about the necessity of living.

Hardly has one season's pantomime reached the zenith of its popularity before arrangements must be made for the following year. Such gigantic dimensions have scenery and effects now reached, that it takes nearly twelve months to model and carry out all the masks, armour, and grotesques, design and make the dresses, paint the canvas, and arrange the company. Already has Mr. Augustus Harris, of Drury-Lane Theatre, settled that "Aladdin" is to be the subject of his annual for 1885-6; and he has entered into engagements with those favourites of children Messrs. Nicholls and Campbell, Mr. Charles Lauri, the Misses Mario, and report says that he has persuaded the eminent burlesque actress, Miss Nellie Farren, to abandon the Gaiety, where she has been for nearly ten years, in favour of the National playhouse. To provide three hours of stage entertainment takes months of energy and thought, and occupies the attention of hundreds of people.

The change which has been announced for this year in the value and distribution of Queen's Plates, has been the death-blow of flat-racing at Ipswich. So far as sport goes, there is no reason perhaps for regret; but from the sentimental point of view it is lamentable to see poor Ipswich deprived for ever of the Royal Plate which had been its mainstay, yearly or every other year, from 1727. But the time is past when lords and gentlemen would send their horses away from home to run for one hundred guineas, and would have sent them to the antipodes for three hundred; and, on the other hand, it would seem that, even at the best of times, neither the Duke of Ancaster, nor Lord Gower, nor Mr. W. Crofts, nor anybody else, could make horse-racing, any more than Cardinal Wolsey could make his college, a flourishing institution at Ipswich. No doubt it is too near Newmarket and Cambridge.

If history repeats itself, so does petty literary or phemistic criticism. The old controversy appears to have arisen again about "a" or "an" before an "h." Once upon a time, it seemed to have been settled that the article was originally "one," and that the question was whether to talk about "a" or "an" was not to put the cart before the horse, the "a" having been used because of the difficulty in pronouncing "an" (which had superseded "one") before consonants. The correct thing would seem, therefore, to be that you should use "an" whenever it can be used without inconvenience. It would be distressing to pronounce distinctly "an parallelogram"; but it is generally easy to pronounce "an" before the aspirate without much or any modification. In the sixty-eighth Psalm ("Prayer Book") and elsewhere, we find "an" before "horse," in the words "magnify Him that rideth upon the heavens as it were upon an horse"; and surely nobody would argue that the reader was intended to say "orse" or "oss," like a stableman. It does not follow, therefore, that, when "an" is written or pronounced before the aspirate, the aspirate is necessarily to be ignored altogether.

Amongst other depressing effects, the departure of the Guards for Egypt will prove disastrous to the London tradesmen. A season that promised to be bright and profitable now looks dull and gloomy, for in all the choice spirits of society there are none more sought after than the young Guardsmen, none more popular at balls and entertainments, none so free with their money, and none so generally jovial. Nor is it absolutely necessary that the fortune of war should take them away, for should her Majesty so desire, the Household Brigade need not be called out. With regard to ordinary regiments of cavalry and infantry, they are under the orders of the War Office absolutely, but it is the prerogative of the Queen to deal autocratically if she please with the Guards. As a rule, they do not expect, except in cases of absolute urgency, to be called away from England, though of late they have done good service in the East, and useful work in Ireland. No movements or changes of stations of the Household Brigade can be made without the express authority of the Court, and it is invariably asked for, on this occasion pressed for. Indeed, it is currently reported that her Majesty was very loth to give her consent to their employment, but she yielded to the personal persuasion of the Marquis of Hartington. Society will naturally be excited and anxious during the season, for most of the noblest families in the realm have a relative or two in the Guards.

The extra vigilance properly practised by the detectives who now swarm round about the public buildings occasions some rather curious occurrences. One day this week a gentleman was entering the Law Courts, and carrying in his hand what appeared to the official to be a suspicious-looking black bag, was courteously requested to allow its contents to be inspected. Laughingly, the bearer of the parcel assented. But it contained nothing more dangerous than some clean muslin bands and a packet of sandwiches, while the supposed dynamiter proved to be one of her Majesty's Judges, learned in the law. Although it would be convenient if the police officers were better acquainted with the personality of the frequenters of the buildings they guard, yet it must be admitted that a dozen mistakes like this are preferable to one blunder in the opposite direction. Rather search the pockets of the Lord Chancellor and all the Queen's Counsel than pass one ounce of nitro-glycerine.

While it is gratifying to note the progress towards recovery made by our wounded officers and men in the Soudan, it is still more satisfactory to us, and a great compliment to our medical schools, to find how competent the regimental doctors are to deal with battle-inflicted injuries. For the past thirty years—since the Crimea—English doctors have, happily, had little or no experience of bullet-wounds, and there must be many qualified surgeons in the Army who have never even seen a sabre cut or a spear thrust. Yet, when the time comes, they are skilful enough to deal with the sufferers as successfully as their German or French professional brethren, who were engaged in recent sanguinary European wars. This fact speaks volumes in favour of the hospital training, lectures, and general plan of education adopted by the authorities in England. Let us hope that, after the termination of the Egyptian Campaign, Army doctors may have another thirty years of study from books and hearsay only.

Soon the picture season will commence, and private views will be preceded by private receptions at their studios by popular artists. Amongst some of the interesting exhibits, will be Mr. Millais' large subject picture, painted to order for Sir Michael Bass, the Chevalier Desanges' portrait of H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, in Masonic garb, and Mr. Joseph Clark's domestic groups of pretty children. It is not likely that Meissonier will show in England this season, though he has just completed two interesting studies. One, a grey sombre view of the banks of the Seine, near Poissy, with the figure of a solitary horseman; and the other, a family picture of a group of people playing ball. Every detail is depicted in this great French master's most minute style. Mr. Frith's contribution to Burlington House is an historical subject—"The Termination of John Knox's Interview with Mary Queen of Scots." The chief portrait there will be that of Lord Dufferin, by Mr. Frank Holl; while the popular President of the Royal Academy will, for a change, exhibit a huge piece of statuary. Mr. Luke Fildes has nearly completed a large work dealing with outdoor Venetian life. Mr. Vicat Cole has devoted himself to the portraiture of Father Thames; Mr. Herbert Schmalz is the exponent of Elaine, an idyll ever attractive to the artistic mind; Mr. Briton Rivière has expended a vast amount of time and pains on a picture entitled "The Sheep-Stealer"; and Mr. Marcus Stone has a new treatment of "The Gambler's Wife," with Gadshill, the country house of Charles Dickens, as a background.

M. David D'Angers, the son of the celebrated sculptor, has presented all his father's original medallions to the Louvre. This is a gift worth having.

The intimate associates of men of genius shine sometimes with a reflected glory, and we are glad to see that a biography will be shortly published of Thomas Poole, of Nether Stowey. He was a self-taught man, with fine qualities both of head and heart, and a keen appreciation of literary excellence, and at the close of the last century drew round him in his Somersetshire home the young poets who were destined to make a revolution in the art. With Poole, Coleridge formed, as Mr. Traill has lately told us, "one of the longest and closest friendships of his life." In a cottage belonging to Poole he prepared, in 1797, an edition of his poems, and the same year witnessed his memorable acquaintance with Wordsworth. In the same month of the same year, Charles and Mary Lamb appeared at the cottage, and of Elia, as well as of the two great poets, and their illustrious friend Southey, Poole was the genial host and intimate associate. It is said that a large number of letters, hitherto unpublished, will appear in the biography, and thus we are likely to have a fresh picture of a most interesting period of literary history.

"Better late than never" may have been the remark, perhaps, that occurred to Mr. William Fenwick when, according to report, he was "removed from Chester-le-Street Workhouse by a Sunderland solicitor" to clutch an inheritance of "£175,000, besides landed estates at Benwell, Holmside, and other places." Seventy-eight years of age, though, is rather late in the day; and that is said to be Mr. Fenwick's. If he be a descendant of the Mr. Fenwick, of Bywell, Northumberland, owner of the famous race-horse and sire, Match 'em, he would, were he a younger man, be very likely to patronise the Turf; and, even as things are, it may not be amiss to mention the case of the once well-known Mr. Jemmy Golding, of Helmsley Moors, who, when he was "rising" ninety-two, remarked to Mr. John Scott, the celebrated "Wizard" of Whitewall, quite casually: "There are no hunters bred nowadays, Mr. Scott; I 'll just away and buy some broodmares and breed a few."

The late M. Du Sommerard, director of the Hôtel Cluny, Paris, may be said to have met his death in the cause of his beloved museum. A few weeks ago he received a letter from a lady requesting an audience, and as he recognised the writing as that of a distinguished woman no longer young, he at once called on her. She received him in a superb salon filled with precious *objets d' art*, and took him through several rooms which were so completely occupied with similar treasures that even every inch of space under the beds was crowded. She told M. Du Sommerard that she and her late husband had made the collection, and as he was dead and had no relatives, and she had none of her own to leave it to, she wished to bequeath it to the Hôtel Cluny; adding that there was a similar collection at her country château, which was to be included, and invited him to go and inspect it. Of course he did so, and a catalogue was prepared, and also the outline of a legal document, giving all these valuables to the Cluny Museum. It was on leaving the notary's office after signing the deed which made over to the State a most valuable collection of works of art, that M. Du Sommerard caught the chill that in a few days brought him to the grave.

It is thought that the opening of the Antwerp Exposition Universelle, which was to have been at the beginning of May, will have to be postponed, on account of the number of demands for space that have recently come in. The building, in its original dimensions, was finished by Jan. 1, but it will have to be enlarged by about twenty thousand square yards. Belgian exhibits occupy the largest amount of space; France comes next; Germany has 6500 square yards, Russia 2000, Italy 4000, England 3600, and other countries have only asked for very small allotments. In all English exhibitions space is granted free, but as the promoters of the Antwerp scheme ask high prices, both for floor and partitions, they will probably make a great commercial success of their undertaking.

A magnificent ball was given last week by the King and Queen of Italy at the Quirinal. All accounts agree in declaring that Queen Marguerite looked charming, and that her dress was magnificent, but they differ as to its colour. No one knows what to call this particular *nuance*, and Dame Fashion herself has not yet named it; so one says that the tint was mastic, another styles it *raisin de Corinthe*, and a third Ophelia. This last is decidedly the prettiest appellation.

France evidently desires to claim all the prominent Arabs of the day, and has just discovered that Osman Digna is in reality one of her sons. He was born in 1832 at Rouen, and his real name is Alphonse Vinet; but his father dying when he was quite little, the widow, in 1837, married a merchant of Alexandria. This gentleman was French on his mother's side of the house and Egyptian on his father's, and very rich. He was extremely fond of his wife's child by her first marriage, insisted on his taking his name, and when he died, in 1842, left him a fortune of about £20,000. Money makes money, and Osman Digna, at the age of fifty, is probably very rich in real property, and also in the prestige which accompanies wealth in Eastern countries.

The Women's Suffrage question seems to be commanding almost as much attention in France as it does here. Though our Gallic neighbours reverence the weaker vessels chiefly as wives and mothers, they think that widows who may be good women of business, and are left by their husbands to manage large industrial establishments, ought to have the privilege of voting. The difficulty is to extend electoral powers to experienced widows without including inexperienced maids and matrons.

The French Consul at Zanzibar has written to the Geographical Society a sad account of the scarcity of food in Central Africa. He says that famine drives the wretched natives to seek the Arab agents of the slave trade in order to obtain food. They sell their wives and children and finally themselves, and prices have fallen so low that the market value of a man is about three shillings and eightpence, and that of a young woman seven and six.

THE WAR IN THE SOUDAN.

After the Fall of Khartoum, the lamented death of Gordon, and the defection or destruction of the Egyptian garrisons, to prevent all which events was the object of the Nile Expedition, a new War in the Soudan is undertaken by our Government. It is a war to be conducted from a new base of operations, the Souakim and Berber line, with an army to be doubled by the addition of ten thousand British and Indian troops landing on the Red Sea, and with objects in view which must be essentially different from those of the expedition sent out last year. The present military undertaking must be designed either to relieve Lord Wolseley's army on the Nile from a very difficult position, or to effect the conquest of the Soudan; but the latter purpose cannot readily be attributed to our Government, since Mr. Gladstone, speaking on May 12 in the House of Commons, indignantly repudiated the idea of "a war of conquest against people rightly struggling to be free"; and it may therefore be supposed that the safety and convenient withdrawal of our army, by the Berber and Souakim route, is the real end of the proposed operations. These, however, already seem likely to be on a scale of magnitude and cost equal to that of the recent expedition up the Nile; employing nearly the same amount of military forces added to those now under Lord Wolseley's command, and involving the construction of a railway from the seacoast to Berber, which place is destined apparently to be the head-quarters of the army during the summer months. Without presuming here to criticise the new plan or the new policy which has been adopted, but merely indicating its direction in order that our weekly reports may be intelligible to the ordinary reader, we proceed to give a summary of the incidents made known since Thursday of last week, and to notice the particular subjects represented in our Special Artist's Sketches and other Illustrations now published.

The later accounts of the catastrophe at Khartoum differ in some of the details from those first received. On Saturday last, an Arab, who says he was an eye-witness of the affair, reached Lord Wolseley's head-quarters at Korti, having travelled on a camel across the Desert to Debbeh, whence he was conveyed by the river to Korti in a steam-pinnace under command of Lieutenant Reid, R.N. He calls himself Abdul Kerim, a native of Wady Halfa, and describes himself as a servant of General Gordon. He states that Khartoum was delivered to the enemy by Faragh Pasha, the commander of Gordon's Soudanese troops, who, early in the morning on Jan. 27, treacherously opened the gate in the southern wall. The Mahdi's fighting men were close at hand, and at once rushed into the town. General Gordon, hearing the noise, went out, armed with a sword and axe. He was accompanied by Ibrahim Bey, the chief clerk, and twenty men. He went towards the house of the Austrian Consul. On his way he met a party of the Mahdi's men, who fired a volley, and General Gordon was shot dead. The Arabs then rushed on with their spears, and killed the chief clerk and nine of the men; the rest escaped. The Austrian Consul, Herr Hansal, was also killed; the Greek Consul Nicola is alive, and a prisoner; all the rest of the Europeans were killed, also most of the notables. The bulk of the inhabitants fraternised with the Mahdi's men. With the exception of the firing upon General Gordon's party, there was no fighting whatever. No women or children were killed, and all who surrendered and gave up their valuables were allowed to go away without harm. The Mahdi is reported to have hanged the traitor Faragh. His troops were, when the man left Khartoum, still too much occupied by the plunder of the town to think of moving forward against Gubat. Indeed, a great many of the Mahdi's best troops were killed at Metammeh. The people employed in the arsenal, for the most part Greeks, were killed by the Mahdi's men. The only person beside Consul Nicola spared and kept as prisoner was the doctor. All the others were kept prisoners for three days and then allowed to go free. The Mahdi did not enter the town until three days after its capture, and then only remained there for a short time. Faragh Pasha was a black slave; he was given his freedom and advanced by General Gordon, who trusted him implicitly. The Arab, Abdul Kerim, adds that all the Europeans in Khartoum who refused to become Mussulmans were killed. His story is regarded at Korti as being circumstantial enough to be true, and it fully confirms Sir Charles Wilson's report, which was at first much doubted in official quarters there.

We published, in the later portion of our last week's impression, the news of Thursday morning, contained in a dispatch from Lord Wolseley to the War Office, announcing a battle fought on Tuesday, the 10th inst., against the Monassir and Robatat tribes, by the brigade of Major-General Earle, on the banks of the Nile, opposite Dulka Island, seventy-five miles above Merawi. The British force, consisting of the South Staffordshire (38th) and 42nd Royal Highlanders (Black Watch) regiments, won a complete victory, fighting at a place called Kerbekan, on very rugged and difficult ground at the head of the Shukook Pass. But this victory was dearly purchased by the deaths of the able and experienced commander, Major-General Earle, and of Lieutenant-Colonel Eyre and Brevet Lieutenant-Colonel Coveny, commanding, respectively, the two excellent regiments above named. Portraits of these three gallant officers are given in our present publication. The other losses on the British side amounted only to four or five soldiers of each regiment killed, and several officers, including Lieutenant-Colonel Wauchope, Captain A. B. Horsbrugh, and Lieutenants the Hon. J. Colborne and T. F. Kennedy severely wounded, besides nearly forty wounded soldiers. The loss of the enemy is reckoned at five hundred or more. Colonel Henry Brackenbury, R.A., C.B., who took command of General Earle's force after the death of that officer, has been raised to the position of Brigadier-General. He will continue to hold command of the advanced force on the river Nile in future operations upon Abu Ahmed and Berber. Lord Wolseley has telegraphed to the Khedive that he believes that the road to Berber by the Nile is now clear, and that there will be no further fighting until the British column under General Brackenbury reaches that place.

With reference to the previous movement of General Earle's column up the Nile from Korti, by Merawi, the Gerendid Cataract, and Handab, which has been described in former accounts of this campaign, we now present two Illustrations of Merawi (from Abou Dom, the opposite bank of the river) and of the camp at Handab, which are supplied by the Sketches we received from the late Lieutenant-Colonel Coveny, made by that officer, some days before his death, expressly for the use of this Journal.

The force now commanded by Brigadier-General Brackenbury, ascending the Nile in boats, still have about 200 miles of waterway to traverse before they reach Berber, and, as it is not expected that they will be able to do more than six or seven miles a day, they cannot reach that place, even if no opposition is offered on the way, much before March 10. General Earle had with him, all told, 115 officers and nearly 3000 men. At Gubat there are 50 officers and 1000 men, and General Buller has arrived there with reinforcements that bring the strength up to 97 officers and 2300 men, a force strong enough to warrant an assault of Metammeh. At Korti General Wolseley has 82 officers and 1500 men, and on Nile communications about 2000 men and 40 officers. All told, Lord Wolseley's force numbers 450 officers and 9600 men.

The public anxiety regarding the condition of Sir Herbert Stewart has been greatly relieved by the announcement made on Wednesday that Sir Herbert is doing well, and that he is among the wounded who are being conveyed to Korti. The convoy of all remaining sick and wounded, seventy-five all ranks, commanded by Colonel Talbot, left Gubat early morning of 13th inst., and reached Abou Klea safely. Eight or nine miles distant from Gubat, they halted for breakfast, and when about to resume the march, had a long skirmish with a convoy of men, guns, and ammunition on the way from Khartoum to Metammeh. The skirmish lasted about one hour and a half, when the enemy retreated. The Light Camel Regiment, on its way from Abou Klea to Gubat, arrived towards the close of the skirmish. The British loss was one man killed and five wounded.

In view of the proposed reinforcement of the troops in Egypt, it is interesting to note that the total number of infantry battalions in that country and the Soudan, according to the latest official return, was twelve, that number, however, having been increased by the arrival of the 2nd Royal Sussex Regiment from Malta. These are made up as follow:—1st Battalion Cameron Highlanders, 1st Gordon Highlanders, 1st Royal West Kent, 1st Royal Irish, 1st Berkshire Regiment, 2nd Essex, 1st Royal Highlanders, 1st South Staffordshire, 1st Royal Sussex, 2nd Royal Sussex, 2nd Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry, 1st Yorkshire, 2nd East Surrey. There are also five batteries of Artillery, four companies of Engineers, exclusive of the Telegraph Battalion and Field Park, the Camel Corps, Mounted Infantry, two companies of the Commissariat and Transport Staff, one company of the Ordnance Corps, and one regiment of cavalry, the 19th Hussars, the Marines, and the Naval Brigade.

The following is a list (nominal strength) of the additional troops now under orders for the Soudan, Lower Egypt, and the Mediterranean:—Royal Horse Artillery, G-B Brigade, with four guns, also Field Artillery and Garrison Artillery; Cavalry, 5th Lancers, two squadrons, and 20th Hussars, two squadrons; Royal Engineers, 24th Company, also Telegraph Section and Balloon Detachment; Infantry, 3rd Grenadier Guards, 830 rank and file; 1st Coldstream Guards, 800 men; 2nd Scots Guards, 800 men; 2nd Durham Light Infantry, 870 men; 1st Dorsetshire, 800 men; 1st Shropshire, 850; 3rd Rifle Brigade, 897; 3rd Royal Dublin Fusiliers, 910; 1st Cheshire, 640; 2nd East Surrey, 800; and 1st Yorkshire, 700; Commissariat and Transport Corps, four Mounted Companies, and four not mounted; Medical Staff Corps, two Bearer Companies, and four or five Field Hospitals; Ordnance Store Corps, Veterinary Departmented, and Military Mounted Police. The whole force, it is understood, shows 11,126—viz., 336 officers, 51 warrant officers, 10,739 men, 983 horses, and four guns—which will be dispatched, respectively, as follows:—To Souakim, 6713; Alexandria, 1829; Cairo, 54; Suez, 144; Gibraltar, 1582; and Malta, 824. Among the infantry force to be employed in the Souakim-Berber campaign are a battalion of eight companies of the Royal Marine Light Infantry, who have for over a year garrisoned Souakim; also three companies of the Royal Marine Artillery. The 9th Bengal Lancers, 15th Sikhs, 17th Bengal Infantry, and a Bombay native infantry regiment will arrive at Souakim about March 5; the British regiments some three days later.

Lieutenant-General Sir Gerald Graham, with his aides-de-camp and several officers, would start from London yesterday (Friday) evening for Souakim, viâ Paris and Brindisi. Major-General Sir George Greaves, Major-General Sir John C. M'Neill, and Commissary-General Robertson would start on the same day. The latter has been appointed Chief Commissariat Officer of the Expedition. Sir John C. M'Neill has appointed Lieutenant the Hon. A. D. Charteris, of the 1st Coldstream Guards, to be his aide-de-camp while in command of the second Brigade of the new expeditionary force. Surgeon-General Oliver Barnett has been appointed Principal Medical Officer in command of the Medical Staff and Army Hospital Corps about to be dispatched to Souakim.

His Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge visited Aldershott on Saturday, and inspected the troops about to leave for the Soudan. With respect to the efficiency of all ranks the Commander-in-Chief expressed his satisfaction. He also inspected the Guards at Wellington Barracks and at Windsor on Wednesday, previous to their embarkation next day and Friday at Gravesend.

Her Majesty's Government has received the offer of New South Wales to equip and dispatch a battalion of infantry and a battery of artillery for service in the Soudan. An offer of assistance has also been received from Victoria. There is a similar offer from South Australia. The proposal of Colonel Williams to bring a regiment of Canadian Militia to England has not been declined.

Prince Hassan, the Khedive's brother, has been requested by the English Government, at Lord Wolseley's suggestion, to accompany the British Expedition in the character of Civil Commissioner. His Highness has expressed his willingness to take part in the operations, on condition that the Soudan be constituted an autonomous province of Egypt, and that an army of 3000 men, exclusively Mohammedans, shall be formed by him. It is stated that Prince Hassan has accepted the command of a troop of Egyptian cavalry in the Soudan Expedition.

The Government having approved the contract with Messrs. Lucas and Aird for the construction of a railway from Souakim in the direction of Berber, no time is being lost in making the necessary preparations, the contractors being instructed to carry out the work with the least possible delay. The Admiralty have been instructed to find tonnage for the conveyance of all the stock, locomotives, gear, rails, and sleepers, besides the staff of men. On Friday a staff of Messrs. Lucas and Aird's engineers and clerks would leave London for Souakim, viâ Brindisi, and two hundred navvies would be dispatched this week. It is believed that a large number of native labourers can be engaged at Souakim for the rougher and unskilled work. The route having been already surveyed, the actual construction of the line can be commenced without delay. The gauge is to be 4 ft. 8½ in., the rails being good flat-bottomed iron, laid upon wooden sleepers, and this is thought to indicate that the railway is intended to be of a permanent character, although the primary object of its construction is to bring stores from the base of General Graham's operations at Souakim to the nearest convenient spot at which his troops may be. The work is to be done in sections, as the Government may direct. Carriages are likewise to be provided, and several small six-wheel locomotives of an improved pattern.

Our Illustrations this week comprise a Sketch by Mr. Melton Prior, our Special Artist, of the Head-quarters' Camp of Lord Wolseley at Korti, showing the respective positions of all the different corps there assembled, previously to the advance of Sir Herbert Stewart's brigade across the Desert and that of General Earle up the river to Merawi; another of Mr. Prior's Sketches, taken at the wells and halting-place of Abou Halfa, on the Desert march; the two Sketches by Lieut.-Colonel Coveny before mentioned, taken at Merawi and Handab in the progress of General Earle's column; and two more Views of Khartoum and Tuti Island, from the Sketches made in April, 1863, by Lieutenant-Colonel J. A. Grant, F.R.S., one of which shows the position that must have been reached by Charles Wilson's steam-boat, on the 28th ult., when he reconnoitred the aspect of the captured city. We also give an Illustration of the industrial activity which has been aroused in certain Government establishments in London, connected with the War Department, by the hurried preparations for the equipment of the large number of troops ordered to join the new military expedition to Souakim. The Army Clothing Factory at Pimlico, where about fifteen hundred hands are now employed in full work, can turn out nearly ten thousand suits of special service dress for soldiers in a week. The dresses furnished upon this occasion for the Soudan campaign are different from ordinary regimental uniforms, consisting of trousers and frock made of "kharki" or dust-brown drill, with "puggarees" or sun-helmets; "putties" for the mounted troops, which are strips of cloth to be wound about the legs, below the knee; broad belts of flannel to be worn round the waist, veils and goggle spectacles to protect the eyes. The needlework and sewing-machine work, as well as the cutting-out, performed on this wholesale scale at Pimlico, will be a most serviceable contribution to the great business of the war.

THE LATE LIEUT.-COLONEL COVENY.

By a remarkable and not less deplorable fatality, in the battle fought at Kerbekan, on the Nile, seventy-five miles above Merawi, by the force under Major-General Earle, C.B., on the 10th inst., among the few slain on our side were the General himself and the commanding officers of the two British regiments, the 42nd (Black Watch) Royal Highlanders and the 38th (South Staffordshire), immediately engaged in the conflict. Portraits of all three appear in our publication of this week. With respect to Brevet Lieutenant-Colonel R. C. Coveny, of the Royal Highlanders, we have to acknowledge, on behalf of the *Illustrated London News*, a very recent contribution from him of Sketches illustrating the advance of General Earle's column up the Nile from Korti to the country of the Monassir and Robatat tribes, where he and the other gallant officers above-named were to meet their death. We received, a few days ago, a letter from Major J. H. Sandwith, of General Earle's Staff, dated the 23rd ult. at Merawi, apprising us that he had, at the request of our Special Artist, Mr. Melton Prior, kindly invited an officer to furnish Sketches for this Journal, and that Lieutenant-Colonel Coveny had promised to do us this service. This intimation was followed by a letter from Lieutenant-Colonel Coveny, dated Jan. 22, at the camp of "Kerf-el-Handab," higher up the river, with eight capital Sketches of the route as far as Handab; of the British encampment there; of the Mudir of Dongola's Egyptian or Nubian troops; of Merawi and Abou Dom, on the opposite bank; of the view at the upper end of the Gerendid Cataract, just below Handab; and of other scenes which are interesting in connection with General Earle's advance along the route up the Nile. Two of the Sketches drawn by Lieutenant-Colonel Coveny are presented in our Extra Supplement, together with the Portrait of General Earle, and the others will be engraved next week. Lieut.-Colonel Coveny says, in writing to us, "Being informed by Major Sandwith, of the Head-quarters Staff, that you would like some sketches sent from this part of the Nile, I have much pleasure in sending you the inclosed, and hope they may be of some use to you." After some brief notes upon the particular subjects he has delineated, he concludes as follows:—"I shall do my best, as far as my duties will allow, to send you sketches on our way up the River to Abou Ahmed, where I believe we are going, as we are ordered to pack up our tents to-morrow and bivouac here. The tents are to be carefully put away in the boats, where they will not be in the way, as we do not expect to see them for three weeks' time." This was on the 22nd ult.; and we sincerely regret, not only, in common with all his acquaintance and society in general, the death of an esteemed and accomplished British officer, but our own loss of an opportunity to thank him, while living, for a service voluntarily rendered by him, in a most obliging manner, to this Journal and its readers.

Lieutenant-Colonel Robert Charles Coveny was born Nov. 4, 1842. He received his commission as ensign of the 23rd Regiment in January, 1862, and in September of the same year was transferred to the 42nd (Royal Highlanders). He was appointed Lieutenant Jan. 30, 1866; Captain, May 8, 1875; Major, Sept. 29, 1882; and Brevet Lieutenant-Colonel, Nov. 18, 1882. Lieutenant-Colonel Coveny took part in the Ashantee war, and was present at the several battles and the capture of Coomassie. He was engaged in the Egyptian Expedition, and was wounded at Tel-el-Kebir. He was also present at the battles of Teb and Tamai.

The Portrait is from a photograph by Mr. Van der Weyde (the Van der Weyde Electric Light process), 182, Regent-street.

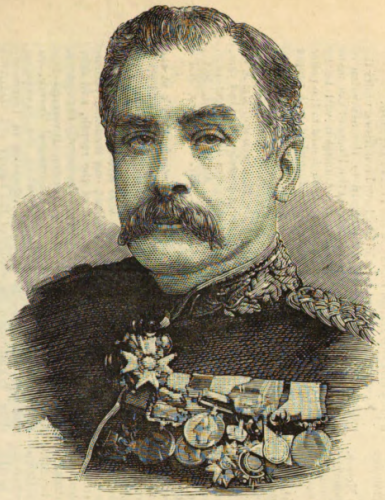
The Italian Government have awarded the silver medal for acts of civil valour to Captain William Taylor, of the British schooner Constance, of Greenock, for rescuing from drowning a pilot and two Italian sailors in the Port of Leghorn.

New and stringent regulations have been issued under the authority of the Speaker with regard to the admission of strangers to the galleries and lobbies of the House of Commons during the sittings of the House. Admission will be by tickets, and strict instructions have been issued to the police to exclude all persons save such as are furnished with proper admissions.

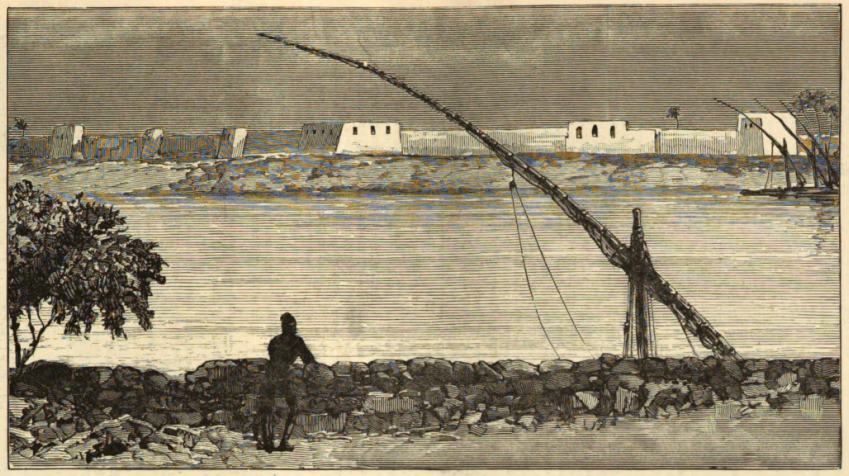
Yesterday week the eighth annual meeting of the Chamber of Shipping of the United Kingdom was held at Cannon-street Hotel, under the chairmanship of Mr. H. Green and Mr. J. G. Corrie successively, the former being president for last year, and the latter for this year. The delegates dined together in the evening, when Sir D. Murray, Mr. Norwood, M.P., Mr. Corry, M.P., Sir E. Reed, M.P., Mr. C. Wilson, M.P., and other gentlemen, made speeches.

An influential meeting was held yesterday week at the Mansion House to obtain further support for the Parkes Museum. It was shown that the Institution had done good public service. The Lord Mayor, who presided, and the Duke of Cambridge were among those who advocated the object aimed at. It was stated that at least one thousand pounds ought to be raised before the end of the month, and subscriptions beyond this amount were subsequently announced.

The third annual ball of the London Inverness-shire Association, will be held at the Freemasons' Tavern, on Friday, March 6. The objects for which the Association was instituted are:—To encourage education in Inverness-shire; to cultivate a knowledge of the history and traditions of the County and the Highlands generally; to assist, by every means in its power, deserving persons, natives of Inverness-shire, who may stand in need of the influence and assistance of the Association; and to promote friendly intercourse among Inverness-shire men, resident in or near London.



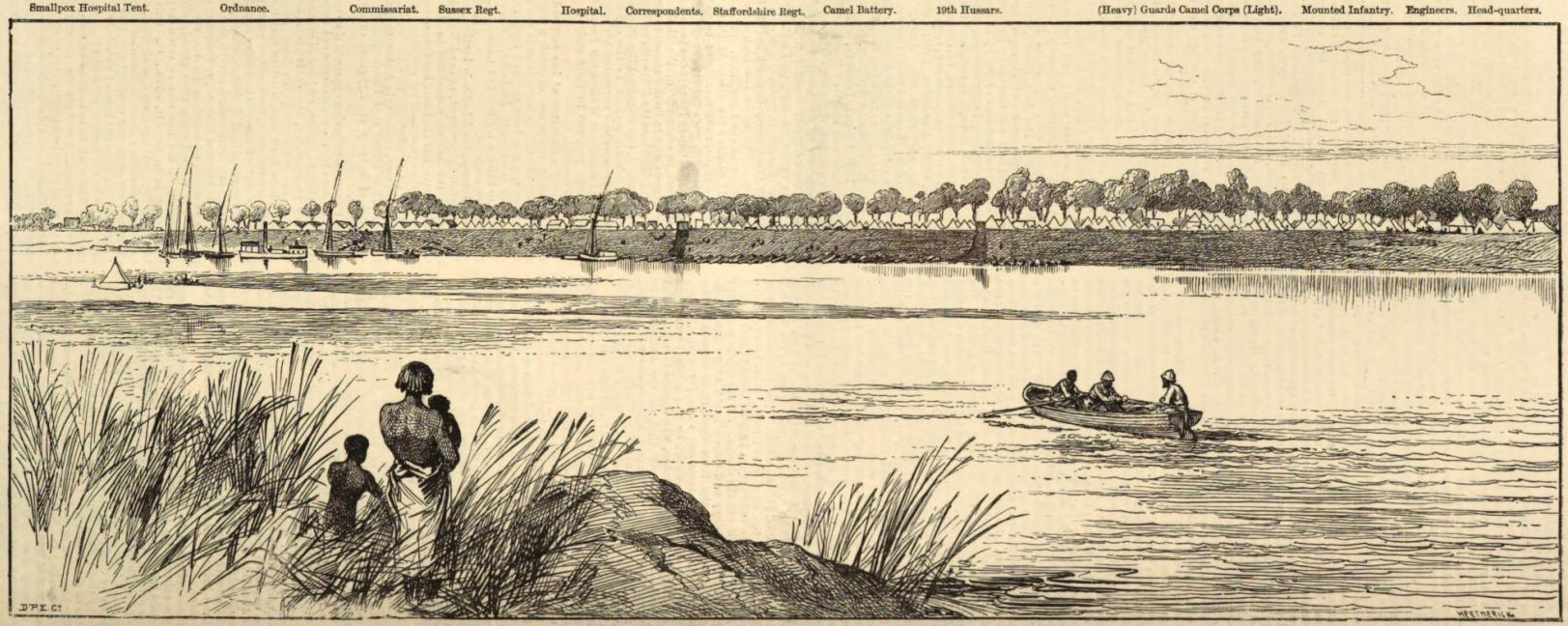
LIEUT.-GENERAL SIR GERALD GRAHAM, V.C., K.C.B.,
APPOINTED TO COMMAND THE FORCES AT SOUAKIM.



THE WAR IN THE SOUDAN: THE ISLAND OF TUTI, FROM KHARTOUM, LOOKING OVER THE BLUE NILE.



THE LATE MAJOR L. M. CARMICHAEL,
5TH (ROYAL IRISH) LANCERS, KILLED IN THE SOUDAN.



THE WAR IN THE SOUDAN: VIEW OF THE HEAD-QUARTERS CAMP AT KORTI FROM THE OPPOSITE SIDE OF THE NILE.
SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. MELTON PRIOR.



The Late Mr. Cameron, "Standard" Correspondent. Our Artist, Mr. Melton Prior.

THE DESERT MARCH. TWO O'CLOCK IN THE MORNING.—A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. MELTON PRIOR.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

Although times are bad, England is at war, the troops are mustering on the eve of their departure for the East, the political horizon is disturbed, and the civilised world is grumbling, there has seldom been seen such activity in the theatrical world, or so many novelties announced for immediate production. It is ever so. During the Crimean war; again, when North and South were enemies in America; and during the Franco-Prussian campaign, theatres, according to rumour, never did so well. People go to the playhouse to forget their trouble; and it is natural. Next Saturday an old friend will appear with a new face at the Court. Mr. James Albery, who some years ago did a capital version of Emile Augier's "Les Fourchambault" for the Haymarket, and called it "The Crisis," has revised his play according to modern tastes, and re-names it "The Denhams." Mrs. John Wood alone remains of the original cast, that included Louise Moodie, Miss Eastlake, and Charles Kelly; but surely efficient substitutes should be found in Lydia Foote, Marion Terry, and John Clayton, with Arthur Cecil thrown in for a small sketch of strong character. The play did extremely well at the Haymarket, and there is no reason why similar success should not attend it at the Court. It is an interesting human story; and, if Augier is not seen here at his very best, it is a valuable specimen of his work. The comedy was originally played by Got, Coquelin, Reichemberg, and Croizette, at the Français, in April, 1878.

Could any old playgoer, with the plays of a past generation at his fingers' ends, stand at attention and tell the story of "The Hunchback," by Sheridan Knowles? It is open to grave doubt if he could. It is one of the most popular "star" parts in the répertoire of a leading actress. Everyone who has acquired notoriety must have played Julia at some time or other, and yet nobody seems to know one word about the play or is attracted by its story. For fifty-three years "The Hunchback" has held the stage. It was originally performed at Covent Garden in 1832. Miss Fanny Kemble—happily now alive—was the Julia; Sheridan Knowles, the author, was Master Walter; Charles Kemble, Sir Thomas Clifford; Abbott was Modus, and Miss Taylor, Helen. For more than half a century playgoers have been dreaming over the periods and the platitudes of the literary Irishman who carried rhetoric into fact, and called it poetry. For once in a way, however, "The Hunchback" will have a chance. No one can go to sleep over the play when Miss Mary Anderson plays Julia. The cast includes Arthur Stirling, an excellent actor, the popular William Terriss, and Miss Pateman. If Mr. Abbey has been autocratic enough to cut freely at the dull dialogue, all will be well. Twenty years ago it was a heresy to say that Sheridan Knowles was a bore. But in these days we are more outspoken. And is it not a curious circumstance to find the two great authors of our fathers' theatrical days unburied in the same week? Sheridan Knowles on Tuesday; the late Lord Lytton on Thursday next. "Junius; or, The Household Gods," by Edward Bulwer, Lord Lytton, is, if report speak true, founded on the chapter of Roman history immortalised by Shakspeare in his poem, "The Rape of Lucrece." It was originally called "Brutus," and was offered successively to Samuel Phelps and Henry Irving for production at Sadler's Wells and the Lyceum. That the play so long buried will have ample justice done to it by Mr. Wilson Barrett and his clever company there can be no possible doubt, and the leading actors will look their parts. Mr. Barrett might have stepped off a Roman coin, and has as classical a face as Garnier, whose Justinian is such a striking performance in Sardou's "Theodora"; and surely Mr. Willard will look the Sextus Tarquinius of Macaulay, if not of Shakspeare or Lytton. "But when the face of Sextus was seen among the foes, a yell that rent the firmament from all the town arose. On the housetops was no woman but spat toward him and hissed; no child but screamed out curses and shook its little fist." Such plays should not be approached without serious reading. A course of Niebuhr, Martial, Merivale, Shakspeare, Macaulay, and Liddell is necessary before attending the shrine of "The Household Gods." The critics can no longer lounge on "triclinia" with the noble author of the play, or quaff Falernian called forth at his bidding *ab imo cavernæ*, crowned with chaplets of flowers; so his successor, who is sensitive on these points of hospitality, need not fear that justice will be done to the play and its brilliant author.

Saturday week will see a revival of "Masks and Faces" at the Haymarket, wherein Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft are seen at their very best as Triplet and Peg Woffington; and among the forthcoming novelties will be the long overdue drama by Mr. G. R. Sims at the Adelphi, which is anticipated with great eagerness, and the production, for the first time in London, at the Olympic Theatre, for the benefit of Mr. J. G. Graham, of the Spanish drama called "A Passion Flower; or, Woman and the Law." This will be an interesting occasion, for the whole of the original provincial company, including Mr. and Mrs. Bullen (Miss Fanny Brough), Mr. and Mrs. G. Canninge, and the charming child Maude Clitheroe, will appear.

Jane May, the pretty French actress who has succeeded Jane Hading at the French plays, seems determined to follow the art of suggestiveness, instead of the art of sweetness and nature. She was a clever imitator of Celine Chaumont in "Divorçons," and now she is equally facile as a follower in the footsteps of Judic in "Niniche," a play of which the less said the better. Without much voice, she knows how to express a ballad; but her style is too refined and her manner too gentle for these tricky, unsatisfactory representations of modern French life. In one department of our art we are infinitely superior to the French. They have no girls to play girls' characters in a natural manner. We have them in abundance. There is never any difficulty in finding the clergyman's daughter, or the squire's little sister, or one of those simple English maidens that M. Taine admired so much. Take a case in point, the play of "Denise," by Dumas, now being acted at the Français. There is a charming girl's part, Marthe, but it is spoiled by the mincing affectation of Reichemberg, who according to the traditions of the French stage makes her ridiculously affected, and consequently unnatural. Now, Jane May is exactly the actress who should have created Marthe and altered the artistic complexion of the play. She would have been as natural in her love as in her hate, in her wilfulness as in her resignation. Why does she not remain the ingénue, and leave "Divorçons" and "Niniche" alone?

C. S.

Mr. J. H. Cobbe's first annual benefit takes place at the Princess's this (Saturday) morning, when "Hamlet" will be performed by Mr. Wilson Barrett, Miss Eastlake, and full company; and this evening the 150th performance of Mr. Henry A. Jones's successful play "Saints and Sinners" will take place at the Vaudeville Theatre.

Miss Amy McNeil, who last year played a round of leading characters at the Surrey Theatre with gratifying success, has been engaged by Mr. Augustus Harris for his ensuing autumn dramatic season at Drury-Lane Theatre.

GENERAL GORDON.

The Coloured Portrait of the late GENERAL GORDON, *issued with the* ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS *in March*, 1884, *has been re-printed, and will be forwarded, post-free, to any address on receipt of Six Penny Stamps.*

Ingram Brothers, 198, *Strand, London, W.C.*

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PRINCESS'S THEATRE.—Mr. WILSON BARRETT, Lessee and Manager.—LAST TWO PERFORMANCES of HAMLET, FRIDAY EVENING, FEB. 20, at 7.45; and SATURDAY MORNING, FEB. 21, at 1.30. Characters by Messrs. Wilson Barrett, Willard, Dewhurst, Spottiswoode, Clifford Cooper, Frank Cooper, Cranford, Hudson, Doone, De Solla, &c., and George Barrett; Mesdames Eastlake, Dickens, &c., and M. Leighton. Doors, 7.15. Box-Office, 9.30 to Five. No fees. Business Manager, Mr. J. H. Cobbe.

JUNIUS; OR, THE HOUSEHOLD GODS, by the late Lord Lytton, will be produced (for the first time on any stage) by Mr. WILSON BARRETT, at the PRINCESS'S, on THURSDAY EVENING NEXT, FEB. 26. Box-Office open daily from 9.30 till Five. No fees of any kind. Prices: Private Boxes, from one to nine guineas; Stalls, 10s.; Dress Circle, 6s.; Upper Circle, 3s.—PRINCESS'S.

THE PRINCE'S THEATRE.—Mrs. LANGTRY, Sole Proprietor, Mr. EDGAR BRUCE. Season under the direction of Mr. HENRY E. ABBEY. EVERY EVENING, at Eight, Sheridan's Comedy, in five acts, SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL, produced under the direction of Mr. Coghlan. Characters by Mr. W. Farren, Mr. H. Beerbohm Tree, Mr. Everill, Mr. A. Wood, Mr. E. D. Lyons, Mr. Lin Rayne, Mr. Carne, Mr. Smedley, Mr. Crisp, Mr. Thorpe, Mr. Dorrell, Mr. Weatherley, and Mr. Coghlan; Mrs. Arthur Stirling, Miss Kate Pattison, Miss Eva Soltern, and Mrs. LANGTRY. Doors open at Half-past Seven; SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL at Eight. Carriages at Eleven. Box-Office open daily from Eleven till Five. No fees. Telephone 3780.—Matinée of SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL, SATURDAY NEXT, FEB. 28, at Two o'clock. Doors open 1.30. Carriages at Five.—THE PRINCE'S THEATRE, Coventry-street, W.

JAPANESE VILLAGE.
Under Royal Patronage,
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Eleven a.m. to Ten p.m. One Shilling. Children under Twelve, Sixpence.
WEDNESDAYS, Half-a-Crown. Children under Twelve, One Shilling.
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Performances in the New Annexe at Twelve, Three, and Eight (free).
Managing Director, TANNAKER BURICOSSAN.

MONTE CARLO.—MUSICAL SEASON (CONCERTS, REPRESENTATIONS).
In addition to the usual Concerts, directed by Monsieur Romeo Accursi, the Société des Bains de Mer de Monaco has authorised M. Pasdeloup to arrange a Series of Extraordinary Grand Musical Entertainments (Concerts, Representations) this Winter.
The services of the following distinguished Artistes have been already retained:—

Mesdames Krauss,	Messieurs, Faure,
" Devriès,	" Verguet,
" Sailu,	" Capoul,
" Donadio,	" Blockstein,
" Frank-Duvernoy,	" Couturier,
" Belloca,	" Villaret,
" Simmonet.	&c.

Added to which the celebrated Instrumentalists will appear:
VIOLINISTS:
Mons. Sivori, Mons. Marsik, Miss N. Carpenter, American artiste, 1st Conservatoire Prize, 1883.
PIANISTS: Mons. Planté, Mons. Th. Ritter, Madame Essipoff.
HARPIST: Mons. Hasselmans.
These Extraordinary Representations will be given each Wednesday and Saturday, commencing the end of January and terminating the middle of March.
M. Pasdeloup has the excellent idea to terminate each concert by fragments of operas, in costume, and scenery—viz.:

1st Concert.	LES HUGUENOTS.	Fourth Act.
2nd "	RIGOLETTO.	Fourth Act.
3rd "	LUCIA.	Selection.
4th "	MANON.	Second Act.
	FAUST.	Prison Scene.
5th "	HERODIADE.	Selection.
6th "	FAVORITE.	Selection.
	AIDA.	Third Act.
7th "	LAKME.	Selection.
8th "	LE BARBIER.	Selection.
9th "	HAMLET.	Third and Fourth Act.
10th "	LA TRAVIATA.	Fourth Act.
11th "	FAUST.	Garden Scene.
12th "	LE SIGURD.	Brunhilde's Dream.
	LE CHALET.	

TIR AUX PIGEONS DE MONACO.
The following is the Programme:—
BI-WEEKLY MATCHES FOR PRIZES.
Feb. 21: Prix Camauer. An object of Art and a Poule of 50f.
Feb. 24: Prix Drevon. A Purse of 200f. and a Poule of 50f.
Feb. 28: Prix Dori. An object of Art and a Poule of 50f.
Mar. 3: Prix de Mars. A Purse of 500f. and a Poule of 50f.
Mar. 7: Prix Patton. An object of Art and a Poule of 50f.
Mar. 10: Prix W. Cali. A Purse of 500f., added to a Poule of 50f.
GRAND CLOSING PRIZES.
March 12 and 13: Grand Prix de Clôture. A Purse of 4000f. added to 100f. entrance; Second Prize, 1000f.; Third Prize, 700f.; Fourth, 200f.
A. BLONDIN, Secretary.

NEWS FROM NICE.—With the exception of a very few wet and cold days, the weather is again splendid. Not a flake of snow has fallen. The sun shines almost perpetually, and the influence of its warm rays makes life enjoyable to all, and more especially to those who have by impaired health sought its influence.
There are no epidemics, and the average mortality of the city in 1884 was less per mille than London and many fashionable towns in England.
The streets, roads, and sewers are constantly cleansed and disinfected, and watered from the mountain stream of the Vesubie. There are three English doctors and physicians in practice here—viz., Messrs. West, Wakefield, and Sturge, and they will be glad to communicate with any intending visitors as to the healthfulness of the town.
The effects of the recent storm (the like of which has been unknown for thirty-five years) were comparatively trifling, and repaired in twenty-four hours. In some few low-lying rooms and cellars, near the Fish Market, the wash from the spent waves had entered, but this was soon pumped out by the firemen and military.
Visitors are hastening in increasing numbers, as is their wont at this season, and the approach of Carnival, which report says will be the best on record. The Municipal Theatre will open immediately, and the Théâtre Français, of which Mr. Cortelazzo continues the able Director, has several Star Artists for the Opera Comique, and an excellent Troupe de Comédie.
The Carnival and Regatta will be fully announced with other fêtes.
Nice, Jan. 30, 1885.

ST. JAMES'S HALL, PICCADILLY.
EVERY NIGHT at EIGHT O'CLOCK. MONDAY, WEDNESDAY, and SATURDAY at THREE also. THE
MOORE and BURGESS MINSTRELS'
TWENTIETH ANNUAL CARNIVAL OF MUSIC AND FUN. The New Programme. This and EVERY NIGHT at Eight. MONDAY, WEDNESDAY, and SATURDAY at Three and Eight. All New and Beautiful Songs. New Budget of Screamingly Funny Stories. New Comic Sketches. New and Important Additions to the Great Company.

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ANNO DOMINI, by EDWIN LONG, R.A.—This great Work is NOW ON VIEW, together with other important works, at the GALLERIES, 168, New Bond-street. Ten to Six. Admission, 1s.

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Also Trains in connection from Kensington and Liverpool-street.
Return Tickets, London to Brighton, available for eight days.
Weekly, Fortnightly, and Monthly Tickets, at Cheap Rates. Available to travel by all Trains between London and Brighton.
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SOUTH OF FRANCE, ITALY, SWITZERLAND, &c.—Tourists' Tickets are issued, enabling the holder to visit all the principal places of interest.

TICKETS and every information at the Brighton Company's West-End General Offices, 28, Regent-circus, Piccadilly, and 8, Grand Hotel Buildings; Hay's Agency, Cornhill; Cook's, Ludgate-circus; also at the Victoria and London Bridge Stations.
(By order) J. F. KNIGHT, General Manager.

MUSIC.

The Crystal Palace Saturday afternoon concerts were resumed last week with the eleventh performance of the twenty-ninth series—after the usual interval appropriated to Christmas and New-Year's entertainments. A new overture, entitled "Richard I.," by Mr. C. H. Couldery, was performed for the first time at these concerts. Although not showing any special relation to the subject of its title, it is, nevertheless, a work of considerable merit, both in subject and treatment. Another first performance at the Crystal Palace was that of an "Adagio" for violin, with accompaniment of small orchestra, composed by Mozart in 1776—a charming piece of expressive melody. The principal violin part was ably sustained by Mr. Carl Jung. Madame Essipoff gave a fine rendering of Beethoven's pianoforte concerto in E flat ("The Emperor") and unaccompanied solos, and Mdlle. A. Soubré (from Paris) made a favourable impression by her refined singing in French airs by Massenet and C. De Grandval. Other features of the programme call for no comment. Mr. Manns received the usual welcome on his reappearance as conductor.

Last Saturday's afternoon Popular Concert included the first appearance this season of Herr Joachim. The renowned violinist received the same enthusiastic greeting to which he has been accustomed during the many years of his association with these concerts. His solo performances were in the Recitative and Adagio from Spohr's Sixth Concerto; and, for the encore, two movements from the second of Bach's Sonatas for Violin, without accompaniment, all of which were admirably rendered, as was the violinist's leading share of Mendelssohn's string quartet in E minor. Herr Max Pauer again made a successful appearance as solo pianist; and Mr. W. Mills obtained much deserved applause for his effective delivery of Schubert's "Wanderer" and a song by Handel.—Herr Joachim appeared, for the second time, at this week's Monday evening concert, at which he played, with the same success as on many past occasions, the "Chaconne" from one of Bach's sonatas for violin without accompaniment, and another movement in reply to the encore; besides having been the leading violinist in the concerted music. Miss Agnes Zimmermann was the pianist and Miss Thudicum the vocalist.

Last Saturday was a busy day in the musical world. In addition to the performances adverted to above, evening concerts were given at the Royal Albert Hall and St. James's Hall. In the former instance, St. Valentine's Day was celebrated by one of Mr. W. Carter's grand national festival concerts, at which Mr. Sims Reeves and other eminent artists appeared. Our great tenor was in excellent voice, and sang four popular songs with great effect.

The Strolling Players' Amateur Orchestral Society gave a public concert at St. James's Hall last Saturday evening, when the performances of a band of nearly one hundred instrumentalists, under the direction of their conductor, Mr. N. Megone, proved that good progress has been made since the formation of the society. A specialty in the programme was a concerto by Julius Tausch for six kettle-drums (differently tuned) with orchestral accompaniments. The drums were manipulated with great skill by Mr. Gordon Cleather. Madame Osborne Williams and Mrs. Hutchinson contributed effective vocal performances.

Madame Essipoff's pianoforte recital at St. James's Hall, announced for last Monday afternoon, was suddenly postponed on account of her indisposition.

Miss Cardigan—an accomplished young flautist—gave a recital at Prince's Hall, Piccadilly, on Tuesday afternoon, when, in various performances, solo and concerted, she displayed a good tone and fluent execution. Her coadjutors were Madame Frickenhaus (pianoforte), M. Libotton (violoncello), and Mr. I. McKay as vocalist.

Ash Wednesday was celebrated by a grand performance of "The Messiah" by the Royal Albert Hall Choral Society (the eighth concert of the fourteenth season), and by a sacred concert at St. James's Hall, under the direction of Mr. John Boosey.

The fourth of the second series of Madame Jenny Viard-Louis' performances of Beethoven's works, at Prince's Hall, was announced for last Thursday afternoon.

The Bach Choir (directed by Mr. Otto Goldschmidt) was to open a new season at St. James's Hall on Thursday evening. The programme comprised Mr. C. H. H. Parry's music to scenes from Shelley's "Prometheus Unbound," the Pastoral Symphony from Bach's "Christmas Oratorio," and "The Star of Bethlehem," a short oratorio by Friederich Kiel. Of the performances, we must speak next week.

"Saul" was announced for performance by the Handel Society at St. James's Hall this (Saturday) evening.

The Philharmonic Society enters on its seventy-third season next Thursday evening, with the first of a series of six concerts. The prize (twenty guineas) for a new overture has been awarded to Gustav Ernest, of London. There were ninety competitors. The work is to be performed at the society's second concert, on March 12.

Next Friday evening the Sacred Harmonic Society will perform Handel's little-known oratorio "Belshazzar," in commemoration of the bi-centenary of the composer's birth.

Signor Mario Costa will give an evening concert next Tuesday evening at Prince's Hall. Many eminent artistes have promised their assistance; and at the same place next Thursday afternoon, Mdlle. Louise Dousste (De Fortis) will give a concert recital, assisted by well-known artists.

The excellent harpist, Adolphus Lockwood (brother of the well-known London professor of the same instrument), died recently, at Munich, where he was held in deservedly high esteem.

The commanding officers intrusted with the task of selecting a site for the Easter Monday Volunteer Review, visited Brighton on Tuesday for the purpose of inspecting the ground. The site selected is almost the same as that chosen for the review which was held there in 1883.

Major Serpa Pinto, the distinguished Portuguese traveller, who is about to set out on a new African journey, proposes to start inland from the town of Mozambique, and to cross the continent, by way of Lake Tanganyika, to the Muropue district, with the view of meeting with the Portuguese Congo expedition.

The Vestry of Lambeth and the District Board of Works for Westminster have accepted the offer of £100 from the Metropolitan Public Garden, &c., Association, towards the cost of planting trees in the public thoroughfares, and the gift of four ornamental seats, to be placed, for the public use, in the passage which crosses the disused burial-ground of Christ Church, Westminster.

A fancy-dress ball, in aid of the funds of the British Home for Incurables, Clapham, will take place at the Freemasons' Hall on Thursday, April 16, under the immediate patronage of the Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress and the President, Viscount Holmesdale, and the board of management of the institution. The Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress have consented to open the ball.

FINE ARTS.

At the Dudley Gallery there has been opened an exhibition of water colours, which may be regarded as the product of a transition period of the Art Society, of which the name is associated with the building. The amateur element, which for many years has had a large share in the management of the gallery, will in future give place to a body of professional artists. The members of the council are such as to justify the hope that at the Dudley Gallery both taste and knowledge will be brought to bear upon the selection of the works sent for exhibition. If on the present occasion there are no works of very great importance, there is, on the other hand, a very fair level maintained throughout the exhibition, especially in the landscapes. Mr. Walter Severn himself takes a new departure, as well as the society over which he presides, and in each of the works he contributes—"Waiting for a Breeze" (37) and "Cameron Bay" (183), both pleasant reminiscenses of Loch Lomond, as well as in his bit of Cornish coast, "Down Derry" (13)—he shows a far more successful attention to minute details than has been frequently the case heretofore. Mr. Herbert Marshall sends three very distinct specimens of his power: "Winter at the Lakes" (510), very delicate vignettes; a bold bustling bit of "The Tyne, below Newcastle" (485), and a poetic treatment of London (79) mist and fog at "Sunrise in Mid-Winter"—a subject of which Mr. Marshall has before now shown himself a master. In Mr. Medlycott, however, Mr. Marshall will find a young rival who is anxious to meet him on the same ground, and his views of London and the Thames are worthy of great praise: "Westminster, from Lambeth" (66), two "Views of Battersea" (39 and 324), and especially that of "St. Paul's and Blackfriars" (95), give very great promise. Mr. Eyre Watkin's "Wharfedale Beck" (104), Mr. Bradley's "Maple-durham" (247), a summer morning effect, Mr. J. J. Bannatyne's "Ardleish" (313), and Mr. A. De Breanski's "Temple Lock" (286), are some of the most attractive of the slighter sketches of English scenery. Mr. Weedon's "Norfolk Wherries on the Yare" (303), Mr. Donne's "Alps, after a Snowstorm" (337), and Mr. G. Mark's "Sunshine and Shadow" (380), are more ambitious attempts to deal with atmosphere—and are in each case very creditable. Mr. Lennard Lewis's "Josselin" (357), and Mr. Wake Cook's "Rye" (316), are interesting studies of attractive spots. And in a simpler mood, but not the less attractive, as giving an earnest of future work, mention should be made of Miss M. S. Grose's "Road Home from the Beach" (194), a bit of Breton coast, rendered with almost French feeling; and Miss Armstrong's unobtrusive "Study at Angmering" (342), which, however, has received but scant courtesy from the hangers. Amongst the subject pictures at the Dudley Gallery, Mr. F. Slocombe's "Interesting Tale" (31) and Mr. H. J. Johnstone's "Rival Claim" (184) are almost the only two which now call for special notice—both exhibiting a certain sense of humour and each telling its own story; and Mrs. Cecil Lawson's "Lily" (412) is a careful bit of flower painting, in which something more than mere technical skill is shown.

At the Old Bond-street Galleries, Messrs. Agnew have brought together an almost unique collection of water-colour drawings—chiefly the works of deceased artists. The attractions are numerous, and include, among many others, J. W. M. Turner's "Crook of Lune," one of his most highly-finished water colours, as well as "Simmer Lake, near Askrig," and "Kirkby Lonsdale Churchyard," by the same artist, all of which were engraved for Whitaker's "History of Richmondshire." Two other Turner water-colours, "The Transept and the Chapter House of Salisbury Cathedral," forming a portion of the series of which two are already at South Kensington, are interesting not only from the exquisite care they display, but as the best specimens of the architectural phrase of Turner's art. They may here be contrasted with Prout's "Rouen Cathedral," David Roberts' "Alhambra," and James Holland's "Jesuits' Church at Venice." The landscape painters are further represented by Copley Fielding's magnificent expanse of the Brighton Downs, James Orrock's and P. De Wint's river scenery of the Midlands and East Anglia, and, among the more recent artists, by H. W. B. Davis's Picardy sketches, T. B. Hardy's numerous Venetian and English coast scenes, and a very remarkable collection of minutely finished works by Birket Foster, the originals of the numerous illustrations which that artist used to produce with such apparent facility. Amongst the figure subjects, there is a very interesting sketch by Mr. Millais, evidently done at an early period. It is absolutely unintelligible, in spite of its title, "The Sick Child," representing as it does, a cradle in a well-furnished room, over which a woman is leaning—in the background a man is eating and drinking at a table, whilst round the cradle in the foreground the sheep have peacefully curled themselves up as if in their pastures. Mr. J. D. Linton's "Fair Lady" is another early work of an artist who has since attained distinction, and it is in this case chiefly noteworthy as showing the influence exercised upon him at that period by Rossetti and Burne Jones. Altogether, the Bond-street Gallery offers the most ample assurance that an hour in it will be spent agreeably and profitably.

If the Nineteenth Century Art Society continues to progress at the rate shown by its last two exhibitions, it will not be long ere it takes up a position of importance among the exhibitions of the year. Constituted as it is, there must, in each succeeding year, always be a predominance of works from the artists who maintain their membership. Mr. Edwin Calvert's "Pasture-land" (160), conceived in somewhat a French style, is one of the most successful landscapes in any of the winter exhibitions. Scarcely less praise is due to Mr. Henry S. Tuke's "On the Cliffs at Newlyn" (151), a young girl amongst the fisher-folk and their dried fish. "Supper-Time" (112), by Mr. Charles Collins, despite a certain staginess and effort, shows very good work; whilst Mr. W. E. Norton's "Bits of Thames Scenery" (25) and "Loading-Up" (19) are pleasant reminiscences of the summer, of which Mr. W. Lomas' "Girl Punting" (13), with the glimpse of river in the background, is a more elaborate treatment, and, though somewhat unequal in execution, has some happy touches. Mr. Trood has returned once more to dog life, in the portraiture of which he has already achieved no small success. Of his pictures here "A Morning Call from the Castle" (68) and "How Happy could I be with Either" (102) will probably be the most popular: but in the action of the dogs who have "Just Found" (28), the poor hare in their power, there is a great deal of spirit and truthful drawing.

In water colours the Society is very well represented, and it is interesting to remark what attraction architectural subjects have for so many. Mr. Barraud finds his best subject at "Ghent" (335), Mr. Richardson at "Canterbury" (346), Miss S. Beale in "Trafalgar Square" (341), and Miss Edith Pradez in "Rome" (323). Among the landscapes which will attract notice are Mr. T. Payne's "Rough Road, near Bath" (338), Miss Foster's "South Devon Coast" (327), and Mr. R. H. Nibb's "Shore at Schevening" (300), whence the boats are just setting out on the grey sea.

The collection of the marine and yachting sketches by Mr. W. Ayerst Ingram, now on view at Messrs. Dowdeswells' (133, New Bond-street), is evidence of the artist's industry as well as of his skill. They are chiefly commendable for their freshness—suggestive of the yacht-deck, the hillside, and the sea-girt cliffs, rather than of the studio and the lamp. Mr. Ingram has as many manners as the sky has moods, but he is happiest on the south coast and in the sunset glow. "Brixham from the Custom House" (5) and the same at "Golden Eve" (24), "Penzance when the Tide is out" (18) and "At Parting Day" (45), are amongst the most successful; whilst "A Drifting Match" (19) is by far the most poetic "arrangement" of yachts in a hazy calm, and a picture for which the artist would have done well to borrow Mr. Black's title of "White Wings."

It is somewhat difficult to classify the two new pictures by Mr. E. Long, R.A., now on view in Old Bond-street, representing an episode in the life of Zeuxis. The Greek painter had been invited by the devout people of Crotona to paint a picture of Helen for the Temple of Juno. In order to obtain a perfect model, he was allowed to select five of the most beautiful maidens of the town, whose combined charms were to furnish the attributes of the ideal beauty. In the first of the two pictures, Mr. Long represents Zeuxis as a critic, selecting his models from among a bevy of fair girls; in the second, he is seen as an artist, surrounded by the five chosen maidens. A work of this nature serves very well to bring out Mr. Long's special aptitudes as well as his special failings. The figures in both pictures are dexterously grouped, the colour is harmonious, and, except in the case of Zeuxis' dark chiton, is subdued; and there is more than one pretty face and graceful pose—especially that of the nude figure seated on the couch in the second picture. In the drapery, however, of both pictures, there is something hard and monotonous, and the modelling is often defective; whilst the faces, which presumably are here Italian, seem to have done duty on previous occasions as Jewesses, Egyptians, or as denizens of whatever country Mr. Long may happen to be making the subject of his archæological studies. In spite of these drawbacks, and perhaps in a measure in consequence of them, both pictures offer many points of interest, and will become deservedly popular. As engraved works, we think they will gain very perceptibly, as the discordant note struck by the black lyre at the feet of the girl posing will be softened down, and the delicately painted backgrounds of both works, which are now lost, will assume their correct value.

THE LATE MAJOR CARMICHAEL.

Major Ludovick Montefiore Carmichael, of the 5th Royal Irish Lancers, who fell at the battle of Abou Klea on the 17th ult., was distinguished for his high literary and scientific ability, as well as for his military knowledge. He had enjoyed the advantage, rare in his day, of a University training, being a member of Trinity College, Cambridge, where he graduated as a Senior Optime in 1859, and subsequently proceeded M.A. He was a fellow of the Royal Geographical Society, and had been a corresponding member of the council of the Royal United Service Institution. The esteem in which Major Carmichael's abilities were held at Head-quarters Staff, where he had but lately finished his term of service as Deputy Assistant Quartermaster-General, has been recently shown in the exceptional tribute publicly paid to his memory by his old colleague, Colonel Cameron, by special permission of the authorities at the War Office. Major Carmichael was born at sea, in the Southern Indian Ocean, on Nov. 21, 1836, on the homeward voyage of his parents. He was the only son of Ludovick Carmichael, Esq., merchant in Calcutta, and grandson of Alexander Carmichael, Esq., Provost of Forres. His mother was the daughter and granddaughter of soldiers, being daughter of Captain Hughes, 52nd Light Infantry, who was the first aide-de-camp to the "Great Duke" during his Indian service; and granddaughter of General William Hughes, who, we believe, was also of the 52nd Light Infantry. His grandmother, the wife of the Provost of Forres, was daughter of Captain Grant, of Viewfield, of the Grants of Auchterblair, the services of some of whom are recorded in Stewart of Garth's "Sketches of the Highlanders and Highland Regiments." Several members of earlier generations of Major Carmichael's family, which had long been settled in Strathspey, served with distinction in India, Canada, and elsewhere. Among these may be recalled Colonel Lewis Carmichael, promoted for special service in Canada in 1839, and Major Robert Carmichael, 38th B.N.I., greatly distinguished at the siege of Bhurtpore. The late Major Carmichael's own regimental service was chiefly in India, whence he passed into the Staff College. While on Indian service, he acted as Brigade Major at the Camp of Exercise at Hassan Abdal. It may fairly be said that Major Carmichael was a soldier by descent as well as by choice. It is not a little singular that he should have been at once the first of his name and the first of his Regiment (since its reconstitution as a Lancer Regiment) to fall on the field in the present century, notwithstanding the numerous members both of his own branch and of the chief line of his name who served in all the principal European and Indian wars of this century, from Lord Lake's days to the present time. And it is scarcely less singular that Major Carmichael's infant son, who survives, is in the third generation of only sons in his father's family, the immediate elder branch of which, about a century ago, made itself new homes in British North America and in the United States.

The Portrait is from a photograph by Grillet and Co., of Naples.

The Lords of the Admiralty have decided to make Holyhead a permanent naval station.

A meeting of the Victoria Institute took place on Monday evening, when a paper was read by Dr. Blackett, late Principal of Calcutta College.

It was decided at a meeting of the citizens of Salisbury on Monday that the memorial to the late Mr. Fawcett shall take the form of a statue in bronze. It will cost £1000.

A collision occurred between the Red Star steamer Westernland and the steam-ship Holmhurst on Sunday afternoon in a thick fog, a few miles from the Eddystone. The latter vessel sank, and four of her crew were drowned, while the other steamer was severely damaged.

Cunningham and Burton, the two men charged with having been connected with the explosion in the Tower, were again examined before Sir James Ingham on Monday, and again remanded. Several witnesses deposed to having seen Cunningham in the train on the Metropolitan Railway on the night of the explosion near Gower-street, and some spoke to Burton having been with him.

By the liberality of Colonel Makins, M.P., Henley-on-Thames has been presented with a handsome illuminated clock, visible at night from a long distance, at the Townhall, supplied by the eminent firm of Messrs. Benson, Ludgate-hill, and fitted with all recent improvements. The lighting and extinguishing are performed by means of an automatic machine, specially designed for that purpose.

PARISIAN SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

(From our own Correspondent.)

Paris, Tuesday, Feb. 17.

To-day the streets of Paris are re-echoing with the inharmonious sounds of hunting-horns, bugles, and other instruments invented for the torture of human ears. The boulevards are crowded with holiday-makers, strolling aimlessly in their Sunday clothes, and straining to see the rare enthusiasts who still dress themselves up in motley garb to celebrate the Carnival. As usual, the newspapers are full of lamentations over the death of the Carnival, the disappearance of the old days of license and gaiety, the dulness of modern men and things, and the tiresomeness of modern pleasure. To speak frankly, there is not much ground for regrets; and it would be rather a blessing if the Parisians would determine, once for all, to bury the Carnival and have done with it. As it is, it is simply a pretext for all the scum and rif-raf of Paris to pass the nights in crapulous merriment in the infamous dancing-saloons on the exterior boulevards. During the "Jours gras" Paris is simply disgusting.

Yesterday, as chance would have it, the sightseers did not go forth to see entirely in vain. A spectacle was offered to them; only, instead of being a masquerade, it was a funeral—the funeral of Jules Vallès, the Communard. Naturally, this incident was taken advantage of by the revolutionaries, and a formidable Communist manifestation was made; but, as there were no police nor soldiers to interfere and complicate matters, the affair passed off without any attempts at rioting. The survivors of the Commune and some five thousand revolutionaries followed the body to the cemetery of Père-la-Chaise with cries of "Vive la Commune!" and "Vive la Révolution Sociale!" The same cries also figured as inscription on banners. One group carried a red flag; another group, representing the ideas of Louise Michel, carried a black flag; but the police had received orders to make no arrests, and not to interfere. The procession, however, was turbulent and disgraceful enough; and a group carrying a banner with the inscription, "Les Socialistes Allemands de Paris à Jules Vallès," provoked the anger of the students as the procession advanced along the Boulevard Saint-Michel. The students charged the cortége, threw mud and stones at the banner, and for some time there was a running fight, windows were broken, blood was shed, and even to the cemetery there was stone-throwing and cries of "A bas les Allemands!" Over the grave, several orators, including Rochefort, pronounced speeches and panegyrics of the Commune. The spectacle was scandalous in the extreme; but it is generally thought, even by the reactionaries, that the Government did wisely to leave the revolutionaries to themselves. Paris saw yesterday what these men are—a mere mob fighting amongst themselves.

Jules Vallès distinguished himself under the Empire as a violent and declamatory writer—a *révolté* and a *réfractaire*, as he called himself—became a member of the Commune, lived in exile at London, returned to Paris after the amnesty, and about a year ago started a revolutionary journal, *Le Cri du Peuple*, which became famous lately, thanks to the Ballerich scandal and the death, from wounds received in the office of the paper, of the police officer Norbert Ballerich. Under the Empire, Vallès was for a few months engaged as a sensational writer on the staff of the *Figaro*, at the rate of 30,000f. a year, which shows how highly his literary talent was esteemed. He has written also some autobiographical novels—"Jacques Vingtras," "Le Bachelier," and "L'Insurgé."

The Chamber has been occupied all the week with the debate on the grain question. It seems probable, that in spite of various amendments, the bill will be voted as presented by the Cabinet—that is to say, the French farmers will be encouraged to struggle against foreign competition by the imposition of a tax of 3f., or perhaps even 4f., per hectolitre on imported grain. The occupation of Lang-Son by the French troops provokes no great enthusiasm here. The general opinion seems to be that it is time to stop, and the newspapers of all shades of opinion say to M. Ferry, "Hold! Enough!"

T. C.

The German Emperor attended the Court Ball at the Royal Castle on the 12th inst., remaining until past eleven. In honour of Princess Christian, his Majesty wore the broad blue ribbon of the Garter over his uniform. Prince Christian dined with the officers of his Uhlan Regiment at Potsdam on the following day. On Tuesday the Emperor and Empress gave the last Carnival Ball at the Royal Castle. Sixteen hundred invitations were issued. The Empress has given to the Society of the Red Cross five thousand marks and a gold medal for the maker of the best transportable lazaretto.—The wedding of Princess Marie, sister of the Duchess of Connaught, to Prince Albert of Saxe-Altenburg will take place at Berlin soon after Easter. It will be strictly private, and will not be held in the Royal Castle, but at the Palace of the bride's father, the Red Prince, Frederick Charles.—In the German Parliament on Monday the proposal was adopted to raise the duty on rye and on wheat to three marks. Prince Bismarck said it was a perversion of historical truth to say that corn duties had been condemned by history.

Count Taaffe, the Austrian Premier, and Counters Irma, *née* Countess Csaky, celebrated their silver wedding on Sunday. The distinguished couple, with their family of four daughters and one son, were honoured by visits from the Emperor, and other members of the Imperial family, including all the Archdukes, as well as the Ministers, and many representatives of the Austrian aristocracy.

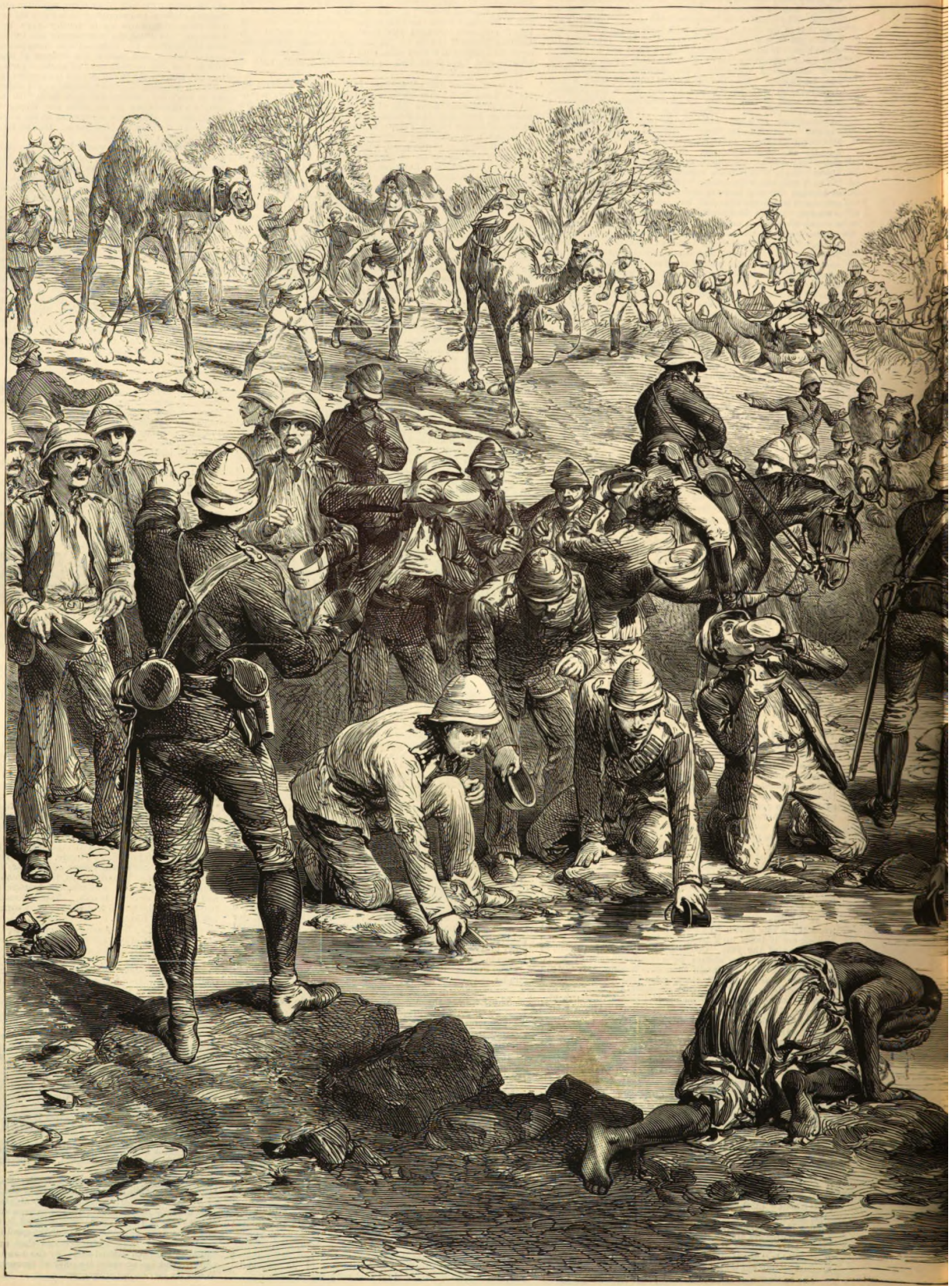
The *Novoe Vremya* declares that Herat has not been taken by the Russians, and that no serious operations have been undertaken in that direction.

President Arthur, in a message to the American Congress, recommends that further assistance be granted to the New Orleans Exhibition, which is at present a failure, so as to permit of its being reopened next winter.—All the Chinese residents having recently been expelled from Eureka, in California, it is stated that the Chinese Government intends to claim an indemnity from the United States.—An avalanche has destroyed three-fourths of the mining town of Alta (Utah), killing sixteen persons.—The Pauper Lunatic Asylum at Philadelphia has been destroyed by fire, several of its inmates perishing in the flames.

The total number of immigrants who settled in Canada during 1884 amounted to 103,824. Of these 20,779 proceeded to Manitoba.

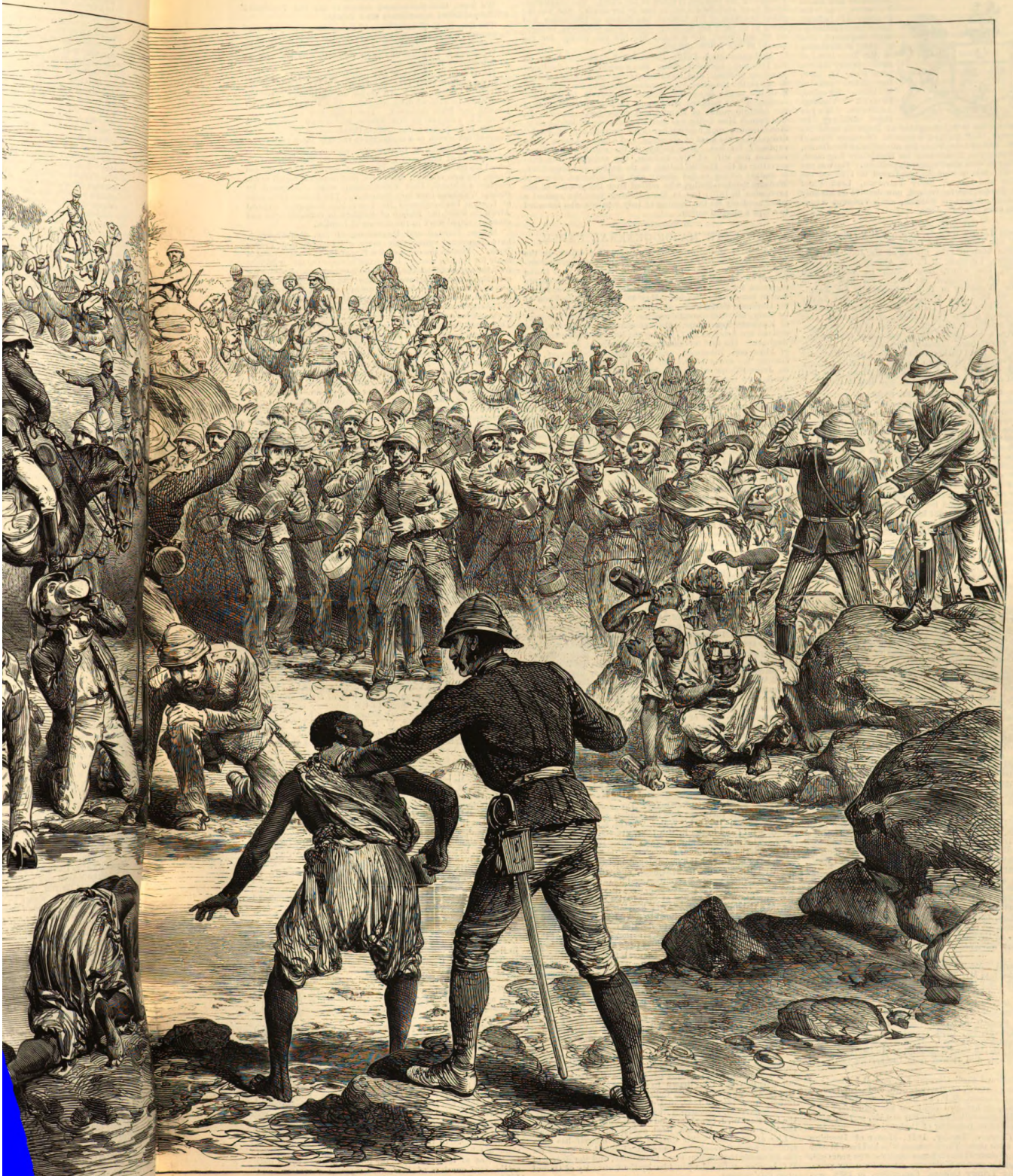
The territory lately annexed by the English in Borneo stretches along the coast of Brunei from the south boundary of British North Borneo for a distance of about eighty miles. It is not only the coast-line which has been annexed, but also the country in the interior. The district is said to produce large quantities of sago, and to be very good for sport.

A telegram from Sydney states that extraordinary enthusiasm has been excited there by the news that the Home Government has accepted the offer of troops from New South Wales for service in the Soudan.



THE WAR IN THE SOUDAN.—THE DESERT MA

FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPE



CH: SCENE AT THE WELLS OF ABOU HALFA.

AL ARTIST, MR. MELTON PRIOR.

OBITUARY.

VISCOUNT AVONMORE.

The Right Hon. Barry Nugent Yelverton, fifth Viscount Avonmore and Baron Yelverton, in the Peerage of Ireland, Lieutenant 1st Hampshire Regiment, died in camp at Kerbekan on the 13th inst., of enteric fever. He was born Feb. 11, 1859, the eldest son of William Charles, fourth Viscount Avonmore, Major Royal Artillery, by Emily Marianne, his wife, daughter of Major-General Sir Charles Ashworth, K.C.B., and widow of Professor Edward Forbes, F.R.S. After completing his education at Sandhurst, he entered the Army as Lieutenant 1st Hampshire Regiment, and went to Egypt with the Soudan Expedition. He was not married, and the family honours, conferred in 1795 on the eminent orator and lawyer, Barry Yelverton, Lord Chief Baron of the Exchequer in Ireland, now devolve on his only surviving brother, Algernon William, sixth Viscount Avonmore, who was born Nov. 19, 1866.



COLONEL MABERLY.

Colonel William Leader Maberly, formerly M.P., died on the 8th inst., at his residence in Gloucester-place, Portman-square. He was born in 1798, the son of Mr. John Maberly, of Shirley House, Croydon, M.P. for Abingdon, and early in life entered the Army, from which he retired with the rank of Lieut.-Colonel in 1832. He first sat in Parliament for Westbury in 1819, subsequently for Northampton 1820 to 1830, for Shaftesbury 1831-2, and finally for Chatham 1832 to 1834. In the latter year he retired, on his appointment to the Secretaryship of the General Post Office. He had previously held office as Clerk of the Ordnance. Colonel Maberly, a consistent Liberal, was one of the last survivors of the unreformed House of Commons. He married, Nov. 11, 1830, the Hon. Catherine Charlotte Prittie, daughter of the Hon. Francis Aldborough Prittie, of Corville, county Tipperary, and sister of Lord Dunalley, by whom (who died in 1875) he had an only child, William, who died in 1867.

LIEUTENANT-COLONEL EYRE.

Lieutenant-Colonel Philip Homan Eyre, of the South Staffordshire Regiment (late 38th), was killed at the battle of Kerbekan on the 10th inst. He was born in 1832, the second son of Mr. Richard Eyre, who was grandson of Richard Eyre, M.P., and grandnephew of John, Lord Eyre, of Eyrecourt. Bent on military life, he entered the Army as a private, but remained only a short time in the ranks, being given a commission in the 38th Foot in 1854. With that regiment he was in the Crimean campaign, for which he obtained the medal with clasp and also the Turkish medal. During the Indian Mutiny, he was at the capture of Lucknow and the battles of Barree and Nugger. In 1858 he was made Adjutant, in 1862 Captain, 1876 Major, and in 1881 Lieutenant-Colonel. During the Egyptian war of 1882, he commanded the half battalion in the reconnaissance in force from Alexandria, and was specially mentioned in despatches. He was very highly esteemed by his brother officers and the soldiers of his regiment. Colonel Eyre married Lucy Catharine Louisa, only daughter of Mr. William Clarke, of Clifton, and leaves two children. A Portrait of this officer is given on another page, from a photograph by Messrs. Falklands, of Clifton.

We have also to record the deaths of—

Mr. Hodder M. Westropp, the well-known archæologist, recently, at Ventnor, in his sixty-fourth year.

The Rev. William Falconer, for forty-six years Rector of Bushey, Herts, on the 9th inst., in his eighty-fifth year.

The Rev. Osman Parke Vincent, M.A., Rector of St. Mildred with St. Margaret Moses, Bread-street, London, on the 7th inst., aged seventy-two.

Mrs. Charles Jenkin, author of several novels, including "Cousin Stella," and "Who Breaks, Pays." She was born in Jamaica in 1808.

Mr. Campbell, of Isley, brother-in-law of Earl Granville, and late one of her Majesty's Grooms in Waiting, on the 17th inst., at Cannes. He was the author of many scientific works.

General Philip Francis Story, C.B., Bengal Cavalry, on the 13th inst., aged seventy-six. He entered the Army in 1825, and served through the campaign under Napier in Scinde, and took part in the battles of Meeanee and Hyderabad.

The Rev. William Henry Pritchett, M.A., Rector of St. Paul's, Old Charlton, Kent, Rural Dean of Woolwich, Hon. Canon of Rochester, and Proctor of the clergy in convocation for the diocese, on the 12th inst.

Rachel Emily, Lady Shaw-Lefevre, widow of Sir John George Lefevre, K.C.B., F.R.S., Clerk of the Parliaments, mother of the Right Hon. George John Lefevre, Postmaster-General, and daughter of the late Mr. Ichabod Wright, of Mapperley, Notts, on the 10th inst., in her eighty-third year.

Mrs. Barwell, of Norwich, a lady well known for her works for the young and on educational matters, on the 2nd inst., aged eighty-five. She was the intimate friend of Mrs. Austin, Mrs. Opie, Miss Harriet Martineau, Bishop Stanley, and Crabbe, the poet.

The Very Rev. Richard Baptist O'Brien, Roman Catholic Dean of Limerick, on the 11th inst., at the parochial residence. He was Doctor of Divinity, parish priest of Newcastle West, and a prominent advocate of Home Rule in the days of the late Mr. Butt.

Major-General Thomas Pierce, Bengal Staff Corps (retired), eldest son of the late Mr. Thomas Pierce, of Gresford, Denbighshire, on the 3rd inst., aged fifty-seven. He entered the Army in 1844, and served in the Sutlej campaign, 1845-6, taking part in the battle of Aliwal, and also in the Punjaub, 1848-9, at the battles of Chillianwallah and Goojerat.

The Hon. Francis Algernon Chichester, youngest surviving son of Arthur, first Lord Templemore, from apoplexy, at his place in county Wexford. He was born Nov. 17, 1829, and was formerly in the Bengal Cavalry, but in 1863 exchanged into the 94th Foot, and retired from the service two years afterwards.

The Hon. Edward Cecil Curzon, J.P. and D.L., uncle of the present Lord Zouche, of Haryngworth, and second son of the Hon. Robert Curzon, M.P., by his wife, Harriett Anne, Baroness Zouche, in her own right, on the 12th inst., aged seventy-two. He was called to the Bar in 1840, and for some years held the office of Registrar of Designs.

The Rev. Thomas Worsley, D.D., Master of Downing College, on the 16th inst. The deceased, who had been Master of Downing ever since 1836, and was eighty-seven years old, had taken no public part in University affairs for many years. He graduated at Trinity College, Cambridge, in 1818, was Vice-Chancellor of the University in 1837, and subsequently Hulsean lecturer.

Miss Gilbert, the lady president of the Association for Promoting the General Welfare of the Blind. The industrious blind have sustained a severe loss by her death. She was the eldest daughter of Dr. Gilbert, late Bishop of Chichester, and being at an early age suddenly struck with blindness, brought on by an illness, she devoted her life and energy for the benefit of her fellow-sufferers.

Madame Sainton-Dolby, the eminent contralto singer, on the 18th inst., aged sixty-four. She was educated at the Royal Academy of Music, and, on entering on her profession, resolved to eschew the tempting opportunities offered by the lyric stage, that she might devote her talents exclusively to the illustration of our national music and to the interpretation of the oratorio works of Handel and other great masters. In this branch Miss Dolby was soon allowed to be without a rival. Mendelssohn, upon hearing her in his oratorio of "St. Paul," dedicated to her a set of six songs, and composed other works expressly for her. Miss Dolby, in the zenith of her fame, became the wife of Mr. Sainton, the violinist. The preservation of the English ballad, in its pathos and simplicity, is mainly owing to the steady and well-directed efforts of Madame Sainton-Dolby, who retired from the practice of her profession in 1870; but in the following year she opened a vocal academy for the training of lady vocalists who intended to adopt a musical career.

THE LATE MAJOR-GENERAL EARLE.

The death of this distinguished commanding officer, on the 10th inst., in the ably conducted and perfectly successful engagement of the force which he led at Kerbekan, near Dulka Island, on the Nile seventy-five miles above Merawi, is deeply regretted by his professional comrades and by his countrymen at home. He was born May 18, 1833, the third son of Sir Hardman Earle, Bart., of Allerton Tower, near Liverpool, by Mary, his wife, second daughter of Mr. William Langton, of Kirkham, Lancashire. He was educated at Harrow, and entered the Army in 1851, joining the 49th, now the Berkshire Regiment. His first services were in the Crimea, at the battles of Alma and Inkerman, and the siege of Sebastopol, including the sortie of Oct. 26, and the assault on the Redan on June 18, for which he obtained the medal with three clasps and the Medjidieh. Exchanging from the 49th into the Grenadier Guards, he acted as Instructor of Musketry and Adjutant until 1863, when he became Lieut.-Colonel. In 1870 he obtained his Colonelcy, and was promoted Major-General in 1880. After filling military appointments at Gibraltar, in Canada, and in India, he was made, in 1882, Brigadier-General to the Expeditionary force sent to Egypt, and commanded the base and lines of communication. He was mentioned in despatches published in the *Gazette* of Oct. 6 and Nov. 2 of that year, was thanked by both Houses of Parliament, awarded the medal and clasp, bronze star, created a Companion of the Order of the Bath, and awarded the Second Class of the Medjidieh. On the commencement of the present operations, Major-General Earle, who was commanding the garrison at Alexandria, was at first designated for the supreme command, Lord Wolseley, however, being ultimately selected for this post. The deceased officer, whose later regimental career was passed in the Grenadier Guards, attained the rank of Major-General on Oct. 31, 1880. His full list of staff service was as follows:—Aide-de-Camp to Chief of the Staff in the Crimean War from October, 1855, to June, 1856; Assistant Military Secretary at Gibraltar from May, 1859, to October, 1860; Brigade Major in Canada from October, 1862, to January, 1863; Military Secretary in British North America from June, 1865, to October, 1870; Military Secretary to the Viceroy of India from May, 1872, to April, 1876; Colonel on the Staff at Chatham from March, 1880, to August of the same year; Colonel on the Staff of the South-Eastern District at Shorncliffe from August, 1880, to March, 1881; Brigadier-General on the Expeditionary force in Egypt, from August, 1882, to October, 1882; Major-General on the Staff in Egypt, from October, 1882, to date. In private life Major-General Earle was very popular, and Lord Wolseley has in him lost a valuable colleague in the operations in the Soudan.

General Earle married, July 1, 1864, Mary, second daughter of General Sir William J. Codrington, G.C.B., at one time Commander-in-Chief of the British forces in the Crimea, son of Admiral Sir Edward Codrington, G.C.B., who commanded at Navarino. He leaves two daughters, Rachel and Grace.

Our Portrait of General Earle (in the Extra Supplement) is from a photograph supplied by Mr. William Luks, of Bedford-square.

Mr. Gerald Fitzgerald, C.M.G., has been selected to fill the appointment of Accountant-General of the Navy.

From Mitchell's "Newspaper Directory," just issued, it appears that there are now in London 405 newspapers; in the provinces, 1202; in Wales, 72; in Scotland, 184; in Ireland, 161; and in the British Isles, 21—the total thus being 2052. The magazines and reviews number 1298, of which 335 are of a decidedly religious character.

A large number of the unemployed met on Monday afternoon on the Thames Embankment, and, after hearing some speeches respecting their condition and its cause, proceeded to the Local Government Board office, were they were received by Mr. Russell (in the absence of Sir Charles Dilke, who had to attend a Cabinet Council). After hearing the views of their spokesmen, Mr. Russell declined to discuss several matters, as his department had nothing to do with them. As to public improvements, the Board could sanction an outlay, but they could not force the local authorities to do any work.

Our Portrait of Lieutenant-General Sir Gerald Graham, V.C., K.C.B., the distinguished officer appointed to command the new Soudan Expedition at Souakim, is from a photograph by the London Stereoscopic Company. Sir Gerald Graham, who about this time last year commanded the force sent to Souakim against Osman Digna, and won the battles of El Teb and Tamai, is about fifty-four years of age, and is the son of a medical gentleman in Cumberland. He is an officer of the Royal Engineers, who served at the siege of Sebastopol, and in China, and commanded a brigade in the Egyptian campaign of 1882.

In the memoir of Colonel Sir Charles William Wilson, R.E., which appeared in our last, it was stated, and in part we believe correctly, that he was educated at Cheltenham; but our attention has been drawn to the fact that he was in the Upper School of Liverpool College, a most excellent institution, from 1845 to 1852, and there had the advantage of being instructed, successively, by two very eminent scholars, the late Rev. W. J. Conybeare and the present Dean of Chester, the Very Rev. Dr. Howson, joint authors of the well-known "Life of St. Paul." Sir Charles Wilson himself has contributed much to researches concerning Biblical antiquities for the Palestine Exploration Fund Committee, and the degree of D.C.L. was conferred upon him by the University of Oxford upon this account.

THE CHURCH.

The Archbishop of Canterbury has arrived at Lambeth Palace, where letters should be addressed.

We learn that the revised version of the Old Testament will be published immediately after Easter.

The Rev. R. F. Wilson, Vicar of Rownhams, Prebendary of Salisbury, and Examining Chaplain to the Bishop, has been elected Proctor in Convocation for the clergy of the diocese of Winchester, in place of Canon Sumner, who sits now as Archdeacon of Winchester.

It has been decided that the public memorial to the late Dean of Bangor shall take the form of a Scholarship at the University College for North Wales, an institution in whose foundation he evinced deep interest. About twelve hundred pounds has been collected. The Dean and Chapter have acceded to a request by Mrs. Symes, who recently presented a reredos, to be permitted to place in the chancel of the Cathedral a carved oak screen as a memorial to the late Dean Edwards.

The Archbishop of Canterbury, who is guardian of the spiritualities of the see of London during the vacancy, having issued his commission to the Bishop of Bedford to act for his Grace, the new chancel, side aisles, and transepts added to St. Stephen's Church, East Twickenham, were consecrated by Bishop Walsham-How last Saturday.—The Bishop-Designate of London has nominated Dr. Tozer, late Bishop of Central Africa, to assist the Bishop of Bedford in confirmations and other episcopal work in the diocese of London.

Messrs. Halstaff and Hannaford, of 228, Regent-street, have registered what they term a "Contribution Prayer Book." Within the cover of the Prayer Book, arrangement is made for holding money; it does not increase the size or detract from the appearance of the book; and it obviates the necessity for carrying a purse, thus avoiding the risk of having the pocket picked, or searching for loose money, which is frequently attended with noise or confusion during Divine service; while the exact sum intended to be contributed either for charity or payment for a sitting, can be regulated before leaving home. This novelty should be welcomed by the clergy.

Ewerby parish church has been enriched by a stained-glass window, from the studio of Mr. W. F. Dixon, 18, University-street, London, as a memorial to the late Earl of Winchilsea and Nottingham. It is the gift of the Hon. Finch Hatton, M.P., and his family.—An effective two-light Munich window has been placed in Great Bar church, near Birmingham, representing the delivery of St. Peter from prison.—The Church of St. Peter, Belsize Park, has received an addition to its painted glass of a window, from the studio of Mr. Taylor, of Berners-street, a gift to the church, by bequest of the late Mrs. Abram.—The work of placing two new memorial windows in old St. Mary's Church, Lambeth, has been completed. One window is to the memory of Archbishop Tait, and the other memorialises the thirty years' Rectorship of the Rev. J. F. E. Lingham, who was Rector of this important parish from 1854 to 1884.

The Rev. Edward S. Woods, Incumbent of Holy Trinity Church, Dover, for eighteen years, was recently presented with a pocket-book containing notes to the amount of £130, a specially prepared book with the names of the subscribers (283) illuminated in gold and colours, and an illuminated address on vellum, handsomely framed. Mr. Cromwell Marsh, on his own behalf, gave at the same time a Fitzroy barometer, surmounted by an eight-day clock, in oak, in remembrance of his twenty-seven years' continuous friendship with the rev. gentleman. The Archbishop has presented the Rev. E. S. Woods to the Vicarage of Ash, near Sandwich.

The Regius Professorship of Pastoral Theology in the University of Oxford, which Dr. King vacates on his appointment to the See of Lincoln, has, with her Majesty's permission, been offered to the Rev. Francis Paget, Vicar of Bromsgrove.—The Queen has appointed the Rev. H. M. Butler, D.D., Head Master of Harrow School, to the Deanery of Gloucester, which becomes void by the promotion of Dean Bickersteth to the See of Exeter.—The Rev. Ernest F. Letts, who has been Minor Canon and Preceptor of Manchester Cathedral since 1878, has been appointed to the living of All Saints', Newton Heath, void by the preferment of the Rev. St. Vincent Beechey, jun., to the Vicarage of St. John's, Cheetham Hill.—The Rev. Horace Newton, M.A., Vicar of Great and Little Driffield, has been appointed to the honorary canonry and prebend of Bugthorpe in York Minster, vacant by the death of Canon Simmons; the Rev. W. M. Smith-Dorrien, Curate of St. Martin's, Brighton, to the minor canonry and rectorship in Durham Cathedral, void by the resignation of the Rev. T. Rogers; the Rev. G. L. Towers, travelling secretary of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts, to the living of St. Margaret-at-Cliffe, vacant by the cession of the Rev. E. C. Lucey; the Rev. Edward Melford Mee, Fellow and Tutor of Queen's College, Oxford, to Crawley Rectory, Hants, vacant by the death of Archdeacon Jacobs; and the Rev. Mordaunt C. Crofton, Vicar-Designate of St. Peter's, Accrington, to the living of St. Stephen's, Bristol. The *Record* states that the Queen has offered the living of Christ Church, Hampstead, which has fallen to the nomination of the Crown by the designation of the Dean of Gloucester to the Bishopric of Exeter, to the Rev. George Frederick Head, M.A., Vicar of Charles, Plymouth, who has accepted the appointment. The Right Rev. Dr. Hellmuth, who was Bishop of Huron, Canada, from 1871 to 1883, and who acted for a short time as Suffragan to the late Bishop of Ripon, has accepted the offer of the Simeon trustees of the living of Bridlington, York, rendered vacant by the death of Canon Blakeney.

Under the presidency of Mr. Cooper Foster, the Hunterian Oration was given last Saturday by Professor John Marshall, in the theatre of the Royal College of Surgeons.

The Duke of Cambridge, as Field-Marshal Commanding-in-Chief, held a Levée at the Horse Guards, Whitehall, on Tuesday afternoon. There was a full attendance of officers.

Mr. Charles Jerom Murch, of the Western Circuit, has been appointed by the Attorney-General Senior Prosecuting Counsel to the Post Office on that Circuit, in succession to the late Mr. Cole, Q.C.

Mr. Sidney Colvin, of Trinity College, has been re-elected to the Slade Professorship of Fine Art at Cambridge for a further period of three years. Mr. Colvin thus enters upon his fifth period of office.

The Earl of Glasgow has intimated reductions on his Fifeshire farms for the next five years. Lord Kinnaird has announced to his tenants his intention to make a reduction of from 15 to 20 per cent on crop 1884. A proprietor in Aberdeenshire has gone over his estate, and in some instances granted a reduction of 25 per cent.

The past week's arrivals of live stock and fresh meat at the port of Liverpool from the United States and Canada were not so large as those of the preceding week, and the total imports show a falling off in the shipments of both live stock and fresh meat to this country: the total of arrivals being 1969 cattle, 7597 quarters of beef, 1299 carcases of mutton, and 100 hogs. There were no arrivals of sheep.

CITY ECHOES.

Wednesday, Feb. 18.

Owing to diminishing supplies of cash, the Money Market has maintained a moderately firm appearance, and at times short loans have commanded nearly 4 per cent per annum; but the demand for discounts has continued small in the extreme, and brokers find it no easy matter to maintain rates. In the course of the present month the market will be influenced by the home railway dividend payments, the Great Eastern and North-Eastern distributing, together, £999,000 on the 17th inst.; the London and South-Western, £330,000, and the Great Western, £672,408, on the 19th; the London and North-Western, £2,143,000, on the 20th; the Great Northern, £335,000, on the 23rd; and the Midland, £1,365,522, on the 28th. Business in the Stock Markets has naturally been checked by a feeling of uncertainty as to the development of events in connection with the Soudan, but on the whole, the movements in prices have been in favour of holders of securities. The English Funds have formed a prominent exception to the upward course, sales being made on a statement that, in order to meet the war expenditure, a suspension of the redemption of the Debt will be resorted to, which report will, it is to be hoped, prove unfounded. An advance has taken place in most of the leading foreign Government loans, Egyptian being especially firm on the satisfactory progress of the scheme for the arrangement of the finances of the country. Home railways have not altered much, but the changes have generally been on the favourable side; the traffic returns lately have been better than had been expected. American railways have had a material recovery, the publication of encouraging traffic returns for January assisting the rise. Canadian and foreign have also changed hands at higher prices.

Whereas the revenue receipts of the leading English railways for the past half-year showed a more or less important falling off, the working of the Irish lines shows in most cases increased receipts, and thus dividend payments have not only been maintained at rates equal to those for the same period of 1883, but the current half-year will be benefited by the addition of large balances brought forward. In the case of the Belfast and County Down Railway, 6 per cent per annum is to be paid, compared with 5 for the corresponding period. The Cork, Blackrock, and Passage Railway Company's distribution will be 2½ per cent per annum, which rate has been paid for each of the half-years ended December, 1881, 1882, and 1883. The Dublin, Wicklow, and Wexford Company maintains the dividend at 2 per cent per annum, this rate having been paid for the two previous half-years. The receipts of the Dublin, Wicklow, and Wexford Company have been especially good, but an increase of expenditure has been necessary in order to improve the permanent way, on account of the higher speed of trains required to carry out the accelerated mail service. The Great Northern Company of Ireland will distribute 4½ per cent per annum, or the same rate of dividend as that paid for the second half of 1883.

The appearance of the balance-sheet of Lloyds, Barnetts, and Bosanquets Bank, Limited, has been looked forward to with considerable interest, as showing the result of the amalgamation which took place in April last—viz., of Lloyd's Banking Company, Limited, with Messrs. Barnetts, Hoares, Harnbury, and Lloyd, and Messrs. Bosanquet, Salt, and Co. Although the period which has elapsed since the amalgamation has not been favourable to banking profits, dividends equal to 20 per cent per annum have been announced, £10,000 added to reserve, raising that fund to £360,000, and a balance of £3107 carried forward. Comparing the figures in the present accounts with those in the accounts for 1883 of Lloyd's Banking Company, an increase is shown in capital from £490,000 to £750,000, while the reserve fund has risen from £300,000 to £360,000. The deposit and current accounts show an addition of about £3,000,000, the total last December being £9,524,803. In regard to the dividends, 20 per cent per annum had been paid for some years.

The committee of the general mortgage bondholders of the Wabash, St. Louis, and Pacific Railway Company have prepared a scheme of reorganisation, the chief points of which are a reduction to 5 per cent in the interest on the general mortgage bonds, an assessment of 8 dols. per share on the preferred and common stocks, such assessment to be represented by new first preference stock, and that the collateral trust bonds and the floating debt shall be extinguished out of the proposed assessment and by new first preference stock. A meeting of bondholders will be called in due course to consider this proposed arrangement.

From the annual report of the directors of the London Road-Car Company, it appears that a considerable improvement has attended the working of the undertaking during the past year, the heavy losses of previous years having ceased, and a profit having been made in lieu thereof. An extraordinary meeting is to be held, at which it will be proposed to write off the capital not represented by assets as well as the loss for 1883, in order that future profits may be distributed in the form of dividend. T. S.

In London last week 2913 births and 1525 deaths were registered, the former having been 29, and the latter 480, below the average numbers.

The Home Secretary has accepted the resignation of Lord Deas, one of the Judges of the Court of Session in Scotland, and has acknowledged the admirable manner in which he discharged his duties.

A meeting of Scottish Peers was held at Holyrood Palace, Edinburgh, on Tuesday, for the purpose of electing two Scottish representative Peers to sit in the House of Lords in the room of the late Earl of Morton and the late Earl of Dundonald. The Earl of Northesk received 41, and the Earl of Orkney 39 votes, and were elected.

The Trustees of the Peabody Fund announce that when the buildings in course of erection are completed they will have spent the whole of their capital. Up to the end of last year, they had provided for the artisan and labouring poor of London ten thousand one hundred and forty-four rooms, occupied by 18,453 persons.

At a meeting of the Statistical Society, held on Tuesday evening, Sir Richard Temple read a paper on "Population Statistics of China," in the course of which he said the population of China had from its vastness long been among the marvels of the civilised world. The official numbers had, within the last century and a half, ranged from 436,000,000 to 363,000,000; but the number last published in China, setting the population at 350,000,000, was much more moderate and apparently far more credible than the foregoing estimates.

Sir E. Y. W. Henderson has received a communication from Mr. Gladstone announcing that £50 each is to be paid from the Royal Bounty Fund to Constables Cox and Cole. Sir W. V. Harcourt has directed that Cole, who has received from the Queen the Albert Medal, shall receive £120, and Cox £70. Each will also receive £30 from the Bow-street reward fund, and they are to receive also money testimonials from the members of both Houses. It is believed that this subscription will amount to £500.

MEETING OF PARLIAMENT.

The last Session of the present Parliament, opened with the Lords v. Commons dispute fresh in the public mind on the Twenty-third of October, was resumed on Thursday under circumstances most discouraging for the Administration. The Egyptian darkness which has so long cast a black shadow over this country had been intensified by the gloomy news from Khartoum, General Gordon's heroic defence of which had, according to the differently told story of many messengers, closed with the volley which sealed his fate.

This sad story coloured all the speeches made from the platform Parliament on the eve of the return of legislators to St. Stephen's. Some of these utterances still deserve passing notice. Notwithstanding the clatter of tongues at Westminster, it is yet worth while referring, for the home-truths it tells the Government, to Mr. Joseph Cowen's roughly-eloquent distribe on Saturday at Newcastle-on-Tyne, where he roundly charged the Ministry with having been directly or indirectly instrumental in slaying twenty thousand persons and squandering over twenty millions sterling since the forts of Alexandria were bombarded by the British fleet. Similarly, Lord George Hamilton, on Monday, smote the Administration hip and thigh, and stoutly declared it would be the duty of the Conservative Party to move a vote of censure. It is also worthy of note that the Marquis of Ripon, following up the statesman-like speeches delivered by him since his return from India, on Tuesday gave the Liverpool Reform Club the benefit of his opinion on the Egyptian and Soudan difficulties. The late Viceroy of India distinctly approved the Government policy of non-annexation. In the same strain, naturally, spoke Lord Edmund Fitzmaurice, Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs, in appealing the same night to a Clapham audience to support the Ministry at this crisis.

The Government, amid their host of troubles, may be congratulated upon the accession to the Cabinet of the Earl of Rosebery as Lord Privy Seal and First Commissioner of Works, and of Mr. Shaw-Lefevre, the Postmaster-General. Both the noble Earl and the right hon. gentleman have distinguished themselves by their ability and earnestness in dealing with public affairs.

NOVELS.

Constructive power and the gift of arousing interest are not vouchsafed to all writers, as *Cassandra:* by Mrs. George Corbett (W. Swan Sonnenschein and Co.) will testify; and yet the writers who have not that power and that gift may—as this novel again will testify—fill three unusually large volumes with what is very readable at times, and indicative, moreover, of a certain bent towards story-telling, as well as of innate intellectual and moral superiority. The novel, it must be regretfully but candidly stated, is commonplace and devoid of substance; and little as there is of story proper, it runs a risk of suffering, from what is merely episodical, the fate which the waiter predicted for the milk ordered by Mr. Squeers to be freely diluted with water: "Why, the milk 'll be drownded!" said the horrified waiter. So it is with this story; it is "drownded" in a flux of irrelevant or only remotely relevant interpolations. The story is not strong enough in itself to admit of such treatment. One great mistake the author has made is to give undue prominence to a personage who is a sort of mixture made up from the worst characteristics of a Micawber, a Mantalini, and a Noah Claypole—so utterly and incredibly sordid, selfish, cruel, and contemptible, that the reader soon gets sick and weary of him, and turns the pages in positive dread of coming across his filthy trail; for there is about him none of that fascination which is sometimes exercised over us by the most atrocious villains. This, of course, is a great drawback, so far as the attractiveness of the book is concerned; nevertheless, it is one to which the cleverest writers, in their anxiety to exhibit their cleverness in portraiture, seem to shut their eyes deliberately. The title might lead to a belief that the tale which is told has for its heroine a young lady, whose prophetic soul is continually impelling her to utter perfectly sound predictions, to which, however, nobody will give heed, so that terrible consequences and useless remorse are the natural results. But there is nothing of the kind. In the opening scene a dying mother exacts of her only daughter, named Cassandra, and of a faithful old servant, named Martha, a mysterious oath. They swear to keep something secret; but the exact nature of their oath it would be difficult to depone, even after a perusal of all the three volumes. It soon appears, however, that there is a very silly last will and testament at the bottom of the mystery: Cassandra and her brother (who is undergoing an unjust, but equally unpleasant, sentence for forgery) are to lose their inheritance unless she (for it comes to that) sleeps every night for a certain period in a certain house, and, to make things more sure, she has apparently sworn not to so much as leave her room during that period. It is, fortunately, a short period; and, by the time it is over, a plot that has been formed for depriving the brother and sister of their inheritance has been entirely exploded. The story, then, to all intents and purposes, is over; but it proceeds all the same, and, according to the method of procedure, there seems to be no reason why it should not go on for ever, but that there is a prejudice against exceeding three volumes.

Exceedingly painful stories, like *Madam:* by Mrs. Oliphant (Longmans and Co.), should, at least, be so handled as to engross the attention and enlist the sympathy of the reader. It is to be feared, however, that, in spite of mystery and of melodramatic as well as really impressive and pathetic scenes, not many readers will sympathise with the lady who is the titular heroine of "Madam," or will be induced to forget the diffuseness of the narrative by contemplation of her angelic nature, her grievous wrongs, her terrible sufferings, her saint-like patience. The plot, slight as it is, is hardly consistent with the character of the heroine, and the business is conducted in a manner so unpractical as to be quite preposterous. Very unpleasant, too, is the original incident out of which the whole history is evolved. That a mother, who is anything better than the vilest of her sex, should consent, even under pressure of the direst poverty, to abandon her child as the sole condition on which she can obtain a wealthy husband, a position in the world, and all the luxuries of life, is more than a reader should be called upon to believe, and is far too shocking a proposition for acceptance; and, on the other hand, no gentleman, however selfish and heartless, would for his very pride's sake, dream of suggesting such a thing without making ample provision for the abandoned child. And it is not insinuated in the present instance that the gentleman, with all his despicable qualities, was either blind to what the conventional rules of conduct would require of him, or too miserly in his habits to part with money to promote his own purposes. It is too ridiculous, again, to find such a mother, when she is rejected by her own children, assuming the airs of a patient, resigned, repentant sinner, acknowledging the justice of the punishment inflicted upon her, because, as it would seem, she broke the infamous vow she had made, the vow that she would never see her child again, and not because she was wicked enough to make such a vow at all. It is true that she does admit the heinousness of her unmotherly behaviour, but she certainly appears to attribute the justice of the fate that befalls her to the breakage of her promise rather than to anything else. Nor does her behaviour, in consequence of her husband's absurd will, commend itself to one's notions either of common-sense or of probability: there was not the slightest occasion for her to disappear as she does, nor is it at all likely that anybody, not a lunatic, would have done so. A woman sufficiently cool and calculating, under such circumstances, to see that she really must accept the liberal provision made for her in the very will that robs her of her children and covers her with contempt, would have been practical enough to know that she might take two or three days to prepare for the separation to which she was doomed, and would certainly have taken them. The perfect love and confidence between the step-mother and step-daughter are very delightful to contemplate, and give occasion for some very pretty scenes: unfortunately, the causes of that love and confidence, which it would have been most interesting to study, are just what the novelist has not thought proper to reveal, or, at any rate, to let the reader see at work. With all its power, in fact, and with its succession of striking scenes, there is a sort of false bottom to the novel, which leaves on the mind a sense of hollowness and artificiality.

Passionate, picturesque, and very well written, though wild to a degree, more than slightly melodramatic, somewhat rhapsodical, and not a little painful as well as pathetic, is the romantic story of *Tarantella:* by Mathilde Blind (J. Fisher Unwin), which, both in matter and manner, in the business, and sometimes in the language, seems to belong to the domain of foreign literature, though there is no other ground for supposing that it is anything but a genuine English story, so far as the language in which it was written is concerned. Not a hint is dropped of translation; and, if indeed it were a translation, it would be a masterpiece of translator's work. However, the scenes and the characters are not English; and the colouring is partly German, partly Italian, partly French, "shot" with Russian. How a lovely girl is bitten by a tarantula, for which, as everybody does not know, there is no cure but such music as will make the victim dance involuntarily for an incredible length of time until the mortality of the wound has been danced completely away; how a wonderful musician is found to improvise such music on a certain night amid certain ancient ruins, with a troop of pretty girls looking on and joining from time to time in the dance, whilst awful thunder peals and zigzag lightning gleams around them; how the wonderful musician and the tarantulated maiden conceive for one another in due time a white-hot passion, and are eventually put through the ceremony of marriage: how, in an evil hour, the beautiful girl runs away with a Russian nobleman, not for his "beaux yeux," but for his money and position; how she has no hesitation in treating the Russian nobleman as her bank only, and the musician, when at last he comes up with her in his character of avenger and possible shedder of blood, as her real husband and true love; how the musician yields to her blandishments, but again, in a moment of revulsion, aghast at his own shame and her shamelessness, quits her, as he thinks, for ever; how he falls in love with a charming girl, how he discovers that he was never really married to the heroine of the tarantula; how this girl and that heroine become acquaintances and intimate friends, and how a fearful tragedy, a sad catastrophe, results—all this and more is to be learned from the two volumes of the romance, which nobody who takes it up to read is likely to lay aside without an effort until it is completely finished.

Rear-Admiral John Crawford Wilson has been appointed Admiral Superintendent of Devonport Dockyard.

The ground on the western side of the new Law Courts is to be laid out with turf and shrubs.

Mr. A. Nicholls, barrister, has been appointed Secretary to the Irish Loan Fund Board, in the room of the late Mr. Smyth.

Lady Lee has given £200 to the funds of the Maidenhead Cottage Hospital.

Over 1300 wolves were destroyed throughout France in 1883, and the rewards amounted to 103,720f. In nine cases the wolves attacked persons.

Mr. Lawrence Morton Brown, of the Oxford Circuit, has been appointed to the Recordership of Tewkesbury, in succession to Mr. James Fallon.

At a recent court of the Leathersellers' Company, donations amounting to £1443 were voted to various charities and institutions.

The Rev. Dr. Walsh, President of Maynooth College, was yesterday week elected Vicar Capitular of the Roman Catholic Archdiocese of Dublin.

Mr. Wemyss, of Wemyss Castle, Fife, has been chosen as master of the Burton Hunt, which post was vacated by the retirement of Mr. Shrubb.

Sir John Lubbock was the lecturer at the Royal Institution yesterday week, and gave to a very large audience a most interesting discourse on the forms of leaves.

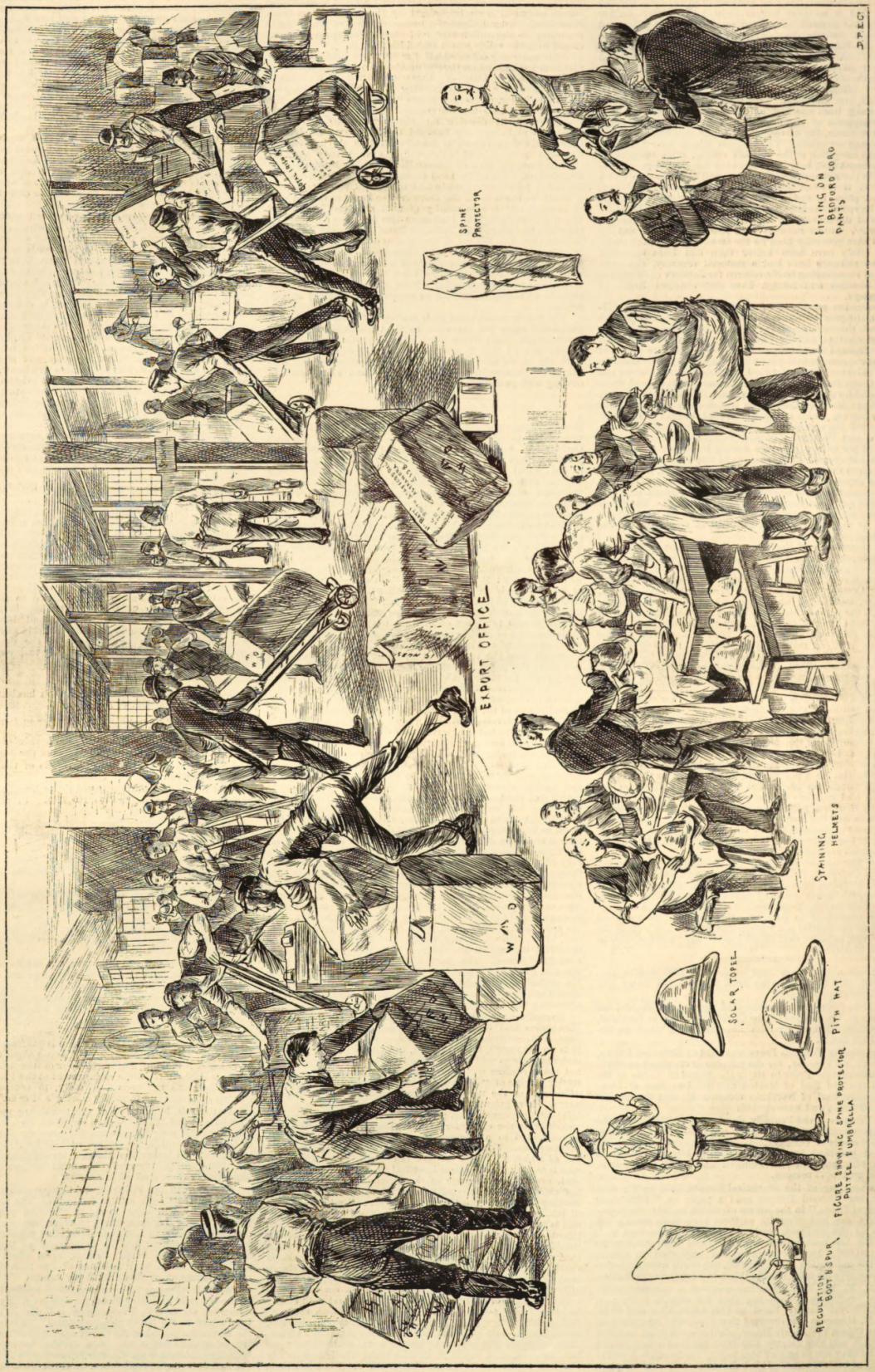
With special reference to the dynamitards, Dr. Vaughan, the Roman Catholic Bishop of Salford, has issued a pastoral letter denouncing secret societies, "with their accursed plots and works."

Miss Milly Christine, the lady who is professionally known as the "Two-Headed Nightingale," being about to retire from public life, is making a farewell tour of the world, and has begun a final metropolitan engagement at the Piccadilly Hall, where she holds two receptions daily, in company with the quartet of Liliputians termed "Harvey's Midges."

At the sale by auction of the remaining portion of the world-renowned Lord Wilton herd of Hereford cattle at Stocktonbury, near Leominster, the property of the executors of T. J. Carwardine, the celebrated bull Lord Wilton, which in August fell under the hammer for 3890 guineas, was sold for 1000 guineas. Several other animals were sold at sums much under those realised in August.

The court of the Fishmongers' Company have resolved to dispose of their Irish estates forthwith. The *City Press* says the company will offer them, in the first place, to their tenants, either for immediate purchase or one spread over a period of years to suit their respective requirements, upon terms which cannot but be considered as liberal. There are nearly four hundred tenants, upon short terms, the majority of whom have holdings of less than £20, and the rent-roll amounts to about £9000 per annum.

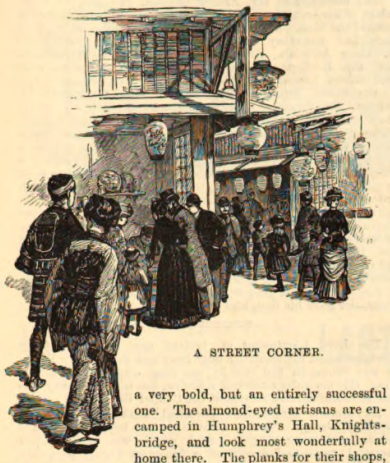
Mr. S. Morley has been unanimously re-elected president of the Hospital Saturday Fund for the ensuing year, and the names of the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon and Mr. B. Lucraft have been added to the list of vice-presidents. In accordance with the resolution passed at the recent annual meeting of the collectors of the fund, it has been decided to hold the street collection in future on the third Saturday in July instead of the first Saturday in September, on which latter date, however, the workshop collection will continue to be taken, as hitherto.



THE WAR IN THE SOUDAN: MAKING CLOTHING AT PIMLICO FOR THE TROOPS GOING TO SOUAKIM.

THE JAPANESE VILLAGE.

The experiment of transporting a complete village with its shops, tea-house, theatre, and place of worship, as well as their inhabitants, from warm, sunny Japan to murky London, during the coldest and dullest months of the year, has been



A STREET CORNER.

a very bold, but an entirely successful one. The almond-eyed artisans are encamped in Humphrey's Hall, Knightsbridge, and look most wonderfully at home there. The planks for their shops, the platforms on which they sit, or rather squat, and the low desks, or tables, at which they work, have all been brought over bodily; and if only the sunshine, the blue sky, and the tropical foliage could have been added, the picture of



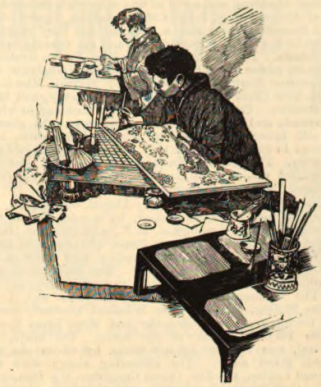
TRAY AND CABINET MAKING.

Japanese life would have been perfect. As it is, the men and women evidently enjoy the joke immensely, glance up at their visitors with quick bright eyes, make remarks about them to one another in their strange, but not unmusical, tongue, and go on with their work in the



STICK CARVING.

unhasting yet unresting manner which so eminently distinguishes the oriental from the western races. Their long brown hands do not look over clean, and they hold their tools in what seems to us an unhandy fashion, but the effects they produce are true and neat and exquisitely finished. Plenty of gas-jets are lit for their benefit, but they depend chiefly for light on the short wax or composite candles, which they affix firmly,



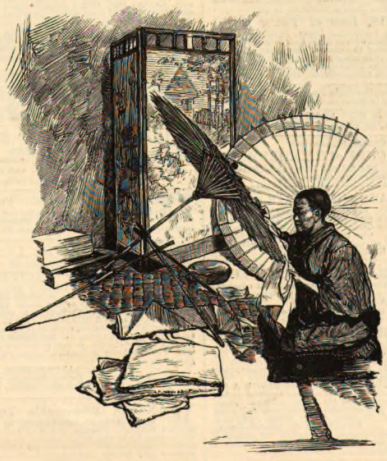
SCREEN PAINTING.

by means of a few drops of their own grease, to little round tin trays, which stand as close as possible to their hands and never seem to be upset or to drip about, or in anywise behave themselves like ordinary candles in common use among us. The Japs tuck their feet up under them in the most comfortable fashion; a remarkably pretty woman, with a complexion of roses and lilies and a sweet happy expression of face, flits about from stall to stall, inquiring how her compatriots fare in their new quarters; a couple of tiny children, with an unmistakably English nurse, toddle about in their warm long-sleeved blue frocks; and a sound of barbaric, but not discordant, music comes in single notes from the annexe, where a vocal and instrumental performance is going on.

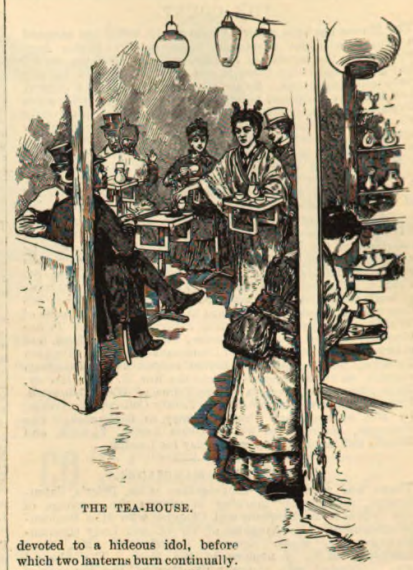


A PLACE OF WORSHIP.

Our Artist has made Sketches in the tea-house, where the cup that cheers is handed to you by a damsel who half hides her laughing face with her loose sleeve, suggesting to the philological mind the origin of the familiar expression, "to laugh in your sleeve"; and, again, at the umbrella-maker's shop, where the bamboo framework rests on a sort of easel while the maker turns it round, covers it with paper, and paints the surface with grotesque figures. Further on there is a tray and cabinet maker; and in a recess between two shops there is something like a temple, or at all events an inclosure



COVERING UMBRELLAS.



THE TEA-HOUSE.

devoted to a hideous idol, before which two lanterns burn continually. The stick carver cuts away diligently with his sharp knife, and the screen painter uses his colours from uncouth looking little bowls. Here is a letter writer, perpetually inscribing a few words on a morsel of paper, to the great delight of the beholders, and there is a potter, with a large



MAKING CLOISONNÉ ENAMEL.

jar, the surface of which he is diligently filling up with flowers, butterflies, and scroll-work in cloisonné enamel. There is no more curious sight than the embroidery on satin stretched in a frame. The flowers look bright and glossy, though the silk



WRITING A LETTER.

has been perpetually rolled up and down in the brown hands, a burnt candle end is thrown away and another set up, yet the fingers appear unsoiled, and the pattern grows apace till a large showy piece of work is finished. The single-stick and theatrical performances attract large numbers of spectators, but the most abiding interest seems to be that taken in the shops and artisans.

Mr. Martin Harvey, of Hexworthy, near Launceston, has presented Penzance with a new life-boat and house, at a cost of £1000.

THE COURT.

The Queen has been suffering from a cold, which has assumed a slight bronchial character. Some anxiety having been caused by the reports of her Majesty's indisposition, we are happy to state that there is not the least ground for any national disquietude. By the advice of Sir William Jenner, her Majesty postponed her departure from Osborne for a few days. It has been officially stated that the cold has greatly abated. The Duchess of Albany, who was to have spent her birthday (Tuesday) with the Queen at Windsor, went to pass it instead with her Majesty at Osborne. It is announced that while rejoicing at the gallantry displayed by the troops in storming the enemy's position near Dulka Island, her Majesty the Queen deeply laments the loss of Major-General Earle and of the other officers and men who fell in the engagement.

The Prince of Wales left Cannes on Monday morning for Nice, where he visited the Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, and lunched at the Hôtel de Luxembourg. In the afternoon he took part in the Battle of Flowers, driving with the Princess of Saxe-Meiningen, Madame De Gallifet, and Comte St. Priest. The procession was nearly five miles long, and comprised more than nine hundred carriages. The Prince left Cannes on Tuesday on his return to England. The Princess of Wales, accompanied by Prince Albert Victor and Prince George, and by Princesses Louise, Victoria, and Maud, and attended by Miss Knollys and Lieutenant-General Sir Dighton Probyn, were present at Divine service at Sandringham church on Sunday morning, when the Rev. F. A. G. Hervey, M.A., Domestic Chaplain to the Prince of Wales, officiated. Prince Albert Victor returned to Trinity College, Cambridge, in the evening, and Prince George to Greenwich. The Princess, accompanied by Princesses Louise, Victoria, and Maud, left Sandringham on Monday for London.

FASHIONABLE MARRIAGES.

There was a very large congregation at St. Peter's, Eaton-square, on Tuesday morning to witness the marriage of the Duke of Buckingham and Chandos with Miss Graham-Montgomery, eldest daughter of Sir G. and Lady Graham-Montgomery, whose sister is married to Mr. Gore Langton, M.P., a nephew of the Duke. The chancel was decorated with choice white flowers, and the service was choral, the choir preceding the bride up the nave to the chancel step. The officiating clergy were the Dean of Edinburgh, the Rev. C. Graham-Montgomery, brother of the bride, and the Rev. J. Storrs, the Vicar. The bride, who was given away by her father, wore a dress of the richest white satin, the petticoat being of artistic gold embroidery on lace, trimmed with fine old point de Flandres and real orange-blossoms, and a veil of fine old point, fastened by a sprig of diamond lilies, the gift of her mother, a pearl necklace and diamond brooch and a diamond and ruby bracelet, presented by the town of Buckingham and the tenants on the Duke's estates. The bridesmaids were Miss Evelyn Graham-Montgomery (sister of the bride), Lady Caroline Grenville, the Hon. Florence Murray, the Hon. Emily Murray, Miss Gore Langton, Miss Clara Gore Langton, Miss Harvey, and Miss Rachel Erskine. They wore very becoming costumes of white satin brocade and lace, with blue velvet hats with shaded wings, and brooches of dark-blue enamel with pearls, and monograms in diamonds, while they carried bouquets of lilies of the valley. The best man was Mr. Grenville Gore Langton. The breakfast was at Lady Graham-Montgomery's, in Grosvenor-place. The presents were very numerous.

In the parish church of St. Mary Abbott, Kensington, on Tuesday afternoon, was solemnised, by special license, the marriage of Viscount Lymington, M.P., and Beatrice Mary, only child of the late Mr. Edward Pease, of Greencroft Hall, Darlington, and Summer Manor, Bewdley, and niece of Sir Joseph Whitworth Pease, Bart., M.P. The bridegroom was accompanied by his brother, the Hon. Gerard Wallop, as best man. The bridesmaids were Lady Margaret and Lady Henrietta Wallop, sisters; Lady Winifred Herbert, cousin of the bridegroom; Miss Blanche and Miss Ethel Pease, and Miss Player, cousins of the bride. The bride, on her arrival, was received by her uncle, by whom she was afterwards given away. The officiating clergy were the Rev. Canon Liddon, the Rev. Canon Creighton, the Hon. and Rev. E. Carr-Glyn (the Vicar), and the Rev. H. John Fellowes, Rector of Over Wallop, Hants. The service was choral. After the solemnisation, the wedding party went to 24, Kensington Palace-gardens, where Sir Joseph and Lady Pease held a reception. Later in the afternoon, Viscount Lymington and his bride left for Hurstbourne Park, one of Lord Portsmouth's seats in Hants, where they will pass the early days of their honeymoon, they having made arrangements to leave at an early day for Australia, on a visit to his Lordship's brother.

A large and fashionable congregation assembled at St. Peter's Church, Eaton-square, on Tuesday afternoon, for the marriage of Captain Robert G. Wardlaw-Ramsay, of Whitehill and Tillycoultry, Midlothian, and Mary Alice, elder daughter of the late Mr. Charles Swinton Hogg, and niece of Sir James M'Garel-Hogg, Bart., M.P. The marriage (by special license) was fixed for two o'clock. Mr. R. Hart Dyke was the best man. The bridesmaids were Miss Violet Hogg, sister of the bride; Miss Wardlaw-Ramsay and Miss Alice Wardlaw-Ramsay, sisters of the bridegroom; Miss Lucy Hogg, Miss Stapleton, Miss Byng, Miss Evelyn Stirling, and Lady Marjorie Gordon, cousins of the bride; Miss Susan Portman, and Miss Hopwood. The bride was received, on alighting at the church portico, by Sir James M'Garel Hogg, Bart., her uncle, who conducted her to the chancel. The Rev. H. W. Webb Peploe, Vicar of St. Paul's, Onslow-square, officiated; the bride being given away by her mother. The service was fully choral. Later in the afternoon, Captain and Mrs. Wardlaw-Ramsay left for Cornwall.

The marriage of Mr. Arthur Gordon, younger, of Ellon Castle, Aberdeenshire, and Caroline, second daughter of General the Hon. Sir Alexander Hamilton-Gordon, M.P., took place last Saturday morning, in the parish church of St. Mary Abbott's, Kensington. Mr. Victor Williamson was the bridegroom's best man; and the bridesmaids were Misses Louisa and Kathleen Hamilton-Gordon, sisters of the bride, Miss Hardcastle and Miss Katherine H. Gordon, her cousins, and Miss Mary Marshall, a niece. They wore dresses composed of azalea pink nun's cloth, trimmed with pale coffee-coloured lace, and small straw bonnets with azalea-blossom and brown leaves. Each wore a double ivy-leaf (the Gordon badge) gold pin, and carried a bouquet of pink azaleas and brown ivy-leaves. The bride wore a dress of cream poult de soie, the front being covered with Brussels lace flounces; a wreath of natural myrtle, and a tulle veil attached to the hair by a diamond spray, one of the bridegroom's presents; and carried a beautiful bouquet of white azaleas and ivy. The officiating clergy were the Hon. and Rev. Douglas Hamilton-Gordon, M.A., Canon of Salisbury, and Chaplain in Ordinary to the Queen, uncle of the bride; assisted by the Hon. and Rev. Edward Carr Glyn, M.A., Vicar of Kensington, and Chaplain in Ordinary to the Queen. Sir Alexander gave his daughter away.

The Lord Lieutenant of Ireland paid a visit to Lord Powerscourt at his residence near Bray last Saturday. While he was riding in the vicinity, his horse swerved and threw him. His shoulder sustained a bruise, but his Excellency was able to attend Divine service at the Chapel Royal.

At Messrs. Mathieson's chemical works, Widnes, last Saturday, George Roberts, a labourer, fell backwards into a cistern containing muriatic acid, which was acting upon chemical waste and giving off volumes of highly poisonous gas. Mr. T. Mathieson, the son of the proprietor of the works, was quickly on the spot, and without the slightest hesitation jumped into the cistern and rescued the labourer from his perilous position. The man, however, died from his injuries on Monday, and Mr. Mathieson almost fell a victim, the poisonous fumes having penetrated into his system to such an extent that he is now in a very critical condition.

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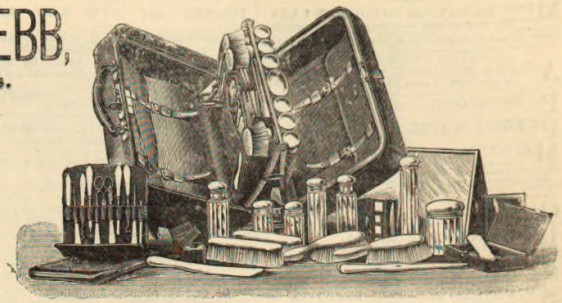
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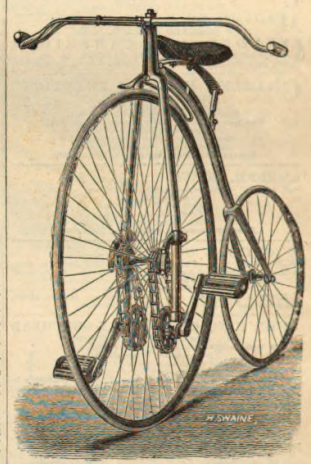
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DRAWN BY F. BARNARD.

It took Vidal some five minutes to conduct his pupil to her post and to bait her hook.

ADRIAN VIDAL.

BY W. E. NORRIS,

AUTHOR OF "MDLLE. DE MERSAC," "MATRIMONY," "THIRLBY HALL," &c.

CHAPTER XIV.

ANGLING.

If Clare was foolish enough to have been jealous of Lady St. Austell, on account of what she considered the flirtation that had taken place between that frivolous lady and Adrian, she was at least not so unjust as to impute any blame to the latter. Following the custom of her sex, she blamed the woman, and felt no anger against her lover for having caused her to pass some unhappy hours. But indeed she blamed nobody very long; nor was it possible that she should entertain any serious misgivings as to Adrian's constancy. He, for his part, was far too deeply in love to waste many thoughts upon Lady St. Austell. He made no reference to her on the following day, and, before twenty-four hours were over, she and her projected visit to Polruth had passed entirely out of his mind.

It so chanced, however, that Lady St. Austell had not forgotten Mr. Vidal. She had taken a fancy to the young author, partly because she had made up her mind beforehand to like him, partly because he was handsome, and partly also because he was neither in love with her nor likely to become so. She had filled her house with a set of people who bored her, and she complained bitterly to Heriot that she didn't know how to get through the day.

"Very seldom before have I felt so dejected," she said. "I have an idea that it might do me some good to drive over to Cardrew and see your friend Mr. Vidal. You shall come with me and keep the Irvine family engaged in conversation while I take him out for a walk. Would you mind?"

"Not in the least," answered Heriot: "but it seems just possible that Miss Irvine might mind, and I am not sure that Vidal himself would enjoy the walk as much as he ought to do. Hadn't you better wait until he is married? You will find him much more diverting company then."

"But I want to be diverted now," objected Lady St. Austell. "His wedding won't take place before next Wednesday, I presume, and on that day, I am thankful to say, we go to Scotland. If you really think the girl would be so absurd as to dislike my taking her *fiancé* out for a walk, I won't do it. Or she can accompany us, if she chooses. My own belief is that they will all be rather annoyed if I don't pay them a visit; because I promised that I would, and you know how huffy people who live in remote places always are when one breaks an engagement."

"I would undertake to make your peace with them," said Heriot, drily.

"Well; the fact is that I have just sent a note to Mrs. Irvine, asking her if she will have me to luncheon to-morrow. I told her I should bring you with me; so I am afraid we can't get out of it now."

Heriot smiled. He had noticed Clare Irvine's face on the night of the dinner party, and had been sorry for what he had seen there. It was easy enough to forecast the future of such a woman; easy enough to guess what inevitable troubles must be in store for her; and impossible—at least to this old and faithful friend—not to deplore them in advance. But Lady St. Austell was scarcely a person to be dreaded. Vidal was not in her world, and her memory of the absent was not very retentive. Moreover, she was certain to have picked up some unattached admirer before she could meet him again.

It was, therefore, with tolerable equanimity, though without much hope of spending a pleasant day, that Heriot heard, on the morrow, of the receipt of a favourable reply from Mrs. Irvine, and seated himself beside his hostess in the mail-phaeton which was to convey them to Cardrew. Lady St. Austell, who drove as fast as she talked—which is saying a good deal—accomplished the distance in excellent time, and took the whole burden of the conversation upon herself. When the slate roofs and the pale blue smoke-wreaths of Polruth came in sight, she declared that she already felt better.

"It is the atmosphere of Blaise that weighs me down so," said she. "Everybody is dull there—even you, if you will excuse my saying so. I observe that you are much more cheerful when you are with the Irvines than you are with us. They shall cheer you up this afternoon, and if only Mr. Vidal can manage to do as much for me, I shall be eternally grateful to him."

But perhaps Mr. Vidal was not anxious to possess that claim upon Lady St. Austell's gratitude; for hardly had Mrs. Irvine finished welcoming her guests when she made an announcement regarding him which amused one of them a good deal more than it did the other.

"Two of our party have deserted us," the unsuspecting lady said. "Clare and Adrian—Mr. Vidal, you know. Well, of course that is very natural, and one is glad that they should enjoy themselves together—especially as the boys tease them so whenever they are within reach. To-day they have taken their lunch with them, and I believe they are going to fish the trout-stream up from the sea; though whether they will catch anything is another matter. But I dare say they won't mind, and Adrian said he was sure they wouldn't be missed."

Heriot chuckled in his beard; but if he expected Lady St. Austell to exhibit any signs of mortification, he was

disappointed. Lady St. Austell had her countenance well under command, and was also a woman of considerable readiness.

"Mr. Vidal is too modest," she answered. "I shall miss both him and your daughter very much; but I don't mean to go away without seeing them. I have never caught a trout in my life, and I adore new sensations. Mr. Irvine," she added, bringing an engaging smile to bear upon Jack, "will you be good-natured enough to take charge of an ignorant woman this afternoon, and show her how to throw a fly? Then we might all walk up the stream together."

"With the greatest pleasure, Lady St. Austell," answered Jack; "only you can't throw a fly into that stream, because it is so overgrown. However, if you will condescend to a grub, I'll do my best to show you some sport. It's rather rough walking, though; I don't know whether you mind that."

Lady St. Austell declared, quite truthfully, that she minded nothing that gave her amusement, and added, with a shade less of truth, that she felt sure of having that, since Mr. Irvine had so kindly consented to be troubled with her.

This speech put Jack, who was not much accustomed to be sought after by fascinating countesses, upon excellent terms with himself, and caused him inwardly to resolve that Lady St. Austell should have the use of his own rod, instead of Bob's, which, in view of probable contingencies, he had originally destined for her. During luncheon, he talked a good deal and flattered himself that he displayed all the graceful ease of a man of the world, while the lady for whose sake this brilliancy of dialogue was being displayed listened with every appearance of interest.

Whatever may have been the impression that Jack produced upon her, it is certain that she produced a most favourable one, not only upon him, but upon all the other members of his family. No one could have been more agreeable; and she found an opportunity of saying something pleasant to everybody—having, indeed, long ago discovered that it is scarcely more difficult, and a great deal wiser, to make friends than enemies.

No sooner was she out of the dining-room than she expressed her intention of proceeding to the stream forthwith. "No, my dear Mrs. Irvine, you must not think of coming with me in this heat. I couldn't hear of such a thing—it would make me quite miserable! No; you shall sit here quietly and talk to Mr. Heriot, who, I know, has heaps of things to say to you; and Mr. Jack—may I call you Mr. Jack? It saves confusion, doesn't it?—Mr. Jack will look after me."

So presently, this resolute lady, who was appropriately equipped for fishing in a pair of the thinnest French boots and a charming costume of pale pink cambric, trimmed with yards of lace, was seen tripping across the slopes of the park with her chosen protector by her side, and Heriot, watching them from the window, burst into an abrupt laugh, which he declined to explain when called upon to do so.

In the meantime, Adrian and Clare were having a perfectly happy time of it together. They were not catching many fish, it is true; but then it had not been for the sake of catching fish that they had absented themselves. When Lady St. Austell's note had arrived, Clare had, indeed, exclaimed, "Oh, what a bore! Now we shall not be able to try the trout-stream;" but she had been rather surprised by the promptitude with which Vidal had returned, "Why not? It would be a capital excuse for getting out of her way, and we aren't bound to receive your mother's guests." She had not supposed that he would have been anxious to get out of Lady St. Austell's way; but in truth he would, at that time, have been anxious to get out of the way of anybody who had threatened to deprive him for a few hours of the only society for which he cared. So these two went off together in the best of spirits, and, starting from the sea, progressed slowly upwards, conscientiously fishing every pool, and only allowing themselves a respite of perhaps an hour and a half in which to consume the sandwiches that they had carried out with them.

The stream—which dropped in a succession of tiny cascades and miniature rapids from the heights of Cardrew to the shore—was of tolerably respectable volume when swelled by the winter rains, but after so dry a summer as this had been, was reduced to the dimensions of a mere rivulet. To an enthusiastic angler, therefore, it would have seemed to leave much to be desired; but, on the other hand, a pair of lovers might very well be content to clamber up its mossy banks, to rest awhile under the thick shade of the trees which bordered it, or to seat themselves upon one of the overhanging boulders beneath which the little trout congregated. Adrian and Clare hooked three of these, and threw them back again to grow larger; but as the afternoon went on, they got no more bites, and agreed at last that it was absurd to expect any fish to look at a grub in such bright weather.

This point being decided, they felt entitled to take their rods to pieces and enjoy themselves after a less laborious fashion. Sitting under the overarching boughs, through which stray shafts of sunlight flickered, sometimes interchanging remarks which it would be cruel to transfer to the hard black and white of a printed page, and sometimes listening in contented silence to the babble of the brook and to all those subdued stirrings and rustlings which make the charm of the woods in summer-time, they were wholly oblivious of the existence of Lady St. Austell, who was nevertheless drawing nearer to them every moment, and brushing her way through the undergrowth with a recklessness that might have brought a sardonic smile to the lips of her dressmaker.

Her ladyship very soon had enough of Jack, and paid no heed to his entreaties that she would remain among the higher pools and spare herself so much needless exertion. "If we go on much farther we shall come upon those two idiots," he said, discontentedly, "and then it will be all up with our chance. They are sure to have gone splashing about and scaring the fish, and, besides, there's no use in trying places that have been tried all day."

But Lady St. Austell, though good-humoured, was inexorable. "'Sometimes the least likeliest places is more likelier than the most likeliest,'" said she, quoting from an old number of *Punch*. "We will go on till we find the two idiots, as you politely call them, and then we can begin to retrace our steps."

And find them she did. She found them, indeed, so suddenly that they started a couple of yards apart with great haste, and looked exceedingly red and foolish. The little lady in the pink dress, who stood smiling down upon them, with her rod in her hand, was not at all put out of countenance.

"See how indiscreet I am!" she cried. "Your brother has been imploring me not to thrust my company upon you; but I delight in doing the things that I ought not to do, and I really think you both deserve some punishment for running away from me after promising to show me all the beauties of Polruth. Mr. Vidal, I am glad to see that you look ashamed of yourself. Never mind! I know you are a privileged person just now. I only wanted to demonstrate to you that you can't escape me by concealing yourself in a thicket, and having done that, I will take myself off."

But, of course, Lady St. Austell could not be allowed to depart in this way. The delinquents made such apologies as seemed necessary, and one of them was more eager to clear himself of the charge of having run away than perhaps he need have been. It is always disagreeable to be caught with your arm round a lady's waist. However beautiful and refined that lady may happen to be, and however legitimate may be the attitude, there is an apparent vulgarity about it which is both distressing and humiliating. Vidal thought he had better try to efface the recollection of what she had seen from the intruder's mind; and it was with this pardonable object that he set to work to divert Lady St. Austell, and presently offered to show her a spot whence she might drop her line with some prospect of success. It was not at all his intention to walk away with her, and leave Clare and Jack behind; yet that was the result of his unfortunate proposition, which was at once accepted.

"I told Mrs. Irvine that I was going to catch trout," Lady St. Austell remarked, "and I suppose it is my duty to catch one, if I can. I haven't the most distant idea of how to set about it; but I will try to be a docile pupil."

It took Vidal some five minutes to conduct his pupil to her post and to bait her hook, and during these five minutes the two remaining members of the party thought fit to disappear. When Vidal noticed their absence, he began to wish that he had been a little less precipitate in offering his services; but he could not very well shout after them, and any regrets that may have been visible upon his face were at once banished thence by a remark of his companion's, who had been watching him with much amusement.

"I hope I haven't got you into a scrape," she said. "I really didn't mean to take you away from Miss Irvine. Will she be very angry with you?"

"Of course not," replied Vidal, who did not much like the question. "Why should she be?"

"Oh, there is no reason why she should be; but girls are apt to be exacting. Perhaps you think other people are rather exacting too, without so good an excuse. That is only too true, I am afraid; still, I don't see how I *could* have sat and talked to Mrs. Irvine all the afternoon. Please, overlook the offence for this once, and it shall not be repeated."

Vidal said what nobody could have helped saying in answer to such a speech, and said it in all sincerity. For choice, he would rather not have been interrupted; but, since the interruption had taken place, he did not mind it much. It was a flattering thought that Lady St. Austell should have torn an exquisite gown to shreds for the pleasure of seeing him; and one may find a woman very pleasant company without having the faintest disposition to flirt with her. Nor did she say a word to him that might not have been spoken in the presence of a dozen witnesses. Every now and again she threw him a languishing look; but that was only her way—she would have done the same thing, from mere force of habit, if she had been talking to her own grandfather—and all the time she kept dropping her line into the water with a splash that ought to have been enough to terrify any fish.

It has, however, been observed before now by many a patient angler, as well as by toilers in other fields, that people who know nothing at all of what they are about often meet with a success beyond their deserts; and so it proved in Lady St. Austell's case. All of a sudden some reckless denizen of the pool took it into his head to swallow the bait held out to him, and the consequence was what might have been anticipated.

"Good gracious!" she exclaimed, "I have caught a whale! What *am* I to do?"

The top joint of her rod was something less than a semicircle; the fish had dashed beneath a boulder, and a catastrophe appeared imminent. "Give him line!—give him line!" shouted Vidal, excitedly; "you've got a big one."

But, alas! she had not got him at all. Disregarding her instructions, she jerked her rod upwards, and immediately one half of her line was entangled in the branches overhead, while the remainder was secured as a permanent possession by the trout.

It is impossible for anyone to see a fellow-creature behave in that way without some passing feeling of indignation. "Why didn't you listen to me?" exclaimed Vidal, reproachfully. "Surely you couldn't have thought you were going to land a fish by main force!"

"I thought he was going to pull me into the water," answered Lady St. Austell, who was not at all disconcerted by her failure; "and I didn't wish to be put to such discomfort by a wretched little trout. How absurd it is of people to make fishing-tackle of such flimsy material! With a good stout pole and some strong twine I could have dragged him out easily. I'm sorry about the line. I suppose that poor youth will be very much annoyed and say it was all my fault, won't he?"

"Oh, that's nothing, answered Vidal; "I can put on another line for you in a minute or two. The sad thing is that you should have let a splendid opportunity slip."

Lady St. Austell laughed, not feeling the situation to be a sad one. She sat down, clasping her hands round her knees, and watched the young man while he produced line and gut from his pocket and began tying them with deft fingers. How handsome and well built he was! And how admirably his loose shooting-coat, knickerbockers, and deer-stalking cap became him! Lady St. Austell worshipped youth—she would have given all her jewels to be ten or fifteen years younger herself—and as she contemplated Clare Irvine's affianced husband, it occurred to her that it would be very pleasant to be Clare Irvine. To be young again; to be in love—*really* in love again; to be loved in return, and to believe that such things can endure! Oh, sweet dreams of bygone days! Oh, happy ignorance and innocence! Oh, buttercups and daisies! Lady St. Austell was so affected by the pathos of her thoughts that she sighed aloud, and Vidal, glancing up, asked her if she was tired.

"I am, rather," she replied; "I don't think I'll fish any more. Come and sit down here, and we will talk for a few minutes instead. Do you know that you ought to be a perfectly happy man?"

"I believe I am," said Vidal, with a slight laugh.

"I suppose so. I wish, for your sake, that you could go on being as happy all your life; only that sort of happiness can't last, unfortunately. I never can remember poetry; but I dare say you know the whole of that dismal little ditty about the impossibility of keeping love from dying in the knot there's no untying."

"I know the poem, but I am not bound to believe in the sentiment," answered Vidal, smiling.

"Ah, you must believe in it. You couldn't write as you do unless you had found out that much. Still, I grant you that some married couples are happy, after a fashion. They must not see too much of one another; that is the chief thing. What is this nonsense Mr. Heriot tells me about your taking a house down in the wilds of Cornwall? Be advised by me, and don't attempt impossibilities. London is the only place for you to live in, and you know that as well as I do."

"It isn't exactly a matter of choice. We have to consider ways and means"——

"Rubbish!" interrupted Lady St. Austell. "You can live as cheaply in London as anywhere, if you don't insist upon settling in a fashionable quarter. Take a pretty little house in Brompton or Bayswater, and when we come up in the spring, you must bring your wife to see me, and I will introduce her to some nice people and try to make things cheery for her."

"You are very kind," said Vidal.

"I really am—to people whom I like," returned Lady St. Austell, naively; "I have been often told so. What distresses me is that I am not always allowed to see as much of my friends as I could wish."

This statement led her to speak of her own conjugal relations, which she did with the utmost frankness and good humour, to her hearer's great amusement. Vidal was told all about Johnny Spencer, and also about many of Johnny's predecessors; his informant did not attempt to disguise either her own fickleness or that of her admirers, and interspersed her narrative with such quaint reflections that he shook from head to foot with suppressed laughter, until she noticed his merriment and begged him not to suppress it any longer. "It is so much better to laugh than to cry, and so much better to do either than to be bored," she said.

Whatever Lady St. Austell might be, she was certainly not a bore. Vidal was so much tickled by her observations that he did not notice how late it was getting; and it was she who concluded the interview by exclaiming suddenly that she had not a minute to lose. "I have enjoyed my day very much," she was so kind as to say; "and I am convinced that you and I should become great friends if we saw more of each other. Now mind, you are to be sure to call upon me when we come to London; otherwise I may have forgotten about you by that time. You won't think me rude for saying so; but one meets such a number of people, and I have no memory. So do look me up—you needn't bring your wife the first time, if she chooses to stand upon ceremony—and you will be most welcome."

She repeated this amicable invitation by-and-by in the drawing-room, where Clare was sitting with the rest of the family. "I have been telling Mr. Vidal that I hope to see you both in London next spring; and if you will treat me like an old friend and neighbour, and call upon me without waiting for a formal first visit, I shall think it so kind of you."

"Thank you, very much," answered Clare, rather coldly; "but we are not at all likely to be in London next spring."

"Oh, yes, you are," returned Lady St. Austell; "you are not at all likely to be anywhere else. You can't live in the country all the year round. Mr. Vidal owes it to his readers to study society, and we owe it to ourselves to make society pleasant for him."

She nodded amiably, and went round the room, making her adieux: she was in too great a hurry to notice Clare's grave face and chilling manner. But after she and Heriot had driven away, somebody else was made unpleasantly aware of Miss Irvine's displeasure.

"Thanks; but I don't think I much care to hear about it," Clare said, when Vidal, in the innocence of his heart, proposed to relate to her all that had passed between him and their departed guest. She was standing just outside one of the open French windows, and she looked away as she spoke.

"She really was great fun," Vidal went on, a little doubtfully, being aware that Clare did not like Lady St. Austell, but suspecting no special reason for such dislike.

"Yes? I believe a good many people think so," remarked Clare, moving away; and there was that in her tone which made it absolutely necessary to follow her and ask whether anything was the matter.

"Nothing whatever," she replied, with her head in the air.

Vidal of course knew what that meant, and it vexed him more than it might have done an older man. That the woman whom you love should resent your disappearing into a wood for the best part of an hour with another woman is neither a very unnatural nor a very offensive thing; but to Vidal it seemed evidence of a distrust so absurd as to be positively alarming. If this was done in the green tree, what would be done in the dry?

"Clare," he said, gravely, after an interval of silence, during which they had been pacing side by side along the gravel walk, "you surely can't mean to quarrel with me because I was obliged to leave you for that little time."

"You were not obliged; you offered to go," she returned. "But I certainly do not mean to quarrel. Nobody has ever called me quarrelsome."

"You are angry, at any rate; and I must say I think that is rather unjust. I didn't intend to go off with Lady St. Austell; I hadn't the slightest wish to do anything of the sort—quite the contrary. But don't you see that we can't be always together, and that if we are to doubt one another whenever we are apart, there won't be much happiness for either of us?"

Poor Clare hardly knew what answer to make. She felt that, from the common-sense point of view, she was utterly in the wrong; she could not hope to make Vidal understand the danger of which her woman's instinct warned her; and yet she thought he might have been a little less peremptory. "I was not angry with *you*, Adrian," she said at length, quite humbly.

"But, my dearest girl, why should you be angry with anybody? You haven't a high opinion of Lady St. Austell—well, perhaps she doesn't deserve to be highly respected, although, so far as I can see, there is very little harm in her. But in any case, you may be sure that when she wishes to indulge in a flirtation, it isn't a person of my humble position in society that she selects. All that she did was to patronise me, and pay me a few compliments about my writing, and ask me to take you to call upon her in London. She meant to be good-natured—indeed, she *was* good-natured. She would be very much astonished if she knew that you and I had nearly fallen out because of her."

Clare bit her lips and looked down, without replying; and presently Vidal resumed: "Added to which, she is a fat old creature, with whom I hope I should never have had the bad taste to flirt under any circumstances."

Possibly, that assertion may have been more convincing than the most sensible of arguments. Clare stood still, hesitated a moment, and then, suddenly throwing her arms round Adrian's neck, burst into tears. "I am sorry," she sobbed out, with her head on his shoulder. "I ought not to have been so silly. It is my horrid jealous temper—and—and—I love you so! I can't help thinking that she does want to flirt with you; but what does it matter? We won't talk about her any more. You will forgive me, won't you, Adrian?"

So this lovers' quarrel ended as all lovers' quarrels ought to end; and if Vidal had been asked, the next day, whether it had left any disagreeable impression upon his mind, he would have answered, quite conscientiously, that it had not. Nevertheless, the conditions under which we work out our lives do not admit of obliterations. Every incident, however trivial, must needs have its consequences; it is easy to forgive, and easy also, in a certain sense, to forget; but perhaps it is hardly possible, with the best will in the world, to forget that one has forgiven.

(To be continued.)

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated Aug. 23, 1884) of the Right Hon. Henry Valentine, Baron Stafford, late of Costessey Hall, Norfolk, who died on Nov. 30 last, was proved on the 2nd inst. by Lord Lovat, the nephew, and Frederick Gerard, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £68,000. The testator devises his property near Tunbridge to his wife, Emma, Lady Stafford, and he bequeaths to her pecuniary legacies amounting to £3150, all his diamonds and emeralds, and certain plate, linen, china, furniture, horses, and carriages. He also bequeaths £2000 to his niece, Lady Saussé; £1000 for the maintenance of the school erected by him at Shifnal, Salop, for the education of the children of Roman Catholic parents; £1000 towards providing for the spiritual wants of Costessey; and numerous legacies to relatives, executors, Roman Catholic clergymen, solicitor, agent, and late and present servants. The family pictures, the picture by Maynard of King James II. and Mary of Modena, the silver staff formerly belonging to his Grace Edward Stafford, Duke of Buckingham, Lord High Constable of England, and some other things, are made heirlooms to go with the hall and estate of Costessey, which passes under the family settlements to his nephew and successor in the title, Augustus Frederick Fitzherbert Stafford-Jerningham. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves upon trust for his wife, for life, in addition to the provision made for her by settlement, and then, failing children, for his nephews, Colonel Alexander Edward Fraser and Colonel Henry Thomas Fraser.

The will (dated Oct. 12, 1882) of Colonel Sir James Dyson Bourne, Bart., formerly commanding 5th Dragoon Guards, late of Drayton Hall, West Drayton, Middlesex, who died on Nov. 11, 1883, was proved on the 3rd inst. by Lady Marion Jane Buchanan, the sole executrix, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £31,000. The testator leaves annuities of £300 each to Arthur Edwin Cheesman and James Hugh Cheesman, and subject thereto gives all his real and personal estate to his wife, now Lady Marion Jane Buchanan, for her separate use.

The will (dated Jan. 17, 1880), with a codicil (dated Aug. 7, 1883), of Admiral Sir George Rodney Mundy, G.C.B., late of No. 12, Chesterfield-street, Mayfair, who died on Dec. 23 last, was proved on the 30th ult. by Major-General Pierrepont Henry Mundy, the brother, the sole executor for life, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £29,000. The testator bequeaths £100 to the Portsmouth Royal Seamen's and Mariners' Orphan Home and Female Orphan School; and legacies to his sister, nephews, nieces, servants, and others. The residue of his estate and effects he leaves to his said brother, for life, and then to his nephew, Godfrey Harry Brydges Mundy.

The will (dated Aug. 14, 1882) of the Right Hon. Lady Georgiana Charlotte Anne Codrington, late of Dodington Park, Gloucestershire, who died on Dec. 2 last, was proved on the 28th ult. by the Duke of Beaufort, K.G., the brother, and Sir Gerald William Henry Codrington, Bart., and George John Granville Christopher Codrington, the sons, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £11,000. The testatrix leaves the pictures, engravings, books, furniture, and effects at the family mansion, Dodington, belonging to her to her son, the said Sir Gerald W. H. Codrington; and the residue of her property between her three daughters, Alice Emily, Florence Adelaide, and Evelyn Anna.

The will (dated Dec. 18, 1884) of Mr. Septimus Booker, late of Swarthdale House, in Over Kellet, Lancashire, who died on the 1st ult., was proved on the 2nd inst. by John Lee Booker, the son, and John Milcrest Quiggin, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £113,000. The testator leaves to his eldest son, John Lee Booker, all his household furniture, plate, pictures, books, effects, live and dead stock, mills, machinery, whether fixed or not, and all the goods and chattels on the lands, houses, and premises in his own occupation, nothing excepted or reserved; and to his eldest, second, and third daughters £8000 each. Subject to the said legacies, he gives all his real, leasehold, and copyhold estates to his eldest son. As to the residue of the personalty, he bequeaths one tenth to his eldest son, and nine tenths to his youngest son, Charles Edward.

The will (dated May 4, 1881) of Mr. Francis Rivington, formerly of St. Paul's-churchyard and of Waterloo-place, Pall-mall, but late of Eastbourne, who died on the 7th ult., was proved on the 28th ult. by Mrs. Frances Rivington, the widow, and Charles Robert Rivington, the nephew, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £61,000. The testator bequeaths his household furniture, plate, pictures, books, and effects, and £500 to his wife; he also bequeaths to her, for life, the dividends of his English stock of the Stationers' Company and £500 per annum; £3000 to his son, Charles; £2000, upon trust, for his grandson, Henry James Rivington; £3000, upon trust, for his daughter Mrs. Louisa Vaux, in addition to the settlement made on her at her marriage; £5000, upon trust, for his daughter Harriet; £100 each to the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts, the Clergy Orphan Corporation, and the Society for the Suppression of Vice; and legacies to nieces, god-daughter, and executor. The residue of his property he leaves to all his children (except his said son and daughters), to be divided between them in equal shares.

The will (dated Dec. 9, 1879), with a codicil (dated Aug. 30, 1884), of Mr. Feuwick Boyce Barron, formerly Lieutenant-Colonel 3rd Dragoon Guards, late of No. 15, Oxford-square, Hyde Park, who died on Dec. 12 last, was proved on the 26th ult. by Mrs. Henrietta Barron, the widow and sole executrix, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £30,000. The testator gives, devises, appoints, and bequeaths all his real and personal estate to his wife, absolutely.

The will of Mr. Robert Tubbs, J.P., D.L., late of Mayertorne Manor, near Wendover, Bucks, and of No. 55, Harley-street, Cavendish-square, who died on Aug. 15 last, was proved on the 29th ult. by Lieutenant-Colonel Robert Tubbs Nightingale Tubbs, the son, and sole executor, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £10,000. The testator bequeaths to his housekeeper, Mary Anne Cleary, if in his service at the time of his decease, £300, free of duty. All his manors, messuages, farms, lands, tenements and hereditaments, and the residue of his personal estate, he gives to his said son, and only child.

The Duke of Connaught has accepted the presidency of the Essex Agricultural Society for 1885. The society will hold its summer exhibition for the current year at Waltham in June.

The Rev. John Wilder, Senior Fellow, has been elected Vice-Provost of Eton College in the room of the late Rev. G. J. Dupuis.

At a Chapter of St. Patrick, held in Dublin Castle last week by the Lord Lieutenant, Lord Annaly and Lord Montcagle were appointed Knights of the Order. The company invited to witness the ceremony, who were all in Court dress, remained to a dance.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

ALPHA.—You are right; there is more work in the solution of a good three-move mate of the present day than in the five-move position of thirty years ago.

J B A (Alnesbury).—The letter was returned as requested.

POLYANTHUS (Liverpool).—Your question was, "In what manner are solutions transmitted to you?" If there was any misconception on our part, we regret it.

R M L (Notting Moor).—Any of the Bohemian papers named can be obtained on application to Mr. F. Mouchs, Bohemian Chess Club, Black Horse Hotel, Prague, Austro-Boheme.

H L (St. Martin's-lane).—A chess club directory was published by Mr. Brand, Duffield, near Derby.

C M B (Alexandria).—In the Christmas Nut referred to, the answer to 1. K takes P on the part of Black is 2. Q to B 4th (ch), &c.

E J M (Mile-end).—The move should have been Kt to Kt sq.

P J (Broadmoor).—The solutions mentioned were subsequently acknowledged. Please remember that solutions cannot be acknowledged in the number for the week in which they are received.

EMMO (Darlington).—Thanks for the problem, which shall have early attention. The same family.

F A (Manchester).—There is no really practical work on the construction of problems, and, after all, study of the works of the best composers is the best course to follow.

W B (Stratford).—Your amended problem shall be examined.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEMS Nos. 2121, 2122, and HERBER SEEKA'S and MARCHESI'S PROBLEMS received from J S Logan (Blackburn, Natally of No. 2131 from Pierce Jones, Plevna, Emile Frau, and D W (Aberdeenshire); of No. 2132 from R Arfwedson (Hedesos, Sweden), F M Hamer, D W (Aberdeenshire), W F Schenk, J G G, J Evan Geoghegan, G F Champneys, Rev. T S Curtis, F F (Brussels), D McVey, William Lewis, Emil Gregoir Paris), Sydney, Rev. E S Dodd, Richard Thomas, Pierce Jones, J B Cridland (Copenhagen), Henry Risbridger, J W F, and F M; of Mr. Lovy's PROBLEM from J T W, Pierce Jones, D W (Aberdeenshire); of HERR BERGER'S PROBLEM from Jumbo, Frederick Ashe, Pierce Jones, D W (Aberdeenshire); of Mr. C E DENNIS'S PROBLEM from Jupiter Junior, G W Law, L L Greenaway, An Old Hand, M O'Halloran, Kitten J G Andre, L Sharswood, Ernest Sharswood, C Oswald, Aaron Harper, H Blacklock, G S Oldfield, J Alois Schmucke, T G (Ware), R H Adamson, R H Brooks, Rev. T S Curtis, Horsward, R Worters, J T W, Columbus, Pierce Jones, E L G, Rev. W Anderson (Old Romney), M A Dennis, and B H C (Salisbury).

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2133 received from F F Pott, K (Bridgwater), Jupiter Junior, Shadforth, G W Law, L L Greenaway, R Worters (Canterbury), An Old Hand, L Desanges, Jumbo, Columbus, L Sharswood, Ernest Sharswood, H St. George, Carl Stepan, C Oswald, Aaron Harper, H Blacklock, Emmo (Darlington), Rev. W Anderson (Old Romney), Pierce Jones, W Hillier, R Tweddell, C W Milsom, C Good, E Elsdon, Ben Nevis, E L G, M A Ennis (Wexford), W J Rahman, M (Halloran, E Cascia (Paris), J R Adamson, R Gray, A W Scratton, N S Harris, R R Wood, A C Hunt, E London, Rev. T S Curtis, L Falcon (Antwerp), A Karberg (Hamburg), James Pilkington, A Wigmore, S Bullen, J Alois Schmucke, W David, Alpha, T G (Ware), H Wardell, and Clement Fawcett.

SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEMS.

No. 2132.

WHITE.	BLACK.
1. R to B 5th	Any move
2. Mates accordingly.	

HERR BERGER'S PROBLEM.

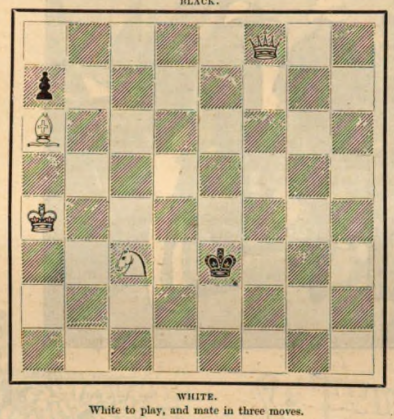
WHITE.	BLACK.
1. B to K 6th	K takes P
2. Q to Kt 5th	Any move
3. Q mates.	

NOTE.—If Black plays 1. K takes Kt, White continues with 2. Q to Kt 5th (ch), and if either Pawn moves, then 2. B to K B 5th, mating in each case in the third move.

PROBLEM No. 2135.

By C. E. TUCKETT.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

The following Game is quoted from the *Adelaide Observer*, because of the curious termination. It was played in the Intercolonial Match, by telegraph, between Mr. A. CHAMIER, for New South Wales, and Mr. ESLING, for Victoria.

(*Ruy Lopez.*)

WHITE (Mr. C.)	BLACK (Mr. E.)	WHITE (Mr. C.)	BLACK (Mr. E.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	20. Q R to K sq	Q to Kt 2nd
2. Kt to K B 3rd	Kt to Q B 3rd	21. Q to Q 2nd	Q to R 3rd
3. B to Kt 5th	P to Q R 3rd	22. P takes P	P to B 5th
4. B to R 4th	Kt to K B 3rd	24. B takes P	B takes Kt
5. P to Q 3rd	P to Q 3rd	24. B takes B	R to B sq (ch)
6. P to B 3rd	B to Q 2nd	25. B to B 6th	
7. B to K 3rd	P to K Kt 3rd		
8. Q Kt to Q 2nd	B to Kt 2nd		
9. Castles	K Kt to Kt 5th		

There seems no purpose in this move, unless, as our contemporary observes, it is intended to be sacrificed.

10. Q to K 2nd	P to K B 4th		
11. P takes B P	P takes P		
12. P to K R 3rd	P to K R 4th		
13. P takes Kt	R P takes P		
14. Kt to Kt 5th	B to B 3rd		
15. P to K B 4th	Q to K 2nd		
16. K to B 2nd	Castles (Q R)		
17. B takes Kt			

We agree with the *Adelaide Observer* in thinking this move injudicious.

17.	B takes B		
18. Kt to Q B 4th	R to R 7th		
19. R to K Kt sq	R to K sq		

At this point there occurred a misconception which seems to have been caused by a defect in the arrangements of the match. Mr. Esling's move as wired from Melbourne was 25. Q to B 8th, but it was read in Sydney as 25. Q to B 5th (ch), and the reply was 25. K to B sq. White consequently lost the game in a few moves. It is, perhaps, worth mentioning that in the only match by telegraph in which the writer engaged, he had his own and his adversary's moves repeated, and had such a precaution been adopted in this case, such a blunder could not have occurred. The following is the finish, which is neat enough on the part of Black:—

25.		Q to R 6th	
26. K to B sq		B takes P (ch)	
27. R takes B		R to R 8th (ch)	
28. K to K 2nd		Q to B 6th	

Checkmate.

We have received the following problem from Mr. N. Travers, of Twickenham, who would be glad to learn the author's name. It is a very interesting position of a class of problem now somewhat out of vogue:—

White: K to Q 6th, B at Q 4th, Kt at Q B 8th, Pawns at Q B 4th and Q R 3rd. (Five pieces.)

Black: K at Q R 3rd, Pawn at Q R 5th. (Two pieces.)

White to play, and mate in four moves.

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ART BOOKS.

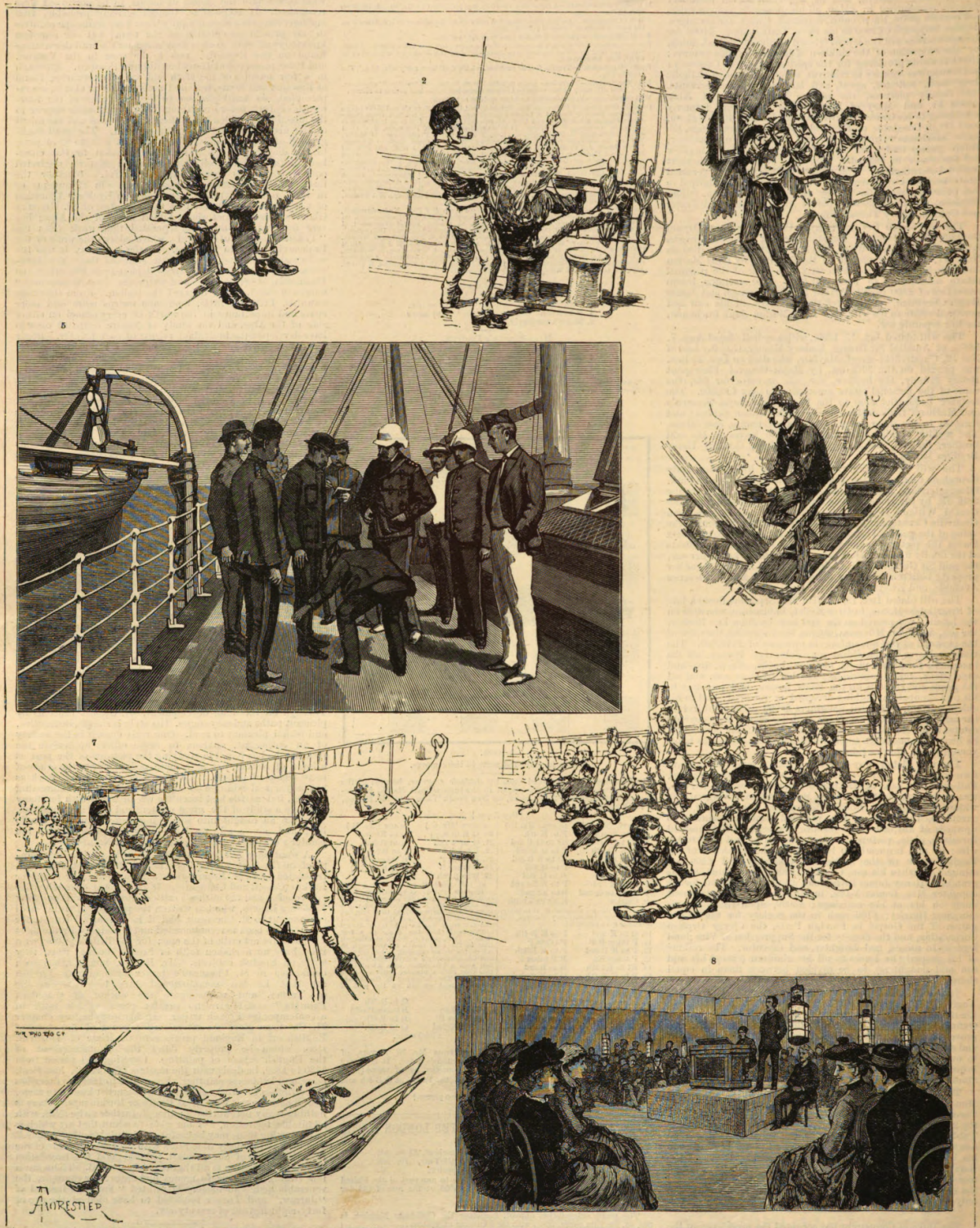
Those who can recollect the interest aroused by Mr. J. Gilbert's delightful and valuable study on Titian and the Cadore country, will welcome his new volume, *Landscape in Art* (John Murray, 1885), which is, in a sense, the complement of his first work. Mr. Gilbert's aim has been to trace the position occupied by landscape in art, and to show by what slow stages the claims of nature to be portrayed were recognised. It is possible, though scarcely probable, that amongst the painters of antiquity there were landscape painters in our present acceptation of the term; but our remotest knowledge of such work is that based on the wall decorations found on the Esquiline, now to be seen in the Vatican, and those preserved at Herculaneum and Pompeii. Although in a few mosaics of the sixth and seventh centuries, found at Ravenna and Rome, trees and rocks, and even clouds, are represented, we must pass on to the very close of the fourteenth century before anything like backgrounds appear in the missal work, which alone absorbed the time and the talent of the artists of that interesting period. The gold background of the saints and Madonnas had first to give place to the diaper, perhaps a touching allusion to the cross-bars of the monk's cell, beyond which Nature, neglected and feared, was bright and beautiful. Whether the first note of freedom was struck in Flanders or in Italy, it is hard to say. In John van Eyck's "Adoration of the Lamb"—to be seen at the Cathedral of St. Bavon at Ghent—landscape first showed itself north of the Alps; but very few years could have separated that work from the "Tribute Money" of Masaccio, which adorns the walls of the Brancacci Chapel in Florence. In the one case, it was the walls and towers and innumerable spires of the "New Jerusalem" which the Flemish artist depicted; in the other, the Pisan hills, of which here and there the tops are lost under masses of cloud, which inspired the Italian. From that time onwards, little by little, landscape usurps more and more space and importance in the works of every school on either side of the Alps, and the study of Nature seems at once to have developed the individual talents of each painter. Roger van der Weyden was no mere imitator of his contemporary, van Eyck; nor was Ghirlandaio of Masaccio. Yet one can believe that, had the Rubicon never been crossed, both would have gone on repeating with mechanical monotony the angular Madonnas and wooden saints with which missal painting had for so many centuries been content. In Italy, progress was more rapid than in the north, under the influence of Botticelli, who excelled in trees; of Leonardo Da Vinci, for whom the stalactite caverns had at one time so great a fascination; and of Perugino, who treated mountain forms and lake shores with equal skill and tenderness, and pointed the road to that perfection which Raffaelle attained. But throughout this and the succeeding period of art, Flemish as well as Italian, the landscape was still only an accessory—the mere setting of the picture—religious or secular. And it is not until we reach Titian that we have any trace of what we should, in these days, describe as a landscape; and of Titian there is the tradition of only four of such works—all now lost, except the one belonging to the Queen, and hidden from the public at Buckingham Palace. But in the majority of the great Venetian's works some trace of the surroundings of the world in which he lived is always be found: the mountains above Belluno, the sea beyond Chioggia, or the deep valleys of the Euganean Hills, are constantly appearing. From Titian's time, however, although the decadence of Italian art was soon to set in, the cause of landscape painting for itself had been won—Tintoretto, the Caracci, and Domenichino handed on its traditions to Guercino, which, after him, were to revive, in temporary splendour, under the magic brush of the unrivalled Claude, to be sustained for a while by Salvator Rosa, and to close a brilliant era with Gaspard Poussin. In the Netherlands, a very similar course may be traced from Mabuse to Paul Bril and "peasant" and "velvet" Breughel, until the genius of Rubens arose like a sun among the lesser lights. Through all this long development, Mr. Gilbert leads us by pleasant paths and easy stages. His style is simple, instructive, and withal pleasant to read. One feels oneself in the society of an enthusiast, anxious to make others appreciate the pleasure he has found in studying the pictures of the past as a lover of Nature, not as a mere pedant nor as the critic of mere technical details. We therefore welcome his work as not only a real addition to our knowledge of an interesting subject, but as the best incentive we have met with for many years to a study of the great masters and their surroundings. We gain an insight into something more than their studio life; and, above all, we learn how monotonous was the painter's art until he sought inspiration in Nature.

A want long felt by lovers of English art has been supplied in *The English School of Painting*, by Ernest Chesneau, translated by L. N. Etherington, with a preface by Professor Ruskin (Cassell and Company). It is at once comprehensive and concise, and the author's critical judgment is indorsed by Professor Ruskin, who has written the preface. It is no small compliment to M. Chesneau, and it is certainly fortunate for him that his book is recommended and introduced by the most authoritative art critic of the age; for the British public, as a rule, have no unshaken faith in French authors when they write on English subjects. Mr. Ruskin, however, has such confidence in M. Chesneau's power of analysing English art that he has commissioned him to write a life of Turner, and we suppose the author of "Modern Painters" could give no greater proof of his faith in a contemporary French writer. In his introductory chapter M. Chesneau gives an interesting account of the state of English art in England previous to the time of Hogarth, from whom he properly dates the commencement of the English school of painting. Covering the period from 1730 to 1850, he deals with the masters of portrait, historical, *genre*, and landscape painting. From 1850 to 1882, he describes and criticises the works of every English artist known to fame, as well as some "of whom," as Professor Ruskin says, "there is nothing really noteworthy"; though further on he adds, with admirable toleration, "I am glad to admit that art which is uninteresting to me may be useful and helpful to other people." The book is profusely illustrated with sketches of some of the principal works of our greatest painters, and the translation by Miss Etherington is all that could be desired. There are a few trifling errors as to names and dates; for example, the venerable Bede's monastery is printed "Yarrow" instead of "Jarrow," and Turner is stated to have died at the age of forty-eight instead of seventy-six.

Alderman Sir John Whittaker Ellis, M.P., has been re-elected by the Court of Common Council Governor of the Irish Society, which body manage the extensive estates of the London Corporation in the province of Ulster; and Mr. Biggs Deputy-Governor.

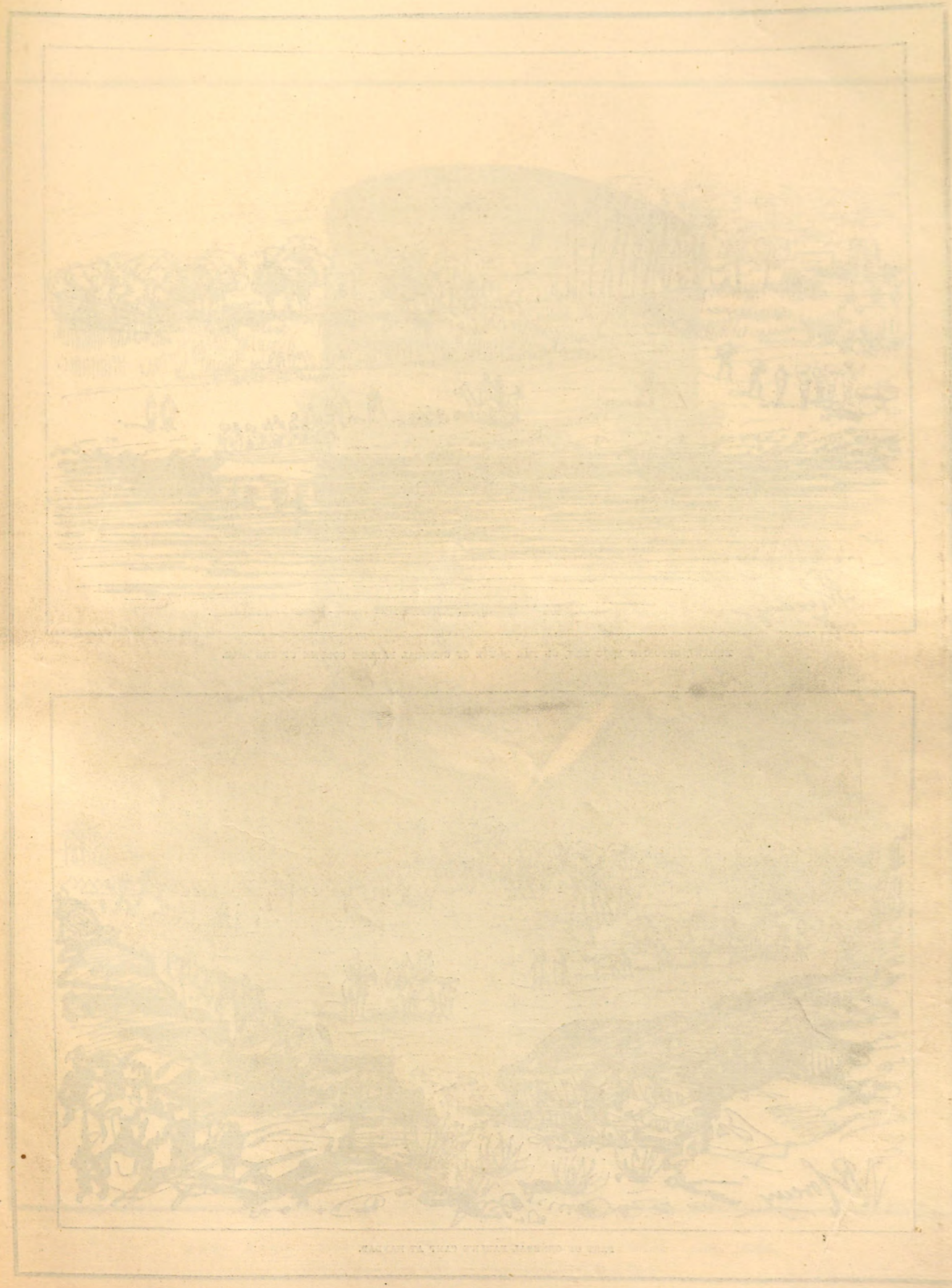
The annual dinner of the friends of the Warehousemen and Clerks' Schools for Orphans and Necessitous Children will take place at the Cannon-street Hotel next Wednesday. The chair will be taken by Mr. S. Hope Morley, treasurer of the institution, supported by the Sheriffs of London and Middlesex, at half-past five precisely.

EN ROUTE TO BECHUANALAND.



1. Our Special Artist in the Bay of Biscay. 2. At "Truefit's." 3. A hasty toilette. 4. A "Masher."
5. Inspecting Uniforms. 6. The Matutinal Pipe. 7. Cricket. 8. An Evening Concert. 9. At rest.

SKETCHES ON BOARD THE PEMBROKE CASTLE, BY A TROOPER OF "METHUEN'S HORSE."





MERAWI, OPPOSITE ABOU DOM, ON THE ROUTE OF GENERAL EARLE'S COLUMN UP THE NILE.



PART OF GENERAL EARLE'S CAMP AT HANDAB.

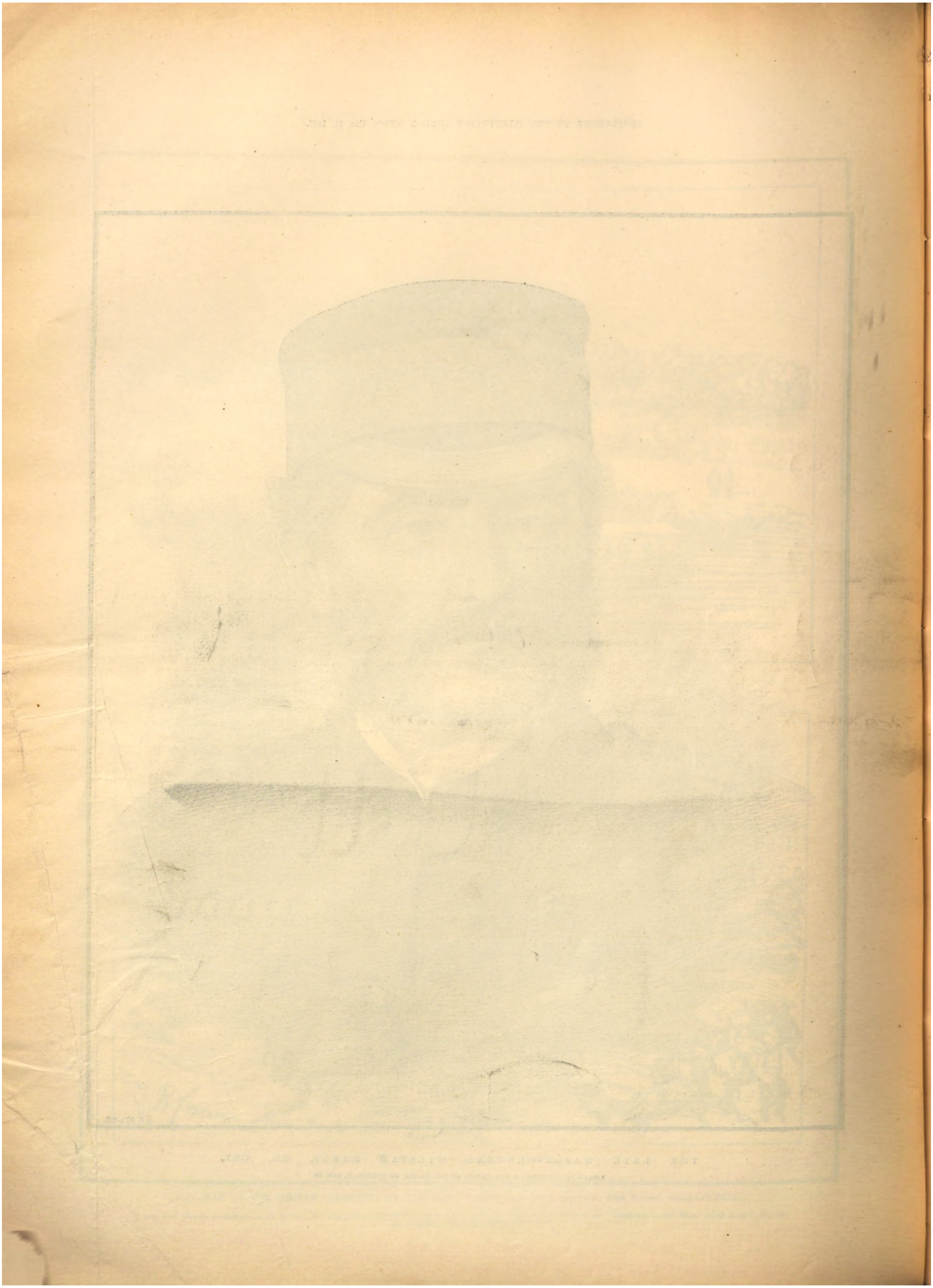
THE WAR IN THE SOUDAN.—SKETCHES BY THE LATE LIEUT.-COL. R. C. COVENY, 42nd ROYAL HIGHLANDERS.

"I have much pleasure in sending you the inclosed, and hope they may be of some use to you."—Letter from Lieut.-Col. Coveny to the "Illustrated London News," dated Handab, Jan. 22; he was killed at Kerbekan on Feb. 10.

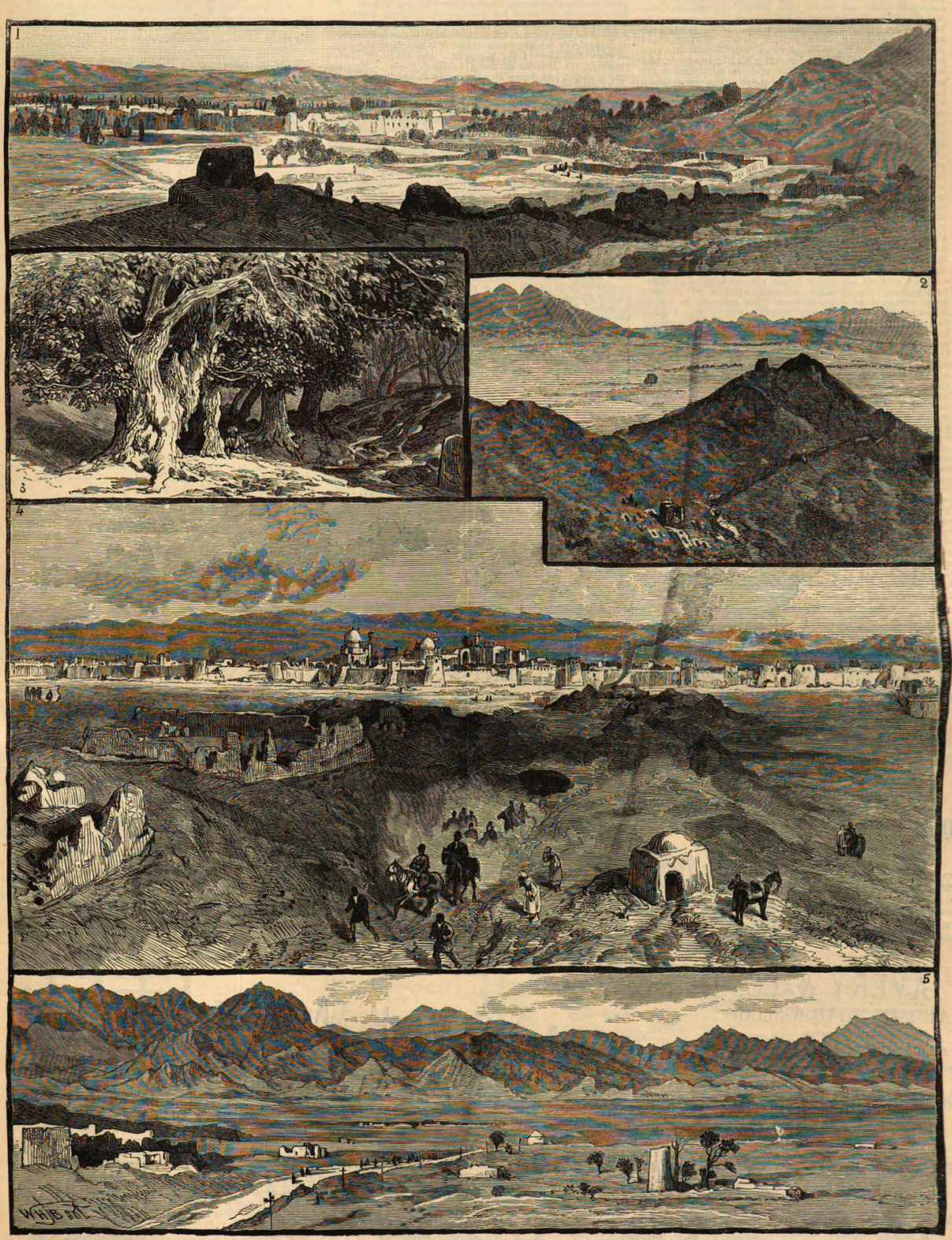


THE LATE MAJOR-GENERAL WILLIAM EARLE, C.B., C.S.I.,

KILLED IN COMMAND OF THE TROOPS AT THE BATTLE OF KERBEKAN, FEB. 10.



WITH THE AFGHAN BOUNDARY COMMISSION.



1. Shahrud, from the east.
2. View of Khorassan, looking east from Shahrud.
3. Chunar-tree at Shahrud.
4. The Holy City of Meshed, Khorassan.
5. Damghan, with the home of the "Old Man of the Mountain."

SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. WILLIAM SIMPSON.

THE AFGHAN BOUNDARY COMMISSION.

The political importance of this question is forcibly impressed on the public mind by the presence now in London of M. Lessar, a French engineer and geographer in the Russian service, who is sent here to discuss with our Foreign Office those very details of frontier topography which ought to be examined on the spot by the joint British and Russian Commissions. Sir Peter Lumsden with his staff, accompanied by Mr. William Simpson, our Special Artist, arrived two months ago at Bala Murghab, the appointed place of meeting, about one hundred miles north-east of Herat, and they are still kept waiting for General Zelenoy, the Russian Commissioner, who has not yet set forth from Tiflis, and can hardly reach the proposed scene of operations before April. This unexplained failure of the Russian Government to keep its appointment, with the uncalled-for mission of M. Lessar to London, is a cause for much dissatisfaction and suspicion of its real intentions. Our Special Artist has diligently employed himself in making a number of Sketches of all places of interest between the Heri-rud and Murghab Rivers, in the country on the Afghan frontier, towards Sarakhs and Merv, which may possibly become the subject of a serious dispute. It is a territory of no great extent, measuring less than a hundred and fifty miles from west to east; but it is absolutely essential to the military defence of Herat, and to the political security of Afghanistan. The two large rivers above named, the Heri-rud (or Tejend), flowing southward to Herat, on the Persian border, and the Murghab, flowing northward from the Paropamisus mountain range to Merv and Russian Turkestan, inclose a district inhabited by frontier tribes called the Salors and the Badghis, who have been always reckoned subjects of the Ameer of Afghanistan. During the last few months, without any claim being advanced by diplomatic negotiations, the Russian military officials at Sarakhs have presumed to push forward their outposts to Pul-i-Khatun, on the Heri-rud, actually within the Persian territory, and to Penjdeh, on the Murghab, which certainly belongs to Afghanistan. These unwarrantable acts, committed to the prejudice of the intended friendly settlement of the frontier question, cannot be allowed to pass without a decided protest on the part of the British Government, as well as of the Ameer Abdurrahman Khan, and perhaps also of the Shah of Persia. The situation of affairs is now watched by all who have studied the question with very grave anxiety; and our Artist's Sketches, with the accurate descriptive notes which he has furnished to us, may soon be found of the greatest value. The country has never been visited, hitherto, by Europeans able to record minute and careful observations either of the localities or of the people; and we feel sure that the importance of Mr. Simpson's work, at the present moment, cannot fail to be appreciated by those in authority, as well as by the readers of this Journal.

In the meantime, reserving for early publication, when our space permits, his Illustrations of the disputed Afghan frontier, we must be content this week to give a few more of our Artist's interesting Sketches of Khorassan, the eastern province of the Persian empire, through which he journeyed on horseback with Sir Peter Lumsden's party, from Teheran to the banks of the Heri-rud. The whole length of the northern frontier of Khorassan, but more especially "the great highway of Central Asia," the road from Shahrud to Meshed, is of much political, military, and commercial importance. It runs several hundred miles from west to east, nearly parallel with the new Russian road and half-constructed line of railway up the Attrek valley, which leads from the Caspian Sea towards the Afghan frontier. This consideration, besides the ancient historical renown of the decayed Persian cities along the route, and the esteem in which they are held by the Mohammedan nations, gives a particular interest to our Views of Shahrud and Meshed. We have already described the position of Shahrud, which is a town of some traffic on the way to Asterabad and the Russian seaports of the Caspian. On the road from Persia is Damghan, situated below the mountains reputed to have been the abode of the "Old Man of the Mountain," the notorious Hassan Subbagh, the founder of the Assassins in Syria. His home was a castle, but water flowed through it, and the place was made into a delightful garden. The followers of this man were initiated into his system or service, and were taught that they could not die; hence the place was called Labyamoot, or "Without Death." We do not know whether there are any remains of this castle yet to be seen. Hassan Subbagh lived in the time of the Crusades; that is a long time ago, and his deathless gardens may have entirely disappeared. When young, Hassan Subbagh was a companion of the elegant Persian poet, Omar Khayyoum, whose tomb at Nishapore was lately visited by our Artist. Mr. Simpson contributes a sketch of Damghan, and one of a venerable old chunar-tree, or plane-tree, which he saw at Shahrud; it is a very fine one, being, by a rough measurement, about 18 ft. diameter. It is in one of the suburbs of Shahrud, where there is a small village and a mill.

The Holy City of Meshed, the capital of Khorassan, stands on a plain, which is part of the valley of the Keshef Rud, or Keshef River, for Rud is the word here used in that sense. About twenty miles to the west there is a large spring of water; it is called Chesmeh Gilas, or the Cherry Fountain. The water is brought by an artificial watercourse all the way to Meshed, where it forms a canal through the principal street, which is called the Khiaban. This supplies the city with water. Meshed is at least four miles in circumference, and has a mud wall of defence. The view from the south-east shows the Eedgah Gate, on the outside of which is a large burial-ground, and a number of brick-kilns. This view also shows the shrine of the Imam Reza, with its golden dome and minarets.

During a dense fog on Wednesday, the British India steamer El Dorado, 3332 tons, was wrecked on one of the Berling islands, near the coast of Portugal. The crew and some military officers, the only passengers on board, were saved. The vessel carried about 600 tons of military stores for the army in Egypt, including a much-needed supply of clothing for the troops in the Soudan.

At a meeting of the Court of Common Council on the 12th inst, the Town Clerk read a letter from Earl Stanhope, chairman of the Ecclesiastical Commissioners, offering to appropriate for the perpetual use and enjoyment of the inhabitants of the metropolis Gravel-Pit Wood, at Highgate, comprising sixty-nine acres, and thirty acres of land at Kilburn, forming a portion of the site occupied in 1879 by the Royal Agricultural Show. The offer is made by the commissioners on condition that the Corporation shall obtain Parliamentary sanction for the Ecclesiastical Commissioners to make the proposed appropriation, and shall undertake to lay out and maintain these two spaces as parks in perpetuity.

EN ROUTE TO BECHUANALAND.

A few Sketches by Mr. Julius M. Price, our Special Artist with the volunteer corps raised in London under the name of "The South African Irregular Force," otherwise called "Methuen's Horse," to serve the Government of the Cape Colony in restoring law and order in Bechuanaland, are presented in this Number of our Journal. These Sketches were all taken on board the Pembroke Castle, the vessel which conveyed three hundred of the volunteers from England to Capetown in December; and the incidents of personal experience during the voyage, the sleeping in hammocks, the washing, shaving, and dressing; the fetching breakfast or dinner for a mess, the tailor's business of measuring for uniforms, the lounging, smoking, and chatting on deck, and the assemblage of passengers to enjoy an entertainment of vocal music or recitation, fill the page very well. Our Special Artist and his comrades of No. 5 Troop, arriving at Capetown on Dec. 19, were started off next day to Barkly, West Griqualand, where the whole force was to rendezvous on Jan. 14, and his latest communication to us is dated from that place, "with the Royal Engineers," on the 17th ult. We observe that the present style and title of his regiment, since its formal enrolment, is the "1st Mounted Rifles," under the command of Colonel the Hon. Paul Methuen, C.B. The 2nd Mounted Rifles are commanded by Major Stapleton, of the 20th Hussars. On the 12th ult., there were already collected at Barkly, or on the way to Barkly, a squadron of Inniskilling Dragoons, a battery of Gardner guns, five companies of the Royal Scots, four troops of Methuen's, and two of Carrington's. A correspondent who is not one of the corps, writing on the 4th from Langford camp, the head-quarters of Major-General Sir Charles Warren, says, "The behaviour of the 1st Mounted Rifles has been beyond all praise. Colonel Methuen certainly works his regiment harder than any other in the force. From four a.m. to dinner-time, and again in the afternoon, they seem always at stables, on parade, or out doing field-firing or outpost duty; and, so far as outsiders can see, there is always the same cheerfulness and keenness. No doubt they have yet much to learn in the way of drill, and possibly something of the customs and discipline of the service; but on the whole they have progressed with giant strides, and in a few months should be one of the smartest, as they are one of the finest, bodies of men in the service."

The Charity Commissioners have directed a public inquiry to be held respecting the administration of the municipal charities of the city of Canterbury.

The twenty-ninth anniversary dinner of the Dramatic and Musical Sick Fund took place at Willis's Rooms, St. James's, as usual, on Ash Wednesday. Mr. John Hare occupied the chair, and was supported by the Lord Mayor and Sheriffs and by an influential list of stewards.

Mr. E. Stanford, of Charing-cross, has published a new map, designed to illustrate the military operations in the Soudan. The references to places on the Nile, between Korti and Khartoum, are very complete. The track across the Bayuda Desert, from Merawi to Metammeh, is clearly defined; so also is that from Souakim to Berber, and the map is made of additional value by an illustration of Khartoum, showing the position of the Government House, the palace, the Hospital, and powder magazine. In the present position of affairs the map will prove most useful.

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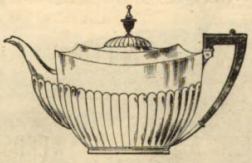
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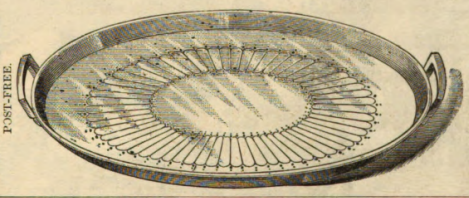
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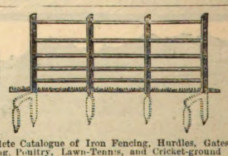
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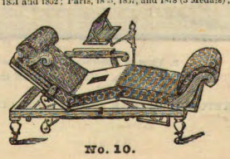


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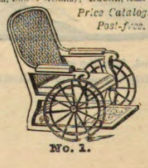
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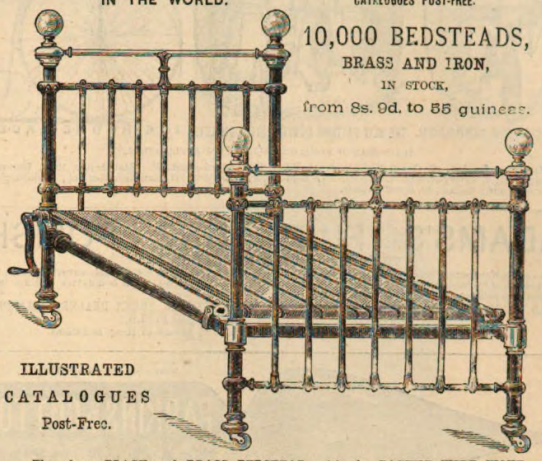
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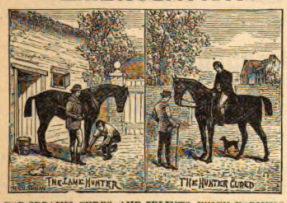
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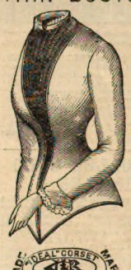
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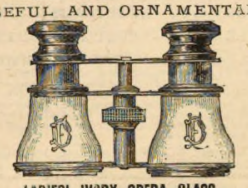
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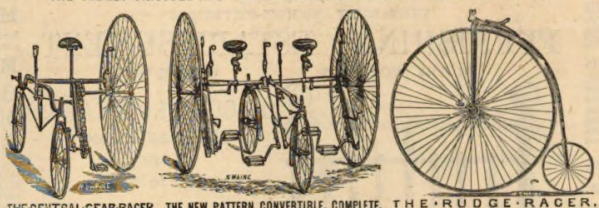
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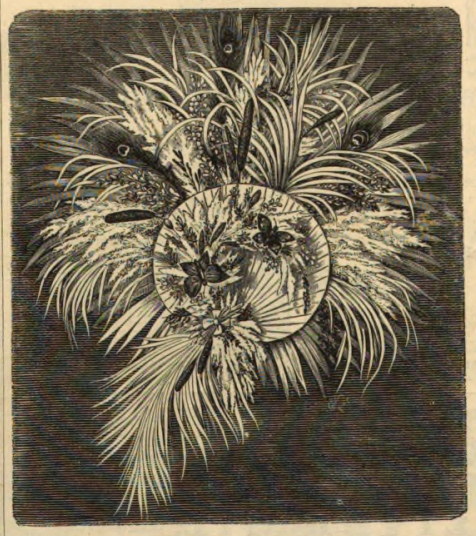
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THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.

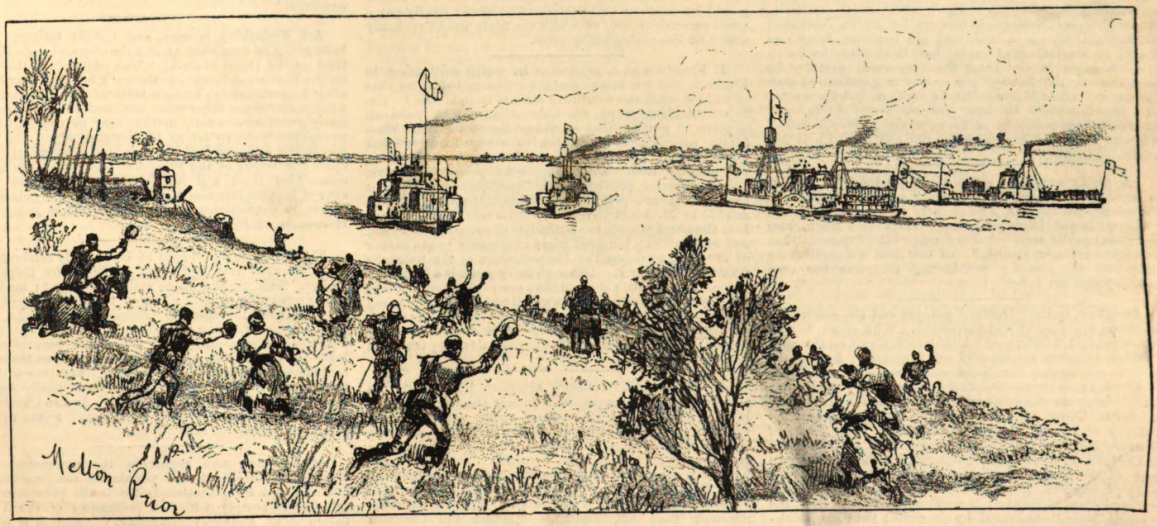
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OUR NOTE-BOOK

It is now said to be definitively settled that Princess Beatrice will be married to Prince Henry of Battenberg at Osborne towards the end of July, and that the happy pair will spend their honeymoon at Quarr Abbey, a beautiful place on Wootton Creek, about two miles from Ryde, belonging to Lady Cochrane, who will lend it them for the occasion. The abbey was originally a Cistercian foundation, like Netley and Tintern, and the monks of that order had a vast amount of taste both in the choice and architecture of their habitats. There are but few relics left of ancient Quarr; a meadow smiles where the cells once stood, a farm-yard occupies the site of the chapel and monastery, and the refectory is now a barn. Some huge mossy stones just above the beach are probably the remains of its seaward fortifications, erected about the middle of the fourteenth century by an abbot, who was also warden of the Isle of Wight, and charged with its defence against all foreign foes.

An undoubted fact coming to us from the wilds of Dakota brings with it a waft of the atmosphere of Hiawatha, and sounds too romantically unreal for the nineteenth century. A New York journalist, Mr. Stanley Huntley, has become chief of all the Sioux tribes; and this is how it came about. Some years ago, before the famous Sitting Bull surrendered, Huntley was sent by a Chicago paper to Northern Montana to interview him. Circumstances drove the journalist into British North-West territory, where he became the guest of a Major Walsh, round whose post many old and feeble Indians with their squaws were encamped. Among them was Little Knife, head and chief of the Teton nation, who had a bad leg, and was given up as incurable by the medicine men. Huntley had some knowledge of simples and speedily cured the old chief, who gratefully pronounced him his son by adoption. Both his own sons, Mountain Bull and Young Antelope, are now dead, and Huntley, whose tie of adoption is considered stronger than that of consanguinity, becomes chief of the Sioux. His Indian name is Waukpey Wankan, or Holy Leaf.

It is very sad when such relics as war medals, priceless in the eyes of the brave soldiers who won them long ago, are knocked down by the auctioneer's hammer for a mere song to strangers. Owing to the unfortunate bankruptcy of the Earl of Berkeley, no less than twenty-one medals, given to different members of his family for Waterloo, Talavera, Badajoz, the Peninsular War, the Crimea, India, and South Africa, were thus sold in Bond-street last week, together with portraits by Gainsborough and G. Romney, and a large quantity of antique silver plate, most of which fetched from 10s. to 25s. per ounce.

Benjamin West was one of the earliest American artists, and, as he was a native of Pennsylvania, his mind and works had a Puritan, almost a mystic, bias. His picture of "Death on the Pale Horse" exercised a curious influence on the public when exhibited in London early in the present century, and the painter remained here till his death, in 1820. A portfolio that belonged to him, containing twenty of his own sketches from Hebrew history and Christian legend, has just been presented by Mr. George Childs to the Philadelphia Academy of Fine Arts. It appears that four years after West's death his goods and chattels were sold, and Mr. Childs purchased this portfolio and its contents from a daughter of the person who then bought them.

The articles on Society in Vienna are the chief attraction of *La Nouvelle Revue* at the present time. No one knows who writes them, for Comte Paul Vasili is merely a *nom de plume*. They are not malicious or scandalous, but they say "who's who" most fearlessly. How Princess Metternich receives for Baron Nathaniel Rothschild, who is a confirmed old bachelor, known as Natti to his intimate friends; how the millionaire Baron Hirsch hides in one hand the very small gratuity he bestows on a "jarvey"; and how a penniless Polish Countess became Madame De Löwenthal, and the mother of the Duchesse Decazes, are all racy stories, and thoroughly appreciated in Paris, where *la haute finance* of Vienna is as well known as in the city to which it has affiliated itself.

A pretty anecdote, not without its touch of pathos, is going the rounds of the French press respecting the Princess of Wales. A French lady said to her one day, "Your Royal Highness speaks English, French, and German equally well." "Yes," replied the Princess, "but I always think in Danish." In this land we shall never love her the less for not having forgotten her own country and her father's house.

Southey, in his "Doctor," pointed out the connection between topography and patriotism. With equal felicity the so-called "Lake poet" might have dwelt on the connection between topography and literature. Among the books announced for publication we see a History of Dorking, a town famous for the lovely scenery that encircles it on all sides and teeming with literary associations. There, for instance, is The Deepdene, praised by Aubrey and John Evelyn, the home, in later years, of Thomas Hope, the author of "Anastasius," and the haunt of Disraeli when writing "Coningsby"; there is Evelyn's seat of Wotton, a paradise of beauty; there, hidden in leafy loveliness, is The Rookery, once tenanted by "Population Malthus"; there flows, or tries to flow, the "silent Mole," celebrated by six poets; there, in Betchworth Park, lived, probably, William Browne, the poet, and "truly beloved friend" of Ben Jonson, and lived, certainly, Abraham Tucker, the philosopher, of whom Sir Henry Taylor has said that "an intellect more exact and discursive was never exercised in theology." At the foot of Boxhill, famous for its picnics, Keats wrote a portion of "Endymion"; and there resides one of the most famous, though by no means the most popular, of contemporary novelists. Dr. Johnson's favourite, Fanny Burney, when transformed into Madame D'Arblay, lived within a mile of the hill; and hard by, at the famous seat of Norbury, dwelt her friend William Locke, "the Mæcenas of English literature and art." "I remember," said the painter James Northcote, "when Mr. Locke, of Norbury Park, first came over from Italy, and old Dr. Moore, who had a high opinion of him, was crying up his drawings, and asked me if I did not think he would make a great painter? I said, 'No; never?' 'Why not?' 'Because he has six thousand a year.'" Pity that every artist who fails has not a similar consolation!

Hitherto, the painful complaint called "Writer's Cramp" has been regarded by medical men as practically incurable. In Dr. Quain's "Dictionary of Medicine," the author of a paper on the subject vividly describes the growing agony of a clerk whose livelihood depends on the use of the pen, upon finding it day by day more difficult to write. Galvanism will be tried and other remedies resorted to, but the case generally goes from bad to worse, and at length the poor scrivener loses his office and his income. There is good news for him now. Dr. De Watteville, of St. Mary's Hospital, relates several instances of writer's cramp, one being of seventeen years' duration, which have been cured in a few weeks by the application of rubbing, kneading, and gymnastics. The happy discoverer of this treatment is a German, who has lately come to London. What a warm welcome Thomas Carlyle, who was unable to hold a pen for the last fifteen years of his life, would have given to Mr. Julius Wolff! We are not told, however, of any case in which the treatment has proved efficacious in old age. The method, at present, is comparatively in its infancy.

So we are to have a Billiard Association, or a National Billiard Association, who will let us know what we really may (if we can) and may not do at the various games played on a billiard-table. It was quite time that some move was made in this direction; as the laws of such games do not at present by any means resemble the law of the Medes and Persians, but vary according to the customs of different rooms or according to the sweet will of certain "markers" and manufacturers. Meanwhile, Mr. John Roberts, jun., has been doing more wonders to justify him in adopting the title of "champion." It was a great thing to give 3000 points out of 12,000 and a beating to such an ex-champion as Mr. Joseph Bennett; but it was perhaps a greater to give 3000 points out of 10,000 and a beating to such a candidate for the championship as Mr. T. Taylor; because it is doubtful whether the latter has yet attained his zenith. At the same time, it is doubtful whether it accords with dignity and propriety that a player who has held the championship, or has competed for it, should accept points in a public match. Perhaps the new association may take the question into consideration; and at any rate may have a word to say about the absurd number of "champions," amounting to something like a score or more.

Scarcely a week passes without the law courts being occupied with cases where innocent trustees, being robbed by their agents, are ordered to refund vast sums of money. Of course, everybody accepting a trust is bound to carry it out, but the general practice is to leave the business arrangements to a solicitor. Of late, unfortunately, several of these have proved dishonest, and the result is a personal loss to those who had no personal interest in the funds missing. It is a common thing for friends to appoint each other trustees under wills or marriage settlements, and the request to act is generally accompanied by a statement that the office "is merely nominal." Soon there will be a difficulty in obtaining responsible persons to run risks where they have no prospects of gain, and some new procedure must be adopted. The appointment by Government of an official trustee, whose duties are carried out by an official staff at the expense of the trust funds, would be welcome to testators, who would gladly pay a small percentage, out of which the State would certainly derive no inconsiderable revenue.

If literature as a profession be worth cultivating in England, and we have constant evidence before us that it is, how much more enticing must it be in Russia? The favourite Minister of the Czar Alexander I. gave an impetus to writing that should go far to stimulate Muscovite school-boys of to-day to study hard in that direction. All the universities and the public schools in this country from time to time offer prizes for essays, either on social, political, or philosophical subjects; but the most gigantic premium ever accessible was bequeathed in 1825 by M. Araktcheyeff. He left a sum equal to about four thousand pounds to accumulate at compound interest, and to be given a hundred years afterwards to the author of the best work on the life and times of the testator's master, Alexander I. Although forty years is a long time to look forward to, yet more than one aspirant, or perhaps more correctly, his parents or guardians, have commenced to study the subject with the object of eventually carrying off the offered fortune. For a fortune it will be, amounting with accumulations, in 1925, to just on twenty thousand pounds!

An ingenious advertising American has invented a machine for the purpose of reducing the size of unduly large noses. It is a little metal clamp not unlike the bridge of *pince-nez*, and for fear of exciting notice or laying the wearer of it open to a charge of vanity, the inventor recommends that it be worn at night. Yet large noses have been considered as significant of intelligence, and the great Duke of Wellington and the ancient Romans have been held up as evidences of this fact. The Transatlantic mechanic does not announce whether the excessive intellect will also be restrained by the use of his instrument, and until we know this for certain his invention will not be generally used without some diffideuce in this country.

The beautiful hotel of the Duchesse de Mouchy, where the Empress Eugénie stays on her occasional visits to Paris, is at present little known, and, in fact, has only been thoroughly finished during the last few months. The *entresol* contains only private apartments, and the first floor is given up entirely to splendid reception-rooms, three of which face the Esplanade des Invalides. Here the Duchess has surrounded herself with pictures, marbles, and bronzes, all of which have a history; and her Sèvres and Saxe porcelaine, enamels, faïences, &c., form a perfect museum. One very large picture is a lifesize portrait of Murat, another is of Maréchal de Mouchy; while the miniatures of the first Napoleon by Legnay, and of Queen Caroline and her daughter, by Isabey, are highly prized. The mistress of this charming house does not intend to throw it open this season, although on Tuesday she gave a quiet, if significant, dinner to her young cousin, Prince Victor Napoleon, and a few chosen friends.

The ghastly result of the attempt to hang the Babbacombe murderer, although truly terrible, is not altogether without parallel in the history of executions. At Edinburgh, in the year 1728, a woman, named Dixon, was condemned to death for the murder of a child; and the dread sentence of the law was apparently carried out. But her body, after being put in the coffin, was handed over to her friends for burial. Before the lid was finally fastened down, the executed woman sat up, dazed but alive. After a few days of medical treatment, she was able to walk about, and finally recovered; and, of course, got off, for humanity and Scotch law prevented any more experiments. Twelve years later, the body of a murderer, who had been hanged at Tyburn, was sent to the Surgeons' Hall for dissection. There it was found that he had been but partially executed, and he got well, his sentence being commuted to transportation for life. John Lee has been more fortunate than either of these; for, if his mental agony was stupendous, at least it is consolatory to know that he was spared bodily torture.

Whether there are an unusual number of working people out of employment just now, and the causes that have led to such a state of things, are questions for the political economist; but here is a stern fact that speaks volumes. On Tuesday morning a vast crowd of young men, whose ages varied apparently from sixteen to thirty, collected in the Strand. Such a mob was there that the police had to interfere, and traffic was temporarily impeded. And the reason was simply this. A restaurateur had advertised for a youth as porter, and intimated that applicants must call at a certain day and hour. He did not expect to be besieged; but it is estimated that he had five hundred aspirants for a post of hard work, at the remuneration of fifteen shillings a week.

Lovers of sport have at this time of the year their attention turned chiefly to coursing, of which the Waterloo Cup, under the patronage of Lord Sefton, has for some years past been regarded as the principal event. As with horse-racing, however, so with coursing, sport is becoming business; and it is prophesied that "gate-money" meetings, with their big prizes, at Kempton Park and elsewhere, will gradually cause "Ichabod" to be the cry at Altcar. Not this year, however, can that cry be raised, though the performances may have been less glorious, and the final result less conclusive, from the withdrawal or reservation of formidable competitors, than was the case in the days of the celebrated greyhound Master M'Grath.

The season of coursing recalls the memory of the famous greyhound Snowball, of Norfolk sire and Yorkshire dam. Of him it was recorded by his owner, the once renowned sportsman Major Topham, of the Wolds, Yorkshire, at the beginning of this century, that he "won ten large pieces of silver plate, and upwards of forty matches, having accepted every challenge, from whatever dogs of different countries (? counties) were brought against him." In our day he would, no doubt, have won large sums of "added money" at "inclosed" meetings.

Ash Wednesday is over, and "strict training" has been going on ever since among the crews who are to contend for the (light or dark) "blue ribbon" of the water on the Thames at Easter, or the week before Easter. The affair is, fortunately, losing a little of the ridiculous and wholly factitious importance assigned to it not so very many years ago, when, in the fever of competition, a newspaper went so far as to discourse about the boils which the training had produced (as it frequently does) upon the bodies of the energetic young gentlemen. It seems that there will be trouble this year (for there always is some fuss and trouble of some kind) about the course, in consequence of the work which is going on at Hammersmith Bridge.

The Carnival, which used to be so gaily celebrated at Paris, seems to have died out of public notice there altogether. This, perhaps, is no matter for regret; inasmuch as the scenes which took place in the palmy days of the Carnival, when the eccentric "French"-Englishman, Lord Henry Seymour, was a conspicuous figure at the "Vendanges de Bourgogne," and threw hot sovereigns or louis-d'or (for he was a pleasant gentleman) to the crowd during the "descente de la Courtille," together with the wild orgies of the "barrier balls," can hardly be considered to have tended to edification. And so Charles the Eighth's institution of the "bœuf gras" seems to have suffered irremediable extinction.

At Leicester, says report in the newspapers, five thousand persons (out of a population reaching about a hundred and sixty thousand) are to be prosecuted for refusing to comply with the ordinances of the Vaccination Act. Evidently, therefore, vaccination is not in universal favour with the Leicestrians; and evidently a very large number of the Leicestrians, having a strong opinion adverse to the operation, have also the courage of their strong opinion.

THE WAR IN THE SOUDAN.

A complete alteration of the military plans and prospects has followed the Fall of Khartoum. They depend, of course, upon the political object in view, which seems to be entirely changed. Since there is no Gordon now to be rescued, and no garrison at Khartoum to be relieved, it is proposed to "break down the power of the Mahdi at Khartoum." But this cannot be done till September; therefore, Lord Wolseley has to withdraw that part of his forces which advanced last month very near to Khartoum, and to concentrate his army on the part of the Nile immediately above his present head-quarters at Korti, extending up the river to Abou Hamed; while the new expedition, sent out from England to be under the command of Sir Gerald Graham at Souakim, is expected in September to proceed inland to Berber, and to join Lord Wolseley's forces in the final advance on Khartoum.

In the meantime, the safe withdrawal across the Bayuda Desert of the column originally led by Sir Herbert Stewart, now commanded by Sir Redvers Buller, has become the most anxious care of the military situation. This gallant force, comprising the famous Camel Corps of picked soldiers from many of our finest regiments, was dispatched from Korti on Jan. 8, for the purpose of relieving General Gordon as quickly as possible; fought and won the battle of Abou Klea on the 17th; fought again on the 19th, when Sir Herbert Stewart was mortally wounded; made an attempt, on the 21st, to take the town of Metammeh, but desisted from that attempt, and lodged itself in an intrenched camp on the river-bank at Gubat, or Abou Kru, where Gordon's armed steamers promised to afford communication with Khartoum. On the 24th, Sir Charles Wilson went up the river, but on the 28th found that Khartoum had surrendered to the Mahdi the day before. Sir Redvers Buller arrived at Gubat, Feb. 11, to take the command, reinforced by the Royal Irish Regiment, which had marched across the Desert on foot. The enemy's position at Metammeh, strengthened by the addition of five thousand men from Khartoum, apparently including the revolted Soudanese troops of Gordon's former garrison, was found too strong for Buller to attack, while it was apprehended that the Mahdi's army, or a large part of it, would come down upon him from Khartoum. Under these circumstances, and in accordance with positive orders from Lord Wolseley, on the 13th inst., Sir Redvers Buller, having first sent away the wounded, left the fortified encampment on the Nile, destroying the two steam-boats which remained, and retired to Abou Klea, eighteen miles from the river, on his return route to Gakdul and to Korti. His force consisted of part of the Guards Camel Corps, part of the Heavy Cavalry Camel Corps, and a squadron of the 19th Hussars, which he sent at once to Gakdul; the Naval Brigade, with two Gardner machine-guns; a detachment of Royal Artillery, with two guns; part of the Mounted Infantry, portions of the Sussex and Royal Irish Regiments, details of departmental corps—in all about sixteen hundred British—and some native troops. Their march was harassed considerably, on the 16th and 17th, by strong parties of the Arabs, who also fired into the camp at night, killing four and wounding twenty-five of our men; but the Royal Irish and Mounted Infantry kept them off, and four or five of the Hussars, led by Major Wardrop, rode boldly round the enemy, firing singly at them, and making them believe that a large force was at hand. General Buller was expected to reach Gakdul on Thursday of this week. General Sir Evelyn Wood is there, in a very strong position.

We deeply regret to learn that Sir Herbert Stewart died of his wound soon after he was brought to Gakdul.

Different native versions of the tragedy at Khartoum are received at the British head-quarters; one story is that General Gordon was not shot, but was killed with swords and spears. The soldiers had consulted among themselves whether to take him alive or not, but they decided upon killing him, "because if they took him alive to the Mahdi he would be spared, and they did not wish this, as they thought that he ought to be killed, as he was the cause of all the trouble." The regular soldiers were spared, except the men holding the Boori Gate. These were killed, but the man who made cartridges for the rest was kept alive. No women or children were killed.

The Mahdi has ordered his people to collect all the animals they can and to prepare large numbers of water-skins, as they would soon move again. But food is said to be dreadfully scarce all along the bank of the Nile, as General Gordon's foraging parties from the steamers, and the bands of the Mahdi, have swept away everything edible from the villages for a great distance above and below Khartoum.

Our large Engraving of the Battle of Abou Klea, showing the manner in which the Arab charge was repulsed, is a forcible delineation of a notable fighting scene. The enemy are believed to have numbered about ten thousand, while Sir Herbert Stewart's force did not much exceed fourteen hundred. His troops were formed into square, the Mounted Infantry on the left half-front, the Artillery in the centre, the Guards on the right half-front, another detachment of the Guards and a portion of the Sussex Regiment on the right flank, and the Heavies and Mounted Infantry on the left flank. In the rear were more of the Heavy Brigade and the Naval Brigade. The Gardner guns were placed in the centre of the square. In this formation the troops advanced to meet the overwhelming force of the enemy. The latter occupied favourable ground, and had, just before the engagement, almost disappeared from view, leaving their standards only visible; then, on a sudden, a large body reappeared, and wildly charged the front of the British square. But soon, unable to stand the deadly fire poured on them, the Arabs turned and furiously attacked the left rear of the square. The Heavies were borne down by the onslaught, and broke the formation for a few moments, but they quickly rallied, and engaged in hand-to-hand fighting with the Arabs, who had penetrated their ranks, and who were at the same time subject to a murderous fire from the Guards and Mounted Infantry. The enemy, thus beset on all sides, were at last driven back, having lost, it is calculated, some 1200 men in killed and wounded. The battle fought on the 19th, in the advance from Abou Klea to the Nile above Metammeh, was an example of similar tactics; and the enemy was again repulsed with the loss of a thousand men, while the British loss was twelve killed in the square, and sixteen in the zereba, or hedged inclosure, held by Lord Charles Beresford with Captain Norton's guns and the Guards under Lord Cochrane. Nearly a hundred on our side were wounded. It was on this occasion that Sir Herbert Stewart received his fatal wound.

The death of Mr. J. A. Cameron, the *Standard* correspondent, by a rifle-bullet which struck him that morning while he sat in the "zereba" eating his breakfast, was related in our Journal three or four weeks ago. His friend and comrade, our own Special Artist, Mr. Melton Prior, who was present on the spot, furnishes a Sketch of this deplorable incident, and one of the burial of Mr. Cameron, which took place the same day at Abou Kru. The latter Illustration shows the mournful procession, in which Mr. Burleigh, of the *Daily Telegraph*; Mr. Villiers, of the *Graphic*; Colonel Barrow, of the Hussars; and Lord Charles Beresford; together with Mr. Macdonald; Mr. Melton Prior, of the *Illustrated London News;* and Mr. H. S. Pearse, of the *Daily News*, bore sadly to the grave the body of Mr. Cameron. His grave was dug alongside those of two officers and Mr. St. Leger Herbert, of the *Morning Post*. Lord Charles Beresford read the Burial Service, which the circumstances rendered most impressive.

Our Special Artist contributes also the Sketch of a scene on the 21st at Metammeh, during the "reconnaissance in force," or first attempt to take that town, when Sir Charles Wilson was in command at the neighbouring camp of Gubat. The two steam-boats, with about three hundred Soudanese troops, and with guns on board, sent down by General Gordon from Khartoum, arrived in time to join in the attack, and were greeted by the troops with hearty cheers of welcome. Metammeh, however, proved to be more strongly defended than had been supposed, and the attempt to capture the place was abandoned.

The column going in boats up the Nile, which set forth under the command of the late General Earle, and which on the 10th inst. fought the battle of Kerbekan (or Dulka) where General Earle, Lieutenant-Colonel Eyre, and Lieutenant-Colonel Coveny, were killed, has made its way through the Shukook Pass; and General Brackenbury's advanced guard was expected to reach Abou Hamed last Wednesday. Three Sketches by military correspondents illustrative of the advance of this force up the Nile from Korti, passing Merawi on the way, are engraved for our present Number. Two are drawn by the late Lieutenant-Colonel Coveny, of the 42nd (Black Watch) Royal Highlanders, whose obliging assistance with his pencil to the service of our Journal was acknowledged last week in the Memoir that accompanied his Portrait. These Sketches represent the Fort of Abou Dom, opposite Merawi, and the Nubian soldiers lent by the Mudir of Dongola, under command of Ahmed Effendi, marching through the country along the Nile. The third Sketch, by Lieutenant the Hon. Frank Colborne, of the Royal Irish Regiment, is that of the scene inside the "zereba" at Kobniat, near the Fourth Cataract, when General Earle's troops were at that place.

In the letters of General Gordon from Khartoum, some of which have this week been published in the Parliamentary papers, he mentions having issued paper money to defray his expenses in the town. We are enabled to present a facsimile of one of his notes bearing an Arabic inscription, which passed current for a value equal to about two shillings and sixpence. It is said that a private friend of Gordon at Cairo has received a letter from him, dated Dec. 14, in which he says, "All is up; I expect a catastrophe in ten days' time; it would not have been so if our people had kept me better informed as to their intentions." This letter may or may not be authentic; but Gordon could not have been aware of the frequently repeated attempts that had been made ever since last summer, to get letters from our Government authorities, civil and military, conveyed to him at any cost or trouble, by native messengers across the Desert.

The troops sent from England to compose the new army at Souakim, which Sir Gerald Graham is to command, had all taken their departure by the end of last week, including the Grenadier Guards, Coldstream Guards, and Scots Guards, who embarked at Gravesend. Sir Gerald Graham would be at Alexandria by the end of the present week. The Indian contingent of three thousand Sikh and other native soldiers, with an equal number of camp-followers, and with as many camels from India, is ready to be dispatched from Bombay and Kurrachee. Our Government has accepted the offer of a contingent from New South Wales, which will comprise a battalion of infantry 500 strong, and one battery of field artillery, with five sixteen-pounder guns properly horsed. The services of a second battery of artillery, although offered, have been declined. The *London Gazette* has published Royal proclamations directing that, in the case of forty-two corps at present or about to go on foreign service, soldiers entitled to pass into the Reserve shall continue with the regiment, and also embodying six battalions of militia infantry and two brigades of militia artillery. In order to relieve the difficulty supposed to be felt by the War Office, in providing soldiers for the ordinary sentry duties in the Metropolis, several of the Volunteer regiments in London have offered the services of a few of their members, especially on Saturdays and Sundays. The St. John's Ambulance Association, at the expense of Lady Brassey, has provided for instruction in "first aid to the sick and wounded," to be given to the Guards during their voyage by medical officers on board ship. A committee of ladies, the treasurer being Lady Rosebery, has been formed to supplement the army medical staff in succouring the sick and wounded in the Soudan.

GORDON'S GRAVE!

Shoulder to shoulder, we'll find him together,
Find where our hero is sleeping alone!
Far from his land of the mountain and heather,
Left on the sand, for his pillow a stone;
Pleading for aid, not a soul to protect him—
How our ears ring with his spirited cry!
Was it like England he loved to neglect him?
Fighting for life, and yet daring to die!

Sound the alarm! We will know where they laid him,
Search till we find the red spot where he fell.
Death to the cowards who basely betrayed him!
Left by the country he loved—but too well.
How did he die? Like a soldier, God bless him!
Sent out by England, her honour to save.
Let not our cry in his death-sleep distress him,
Ours be the glory to stand at his grave!

Hark to that shout! on the wings of the morning
Borne from the uttermost ends of the world!
Help comes from children, who, cowardice scorning,
Rush to our aid with their banners unfurled.
"Lift up your head! my disconsolate mother!
England has need of the strength of her sons,
Let us fall in to discover our brother,
Let us all stand, as of old, to our guns!"

Is there a page in our insular story
Fuller of heart, or of vigour, than this?
England, downhearted, re-leaps to her glory
Cheered by her children—refreshed by their kiss
False though the foe be, and foul though the weather,
Love lights a beacon of hope on the land!
On! to the grave of our hero together,
Shoulder to shoulder, and sword within hand!

FEB. 23, 1885. CLEMENT SCOTT.

This year's Navy Estimates show a net increase of nearly a million and a quarter, compared with last year's, due largely to the augmented ship-building vote. Provision is made for seventy-three vessels being under construction before the close of the financial year, against thirty-nine last year; but the amount of tonnage to be built is 28,052, compared with 20,679.

MAJOR-GENERAL SIR REDVERS BULLER, K.C.M.G.

This gallant officer, who has succeeded the late Sir Herbert Stewart in command of the advanced force of Lord Wolseley's army beyond the Desert south of Korti, and is now conducting its strategic retreat from Gubat to Gakdul Wells, is no stranger to his countrymen accustomed to watch the military actions of the time. Sir Redvers Henry Buller is in the forty-fifth year of his age. He is a son of the late James Wentworth Buller, Esq., of Downes, Crediton, near Exeter, who long ago represented the county of Devon in Parliament. He entered the 60th Rifles in 1858, and served in the Chinese War; became Captain in 1870, and was in Colonel Wolseley's Red River Expedition in Canada; he served again under Sir Garnet Wolseley in the Ashantee War, and attained the rank of Major; was in the Kaffir War of 1878, and the Zulu War of 1879, where he won the Victoria Cross by distinguished valour; became Lieutenant-Colonel in the former year, and full Colonel in the latter. He held the office of Deputy Adjutant-General at head-quarters from 1874 to 1878. In the Egyptian campaign of 1882, Colonel Buller acted as head of the Intelligence Department, and obtained for his services the honour of knighthood; he had already been appointed, in 1874, a Companion of the Bath for his services in the Ashantee War. Sir Redvers Buller was next made Assistant Adjutant-General and one of the Queen's Aides-de-Camp. He was with Sir Gerald Graham's expedition to the Eastern Soudan last year, and was, for his performances in that campaign, promoted to the rank of Major-General. He is married to the widow of the late Hon. Greville Howard; Lady Audrey Buller is a daughter of the fourth Marquis Townshend.

The Portrait is from a photograph by Mr. T. Fall, of Baker-street.

THE AFGHAN BOUNDARY COMMISSION.

Our Special Artist, Mr. W. Simpson, accompanying Major-General Sir Peter Lumsden, the British Commissioner for the survey and delimitation of the north-western boundary of Afghanistan towards Russian Turkestan, contributes the Sketch of a Durbar, or ceremonial reception, held at Kuhsan, the place where Sir Peter Lumsden and his official Staff were joined by the military escort sent from India under command of Colonel Ridgeway. Kuhsan, on the Heri-rud, is distant 767 miles from Quetta by the somewhat circuitous route which Colonel Ridgeway's troops, consisting of the 11th Bengal Lancers and the 20th Punjaub Infantry, with numerous camp-followers, were directed to take in order to avoid passing through the more populous districts of Afghanistan. They performed this march in fifty-seven days, reaching Kuhsan on Nov. 17, and were there met, in a day or two, by the British Commissioner and his party, who had travelled eastward through Persia and Khorassan. With Sir Peter Lumsden were Captain Barrow, his aide-de-camp; Mr. A. Condie Stephen, Assistant Commissioner; Nawab Mirza Hassan Ali Khan; Major Holdich, R.E., of the Survey Department; Captain Durand and Captain De Lassoe, attachés, and Mohammed Aslam Khan, native attaché, forming the Commissioner's staff; Mr. Simpson travelled in their company. The Kazi Saad-ud-din, representative of the Ameer Abdul-rahman Khan, the ruler of Afghanistan, with a camp of his own and an Afghan escort, had received Sir Peter Lumsden on entering the Afghan territory; the Governor of Herat also came to do honour to the British Commissioner; and this Durbar was part of the official ceremonies upon the occasion. The following is Mr. Simpson's account of this affair:—

"Major-General Sir Peter Lumsden arrived at Kuhsan on the morning of Nov. 19. The Indian camp had arrived there from the opposite direction two days before. Kuhsan is three marches from Herat, and the Governor of the province of that name came to Kuhsan to meet Sir Peter Lumsden. The Durbar took place in a large tent in the camp. The Governor's name is the Naib Ulhukmut Mohammed Sarwar Khan; he sat on the right of Sir Peter Lumsden, and the Kazi Saad-ud-din sat on the left. On the right of the Governor of Herat sat Mr. Alexander Condie Stephen, Assistant Commissioner, and in a similar position on the other side sat Colonel Ridgeway, another of the Assistant Commissioners. The Indian escort had come up in its long march from Nushki, under the charge of Colonel Ridgeway; and a number of officers connected with the expedition were present. Those in the foreground on the right, in picturesque uniforms, are the officers of the 11th Bengal Lancers. I also send a portrait of the Governor of Herat, who has long been a stanch adherent of the present ruler of Cabul. He bears a considerable resemblance to Henry VIII."

The Governor of the Russian Trans-Caspian dominions, General Komaroff, did not participate in the exchange of civilities on the frontier; and there has been no sign whatever, during two months since elapsed, of the approach of General Zelenoy, the Russian Boundary Commissioner, who was to have met Sir Peter Lumsden there for the joint execution of their important task. Our Special Artist visited the small Russian camp, which is situated about half-way between Old Sarakhs and the Heri-rud. It did not contain at that time over five or six hundred men. There were about three hundred or more of an infantry regiment, a squadron of Akhal Tekes, a squadron of Merv Turcomans, and some few infantry of a corps with Circassian costumes. They were encamped in kibitkas, and as yet they had made no fortifications. A Cossack dance, which Mr. Simpson witnessed in this camp, is the subject of his Sketch presented in our second Illustration, of which he writes the following account:—

"I have already related my visit to Old Sarakhs. At the moment I arrived, Ali Mardan Khan, the Governor of New Sarakhs, was paying a visit to General Komaroff, and was being entertained with a breakfast, which was followed by music and dancing by the soldiers. What I might call the troops of the line first sang and then added dancing; one of them had a violin, on which he played to them; then the Cossacks, as they are called—but they wear a Circassian costume, so I suppose they should be called Cossacks of the Caucasus—took part, and went through a number of performances. I send a Sketch of what seemed the most striking of the dances. A handsome fellow, with two daggers, danced and twisted about, flourishing the daggers as if he was going to kill either himself or someone else. He pointed the daggers to all points of his body; and these movements suggested the idea of self-murder, but I suppose that was not the true idea of the movements. He was much applauded for what he did. General Komaroff and Ali Mardan Khan, and the other officers, sat on chairs, looking on, outside of the kibitka, where they had breakfasted. Behind the dancer are other men of the same corps; one had a tambourine, and the others clapped their hands and sang while the dance went on. One of the officers of this corps stood there smoking a cigarette, and he is introduced into the Sketch. On the left of the picture are the more regular kind of Russian soldiers looking on." The news of this week mentions a rumoured addition of two thousand troops, with artillery, to the Russian garrison at Sarakhs. Sir Peter Lumsden has left Bala Murghab; and it is doubtful whether the Joint Commission will not be thrown over.

THE WAR IN THE SOUDAN: SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. MELTON PRIOR.



DEATH OF MR. CAMERON, SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT OF THE "STANDARD," IN THE BATTLE OF JAN. 19.



Mr. Bennet Burleigh, "Daily Telegraph." Mr. Macdonald. Mr. Villiers, "Graphic." Mr. H. S. Pearse, "Daily News." Mr. Melton Prior, "Illustrated London News."

BURIAL OF MR. CAMERON: HIS COMRADES BEARING HIS BODY TO THE GRAVE AT ABOU KRU.

THE AFGHAN BOUNDARY COMMISSION: SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. W. SIMPSON.



Mr. A. Condie Stephen. Governor of Herat. Sir P. Lumsden. Kazi Saad-ud-din. Colonel Ridgeway.

DURBAR AT KUHSAN.



COSSACK DANCE BEFORE THE RUSSIAN GENERAL KOMAROFF, AT OLD SARAKHS.

PARISIAN SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

(From our own Correspondent.)

Paris, Tuesday, Feb. 24.

To-day is the anniversary of a date famous in the history of Republican France, the anniversary of the Revolution of 1848. The Chamber of Deputies, after having spent another week over the discussion of the Cereals Bill without having yet arrived at a decision, determined yesterday to take a holiday on the occasion of this date; and this afternoon Ministers, Deputies, and the usual concourse of idlers repaired in large numbers to the Place Voltaire to be present at the unveiling of a statue of Ledru-Rollin, the famous Minister of the second French Republic, whose chief title to glory is that of having been the promoter of universal suffrage in the Chamber of Deputies. And so the statue unveiled to-day shows Ledru-Rollin with an electoral urn at his feet, and the orators, whatever might be their private opinion of this system of voting, all spoke in praise of it, for the simple reason that in a few months their re-election as deputies will depend on this very universal suffrage.

This morning several of the Paris journals publish accounts of a meeting of the Dynamite Directory held in Paris yesterday. There were eleven delegates present and some fifteen or twenty Fenians. The president was K. in E., whose real name is said to be John Morissey, and the secretary was Michael Flannery. The results of the discussions of the conclave were communicated to the Press in the form of a long resolution, claiming the independence of Ireland, and deciding to punish England "according to the law of retaliation, pursuing our ends by the same means and on a vaster scale, by the most vigorous and pitiless measures, by a system of simultaneous explosions in London and in the other cities, towns, and villages of England." An amendment recommending the destruction of the historical monuments of England by means of dynamite was not voted.

There is revolution in the air nowadays; but we have become so accustomed to revolutionary men and things that they have taken their place amongst the ordinary curiosities of the day. Last week, at the burial of Jules Vallès, the ex-members of the Commune of 1870 paraded before the crowd, and were looked upon almost with that kind of respect which used to salute the passage of the old "grognards" of the Grande Armée. To have been a member of the Commune has gradually come to be a title almost to honour and glory. The ex-Communard may aspire to all honours, even to Parliament. This week one of the heroes of the day is the septuagenarian old proscript and Communard Félix Pyat, who has written a new drama, which will be produced at the Ambigu Theatre to-night. M. Pyat's play, called "L'Homme de Peine," is a sort of protest against Zola's "Assommoir," or "Drink," which the Communard and apologist of regicide considers to be a calumny and travesty of the Parisian workman.

At the Eden Theatre, a new ballet, "Messalina," has been produced. All Paris and all the visitors to Paris will naturally go to see this spectacular pantomime, which is certainly the most superb display of scenery and costumes which has yet been made in Paris. The interest of course does not lie in the plot, but in the varied and agreeable mass movements of the hundreds of dancers, executed with marvellous regularity; and, above all, in the restoration—a pseudo-historical restoration, say the grumbling critics—of the splendours of ancient Rome. The scene of the Circus, with the tribune of the vestals, the tribune of the Emperor, and the combats of the gladiators in the arena, is simply magnificent. The Roman "orgie," the gardens of Luculkus, and the apotheosis of Cæsar in the Forum, with the march-past of the legions, the cavalry, the elephants, and the picturesque artillery of the epoch, are sights to be seen and remembered.

The question whether the fortifications of Paris are to be demolished or not has been decided in the negative against the majority of the Municipal Council. The Superior Committee of National Defence, composed of Generals of all arms, has found the arguments of the Municipal Council insufficient. Paris is not embarrassed in her development by the fortifications, says the committee, inasmuch as inside those limits there are vast open spaces, vineyards, pasture land, and even wheat-fields! From the military point of view, the Superior Committee consider the fortifications absolutely necessary, inasmuch as it was, thanks to this *enceinte*, that the Germans were stopped in 1870 during 135 days. The Germans failed to force these walls, and the city only succumbed to famine. It is worthy of notice that this decision to maintain the fortifications of Paris was taken by the Superior Committee unanimously.

T. C.

King Humbert has sent a donation of 22,000 lire to the sufferers from the recent avalanches in the province of Turin and Cuneo.—The marriage is announced of Duke Leopold Torlonia, Pro-Syndic of Rome, with Princess Letitia Bonaparte, daughter of Prince Napoleon and of Princess Clotilde of Savoy.

Last week the Greek Chamber passed a vote of want of confidence in the Ministry by a majority of four, whereupon the Hellenic Premier placed his resignation in the hands of King George. Failing to obtain a vote of confidence from the Chamber of Deputies, M. Tricoupis, the Premier of the new Ministry, read a Royal Decree dissolving the Chamber.

The German Reichstag has passed the Provisional Protective Bill as it was adopted on the second reading.

The obelisk erected as a monument to General Washington was unveiled with imposing ceremonies in Washington on Saturday last. The obelisk has been thirty-seven years building, and is the highest monument in the world, 555 ft. high, and 55 ft. square at the base. It contains 82,000 tons of grey granite. The cost has been 1,187,000 dols. It stands on the spot approved by Washington himself in 1791, and can be seen anywhere within a radius of twenty miles. Inside is an iron staircase leading to the summit, and also a steam-lift.

An enthusiastic meeting was held at Sydney on Monday, attended by 8000 persons, at which resolutions were adopted urging the New South Wales Government to dispatch the troops to Egypt with all possible promptitude. Sir James Martin, Chief Justice of New South Wales, the Hon. Edward Barton, Speaker of the Legislative Assembly, Mr. Jennings, and other speakers, addressed the meeting. The Patriotic Fund amounts to more than £30,000, including a contribution of £5000 from the Railway Department, and several individual subscriptions of £1000. We are requested to state that Sir Saul Samuel will receive from New South Wales colonists now in England any contribution they may desire to make in aid of the Patriotic Fund now being raised in the colony.

On the opening day of the Sandown Park Meeting, Mr. T. Brinckman won the Selling Steeplechase with Standard, Mr. A. Yates the Open Hunters' Steeplechase with Pennant, Mr. A. Cooper the Selling Hurdle-Race with Silver Sea, Mr. W. G. Jackson, the Maiden Hunters' Hurdle-Race with Quite Too-Too, the Duke of Hamilton the Prince of Wales's Steeplechase with Captain, and Mr. Dane the Cardinal's Handicap Hurdle-Race with Boisterous.

BIRTHS.

On the 23rd inst., at 31, Ashton-terrace, Glasgow, the wife of L. S. Smith, of a son.

On the 20th inst., at Brimpton Vicarage, Reading, the wife of the Rev. Robert Dunn, of a son.

*** *The charge for the insertion of Births, Marriages, and Deaths, is Five Shillings for each announcement.*

THE VALE OF TEARS.—DORÉ'S Last Great PICTURE, completed a few days before he died, NOW on VIEW at the DORÉ GALLERY, 35, New Bond-street, with his other great pictures. Ten to Six Daily. 1s.

ANNO DOMINI, by EDWIN LONG, R.A.—This great Work is NOW ON VIEW, together with other important works, at the GALLERIES, 168, New Bond-street. Ten to Six. Admission, 1s.

JAPANESE VILLAGE.
Under Royal Patronage,
ALBERT-GATE, HYDE PARK (Near Top of Sloane-street).
Eleven a.m. to Ten p.m. One Shilling. Children under Twelve, Sixpence.
WEDNESDAYS, Half-a-Crown. Children under Twelve, One shilling.
MILITARY BAND.
Performances in the New Annexe at Twelve, Three, and Eight (free).
Managing Director, TANNAKER BUHICHORAN.

PRINCESS'S THEATRE.—Mr. WILSON BARRETT, Lessee and Manager.—EVERY EVENING, at 8.30, JUNIUS; or, THE HOUSEHOLD GODS, a Five-Act Play, by the late Lord Lytton, produced under the sole direction of Mr. WILSON BARRETT. Characters by Messrs. Wilson Barrett, Dewhurst, Speakman, Doone, Cooper, Hudson, Fulton, Evans, Burleigh, Besley, Gould, De Souza, Burnage, Foss, Elliott, &c., and E. S. Willard; Mesdames Eastlake, Dickens, &c., and M. Leighton. Preceded, at 7.30, by a New One-Act Play, by Brandon Thomas, entitled THE COLOUR SERGEANT, in which Mr. George Barrett, &c., will appear. Doors open at Seven. Box-Office open daily from 9.30 till Five. Notices of any kind. Prices: Private Boxes from one to nine guineas; Stalls, 10s.; Dress Circle, 6s.; Upper Circle, 3s. Business Manager, Mr. J. H. Cobbe.

THE PRINCE'S THEATRE.—Mrs. LANGTRY. Sole Proprietor, Mr. EDGAR BRUCE. Season under the direction of Mr. HENRY E. ABBEY. EVERY EVENING, at Eight, Sheridan's Comedy, in five acts, SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL, produced under the direction of Mr. Coghlan. Characters by Mr. W. Farren, Mr. H. Beerbohm Tree, Mr. Everill, Mr. A. Wood, Mr. E. D. Lyons, Mr. Lin Rayne, Mr. Cecil, Mr. Smedley, Mr. Crisp, Mr. Thorpe, Mr. Dorrell, Mr. Weathersby, and Mr. Coghlan; Mrs. Arthur Stirling, Miss Kate Pattison, Miss Eva Sothern, and MRS. LANGTRY. Doors open at Half-past Seven; SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL at Eight. Carriages at Eleven. Box-Office open daily from Eleven till Five. No fees. Telephone 5760.—Matinee of SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL, SATURDAY, FEB. 28, at Two o'Clock. Doors open 1.30. Carriages at Five.—THE PRINCE'S THEATRE, Coventry-street, W.

ST. JAMES'S HALL, PICCADILLY.
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(By order) J. P. KNIGHT, General Manager.

MONTE CARLO.—MUSICAL SEASON (CONCERTS, REPRESENTATIONS).
In addition to the usual Concerts, directed by Monsieur Romeo Accursi, the Société des Bains de Mer de Monaco has authorised M. Pasdeloup to arrange a Series of Extraordinary Grand Musical Entertainments (Concerts, Representations) this Winter.
The services of the following distinguished Artistes have been already retained:—

Mesdames Kreuss,	Messieurs Faure,
" Devries,	" Vergnet,
" Salla,	" Cajeul,
" Donadio,	" Bioraktein,
" Frank-Duvernoy,	" Goutarier,
" Bellocca,	" Villaret,
" Simmonet,	&c.

Added to which the celebrated Instrumentalists will appear:
VIOLINISTS:
Mons. Sivori, Mons. Marsik, Miss N. Carpenter, American artiste, 1st Conservatoire Prize, 1885.
PIANISTS: Mons. Planté, Mons. Th. Ritter, Madame Essipoff.
HARPIST: Mons. Hasselmans.
These Extraordinary Representations will be given each Wednesday and Saturday, commencing the 6th of January and terminating the middle of March.
M. Pasdeloup has the excellent idea to terminate each concert by fragments of operas, in costume, and scenery—viz.:

1st Concert.	LES HUGUENOTS.	Fourth Act.
2nd "	RIGOLETTO.	Fourth Act.
3rd "	LUCIA.	selection.
4th "	MANON.	Second Act.
	FAUST.	Prison Scene.
5th "	HERODIADE.	Sauction.
6th "	FAVORITE.	selection.
	AIDA.	Third Act.
7th "	LAKME.	selection.
8th "	LE BARBIER.	selection.
9th "	HAMLET.	Third and Fourth Act.
10th "	LA TRAVIATA.	Fourth Act.
11th "	FAUST.	Garden Scene.
12th "	LE SIGURD.	Brunhilde's Dream.
	LE CHALET.	

TIR AUX PIGEONS DE MONACO.
The following is the Programme:—
BI-WEEKLY MATCHES FOR PRIZES.
Feb. 28: Prix Dori. An object of Art and a Poule of 50f.
Mar. 3: Prix de Mars. A Purse of 500f. and a Poule of 50f.
Mar. 7: Prix Patou. An object of Art and a Poule of 50f.
Mar. 10: Prix W. Cail. A Purse of 500f., added to a Poule of 50f.
GRAND CLOSING PRIZES.
March 12 and 13: Grand Prix de Clôture. A Purse of 400f. added to 100f. entrance; Second Prize, 100f.; Third Prize, 70f.; Fourth, 20f.
A. BLONDIN, Secretary.

NEWS FROM NICE.—With the exception of a very few wet and cold days, the weather is again splendid. Not a flake of snow has fallen. The sun shines almost perpetually, and the influence of its warm rays makes life enjoyable to all, and more especially to those who have by impaired health sought its influence.
There are no epidemics, and the average mortality of the city in 1884 was less per mille than London and many fashionable towns in England.
The streets, roads, and sewers are constantly cleansed and disinfected, and watered from the mountain stream of the Vesubie. There are three English doctors and physicians in practice here—viz., Messrs. West, Wakefield, and Sturge, and they will be happy to communicate with any intending visitors as to the healthfulness of the town.
The effects of the recent storm (the like of which has been unknown for thirty-five years) were comparatively trifling, and repaired in twenty-four hours. In some few low-lying rooms and cellars, near the Fish Market, the wash from the spent waves had entered, but this was soon pumped out by the firemen and dairy.
Visitors are hastening in increasing numbers, as is their wont at this season, and the approach of Carnival, which report says will be the best on record. The Municipal Theatre will open immediately, and the Théâtre Français, of which Mr. Cortelazzo continues the able Director, has several Star Artists for the Opera Comique, and an excellent Troupe de Comédie.
The Carnival and Regatta will be fully announced with other fêtes.
Nice, Jan. 30, 1885.

POSTAGE FOR FOREIGN PARTS THIS WEEK.
FEBRUARY 28, 1885.

The publication of the Thin Paper Edition of the ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS being for the present week suspended, subscribers will please to notice that copies of this Number forwarded abroad must be prepaid according to the following rates:—*Twopence* to Africa (West Coast of), Alexandria, Australia, Austria, Belgium, Brazil, Canada, Cape of Good Hope, China (via United States), Constantinople, Denmark, France, Germany, Gibraltar, Greece, Holland, Italy, Jamaica, Mauritius, New Zealand, Norway, Russia, Spain, Sweden, Switzerland, and United States of America; *Threepence* to China (viâ Brindisi), and India; and *Fourpence* to the Transvaal.
Newspapers for foreign parts must be posted within eight days of the date of publication, irrespective of the *departure* of the mails.

GENERAL GORDON.

The Coloured Portrait of the late GENERAL GORDON, *issued with the* ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS *in March, 1884, has been reprinted, and will be forwarded, post-free, to any address on receipt of Six Penny Stamps.*

Ingram Brothers, 198, *Strand, London, W.C.*

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CITY ECHOES.

Wednesday, Feb. 25.

Last Thursday's return of the Bank of England was what is termed a good return, that is, as regards the resources of the central institution, they having been greatly augmented during the week. The reserve showed an increase of £1,045,486, of which £296,000 only was caused by arrivals of gold from abroad, the remainder being therefore due to diminished circulation of notes and coin at home. So moderate, however, has been the demand for discounts, that quotations for cashing three-months' bills have ranged from 3⅞ to 3½ per cent, while some of the Indian banks have negotiated their paper at fully ½ per cent less than these rates. For short loans the charges have fluctuated sharply, it being difficult at times to find borrowers at 3 per cent, while on other occasions 4 per cent has been given. The dividend payments by the home railways fully account for these fluctuations. With regard to the Stock Markets, political affairs have continued to be the motive power, and the influence has been adverse. Rumours regarding Russian designs on Herat have been particularly active, and some have shown great ingenuity on the part of the authors. At one time Consols could be bought for a fraction over £98 per £100 stock. Foreign Government loans and Home railways have also receded, the latter to an important extent. Below will be found some remarks on the causes serving to depress Metropolitan and Metropolitan District stocks, while London and Chatham and South-Eastern issues have receded sharply on the unfriendly relations existing between the two undertakings, the latter being also influenced by the unsatisfactory attempts to place an issue of second preference stock. A favourable feature has been the further recovery in American railways. This is due to the better tone prevailing at New York. Canadian have been weak, and there has been a fall in Mexican railway stocks.

Were additional evidence necessary to prove the desirableness of closer union between the Metropolitan and Metropolitan District Railway Companies, it is abundantly afforded by the remarks contained in the last half-yearly reports of the two undertakings. Most home railway stocks have suffered depreciation during the current year; but in the stocks of the companies above referred to, the fall has been particularly marked, and much of this adverse movement must be ascribed to the unsatisfactory working of the Inner Circle line of railway, concerning which such favourable results had been anticipated. It was only to be expected that some difficulties would have to be encountered at first, but it is quite evident that these difficulties have been greatly enhanced by the action of those having the control of affairs. Reference was made in this column a couple of weeks ago to the disappointment expressed by the directors of the Metropolitan Company at the working of the Inner Circle, which they attributed largely to the Metropolitan District running extra trains. The report of the latter company has now been issued, and in their turn the directors accuse the Metropolitan Company of throwing obstacles in the way of smooth working. "The difficulties incident to initiating a service so novel and complicated, were unhappily increased by diversity of views between the partners; and although the board do not desire to allege wilful obstruction against the Metropolitan Company, they were bound to resist the pretension of that company to conduct this service in such a manner as to sacrifice to their separate interest the local traffic of the District Company between the east and west stations of their line." Only 4 per cent per annum is to be paid on the preference stock of the District Company, against the full 5 for the second half of 1883.

The committee appointed to investigate the affairs of the Railway Share Trust and Railway Debenture Trust Companies have issued their report, in which they state that all charges affecting the character of the directors or officials of the two companies appear to be wholly unfounded, adding that the statements as to capital, reserve, and revenue available for dividend are substantially correct. The committee recommend the addition of one or two gentlemen to the boards, that a limited number of directors should be appointed for each week to act as a committee, that no transactions between members of the board and the companies should take place, and that in the Debenture Trust Company's report a valuation should be given of the securities upon the same principle as that adopted in the Railway Share Trust Company. A dividend at the rate of 4 per cent per annum is to be paid on the shares of the Railway Debenture Trust Company, making for the year 5 per cent.

T. S.

At a meeting of Convocation of the London University, held on Tuesday, a resolution was passed, on the motion of Lord Justice Fry, approving of the scheme for establishing a Teaching University for London.

At the meeting of the members of the London School Board on the 19th inst., the debate was resumed on the motion of the chairman of the Finance Committee, that as it appeared that £1,106,138 is required to meet the deficiency in the school fund in order to enable the Board to satisfy liabilities up to March, 1886, it be referred to the committee to apportion the said amounts amongst the different parts of the metropolis, and the amendment of Mr. Lyulph Stanley to reduce the amount of the precept by £60,000, the estimate on account of the expenditure for school maintenance being excessive. After an animated discussion the amendment was carried by 24 against 19. The question as amended was then referred to the finance committee, with instructions to consult with the school management committee, and to bring up an amended estimate.—After a long discussion on Saturday it was decided to abandon the proposal to erect a new school at Green-terrace, Islington, principally on the ground that the school was not required.—A public meeting in connection with the opening of the new Board School in Princess-terrace, Regent's Park, was held on the 20th inst. in the school-room. This school is the 370th built by the London School Board, and accommodation is now provided for 339,994 children. The new building accommodates 804 children—viz., 240 boys, 240 girls, and 324 infants. The area of the site is 31,825 square feet. The total cost of site and building is £16,833.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

Emile Augier, of the French Academy, would scarcely recognise his comedy "Les Fourchambault" if he were one evening to step into the Court Theatre and see "The Denhams." And yet, in the present condition of public taste, Mr. James Albery cannot be blamed for what he has done. Had he followed Augier into the paths of literature, he would probably have been pooh-pooked by the commercial manager, sneered at by the superficial critic, and ignored by the undiscriminating public. In an age professedly educated, there never was a time when commonplace was so encouraged on the stage. The object of a modern dramatist is to make an audience laugh at every opportunity and at all hazards. Now, "Les Fourchambault" is, in its original form, a serious work. It treats with convincing skill one of the most solemn problems of life. A woman, trusting to a man's honour as well as his love, is wretchedly deceived, and, after a gallant struggle with misfortune, lives to repay her injury with a noble generosity and a sincere self-sacrifice. It is a story as true of England of to-day as it was true of France when it was written. A governess is cast upon the world with a son to support, and the doors of society shut against her. She has suffered for her faith in man's honour. She trains her boy to business; he becomes the richest merchant in the city; and he lives a life so honourable and upright that he is able to save his father from ruin and to check his father's son in a course of deplorable infamy. There is not one passage in "Les Fourchambault" that is not true of society of to-day. There are young governesses still open to temptation; there are younger sons so vicious that they think nothing of compromising an innocent woman's character; there are women like Madame Fourchambault, who spread scandal that they know to be false for their own worldly ends; and there are men, thank goodness, like John Goring, upright and honourable enough to love their mothers nobly, and to appreciate the excellence of a pure, good woman. It is held, however, in the circles of the stage, that these well-drawn pictures of sin and its consequence are unadvisable. It is said to be immoral to draw black lines as well as to leave white ones. The truth is never more hideous than when it is presented on the stage. The mere fact that the tale is true outrages modern society against it.

So Mr. Albery, like a clever man, has skated boldly over his thin ice. He has misrepresented almost every character and motive so as not to shock any susceptibilities. He has cut down the drama and advanced the comedy; and that is exactly what the public requires. They don't want to think, but to laugh. The theatre is not for reflection, but for ridicule. The Mrs. Denham of this most artificial play is like no woman who ever existed. She is a machine manufactured for letting off jests. Her daily dialogue is peppered with extravagance and exotic epigram. She is funny, but she is not natural. Art is strained to allow of the existence of such a woman. Mrs. Denham is equally absurd when her husband is in a henpecked state of prosperity as when he is in the despondency of despair. All the serious scenes in the play pause with astonishment whilst Mrs. Denham explodes her fireworks. This is what the public demands, but it is not art. The reason of this sublime solecism is not far to find. Mrs. John Wood plays Mrs. Denham, and that is quite enough. The play and its meaning may go hang; but they want Mrs. John Wood, just as they want Mr. Hill elsewhere. They make people laugh, and that is quite enough. Their personality is everything. Dramatists who love art for itself cannot stand against these personal successes. Mrs. John Wood will carry through "The Denhams," just as she drew all London with the "Milliner's Bill." Her forte is low comedy, and the people at large like low comedy far better than high comedy. But even low comedy of this artificial and unreal kind is not so lasting in effect as most people imagine. It amuses, but it fatigues. It goes in at one ear and out at the other. It would be strange if the acting of Mr. John Clayton as John Goring—serious, truthful, and heartfelt as it is—did not prevail, in the end, over Mrs. Wood's brilliancy and inimitable fun. We feel for the one: we laugh with the other. When the temporary exhilaration of Mr. Albery's wit, as delivered by Mrs. Wood, has died away, our thoughts revert, not unpleasantly, to the fine faithfulness of John Goring and to the sweet trust of his gentle mother. The question is whether Miss Lydia Foote is not a suspicion too gentle and yielding. Mrs. Goring is, after all, a woman of strong character. She has made her son's fortune by her invincible determination. She can rule as well as love. Her face, to quote those lovely lines in the Atalanta in Calydon of Swinburne, "is marred with fire of many tears." The pathos of resignation should be shown in the countenance of Mrs. Goring. It was here that the performance of Miss Louise Moodie was so excellent. Miss Lydia Foote is very charming, but too much the "little mother" of ordinary domestic life. She is sweet, but she lacks character. Miss Marion Terry is delightful as Haidée Burnside, the second governess in the story exposed to the temptation of a dissolute man. She has caught the echo of her sister's winning ways and gracefulness, and she has a great measure of that peculiar Terry charm that no one yet has properly put into words. Mr. Conway is most of all to be pitied. He has a character that is inexplicable. His vice is so watered down that it is tasteless. His relation to the story is incomprehensible. We can understand the Leopold of the original, who flaunts his unpalatable doctrines and looks upon governesses as the natural prey of rich men. Such a creature is detestable, but human. But a Fawley Denham, who acts as Mr. Conway is made to act, is incomprehensible to the ordinary student of character. Mr. Conway has had as many bad parts to play as any young man of his time, and he performs his disagreeable task extremely well. No actor in the world could make head or tail of Fawley Denham. He has been smothered in the cause of false morality. Mr. Arthur Cecil can never be excused for refusing the character of Mr. Denham, which is essential to the well-being of the play, for the sake of the Rev. Lord William Whitehead, who is an excrescence. The Church and its ministers are nowadays, strange to say, the most popular targets for public scorn and ridicule. But this feeble Mr. Whitehead is a thin, ill-drawn character at the best; whereas Mr. Denham, indifferently acted in the present cast, would well have suited so clever an actor as Mr. Cecil. The play almost broke down at the outset through the failure of Mr. Denham to tell with point and earnestness a most important story. It was the easiest thing in the world to do; but, as it was ill done, the audience immediately ascribed the blame to the author instead of to the actor. How often is it that we hear "too long," "too tedious," "too talky," "too much dialogue," when, instead, it should be "too dragged," "too laboured," and "too indifferently played"? The modern actor, when called upon to deliver a sentence of more than a line and a half, breaks down, and the author is blamed. I should like him to hear Coquelin, of the Français, deliver a speech of three pages in the "Denise" of Dumas. It is a masterpiece of descriptive elocution, and it wearies nobody.

We are often told that audiences in the days of our ancestors damned plays pretty severely; that there was a power in the pit, and much discriminating opinion in the boxes. How was it, then, that Sheridan Knowles escaped? Lucky for this verbose Irish gentleman and actor that he produced his plays before a pit of 1832, and not one of 1885. Fancy the groan of disappointment, after following the five acts of a play so tiresome as this, with which Master Walter's *coup de théâtre* would be received! Listen to this complicated rigmarole, when the author has got into a tangle of complication concerning the marriage of Julia to her faithful Clifford, she having contracted to marry Lord Rochdale. "Heaven did send a son to bless the heir. Heaven took its gift away. He died! His father died; and Master Walter, the unsightly agent of his Lordship there—the Hunchback whom your Lordship would have stripped of his agency—is now the Earl of Rochdale!" And, to make confusion worse confounded, the Hunchback is Julia's father! Miss Mary Anderson is not able to throw any new light on this stilted, artificial, and unnatural play. It had been hoped that a fresh intelligence would have redeemed it from commonplace. But the echo of a past tradition rings in the ears of this pretty and graceful lady. She has copied the manner of antiquity without imbibing the spirit of the great actresses of the past. The trick of gaining an effect is studied; but, strange to say, the effect never comes. It is not difficult to discover the reason of this disappointment. Miss Mary Anderson never truly feels the passions with which Julia is credited. She never is really enamoured of country life, or attracted by Clifford, or disappointed by his rejection, or maddened at his reserve. She studies Julia by means of tradition, the stage, the footlights, the echoes of the past, and not by the light of her own intelligence. It is an artificial part, and, as interpreted, it falls flat upon the modern spectator, who will not accept a copy for an original, or insincerity for truth. Miss Mary Anderson, in her lovely dresses, makes a charming picture as Julia; but it is open to doubt whether, five minutes after the curtain fell, one single mind was impressed with the value of one single scene in which she had laboured for success. There was but one ray of intelligence in the whole play. Mr. Arthur Stirling's Master Walter was the work of a good actor and a thoughtful man. In the old days, such a part would have fallen to Mr. Thomas Stuart, of the Adelphi; but how much brighter, more vivid, more human and natural the Master Walter of Arthur Stirling, who uses his experience with such judgment! He knows how such parts have been played, but he is no parrot. His method is sound, his intelligence is keen, and the audience appreciates the result because in one instance at least the play is lifted out of the slough of unimaginative tradition. The scenes between Helen and Modus always go well, no matter how they are played. A ray of comedy is a relief after this fog of fustian. There have been Helens who have held the part with a lighter hand than Miss Pateman, and Moduses who have approached the character with less diffidence; but all felt inclined to say, "For this relief much thanks." Miss Pateman, always a clever actress, had to work desperately hard to enliven a dull and depressed house, and her very labour gave to the performance a harsher outline than she probably intended, but the call for Miss Pateman and Mr. Herbert Standing was very hearty and sincere. Mr. Terriss battled bravely with Sir Thomas Clifford, but it was up-hill work to make love to a lady who was clearly thinking of anything else in the world but Clifford.

There will be no opportunity this week to discuss "Junius; or, the Household Gods," by the late Lord Lytton, to be produced at the Princess's Theatre by Mr. Wilson Barrett on Thursday; nor to describe the pleasure doubtless to be afforded to the habitués of the Haymarket by the revived "Masks and Faces," fixed for Saturday; but in the next Number, these and various other interesting events shall receive due attention. It never rains but it pours in the theatrical world. C. S.

The one-hundredth performance of Mr. Augustus Harris's pantomime, "Whittington and his Cat," by far the most successful of his productions at Drury Lane Theatre, will be given this (Saturday) afternoon. This year Mr. Harris, instead of devoting one afternoon to a performance for the poor children of London, will during the run of the pantomime invite about five thousand or six thousand poor children on different afternoons.

At the Criterion Theatre this (Saturday) morning there is to be an amateur performance, under the special patronage of the Princess of Wales (who has graciously signified her intention to be present), in aid of the funds for the restoration of Wolferton church, near Sandringham. The comedy by Douglas Jerrold entitled "The White Milliner," and an original operetta, by Lady Arthur Hill, entitled "The Lost Husband," will be played.

Mr. Robert Ord's dramatic recital and concert will be given at Prince's Hall, Piccadilly, next Wednesday evening.

Mr. Edwin Drew's annual dramatic and musical entertainment is announced for Monday evening, March 9, in the Banqueting-Room, St. James's Hall.

The programme of the Royal Victoria Hall for March announces excellent Ballad Concerts to be given each Thursday in the month, under the direction, respectively, of Messrs. Layton and Sinclair Dunn, Signor Gilardoni, and Madame Jeanetta Price. The Science Lectures will be continued on Tuesdays; that on the 24th inst. will be given by Commander Cameron, whose lecture last month drew such a crowded house. The Variety and Temperance entertainments will be exceptionally good, and will take place on Mondays, Fridays, and Saturdays, as usual.

The third annual ball for founding a national Italian hospital in London took place on Tuesday at Willis's Rooms.

Under the presidency of the Earl of Shaftesbury and the distinguished patronage of Princess Louise, the Marquis of Lorne, the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Duke and Duchess of Wellington, the Duke of Westminster, the Duchess of Manchester, and other distinguished persons, an Industrial Exhibition will be held for three weeks in May or June next, at the drill-hall of the 2nd Tower Hamlets' Rifle Volunteers, which has been kindly given for the purpose by Lieutenant-Colonel Donald Munro and the officers. The working and poorer classes of the East-End are invited to send in specimens of their handiwork for exhibition, and to those whose exhibits show the greatest merit prizes will be given.

The chaplain of Westminster Hospital requests those who have papers and periodicals which have been read, to spare them for the patients in Westminster Hospital. Reading is generally the chief resource of those confined for weeks or months to their beds, and such literature, easy to read and light to the hand, is found specially suitable to the sick. Old, warm clothes, too, are most valuable for patients whom a Samaritan fund sends into the country, as they are frequently found to be lamentably deficient in clothing. If any persons who sympathise with the sick poor will send occasional parcels of these desiderata to the Rev. H. Fase, Chaplain of Westminster Hospital, S.W., they may be sure that their gifts will be gratefully acknowledged, warmly appreciated, and fully utilised.

FINE ARTS.

The value of the old Flemish and Italian pictures on view at 48, Pall-mall, must, in a great measure, depend upon the history attaching to them—for in real beauty they are sadly wanting. To antiquarians and to erudite picture collectors the works of the early masters have especial value when their authenticity can be ascertained; but it is difficult to understand that the products of "Schools" whether of Van Orley or Lucas Van Leyden, or even of Memling, can have much attraction, unless it be that of beauty of design or composition. In the present collection, a number of the works—of which the majority seem to us to bear the stamp of German workmanship—are boldly attributed to Mabuse, Van der Meire (of Ghent), and Roger Van der Weyden, amongst northern masters; and to Gentile Bellini, Filippo Lippi, and Ghirlandajo amongst southerners. One of the most successful, however, is a full-length figure of a "Lady in Black Dress" (25), of which nothing more is said than it is the outcome of the "School of Vandyck." It has considerable grace, and the dark tones of the background are managed with no slight skill. A "Mater Dolorosa" (2), attributed to Roger Van der Weyden; a "Presentation" (32), of the "School of Verona"; and a "Crucifixion" (3), said to be by that rare master De Blès, the "Glory of Liége," are perhaps the works which will attract attention.

In the dozen water-colour drawings, by Mr. Frank Dicksee, illustrative of the tragedy of "Romeo and Juliet," now on view at Messrs. Vokins', Great Portland-street, the artist has happily given rein to his own fancy, instead of relying on his reminiscences of the two recent revivals of the play, which have attracted so much attention. The actor or actress has to rely upon broad treatment and general effect; but the painter has the more difficult task of catching the poet's passing fancy, and stamping it with the mask of his own interpretation. The series of illustrations by Mr. Dicksee are not arranged with any regard to the development of the story, but are rather studies of various incidents in the lives of the principal characters. They begin and end with Friar Laurence: in the first he is leading the way from his cell to the chapel where the two lovers are to be made one, and in the last he is alone on his way to gather the herbs in which "such grace doth lie." This latter is one of the gems of the series, for Mr. Dicksee's art lends itself more readily to the expression of inward feeling than of boisterous movement. The scene in Juliet's chamber (5), for instance, is far more in sympathy with the artist than the "Death of Tybalt" (3) or the street riot between the rival Factions" (9). "The Tomb-Scene" (8) recalls, perhaps, recent stage arrangements, and is not a little marred by the disproportionate length of Romeo's body; and a similar disregard of proportion is seen in "The Invitation" (10), where Romeo's legs occupy too much of the space. These are, however, but slight blemishes in a very delightful series of Shakspeare illustrations; and one can only hope that Mr. F. Dicksee will pursue a line so happily inaugurated. The original drawings are in "black and white"—in the more liberal sense applied to that term—and will be produced in photogravure, of which excellent specimens are hung beside the drawings themselves.—In addition to this series, there is a very excellent collection of water colours in the rooms, comprising landscapes by Thorne Waite, W. Bennett, and Birket Foster; sea-pieces by O. W. Brierley, E. Duncan, and H. G. Hine; figure-pieces, J. F. Lewis, Edwin Ball, and F. Tayler; and some excellent architectural drawings by S. Read, B. Foster, and Louis Haghe.

The Royal Institute of Painters in Water Colours will open their exhibition on April 27, the private view being fixed for the 25th. The receiving day for works of outsiders will be March 30, and for those of members April 1.

The fifty-ninth exhibition of the Royal Scottish Academy is open to the public. Landscapes form the strongest feature of the exhibition, and the collection of water colours is excellent.

At a meeting held in Edinburgh on the 20th inst., presided over by Bailie Clark, it was resolved to hold an international exhibition in that city, in the summer of 1886, of industry, science, and art, and a committee was appointed to carry out the details.

A vacancy in the list of Associates of the Royal Academy has been caused by the retirement of the well-known Scotch painter, Mr. Robert Thorburn, whose work in miniature painting gained him considerable fame in earlier days. He was elected A.R.A. in 1848.

At "Ten o'Clock" on Friday night, the 20th, Mr. Whistler began at Prince's Hall, Piccadilly, an address for which the hour was made oddly enough to serve as title. The speaker's theme was Art, its past history, ancient and modern. He passed in rapid review, indulging on the way in humorous sallies and reflections more or less philosophic, and concluding with remarks upon its present condition and future prospects. In the course of his lecture, he aimed some sharp arrows at amateurs, æsthetes, and the votaries of the realistic school, observing, with reference to the doctrines inculcated by the last-named painters, that to tell an artist to take Nature as she is, is like telling a musician to sit upon his piano. Mr. Whistler also took occasion to dilate upon the rules of sound judgment in art, as well as upon the injuries which had resulted to public taste from a disregard of those rules. He bestowed many of his most poignant sarcasms upon the "unattached writers," whom he described as the middlemen of art. There was a large and brilliant audience, at whose hands the lecturer experienced a very favourable reception.

The Queen has approved the appointment of the Right Hon. Sir James Fergusson, Bart., Governor of Bombay, to be a Knight Grand Commander of the Order of the Star of India.

The imports of live stock and fresh meat to Liverpool from American and Canadian ports landed during the past week at the former port were unusually small, amounting to 626 cattle, 6058 quarters of beef, and 610 carcases of mutton.

As the result of a private conference at the Mansion House, the Lord Mayor has issued an appeal to the public for funds to assist families rendered destitute in various parts of the metropolis through depression of trade.

The Dutch Club in London celebrated its annual festival last Saturday night at the Criterion, under the presidency of the Dutch Minister, Count Van Bylandt. The company included Mr. Alma Tadema, R.A., and many English friends of the Dutch living in London.

A violent tempest, accompanied by storms of snow and hail, visited the west of Scotland last Saturday evening. On the Highland Railway a train was imbedded in the drift for the night. Considerable injury was done to shipping, and several accidents are reported.

The second part of the report of the Boundary Commissioners relating to England and Wales was issued last Saturday. It fully explains the principles upon which the Commissioners have been guided both in counties and boroughs, and states that eighty-one local inquiries have been held by sub-commissioners.



THE BATTLE OF ABOU KLEA: RE
DRAWN BY R. C.



REPULSE OF THE ARAB CHARGE.

THE SILENT MEMBER.

The Opposition attack upon the Government virtually began on the day the Session was resumed. It was boldly and vigorously opened in his most cutting style by the Marquis of Salisbury on Thursday week in the House of Lords, which was well attended, the Princess of Wales, the Marchioness of Salisbury, and the Countess of Rosebery being among the ladies noticed in the balconies. The Prince of Wales and the Duke of Cambridge occupied their accustomed seats on the front cross-bench; and it was observed that the Marquis of Ripon made his first reappearance in the House since his return from India. Earl Granville lost no time in placing upon the table fresh papers on the Egyptian Troubles. At the outset he had the satisfaction of announcing the approaching successful issue of the negotiations with the Powers for the settlement of the financial difficulty in Egypt. There the satisfaction of the Foreign Secretary ended. The noble Earl pronounced a glowing eulogy on the late General Gordon, whose mission to Khartoum he proceeded to justify, as he likewise did the dispatch of the fruitless Gordon-rescue expedition up the Nile. Finally, Lord Wolseley was given *carte blanche* "to check the advance of the Mahdi, and for that purpose to destroy his power at Khartoum." Then came Lord Salisbury's opportunity. The noble Marquis made good use of it. With his habitual clearness of articulation and exemplary distinctness of thought and of speech, he gave the House a foretaste of the vigour with which he intended to assail the Government when the hour should come to deliver his formal indictment against the Ministry. Lord Salisbury lamented the loss of "our Christian hero"; but pertinently added—

> We wish to know that these exertions, which will cost us so much in precious treasure and far more in precious blood, will not be absolutely thrown away, and that we shall not retire from Egypt leaving behind no record of our presence except the mischief and the confusion we have wrought, and the bones of the unhappy soldiers who have been slain.

The roll-call of the dead was further increased on the following day, when it was the melancholy duty of Lord Morley to substantiate the report of Major-General Sir Herbert Stewart's death, in deploring which the Under-Secretary for War also seized the occasion to lament the loss of another gallant Commander in the Soudan, General Earle.

There are necessarily wheels within wheels in the Imperial policy of the Government of so extended an Empire as ours. It is possible that, if the truth were known, a graver reason than the initiation of military operations on a larger scale in the Soudan led the Ministry to announce yesterday week the embodiment of the Militia.

When the Commons reassembled on Thursday week, the House itself naturally became the subject of much interest at first. It is an ill wind that blows nobody any good. Obviously, the glaziers and upholsterers had profited by the recent dynamite explosion within the House. After a glance at the plain ground-glass panes that temporarily filled the places of the shattered stained-glass windows, the eye rested with some degree of pleasure upon the new green leather benches, which quite brightened the inconveniently small and badly ventilated chamber. The gaily becloaked Sheriffs of London merited a vote of thanks, soon after prayers, for infusing a little colour into the usually dry proceedings. In brilliant attire, they boldly took their stand at the bar, and formally petitioned that the City should not be deprived of the two seats doomed by the Redistribution Bill. Clear as a bell was the voice of the spokesman Sheriff.

Careworn, and his natural pallor seemingly enhanced by his being in mourning, Mr. Gladstone appeared to be the personification of anxiety as he took his seat on the Treasury bench, receiving as he did so but a very faint tribute of cheering from Ministerialists. Ex-Ministers on the front Opposition bench, on the other hand, looked in the best of spirits. They manifestly hoped power was almost within their grasp once more. There was the old familiar ring in the lusty cheers which greeted Sir Stafford Northcote when he lifted his ordinarily mild voice above its usual compass, and gave notice of his Resolution of Censure. Comparatively faint-hearted were the Liberal cheers in response. Hence, it was not surprising that it was in his most subdued tones Mr. Gladstone explained the present military situation in the Soudan. Quite conversationally did the Prime Minister state that the policy of "the evacuation of the Soudan by Egypt" had undergone no change; that the fall of Khartoum, with the lamented death of General Gordon, entailed new military duties, which would render it incumbent on Lord Wolseley to "overthrow the power of the Mahdi" either at once or in the autumn; and that, to ensure the success of the undertaking, reinforcements had been sent to Souakim, to take action against Osman Digna and to lay a railway line to Berber. The Premier added that both General Gordon and Lord Wolseley had commenced with peaceful overtures to the Mahdi, and that, though the present position did not admit of a repetition of such negotiations, the Government would not decline to receive any message from the Soudan. Sir Stafford Northcote's apt commentary on Mr. Gladstone's statement was followed by the bringing forward of the Redistribution Bill, precedence for which was secured by the Premier at the next sitting of the House.

Sir Stafford Northcote spoke with so much spirit, and with such point and good feeling on the re-opening night, when he completely made himself the mouthpiece of the House by his earnest tribute to General Gordon and his patriotic praise of the public spirit shown by Australia in offering to send Volunteers to the Soudan, that considerable disappointment was occasioned by the lame speech he made on Monday in introducing the following Motion of Censure:—

> That a humble Address be presented to the Queen, humbly representing to her Majesty that the course pursued by her Majesty's Government in respect to the affairs of Egypt and the Soudan has involved a great sacrifice of valuable lives and a heavy expenditure without any beneficial result, and has rendered—that is, the course pursued by the Government has rendered—it imperatively necessary, in the interests of the British Empire and of the Egyptian people, that her Majesty's Government should distinctly recognise, and take decided measures to fulfil, the special responsibility now incumbent on them to assure a good and stable Government to Egypt and to those portions of the Soudan which are necessary to its security.

The Leader of the Opposition raised his voice considerably; but, in reciting the alleged sins of omission and commission on the part of the Government, culminating in the death of General Gordon and the fall of Khartoum, he failed to furnish an alternative policy. Mr. John Morley, appropriately speaking from the corner seat generally occupied by Mr. John Bright, improved his Parliamentary reputation by the lofty and ably-reasoned speech in which he moved an amendment to the effect that the House regretted the decision of the Government to employ the forces of the Crown to overthrow the Mahdi.

Mr. Gladstone, throwing off the reserve of the first night, rose on Monday to the height of the situation, and in his most trenchant and earnest manner marshalled his arguments antagonistic to both the resolution and the amendment. After a magnificent eulogium of General Gordon, he boldly claimed that the safety of Egypt had been maintained by the military operations in the Soudan, and that the slave trade had been checked. As a matter of course, the Premier traversed much of the ground he rapidly covered on the Thursday. The gist of his reply to Sir Stafford Northcote was that his attack was only a repetition of the case brought by the right hon. Baronet against the Government in May last. Mr. Gladstone did not vouchsafe any new disclosure of policy; but cheerily appealed, in a stirring and animated peroration, to the Majority to accord the Ministry a vote of confidence. Should they be honoured by such a vote, the right hon. gentleman said in conclusion—

> We shall endeavour to maintain the honour of the British name, to fulfil every engagement into which we have entered, directly or constructively, and to discharge every duty, onerous though it may be, which is inseparable from a crisis of this kind in the possessions of a great and a world-wide Empire (Ministerial cheers).

It was greatly to be regretted that the continuation of the debate on Tuesday was delayed for some hours by the Parnell group of Irish members, one of the most irreconcilable of whom, Mr. William O'Brien, who has an ungovernable native tendency to white heat and obstinacy, had to be suspended for a week for the mulish persistence with which he sought to obtrude a local Irish matter on the attention of the House. The Speaker's power of Closure had also to be put in force to arrest the clamour of the Irish Party, which, incapable of ruling its own temper, sets up to Home-Rule Ireland. After the farce, the drama was resumed. Sir John Lubbock offered the Government some rational advice, which was clearly not thrown away upon Mr. Trevelyan, who made an excellent speech, and said all that could be said in justification of the military operations, which were rendered necessary, he said, to ensure the safety of Lord Wolseley's troops. He added, that the Government would not object to negotiate, by-and-by, with the Mahdi. The next noteworthy speech of the evening was Mr. Goschen's. That right hon. gentleman distinctly said he would vote against the Government unless they made a more satisfactory statement as to what they intended to do in the Soudan. Adjourned till Thursday, the debate in the Commons is expected to result in a narrow majority for the Ministry on Friday night.

In the Lords, the Marquis of Salisbury may not improbably secure a victory over the Government, as he has done before. But it appears that the adverse votes of the Lords have no effect whatever upon the Government.

OBITUARY.

CAMPBELL OF ISLAY.

John Francis Campbell, of Islay, F.G.S., chief of the well-known and highly allied family of Islay and Schawfield, late one of the Grooms-in-Waiting to the Queen, died at Cannes on the 17th inst. He was born Dec. 29, 1822, the only son of the late Mr. Walter Frederick Campbell, M.P. for Argyllshire, by his first wife, Lady Eleanor Charteris, daughter of the seventh Earl of Wemyss, and was apparently heir to the beautiful estate of Islay, but that property was sold by his father. He inherited, however, the representation of a race still held in honour and esteem by the Highlanders. Devoted to the study of geology, and other scientific pursuits, he was also a learned Gaelic scholar, and passed much of his time in collecting by the firesides of the Scottish peasants traditions and stories in the Gaelic language. His father married, for his second wife, Catherine, daughter of Mr. Stephen Thomas Cole, and niece of the Earl of Derby, by whom he had one son, Captain Walter Douglas Somerset Campbell (who succeeded his brother, whose death we record, as Groom-in-Waiting, and is now Campbell of Islay), as well as four daughters—Mrs. Bromley Davenport, of Baginton; Lady Mackenzie, of Gairloch; Mrs. West; and the Countess Granville. Lady Charlotte Campbell, grandmother of the late Campbell of Islay, daughter of John, fifth Duke of Argyll, was one of the most famed beauties of her time, and a popular authoress, under the name of her second marriage, Bury.

We have also to record the deaths of—

Mrs. Catherine Hume-Rothery, youngest daughter of the late Joseph Hume, the well-known M.P.

Mrs. Lowell, wife of the United States Minister, at the American Legation in London, on the 19th inst.

Lady Mary Lumsden, widow of Mr. James Grant Lumsden, H.E.I.C.C.S., and sister of the present Earl of Stamford, on the 15th inst., aged seventy-one.

Augusta, Lady Platt, widow of the Hon. Sir Thomas Joshua Platt, Baron of the Exchequer, on the 16th inst., at 61, Queen's-gardens, in her eighty-ninth year.

Louisa, Lady Burrard, widow of Admiral Sir Charles Burrard, second and last Baronet, of Lymington, and daughter of Sir Henry Lushington, Bart., on the 17th inst., at Holmfield, Lyndhurst, aged eighty-three.

The Rev. George Francis Coke, M.A., of Lemore, Herefordshire, Vicar of Titley, a descendant of George Coke, Bishop of Hereford, one of the twelve Bishops imprisoned by Parliament, on the 13th inst., at the Priory, Titley.

The Hon. Emily Noel Hill, second daughter of Richard, fourth Lord Berwick, and sister of the fifth Baron and of the present Peer, on the 14th inst., at Coton Manor, near Shrewsbury, aged seventy-seven years.

Captain Cecil Godschall Johnson, Knight of the Orders of San Fernando and of Isabella la Catolica of Spain, late Queen's Foreign Service Messenger, on the 11th inst., at Calais, in his seventy-first year. He was a son of Mr. Johnson, for many years her Majesty's Consul at Antwerp.

Mr. Robert Archibald Douglas-Gresley, of High Park, county Worcester, J.P. and D.L., Lord of the Manor of Salwarpe, on the 13th inst. in his ninety-first year. The second son of the Rev. Robert Douglas, Rector of Salwarpe, he assumed the additional surname of Gresley, in compliance with the will of Mr. Philip Gresley.

Mr. George Everest, C.B., on the 21st inst., at his residence, Bexley House, Southfield, Wandsworth, in his eighty-th year. Mr. Everest, who was the only son of the late Mr. John Bentham Everest, of Bodmin, Cornwall, was for upwards of fifty years in the office of the Secretary of State for the Home Department, where for many years he held the important position of chief of the criminal branch. In recognition of his long and meritorious services he was created a C.B. in 1877.

Mr. Walter Carruthers, one of the managing proprietors and editors of the *Inverness Courier*, at Gordonville, Inverness, on the 20th inst., in the fifty-sixth year of his age. He was one of the sons of the late Dr. Robert Carruthers, whose literary accomplishments and amiable personal character gained high esteem both in England and in Scotland; while Mr. Walter Carruthers himself was an able journalist, and was the writer of many acceptable essays on Highland scenery and local history, some of which were contributed to this Journal. His death is much regretted by a large circle of friends and neighbours.

A meeting, at which Sir Charles Mills, M.P., presided, was held in the City on Tuesday, at which a resolution was unanimously passed in favour of a closer commercial and political relationship between the Mother-country and the Colonies.

THE COURT.

The Queen, accompanied by Princess Beatrice and Princess Margaret and Prince Arthur of Connaught, left Osborne on Thursday morning, the 19th inst. The Duchess of Albany, with Princess Alice and the infant Duke of Albany, took leave of her Majesty on her return to Claremont, and crossed over in the Elfin, Commander Haynes. The Queen having crossed the Solent in the Royal yacht, travelled by the South-Western Railway to Windsor, arriving there at ten minutes to one o'clock. Afterwards the Queen inspected the 3rd Battalion of the Grenadier Guards previous to their departure for the Soudan, the officers being presented to her Majesty by General Ponsonby. Her Majesty has caused inquiry to be made into the case of the wives and children of the married soldiers of the 3rd Grenadier Guards, and the Duke of Cambridge has taken measures to provide accommodation for those families who may be in want of it. Princess Beatrice and the members of her Majesty's household attended Divine service in the private chapel on Sunday morning. Princess Louise (Marchioness of Lorne), who has been visiting the Queen, left Windsor Castle on Monday. The Queen has forwarded an autograph letter to the Colonial Secretary, expressing her warm and grateful feelings to the Colonies for their proffered aid in the Soudan. It is expected that the Queen and Princess Beatrice will reside at Windsor Castle till about the close of next month, when they proceed to Darmstadt, in order to attend the confirmation of the Hereditary Duke of Hesse. Her Majesty and the Princess go later on to Aix-les-Bains, returning, after a short stay on the Continent, to Windsor Castle.

The *Gazette* announces that the Prince of Wales will, by command of the Queen, hold Levées at St. James's Palace on behalf of her Majesty on Monday, March 2, and on Saturday, March 14 next, at two o'clock.

The Prince of Wales, attended by Captain Stephenson, R.N., and Mr. Knollys, arrived at Marlborough House on Thursday morning, the 19th inst., from Cannes. The Prince and Princess, accompanied by Princess Louise, went to the House of Lords. The Prince visited the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh, the Duke of Cambridge, and Duchess of Cambridge. The Prince and Princess, with Prince George and Princesses Louise, Victoria, and Maud, inspected the 2nd Battalion of Coldstream Guards on Saturday morning, previous to their departure for Egypt, and wished them good health, Godspeed, and safe return. In the evening the Prince and Princess, accompanied by Prince George, were present at the Handel Society's concert at St. James's Hall. The Prince and Princess, Prince George, and Princesses Louise, Victoria, and Maud, were present at Divine service on Sunday. On Monday the Prince of Wales and the Duke of Cambridge visited Aldershott to select a site for the statue of the Duke of Wellington. Their Royal Highnesses examined the statue now lying at the Ordnance Store, and having inspected several proposed sites, decided, it was understood, on Round Hill, at the rear of All Saints' Church. Afterwards the Royal visitors lunched at Government House, the residence of Sir A. Alison, General in Command. The Prince and Princess witnessed the performance of "As You Like It" at the St. James's Theatre in the evening. On Tuesday morning the Prince was present at a meeting of the Royal Commission on the Dwelling-places of the Working Classes, at 8, Richmond-terrace. In the evening his Royal Highness was at the House of Lords. The Princess presided at a meeting at Lansdowne House, the residence of Lord Rosebery, in the afternoon, of the members of the Ladies' National Aid Association (Soudan and Egypt). Donations amounting to £600 were announced. Princess Beatrice visited the Prince and Princess in the afternoon. The Duchess of Albany likewise visited their Royal Highnesses, and remained to luncheon. The Prince and Princess and their daughters attended the performance at Covent Garden Theatre in the evening.

Princess Louise and the Marquis of Lorne paid a visit to the Mansion House last Tuesday, on the occasion of the presentation to the Marquis of the freedom and livery of the Tin-Plate and Wire-Workers' Company.

ROYAL VISIT TO IRELAND.

We are authorised to announce that the Prince and Princess of Wales will go to Ireland early in April, and will visit several parts of the country. At the request of his Excellency the Lord Lieutenant, the Queen has been graciously pleased to sanction the holding of a Levée by the Prince of Wales, and a Drawingroom by the Princess of Wales, on her Majesty's behalf, in Dublin Castle.

FASHIONABLE MARRIAGE.

The marriage of Mr. George Buchanan, youngest son of the late Sir Andrew Buchanan, with Lady Georgina Bathurst, was solemnised on Wednesday afternoon, by special license, at St. Peter's, Eaton-square. The bride, who was given away by her father, Earl Bathurst, wore a dress of white satin duchesse, trimmed with Brussels lace and pearls, with long train, a wreath of orange-blossoms, and veil of Brussels lace. She was attended by five bridesmaids, three being children—namely, Lady Evelyn Bathurst, Miss Geraldine Ponsonby, Miss D. Hankey, Miss T. Lister, and Miss Stepney—who wore frocks with short draperies and full bodies of cream crêpe cloth trimmed with Valenciennes lace, and waistbands with hanging bows of geranium velvet and coloured velvet toques. Their bouquets were snowdrops. The best man was Mr. Ralph Paget.

Sir William Muir was inducted to the Principalship of Edinburgh University last Saturday.

Mr. William Hepworth Mercer took the One Hundred Guinea Scholarship in Real Property Law in the Inner Temple.

Messrs. Henry S. King and Co. have received the appointment of sole official agents for India in connection with the Colonial and Indian exhibition to be held in London in 1886.

The President and Council of the Society of Architects will give a conversazione in the Floral Hall, Covent-garden, next Monday evening.

Mr. Sheriff Faudel Phillips presided last Saturday at the annual meeting of the Birkbeck Literary and Scientific Institution, when Sir R. A. Cross, M.P., distributed the prizes and certificates to the successful students. Lord Norton and several members of Parliament subsequently spoke.

"Kelly's Handbook to the Titled, Landed, and Official Classes," has attained its eleventh year of publication. The object of this work, which is to include in one general alphabetical list all those who have any definite position, is thoroughly carried out. It is a most useful work.

The Board of Trade have awarded a piece of plate to Captain C. Hollaar, of the Dutch fishing-smack Zee-en-Sandbourd, in acknowledgment of his humanity and kindness to the shipwrecked crews of the two British fishing-vessels, the Clara and Elizabeth, of Hull, and the Tarlair, of Peterhead, which were abandoned at sea in the year 1884.

MUSIC.

The specialties of last week occurred too late for notice until now. On the Thursday evening, at St. James's Hall, the Bach Choir gave its first concert of its new season, conducted by Mr. Otto Goldschmidt. In accordance with the recent extension of plan beyond its original limitation, the programmes have been allowed to include music by other composers than the great master by whose name the institution is distinguished. At last week's concert there was but one piece by Bach, the Pastoral symphony from his "Christmas Oratorio," which was given with the "Oboi d'amore" parts as originally written, instruments of this obsolete kind having been manufactured for the occasion. The concert opened with Mr. C. H. H. Parry's setting of scenes from Shelley's "Prometheus Unbound," an ambitious work, in the ultra-modern school, that was noticed by us on its production at the Gloucester Festival of 1880. The programme closed with "The Star of Bethlehem," a short oratorio, by Friedrich Kiel, of Berlin, a composer of sterling merit. The work contains some good choral writing, in which the composer gives proof of his high proficiency in the use of the scientific resources of his art. The solo music—which is not particularly interesting—was well sung by Mrs. Hutchinson, Miss H. Wilson, and Mr. E. Lloyd; these artists and Mr. W. H. Brereton having also been the soloists in Mr. Parry's music. The performances generally were of high efficiency. The Bach choir will give a special concert at the Royal Albert Hall, on March 21, in celebration of the bi-centenary of Bach's birth, when his Mass in B minor ("Die Höhe Messe") will be grandly rendered, conducted by Mr. Otto Goldschmidt, and with the co-operation of the members of Mr. H. Leslie's choir.

The Handel Society gave its inaugural public concert at St. James's Hall last Saturday evening, when "Saul" was performed, this being one of the several commemorations of the bicentenary of the composer's birth. The most important of all will be the great Handel Festival at the Crystal Palace in June, given in anticipation, by one year, of its regular triennial recurrence. Saturday's performance of "Saul" was one of considerable merit, although the executants were nearly all amateurs. The principal solo vocalists were Misses E. Green and Ellicott, Mrs. Tuer, Mr. L. Benson, Mr. Pownall, and the Hon. S. G. Lyttelton. Some members of the orchestra, including Mr. A. Burnett as leader, were professional, as were the conductor, Mr. F. A. W. Docker, and the organist, Mr. E. G. Croager. "Saul" had been but little heard for many years before, and the society may do good service by reviving other neglected works of Handel.

The bicentenary of Handel's birth has just been celebrated at Halle, his native town, where a statue was erected to his memory in 1859, the centenary of his death. Towards the cost of this statue—about £1200—nearly one third was contributed by England, where Handel passed the greater part of his life, and produced his grandest works, his immortal series of English oratorios.

The second of this year's Saturday afternoon concerts at the Crystal Palace took place last week, when the late Joachim Raff's Symphony, "Im Winter," was produced for the first time there. The work is the last of a set of four composed in illustration of the seasons, that now referred to being one of many symphonies left by the prolific composer, whose productiveness may be inferred from its opus number being 214. The four divisions of the work now referred to contain some very effective and characteristic writing, with masterly command of orchestral varieties. The first and two last movements have characteristic headings, "The First Snow," "At the Fireside," and "Carnival," the second movement being without any assigned purpose. Although generally diffuse, and in some places laboured, there is much that is interesting, with some masterly varieties and contrasts. The concert included Mr. Max Pauer's skilful execution of Mendelssohn's Pianoforte Concerto in D minor, and unaccompanied solos, and the refined singing of Mdlle. M. de Lido in an aria by Verdi and a cavatina by Gounod.

The last of Mr. John Boosey's afternoon "London Ballad Concerts," of the present series, took place at St. James's Hall on Wednesday—the last evening concert of the season being announced for next Wednesday.

Signor Mario-Costa's concert at Prince's Hall, on Tuesday evening, drew a fashionable attendance. Several of his own compositions were favourably received, Miss Carlotta Elliot, Mr. Isidore de Lara, and other vocalists having contributed to the performances, which also included pianoforte solos by Signor Albanesi.

The programme of Mr. Max Pauer's pianoforte recital at Prince's Hall, on Wednesday, comprised examples of various schools, old and new, classical and brilliant.

Of the opening concert of the seventy-third season of the Philharmonic Society, at St. James's Hall, on Thursday evening, we must speak next week; as also of a matinée of Schubert's music at Prince's Hall on Friday afternoon, and of the Sacred Harmonic Society's concert in the evening, when Handel's "Belshazzar" was announced for performance in celebration of the bicentenary of the composer's birth.

The celebrated Heckmann quartet party has announced three concerts, the first of which was to take place last Thursday, the remaining dates being March 3 and 10. The performances of the party have elicited strong commendations from the Continental press. Of their merits we must speak next week.

Mdlle. Louise Douste (De Fortis)—a skilful young pianist—announced a recital at Prince's Hall on Thursday afternoon, with a good programme including the co-operation of MM. Kornfield and Whitehouse (violin and violoncello), and Miss Griswold as vocalist.

The Promenade Concerts at Her Majesty's Theatre are still proceeding. The conductorship has been transferred to M. Rivière, formerly well known in the same capacity at the Covent Garden promenade concerts. He entered on his new engagement last Saturday, when he was warmly welcomed.

Mr. Carl Armbruster is to deliver a series of lectures (with musical illustrations) on "The Life, Theory, and Works of Richard Wagner," at the Royal Institution, beginning this (Saturday) afternoon.

The fourth of Mr. W. Carter's National Festival Concerts at the Royal Albert Hall is announced for this evening, when the programme will consist largely of Welsh music.

The new comic opera (on a Japanese subject) by Mr. W. S. Gilbert and Sir Arthur Sullivan is expected to be produced, at the Savoy Theatre, on March 14.

The anniversary festival of that excellent institution the Royal Society of Musicians is to take place at St. James's Hall on May 7, when the chair will be taken by Mr. Santley.

Music will form an important feature in the arrangements for the forthcoming International Inventions Exhibition at South Kensington. A special committee, of eminent authorities, has been appointed for the organisation of an illustrative exemplification of inventions, designs, and discoveries in reference to music, from ancient times to the present day. Instruments of various kinds and periods, old musical manuscripts and printed music paintings, engravings, and drawings, and other matters in relation to the art, will be displayed. There will also be competitive performances of various kinds. The King of Siam—an exhibitor—will send a native band, and the celebrated Strauss orchestra of Vienna will be engaged.

"The Alexandrine Gavotte," by Marie Antoinette Kingston (Chappell and Co.), is a very bright pianoforte piece, in which the quaint old dance form is happily reflected, with a rich variety of modern harmonic treatment that contrasts charmingly with the antique style of the main subject. As the work of a very young lady (the daughter of a distinguished journalist and critic), the piece holds out good promise for future productions.

"Tziganka," is the title of a waltz, on Russian gipsy melodies, by H. Sutherland Edwards, whose combination of literary and musical skill is well known. The waltz possesses a distinctive character not often met with in pieces of this hackneyed form. The themes are in themselves charming, and are happily adapted to the waltz rhythm. Messrs. Boosey and Co. are the publishers.

NEW BOOKS.

The compact history of the *Flemish School of Painting*, by Professor A. J. Wauters, and translated by Mrs. Henry Rossel (London: Cassell and Co., Limited, 1885), is another of those excellent art manuals which we owe to the intelligent direction of the Ecole des Beaux Arts of Paris. For the last two or three years, volumes by distinguished specialists on the history, technique, and processes of art have been issued, at a price which places them within the reach of all students. It is much to be regretted that our Science and Art Department does not display a similar interest in educating popular taste, instead of limiting its efforts to merely collecting specimens, of which it is at no pains to explain the relations towards past or contemporary art. The present series of translations, it is true, is stated to be edited by the Principal of the National Art-Training School at South Kensington Museum, but there is nothing to lead one to suppose that Mr. Sparkes is acting in any official capacity. Be that as it may, Professor Wauters' survey of the Flemish artists is a very valuable contribution to our knowledge of what has been, perhaps, the most restless school of painting in Europe. It was in Flanders that the revolt against conventionalism in missal painting first declared itself, that landscape painting first took root, that the use of oil colours was first recognised, and where both genre and animal painting first found favour amongst artists of the foremost rank. This long rôle of fame included in its first or Gothic period the Van Eycks, Van der Weyden, Memling, and the school of Bruges, whose works cover the greater part of the fifteenth century. With the sixteenth century began the migration of Flemish artists towards Italy, whence they were soon to return, attracted by the development of the wealth of Antwerp and the encouragement there given to art. Meanwhile, however, the National School was to enjoy a brief though brilliant career. Amongst its leaders were Peter Pourbus and his son; the Claessens, who belonged to Bruges; the imitators of Matsys, such as Van Hemessen, Van Romerswael; the Cleve family, who were claimed by Antwerp; Vermeyen, Gassel, and others, who lived near Brussels; and Henry Blès, the glory of Liége. Perhaps the most characteristic trait of the Flemish school is its family tradition of art. It would seem, as Professor Wauters remarks, "that art, on entering a family, turned the heads of all its members—brothers, sons, wives, and daughters, all seemed equally ardent in the pursuit; and thus it not unfrequently happens that, as in the case of the Floris (Van Vriendt), the Van Orleys, the Van Cleves, the Coxies, and the Francks, we meet with half a dozen painters of the name, the number increasing in each succeeding generation. Of the Italianised Flemish or Romanists who shone in the sixteenth century were Lucas de Heere, Adrian Key, and the elder Breughel. Eight years after Breughel's death, Rubens was born; and with him and Vandyck, at once his pupil and his instructor, we touch the highest point which Flemish art attained. But it was Rubens who was to influence for all time the direction of Flemish art. Jordaens and Crayer, no less than Snyders, the animal-painters; Teniers, and the genre painters, alike owe their love of colour, of movement, and arrangement to the great Antwerp artist. In some measure, too, Rubens may fairly claim to have perfected Flemish landscape art, of which Sieberechts, Huysmans, and Neefs are the principal exponents; and the founder's influence was strong enough to keep it alive and flourishing until the eighteenth century sounded the curfew of Continental painting and the angelus of English art. Of late days, Flemish art, as it is now called, Belgian art has revived in no small degree under the influence of Leys, Wappers, Gallait, Portaels, Clays, and E. Wauters, the brother of the learned professor and archivist whose history we have taken as the text for these remarks, and which we cordially recommend as a handy travelling companion to all who set out in the pursuit of art-treasures in Belgium and elsewhere. The translation by Mrs. Rossel is very fairly accurate, and the numerous illustrations give additional interest and point to the text.

A volume, at once eminently learned and readable, has been just published entitled *Coins and Medals, their Place in History and Art*, by the authors of the British Museum Official Catalogues, edited by Stanley Lane-Poole, with numerous illustrations (Elliot Stock). The subject is treated in a popular style, so as to win attention from the reader who comes to it without previous knowledge. "In the following chapters," writes the editor, "we have attempted to show what coins can teach us, what is their value as documents of history and monuments of art, and what relations they bear to other branches of historical, artistic, and archæological research"; and he adds that, while the book is primarily intended for the general reader, it will be found of service to the antiquary and collector of coins. By way of alluring the student, Dr. Reginald Stuart Poole writes a brief introductory chapter on The Study of Coins. Just as we read the wonderful history of the Etruscans from the painted walls and pottery of their tombs, so do we acquire much of our knowledge of history from numismatics. But what a vast study it is! Dr. Poole observes that some may know Greek and Latin and modern European languages enough to *begin* the study of Greek and Roman money, but he adds—"Those who would enter the vast field of Oriental numismatics must be fortified with Arabic, Hebrew, Sanscrit, and Persian, besides adding Spanish and Russian to the other European languages still necessary for their work. Even they must pause beneath the Himalayas, nor dare to cross the Golden Chersonese unless they are prepared to master the uncouth languages and intricate characters of the further East." Pausing before this statement, even the ambitious student will probably decide that it is better to trust to the labours of others than to venture on this boundless field of research. He will be grateful, however, in common with all intelligent readers, for the amount of practical knowledge produced in this handbook. The writers, it is needless to say, are all competent authorities on the special branches of numismatics, which they undertake to treat. We may add that book-lovers cannot fail to be pleased with the style in which the work is got up.

In the same form, and from the same publishing house, appears a curious and entertaining book entitled *Glossings from the Natural History of the Ancients* (Elliot Stock), written or compiled by the Rev. M. G. Watkins. The reader in search of quaint stories about animals as real as the elephant and cat, or as mythical as the griffin, will find ample satisfaction in these pages. He is also referred to other sources of information, and if possessed with a taste for monsters, is recommended to read Topsel's "History of Four-footed Beasts," in which these strange creatures are not only described, but illustrated. "The Ancients" in this history are allowed a wide margin by Mr. Watkins. He quotes much from our old poets, and from some who, like Tickell and Somerville, rank with the moderns. His illustrations from English poets are, however, far from exhaustive; and in the chapter on the Horse, he even omits to mention the vivid and accurate description of Shakspeare in "Venus and Adonis." Very inadequate, to our thinking, is what may be called the modern portion of the chapter on "Gardens"; and Mr. Watkins appears to be most at home in collecting suggestive anecdotes from Greek and Roman sources—a task demanding much out-of-the-way reading. Conscientious labour seems to have been bestowed on the volume, and the result is highly creditable to the writer.

About life at the two chief English Universities the novelists have given us, if not enough or even too much, at any rate not a little, and a reader may, therefore, be cheered rather than dismayed to know that *Haco the Dreamer*: by William Sime (Remington and Co.), is described as "a tale of Scotch University life." For, though novelists have been by no means reticent about life at the Scottish Universities, the subject has not been so overdone, if memory and sensations may be trusted, as in the other cases mentioned, and is comparatively quite fresh, as well as absolutely diverse. The story is more like a burlesque than like a serious representation of life; and some of the burlesque is of a grim and ghastly kind. On the other hand, the serious portions have many points of beauty and excellence; and, above all, the tone is extremely wholesome and genial. It is a pretty tale, too, so far as there is any particular tale to tell: it just tells how a young medical student went to the University of Edinburgh, was gulled into the belief that he had accidentally killed a man by careless administration of chloroform, got into debt, neglected his studies, and, within a year or so of matriculation, married the pretty daughter of his father's "grieve" clandestinely, by those easy means which are familiar to all readers of stories about Scottish marriages. This young medical student is, of course, Haco, the novel's hero, who, being the son of a practical Scottish baronet, raised to that dignity for the eminence he has won and the wealth he has acquired in his profession of a surgeon, does not inherit the paternal qualities, talents, and tendencies, but the dreamy, poetical nature, together with the lovely hair, of the surgeon-baronet's departed wife. Haco, nevertheless, assumes an air of wishing to be even as his father was, and is consequently sent to the University of Edinburgh, where things seem to be conducted in a very curious way by very curious people, suggesting something between an English public school, a lunatic asylum, and a pot-house, and where he comes, as such a "softie" would be sure to come, to considerable grief, though to no sort of irremediable harm. In the description of his life at Edinburgh there are some very graphic, some very funny, some very grotesque, and some very instructive passages; and the "contortionist," who can dislocate himself at will, jerk his head about after the manner of a snake, and feign death to the deception of anybody but a great expert, is very droll, though perhaps more than a little vulgar and revolting. Altogether, the story is well worth reading; the "grieve" and his family are admirable.

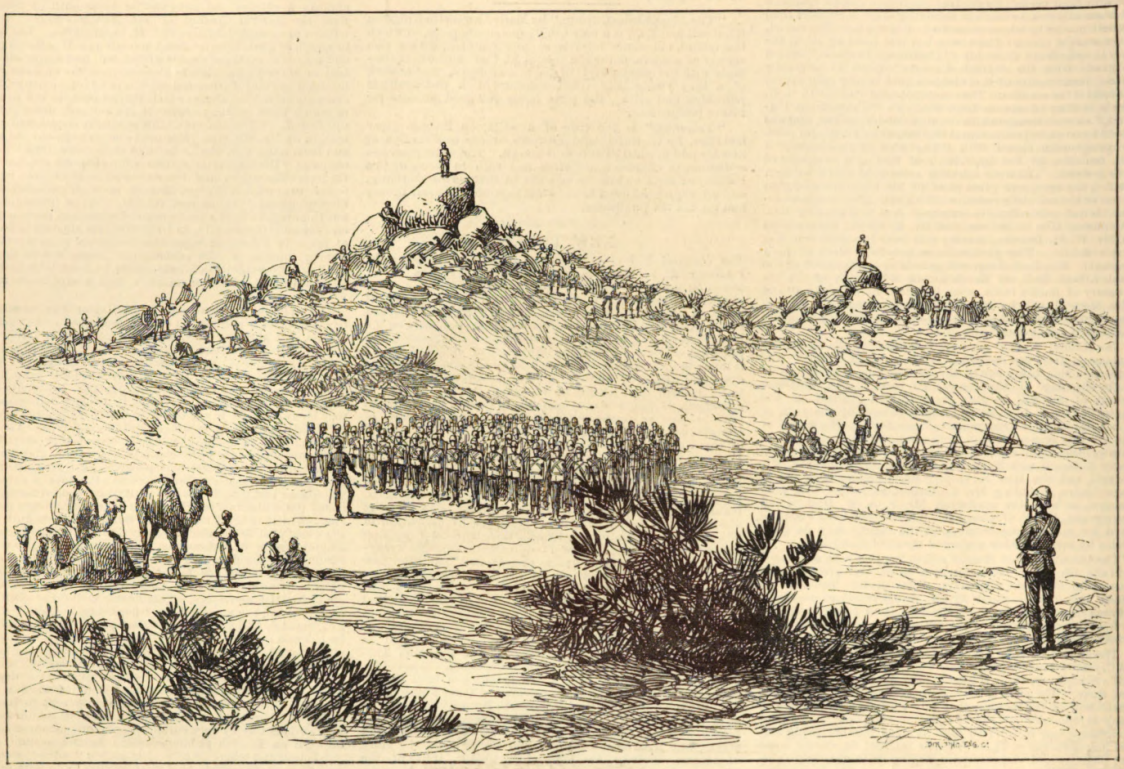
The celebrated chemist, philanthropist, and Quaker, William Allen, of Plough-court, who died at the close of 1843, has the misfortune, three years afterwards, to be buried a second time in three unreadable volumes. Under the doubtful title, *The Spitalfields Genius: the Story of William Allen, F.R.S., &c., retold by J. Fayle, B.A.* (Hodder and Stoughton), the effort is made to awaken a fresh interest in this truly good man. We do not think the attempt is wholly successful. Mr. Fayle deserves, no doubt, the credit of telling the story in his own way, but his method is irritating, disjointed, and just a little sensational. The biographer asks the "Gentle Reader"—a creature we imagined to be as extinct as the dodo—to walk into his "enchanted garden," a term, when associated with Allen, as inappropriate as "The Spitalfields Genius." There is no enchantment in his life, although there is much to interest; and there is no genius, but rather great powers, vigorously exercised, of acquisition and observation. Doubtless, as Carlyle said, "genius means transcendant capacity for taking trouble first of all"; but it means a great deal more, and no amount of trouble-taking will ever make a man a poet, a painter, or a scientific discoverer of the highest order. Allen's intellectual capacity was great, but the power he exercised was chiefly of a moral kind. It was his high principle, combined with good sense and the manliness that has its source in virtue, that made monarchs and statesmen proud to call themselves his friends. Mr. Fayle would have done well to attend more to chronology in his narrative, instead of carrying the reader backwards and forwards, to his annoyance and mystification. The account of the three marriages is curiously involved, nor is it exactly accurate, but errors of detail are of less consequence than the peculiar construction of the volume, which leads to repetition. The truth is, and indeed the reader will suspect this from the "Apologia" that serves as a preface, Mr. Fayle has aimed at originality in his "story," and not, as we have said, altogether successfully. It would be a mistake, however, to imagine that the little volume is a failure. We cannot praise it as a bit of literary art, but as the record of a life devoted to noble and wholly unselfish ends, it contains much of more than passing interest. Of Allen it may be said with a truthfulness seldom perhaps to be found upon tombstones that—

> The actions of the just
> Smell sweet, and blossom in their dust.

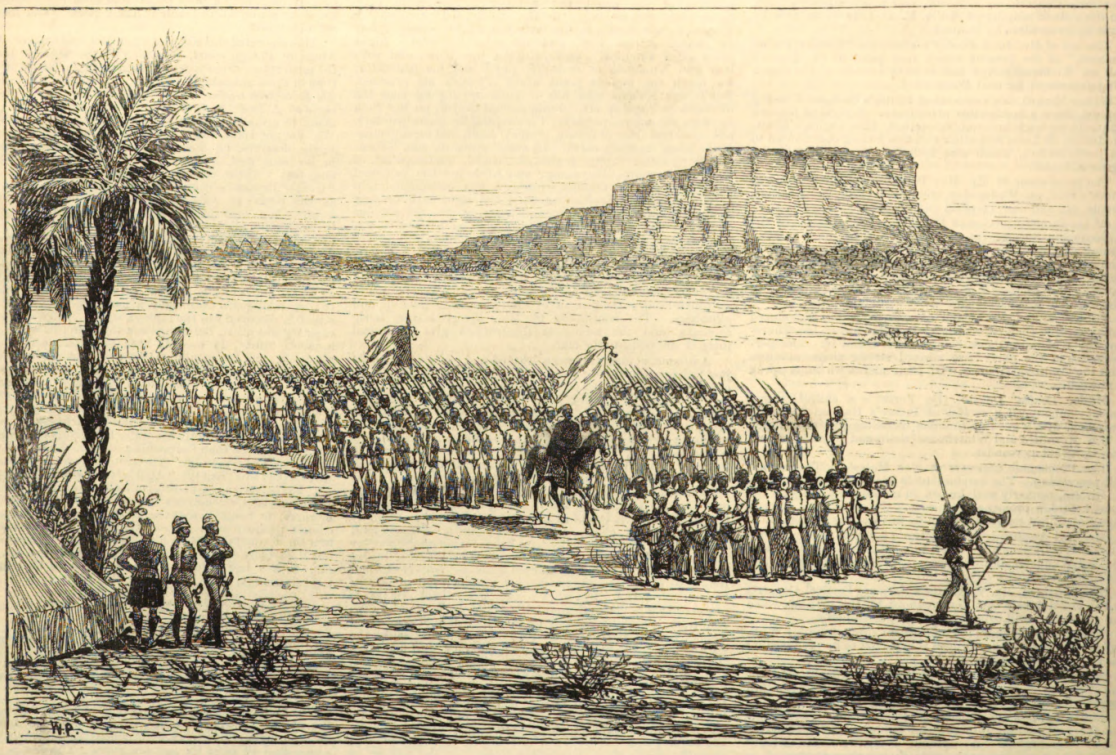
With the Lord Mayor at its head, an influential committee has been formed with the view of raising a fund to provide a national memorial of General Gordon.—Liverpool has resolved to establish a memorial of the late General Earle, who was a native of the city.

In London 2526 births and 1497 deaths were registered last week. Allowing for increase of population, the births were 302 and the deaths 429 below the average numbers in the corresponding weeks of the last ten years. The deaths included 52 from smallpox, 31 from measles, 14 from scarlet fever, 14 from diphtheria, 43 from whooping-cough, and 11 from dysentery.

THE WAR IN THE SOUDAN: SKETCHES BY MILITARY CORRESPONDENTS.



INSIDE THE ZEREBA WITH GENERAL EARLE'S FORCE AT KOBNIAT, NEAR THE FOURTH CATARACT OF THE NILE.
FROM A SKETCH BY AN OFFICER OF THE ROYAL IRISH REGIMENT.



NUBIAN SOLDIERS, UNDER AHMED EFFENDI, WITH GENERAL EARLE'S FORCE UP THE NILE.
FROM A SKETCH BY THE LATE LIEUTENANT-COLONEL R. C. COVENY, 42ND ROYAL HIGHLANDERS.

ISMAIL PASHA.

One of the most interesting personages in Europe at this juncture is his Highness Ismail Pasha, of whom we have much pleasure in presenting a fresh Portrait, from a photograph just taken by MM. Elliott and Fry, of Baker-street. It is of particular moment to point out that the late General Gordon considered the restoration of Ismail Pasha would be the most satisfactory solution of the Egyptian Problem, which has been the source of so much anxiety to England in the past, and which again absorbs the attention of Parliament and the nation.

General Gordon, on the eve of his departure for Khartoum in the January of last year, happened to meet a friend of Ismail Pasha at a country house near Southampton. The hero whose tragic death we mourn was engaged at the time to proceed on the mission to the Congo for the King of the Belgians, and was unaware of the dangerous pilgrimage he was destined to set out for at the instigation of a knot of Ministers in Downing-street. It was accordingly quite as a disinterested commentator that General Gordon remarked, in the course of a long conversation—

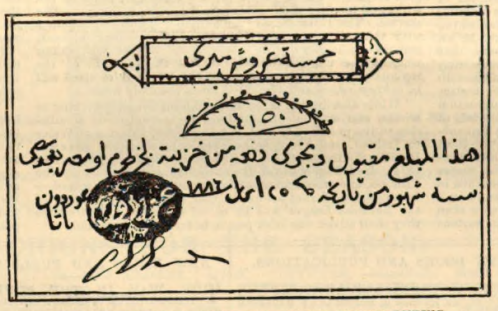
"Gloomy and fraught with danger as the outlook in the Soudan certainly is, I already see in the course of events some chance of the ultimate fulfilment of my constant prayers for the liberation of the Soudanese out of the hands of their cruel oppressors—the Slave Dealers. . . . Nothing has so much contributed to make the Mahdi's cause popular and his success possible as the weak administration, or pretence of administration, which has gone on at Cairo ever since Ismail was deposed. With the Arabs, nothing is so strong as power. Nubar may succeed, because he is capable of resisting the intrigues of Tewfik, which have hitherto been fatal to every one of his Ministers. It was my knowledge of Tewfik's weakness, and the certainty I felt of his failure, which induced me to throw up my command at Khartoum four years before. When I heard that my friend Ismail was no longer Khedive of Egypt, I first determined to hold the Soudan in his name, against all comers. How could I forsake one who was ever loyal in the support he gave me in my war against slavery and the slave dealers?"

Nor did General Gordon confine his praise of Ismail Pasha to the past. The intrepid English General, who sacrificed his life in defending Khartoum against the hosts of the Mahdi, at that same interview made use of these memorable and weighty words: "If Egypt is to have a Ruler or Regent capable of maintaining a really strong and efficient native Government, Ismail must be the man."

Every mind in England is so preoccupied with the perilous expedition of Lord Wolseley to the Soudan that it may be seasonable to point out that it has been the lot of Ismail Pasha to grapple with a former rebellion on the Soudanese frontier, and to suppress it promptly. Born at Cairo in the Mohammedan year of the Hegira 1248 (the year 1830 of the Christian era), his Highness Ismail Pasha is the second of the three sons of Ibrahim Pasha, the victorious conqueror of Syria. In his youth, Ismail was educated at the military school of the Etat Major, in France, whence he returned to Egypt in 1849. It was while his uncle, the late Said Pasha, was Viceroy that Ismail successfully conducted the expedition of 14,000 men to the Soudan frontier, and speedily overcame the rebellion. Succeeding to the Viceroyalty in the January of 1863, Ismail Pasha made his reign remarkable for the notable increase in the material prosperity of Egypt, observable alike in the traffic through the Suez Canal, towards the completion of which Egyptian revenue was freely lavished, and in the vast development of agriculture and commerce. To England, Ismail Pasha has ever been a stanch friend. For a variety of services willingly rendered, her Majesty bestowed upon Ismail Pasha the Grand Cross of the Order of the Bath; and in the year 1867 his Highness was the honoured guest of the Queen on his visit to this country. That the great improvements effected by Ismail Pasha in Egypt burdened the country with an almost overwhelming debt everybody knows. But it is not so generally known that it was the extortionate rate of interest levied by the loan-mongers which in the end drove the Khedive to abdicate. By a decree of the Porte, his eldest son became his successor on Aug. 8, 1879. The rule of his son, Tewfik Pasha, having been but a melancholy record of failure after failure, it will appear to many that the British Government might do worse than re-establish the Khedive, who, profiting from his past lessons, would reasonably labour hard to bring order out of chaos, and to restore the prosperity of Egypt.



ISMAIL PASHA, THE EX-KHEDIVE OF EGYPT.



ONE OF GORDON'S NOTES FOR MONEY, ISSUED DURING THE SIEGE OF KHARTOUM.

THE KING COUNTRY, NEW ZEALAND.

A paper on "The King Country, New Zealand," was read by Mr. Kerry-Nicholls on Monday evening before the members of the Geographical Society. Lord Aberdare presided, and there was an unusually large attendance.

The lecturer described in detail the physical features of the King Country, which is inhabited exclusively by the Maories, and is consequently a little-known region. European settlers being jealously excluded from the country, Mr. Nicholls found some difficulty in prosecuting his enterprise. His energy and determination, however, enabled him to surmount all obstacles. In the course of his journey he found that all the strata or rock formations from which gold, coal, iron, &c., are obtained exist in the country, while its extensive forests are rich in timber of the most varied kind. Among other valuable geographical discoveries made by Mr. Nicholls during his interesting journey was that there were not fewer than twenty-five rivers not published in the maps. Referring to the inhabitants, he expressed a decided opinion that the Maori race is rapidly on the decrease. In Cook's time it exceeded one hundred thousand, and in 1881 it was reduced to forty-four thousand. There is still, however, a large number of natives in the King Country; but, though he conversed with tattooed warriors of the old school, it is clear, he said, that this splendid type of savage will soon become extinct. Mr. Nicholls gave a glowing picture of the scenery and sun effects in the neighbourhood of Lake Taupo, a great sheet of water which receives the contributions of seventeen rivers, and described the volcanic and mountain formations of the country.

The lecture was illustrated with diagrams of the mountain and lake scenery, while a fine picture of a Maori chief was placed upon the platform. Several native weapons were also shown.



THE WAR IN THE SOUDAN: FORT AT ABOU DOM, COMMANDING THE DESERT, ON GENERAL EARLE'S ROUTE UP THE NILE.
SKETCH BY THE LATE LIEUTENANT-COLONEL R. C. COVENY, 42ND ROYAL HIGHLANDERS.

THE CHURCH.

The Bishop of Rochester is ordered away at once from home and all duty, until Easter.

A stained-glass window has been put up in Lambeth church to the memory of the late Archbishop Tait.

The Bishop of Newcastle (Dr. Wilberforce) on Tuesday evening subscribed the oath and took his seat in the House of Lords, in succession to the Bishop of Lincoln.

The Rev. Charles Hamilton, M.A., chaplain and secretary to the Bishop of Quebec, has been elected to fill the See of Niagara, rendered vacant by the death of Bishop Fuller.

The Rev. William Cunningham, B.D., of Trinity College, has been appointed Hulsean Lecturer or Christian Preacher at Cambridge for the ensuing year.

The Rev. E. Bertram Lavies, Curate of St. Luke's, Derby, has been presented to the vacant vicarage of Donisthorpe, Leicester.

The jubilee meeting of the Church Pastoral Aid Society was held at the Mansion House on the 19th inst., and was addressed by the Bishop of Sodor and Man and several others. It is proposed to mark the occasion by raising £50,000 to extend the operations of the society.

At a meeting of the council of the Rochester Diocesan Society, held on Monday last, under the presidency of the Archdeacon of Southwark, a grant of £100 was made for the site for the Church of St. Catharine, Loughborough Park, and £125 for the site for a mission building in the parish of All Saints', Rotherhithe, where a mission is being started by members of Clare College, Cambridge.

The preachers at Westminster Abbey during March will be:—Sunday, 1st, at ten, the Rev. E. Price; at three, Rev. Frederick Ponsonby; at seven, Rev. Herbert Rowsell (St. Luke's, Shepherd's-bush). Sunday, 8th, at ten, Professor Momerie; at three, Canon Prothero; at seven, Rev. T. E. C. Welldon (Dulwich). Sunday, 15th, at ten, Canon Prothero; at three, Rev. Field Flower Goe; at seven, Rev. John Richardson (Vicar of St. John's, Darlington). Sunday, 22nd, at ten, Canon Prothero; at three, Rev. Dr. Wace (King's College, London); at seven, Canon Percival (Trin. Coll., Oxford). Sunday, 29th, at ten, Rev. H. Aldrich Cotton; at three, Canon Prothero; seven, Rev. F. Chavasse (St. Peter-le-Baily, Oxford).

MIDDLESEX COUNTY RECORD SOCIETY.

The Justices of Middlesex have lately been directing a good deal of attention to the old records of the county, preserved at the Sessions House, Clerkenwell. Until about two years ago, these had been packed away in a very inadequate space, and were generally in a condition which made any examination of them impossible; but, the notice of the Justices having been called to the fact, application was made to the Historical MSS. Commissioners, who directed Mr. Cordy Jeaffreson to inspect them as well as the circumstances allowed, and to report upon them. As the result of this report, the documents have now been arranged, labelled, and indexed, and deposited in a newly constructed Muniment-Room, at a cost altogether to the county of more than £1000; and the full extent and value of the collection can for the first time be seen.

The Records commence in the third year of Edward VI. (1549), a date earlier than that of any other county records except those of Essex and the North Riding of Yorkshire, which, however, cannot compare with those of Middlesex in extent or interest. The Session Rolls form a series covering successive years from 1552, complete except as to a few in the earlier years; and of these Mr. Jeaffreson remarks, in an interesting passage, too long for entire quotation here, that they are of unusual value for documents of their class, owing to the practice of the Clerks of the Middlesex Justices to append at the foot of each recognisance a note of the matter to which it referred. And he adds that a careful manipulation of them "would yield a large addition to the materials of England's religious history from the records of the presentments of Catholic Recusants and the prosecutions of Protestant Dissenters in the seventeenth century; while from the indictments for seditious libels might be recovered to English literature the heart and life of many a curious tract that perished in the Stuart period in flames kindled by the common hangman."

The Sessions Books, commencing in 1639, fill more than 1700 volumes, and a series of Land Tax accounts of the various parishes occupy 7000 books of various sizes. A series of orders of Court at Quarter Sessions from 1716 onward; oath rolls; registers of Papists' estates; convictions and appeals for holding conventicles; certificates of nonjurors, recusants, &c.; hearth and stove tax; accounts; orders of council concerning the Great Plague, together with a number of documents of a miscellaneous character, complete a collection of archives amounting to no less than 10,000 volumes, large and small, and nearly 5000 rolls and bundles. To quote Mr. Jeaffreson again, "the whole form a body of muniments which would enable a zealous and competent antiquary to produce an adequate history of the county from Elizabeth to Victoria."

In order to make this valuable collection generally available by producing a descriptive calendar of the whole and publishing a selection from such as appear most worthy of notice, a society has been formed under the name of the Middlesex County Record Society, of which the Lord Lieutenant of Middlesex, Viscount Enfield, is the President, and several of the largest owners of property in the county, including the Dukes of Devonshire and Westminster, are vice-presidents. The treasurer is Sir H. W. Gordon, K.C.B. The society has its head-quarters at the Sessions House, Clerkenwell, and it is to be hoped that it will meet with the support which the interesting nature of its work demands.

Preliminary arrangements were made at a meeting at Bath on Tuesday for the visit of the Social Science Congress in October next.

The sixth annual London show of the Shire Horse Society opened at the Agricultural Hall, Islington, on Tuesday, and continued during the three following days.

The Queen has approved of the appointment of Lieutenant-General Sir A. Alison, K.C.B., as Adjutant-General to the Forces, vice General Lord Wolseley, G.C.B., now General Commanding-in-Chief in Egypt.

A meeting of the Fawcett Memorial Fund Committee, at which the Duke of Westminster presided, was held on the 20th inst., when Mr. Courtney, M.P., stated that the fund amounts to £2500. An executive committee was appointed to consider what steps should be taken to increase the fund, and in what way its purpose—the provision of additional facilities for the higher education of the blind—can be best attained.

The amounts which have been collected to reward the two boatmen, William Barnham and William Hudnott, for rescuing the young woman and two children from the Thames at Grove Park, Chiswick, on Dec. 31, were distributed in the club-room of the Chiswick Sailing Club last week by Mr. Pringle, who had undertaken to receive the contributions. The two men received £7 10s. each, and suitable presents were also made to three members of Mr. Maynard's family, who had given material assistance.

An appendix to the reports of the chief registrar of Friendly Societies for the year 1883 gives the number of trades' unions in England and Wales as 210, with a total amount of funds of £529,587, an annual income of £358,286, and 249,653 members. In Scotland there are fourteen societies, with £16,891 in funds, an annual income of £12,394, and 12,940 members; and in Ireland there are twenty-two societies, with £3088 in funds, £7697 yearly income, and 3160 members.

Major James Gildea, 20, Phillimore-gardens, W., will be glad to receive subscriptions for the temporary relief of the wives and families of our soldiers and sailors ordered on active service. The Government "separation" allowance, together with that stopped from the pay of the soldier himself, amounts to 1s. per day for his wife and 3d. for each child; whereas the married women not on the strength of the regiments are wholly unprovided for. All sums received will be acknowledged and accounted for in the daily press.

While distributing prizes in Dublin on Tuesday evening to science and art students, the Lord Lieutenant made an allusion to the promised visit of the Prince and Princess of Wales to Ireland, and his remarks were enthusiastically cheered. His Royal Highness visited Ireland in 1856, in 1868, and in 1871. In 1868 his Royal Highness was accompanied by the Princess, and on each occasion he was most cordially received.—It is understood that before the visit takes place a meeting of the National League will be called to consider what course they shall advise the Irish people to take on the occasion.

LAW.

In the Queen's Bench on Monday, before Baron Pollock and a special jury, Mr. Edward Ivimey sued Mr. Sims Reeves for damages for breach of contract by not singing at a concert. Mr. Sims Reeves pleaded that he had been prevented by illness from singing at the time; but, notwithstanding the evidence which he produced to sustain his plea, the jury found for the plaintiff, with £50 damages.

The Queen's Bench division gave judgment on Monday in a case of supreme importance to the personal liberty of Englishmen. Mr. Justice Grove and Mr. Baron Huddleston held that Mr. Hillman, of Lewes, had been committed to a pauper lunatic asylum by two magistrates on an order improperly drawn up, and without due obedience to the forms of the law, and they directed that the order should be quashed.

In the case of a pauper charged at the Lambeth Police Court with neglecting to carry out the task on the hand-mill at the workhouse, Mr. Chance, before whom the hearing came, personally satisfied himself by taking a turn on the mill that the task was not beyond the strength of the prisoner, who thereupon promised that if he were released he would never come upon the parish again. The prisoner was accordingly discharged with a salutary caution.

A new method of robbery was described at the Mansion House Police Court last Saturday. A traveller was driving along Gracechurch-street with two bags of money in the front part of his vehicle. Two men drove close behind in a gig, and a third was running alongside. The latter drew a hooked stick from the gig, lifted the leather covering at the back of the traveller's cart, and drew out the bag of silver. He had been watched by a constable, who apprehended him with the bag in his hand. The two in the gig drove off, but turned into a *cul de sac*, where they were caught. The prisoners, named Clark, Hall, and Harrison, were committed for trial.

Cunningham and Burton were again brought up at Bow-street on Monday, and additional evidence was given identifying them with the dynamite outrages.

John Lee, the murderer of Miss Keyse at Babbacombe, was led upon the scaffold on Monday morning at Exeter Jail for execution. But the lever under the platform did not work properly; and, after three ineffectual attempts to carry out the sentence of the law, the convict was removed to his cell. Later in the day the Home Secretary respited Lee, and his sentence will be commuted to penal servitude for life.

The annual festival of the City Dispensary was held on Tuesday evening at the Albion Tavern, Mr. Sheriff G. Faudel Phillips presiding, in the absence of the Lord Mayor. Subscriptions were announced to the amount of over £300.

The second musical demonstration by the Early Closing Association will be held at St. James's Hall this (Saturday) evening, consisting of a performance of vocal and instrumental music by employés in various wholesale and retail houses of business. Mr. J. Barnby will conduct.

The twelfth annual football-match between Oxford and Cambridge came off at Kennington Oval on Tuesday afternoon, under circumstances which left little to be desired. The players were very evenly matched, the ground was in fair condition, the weather was magnificent, and, best of all, the game was well contested. Cambridge won.

The Duke of Cambridge presided on Tuesday afternoon at the winter meeting of the National Rifle Association, and in his speech said that the financial condition of the association was satisfactory. He stated that it was probable that no Snider ammunition would be required at Wimbledon this year, and that all the Volunteer shooting would be with the Martini-Henry. Australia and India have expressed their intention of sending teams annually to Wimbledon.

The "Directory of Directors for 1885" has just been issued by Mr. Thomas Skinner, of 1, Royal Exchange-buildings, E.C. The work is already well known as a nearly indispensable handbook to investors and those who would know "who's who" in that ever-increasing world of joint-stock companies. A company is known by its board as much as by its object, and it appears to be Mr. Skinner's purpose, in his various publications, to give to investors the means of judging for themselves as to this and all other material points. This book contains an account of 10,000 directors.

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DRAWN BY F. BARNARD.

The down express had just come in, and as our young friends crossed the hall of the hotel they encountered a stream of newly-arrived travellers, amongst whom was a shrunken figure in a fur-lined coat, familiar to both of them.

ADRIAN VIDAL.

BY W. E. NORRIS,

AUTHOR OF "MDLLE. DE MERSAC," "MATRIMONY," "THIRLBY HALL," &c.

CHAPTER XV.

MR. AND MRS. ADRIAN VIDAL.

If at any future time it should seem possible to run railway-trains between London and Paris without danger to the integrity of the British Empire, many deserving persons will, no doubt, feel that one more scourge has been taken away from existence; but all improvements are apt to bear hard upon individual cases, and it is certain that the removal of the Channel steamers would deal a heavy blow at the prosperity of Folkestone. Why, in this fastidious age, so much enjoyment should be derived from the contemplation of several hundreds of fellow-creatures in a most unbecoming state of physical degradation, there is no need to inquire—human nature being so full of contradictions; but as to the fact of the enjoyment, there can hardly be two opinions; and this is naturally intensified by a strong wind from the S.S.W., meeting the tide, and an unusually large boat-load of victims.

These conditions being satisfactorily fulfilled one afternoon in the late autumn, the visitors to Folkestone had descended from their heights in formidable numbers, and had ranged themselves on either side of that *via dolorosa* which is but too familiar to most of us. Between the lines of spectators the draggled and forlorn passengers hastened onwards, some with a ghastly pretence of jauntiness; others darting furious glances to right and left; others, again, too crushed by the memory of their calamities to care who saw them or what they looked like; and as the melancholy procession filed past, those who watched it exchanged comments of a derisive nature, and were as happy as so many inhuman Spaniards at a bull-fight. But in any spectacle there are sure to be some component parts which will disappoint expectation; and upon this occasion, as usual, a few persons insulted the public by walking ashore as if nothing was the matter. Conspicuous among these were a lady and a gentleman of whom no worse thing could be said than that they were obviously bride and bridegroom. This, to be sure, is a humiliating classification to carry about with one, and involves those who cannot conceal their title to it in a certain amount of obloquy; still, if one must be detected as a bridegroom, it is something not to be a sea-sick bridegroom; and doubtless many a bride would be thankful to land upon her native shores with cheeks as rosy as those displayed by Mrs. Adrian Vidal.

The roses deepened slightly in colour as fragments of certain half-audible comments reached their owner's ears, and she quickened her pace, whispering to her husband, "Let us get away from these odious people. Are they London shop-keepers out for a holiday, do you think?"

But Vidal, who did not mind being stared at, surveyed the surveyors with a smile, and answered, "No, my dear: judging from their general aspect, I should say that they belonged, almost without exception, to the upper middle classes; and they don't mean to be rude. If you were the Princess of Wales, whom they adore, they would treat you with even less respect. It is the penalty of greatness to attract attention; and when one happens to possess the most beautiful face in the three kingdoms"——

But at this point Mrs. Vidal caught the speaker's arm and hurried him into the shelter of the Pavilion Hotel, without allowing him to finish his sentence. It was she who, upon the principle of draining the cup of pleasure to its dregs, had decided that they should proceed no farther than Folkestone that night. The morrow would restore them to the cares and pleasures of ordinary life; but this last evening of their honeymoon should be spent, as the others had been spent, amid surroundings which suggested no thought of anything save the present.

Those who are in a position to speak authoritatively are fond of affirming that the honeymoon is seldom the happiest period of a man's or woman's life; but possibly Vidal and Clare may have been exceptional persons, for it is certain that their happiness, since the ceremony which had taken place in Polruth church a month before, had known neither cloud nor check. They had visited, somewhat hastily, the cities and watering-places of south-western France; they had dined at tables-d'hôte, hemmed in by phalanxes of their compatriots, without addressing a word to any of them, and had not wearied of one another's society nor of ringing the changes upon an oft-told tale. Now, as the last hours of the last day of irresponsibility drew nigh, Clare would have it that they should resemble those of the previous days, and, despite the lateness of the season and the blusterous weather, insisted upon her husband's taking her out for a walk after dinner, while he smoked his evening cigar.

"When we are settled in our own home," she said, a little ruefully, "you will have your study, where you will smoke, and where I shall not be admitted. Well, sometimes, perhaps—for ten minutes or so, but not more. You know you can't work when anyone is in the room; you have often told me so. You have no work to do to-night, though, and no study to work in; so I may keep you all to myself with a quiet conscience."

It chanced, however, that Mrs. Vidal was to be denied that privilege, after all. The down express had just come in, and as our young friends crossed the hall of the hotel they encountered a stream of newly-arrived travellers, amongst whom was a shrunken figure in a fur-lined coat, familiar to both of them.

"Mr. Heriot!" exclaimed Clara; "how glad I am to see you!"—while Vidal called out: "Heriot himself, as I'm a living sinner! Why, man, I thought you were to start for the south six weeks ago!"

"I had to put it off: I have been in the doctor's clutches again," answered Heriot, after he had shaken the hands extended to him; "but I shall cross to-morrow, if all's well. I never thought of meeting you here—I didn't know you meant to return so soon."

His manner was somewhat confused, and it was evident that this unexpected meeting gave him more surprise than pleasure. After a few more words had been exchanged, he said: "I mustn't keep you standing here. Perhaps I may

have an opportunity of saying good-bye to you in the morning. I'll go and see what sort of a room they have got for me now."

"You will do no such thing," returned Vidal. "You will come into our sitting-room, where you will find a fire, and where they will bring you your dinner. And after that, Clare will allow you to smoke a cigar with me."

"Thanks, very much," replied Heriot; "but I dined before I left London." He added, in a lower tone, "My dear boy, do you think I have no manners? You are very kind; but you can't possibly want me; and one isn't supposed to recognize people when they are on their wedding-trip, is one?"

"I don't know what the supposition may be," said Vidal, "but I know that you are not going to be allowed the chance of cutting our acquaintance. What an unfriendly old beggar you are! Not want you, indeed! Why, Clare and I shall spend our evenings together for the rest of our lives; whereas"——

"Whereas you may never spend another evening with me," interrupted Heriot, with a slight laugh. "Well, there's something in that."

He suffered himself to be led into the sitting-room and installed in an arm-chair beside the fire, though he could not be persuaded to smoke in Mrs. Vidal's presence. The warm atmosphere; the cheerful aspect of the little room, which, although it was as scantily furnished as sitting-rooms in English hotels always are, had at least so much of snugness as a crimson carpet and window-curtains can bestow; the loquacity of the young people, who seemed to be, and indeed were, unaffectedly glad to see him—all these things ended by thawing the unwonted chill which had at first been noticeable in his demeanour. He did not say much, but sat resting his chin upon his folded hands and looking out over them with those soft, bright eyes of his, while Adrian favoured him with a narrative of their travels, which Clare interrupted at every other word. The adventures that had befallen them had not, apparently, been of a very startling kind, nor were the little jokes and pleasantries with which they attacked one another from time to time calculated to amuse everybody; but Heriot, whose enjoyment of life was for the most part vicarious, and who was more attached to this couple than to any other two people in the world, was made happy by their innocent happiness, as they knew that he would be, and asked for nothing better than to listen to their talk. He took advantage of a momentary lull to remark: "And now, I suppose, you are bound for London?"

"Well, yes," answered Vidal, with a slight hesitation. "The Cornish scheme broke down, somehow or other. Mrs. Irvine couldn't find any house that seemed in the least suitable for us; and, after all, London has its advantages, you know. Clare rather thought she would prefer it, too; so I went up to have a look, and I was lucky enough to find a very decent little house in Alexandra-gardens. You don't know where that is, of course, and I can't explain; but you go on to the far end of Cromwell-road and then wander about until somebody tells you. It's a respectable neighbourhood, if not exactly aristocratic; and I really think that in many ways it will be better for us both to be within hail of the world."

He seemed a little anxious to make excuses for himself; but Heriot ignored this tendency. "I never believed much in the Cornish scheme," he observed; "and I had a letter not long ago from Mrs. Irvine in which she told me of the change in your plans. She mentioned that Mrs. Vidal"——

"What have I done that you should address me as Mrs. Vidal?" demanded that lady.

"Well, Clare then—she mentioned that Clare was in favour of it."

"Of course I was in favour of it," said Clare; "one doesn't marry in order to end one's days in the place of one's birth. I held my tongue until Mamma had wearied herself out with seeking for houses, because it would have been useless to speak sooner; but all the time I was concealing a deep design beneath a mask of indifference."

She was not, however, a particularly good hand at concealment, and she did not contrive to mislead Heriot, who quite understood the true state of the case. With her husband, she had been more successful. Vidal had never suspected that she was making any sacrifice in yielding to certain unexpressed and only half-formed wishes of his; he thought it very natural that she should desire to see more of the world, and was glad that she had that desire; although, if she had urged it, he would have consented to take up his residence in Cornwall without pulling wry faces. As a matter of fact, Clare dreaded the proximity of the fashionable world, but was ashamed of her fears. It may have been in some degree because she was ashamed of them that she had expressed herself so strongly as to the attractions of the metropolis; but she had been actuated chiefly by a generous wish to give Adrian what he wanted, without putting him to the inconvenience of asking for it.

Mrs. Irvine had proved unexpectedly tractable; but, indeed, that excellent lady was seldom anything else, if taken in the right way and at the right time. Tired of surveying country houses to which some insuperable objection was always discovered, and beginning to lament over the many other important duties that she had suffered to fall into arrear, she had received Clare's suggestion that further search should be abandoned with faint protests which gradually melted into acquiescence; and when Adrian assured her that he should not think of furnishing his house without making appeal to her valuable advice and experience, she became quite reconciled to the new arrangement.

"We shall set to work to buy tables and chairs as soon as we get to London," Clare went on. "Mamma is coming up to help us, and poor Adrian will have a bad time of it, I am afraid; but we hope to be settled down before Christmas."

"I must look out for rugs and embroidery at Damascus," remarked Heriot. "Did I tell you that I was going to Syria this winter? If I come across anything really good, I will dispatch it to you, and perhaps you will deign to accept it as a reminder of an absent friend."

"Oh, no; you must keep your pretty things for your own house," said Clare; and Vidal chimed in: "I think we have accepted about enough, as it is. Our tables and chairs, not to mention our carpets and curtains and other necessaries, will be your wedding present, you know, Heriot."

He had had some qualms of conscience about that thousand pound cheque, and felt an embarrassment in speaking of it which was more than shared by its donor, who took no notice of the allusion, but said, lastly, in answer to Clare: "My house is as full as it can hold already. I gave up attempting to beautify it years ago. Besides, I have nobody to share the delight of contemplating fresh acquisitions with me; and you cannot imagine, until you have tried it, how uninteresting it is to buy presents for one's self. In the East one simply can't help making purchases; it is one of the occupations of the day; and if you won't oblige me by taking some of my surplus stock off my hands, the only result will be that it will be pounced upon by somebody else, and used for decorating a drawing-room which I shall probably never enter."

Not long after this he wished his entertainers good-night; and as soon as the door had closed behind him, Clare exclaimed, "Poor Mr. Heriot! I am so very sorry for him!"

"Why? Do you think he looks worse?" Adrian asked.

"No; I don't know that he does; but his is such a sad, lonely life. Adrian," she added, drawing a little nearer to her husband, "I think I am sorry for everybody who is not married."

"One may be sorry for poor old Heriot without allowing one's compassion to take quite so wide a sweep as that," remarked Vidal. "If he felt the want of a wife I have no doubt he could find plenty of people ready and willing to marry him; for he is very well off."

"Oh, a wife who would marry him for the sake of his money—very likely he could. Well, it only shows that money has not much to do with happiness, after all. Poor as we are, I don't want to change places with anybody; do you?"

Vidal made the reply that was expected of him. He was absolutely contented, and said so a dozen times a day. The present was perfect happiness; the future seemed full of the brightest promise; if one of the newly-married pair felt some sinking of the heart when London drew its sooty veil over their heads, Adrian was not that one. He was pleased with everything—pleased to be back among the familiar streets; pleased with the lodgings which Mrs. Irvine had engaged as a temporary abode for him; pleased also, it may be (though he did not say so), at her announcement that she herself was domiciled at an hotel in the neighbourhood.

"I might have had rooms in the same house," she whispered, confidentially; "but I wouldn't take them. Arrangements of that kind are always dangerous, and especially so at a time like this. Only the other day I heard of such a sad case—two young people agreeing to an amicable separation because they had fallen out about the drawing-room paper; and it seems that they might have made friends again if it had not been for the mother-in-law, who most injudiciously took her daughter's part."

"I don't think there is much danger of such a catastrophe in our case," said Vidal, laughing; but Mrs. Irvine rejoined gravely that one could never tell, and that it was best to be on the safe side.

"I hope," said she, "that if you notice any inclination on my part to thrust my views about furniture upon you, you will check it at once."

Vidal promised that he would do so, but did not keep his promise. His views with regard to upholstery were of the modern order, and were so absolutely certain to differ from those of his mother-in-law, that he judged it wisest to efface himself from the outset and intrust all details to Clare, whose taste was good, if not educated up to the most recent artistic standard. This self-abnegation did not go wholly unrewarded; for the furnishing of the house in Alexandra-gardens was eventually accomplished at a cost infinitely smaller than its master had ventured to anticipate. Moreover, Mr. Irvine, who had been brought up to London in consideration of his special knowledge, proved worthy of the confidence reposed in him, and picked up some bargains in Wardour-street and elsewhere which were greatly admired in after days by persons qualified to give an opinion about such matters.

In the meantime, Clare was growing accustomed to the smoky atmosphere of a large city, and was spending her time after a fashion which very few women have ever yet failed to find agreeable. The greater part of each day was passed at the upholsterer's; and in the evenings her husband generally took her to the theatre, which was delightful. She would gladly have prolonged this pleasant interim, during which she had few visitors and no household cares, had she not been moved with pity for poor Adrian, whose literary labours had to be carried on in a dark little dining-room on the ground floor, where he was exposed to perpetual interruption, and who bore this discomfort with a cheerfulness which she could not sufficiently admire.

At length, the list of necessary purchases being exhausted and there being nothing further to be done but to await the good pleasure of dilatory tradesmen, Mr. and Mrs. Irvine returned home; and then a duty which had been too long delayed had to be performed. Mrs. Vidal the elder had not received the news of her son's approaching marriage in a congratulatory spirit, nor had she thought fit to be present at his wedding. Her health, she had averred, precluded her from undertaking so long a journey, and, although she had been guilty of no overt incivility to the Irvine family, it was pretty clearly understood by them that she was not eager to make their acquaintance. To Adrian she had written a formal little note, advising him of the despatch of four salt-cellars to his address, as a wedding gift, and regretting that her straitened circumstances made it impossible for her to be as liberal as she would have desired to be upon these occasions. Poverty, she added, was generally considered a disagreeable thing. Apparently, he did not think so. She hoped he would never see reason to change his opinion.

Since the receipt of this sympathetic missive, Adrian had only heard from his mother once, when she had requested him to bring his bride to Brighton on a three-days' visit as soon as he could spare time to do so. She would not think of asking him to remain longer than that in her dull house, she said, being well aware how few attractions she was able to offer.

There was nothing for it but to comply with so modest and reasonable a request; but Vidal put off doing so as long as he could, and took the train for Brighton at last with more trepidation than he would have cared to own to. He knew that Mrs. Vidal would be prejudiced against her daughter-in-law; he knew that when she was prejudiced against a person she was often spiteful to that person, and sometimes extremely rude; and he shrewdly suspected that Clare would not stand much rudeness. He himself, having a horror of disputes and recriminations, had always managed to get on tolerably well with his mother by the simple expedient of allowing her to say whatever she pleased; but his sister, whose temper was quicker, had not been equally fortunate, and it had happened to him more than once to be an agonised spectator of scenes which he had no desire to see repeated in his wife's case. Therefore, between London and Brighton, he endeavoured by various hints to prepare Clare for possible contingencies.

"My mother is rather odd in some ways; it isn't everybody who takes to her—but after all, she is my mother, you know. Sometimes she says things that people don't like; but if you don't notice them she generally stops; and anything is better than having a row, don't you think so? For three days one can put up with a good deal. And she doesn't really mean to be disagreeable."

From these and other similar phrases, Clare gathered that Mrs. Vidal did mean to be disagreeable and would be disagreeable; but the prospect did not dismay her. For Adrian's sake she would have submitted to many worse things than the scolding of a shrewish old woman, such as she imagined Mrs. Vidal to be, and she determined to accept any and every insult that might be offered to her without retaliating.

When she saw the tall dark woman who had preserved a certain youthfulness of figure, and whose voice had something of the ring of Adrian's, though her features and colouring were so unlike his, she was agreeably disappointed. Mrs. Vidal, if not very affectionate, was far from being insulting. Adrian had told the truth, while supposing that he was doing quite the contrary, when he had said that she did not mean to be disagreeable. After her peculiar fashion, she was fond of her son, and looked forward to his visits more than she would would have acknowledged, or than anyone who knew her would have imagined. She did her best to make this visit pleasant to her guests, whom she treated more like strangers than near relatives; she put her brougham at their disposal, excusing herself from leaving the house on the plea of ill-health, though there was nothing in the world the matter with her; and during their stay she gave two dinner parties, to which she invited the élite of her acquaintance. At these festivities Clare attracted much notice and admiration, and was so fortunate as to earn the good opinion of her mother-in-law.

"I think your marriage was an imprudent one," the latter took occasion to remark to Adrian; "but, setting prudence aside, you are to be congratulated. Your wife is decidedly distinguished."

"Thanks, mother; I was sure you would think so," said Adrian, who had not been at all sure of any such thing and was greatly pleased by this unexpected compliment. "And she is as beautiful as she is distinguished; you will allow that?"

"She is pretty, certainly; but her good looks chiefly concern you. It is more important that she should be a lady. And she is a lady."

"Well, yes; I think she may claim to be a lady," answered Adrian, laughing a little. "If she had not been a lady, I should hardly have married her."

"No?" said Mrs. Vidal, with a slight elevation of her eyebrows. "I did not know that you considered that essential."

It was not in the poor woman's nature to be gracious. The world had gone ill with her—or she fancied that it had gone ill—and possibly she may not have desired that the world should go too well with her neighbours. She was not conscious of wishing them any harm; she was not conscious of caring much about them, one way or the other; but a sort of misguided instinct, which she was unable to resist, led her to hit upon the speeches that were most likely to cause them annoyance. Thus, she profited by an opportunity which offered, the same day, to say to Clare: "I hope you are a good manager. Adrian will not be of much assistance to you in money matters, I am afraid."

"I dare say we shall contrive to get on," Clare replied.

"That is exactly what he would say. He always thinks that he will get on somehow; but unfortunately the fact remains that there are only twenty shillings in a pound. You must have noticed how sanguine and impulsive Adrian is. He gives himself what he wants at the moment, and doesn't trouble about consequences. Look at your engagement and marriage, for example—an affair of six months! As I was telling him this morning, he has been fortunate, in my opinion; but it does seem to have been rather sudden."

"I suppose it does," said Clare, determined not to be annoyed.

"Yes; and of course it is no disparagement to you to say that he ran a considerable risk by being in such a hurry. But that is just his way. Ever since he left school he has been in love with somebody or other."

"He has never married before, though," remarked Clare, smiling, and endeavouring not to show how distasteful this assertion as to her husband's past life was to her.

"No; very true—and perhaps marriage may steady him. I am sure I hope it will."

"I don't think he has ever been unsteady," Clare said.

"Oh, not in the way of being what people call 'wild.' Still, one can't help remembering that you are not his first flame; and that makes one fancy that, perhaps——However, I have no doubt he will make a very good husband, as husbands go, if he is properly managed. I would not be too strict with him, if I were you. What men of his stamp like is to have all pecuniary bothers taken off their hands, to be allowed plenty of liberty, and to have a good dinner provided for them every day. I don't say that this is justifiable, or quite fair upon their wives; but we must take the world as we find it, and it is the more to be wished that one of you should be able to face facts, because it is certain that the other never will."

Such a system of philosophy was hardly likely to find favour in the eyes of any bride. Clare told herself that her mother-in-law's words were prompted solely by ill-nature, and merited nothing but contempt; yet she often recalled them afterwards—as indeed we all recall the speeches that hurt us most—and even at the time she was uncomfortably conscious that their cynicism had an admixture of truth in it. It is unquestionably true that most men like their dinner to be well cooked, and it is perhaps pardonable in some men—in geniuses especially—to shirk the worries attendant upon domestic expenditure. That much Clare was willing to concede; but what was meant by plenty of liberty? She knew very well that there was a certain kind of liberty which she could never be capable of allowing to her husband. She did not, however, give utterance to her thoughts, but merely said, with a slight intonation of displeasure, "I am sorry you think so badly of Adrian."

Mrs. Vidal stared. "I don't think badly of him," she answered; "he is not bad—only a little flighty. I see him as he is, that is all. Perhaps I can judge of my children more dispassionately than most mothers, because I have no personal influence over them. Their father chose to make them independent of me in his will, and they have always been allowed to follow their own devices—or, rather, have insisted upon following them. My daughter Georgina, as I dare say you know, is by way of being a strong-minded woman, and travels about the world all by herself."

"She is in the South Sea Islands now, is she not?" asked Clare, glad to change the subject.

"She was when I last heard from her. I believe she means to write a book on her return, if she ever returns; but it would not surprise me in the least to hear that she had married a native chief. She has had several chances, which she has thought proper to despise, of marrying well in this country; but, judging by her appearance when she came back from her last journey into the interior of Zanzibar, nobody is likely to ask her again. A more deplorable object I never beheld. Mere skin and bone!—and such a complexion that I really thought at first she must have been staining her face with walnut-juice in order to pass herself off as a Hottentot. Speaking from a rational point of view, Georgina ought to have married and Adrian ought to have remained single; but just the reverse has happened, you see."

Upon the whole, Clare was not sorry to turn her back upon Brighton, and could not quite agree with Adrian when he declared that their visit had been a triumphant success. "Then we must beware of repeating it, lest we should go away less triumphant next time," she said.

At this he laughed, and answered that it would probably be some months before they received another invitation. "My mother has done her duty, and so have we. As for pleasure, we don't arrange meetings with that object in our family."

(*To be continued.*)

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated May 10, 1882), with three codicils (dated May 10, 1882; Sept. 22, 1883; and March 7, 1884), of the most Hon. William Henry Hugh, Marquis of Cholmondeley, J.P., D.L., Joint Hereditary Great Chamberlain of England, late of Cholmondeley Castle, Malpas, Cheshire, of Houghton Hall, Rougham, Norfolk, and of No. 1, Hyde Park-street, who died on Dec. 16 last, was proved on the 9th inst. by Hugh Horatio Seymour, the Rev. Edwin Gladwin Arnold, and William Melmoth Walters, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £205,000. The testator leaves to, or upon trust for, his daughters, Lady Charlotte Georgiana Arnold and Lady Marcia Susan Harriet Cholmondeley, £29,000 each, the trust funds of his marriage settlement between them, an annuity of £500 each, and a capital sum of £12,000 between them, the two latter charged on the Houghton estate, besides other contingent benefits. He also leaves certain plate and the furniture, wine, pictures, books, linen, china, horses, carriages, and effects, at his town residence, to his said daughters; the remainder of his plate to his grandson the Earl of Rocksavage, who has succeeded to the Marquisate; a house and land at Watcombe, Devon, to his grandson George Vere Hugh Cholmondeley; the pictures, prints, books, ornamental china, and other effects of a similar character at Houghton Hall and Cholmondeley Castle to go as heirlooms with these estates; £6000 to his daughter-in-law, Lady Henry Cholmondeley, and £16,000 upon the trusts of her marriage settlement; £2000 to his son-in-law, the Rev. Edwin Gladwin Arnold; £1000 to his nephew, Mr. Hugh Horatio Seymour; £500 each to the Evangelisation Society, Surrey-street, Strand; the Hospital for Women, Soho-square; and the Thames Church Mission, Bridge-street, Blackfriars; and numerous other legacies. The estates of Bradley and Hatton, Cheshire, subject to the payment of certain annuities under the will of Lord Henry Cholmondeley, and charged with £200 per annum in favour of his said daughter-in-law, in addition to a jointure of £600 per annum already secured to her, are devised to the use of the first and other sons of Lord Henry Vere Cholmondeley successively, according to their respective seniorities in tail male. His copyhold property in Norfolk is to go with the settled family estates in that county. The residue of his real and personal estate he gives to his said grandson, the Earl of Rocksavage.

The will (dated Sept. 21, 1883), with two codicils (dated June 16 and 25, 1884), of Sir Charles Rowley, Bart., late of No. 3, Hanover-terrace, Regent's Park, who died on Nov. 23 last at No. 27, Royal-crescent, Bath, was proved on the 2nd inst. by Edward Nourse Harvey, Sir George Charles Erskine Rowley, Bart., and Rear-Admiral Charles John Rowley, the nephews, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £13,000. The testator leaves legacies to his daughter, Mrs. Harvey; to grandchildren, nieces, executors, and coachman; and the residue of his estate and effects to his said nephew, Sir George Charles Erskine Rowley.

The will (dated July 30, 1884) of Mr. Thomas Collins, J.P., D.L., M.P., barrister-at-law, late of Knaresbrough, Yorkshire, who died on Nov. 26 last, was proved at the Wakefield district registry on the 31st ult. by Francis Collins, M.D., and Miss Katherine Collins and Mrs. Jane Collins, the sisters, the executors. The gross value of the personal estate exceeds £200,000, but the testator states in his will that since his father's death he has acted as banker for his brothers and sisters, and any money so held will have to be deducted therefrom. The testator leaves his house at Knaresbrough, with the cottages adjoining, and £1000 per annum, to his cousin, the said Dr. Francis Collins, for life, then to his sister Mrs. Jane Collins, for life, and then to his nephew, William Collins, with a gift over in the event of the latter not leaving any male issue. The residue of his real and personal estate is to be held, upon trust, to invest the income within the time limited for such investments, and when such period has arrived, for his said sister Mrs. Jane Collins, for life, then for his said nephew William Collins, for life, and then for his said nephew's children.

The will (dated March 14, 1878), with two codicils (dated Jan. 18, 1883, and Sept. 23, 1884), of Mr. Samuel Leo Schuster, late of No. 2, Cavendish-square, who died on Dec. 23 last, was proved on the 7th inst. by James Gambier Noel, C.B., and William Somers Leo Schuster, the son, the acting executors, the value of the personal estate in the United Kingdom amounting to upwards of £187,000. The testator bequeaths to his said son his objets d' art, enamels, snuff-boxes, watches, &c., he also bequeaths to him his plate and pictures, subject to his wife having the use for life of such as she may select; to his wife, Lady Isabella Emma Elizabeth Schuster, £1000, and all his household goods, linen, china, effects, horses and carriages; and legacies to his executors and servants. As to the residue of his real and personal estate, he leaves seven tenths thereof, subject to the payment thereout of £1000 per annum to his wife, and a legacy to one of his daughters, to his son; and three tenths between his three daughters. The provision made for his wife is in addition to the provision made for her by settlement.

The will (dated June 16, 1864), with a codicil (dated June 12, 1883), of Miss Anna Gordon, late of Kemble, Wilts, who died on Dec. 21 last, at Cheltenham, was proved on the 17th ult. by Michael Biddulph, the surviving executor, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £119,000. The testatrix bequeaths an annuity of £250 to Robert William Gordon, and if his daughter Charlotte survives him, one of £200 to her; annuities of £100 each to Elizabeth Frances Frederica Rochefort and Frances Douglas Louisa Rochefort; an annuity of £100 to the Rev. Benjamin Mallam, to be continued to his wife, Mary, if she survives him; an annuity of £200 and some furniture to her housekeeper; annuities to her footman, two housemaids, conchman, and the widow of her late coachman; and one year's wages to each domestic servant. The residue of her real and personal estate she leaves to her friend, Mr. Michael Biddulph.

The will (dated Aug. 27, 1883) of Mrs. Ann Sandeman, late of No. 6, Grange-gardens, Eastbourne, who died on Dec. 8 last, was proved on the 28th ult. by John Cochrane and Lieutenant-Colonel Henry Richard Abadie, the surviving executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £40,000. The testatrix makes some bequests to her executor, her son-in-law, the said Lieutenant-Colonel Abadie, and to her sister, Mrs. Cochrane; and leaves the residue of her real and personal estate, and also the real estate which she has power to appoint under the will of her late husband, upon trust, for the four sons of her daughter, Mrs. Kate Abadie.

The will (dated July 10, 1879), with five codicils (dated July 10, 1879; March 15, 1880; Sept. 7, 1882; April 25, 1883; and April 12, 1884), of Mr. Dennis Herbert, late of The Priory, Huntingdon, who died on Dec. 3 last, was proved on the 7th inst. by Philip Tillard, the Rev. Herbert George Morse, and Arthur Sperling, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £29,000. The testator bequeaths £200 each to the Royal National Life-Boat Institution, the British and Foreign Bible Society, for the benefit of the Wesleyan Connection, the Huntingdonshire County Hospital, the London City Mission, the Association for Promoting the General Welfare of the Blind, Berners-street, Oxford; the Asylum for Idiots, Earlswood; the Pastoral Aid Society, the Agricutural Benevolent Institution, and the Church Defence Institution; £100 to the Hunstanton Convalescent Hospital; and numerous and considerable legacies to relatives and others. The advowson and right of presentation to the Rectory of Hemmingford Abbots, Huntingdonshire, he gives to William Drogo Montagu, Duke of Manchester, if he shall within six calendar months duly make and deliver to his trustees a declaration that he still adheres to the Protestant faith as now established by law according to the glorious principles of the Reformation. The residue of his property he leaves to his nephews and nieces, James Richmond Morton, Mary Ann Falkner, Emily Covey, Herbert George Morse, and Alfred Herbert Morse.

By the will of Major-General Pope, £500 are left for the poor in Kildonan, Sutherlandshire; £5000 for the construction of a harbour of refuge at Navidale, Sutherland; £3000 for a medical dispensary at Helmsdale; £1000 to Bombay University; £1000 to Tain Academy; £1000 to Aberdeen University; and £2000 to Inverness Infirmary, for the express benefit of Kildonan patients.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All communications relating to this department of the Paper should be addressed to the Editor, and have the word "Chess" written on the envelope.

H J E (Russell-square).—You can have two or more Queens on the board at once.

W M (Cork).—Mr. J. Hoffer, 18, Tavistock-street, Covent-garden, London, will furnish you with all particulars relating to the British Chess Association.

T S L (Wellington).—It is not necessary to give all the variations arising in the solution of a two-move problem.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2131 received from H P Hazeninkel (Veendam, Netherlands), and Alpha; of No. 2132 from Raymond, R D (Aberdeenshire), W Sibley, L E C B, H P Hazeninkel, and "Ramleh" (Alexandria); of No. 2134 from W H D Heavey, J K (South Hampstead), J R Blyth, L E C B, Rev. T S Curtis, Henry Bristow, William Davis, and H Culmer; of HERR BERGER'S PROBLEM from R C (Harlesden); of C E DENNIS'S PROBLEM from J R Blyth, and Henry Bristow; of the ANONYMOUS PROBLEM from R Worters, R H Brooks, J T W, W H D Heavey, and T G (Ware).

NOTE.—The last problem is correctly described, but it is noted in error that Black has "four pieces" instead of three, as given in the position.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2134 received from Raymond, W Hillier, J T W, E Featherstone, R Worters, G Huskisson, George Joicey, A Chapman, A M Colborne, A Nanneiey, G W Law, J Alois Schmucke, Jupiter Junior, Dominican, R H Wood, H Wardle, Luckman Penfold, D McCoy, F Ferris, Joseph Ainsworth, H H Noyes, R J Vines, S Lowndes, A M Porter, Emmo (Darlington), John Hodgson (Maidstone), C T Salisbury, Vernon W Arnold, T H Holdron, Nerina, Z Ingold, B H C (Salisbury), Shadforth, Hereward, Fanny H Lovey, Ben Nevis, R L Southwell, Mors Ritch, N S Harris, T S (Brighton), Rev. W Anderson (Old Romney), Aaron Harper, James Pilkington, A W Scrutton, Julia Short, Sim Magnus, Rev. W David (Cardiff), S Gilfield, F Hall, E Casella (Paris), H Blacklock, Hereward, W L Salusbury, R Jessop, Edwin Smith Junior, J Falcon (Antwerp), S H Nash, Plevna, L G, Sharswood, Ernest Sharswood, G A Nathan, R Gray, James Pilkington, J G Powell, Mike Snilders, Henry Hancock, C Oswald, M O'Halloran, H St. George (Weybridge), Columbus, George J Blackwell, Two Dafters, F Marshall, Jumbo, C Meiklejohn, George Gouge, A S Lion, L E C B, Rev. T S Curtis, T S Leake, Izzy Hyman, F J Whitehouse, S J Hall, M A Ennis (Wexford), "Shop," H J Eder, E T Ward, E Louden, Hermit, T G (Ware), F West (Royal Engineers, Tenby), C H N (H.M.S. Asia), J Henderson, A L Ivey, L Desanges, W Biddle, W H F Johnson, and J K (South Hampstead).

SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEMS.

No. 2133.

WHITE.	BLACK.
1. R to B 5th	R to B 6th
2. Q to B 5th	Any move
3. Mates accordingly.	

NOTE.—If Black play 1. Kt takes R (ch), White continues with 2. R takes Kt, &c.; if 1. Kt to B 6th, then 2. Kt takes P (ch), mating in each case on the following move.

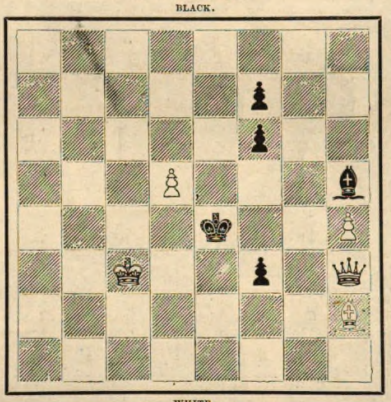
C. E. DENNIS'S PROBLEM.

WHITE.	BLACK.
1. R to Q 5th	Any move
2. Mates accordingly.	

PROBLEM No. 2136.

By K. FIALA (Prague).

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

The following game between the late Mr. MORPHY and Mr. MAURIAN, hitherto unpublished, has been contributed to the *Adelaide Observer*, by Mr. James Wibray, of New Orleans. Mr. Morphy yielded the odds of the Q Kt, which piece should therefore be removed from the board.

(Irregular Opening.)

WHITE (Mr. Morphy).	BLACK (Mr. Maurian).	WHITE (Mr. Morphy).	BLACK (Mr. Maurian).
1. P to K B 4th	P to K 3rd	17. K to Kt 2nd is no better, and Black chose the cheapest way out of the attack.	
2. Kt to K B 3rd	P to K B 4th	18. Kt takes R	K takes Kt
3. P to K 3rd	Kt to K B 3rd	19. B takes Q Kt	K P takes B
4. B to K 2nd	B to K 2nd	20. B takes Kt	B takes B
5. Castles	P to Q Kt 3rd	21. Q to R 7th (ch)	K to K 3rd
6. P to Q Kt 3rd	Castles	22. R takes P	Q to Q sq
7. B to Kt 2nd	B to Kt 2nd	This manœuvre of the Queen reminds us of a squib which appeared in the *Morning Post* some time in the year 1809:—	
8. P to K R 3rd	P to K R 3rd	"In planning expeditions 'gainst the foe	
The opening is conducted on safe lines, and the positions on each side are now identical.		Our Ministers are always Sure, though Slow,	
9. K to R 2nd	P to B 4th	Their expeditions share a common fate:	
10. R to Kt sq	Kt to Q B 3rd	Slow to depart, Sure to be too late."	
11. P to K Kt 4th	P takes P	23. Q R to K Kt sq	
12. P takes P	Q to B 2nd	Threatening 24. R takes B (ch), &c.	
What does she in the West, when she should care for sovereign in the East?		23.	K to Q 3rd
13. P to Kt 5th	P takes P	24. R takes B (ch)	K to B 2nd
14. Kt takes P	Kt to Q 5th	25. R to B 7th	B to B 3rd
15. B to Q 3rd	Kt to B 4th	26. Q R to Kt 7th	Q to K sq
16. Q to K B sq	P to K Kt 3rd	27. Q takes P,	
17. Q to R 3rd	R to B 2nd	and Black resigned.	

Our readers will find some pretty play in the following problem, from *Humoristicke* of Prague. It is the composition of M. K. Blaha.

White: K at K sq, Kts at Q B 3rd and 4th, Bs at K R 2nd and 3rd, Pawn at Q B 2nd. (Six pieces.)

Black: K at K B 6th, Kt at K Kt 5th, Pawns at K 6th and K B 4th. (Four pieces.)

White to play and mate in four moves.

At Oxford University Mr. W. J. Ashley, B.A., of Balliol College, has been elected to a Fellowship at Lincoln College; and Mr. W. M. Ramsay, M.A., Fellow of Exeter College, has been elected to the newly-founded Lincoln Professorship of Archæology and Art.

VIOLETS.

The sight and scent of violets in our city streets are the first harbinger of spring; and no "wilding of nature" is dearer or more universally beloved. Wild flowers, in popular phraseology, go very much in couples, daisies and buttercups, dog-roses and honeysuckle, primroses and violets, seeming to be the natural correlatives of one another. Town-bred people, too, are in the habit of thinking that, outside the labyrinths of bricks and mortar in which they live, these familiar flowers grow promiscuously—here a daisy, next to it a primrose, with clustering briars and bines in the ragged hedge above, and violets blooming beneath in the shadow.

These, however, are fallacies, and wild flowers have their own distinct order of retreat from the busy haunts of men. Daisies, like sparrows, have no timidity about them, and cheerfully abide and bloom as long as they find space at our thresholds. Buttercups first show stunted blossoms, and then beat a prudent retreat to a little distance beyond the reach of smoke and gas fumes. Primroses are very coy, and even in the suburbs of a rustic watering-place, where one would imagine that the erection of a few villas would make no difference to them, they completely disappear in the course of three or four years. Dog-violets linger long and crop up in the borders of suburban gardens twelve and fourteen years after they have been laid out and filled with successive crops of bedding plants. Sweet purple violets vanish very rapidly, or, at all events, they drag on a miserable existence with a few stunted leaves and abortive flower-buds; while they utterly disappear from the banks and hedges in a radius of several miles round a city or large town.

It is a very curious fact that white violets, though they grow plentifully in our home counties, are scarcely ever seen in the market. The bunches sold in our shops and streets are exclusively purple; though here and there a small bunch of snowdrops, with one or two purple violets intermingled, are tied up with a mallow-leaf, and offered as "white 'uns." No one seems to cultivate white violets, unless it be here and there a few double ones; and there is a rare kind of double white violet that is almost like a tiny pink-tinged rose.

White violets grow wild luxuriantly in many parts of the fen counties, and in Essex, Middlesex, Bucks, Beds, and Oxfordshire; purple ones being equally plentiful, however, in the three latter. Both varieties prefer the side of the hedge which catches the afternoon sun. Now and then they spread themselves over a bit of pasture, as well as on its banks. There is, or was, at Aston Clinton, an old orchard where they grow in this manner among the grass and daisies, accommodating themselves to their position by producing quantities of blossom, with stalks so short that it is almost impossible to gather them. In Hereford, Shropshire, and Gloucestershire, violets are supposed to be in full bloom by Mothering Sunday; but, as that is a movable feast, it merely signifies that March in most seasons is the month when violets blossom, though when the snow has been long on the ground and the north-east winds are bitter, they postpone their coming till April, and then burst upon us in a wealth of beauty which is

Sweet and fleet as the time of the roses.

In some parts of southern England, where we should most naturally look for quantities of wild violets, they are remarkably scarce. In Devonshire there are very few, save where the hand of man has sown or planted them, and then they flourish exceedingly. In the Isle of Wight they are not over plentiful, except about Newchurch. In the landslip between Luccombe and Bonchurch there used to be a great many white violets; but since the railway from Ryde to Ventnor has brought so many tourists, and the pathway through this lovely bit of scenery has become almost as well worn and as thickly spread with paper and orange peel as Hampstead Heath or any other resort of suburban holiday makers, the violets have gradually retired, and, save for a few stray roots here and there under the boulders, have encamped in a field which, being private property and somewhat out of the way, is rarely discovered by strangers. Many will say that this is merely because the roots have been carried away, but it is not so, for all through the summer violets have imperfect blossoms which no one would care to gather, but which nevertheless culminate in such a crop of seeds, bursting and scattering when fully ripe, that they invariably take care of themselves in the matter of reproduction when all other circumstances are favourable. The violets cultivated in the Garden Isle are principally Russian, which blossom luxuriantly as a rule from October to April, and amply repay the shelter of a few hand-glasses or a little straw litter when an unusually severe frost or fall of snow acts as a temporary check on their flowering. The hardy varieties suitable for gardens are about thirteen, though the differences between many of these are so minute that only an expert could discover them. Near Beddington, in Surrey, there is a nursery specially devoted to violet growing, and as it lies on the road to nowhere it is not very well known, but is a spot "once found to make a note on."

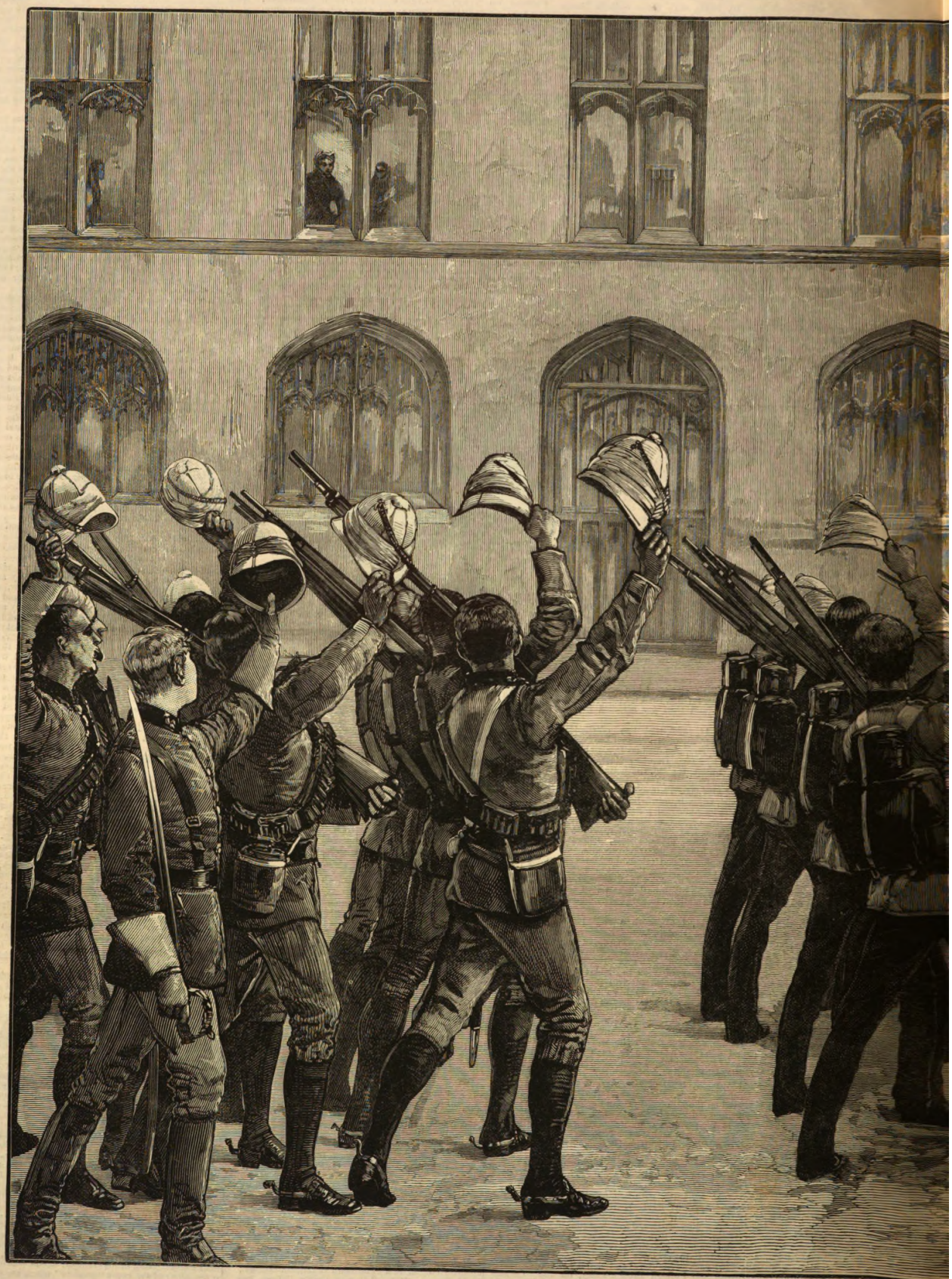
The perfume of violets is peculiarly difficult to fix artificially, and no essences give their odour pure and simple. Violet vinegar is, however, a delightful though not a very much used adjunct to the toilette. Pliny recommended that a wreath of violets should be worn as a remedy for headache, and violet syrup was an old and innocent English cordial for infants.

Was it not Walter Savage Landor who wrote a delicious little poem about a child who had a violet-root growing in a pot, and watched its buds day by day in the spring-time, till when

At last there came a streak of blue,
'Twas all the world to me!

And does anyone in these days of rush and hurry ever find time to read how Miss Mitford went "violeting" and enjoyed the exquisite perfume steaming and lingering in the moist heavy air, and the sight of "the lovely violets, white and purple, enamelling the short dewy grass, looking but the more vividly coloured under the dull leaden sky"; and, like her, see them with shut eyes, and dream of them when asleep?

It is not necessary to be well read or of poetic temperament to appreciate violets; though the really rustic poor wonder what can induce anyone to buy "sich rubbish." "The country is very pretty when we get near Beaconsfield, is it not?" said a couple of Nature worshippers the other day to a milk-and-roses cheeked girl of whom they asked their way. "Pretty; I don't know. Rather old-fashioned," was the answer. The same sentiment, or lack of it, must have been in the hazy mind of an old Dorsetshire peasant who, watching a lady gathering long-stalked white violets under a hedge, observed, "Tha do seay over to Salisbury volk 'ull give a penny var a handful of theay, but I can't believe as it be trew." John Pounds, the old Portsmouth cobbler, who collected the little "wagabonds" of the courts and alleys, and taught and fed them in his small shop, imbued them with some knowledge and love of Nature; and, during the spring, the smell of leather and cooking in his cramped abode was often overcome by the odour of the sweet "woilets" which the Bills and Bobs of his rough crew ran out to Copnor to gather for their "master."



"I have summoned you here before your departure to wish you heartily Godspeed. May God protect you on the day of battle, may He preserve you in the hour of danger by lea
of those who have lately fought in the distant lands to which you are now proceeding. My thoughts and prayers go with you and your brave co

INSPECTION OF THE GRENADIER GUA



and sea, and may He lead you to victory. Confident that my Grenadier Guards will ever maintain the honour and reputation of British soldiers, I rely on your equalling the glorious deeds
rades, to whom, alas! I cannot also bid farewell as I now do heartily to you. Once more, God bless you!"—*Her Majesty's Address to the Grenadier Guards.*

DS BY THE QUEEN AT WINDSOR CASTLE.

THE QUEEN AND THE GUARDS.

The departure last week of the several battalions of Foot Guards, the Household Troops, to join the forces which will be assembled at Souakim, under command of Lieutenant-General Sir Gerald Graham, for the new Soudan Expedition, was favoured with encouraging personal attentions by her Majesty the Queen, the Prince of Wales, and other members of the Royal family, who inspected different battalions, at Windsor and at Wellington Barracks, St. James's Park, and bade them a hearty farewell, on the days immediately before their embarkation.

On Thursday afternoon, at Windsor Castle, the 3rd battalion of the Grenadier Guards was inspected by the Queen. It was a brilliant scene, the weather, though the air was somewhat cool, being remarkably fine and cheerful, and the sun shining brightly. The scene of the inspection was the Grand Quadrangle of the Castle, to which some privileged spectators were admitted, the company on the north side of the square including Sir John Cowell, Master of the Royal Household, the Marquis of Exeter, Lady Isabella Thomas, Lady Mary Hozier, the Dean of Windsor and Mrs. Randall Davidson, Mr. Legh, of Lyne, Captain Holmes, and several of the Military Knights of Windsor. The principal approach to the Palace as far as the gateway and the streets in the vicinity of the Castle were lined with sightseers, who had assembled to watch the troops pass by. The Eton boys clambered up the eastern half of the grassy, precipitous mound that forms the base of the Round Tower, above which the Royal standard floated in the breeze. Even the pedestal of the equestrian statue was occupied by these adventurous spectators. Here and there the windows of the corridors overlooking the gravelled quadrangle were occupied by the ladies of the Court, and Prince Arthur and Princess Margaret of Connaught sat at one of the windows on the south side of the palace facing the spot where the troops were to assemble.

The battalion, which had paraded at the Victoria Barracks, reached the Castle shortly before four o'clock, having been played from its quarters by the band of the regiment. It was under the command of Colonel the Hon. W. S. D. Home, and consisted of thirty-one officers, a warrant officer, ten colour-sergeants, twenty-three sergeants, sixteen drummers, and 750 rank and file. Officers and men were attired in red serge tunics, dark trousers, sun helmets, and puggarees, and the men carried their marching equipment. A mounted party under Captain St. John Mildmay were dressed in khakee uniforms, helmets, puggarees, putties, and boots, and carried brown leather cartridge bandoliers and sword bayonets instead of the ordinary weapon. The officers wore brown leather boots. Marching under the portcullis gateway at the western entrance, the troops formed in line of half-battalions in the middle of the square and facing the Royal apartments on the south of the Palace. As soon as the battalion had formed, the Queen seated herself at a window of the corridor near the gateway between the York and Lancaster Towers, the battalion presenting arms and the band of the regiment playing the National Anthem on the appearance of her Majesty. With the Queen were Princess Beatrice and Prince and Princess Louis of Battenberg. General Sir H. F. Ponsonby, General Gardiner, and General Gipps, who were in full uniform, Lord Methuen, and Captain Bigge were in attendance in the quadrangle beneath the window occupied by her Majesty. The space being limited, the military movements which followed were of the simplest description, the troops marching past the Queen in open column of companies, to the tune of the "British Grenadiers," and then forming three sides of a square.

Ushered by General Sir H. F. Ponsonby, Colonel the Hon. W. S. D. Home and the officers of the battalion were then conducted into the presence of her Majesty, who addressed them as follows:—"I have summoned you here before your departure to wish you heartily Godspeed. May God protect you in the day of battle. May He preserve you in the time of danger by land and sea, and may He lead you to victory. Confident that my Grenadier Guards will ever maintain the honour and reputation of British soldiers, I rely on your equalling the glorious deeds of those who have lately fought in the distant land to which you are now proceeding. My thoughts and prayers go with you and your brave comrades, to whom, alas! I cannot also bid farewell as I now do heartily to you. Once more, God bless you!"

On the return of the officers to the quadrangle, the Royal speech was repeated to the battalion by the Colonel, at whose request the men gave three cheers for her Majesty.

On Friday morning, before leaving Windsor, this battalion of the Grenadier Guards was inspected by the Prince of Wales, accompanied by Field-Marshal Lord Strathnairn and Colonel Home, at the Victoria Barracks. His Royal Highness briefly addressed them, saying, "I can remember this day thirty-one years ago, when this very battalion left for the Crimea. I remember how well the Guards fought on that occasion; and I know you will uphold the honour of your country. I will not detain you longer, but wish you once more Godspeed, good health, and a safe return."

The Prince of Wales, accompanied by the Princess of Wales, Prince Edward, and Princess Beatrice, inspected the Scots Guards at Wellington Barracks on Saturday morning.

MUSICAL PUBLICATIONS.

"A Fishy Case; or, The Scales of Justice," is the title of an operetta for children, written by F. E. Weatherly, and composed by A. J. Caldicott. In each respect this little work is well calculated to interest juvenile performers and audiences, for which purpose it will be found available for drawing-room use. It includes solos and choruses of simple and pleasing character. The operetta was given by thirty children (a less number might suffice) at Torquay, and realised £120 for the Crèche fund. Messrs. Metzler and Co. are the publishers.

"Vesper Music" is the title of a song by Mr. Barnby, in which he has set some suggestive lines to some very expressive music. The plaintive melody in the minor key is well relieved by a change to the major, the piece altogether being well suited to voices of a sympathetic character. It is published by Messrs. Metzler and Co., as also are "The Primrose Path," a song, by A. H. Behrend, in which the melody is of a very pleasing and vocal character—"Nancy" (an "Idyll of the Kitchen"), and "Courting Days," both by A. M. Wakefield, and each containing much marked character.

Messrs. Metzler and Co. have also just issued some sprightly dance music of various forms. "Italia," a dance, by A. Levey; polkas—"Merry little drummers" (with a vocal part), by J. M. Coward; and "The Jersey Lily," by P. Rowe; waltzes—"Langtry," by E. Boggetti; "La Veronese," by A. Levey; and "Princess Beatrice," by G. Lamothe, are all characterised by well-marked dance rhythm.

"Moments of Peace" is the title of a new song, words by E. Oxenford, music by O. Sondermann, which contains, in both respects, much genuine earnest feeling, and is well suited to any singer with a feeling for sentiment. Messrs. Patey and Willis are the publishers.

"Unseen Singers," by Ciro Pinsuti; "The Orphan's Prayer" and "At Prayers," both by B. Tours, are songs replete with flowing melody in the sentimental style and are well worthy of the reputation of the respective composers. Messrs. Osborn and Tuckwood are the publishers, as also of "The Vesper Voluntaries for the Organ, Harmonium, or American Organ"; a series of original pieces in various styles by various composers, well suited for the instruments specified. The work is well engraved and printed, and is published at a very moderate price.

Mr. F. Pitman's "Sixpenny Musical Library" has now nearly reached its seventieth number, and is a marvel of cheapness. A recent part contains twelve of Schubert's exquisite songs, with the pianoforte accompaniments somewhat simplified by R. Rogier, and an English translation of the words by O. Brand.

Mr. E. Ashdown (late Ashdown and Parry) has recently issued some pleasing vocal and instrumental pieces. "Sleep on, my heart" (Lullaby), by J. B. Calkin; "Under the shadow of St. Paul's," by Seymour Smith; "Fleurette," by H. A. Muscat; and "Wishes," by Boyton Smith, are songs of a very expressive kind, that will be welcome in drawing-room circles. "Maritana," by Sydney Smith, is a brilliant fantasia for the pianoforte, in which themes from Wallace's popular opera are very effectively elaborated. "Antwerp," and "Bruges," are two characteristic pianoforte pieces, entitled "Les Carillons Belges," by E. M. Lott, in which there is much piquancy. "Puck," "Romeo and Juliet," and "Ariel," by Seymour Smith, are pianoforte illustrations of Shakspeare, each with a distinctive character. "Gavotte in G," by J. S. Anderson (also published by E. Ashdown), is a very successful imitation of the quaint old dance form.

"Fourth Tarantella," by W. Macfarren (Stanley Lucas, Weber and Co.), is a spirited pianoforte piece, in which the impulsive character of the Neapolitan dance is well sustained.

Mr. Trayner, Sheriff of Forfarshire, has been appointed a Judge of the Court of Session, Edinburgh, in succession to Lord Deas, retired.

At the annual dinner of the friends of the Dramatic and Musical Sick Fund, which took place last week at Willis's Rooms, subscriptions were announced to the extent of £900.

The third annual dinner of the London Chamber of Commerce was given at the Cannon-street Hotel on the 19th inst.—Mr. C. Magniac, M.P., in the chair. The Hon. Evelyn Ashley, in proposing "The Colonies," said that the time had gone by when the British colonies were disregarded. The dullest person now recognised their importance and advantages. He alluded to the generous offers made from Australia and Canada to send troops to share our work in the Soudan.—The Chamber has issued a circular explaining its position, as well as the nature of the work in which it is engaged. In the space of three years it has enrolled 1933 members, and realised an annual income of £4000. Seventeen of the Trade associations of the metropolis are affiliated to the Chamber; and it has created eleven Trade Section Committees, representing as many different branches of commerce. One feature of its work is specially worthy of notice: "It has prepared, under legal advice, an agreement of reference which renders arbitration under its by-laws a rule of court, and binding upon the interested parties; whilst it has introduced into the House of Lords a bill for the codification of the Law of Arbitration."

THE DERBY OF THE LEASH.

There is a certain poem of Bret Harte's recounting the feat of a filly, named Chiquita, in swimming a flooded river. A great many verses are devoted to describing her gallant struggles, which terminated in her eventually landing on the further bank minus saddle and bridle, which had been washed off by the force of the current, and then the unimportant fact that the Judge's "nevvy," who rode her, was never seen afterwards, and was very naturally supposed to have been drowned, is dismissed in a couple of lines. We were reminded of this by reading various accounts of the favourite's defeat in the first round of the Waterloo Cup. Mineral Water, who won the great prize last year, and who, it was confidently hoped, would repeat his success this season, began his course against Skittles remarkably well, and had scored several points when "he ran out a bit, and struck against a policeman's legs in so doing." After this accident he performed very tamely, and was beaten easily. It afterwards transpired that he had injured one of his shoulders rather badly, and we have read a great deal with regard to his mishap, the influence it will have on his future engagements, &c.; but, after the most careful research, we cannot find a word as to the effects of the collision on the luckless policeman! The first round was also fatal to Greentick, last year's runner-up, as, after two undecideds, Gay City proved just too good for him in a course of terrible length and severity. Neither of them may ever get over the punishment received; and, in the first ties, Gay City could scarcely make an effort against Petrarch, though the latter had also been very hard run to win his first course. In this round Cocklaw Dean was decidedly unlucky in being beaten by Coralline, for he had a little the better of it when he fell heavily on his head on some plough, and quite destroyed his chance. There were two other unfortunate courses for backers of the favourites. In one of them, Wild Moss disposed of Che Sara; and, in the other, Iowa, with 2 to 1 on her, was well beaten by Clyde Wharf. Luck, however, had nothing to do with either of these results, and in each case the verdict was undoubtedly gained by the better dog. False Standard was the only favourite that was put out in the second ties, and, in this case, Clyde Wharf was again the bookmakers' friend, as he never allowed Mr. Fletcher's representative to score a point in a short spin. False Standard is aptly named, as, except in her puppy season, she has performed in sadly disappointing fashion, always beginning well enough to tempt backers to support her, but invariably failing to get to the end of a stake. The sensational trial of the third ties was that between Skittles and Clamor. The latter had won twenty-two courses in succession during the present season, and was naturally regarded as the best puppy of the year. It is not altogether certain that he has forfeited his claim to that title, as, though Skittles beat him with something to spare, he was considerably handicapped by the hare persistently breaking away from him, and it would be very interesting to see him pitted against Miss Glendyne. The last-named made short work of Clyde Wharf, and established herself a strong favourite. In the fourth ties, Bit o' Fashion disposed of Skittles after an undecided, and Miss Glendyne did what she liked with Ballymoney, who performed very consistently and well throughout. Then, as Bit o' Fashion and Miss Glendyne are in the same kennel, a division was agreed upon, the first that has taken place since Clive and Selby divided the prize in 1859. The Purse requires no comment; and the Plate was only remarkable for the fact of Cocklaw Dean repeating his victory of last year. He ran consistently well throughout, and was singularly unfortunate to be put out of the Cup in such fluky fashion. Though frost threatened to stop proceedings on the last day, little fault could be found with the weather on the whole, and a grand stock of hares gave some splendid trials; indeed, some of them were almost too long and severe. Mr. Hedley judged in his usual masterly fashion, whilst Wilkinson's slipping was all that could be wished; and, though the interest that is taken in this great fixture is clearly on the wane, it can only be set down to the multiplication of inclosed meetings. We append abridged details:—

THE WATERLOO CUP.

Mr. E. Dent's Bit o' Fashion, by Paris—Pretty Nell, and Mr. J. Hinks nd (Mr. C. Hibbert's) Miss Glendyne, by Paris—Lady Glendyne, divided.

THE WATERLOO PURSE.

Mr. T. L. Reed (Mr. C. Murless) nd Masdeu, by Merchantman—Ella, beat Mr. W. Smith (Mr. A. J. S. Dixon) nd Danseuse (late Morvern), by Miner—Netleyburn, and won.

THE WATERLOO PLATE.

Mr. F. Gibson nd (Mr. Marshall's) Cocklaw Dean, by Lindahl—Blacwearie, beat Mr. J. Trevor nd (Mr. E. M. Crosse's Che Sara, by Cui Bono—Fair Rosalind, and won.

Colonel Kingscote, M.P., has been appointed one of her Majesty's Commissioners of Woods and Forests, in the room of the Hon. Charles Gore, who retires.

Mr. Oscar Leslie Stephen has been unanimously elected chairman of the North London Railway Company in place of Mr. James Bancroft, who retires from failing health.

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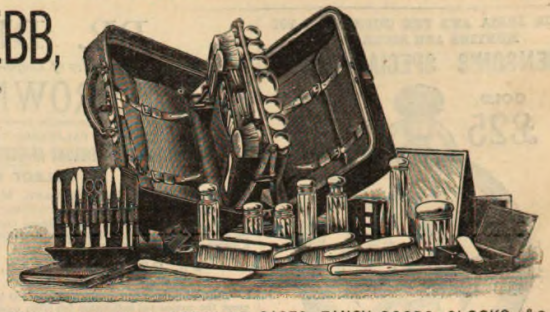
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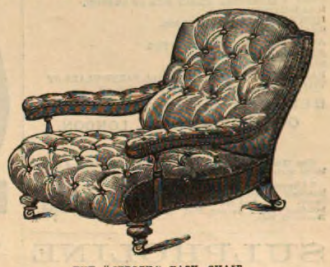
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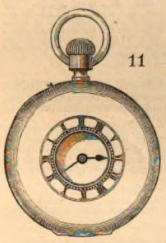
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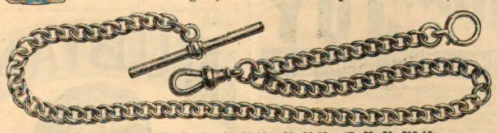
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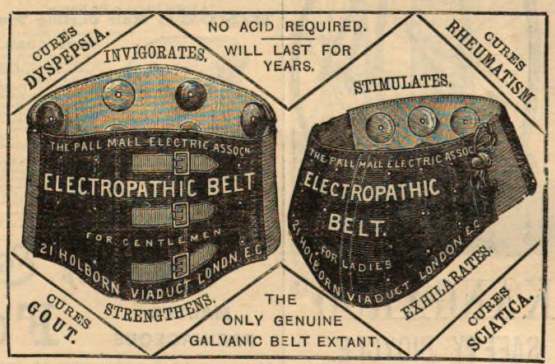
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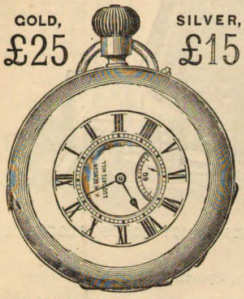
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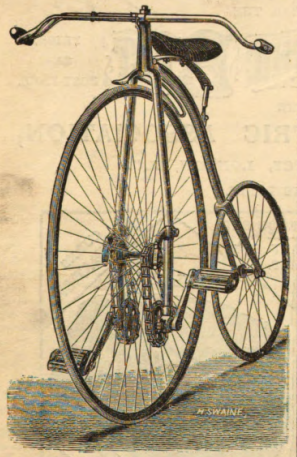
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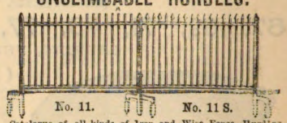


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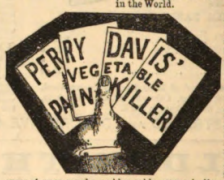
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SKETCHES IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS DURING THE DEBATE ON THE VOTE OF CENSURE.

OUR NOTE-BOOK

The Great Fire of 1666 "licked the windows" of the Temple Church, but happily spared that glorious specimen of Norman and Early English architecture. The Round Church, which dates from 1185, and the later church, built fifty-five years afterwards, carry back the memory to days when the Master of the Templars could inflict the most condign punishment on the enemies of the Order; when criminals were flogged publicly before the high altar, and an unhappy man starved to death for disobedience, in a cell so small that he could not even lie down. The church is rich in historic memories, and it was fitting that the dedication of the Round Church 700 years ago should be commemorated last Sunday by the Archbishop of Canterbury. The faults of the Templars were in accordance with the spirit of the age, their ideal was one of which any age might be proud. They were men inspired by a great enthusiasm and sense of duty, virtues which have helped to make England in the ages past, and still live in the race, as Gordon's heroic endurance and self-sacrificing spirit have so lately proved.

Lovers of billiards have a treat in prospect; for Mr. John Roberts, jun., the accepted "champion," and Mr. W. Cook, ex-"champion," have, after a long delay, actually signed an agreement to play a match for a hundred pounds a side and the championship, at the Billiard-Hall, Argyle-street, W. The match is to be a game of 3000 up, instead of the heretofore 1000; in other respects, as regards the balls, the pockets, and so on, the usual conditions are to prevail. The match is to begin on the 30th inst., and end, if possible, April 1; the start is to be made at half-past eight each evening, and one thousand, two thousand, and three thousand, if possible, must be the score of one player before play ceases on each respective occasion.

Until recently, soldiers of all ranks have been permitted to retain their discarded uniforms, to sell them or dispose of them as they pleased. And this regulation has done much towards encouraging neatness and carefulness of clothes in the Army. At Aldershott, the old-clothes dealers have carried on a trade satisfactory alike to vendors and purchasers, and it was but natural that they should pay higher prices for tunics in good order than for those that are practically worn out. Private soldiers have not many perquisites, so it was to have been expected that there should be bitter wailings now that an order has been issued that disused uniforms must be returned to the authorities. Nor is it likely that the Government will get such good prices for their property as the rank and file obtained.

Is the statue of Achilles which was erected in Hyde Park in 1822, and inscribed to "Arthur Duke of Wellington and his brave companions-in-arms, by their country-women," suffering from grief at being separated from his old friend and companion the Iron Duke, removed from Hyde Park Corner to Aldershott? Certainly the bronze hero cast from cannon taken in the battles of Salamanca, Vittoria, Toulouse, and Waterloo, is far from well; and experts thought that he would have given way and fallen flat on his face but for the prompt attention rendered by artisans and metal-workers who are now engaged in doctoring him. At present, he is hidden from gaze beneath a canvas hospital, and will emerge no doubt fully recovered. It will gratify his many admirers to learn that his heel is uninjured in spite of the Greek fable, but that the Styx has proved inefficacious, as the affected part is the supposed invulnerable calf of his leg.

When John Keats, the poet, before his departure to Rome in 1820, where he subsequently died, wrote, in a letter to his lady-love, "the world is too brutal for me," he was suffering from a violent attack which appeared in the *Quarterly Review* on his poem "Endymion." He has proved to be prophetic, without intending to be so; for the "brutality of the world" was evidenced by the fact that several of his letters to this same Miss Fanny Brawne were treasured by her (not for the purpose of a breach of promise suit), and were submitted to public auction at Messrs. Sotheby's sale-rooms last week. Considering that they were absolutely free from poetic language or gushing avowals, and that they bore the signature in initials J. K. only, they realised good prices. But what would have been the feelings of a nature so sensitive that a bad criticism killed it had it survived to see its own epistles of affection bid for by dealers of curiosities at advances of five shillings a time?

Actors in the habit of undertaking the rôles of heavy villains in melodrama and tragedy justly consider it a tribute to their talent when they are soundly hissed. In country towns it is by no means unusual for excitable members of the audience to allow their feelings to overpower their manners, and shout "Oh, you wretch!" or "the man in the blue shirt did it." Such little episodes, if they cause laughter where sympathy is expected, are at least harmless; but an American story, told of the famous Edwin Booth, shows that an actor may at times be so natural as to place himself in personal jeopardy. The artist was portraying Iago somewhere in the Western States, and his audience consisted chiefly of gold miners costumed in their slouch hats and red shirts. These appreciated him to such an extent that the uproar, hissing, and hooting almost smothered the words of the play. At the end of the second act the indignation of one gentleman in the gallery rose to so high a pitch that he drew his revolver and shot at the traitorous friend. The bullet struck Othello's sword-hilt, and the performance was stopped while the suffering Moor explained that there was really no personal animosity between him and Iago. Then the threats of lynching subsided, but so did the diggers' interest in the play.

Now that Sir George Cornewall Lewis has gone, it is possible to speak, without fear of being brought to book, of persons living to the age of considerably more than a hundred. In a work just published, it is claimed that many gipsies have died at more than a hundred, of whom are mentioned James Smith, in 1822, at 105; Billy Marshall, in 1792, at the incredible age of 120; Anne Day, in 1799, at 108; Mrs. Myrick Lock, date not given, at 101; an anonymous "gipsy woman," date not given, at 104, in "one of the workhouses of Essex"; and a woman named Leatherhead, date not given, at 115, at Tring, Hertfordshire. After this, for the benefit of Sir Wilfrid Lawson and his friends, one is emboldened to refer to Daniel Bull McCarthy, Esquire, of whom it is related that he "could not bear the warmth of a night-shirt, which he put away behind his pillow"; that "in company he drank plentifully of rum and brandy, which he called 'naked truth'"; that if he did condescend to take a glass of claret or other wine, "just to oblige," he "never failed to drink an equal glass of rum or brandy, which he called a 'wedge'"; and that, nevertheless, he died at the great age of 112, at Irreagh, county Kerry, Ireland, in February, 1797. If this gentleman had been a teetotaller he ought, according to the Lawsonian theories, to be alive still; he would only have been 200.

A great topic of conversation in Paris lately among certain circles has been an unfortunate "affair of honour," in which one of the combatants used his left hand to turn aside his adversary's sword. Some people may think that, if you are engaged in deadly combat and wish to preserve your own life, you are at liberty to do anything which is not absolutely treacherous and which it is equally open to your adversary to do; especially if you are not very expert with your weapon, or are unacquainted with all the little laws and etiquette of fencing and of the duel. But this does not appear to be the case; though an instance is cited of a celebrated duellist, hailing from Rennes, who in former days was in the habit of receiving his adversary's point deliberately in his open left hand and then running his adversary comfortably through the stomach or lungs. He, having received a wound, is considered to have been perfectly justified. It is quite clear, however, that even he, though it required some resolution to do what he did, showed most unmistakably that he preferred not to risk his life any more than he could help: yet the point of "going out" is generally supposed to be to risk your life for the sake of your honour.

It is to be feared that there is in human nature an innate meanness which will sooner or later make it almost impossible for any kind of fight to come off between two persons on the strictly honourable and chivalrous principles which King Arthur of the Round Table and the noble-hearted minority would advocate. We saw this in the case of our "prize-fights," which were considered once upon a time to be the highest form of single combat, and were instituted for the encouragement of what was proudly called "the noble art of self-defence." Yet it was found necessary in course of time to make a code of laws, from which it is plain that the heroes of the "twenty-four foot ring," if they were not sharply looked after and had not stringent laws laid down for their guidance, would in a weak moment be tempted to "kick," or "bite," or "gouge," or "hit below the belt," or wear in their shoes "spikes" of inordinate length and sharpness for the purpose of running them through an adversary's toes or foot, and thus obtaining a considerable advantage. Perhaps it is best to have no single combats at all, unless in actual warfare, in which, according to a well-known saying, all is fair, and you may, if you can, shoot your enemy from behind a hedge, and even take him in the rear.

The Spiritualists may be said just now to be holding a carnival. In a recent number of a journal of "occult and mystical research," several triumphs are recorded, the most important of them by far being "an apparition formed in full view." Fourteen people were present on the occasion, and here are some of the phenomena to which they bear witness. The medium comes into the room apparently in a deep trance. Presently, a white, vaporous substance is drawn from his side, covers the ground, rises to a considerable height, and evolves into a form of great majesty and dignity. The figure, which was that of a handsome man, was joined to the medium by a white link, and appeared firm and substantial. He, or it, walked round the circle, shook hands with several people, smiled, but was unable to speak. At length the medium was seen to stagger towards an ante-room from which he had originally emerged, the form going behind him and supporting him. No attempt seems to have been made to follow them, and what became of the handsome "stranger" no one can say. He came and went and left no trace behind. All we know of what passed behind the curtain is that water was asked for by means of rappings, and that the bearer of it "while fumbling in the dark" to reach the medium's mouth, felt "a form" by his side and a gentle guidance of the arm. We suppose it would have been considered unpolite to strike a light at that moment, and thus to reveal the position of the medium and the "figure." These spirits, indeed, are said to shrink from the light, but that is no reason why persons present at a séance should do the same.

It is probable that in the near future Shanklin, at the back of the Isle of Wight, may vie with Cowes as a yachting station. It is in the very centre of the spacious sheltered bay between the points of Culver and Dunnose, and the lord of the manor, whose rent-roll has within the last thirty years increased from one to ten thousand pounds per annum, intends to co-operate with a wealthy resident and yacht-owner in forming a harbour. He has also given a central and valuable piece of land on the Cliff, and a large sum of money, for the erection of a reading-room and winter garden; and, as a new inland road has just been made opening out a lovely tract of country, Shanklin probably has a time of prosperity before it. These and similar improvements have long been needed, and will only just come in time to save a great deal of property from terrible depreciation in value.

Great satisfaction is expressed in Naval circles about the invitation of tenders from private firms for ships of war. Tenders for six unarmoured cruisers like the Scout were received last week at the Admiralty, and the next on the list will be two armour-clads, and five belted cruisers, resembling the Mersey, but larger and with several improvements. This will tend to reduce the distress among the working classes in the North; so that though war is a deplorable necessity, it is one of the evils out of which good may ultimately spring.

It sounds almost incredible that in the middle of February, when New York was experiencing an Arctic temperature, its markets were well supplied with ripe strawberries, tomatoes, and well-grown juicy cucumbers at really moderate prices, as only about twopence each was asked for the strawberries, and the vegetables were proportionately cheaper. They all came from Florida, where the beauty of the climate and the low rate of transport to the Empire City make market gardening a most profitable occupation.

The sale of the Fournier bric-à-brac on the 2nd inst. created quite an excitement among Parisian lovers of china. The Baroness Solomon de Rothschild, Mesdames de Courval, the Duc de la Force, Champfleury, Watelin, and other connoisseurs, were all there, and the bidding was very brisk indeed. Everything sold was genuine Sèvres *pâte tendre*, and the Sèvres Museum secured some splendid specimens. Madame de Rothschild was also very fortunate, and is an admirable judge of what she buys. A magnificent rose-coloured pot pourri, with a medallion of men drinking, executed in the style of Teniers, was knocked down to M. Stein for £488; and two jardinières for bulbs, decorated by Vieillard, were bought for £340. A pair of pink and gold baskets, dated 1756, were sold for £160. A dark-blue cup with two handles, and its saucer, with gold dent-de-loup brims, was purchased by M. Malinet for £90.

It has always been supposed that the Philadelphia Mint was a shining example to the Mints of all other countries, on account of its admirable system of checks and other precautions, which made theft of the precious metals consigned to it for coinage utterly impossible. A bar of pure silver, weighing 85 lb., was, however, in some way abstracted from it between Jan. 20 and Feb. 15, and offered for sale in New York to a professional refiner, who from the marks and numbers on it knew at once whence it came, and that it had no business ever to have left Philadelphia, except in the shape of dollars. He therefore handed it to the Sub-Treasury, whose officials declared that the occurrence was absolutely unprecedented, but declined to give any inkling of the mode in which the State would endeavour to trace it. This reticence bears the stamp of practical wisdom; for the detection of crimes is often rendered impossible because the thieves, together with the rest of the public, read in the papers every move that is made against them, and are consequently able to baffle justice altogether.

Ladies will not universally hail the rage for greens which possesses the leaders of fashion at the present moment, for the simple reason that green does not suit every complexion. No less than six new shades of this colour are announced from Paris for spring wear—viz., watercress, emerald (principally made in silk), silvery moss, young sorrel, and lentil, cooked and raw. The French appellations of course are prettier, but these are the English equivalents. The latest name for a new style of train for evening dresses is *ailes de hanneton*, or cockchafer's wings.

It is reported, and whoever chooses may believe, that a rich American offered M. Paul Aumont, the other day, two hundred and fifty thousand francs (ten thousand pounds) for the "sensational" race-horse Fra Diavolo, and that M. Aumont refused the offer. Fra Diavolo became "sensational" by his defeat for the Prix de Longchamps on April 6 last year, when, with odds betted on him, he did not go the whole course, and was said to have been "nobbled." He ran third to Little Duck and Archiduc for the French Derby, and to Little Duck and The Lambkin for the Grand Prix de Paris, and was at the outset commonly believed to be the best French horse of his year. Even so, however, ten thousand pounds would be a big price for him; but, on the other hand, there is no saying what sort of horse some people will not give ten thousand pounds for, since that sum is said to have been paid for The Prince, son of Balfe, and to have been offered for Paradox, who has as yet won only one race, and that under favourable circumstances. It is to be hoped that Paradox will not supply a justification, as it were, of his name by imitating the career of The Prince.

"Purveyors" of milk are causing error to arise by sending about their milk-carts with "koumiss" printed upon the outside of the vehicles. Ingenuous spectators are under the impression that the word is a new expression for milk, and is to be pronounced "cow-mess."

A correspondent points out that a Note in our last issue was in part wrong, and we willingly give the correction, as follows:—"Though I quite agree with the paragraph that it is a pity when medals and other relics pass out of the family whose ancestors won them, I beg to tell you that you are misinformed as to the medals in the case you allude to having been purchased by strangers for a mere song. The medals in question were bequeathed to Lord Berkeley by his brother-in-law, the late General Randel Rumley. On hearing of the intended sale of Lord Berkeley's effects, General Rumley's nephew, Mr. Robert Dennis, being aware how his uncle had prized the medals, telegraphed to Messrs. Trollope to secure them for him at any price. Messrs. Trollope's agent was late for "lot 109," consisting of three medals and an order, which were sold to a dealer for a comparatively small sum. The other medals were secured for Mr. Dennis for £249 13s. 6d., including fees. One medal, at least, was General Rumley's own winning, so it was returned to his family."

THE SILENT MEMBER.

A turn of the political kaleidoscope has transferred public interest from the critical Parliamentary divisions of last week to the terse hometruths of Prince Bismarck in Berlin, and to the threatened collision of Russian and Afghan troops on the frontier of Afghanistan. The sketches and letters of Mr. William Simpson, the Special Artist of *The Illustrated London News* at the Afghan frontier, have prepared the readers of this Journal for the present crisis, which everybody hopes will be tided over without further friction, although there has unquestionably been great excitement in military circles in this country. While a little judicious reining-in on the part of the Russian authorities may put an end to the prevailing anxiety, an amende should still be made for the discourtesy, not to put too fine a point on it, of keeping Sir Peter Lumsden for so long a period waiting for the Russian Commissioner. Perhaps, the best amende would be for the tardy representative of Russia to be the bearer of his own apology. The ticklish question of frontier delimitation has been so many times settled satisfactorily between Russian and British officers that the geographical difficulties of the existing problem would doubtless soon disappear were Sir Peter Lumsden but in a position to define the boundary in conjunction with his Russian colleague.

The explanation the Foreign Secretary had to offer the Marquis of Salisbury last Tuesday in the House of Lords on this very point was fortuitously prefaced by an apt statement on the part of the Earl of Kimberley. The noble Earl the Secretary for India, in informing the Earl of Camperdown that the Nizam of Hyderabad, the Begum of Bhopal, the Rajah of Puttiala, and the Rajah of Jheend, Mohammedan and Sikh States in India, had proffered military assistance in aid of the Expedition to the Soudan, could not say offhand whether the offers would be accepted; but he was cheered when he earnestly added, "I am quite certain that the recollection of them will strengthen our position in India, as well as the ties which bind us to those native States."

Earl Granville's answer on Tuesday to Lord Salisbury's question—"one of the very greatest importance," as the noble Earl admitted—was of sufficient moment to be quoted:—

According to the latest reports received from Sir Peter Lumsden, the Russian outposts have occupied the Zuffikar Pass, about twenty miles to the south of Pul-i-Khatun, Akrobat, between Zuffikar and the river Khushk, and Sari-Yazi. A post of Yulatan Turkomans has also been stationed at Pul-i-Khisti, a few miles north of Penjdeh, by Colonel Alikhanoff, who, after placing them, has retired, presumably to Sari-Yazi. Representations are being made to the Russian Government earnestly pressing them to give stringent orders to their military commanders to refrain from any further forward movements which would bring about a collision between the Afghan and Russian outposts. The Russian Government, in reply to a remonstrance from her Majesty's Government, declined on the 24th ult. to withdraw from their advanced posts at Sari-Yazi and the Zuffikar Pass, but gave assurances that their officers had been ordered carefully to avoid conflicts with the Afghans, and that complications were only to be feared in the event of the Afghans attacking the Russian posts. Sir Peter Lumsden, who has exerted himself to prevent any collision, has advised the Afghans to maintain themselves in the positions now occupied by them. This advice has been approved by her Majesty's Government, and he has been instructed to urge them at the same time not to advance beyond their present positions.

Lord Edmond Fitzmaurice made a similar statement in the House of Commons on Tuesday. From both these official statements, it was made clear that the Russians had advanced within a distinctly "measurable distance" of Herat.

Harking back to the first Vote-of-Censure debates of the Session, one may note that on Thursday week the Marquis of Salisbury opened his vigorous and unsparing attack upon the Government in the House of Lords before a full and brilliant assemblage. There was a goodly gathering of peeresses to enliven the side galleries; Privy Councillors from the Lower House congregated in front of the Throne; and the Prince of Wales was present on the front cross-bench to nod approval of the clear articulation and incisive style of the noble Marquis. Quite apart from agreement or non-agreement with the opinions of the Leader of the Opposition in the Lords, it is impossible to withhold admiration for the lucidity and point of his speeches, or the exemplary distinctness of his delivery in a House where mumbling and inaudible speech are too prevalent. Lord Salisbury arraigned the Ministry on the grounds "that the deplorable failure of the Soudan expedition to attain its object has been due to the undecided councils of the Government, and to the culpable delay attending the commencement of operations; and that the policy of abandoning the whole of the Soudan after the conclusion of military operations will be dangerous to Egypt and inconsistent with the interests of the Empire." On the part of what the noble Marquis designated the "divided and hopelessly halting Ministry," the Earl of Northbrook with smug confidence defended what had been done in the Soudan; and the Earl of Derby, in an equally characteristic speech, prayed in a manner that his colleagues and himself might be let down gently, on the score that Ministers, like mortals, were liable to err. On the second and closing night of the debate, the Government were further assailed by Lord Camperdown from the Ministerial side, by the Earl of Carnarvon in his most slashing style, and by Lord Harris in a neat maiden speech, which betokened (to use a Constitutional Club simile) that the famous Kentish Cricketer may knock the arguments of Ministerial Lords about as skilfully as he floors the wickets in the field. As a whole, the debate sustained the high reputation of the House. From the able speech of the Duke of Richmond to the Marquis of Salisbury's crushing rejoinder to Earl Granville, the addresses were worthy the occasion. Although the Foreign Secretary explicitly stated that when the Mahdi had been "smashed," then would be the time to set up an orderly form of government in the Soudan, the majority of their Lordships would have given Ministers but short shrift had they had their will. By the large majority of 121—189 against 68 votes—was the Marquis of Salisbury's adverse resolution carried on the Friday night.

Attacked boldly in front by the recognised Opposition, assailed on the right flank by the Radical wing following the lead of Mr. John Morley, and harassed in the rear by file-firing from those uncommonly candid friends, Mr. Goschen and Mr. Forster, the Prime Minister and his colleagues did not look altogether comfortable on the Treasury Bench, while their policy in the Soudan, culminating in the lamented death of General Gordon and the fall of Khartoum, was being censured. Ministers, nevertheless, put as brave a front to their swarming foes as the "tiny square" of British redcoats and bluejackets did to the hosts of the Mahdi on the occasion of the heroic march to El Gubat. The fire and earnestness with which Mr. Gladstone, full, apparently, of the ardour of renewed youth, rebutted the assault of Sir Stafford Northcote on the opening night, I referred to last week. Both the Leader of the House and the Leader of the Opposition are portrayed in the group of Parliamentary Sketches. From the point of view of the memorable Midlothian speeches, the admirable deliverances of Mr. John Morley and Mr. Henry Labouchere were by far the best of the week. The best of a bad case was made by Sir William Harcourt, Mr. Trevelyan, Sir Charles Dilke (who trenchantly answered Sir Robert Peel's lively sally), and the Marquis of Hartington; but they made few, if any, converts. The censures dropped severely upon them by Mr. Goschen and Mr. Forster from their Olympian heights, and the cold silence of the Parnellite party below the gangway on the Opposition side, did not encourage Ministers. Resounding cheers broke forth when, in an overflowing House, towards the small hours of Saturday morning, the result of the division was made known. Liberal cheers were lustily responded to by the counter-cheering of the Conservatives when the numbers were announced at the table—288 for Sir Stafford Northcote's vote of censure, and 302 against: a majority of 14 only for the Government. There were next 112 votes given in favour of, and 455 against (343 majority), Mr. John Morley's so-called "scuttling" amendment. Lord George Hamilton's adverse amendment, more stringently worded than Sir Stafford Northcote's, was lastly defeated by a majority of 22—299 against 277—before the Commons were permitted to go home. The Irish Home-Rule Party are sketched as they gregariously followed their leader, Mr. Parnell, in the wake of the Conservative Opposition.

The Cabinet met on Saturday to deliberate. Notwithstanding the smallness of the majority, Ministers gallantly decided to bear the unenviable burdens of office a little longer. Mr. Gladstone was conspicuous by his absence from the Treasury bench on Monday, when Lord Hartington explained that the Prime Minister was indisposed. On Tuesday, however, the Premier, although still suffering from his cold, resumed his seat in the House. The right hon. gentleman, who looked very pale and worn, and walked with a stick, was cheered from both sides. As regards the business of Parliament, it may briefly be stated that on Monday both Houses agreed to her Majesty's messages calling out the Reserves and the Militia (Mr. Labouchere's opposing amendment in the Commons being defeated by a majority of 130); that on Tuesday the Speaker easily suppressed Mr. Sexton when the latter irregularly sought to impugn the conduct of the Chair without notice; and on the same evening, when the motion was made that the Redistribution Bill should go into committee, the following amendment of Sir John Lubbock was negatived by a majority of 103—134 against 31 votes:—

That it be an instruction to the committee that they have power in all cases where an elector is entitled to one vote only to enable the elector to nominate more than one candidate, to whom, under certain circumstances, that vote might be transferred in the manner indicated by the elector.

When the division was taken on Sir J. Hay's motion—"That it is inexpedient that the numbers of this House shall be increased, and, in the opinion of this House, Ireland will be sufficiently represented by ninety members and Wales by twenty-five members"—it was found that this proposal also had been defeated by a good round number—132 against 25, a majority of 107. It is understood that when the Redistribution Bill is passed, and other necessary business has been transacted, the Session will be closed as early as possible—that is, if the Government should survive.

CITY ECHOES.

Wednesday, March 4.

No material change has taken place in the condition of the Money Market. The maintenance of the Bank rate of discount at 4 per cent would appear to be perfectly justified by the state of political relations, in spite of the high figure reached by the reserve of notes and coin in the institution, the amount being considerably above the experience for several years past. The expenditure in connection with the Soudan operations has also to be considered by the directors of the Bank, and as the supply of cash available in the open market is small in the extreme, it is only because of the excessive smallness of the home requirements that rates have sunk down to the level current at the present time. The action of the Bank, therefore, appears perfectly warranted, although of course when the dividends in the Funds are liberated the market will in all probability further break away from the official standard. Some further sums of gold have arrived from abroad, and the New York exchange keeps favourable.

Political considerations have continued to control the Stock Markets, and though at times an appearance of more cheerfulness sets in, it is quickly succeeded by fresh rumours of a disquieting nature, with the result that the downward movement makes further progress on balance. The home funds have again receded, as have also Colonial and Indian Government loans. The movements in foreign Government bonds have been against holders, Russian falling to 1 in several cases; Turkish have, however, shown marked firmness. Poor traffics and the quietness of trade generally have prejudiced home railways, Metropolitan District being specially flat. A satisfactory feature of the week has been the steady buying of American railway securities of the best class—that is to say, of those issues which have passed through the recent trying ordeal without attracting any suspicion as to the due payment of the dividends. A general advance is shown in nearly all the best-known descriptions, and as these securities are out of the reach of European complications, the upward course may be expected to continue, unless, of course, some fresh incident should crop up to check the improvement. Reports have been current of more activity in trade in Mexico, and the Mexican railway stocks have had a substantial rise. The demand for Bryant and May shares and the advance in Suez Canal shares have been among the chief features in other securities; but an adverse movement of interest is a continued fall in Hudson Bay shares, which is due no doubt to a presumption that the reduced price of furs will materially affect the dividend. The shares began the year at 25, and were to-day dealt in at 19½.

For the past half-year the Caledonian Railway Company will pay 4¾ per cent per annum, this dividend comparing with 5 for the period to Jan. 31 last year. The Glasgow and South-Western Railway distribution is to be at the rate of 4¼ per cent per annum, as against 5¼.

A new Chinese loan for £1,535,000, negotiated through the Hong-Kong and Shanghai Bank, calls for some remark. The price of issue has been fixed at 98 per cent, which is the same rate as that of the loan brought out in December, 1877, just paid off; but the interest on the present occasion is to be 7 per cent per annum, while it was then 8. The information as to Chinese financial affairs is very slight, but past experience as to the loans of the Celestial Empire has been favourable, all engagements having been most faithfully kept, thus auguring well for the present issue.

The chairman of the Merchant Bank of London made some reassuring statements regarding the future, while reminding his hearers that it was the first occasion since the incorporation of the company, some twenty-one years ago, that the directors had been unable to declare a liberal dividend. While large profits were being earned, the shareholders were quite satisfied with the character of the business the bank is largely engaged in, and though they may feel greatly disappointed now that adversity has come, they have no reason for complaint against those having the management of affairs, but must hope for a revival of prosperous times.

At the meeting of the Union Bank of Spain, the motion for the voluntary winding up of the company was lost, 172 shareholders, holding 8919 shares, with 1486 votes, being against; and 86 shareholders, holding 10,507 shares, with 1694 votes, being in favour of winding up. A resolution for a voluntary liquidation requires to be carried by at least three fourths of the members entitled to vote.

T. S.

THE CHURCH.

The project for the creation of a Bishopric in Fiji, although approved by the Primate, met with unexpected difficulties, and has therefore been abandoned.

The Stratford-on-Avon Town Council have reversed their decision of last week, and agreed to contribute 200 guineas in aid of restoring the church in which Shakspeare was baptised and buried.

The Ven. Archdeacon Blunt, Honorary Chaplain to the Queen, and Vicar of Scarborough, York, has been appointed Chaplain in Ordinary to the Queen, in the room of the Rev. Dr. Butler, translated to the Deanery of Exeter.

The Dean and Chapter of St. Paul's have received the *congé d'élire* from the Crown directing them to elect a new occupant for the See of London, and the election has been fixed for March 9.

Sir H. W. Gore-Booth has presented to the Rev. Henry F. Gore-Booth, Curate of St. Saviour's, Hoxton, to the living of the Sacred Trinity Church, Salford, of the value of over £1000 a year, void by the death of the Rev. Capel Wolseley.

In commemoration of the 700th anniversary of the consecration of the Round Church, the Archbishop of Canterbury preached at the morning service at the Temple Church on Sunday. The celebration of the anniversary will be completed on Sunday next, when Dr. Vaughan will preach the sermon.

The Archbishop of Canterbury presided last Saturday at a meeting of past and present Wellingtonians, held at Lambeth Palace, to consider a scheme for inaugurating a mission in connection with the college in a destitute district of London. It was decided that the Wellington College Mission should labour in St. Peter's, Walworth, and the school fund guaranteed £150 a year for five years.

Lord Norton presided on Thursday week at the second annual meeting of the Church Schools Company, held in the rooms of the National Society, and, in moving the adoption of the report, expressed satisfaction at the success achieved by the company during its brief period of work. Ten schools, it appeared, were opened, with about 400 pupils, and 2000 additional shares were taken up during the year.

A memorial to the late Archbishop Tait was presented to Edinburgh University yesterday week. It consists of a bust in bronze, built against the eastern façade of the new University buildings, near which the Archbishop was born. The memorial was handed over to the custody of the University authorities by Lord Balfour, and Sir William Muir, Principal of the University, accepted it. The proceedings were witnessed by a large company.

Several additions have been made to the issue for the current year of that most useful work of reference, "The Clergy Directory," published by Mr. T. G. Johnson, of 121, Fleet-street. Among others, it may be noted that not only are the names of chaplains of the regular Army and Navy given, but those of the Volunteer regiments, while a copy of that document "so often heard about, but very seldom seen," the *congé d'élire* from her Majesty to the Dean and Chapter of a vacant Bishopric, is prefixed.

The Archbishop of Canterbury presided over the annual meeting of the Clergy Orphan Corporation, held yesterday week in the board-room of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, Delahay-street, Westminster. The committee's report stated that there was a deficiency of receipts over expenditure for the year of £1024. Satisfactory reports were given by the examiners of the efficiency of the teaching in both the boys' and the girls' schools. The total number of children in the school is 196, 105 boys and 91 girls.

The friends and parishioners of the late Canon Evans have paid a very graceful tribute to his memory by placing a most beautiful and costly memorial in St. Mary's Church, Grassendale. By the general consent of the congregation, and in accordance with the wish of the relatives of Canon Evans, it was decided that the three east windows should be replaced by others of superior character. Messrs. Heaton, Butler, and Bayne were intrusted with this work, and the utmost credit is due to them for the manner in which it has been executed. The "Adoration of the Lamb" forms the subject represented in the three windows. A handsome brass plate mounted on polished marble has been let into the centre of the chancel floor, and bears the following inscription:—"These windows were given by parishioners and friends to the glory of God and in memory of John Evans, M.A., First Vicar of Grassendale and Honorary Canon of Liverpool. From July, 1853, to January, 1884, Vicar."

Mr. Scrivener, who was formerly Director-General of Customs in Egypt, and has since been Surveyor of Customs at Belfast, has been appointed Controller and Inspector-General of Customs at Liverpool.

Mr. William Russell, of Barnwell, Northampton, has given £5000 to the authorities of the University of St. Andrew, to found entrance bursaries in memory of his brother and himself, both having received their education at St. Andrew's.

Mr. Sheriff Faudel Phillips presided at the fifty-third anniversary festival of the Linen and Woollen Drapers' Institution yesterday week, when, in answer to a special appeal, the sum of £2776 was subscribed.

The Cobden Club silver medal for Political Economy in the University of Bombay has been awarded this year to Pestanji Jámásji Pádshák, of Elphinstone College, the brother of B. J. Pádshák, who won last year's medal.

According to the official returns, the Army Estimates for 1885-6 amount to £17,820,700, being a net decrease of £84,900 compared with last year. No provision is, however, made for the Soudanese War expenditure, which will be met by a special vote.

A terrible catastrophe occurred at Shoeburyness on Thursday week, in carrying out experiments with fuses. One of these was being screwed into a shell, when it exploded, killing the gunner on the spot. Colonel Lyons and Colonel Fox-Strangways were so seriously injured that both have since died, as have Captain Goold-Adams, Sergeant-Major Dakyn, and Gunner Underwood. Several others were wounded.

The annual festival of the Royal Masonic Benevolent Institution was held last week at Freemasons' Tavern—Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, M.P., Provincial Grand Master for Gloucestershire, in the chair. There was a large assemblage of brethren from all parts of the country. The total subscriptions announced amounted to £17,636, of which sum London sent up £9810. The chairman's province of Gloucestershire sent up over £2000.

The first half-yearly meeting for 1885 of the Roman Catholic Union of Great Britain was held yesterday week at Willis's Rooms. The Duke of Norfolk, president of the Union, was in the chair, and there was a good attendance of members. The proceedings began by the unanimous re-election of the Duke of Norfolk as president, upon the motion of the Earl of Denbigh, seconded by Mr. Bellingham, M.P. A discussion then took place as to the best means of promoting the formation of Catholic men's societies.

THE WAR IN THE SOUDAN: SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. MELTON PRIOR.

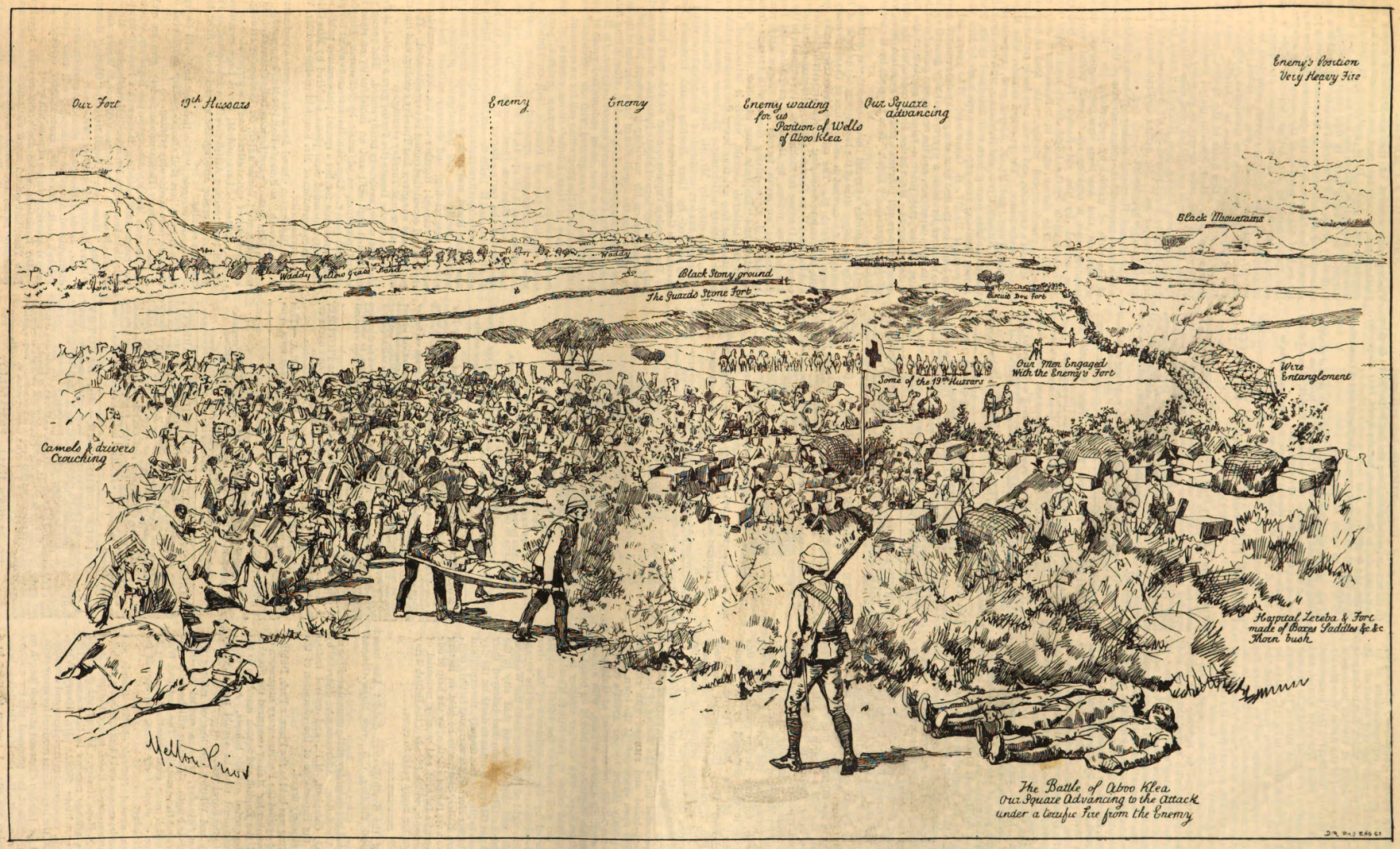


THE EVE OF THE BATTLE OF ABOU KLEA—THE GUARDS BUILDING A STONE WALL AS A DEFENCE.

Sir Herbert Stewart and Staff. Captain Rhodes and Major Wardrop.



FIRST VIEW OF THE ENEMY AT ABOU KLEA.



THE WAR IN THE SOUDAN.—THE BATTLE OF ABOU KLEA: OUR SQUARE ADVANCING TO THE ATTACK.
SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. MELTON PRIOR.

THE WAR IN THE SOUDAN.

The retreat of the column of British troops under General Sir Redvers Buller across the Bayuda Desert from Metammeh to Korti has been effected without disaster, and is now to be followed by the retirement of General Brackenbury's column down the Nile, abandoning the intended advance to Abou Ahmed. This sentence briefly sums up the account of military operations during the past week. All Lord Wolseley's army, at the front, seems about to be concentrated, for the present, on that part of the Nile which is between Debbeh and Merawi; and there is apparently no idea of approaching Berber till after the hot season, when Sir Gerald Graham's force, to be landed at Souakim, might be enabled to co-operate with the forces on the Nile.

Our Special Artist, Mr. Melton Prior, who accompanied Sir Herbert Stewart's advanced force, including the Camel Corps, in its march from Korti over the Desert, and witnessed the battle of Abou Klea, on Jan. 17, the battle of the 19th on the further march to Abou Kru and Gubat, and the attempt, on the 21st, to take the town of Metammeh, has sent us his admirable Sketches of those engagements, which appear in this week's publication. They represent, successively, a scene at Abou Klea on the eve of the first battle, when the Guards of the Camel Corps were employed in building a rough wall of stones for the defence of the encampment; the first sight of the enemy next morning; the actual conflict at Abou Klea, where the British square, having left its fortified position, moved forward, under a heavy fire, to attack the enemy, who numbered eight or ten thousand; and the yet fiercer battle fought two days afterwards, on Monday, Jan. 19, when Sir Herbert Stewart was mortally wounded, and many of our officers and soldiers were killed, besides Mr. Cameron and Mr. St. Leger Herbert, correspondents of the *Standard* and of the *Morning Post*. Our Illustration of this second battle, which may be called either that of Abou Kru or of Gubat, the former being a place nearer to the battle-field, the latter being the place on the banks of the Nile, above Metammeh, which was gained by this victory for the

site of the intrenched camp formed immediately afterwards, is one of the most effective pictorial representations of an actual conflict that any Special Artist has ever sketched. It has been reproduced by a rapid process, which does not impair the lifelike vigour and realistic effect of touches made with the pencil while the heart and mind of the Artist were freshly impressed with a hundred stirring incidents of that memorable scene. Mr. Prior has attended great European armies, and has beheld and depicted battles of regular armies, in the war between Russia and Turkey, as well as most of the British military actions in West and South Africa, in Egypt, and in the Eastern Soudan, during the past thirteen years; but the fulness and vivacity of his representation, and we believe the accuracy of its details, are most successfully exhibited in the present instance. Conflict with a courageous barbarian host is an affair different in many of its aspects from the calculated encounter of highly organised military forces belonging to civilised nations; and the characteristic appearance of such tactics as must be employed in fighting the brave Arabs of the Soudan is displayed with remarkable force and truth in our Special Artist's Drawing upon this occasion. It will be observed that his Sketch or the series of Sketches made during the engagement, afterwards combined in one panoramic view, was taken from the "zereba" or inclosure of prickly mimosa-bush hedges, where the camels lay huddled together, and where the field-hospitals and other non-combatant departments were stationed, but where they nevertheless suffered considerably from the enemy's fire, by which two of the newspaper correspondents were killed. The defence of the "zereba," which is shown in the left-hand portion and in the foreground of Mr. Prior's Drawing, was greatly assisted by the two mountain screw-guns under Major Norton, R.A., and by Lord Charles Beresford with the Naval Brigade and the Gardner machine-gun; while the Guards and other soldiers, under Captain Lord Cochrane, held a sort of advanced redoubt, hastily constructed of such materials as the camp afforded, which were chiefly some piles of biscuit-boxes arranged as a rampart. The dead and wounded on our side were brought into the "zereba"; and Sir Herbert Stewart, who was struck down by a fatal bullet at the beginning of the engagement, is seen lying just within the rampart, attended by one of the surgeons. These gentlemen, Messrs. Briggs, Harding, and Parke, are busy with the care of the sufferers as they come in, while showers of bullets fly into the inclosure, which is surrounded on all sides by the enemy constantly firing from the bush at no great distance. Beyond, in the middle background, is perceived the moving square of British troops (the Guards were in front, the Marines and the Heavy Cavalry men of the Camel Corps on the right, the Mounted Infantry on the left, but all on foot, and the Sussex Regiment in the rear) under command of Colonel Sir Charles Wilson. During an hour and a half, till half-past four in the afternoon, this body of troops, slowly advancing down the valley towards the Nile, which is discerned to the right hand, flowing to Metammeh, in our Artist's View, withstood repeated "rushes" of the dauntless Arab spearmen and swordsmen, principally on the left front, and mowed down many hundreds of them with volleys fired by whole companies, preserving the strictest order. We have not space, however, for any further comment on this battle of Jan. 19, since it was described by Mr. Bennet Burleigh, correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph*, in a letter that we borrowed from that journal for our own publication of Feb. 7, and to which our readers may again be referred. The remaining subjects of our Illustrations this week continue the history of the same portion of the British forces after their arrival at Gubat. On Wednesday, Jan. 21, an attempt was made to attack the town of Metammeh; but it was not persisted in, as the houses of that town were found to be loop-holed and manned with riflemen, whose fire swept a wide open space outside the town. This situation of affairs is plainly shown by our Artist's Sketch. He contributes also the Sketch of the scene at Gubat, on Saturday, the 24th, when Sir Charles Wilson, with a small escort of men of the Sussex Regiment, embarked on board one of General Gordon's steamers, with another steamer in its company, to go a hundred miles up the Nile to Khartoum. Our readers are but too well aware of the result; that Sir Charles Wilson, delayed by the impediments of the river navigation, one of his steamers being wrecked on the voyage up, did not arrive within sight of Khartoum until the Wednesday morning, Jan. 28, and that he found that city in the possession of the Mahdi. The garrison had betrayed their commander, and had put General Gordon to death on the day before. Though too late to prevent this tragedy, the exploits of the gallant force led by Sir Herbert Stewart, and latterly commanded by Sir Redvers Buller, deserve to be held in lasting remembrance; and we have the satisfaction, by the help of our Special Artist, to present a faithful and worthy memorial of those soldierly achievements, which friends of the British Army will preserve in honour for many years to come.

The command of the South-Eastern district has been given to Major-General Fielding, C.B., vice Major-General Newdigate, C.B.

Lord Ripon presided last Saturday at the annual meeting of the National Indian Association. Addresses were delivered by the chairman, Sir G. Campbell, M.P., and several Indian gentlemen, in which the importance of the education of the natives in India was strongly urged.

An open-air meeting was held in the Phœnix Park, Dublin, on Sunday, to protest against the Parliamentary suspension of Mr. O'Brien. The member for Mallow compared the Speaker to Judge Lynch, and the English and Scotch members to the irresponsible mob who carried out his behests. At the close, the Lord Mayor announced that he should not give any official countenance to the Royal visit.

The Scarborough and Whitby new line of railway was informally opened on Saturday, when a special passenger train was run the whole length. The line will be fully completed for traffic in about three months.—The East and West Junction Railway, which runs from Stratford-on-Avon to Blisworth, a distance of about forty miles, was opened for passenger traffic on Monday.

The twenty-ninth annual festival of the friends and supporters of the Warehousemen and Clerks' Schools was held last week, at the Cannon-street Hotel, under the presidency of the treasurer, Mr. S. Hope Morley. The annual statement pointed out that the average number in the schools in 1884 was 190, and the expenditure £6882. Mr. Henry White, secretary to the schools, announced subscriptions and donations to the amount of £3400, the largest sum received for many years.

The School Board for London discussed at much length on Thursday week the question of the proposed site for a school in Green-terrace, Clerkenwell—the result of the debate being a resolution to abandon the site. A motion to refer to a special committee the estimates as to additional expenditure incurred by the new pupil teachers' scheme was, after a long discussion, agreed to. A bequest amounting to £1000 or £1500 was announced to have been left by Mr. Alfred Tylor, late of Newgate-street, to be yearly applied to the foundation and support of one or a number of scholarships for boys and girls.

BIRTHS.

On the 26th ult., at Cockglode, Notts, Mrs. Cecil Foljambe, of a daughter.

On the 28th ult., at Charles-street, Berkeley-square, Lady Abercromby, of Forglen, of a daughter.

On the 2nd inst., at Grosvenor-crescent, the Marchioness of Carmarthen, of a daughter.

DEATHS.

On Feb. 28, 1885, Sir Goldsworthy Gurney, after eleven years of paralysis, the loving and adored father of Anna J. Gurney. (In Memoriam.)

On Feb. 28, at his residence, New Buckenham, Norfolk, Horace Fulcher Howard, Esq., M.R.C.S.E., &c., in his 56th year.

*** *The charge for the insertion of Births, Marriages, and Deaths, is Five Shillings for each announcement.*

POSTAGE FOR FOREIGN PARTS THIS WEEK.

MARCH 7, 1885.

The publication of the Thin Paper Edition of the ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS being for the present week suspended, subscribers will please to notice that copies of this Number forwarded abroad must be prepaid according to the following rates:—*Twopence* to Africa (West Coast of), Alexandria, Australia, Austria, Belgium, Brazil, Canada, Cape of Good Hope, China (viâ United States), Constantinople, Denmark, France, Germany, Gibraltar, Greece, Holland, Italy, Jamaica, Mauritius, New Zealand, Norway, Russia, Spain, Sweden, Switzerland, and United States of America; *Threepence* to China (viâ Brindisi), and India; and *Fourpence* to the Transvaal.

Newspapers for foreign parts must be posted within eight days of the date of publication, irrespective of the *departure* of the mails.

BRIGHTON.—Frequent Trains from Victoria and London Bridge.
Also Trains in connection from Kensington and Liverpool-street.
Return Tickets, London to Brighton, available for eight days.
Weekly, Fortnightly, and Monthly Tickets, at Cheap Rates. Available to travel by all Trains between London and Brighton.
Cheap First-Class Day Tickets to Brighton every Weekday, from Victoria 10.0 a.m., fare 12s. 6d., including Pullman Car.
Cheap Half-Guinea First-Class Day Tickets to Brighton every Saturday from Victoria and London Bridge, admitting to the Grand Aquarium and Royal Pavilion.
Cheap First-Class Day Tickets to Brighton every Sunday from Victoria at 10.45 a.m. and 12.50 p.m.
Pullman Drawing-room Cars between Victoria and Brighton.
Through Bookings to Brighton from principal Stations on the Railways in the Northern and Midland Districts.

PARIS.—SHORTEST, CHEAPEST ROUTE.
Via NEWHAVEN, DIEPPE, and ROUEN.
Cheap Express Service Week-days and Sundays. From Victoria 7.30 p.m., and London Bridge 8.0 p.m. Fares—Single, 34s., 25s., 18s.; Return, 57s., 41s., 32s.
Powerful Paddle steamers, with excellent Cabins, &c. Trains run alongside steamers at Newhaven and Dieppe.
SOUTH OF FRANCE, ITALY, SWITZERLAND, &c.—Tourists' Tickets are issued, enabling the holder to visit all the principal places of interest.

TICKETS and every information at the Brighton Company's West-End General Offices, 28, Regent-circus, Piccadilly, and 8, Grand Hotel Buildings; Hay's Agency, Cornhill; Cook's, Ludgate-circus; also at the Victoria and London Bridge Stations. (By order) J. P. KNIGHT, General Manager.

MONTE CARLO.—MUSICAL SEASON (CONCERTS, REPRESENTATIONS).
In addition to the usual Concerts, directed by Monsieur Romeo Accursi, the Société des Bains de Mer de Monaco has authorised M. Pasdeloup to arrange a Series of Extraordinary Grand Musical Entertainments (Concerts, Representations) this Winter.
The services of the following distinguished Artistes have been already retained:—

Mesdames Kreuss,	Messieurs. Faure,
" Devries,	" Verguet,
" Salla,	" Capoul,
" Biandio,	" Bouhetein,
" Frank-Duvernoy,	" Couturier,
" Belloca,	" Villaret,
" Simonnet.	&c.

Added to which the celebrated Instrumentalists will appear:
VIOLINISTS:
Mons. Sivori, Mons. Marsik, Miss N. Carpenter, American artiste, 1st Conservatoire Prize, 1885.
PIANISTS: Mons. Planté, Mons. Th. Ritter, Madame Essipoff.
HARPIST: Mons. Hasselmans.
These Extraordinary Representations will be given each Wednesday and Saturday, commencing the end of January and terminating the middle of March.
M. Pasdeloup has the excellent idea to terminate each concert by fragments of operas, in costume, and scenery—viz.:

1st Concert.	LES HUGUENOTS.	Fourth Act.
2nd "	RIGOLETTO.	Fourth Act.
3rd "	LUCIA.	Selection.
4th "	MANON.	Second Act.
	FAUST.	Prison Scene.
5th "	HERODIADE.	Selection.
6th "	FAVORITE.	Selection.
	AIDA.	Third Act.
7th "	LAKME.	Selection.
8th "	LE BARBIER.	Selection.
9th "	HAMLET.	Third and Fourth Act.
10th "	LA TRAVIATA.	Fourth Act.
11th "	FAUST.	Garden Scene.
12th "	LE SIGURD.	Brunhilde's Dream.
	LE CHALET.	

TIR AUX PIGEONS DE MONACO.
The following is the Programme:—
BI-WEEKLY MATCHES FOR PRIZES.
Mar. 7: Prix Patton. An object of Art and a Poule of 50f.
Mar. 10: Prix W. Call. A Purse of 500f., added to a Poule of 50f.
GRAND CLOSING PRIZES.
March 12 and 13: Grand Prix de Clôture. A Purse of 4000f. added to 100f entrance; Second Prize, 1000f.; Third Prize, 700f.; Fourth, 200f.
A. BLONDIN, Secretary.

NEWS FROM NICE.—With the exception of a very few wet and cold days, the weather is again splendid. Not a flake of snow has fallen. The sun shines almost perpetually, and the influence of the warm rays makes life enjoyable to all, and more especially to those who have by impaired health sought its influence.
There are no epidemics, and the average mortality of the city in 1884 was less per mille than London and many fashionable towns in England.
The streets, roads, and sewers are constantly cleansed and disinfected, and watered from the mountain stream of the Vesubie. There are three English doctors and physicians in practice here—viz., Messrs. West, Wakefield, and Sturge, and they will be happy to communicate with any intending visitors as to the healthfulness of the town.
The effects of the recent storm (the like of which has been unknown for thirty-five years) were comparatively trifling, and repaired in twenty-four hours. In some few low-lying rooms and cellars, near the Fish Market, the wash from the spent waves had entered, but this was soon pumped out by the firemen and military.

THE VALE OF TEARS.—DORÉ'S Last Great PICTURE, completed a few days before he died, NOW on VIEW at the DORÉ GALLERY, 35, New Bond-street, with his other great pictures. Ten to Six Daily. 1s.

ANNO DOMINI, by EDWIN LONG, R.A.—This great Work is NOW ON VIEW, together with other important works, at the GALLERIES, 168, New Bond-street. Ten to Six. Admission, 1s.

JAPANESE VILLAGE.
Under Royal Patronage,
ALBERT-GATE, HYDE PARK (Near Top of Sloane-street).
Eleven a.m. to Ten p.m. One Shilling. Children under Twelve, Sixpence.
WEDNESDAYS, Half-a-Crown. Children under Twelve, One Shilling.
MILITARY BAND.
Performances in the New Annexe at Twelve, Three, and Eight (free).
Managing Director, TANNAKER BUHICHOSAN.

PRINCESS'S THEATRE.—Mr. WILSON BARRETT, Lessee and Manager.—EVERY EVENING, at 8.30, JUNIUS; or, THE HOUSEHOLD GODS, a Five-Act Play, by the late Lord Lytton, produced under the sole direction of Mr. WILSON BARRETT. Characters by Messrs. Wilson Barrett, Dewhurst, Speakman, Doone, Cooper, Hudson, Fulton, Evans, Burleigh, Besley, Beaumont, Goodall, Lyons, Mr. Lin Rayne, Mr. Carne, Mr. Smedley, Mr. Crisp, Mr. Thorpe, Mr. Dorrell, Mr. Weatherby, and Mr. Coghlan; Mrs. Arthur Stirling, Miss Kate Pattison, Miss Eva Sothern, and Mrs. LANGTRY. Doors open at Half-past Seven; SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL at Eight. Carriages at Eleven. Box-Office open daily from Eleven till Five. No fees. Telephone 3708.—Matinée of SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL, SATURDAY, MARCH 7 and 14, at Two o'Clock. Doors open 1.30. Carriages at Five.—THE PRINCE'S THEATRE, Coventry-street, W.

ST. JAMES'S HALL, PICCADILLY.
EVERY NIGHT at EIGHT O'CLOCK, MONDAY, WEDNESDAY, and SATURDAY at THREE also. THE
MOORE and BURGESS MINSTRELS'
TWENTIETH ANNUAL CARNIVAL OF MUSIC AND FUN. The New Programme. This and EVERY NIGHT at Eight. MONDAY, WEDNESDAY, and SATURDAY at Three and Eight. All New and Beautiful Songs. New Budget of Screamingly Funny Stories. New Comic Sketches. New and Important Additions to the Great Company.

MUSIC.

The opening concert of the seventy-third season of the Philharmonic Society occurred too late last week to admit of comment until now. It is gratifying to find this time-honoured institution, which has had such long and beneficial influence on musical taste in this country, holding its way with every prospect of continued success. Instead of a change of conductor at each concert, as in recent seasons, a judicious alteration has been made by the appointment of one conductor for each of the six concerts of the series. The acceptance of this appointment by Sir Arthur Sullivan offers a strong assurance of efficiency in the musical arrangements. The programme of the opening concert comprised no absolute novelty, but the selection was of varied interest. The excellence of the orchestra was manifested in effective renderings of Mendelssohn's overture to "Athalie" and that by Weber known as "The Ruler of the Spirits," and Brahms's third symphony. Herr Joachim played Beethoven's violin concerto with the same success as on many occasions, and Mdlle. Elly Warnots contributed vocal solos with much effect, the pieces chosen having been Handel's "Sweet Bird" (the flute obbligato finely played by Mr. Svendsen), and Bellini's aria "Come per me." Sir Arthur Sullivan received a warm greeting on his appearance.

The Sacred Harmonic Society yesterday (Friday) week rendered its tribute to the commemoration of the bicentenary of the birth of Handel by performing his "Belshazzar," an oratorio that has been strangely neglected, notwithstanding that it contains some grand choral writing. It was revived by the old Sacred Harmonic Society in 1847, and again by the Royal Albert Hall Choral Society in 1873. The choral music in "Belshazzar" may compare, in grandeur and science, with that of any other of Handel's oratorios, and it was very finely rendered in last week's performance. The principal soloists, Miss Marriott, Madame Patey, and Mr. E. Lloyd, gave, respectively, the music of Nitocris, Cyrus, and Belshazzar, with excellent effect; that of Gobrias having been well declaimed by Mr. Bridson. A very promising first appearance was made by Miss Chester (a pupil of Mr. W. H. Cummings). The young lady, who was heard for the first time at a great public concert, gave the solo music of Daniel in a way to elicit very general applause. With more experience, and the consequent gain of confidence, Miss Chester may prove a valuable addition to the list of oratorio singers. Mr. Charles Hallé conducted the performance with care and judgment, and Mr. Fountain Meen was an efficient organist. "Elijah" is to be given by the society on March 27.

Last Saturday's Crystal Palace concert was rendered partially commemorative of the bicentenary of the birth of Bach, having been somewhat in anticipation of the anniversary date thereof—March 21. The selection from his works opened with the overture belonging to the orchestral "Suite" in C, and included Herr Joachim's fine performance of the "Chaconne" in D minor for violin alone; the concerto in the same key for two violins, by the same executant and Herr R. Heckmann; an organ toccata and fugue ably rendered by Mr. A. J. Eyre—having closed with extracts from the sacred cantata "Ein' feste Burg ist unser Gott," so entitled from the Lutheran chorale, which is introduced into the cantata, that fine old tune being the musical watchword of religious liberty in Germany. The tenor solos in this music were well sung by Mr. H. Kearton. The remainder of Saturday's concert consisted of Mendelssohn's violin concerto—played by Herr Joachim—and Brahms's Festival Overture on German Student songs.

The Monday Popular concert of this week included the only appearance here of Signor Bottesini, whose extraordinary performances on his unwieldy instrument have long since gained for him the appellation of "the Paganini of the double-bass." His reappearance in London, after a long interval, took place at a Philharmonic concert last year. On Monday he played, as finely as ever, in an andante and rondo of his own composition, and was greeted with an enthusiastic encore. Other features of the programme call for no comment.

The first of Herr Franke's three concerts of chamber music, introducing the Heckmann quartet party (from Cologne), took place at Prince's Hall on Thursday week, when the programme consisted of string quartets by Schumann (No. 3 of op. 41, in A), Beethoven (op. 95, in F minor), and Schubert (posthumous, in D minor). The members of the party—Herren R. Heckmann, O. Forberg, T. Allekotte, and R. Bellman—are, individually, highly skilled artists; and their performances collectively have a consentaneousness rarely heard, and such as can only result from special musical intelligence and indefatigable practice. Energy without exaggeration, and delicacy without feebleness are admirably realised; together with the clearness and decision of rhythm and accent that cannot be over estimated. The second performance was given last Tuesday evening, and the third is announced for next Tuesday evening.

Mdlle. Louise Douste (De Fortis) gave a recital at Prince's Hall last week, as already briefly stated. The young pianist manifested high skill and an individuality of style in her several performances of music by Schumann, Chopin, and other composers. There is a distinctiveness about her playing that should gain for her a special place among public artists. The recital included vocal pieces rendered by Miss Griswold, and the co-operation of Mr. Kornfeld (violin) and Mr. Whitehouse (violoncello).

The Paddington Choral Association gave a performance of "The Messiah" at Prince's Hall last Monday evening.

Mr. John Boosey's last London Ballad concert of the series took place, at St. James's Hall, on Wednesday evening, when a programme of varied attractions was prepared.

Mr. Isidore de Lara and M. Henri Logé announced the first of two "Soirées Artistiques" to take place, at Prince's Hall, last Thursday evening, the second being fixed for next Tuesday evening.

Gounod's oratorio, "The Redemption," will be repeated by the Royal Albert Hall Choral Society—conducted by Mr. Barnby—next Wednesday evening.

The Highbury Philharmonic Society give an orchestral concert next Monday evening in the Highbury Athenæum—the programme including Beethoven's Pastoral Symphony; Selections from Suite Dvorák and Mendelssohn's "Midsummer Night's Dream"; Overtures—"Oberon," Weber, and "Hans Heiling," Marschner; Choral Motets; "Gloria," Hauptmann; "Pater Noster," Meyerbeer; &c.

Mr. Louis Milbourne's second American concert, under distinguished American patronage, will take place at the Prince's Hall, Piccadilly, next Monday evening, at which several American artists of note will assist.

Dr. Damrosch, whose death was recently reported from New York, had gained much distinction there as a musician, especially as an orchestral conductor. He organised the Oratorio Society, the Symphony Society, the May Festival, and German opera performances.

A correspondent of the *Standard*, writing from Buckhurst Hill, says that the nightingale was heard there on Friday night.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

A play full of dignity and noble purpose, the work of a scholar and a dramatist; a tragedy, sonorous enough to suit the supporters of the old stage, and yet sufficiently attractive to influence the patrons of the modern theatre; the kind of play that should be the ambition of an earnest manager to produce, the style of work that a critic appreciative of art would not carelessly reject; in a word, an entertainment worthy the approval of a cultured public:—such, I ventured to think, would have been the verdict solemnly pronounced on Lord Lytton's posthumous "Junius; or, The Household Gods." And yet, though it is the fashion to sneer at modern managers for their attention to trade, it is curious to notice what small credit they get for their earnestness in the cause of art. The irreverent playgoer is patted on the back by the cynical critic. The manager who dares to suggest imagination and poetry in connection with stage work is instantly compelled to run a gauntlet of chaff, and to stand a fire of insolent modern satire. When Lord Lytton sat down to write a tragedy on the subject chosen by Shakspeare for his "Rape of Lucrece," the dishonour of the fair and virtuous Lucretia at the hands of the base Sextus Tarquin, the tale of the suppression of sensuality by the free and honest clamour of liberal Rome, he little dreamed of the existence of a drama-loving people who could clamour so loudly for literature on the stage, and treat it with such scorn when it was suggested. That the appearance of an Oscan slave, dark-skinned and cat-footed, should immediately suggest the Mahdi; that the blazing hearth, by which Lucretia sits singing during her husband's absence, should be likened to a Christmas bowl of snapdragon; that the fall of the tutelary deities or household gods during a thunderstorm should be compared to the scattering of the pins at a game of skittles; that the appearance of the weird Sibyl out of the lonely rocks in the environs of old Rome should call up recollections of the hermit of Cremorne; or that "The Removal of the Household Goods" should be instantly suggested as the title for an instant burlesque, are circumstances that should cause no surprise. No one can stop the tongue of the so-called wag—the nuisance of the modern playhouse. But that which is surprising is that importance and currency should be given to such very cheap ribaldry. It seems to be the purpose of modern criticism to encourage irreverence, and to make the work of such men as Henry Irving and Wilson Barrett doubly difficult. There is little disposition, in considering a work of this kind, to view it, with all its faults, as infinitely superior to anything we have had for a considerable time in the way of dignity and purpose. Supposing the opening acts are dull, can it be denied that the succeeding scenes are as stirring as they are dramatic? Granted that the story is slight, can it be conscientiously stated that it is ever trivial? Assuming that the acting is unequal, was it in any instance found to be commonplace or vulgar? It seemed to me that the audience on the first night was conquered and convinced by the dramatic power of the play; that they hesitated at the outset, but warmed gradually as the fire of interest glowed; that they were disappointed at the exordium, but accepted the story from the time of Lucretia's dishonour as one of stirring strength, having for its conclusion a last act as fine and worthy as anyone would desire to find in tragedy. And yet these same people, with all their ill-defined ambition for better things, are to be told next day how foolish they were to accept electro-plate for solid silver. "How can such a subject be possibly good?" says one. "Why, Shakspeare would have used it for a play if it were worth anything, and as it was he only made a poem out of it! It stands to reason Lord Lytton was wrong." "What nonsense to believe the play can be a good one!" says another. "Why, it has been buried away and never produced since the days of Macready! It is not likely that any good wine could have been overlooked in the dramatic cellar; at any rate, we do not intend to commit ourselves to the tasting of Bulwerian port. We know far more about new champagne." A third, not content with ridiculing a play that must be bad because it is posthumous, actually implies that to think well of such a work is a proof of venality! The faith that would encourage such a play as "Junius" as a step in the right direction is regarded as a personal affront. It is not possible apparently to echo the praise and good feeling of a crowded house without loss of self-respect. We are gravely told that "when the echoes of inspired or sycophantic criticism have died away," then "Junius" will appear in its true light—mere rhetorical rubbish. Of "Claudian," its authors, designers, and promoters, it has been said, "Enter boldly here, for here, too, are gods!" These are the words that were to be inscribed on the porticoes of the Princess's Theatre a few months ago as aids and supports to the literary drama; but, in the case of Lord Lytton's play, praise far less enthusiastic can only be the work of inspired writers and sycophants! Honestly and seriously, is this the way to advance literature and order on the stage? May it not sometimes be granted that the only "motive" in writing, whether it be praise or blame, is a desire of saying what is conscientiously believed to be true and just?

Of the literature of Lord Lytton's play I am not prepared to be so dogmatic as many of those who have contemptuously snuffed it out. I cannot judge of the poetry of a play by a few extracts printed and sent round for quotation. They are probably those I should feel least inclined to allude to had I space at my command. Some day, perhaps, we shall see "The Household Gods" in print, and then it will be time to say whether it be poetry or pedantry. Both silly and sycophantic as it may appear, this is just one of those plays I should like to see again, not alone for its exquisite setting, not only for the pictures of old Rome and such scenes as have not been presented since Mr. Irving mounted the Poet Laureate's "Cup." I was impressed with the scene between Brutus and the Oscan slave on the eve of the rebellion to dethrone the Tarquins; with the weird incantation of the Sibyl that first strikes the keynote of the drama; with the scene between Lucretia and the treacherous Sextus in the still summer evening that precedes the fateful thunderstorm; with that fine and most impressive scene where Lucretia, clad in her mourning robes, wails forth her unutterable woe before her father, husband, and kinsmen, and falls dead with shame at their astonished feet. I was struck with the final passage of that stirring act when, led by Brutus, recovered to reason, the indignant people cry for vengeance on the Tarquins; and, lastly, I could see with pleasure many times the whole of the last act, in which the cowardly and cringing Sextus shaking on his throne is brought face to face with his dead victim, and pays the penalty of his atrocious crime. It is possible that some thousands of playgoers may incline to the same honest opinion, even before "the echoes of inspired or sycophantic criticism have died away"; and may consider the play not, indeed, as perfect, and occasionally as dull, but, on the whole, as a thing worthy to see and excellent to consider. Tragedies are not apt to go off so spick and span as modern melodramas. As we are sententiously told, "The writer of a blank-verse tragedy employs perforce a strange and stilted tongue." He does. Shakspeare suffered from that unfortunate complaint; but it is not yet considered "sycophantic" to admire Shakspeare.

It has been pointed out, no doubt with justice, that the probable reason that this play has remained so long on the shelf is that it contains two parts of almost equal importance. Human nature exists on the stage as well as elsewhere; and leading tragedians, as a rule, do not care to divide their glory. They certainly did not in the days of Macready. This circumstance did not, however, influence Mr. Wilson Barrett, who has selected the less showy part of Brutus, and has thereby materially increased the value of the success. No one on the stage could play Brutus or look it half so well as Mr. Barrett. On him the whole weight of the play falls. It is the axle on which the whole dramatic machinery revolves. An insignificant or uninteresting Brutus would have ruined the play. If the subject is to receive dignity and to command attention, the Junius Brutus must be a pleasant figure to look upon and with an agreeable voice to hear. The value of Mr. Barrett's physique, acting, and elocution is extremely great, and this fact will be generally recognised by all who have studied acting. The part of Sextus Tarquin is unquestionably a fine one, with great opportunities invaluable to a great actor. Mr. Willard cannot do all that might be done with Tarquin, but he makes no mistakes. He does not always rise to the occasion, but he is seldom insignificant. His last act is the best, though it contains no sign of absolute genius. It is a creditable, clever performance; it might be a grand one. Had a genius been here, probably Lord Lytton's play would have been lauded to the skies, for it is so difficult to discriminate between a tragedy finely and tamely performed in its most stirring scenes. Miss Eastlake, in the character of Lucretia, is seen at her best. She has shaken off the hysterical manner that prejudiced her earliest efforts, and may be highly commended for her acting in the scene descriptive of Lucretia's ruin. It was most artistic and effective. Mr. Hudson, Mr. Speakman, Mr. Evans, Mr. Fulton, and Mr. Clifford Cooper are all seen to advantage in the cast. The play is magnificently mounted, and it should be recommended as an honest and brave attempt to revive an interest in the poetical drama. It appeals to thoughtful men and educated minds, and should not be the less welcome on that account.

A notice of the revival of "Masks and Faces," produced at the Haymarket, is unavoidably deferred until next week. A new spectacular play, set in old Venice, and called "The Lady of the Locket," is to be produced at the Imperial Theatre on Thursday—too late for notice; and the promised melodrama by Mr. G. R. Sims, for the Adelphi, has been postponed until Easter Eve.

C. S.

The Marquis of Ripon on Tuesday took part in turning the first turf of a third park and recreation-ground, about eighty acres in extent, at Hull.

The *Gazette* announces the appointment of Sir James Fergusson, Bart., Governor of Bombay, to be an Extra Knight Grand Commander of the Star of India.

Mr. John Kenelm Digby Wingfield-Digby (Conservative), of Sherborne Castle, Dorsetshire, was on Tuesday returned unopposed for Mid-Somerset, in succession to Mr. Gore-Langton, who resigned.

The thirty-eighth festival of the Asylum for Idiots, Earlswood, was held at the Albion Tavern, Aldersgate, on Tuesday evening—Sir Farrer Herschell, M.P., the Solicitor-General, in the chair. The subscriptions amounted to £1518.

There were 2709 births and 1569 deaths registered in London last week, the former having been 110 and the latter 219 below the average numbers in the corresponding weeks of the past ten years. The deaths included 18 from smallpox, 29 from measles, 16 from scarlet fever, 16 from diphtheria, and 45 from whooping cough.

The Lord Mayor has received over £2000 in aid of the Mansion House Fund for a National Memorial to General Gordon, which was only started on Wednesday week. Messrs M. N. Rothschild and Sons and Messrs. Baring Brothers have each given £500; J. R. A., £250; Mr. Walter Morrison, £100; Mr. R. Loder, M.P., £100; and Mr. Mackenzie, of Fawley Court, £10.

The London Society of Compositors has issued its thirty-seventh annual report, which shows that during the past year over £4000 was paid to unemployed members, nearly £1000 for superannuation, £1100 to representatives of deceased members, £150 to medical charities, and over £550 to men who had been discharged for adherence to trade society principles. Other and smaller items of expenditure represent such benefits as assisted emigration, removal grants, compensation for loss of tools in fires, and the free use of a library of 9000 volumes.

The Architectural and Building Trades Exhibition was opened at the Floral Hall, Covent-garden, on Monday, under the auspices of the Society of Architects. It is one of the most complete collections of specimens and appliances that has yet been brought together. There was a soirée given on Monday evening, which was well attended, the programme of entertainments including musical and theatrical performances and recitations. The exhibition continued open to the public during the remainder of the week, conferences being held daily in the afternoon.

Cunningham and Burton were again brought up at Bow-street, last Monday, on the charge of being concerned in causing the dynamite explosion in the Tower. Mr. Poland stated that the movements of both prisoners to and from America had been traced for several months back, and it had been proved that they were connected in this work. Evidence was given connecting them both with the explosion which took place at the Victoria Station, as well as that on the Metropolitan Railway. On Tuesday several Southampton witnesses were examined in support of the statement that the portmanteau containing dynamite found at Charing-cross Station was bought by Burton on his arrival from America.

It seems probable that the shilling pocket edition system has a prosperous future before it in this country. Messrs. Sampson Low, Marston, and Co. have undertaken "The Waterside Series" in this form, to be edited by Redspinner. We have received the first number, in the shape of a neatly got up issue of *Waterside Sketches*, the editor's first angling book, which has been for some time out of print. Its popularity certainly warranted the republication. There is little doubt that the aspiration of the preface will be fully realised, and that readers "will appreciate the opportunity now given them of obtaining cheap and handy editions, that may be clapped into the pocket, to fill up odd half-hours, either by the fireside or on fishing excursions." Mr. Senior, however, has always striven, successfully, to interest other than angling readers, and to fill in the framework of sport with the delightful colouring of country life. "Waterside Sketches" is a companion volume to the recently published and successful "Amateur Angler's Days in Dovedale" (favourably noticed in our columns), which, it is an open secret, was written by Mr. Marston, long connected with the firm from which it emanated. "The Waterside Series," of which five numbers are already announced, should, and no doubt will, be a most welcome addition to our bookstall literature.

THE MAGAZINES FOR MARCH.

"Rainbow Gold" continues to be the chief attraction of the *Cornhill*; yet, though an exceedingly clever story, the ability displayed is too purely literary. The personages, though in no respect unnatural, impress us rather as ingeniously contrived than as creations or transcripts from nature. The same inability to compel belief spoils "The Two Carnegies," a disagreeable tale enough, but which might otherwise have been powerful. It is not that the incidents themselves lack verisimilitude, but there is an absence of the force necessary for impressing a painful conception on the imagination. "Recollections of Buddhist Monasteries" are highly entertaining, and there is a paper of pleasant scientific chat about the artistic achievements of prehistoric man.

Loyal readers will be gratified with the pleasant, simple extracts from the diary of Prince Edward and Prince George's voyage in the Bacchante, given in the *English Illustrated Magazine*, with excellent woodcuts of Australian scenery interspersed. "A Family Affair" continues interesting, and has a powerful chapter on the proceedings of a liberated convict. There is a valuable paper on the art of casting in bronze, by a sculptor of practical experience; and Professor Minto contributes an amusing paper on pilgrimages, made up in a great measure from a very practical guide-book for the use of pilgrims printed by Caxton.

Blackwood is by no means brilliant this month, being mainly occupied with political articles, which may be sound, but are certainly dreary. The principal exceptions are the conclusion of "Plain Frances Mowbray," a good story; and the continuation of "The Waters of Hercules," one of the best specimens of the characteristically Blackwoodian novel.

We hardly know whether to account it a satisfactory symptom that the *North American Review* should be so largely indebted to English writers. The contributions of Archdeacon Farrar, Professor Max Müller, and Mr. G. J. Romanes are all valuable, and the interchange of thought between the two great branches of the Anglo-Saxon race is an excellent thing in itself; but we should like a more pronounced national character in a journal once so distinctively American. The only remarkable article by an American writer is Mr. Murat Halstead's on Sectionalism at the South, the evil of which seems, somehow, to have become more visible than of yore—since the Republicans lost the Presidential election.

It is amusing enough to remark everybody's haste, when any great personality or great book appears, to appropriate the corner which happens to be congenial or significant to himself. Mr. Hutton, discussing George Eliot's biography in the *Contemporary Review*, can see nothing but the discomfort that befell George Eliot from her inability to agree with Mr. Hutton in theology; a discomfort, as Carlyle would have said, in nowise visible to us. Mr. F. Harrison, in the *Fortnightly Review*, does more justice to George Eliot's grave and chastened happiness in the future she discerned for mankind; but he, too, has omitted to swallow his formula, and plainly admires George Eliot as a great and noble woman, who came nearer than most to being a disciple of M. Comte. In truth, both Mr. Hutton's and Mr. Harrison's essays are tracts in disguise. The latter, however, has the merit of being the only generally readable article in the *Fortnightly*, for Mr. May's extremely valuable article on the Bank of England only addresses a special class; and the discussions on India, Imperialism, and the Land Laws, though frequently able, are dry. Sir Lepel Griffin may be right or wrong in his controversy with Mr. Wilfrid S. Blunt, but he does not add to the force of his arguments by bestowing such an obviously inappropriate designation as "An Indian Thersites" upon the latter.

The *Contemporary*, as a whole, is greatly superior to the *Fortnightly* this month. Sir Richard Temple's discussion of the probable effect of Mahdism on India will be read with great interest; and Mrs. Pfeiffer's plea for female suffrage is one of the most spirited papers called forth by that subject. Miss Leppington's analysis of Amiel's journal preserves much of the aroma of that delicate piece of spiritual introspection. Professor Dallinger's review of the recent progress of biology treats of some important discoveries—the oviparousness of the Platypus and its allies, and the occurrence of insects in strata of immense antiquity.

The *National Review* also shows improvement. The best among several good articles are M. Katscher's impartial sketch of the Salvation Army, Mr. Lethbridge's investigation of the possibility of a customs' union with the Colonies, and Mr. Blackburne Daniell's reasonable and weighty exposition of the mischief and unfairness of the Redistribution Bill, as it stands, in Ireland.

Harper, besides its always excellent stories, has illustrated papers on the House of Orange and on Washington City, displaying the great progress of domestic architecture in the United States, and a curious set of extracts from Jefferson's accounts, showing a singular combination of method and extravagance. In a striking paper on "Manifest Destiny," Professor Fiske contends that the economic competition of America must eventually render European armaments impossible, and pave the way for a universal federation of mankind.

A varied number of the *Atlantic Monthly* continues Mr. Craddock's excellent "Prophet of the Great Smoky Mountains," and Miss O'Meara's recollections of Madame Mohl's salon. Other contributions of mark are the commencement of Oliver Wendell Holmes's "New Portfolio," Mr. Bishop's Mark Twain-like "Brown Stone Boy," and a sketch of Turgeneff's mother, a fearful and terrible old lady.

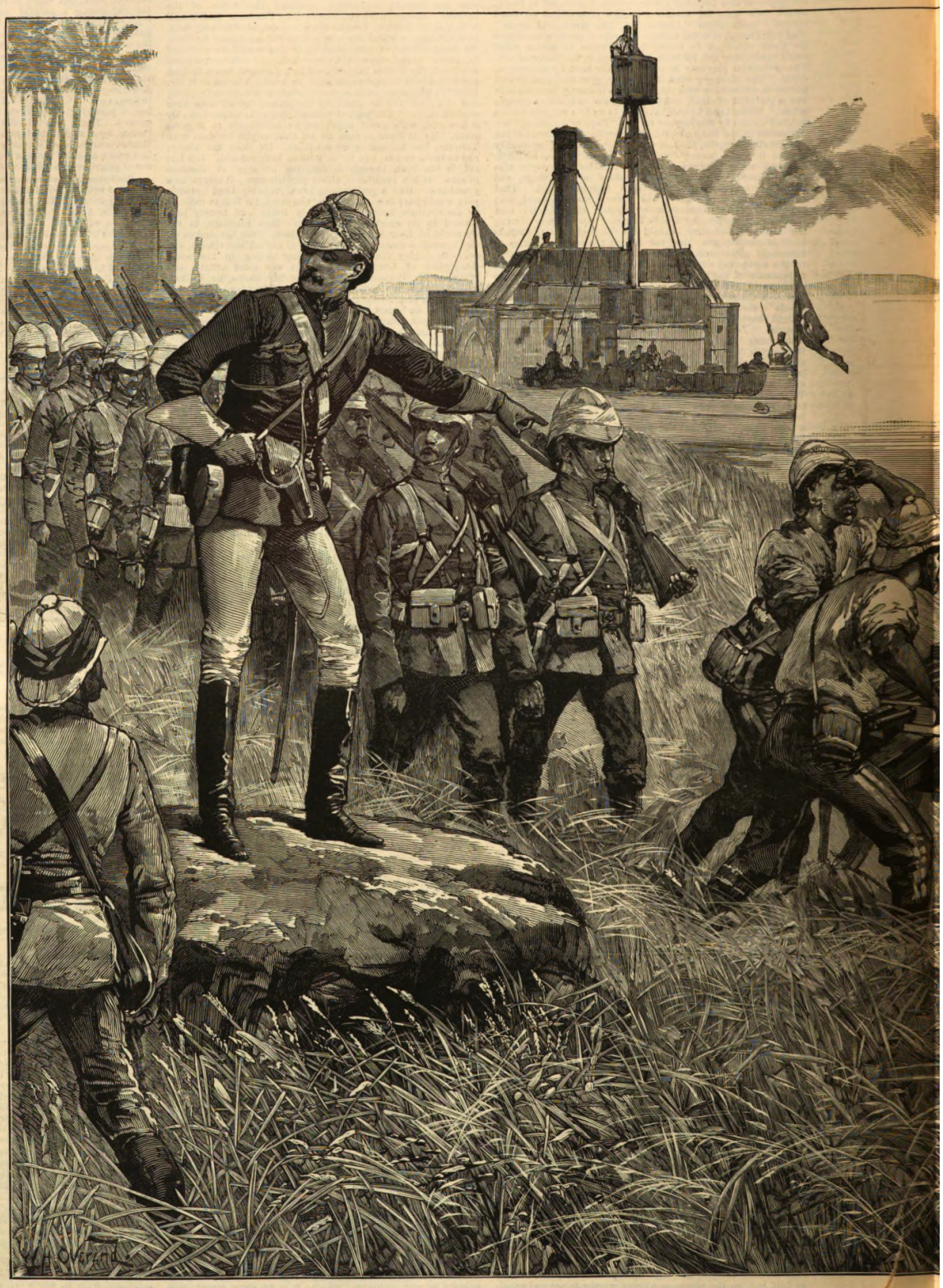
The *Century*, always in the vanguard with subjects arresting public interest, has a magnificently illustrated paper on the "Land of the False Prophet," which conveys a most vivid idea of the physical features of that rugged and savage region. The illustrations to Professor Langley's astronomical paper are equally fine, though some are borrowed from Nasmyth and Carpenter. There is also a striking portrait of Daniel Webster, and the usual wealth of illustration in the military reminiscences of the Civil War, the subjects this month being the duel of the Monitor and the Merrimac, and the first stage of McClellan's Peninsular campaign.

The *Melbourne Review* is always a welcome visitor, attesting the prevalence of earnest views combined with decided literary faculty in Australia. All the papers in the two numbers before us are suggestive, those on legal and ecclesiastical questions particularly so.

We have not space to do more than to commend to our readers the new numbers of the *Art Journal*, and the *Magazine of Art*, both of which are of unusual excellence.

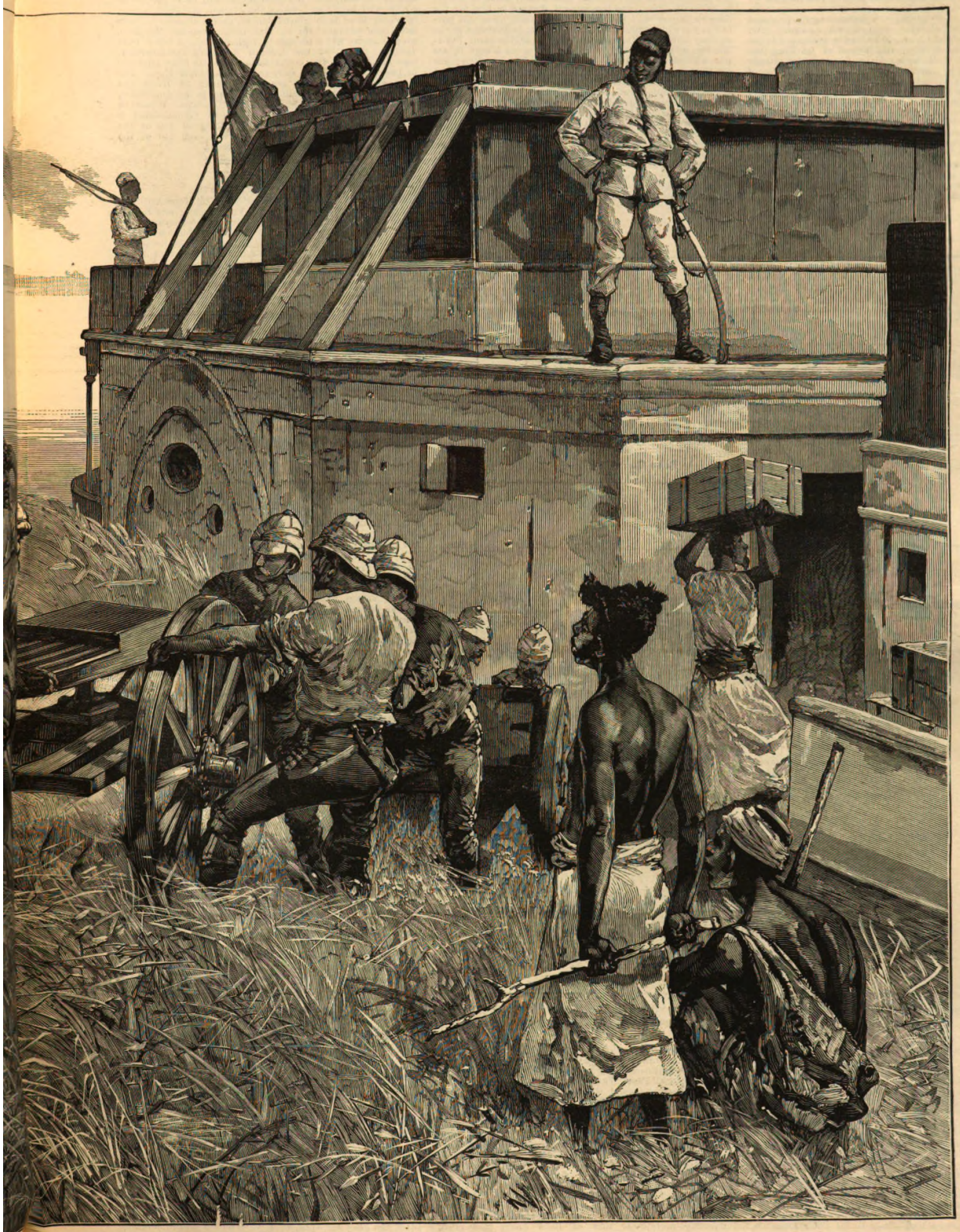
Other magazines will be noticed next week.

At the Sandown Park Meeting last week the Grand Prize was carried off by Mr. J. H. Houldsworth's Master M'Grath, Mr. T. Cannon's Dethroned being second. Mr. T. Cannon's Nosegay won the Metropolitan Hunters' Flat Race, Mr. H. Hungerford's Freney took the St. James's Stakes, and the Duke of Hamilton's Terrier won the Wolsey Handicap.



THE WAR IN THE SOUDAN: STARTING FOR KHARTOUM—SIR CHARLES WI LSON, WI

SKETC H BY OUR SPEC



AN ESCORT OF THE SUSSEX REGIMENT, EMBARKING AT GUBAT, TO GO UP THE NILE.

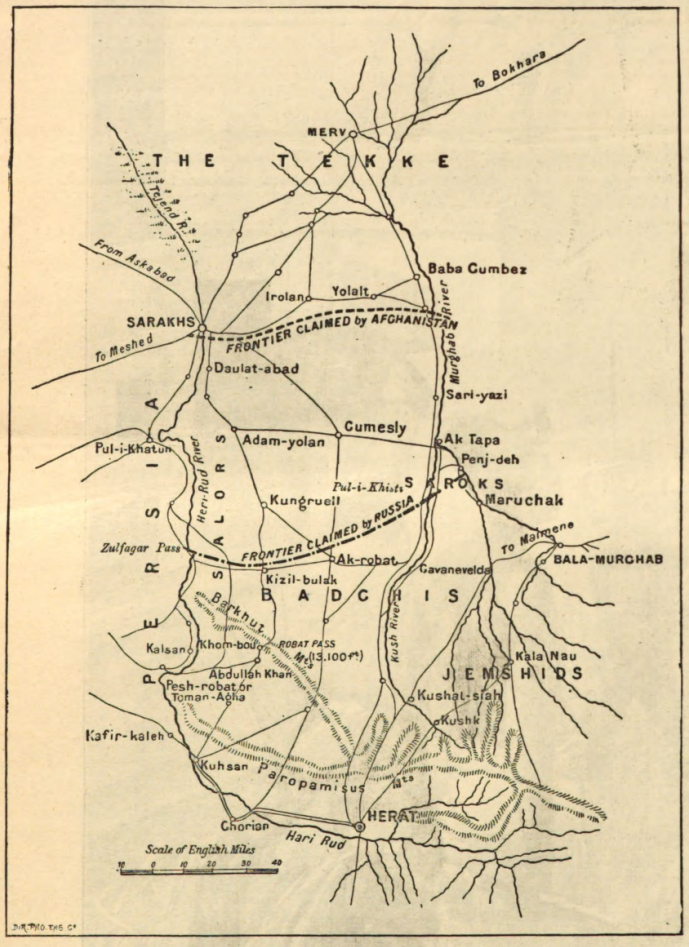
ARTIST, MR. MELTON PRIOR.

THE AFGHAN FRONTIER INVADED BY RUSSIA.

On Tuesday, in both Houses of Parliament, Ministerial statements of the gravest importance were made concerning the sudden encroachments of the Russian military forces within the territory of Afghanistan immediately north of Herat. This act is the more unjustifiable, taking place as it does in the presence of the British Commissioner, General Sir Peter Lumsden, who has been kept waiting above two months for the expected arrival of the Russian Commissioner to perform the appointed task of surveying and delineating the proposed boundary, which would have been drawn eastward from Sarakhs to the Murghab river, to be thence continued to the Oxus. The Russian Government, instead of fulfilling that engagement, has sent M. Lessar to London to prefer entirely new claims, upon very frivolous grounds, to a large portion of the Badghis country, lying between the two rivers Heri-rud and Murghab, including the strategic routes of approach to the city of Herat; and it has now, without any apparent warrant, permitted its military authorities on the border of Turkestan to thrust forward their outposts forty or fifty miles southward, seizing the Zulfagar Pass, on the Heri-rud above Pul-i-Khatun (which the Russians occupied several months ago), with the line eastward through Ak-robat to the Kushk river, thence down that stream to Pul-i-Khisti, and to the Murghab above Penjdeh. These places, with Ak Tapa, at present held by an Afghan garrison, and with Sari-yazi, lower down the Murghab, would thus be appropriated by the Russian Empire.

Ak Tapa, which appears in this Number, with those of several of the leading native inhabitants of Penjdeh, who belong to the Sarok Turkoman race, but are unquestionably subjects of the Ameer of Afghanistan.

With reference to the particular Sketches given this week, some of them were taken at Penjdeh, on the Murghab, which is the river flowing northward from the mountains of Afghanistan over the steppe, the habitation of the Tekke Turkomans, recently made Russian subjects, to Merv. The country between the Murghab and the Heri-rud, immediately north of Herat, is called Badghis; and the present dispute is how far the Russian Empire shall be allowed to encroach upon this particular piece of territory, which is of great importance to the military defence of Herat and of Western Afghanistan. Pul-i-Khatun, on the Heri-rud, and Penjdeh, on the Murghab, are places which Russia has apparently no right to occupy; but the Russian pretensions extend still farther, under the pretext that the Salor Turkomans, who are now reckoned to belong to the Russian protectorate, have a customary pasturage for their cattle in the well-watered plains of Badghis. On the eastern side of that country the Murghab is joined, near Ak Tapa, by another river, the Kushk; and some of our Artist's Sketches are views of the Kushk Valley, and of the confluence of these two rivers, close to the Afghan fort at Ak Tapa. Kona Penjdeh, or "Old Penjdeh," as it is locally styled, is not, so far as Mr. Simpson could ascertain, a place thus called to distinguish it from a "New Penjdeh"; but the prefix to its name seems rather to denote its positive antiquity, as there are signs of an ancient town having formerly existed there. It consists at



MAP SHOWING THE DISPUTED FRONTIER BETWEEN RUSSIAN TURKESTAN AND AFGHANISTAN.
(The Zulfagar Pass, Ak-robat, Pul-i-Khisti, and Sari-yazi have just been seized by the Russians.)

Our Special Artist, Mr. William Simpson, who accompanied Sir Peter Lumsden and his staff from England, travelling through Persia and Khorassan, has been in the country now in dispute since the first week of November; and we are thus enabled, at this critical moment, to present accurate views, from his Sketches, of many of the places in the Badghis territory, which had seldom previously been visited by European travellers who could furnish an exact description of them. A portion of the Sketches already in hand, comprising those of Pul-i-Khisti, on the Kushk river, six miles from Penjdeh; Ak Tapa, at the junction of the Kushk and Murghab rivers; Kala-i-Maur and Kara Tapa, on the Kushk, and Kona Penjdeh, are given in this week's Number of our Journal. We reserve for next week several Views of Old and New Sarakhs, of Pul-i-Khatun, and of other places on the Heri-rud, with a Sketch Map of the Heri-rud Valley from Pul-i-Khatun up to the Zulfagar Pass, drawn by Captain A. F. Barrow, aide-de-camp to Sir Peter Lumsden, and communicated by him to our Special Artist. Portraits of the Russian Generals Komaroff and Alikhanoff, the first Governor of the Trans-Caspian Provinces, the latter Governor of Merv, are in our possession, as well as that of the Afghan General Ghous-ud-din Khan, commanding the frontier garrison at present of a small collection of huts or "kibitkas," the tents of the Sarok Turkoman people, on the Murghab, about six miles to the north-east of Pul-i-Khisti, and nearly the same distance from Ak Tapa. The position of Ak Tapa is really more important, as it commands the two rivers of Eastern Badghis, and the direct approach to Herat up the Kushk valley, which is evident from a glance at the Map. "Ak Tapa," in the Turkoman language means "The White Mound." There is a very large artificial mound here, 300 yards long, 150 yards wide, and 100 ft. high, formed of the lightish grey soil of the place. It may have been the site of an ancient temple; but the Afghans have converted it into a fort, erecting an earthen parapet around it, with a few embrasures for artillery. The Afghan commander is General Ghous-ud-din, a native of the tribe of Baruki, in the Logur valley, not far from Cabul. Our Artist has drawn the portrait of this officer, who is "comparatively young, and seems an active and able man." Another interesting portrait is that of Baba Karir, a Dervish, who is partly deaf and partly dumb; he comes from Balkh, but is a Sarok Turkoman, and now lives at Penjdeh. He was once a slave, and killed a man, for which he had his right hand cut off; yet he still carries a musket and several pistols and daggers, and wears round his neck a piece of the rope he was once bound with. The Sarok or Sarik Turkomans formerly occupied Merv, but were driven south by the Tekke Turkomans, who have lately been subdued by Russia. Mr. Simpson regards the Sarok as a mixed race, between the Persian and Mongolian types.

The recent news, telegraphed on the 23rd inst., is that Sir Peter Lumsden has now quitted Bala Murghab for a point nearer to Herat—namely, Galran or Girlin, forty miles east of the Heri-rud and between the two rivers, in the disputed territory of Badghis. His present care will be to prevent an outbreak of hostilities between the Afghans and the Russians, of which there is imminent danger, as the Russian outposts have been advanced on the Heri-rud, and on the Murghab, over a country which belongs to Afghanistan. A report from Teheran says that the Russian Boundary Commissioner, General Zelenoy, who ought to have met Sir Peter Lumsden in December, is not to start from Tiflis before May. The most alarming rumours are current both at Herat and in India. We would fain believe them to be unfounded, but there is great cause for serious apprehensions. It must be remembered, however, that the British Commissioner is supported by a military force, consisting of 200 of the 11th Bengal Lancers, under Major Bax, and 250 of the Punjaub Native Infantry, with other troops.

OBITUARY.

COLONEL FOX STRANGWAYS.

Colonel Walter Aston Fox Strangways, Royal Horse Artillery, Knight of the Legion of Honour, Commandant and Superintendent of the School of Gunnery at Shoeburyness, was killed from the effects of the lamentable explosion at that place on the 26th ult. He was born Dec. 14, 1832, the second son of the Rev. Henry Fox Strangways, Rector of Rewe, Devon, whose father, the Hon. and Rev. Charles Redlynch Fox Strangways, was third son of Stephen, first Earl of Ilchester. Colonel Fox Strangway's mother, Hester Eleanora Buller, was aunt of Sir Redvers Buller, K.C.B., and his uncle, Brigadier General Thomas Fox Strangways, commanded the Royal Artillery in the Crimea, and fell at Inkerman. The gallant and accomplished officer whose death we record entered the Horse Artillery in 1850, and served through the Crimean campaign at the Alma, Balaclava, Inkerman, and Sebastopol, receiving the medal, with four clasps, the Turkish medal, and the Legion of Honour. He married, Aug. 19, 1858, Harriet Elizabeth, second daughter of Mr. John Edward Buller, of Chase Lodge, Enfield, and leaves issue.

COLONEL FRANCIS LYON.

Colonel Francis Lyon, Royal Artillery, Superintendent of the Royal Laboratory at Woolwich, a scientific officer of high attainments, died on the 27th ult., from the terrible wounds he received at the explosion at Shoeburyness. He was the inventor of the fuze which caused the accident. Colonel Lyon, born Jan. 11, 1834, was fourth son of the late Mr. Thomas Lyon, of Appleton Hall, county of Chester, J.P. and D.L., by Eliza, his wife, daughter of Mr. George Clayton, of Lostock Hall, Lancashire. He entered the Artillery in 1851, served in the Indian Mutiny, and was present at the siege and capture of Lucknow. From 1871 to 1876 he acted as Assistant Superintendent of the Royal Laboratory, and became Superintendent in 1880. He married, June 23, 1863, Flora, sister of the present Viscount Valentia, and leaves issue.

CAPTAIN GOOLD-ADAMS.

Captain Francis Michael Goold-Adams, R.A., Assistant Superintendent of the School of Gunnery, a young officer of great promise, was killed at Shoeburyness on the 26th ult. He was second son of the late Mr. Richard Wallis Goold-Adams, of Jamesbrook, county Cork, High Sheriff, 1868, by Mary Sarah, his wife, daughter of Sir William Wrixon Becher, Bart., and was born Dec. 20, 1854. He entered the Artillery in 1873, and served in the Afghan campaign of 1878-9.

MRS. MILNER-GIBSON.

Susannah Arethusa, widow of the Right Hon. Thomas Milner-Gibson, of Theberton House, Suffolk, formerly President of the Board of Trade, died at Paris on the 23rd ult., aged seventy-one. She was only child of the late Sir Thomas Gery Cullum, Bart., of Hardwick House, Bury St. Edmunds; was married in 1832, and had issue two sons and two daughters. The elder son, Joseph Jasper Alexander Milner-Gibson, is of Theberton House, and the younger, George Gery Milner-Gibson-Cullum, of Hardwick House. The late Mrs. Milner-Gibson had a leading position in Roman Catholic society, and was highly esteemed.

We have also to record the deaths of—

Admiral Henry W. Bayfield, F.R.A.S., one of the oldest naval officers, recently, in his ninetieth year.

Mr. Evelyn Pitfield Shirley Sturt, youngest son of the late Mr. Thomas Lennox Napier Sturt, and first cousin of Lord Alington, on the 10th ult., aged sixty-nine.

Mr. Frederick James Smith, barrister-at-law, Recorder of Margate, on the 18th ult., aged sixty-eight; son of the late Mr. James Smith, of Rochester, J.P.; called to the Bar in 1843; and appointed the first Recorder of Manchester in 1869.

General Andrew William Macintyre, C.B., of the Royal (Madras) Artillery, on the 26th ult., aged seventy. Served with China Expeditionary Force in 1842, in Rohillat Campaign 1851-9, and in the Indian Mutiny 1857-8. He was made C.B. in 1858.

Mr. William Joseph Middleton, of Myddleton Lodge and Stockeld Park, Yorkshire, at his seat near Otley, on the 26th ult., aged seventy. He was grandson of Mr. William Haggerston Constable, who assumed the surname of Middleton on succeeding to Stockeld.

General Edward Herbert Maxwell, C.B., youngest son of Sir William Maxwell, fifth Baronet, of Monreith, on the 24th ult., aged sixty-two. Served in the Crimea and the Indian Mutiny, and had medal, with three clasps, the Legion of Honour, and the Medjidieh.

Lady Eleanor Johnstone, widow of Lieutenant-Colonel William Frederick Johnstone, late Grenadier Guards, and previously of Mr. T. J. Fetherstonhaugh, of Bracklyn Castle, Westmeath, on the 26th ult., in her ninety-sixth year. She was second daughter of William, third Earl of Wicklow.

The Rev. Roper Trevor Tyler, M.A., of Mount Alyn, in the county of Denbigh, for forty-seven years Rector of Llanrithyd, in the county of Glamorgan, and Rural Dean, on the 15th ult., aged eighty-three. He was second son of Admiral Sir Charles Tyler, G.C.B., who commanded the "Tonnant" at Trafalgar, by Isabel, his wife, daughter of Mr. John Bruce-Pryce, of Duffryn. He leaves issue.

Commander George Powys, R.N., recently, aged forty-six. He entered the Royal Navy Sept. 9, 1851, served in H.M.S. Albion (Captain Johnstone) in the Mediterranean; with the Black Sea Fleet till April, 1854, when he was sent to join the Baltic Fleet, where he served in the Amphion (Captain A. Cooper-Key) at Bomarsund and at the bombardment of Sweaborg, for which he received a medal. He afterwards served on the West Indian and China stations, was made Commander in 1871, and retired from the Navy in 1876.

THE COURT.

At Windsor Castle, on the 25th ult., her Majesty's granddaughter, Princess Louis of Battenberg, eldest daughter of the Grand Duke of Hesse and the late Princess Alice, gave birth to a daughter. The Queen was present with the Princess during the greater part of the time. Both mother and child are doing as well as possible. The Queen went yesterday week to the Albert Chapel with Princess Beatrice and the Duchess of Albany, when her Majesty viewed the cast of the recumbent statue of Prince Leopold, Duke of Albany, by Boehm, with which her Majesty and the Duchess of Albany expressed their entire satisfaction. Mr. Francis C. Ford, C.B., C.M.G., her Majesty's Minister at Madrid, was introduced to an audience of the Queen, and kissed hands on his appointment. The Princesses Victoria and Louise of Schleswig-Holstein visited her Majesty, and remained to luncheon. The Queen drove out in the afternoon, accompanied by Princess Beatrice and the Duchess of Albany. Lady Wolseley had the honour of dining with her Majesty. Lieutenant-Colonel C. W. Guinness, 2nd Battalion Seaforth Highlanders, who arrived at the castle in the evening, had the honour of being invited. The Queen went out last Saturday morning with Princess Beatrice and the Duchess of Albany. The Queen and Princess Beatrice drove to St. Bruno in the afternoon, and visited Count and Countess Gleichen. The Duchess of Albany and Princess Alice, and the infant Duke of Albany, left the castle for Claremont in the afternoon. Colonel Sir Howard and Lady Elphinstone arrived at the castle in the evening, and had the honour of dining with the Queen. On Sunday morning her Majesty, Princess Beatrice, and Prince Louis of Battenberg, and the members of the Royal household, attended Divine service in the private chapel. The Very Rev. Randall Davidson, Dean of Windsor, assisted by the Rev. J. St. John Blunt, M.A., Master of St. Katharine's Hospital, and Chaplain in Ordinary to the Queen, officiated. The Rev. St. John Blunt preached the sermon. Princess Louise (Marchioness of Lorne) and the Marquis of Lorne, K.T., arrived at the castle in the afternoon from London. The Hon. Lady Biddulph had the honour of dining with the Queen and the Royal family. On Monday morning her Majesty went out, attended by Lady Southampton. Princess Louise (Marchioness of Lorne) walked out, attended by Mdlle. Norèle. The Marquis of Lorne and Lord Reay, Governor of Bombay, who have been visiting the Queen, left Windsor Castle for London on Tuesday morning. Lord Methuen also quitted the castle. The Queen has directed Mr. Boehm to execute a bust of General Gordon, which will be placed in the corridor at Windsor Castle.

By command of the Queen, a Levée was held on Monday afternoon at St. James's Palace, by the Prince of Wales, on behalf of her Majesty. Prince Albert Victor of Wales and the Duke of Cambridge accompanied the Prince. Prince Edward of Saxe-Weimar was present. The presentations numbered about one hundred and sixty.

We are authorised to state that the Queen's physicians have advised her Majesty to avoid the fatigue of appearing at the first Drawingroom, which is to be held on Thursday, the 12th inst. The Princess of Wales will act for the Queen.

The Prince of Wales was present yesterday week at a meeting of the Royal Commission on the Dwelling Places of the Working Classes, at 8, Richmond-terrace. His Royal Highness went to the House of Lords in the afternoon. The Prince and Princess of Wales visited the Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly, to inspect M. Michael Munkacsy's picture of "Calvary." Last Saturday morning the Prince of Wales was present at a meeting of the Standing Committee of the Trustees of the British Museum, at the Natural History Museum, Cromwell-road. The Prince and Princess, accompanied by Prince George, and by Princesses Louise, Victoria, and Maud, were present in the afternoon at an amateur performance in aid of the funds for the restoration of Wolferton church, near Sandringham. On Sunday morning the Prince and Princess, with Prince George and Princesses Louise, Victoria, and Maud of Wales, attended at the Temple Church, where the Archbishop of Canterbury preached a sermon in commemoration of the 700th anniversary of the consecration of the Round Church by Heraclius, Patriarch of Jerusalem. The Prince and Princess of Wales entertained at dinner at Marlborough House the Marquis and Marchioness of Ripon, the Earl and Countess of Rosebery, Lord Alcester, Musurus Pasha, Hassan Fehmy Pasha, Admiral Hobart, the Hon. Mr. Hobart-Hampden, and others. On Monday the Prince inspected the new building of the Stock Exchange, and received a cordial welcome from members of the House, who, for this occasion only, sang the National Anthem and "God Bless the Prince of Wales," accompanied by their Stock Exchange Orchestral Society. In honour of the Royal visit, business was practically suspended in the morning, and in the afternoon, out of respect to Royalty, Consols slightly rose. The Prince, attended by his Equerry-in-Waiting, honoured Lord Carrington and the Corps of Gentlemen-at-Arms with his company at dinner in their mess-room at St. James's Palace. The Prince was present at the sitting of the House of Lords in the evening, and remained during the discussion relating to the reserves and the embodiment of the militia. In the course of their approaching Irish tour, the Prince and Princess will be the guests of Lord and Lady Kenmare at Killarney for two days. Mr. Christopher Sykes, M.P., has received a letter from Mr. F. Knollys stating that, in consequence of their numerous engagements, the Prince and Princess will not be able to visit Hull, as was hoped, for the opening of the Alexandra Dock, in connection with the Hull and Barnsley Railway, in June or July. On Tuesday the Prince and Princess went to Windsor on a visit to the Queen. The Prince gave a sitting to Mr. James Linton for his picture, "The Marriage of the Duke of Albany," painted by command of her Majesty. It is understood that the departure of the Prince and Princess for Ireland is fixed for the second week in April. The Princess has consented, at the request of the Art Gallery Committee of the Corporation of Manchester, to the painting of her portrait by Mr. Millais for the Free Permanent Gallery of the city of Manchester. Prince Albert Victor was last Saturday afternoon elected president of the Cambridgeshire Rifle Association for the present year. In the evening his Royal Highness attended the annual dinner given by Welsh students up at Cambridge, and responded to the toast of the Queen and Royal family. Prince Edward arrived at Marlborough House on Monday from Cambridge to be present at the levée, and returned to Cambridge in the afternoon.

The Duke of Edinburgh has so far recovered that he was announced to be present on Thursday at a concert held at Reading by the Royal Orchestral Society in aid of the Royal College of Music.

Princess Louise, who was accompanied by the Marquis of Lorne, distributed the annual prizes to the London Scottish Volunteers, at the Guildhall, last Saturday evening.

A committee, of which the Prince of Wales is chairman and the Bishop of Gibraltar deputy chairman, has been appointed to carry out a proposal to erect at Cannes a chapel, dedicated to St. George, in memory of the late Duke of Albany. The site for the building was selected by the Prince of Wales during his recent visit to Cannes, and Messrs. Coutts and Co. have consented to receive subscriptions in aid of the work.

While the Empress Eugénie was driving in the neighbourhood of Farnborough on Monday, the horses bolted, and after galloping some distance one of them was killed by running against the shaft of a cart. She escaped with a severe shaking. The Queen not only sent a telegram of sympathy to the Empress, but dispatched one of her Equerries-in-Waiting to the Empress's residence at Farnborough Park to convey personally the Queen's deepest sympathies. Telegrams were also received from other members of the Royal family, and also from a large number of distinguished persons in England and from various parts of the Continent.

The Grand Duchess of Mecklenburg-Strelitz and suite arrived at St. James's Palace last week from Germany.

FASHIONABLE MARRIAGE.

The marriage of Major George L. Wickham, Royal Horse Guards, of Park Hill, Wetheroy, York, and the Lady Elena Gordon, fifth daughter of Charles, tenth Marquis of Huntly, and sister of the present Peer, took place at St. Mark's Church, North Audley-street, last Saturday. A detachment of twenty-four non-commissioned officers and troopers of the Royal Horse Guards took places on each side of the chancel. The bridegroom was accompanied by Captain Evelyn G. H. Atherley, Royal Horse Guards, as best man. The bridesmaids—all children—were Miss Beatrice and Miss Armyne Gordon, nieces of the bride; and the Misses Wickham, twin nieces of the bridegroom. The bride came with the Dowager Marchioness of Huntly, her mother; and was conducted by the Marquis of Huntly to the altar, and he subsequently gave her away. The service was choral.

PARISIAN SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

(From our own Correspondent.)

Paris, Tuesday, March 3.

Sunday is a busy day for the Parisian revolutionaries. While the old-fashioned and hard-working Parisians take advantage of the Sunday holiday to take a walk with their wives and families in the Bois de Boulogne or the park of Vincennes, the modern agitators weary themselves and their audience by furious rhetorical protestations against the existing state of society in which they have the misfortune to live. In a dozen meetings, held in different parts of Paris last Sunday, the middle classes, the *bourgeois*, were threatened with butchery at the next revolution; while at Levallois-Perret the red Internationalist flag was hoisted side by side with the tricolour, and led to a terrible scandal. The occasion was the burial of two soldiers killed in Tonquin. For some reason or another, various Socialist and Atheist and Free-thinking societies attended the funerals, carrying the banners. M. Paul Déroulède also attended, accompanied by a number of members of the Ligue des Patriotes; and these latter came to blows with the Socialists, and attempted in vain to suppress their red flags, which they justly regarded as anti-French and anti-patriotic emblems, and therefore particularly out of place at the funeral of the two soldiers who had died for the glory of their country. The disgraceful scenes which followed reminded one of the incidents provoked by the Socialist and Internationalist emblems at the recent funeral of Jules Vallès. Certainly, the Socialists do exhibit the red flag as an anti-patriotic emblem; and one of their journals, *Le Cri du Peuple*, records with satisfaction that at the manifestation on Sunday the cries of "Vive le drapeau rouge!" drowned those of "Vive la patrie!" The alliance of the French Socialists with foreign Socialists, and the formation of a militant Internationalist party, "Les Sans-Patrie," is a new feature in French political evolution.

The meeting of the Dynamite Directory, mentioned in this place last week, has been called into question both here and in England, and treated as a myth. *Figaro* maintains the authenticity of its report, and publishes an interview with Michael Flannery, who announces that in two or three weeks Sir Vernon Harcourt will be convinced that the Dynamite Directory means something. Two Englishmen were present at this meeting. One of them, Knubley, who is now in prison for having attempted to assault a reporter of *La France*, used to be a proof-reader on one of the English papers published in Paris. Amongst the Parisian typographers there are a number of English, Irish, and German Socialists, Fenians, and revolutionaries of all kinds, who are in relations with the organisers of disorder on both sides of the Atlantic.

The Chamber of Deputies is still engaged in discussing the interminable Cereals Bill, and the Senate is busy with the Budget of 1885, so that there is no striking event to be recorded in the past Parliamentary week.

Picture exhibitions abound in Paris at the present moment. One of the most interesting is that of the drawings, water-colours, and engravings of the late Gustave Doré, now open in the rooms of the Cercle de la Librairie. The Bible, Dante, Ariosto, Shakspeare, Rabelais, Cervantes, all occupied Doré's marvellous imagination; and in presence of the two hundred chosen drawings here exhibited one remains fixed in astonishment at the infinite diversity of the subjects treated. On the other hand, one remarks the sameness of the artist's method of observation and rendering, and his curious disdain of reality. Doré was a fantastic dreamer, whose talent was never developed to the same degree as his genius. As a French critic has very well said, Doré "was a man of genius who had not the leisure to study and who spent his whole life in conceiving." This apothecosis of Doré at the Cercle de la Librairie will prepare the public for the sale of the contents of Doré's studio, which will be held at the Hôtel Drouot at the end of this month.

The Opéra celebrated Victor Hugo's eighty-third birthday by producing "Rigoletto," with Mesdames Kraus and Richard and MM. Lassalle and Dereime in the leading rôles. The revival is a decided success. But is it not strange that, after having been played for twenty-eight years in Italian, at the Théâtre Lyrique and the Italian Opéra, "Rigoletto" should finally reach the stage of the Grand Opéra in no better form than a French translation of an Italian libretto which is itself an adaptation and a slaughtering of Victor Hugo's great drama, "Le Roi s'Amuse"?

M. Jules Claretie, most inexhaustible of contemporary polygraphs, has dramatised his successful novel, "Le Prince Zilah." The piece, in four acts and a prologue, was produced at the Gymnase on Saturday with considerable success, thanks to the many moving and almost sensational scenes which the work contains. Indeed, M. Claretie's friends are already predicting that "Le Prince Zilah" will be as great a success as "Le Maître de Forges." The acting is excellent; and Madame Jane Hading, in particular, seems to be creating for herself a place beside Desclée and Sarah Bernhardt.

Zola's new novel, "Germinal," has just been published. It is a very stout volume, very difficult to read, and profoundly saddening and disgusting. The subject is a study of the miners and their life in the north of France—a social study rather than a novel—a colossal cartoon representing the gross, material life of the miners. M. Zola seems to be beset by sensual hallucinations, and his picture of the miners' life is that of a Kermesse of the flesh, violent, brutal, insatiable. The conclusion of M. Zola is that the miners are victims of a social injustice against which they struggle in vain, according to the Darwinian law by which the weak are at the mercy of the strong. The author of "Germinal," with all his artistic impassibility, thus takes sides with the Anarchists, who believe that social and economical problems can only be solved by bloodshed and fire.—M. Berthelot, of the Institute, has just published a profoundly interesting work on "Les Origines de l'Alchimie" (1 vol., Steinheil), in which he shows the connection of the alchemists with the early Christians, the Gnostics, and the Neoplatonists; while he publishes, for the first time, from Byzantine Greek manuscripts, a complete Corpus of Greek chemical treatises, and shows how modern chemists are tending to return to the old Greek theory of the unity of matter, on which was based the alchemists' doctrine of the transmutation of metals. M. Berthelot's book is most interesting, even to the uninitiated in the science of chemistry.—M. Clermont-Ganneau has published a curious account of the Shapira forgeries, and the incidents connected with their discovery, in a long pamphlet called "Les Fraudes Archéologiques en Palestine."

T. C.

Two more shocks of earthquake have been felt in Spain, causing much damage to buildings.

A large numbers of Anarchists have been arrested in various towns in the canton of Berne. Their plot, which was revealed by one of the conspirators, was to set fire to the Lorraine quarter of the city of Berne and then to carry out their designs against the Federal Palace.

In the German Parliament on Monday the debate took place on the credits asked for by the Government for the Cameroons district. Prince Bismarck said the attitude of the House hitherto could only strengthen the opposition offered by foreign Governments to a German colonial policy. It was certain, he added, that the English correspondence on the subject had assumed a sharper tone since the previous debates in the Reichstag. Confidential statements had been reproduced in official documents, and this showed that England was seriously out of temper with Germany. Prince Bismarck denied that he had ever given advice to this country respecting Egypt. When asked his opinion, he said that were he an English Minister he would seek the intervention of the Sultan in order to gain influence in Egypt, but would not annex that country, so as to avoid arousing the rivalry of France. In conclusion, he said that had his views been acted upon, England would perhaps now be in a better position.

By 214 to 43 votes the Lower House of the Hungarian Diet have agreed to allow Jews to sit in the new Upper House.

Mr. Cleveland was installed at Washington on Wednesday as President of the United States, but his inaugural address had not reached London when our early edition was put to press.

Sir Leonard Tilley, Finance Minister in Canada, made a statement to Parliament on Tuesday night, giving amended estimates of the income and expenditure for the current fiscal year, showing a reduction of Customs' revenue of 500,000 dols., the result of reduced values of goods imported; and of 100,000 dols. reduction on spirits, caused by the adoption of the Permissive or Scott Act. The expenditure, over former estimates, on Indians, subsidies to provinces, and interest, the latter the result of the rapid construction of the Pacific Railway, would reduce the surplus to less than a quarter of a million dollars. The estimated revenue for next year is 33,000,000 dols., and the expenditure 31,750,000 dols.

On Tuesday the New South Wales contingent for the Soudan embarked at Sydney on board the Iberian and Australasian transports. Previous to their shipment, which took place in the presence of an enthusiastic multitude, some 50,000 in number, Governor Lord Augustus Loftus addressed them in stirring terms, and bade them godspeed.

The sculling-match between Clifford and Beach, for £400 and the championship of the world, took place at Sydney last Saturday, over the championship course on the Parramatta River, resulting in a victory for Beach, who won easily.

Notices of Three Religious Pictures—Echena's "Arrival at Calvary," Munkacsy's "Calvary," and Holman Hunt's "Triumph of the Innocents"—are unavoidably held over till next week.

Mr. Erskine Nicol, Associate of the Royal Academy, has transferred his name to the honorary retired list. He was elected Associate in 1866.

The bust of Robert Burns, which has been placed in Westminster Abbey, will be formally unveiled this (Saturday) afternoon at four o'clock, when the Dean will be present.

Captain G. Fenton, of the Duke of Cambridge's Own Middlesex Regiment, has been selected for the position of Deputy Assistant Adjutant-General on the Staff in Ireland.

Mr. Trayner, who has been appointed one of the Judges of the Court of Session, was installed into office yesterday week, taking the title of Lord Trayner.

Thirty-six lives are believed to have been lost through an explosion in the Usworth Colliery, in the county of Durham, late on Monday night.

The Queen has approved the appointment of Sir Robert Henry Davies, K.C.S.I., C.I.E., to be a member of the Council of India, in succession to the Hon. Edmund Drummond, whose term of office has expired.

Some capital drawings by three eminent members of the Royal Society of Painters in Water Colours—the late E. Duncan, the late F. W. Topham, and the late W. W. Deane—will be sold at Christie's on the 11th, 12th, and 13th inst.

On Monday afternoon the Duchess of Westminster, in the presence of Baroness Burdett-Coutts, Sir F. Philip Cunliffe Owen, and Sir Theodore and Lady Martin, distributed the prizes to the students of the Female School of Art.

The arrivals of live stock and fresh meat at Liverpool during the past week from the United States and Canada amounted to 1663 cattle, 4340 quarters of beef, and 290 carcases of mutton.

Mr. Hyde Clarke presided at the annual general meeting of the Newspaper Press Fund, held last Saturday. It was stated that the invested capital of the fund is now close on £16,000. Mr. W. H. Russell will preside at the next annual dinner.

The steamer Aberdeen, of 2371 tons, Captain Barclay, chartered by Sir Saul Samuel, K.C.M.G., Agent-General for New South Wales, sailed from Plymouth for Sydney on the 27th ult. with a total of 662 emigrants.

The office of Deputy Master of the Royal Mint in Melbourne, Victoria, vacant through the retirement of Mr. V. Delves-Broughton, has been conferred by the Imperial Government on Mr. G. Anderson, the member for Glasgow. The salary is £1400 per annum.

The Duke of Westminster, who was accompanied by the Duchess, laid the corner-stone last Saturday of the new medical school now being erected in Caxton-street, in connection with the Westminster Hospital. The structure, including the site, will cost about £14,600, and will accommodate some 200 students.

THE AFGHAN BOUNDARY COMMISSION.

SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. WILLIAM SIMPSON.



1. Kara Tapa, "the Black Mound," on the Kushk River.
2. Kala-i-Maur, on the Kushk River.
3. Taj Nazer, Eshan or Syud of Penjdeh.
4. Abdullah, a Sarok, at Penjdeh.
5. Wali Khan, of Penjdeh, a Sarok.
6. Baba Karir (a Dervish), a Sarok Turkoman from Balkh.
7. The Murghab River, with Ak Tapa, near the junction with the Kushk River.
8. Kona Penjdeh, "Old Penjdeh," on the Murghab River.

THE AFGHAN BOUNDARY COMMISSION.

SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. WILLIAM SIMPSON.



1. Ak Tapa, on the Murghab, near its junction with the Kushk River: View from the south.
2. Junction of the Murghab and Kushk Rivers.
3. Valley of the Kushk, from Pul-i-Khisti.
4. Pul-i-Khisti, the "Bridge of Brick," on the Kushk River.
5. Ghous-ud-din Khan, the Afghan General commanding the troops at Ak Tapa.

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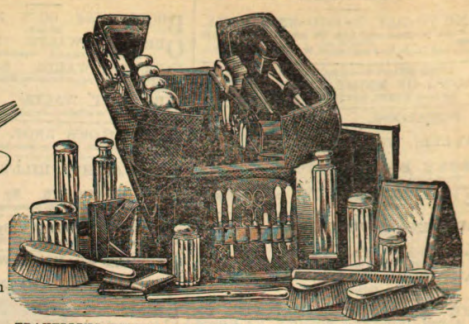
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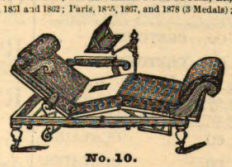
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"I'll just read you out my list: 'The Balance' (capital name that for an impartial paper. Weigh everybody and find everybody wanting, you know)—the 'Butterfly,' the 'Buttonholder,' the 'Bore,' the"—"Oh, I say, Kean, come now!" remonstrated Egerton.

ADRIAN VIDAL.

BY W. E. NORRIS,

AUTHOR OF "MDLLE. DE MERSAC," "MATRIMONY," "THIRLBY HALL," &c.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE ANGLO-SAXON.

The thirty or forty eligible residences which have received the name of Alexandra-gardens are to be found in an outlying quarter of the district now known as South Kensington, *vice* Brompton superseded. They stand upon a spot where there were actual gardens—cabbage-gardens—not so very long ago; but all trace of these has disappeared, and the word, as applied to this special row of buildings, has no more justification than that of custom and precedent. Viewed as dwellings, they probably lack something in soundness of structure; but to set against this, you have—as Adrian's landlord was at some pains to point out to him—the great advantage of originality of design, each house possessing its own distinctive character; so that, however odd might be the shape of your drawing-room, you could count with tolerable certainty upon that of your neighbour's drawing-room being odder still. No. 12 was fairly commodious, and the disposition of the rooms was certainly clever. There was an appearance of space about the hall; the staircase was broad and not too steep; the drawing-room and library had recesses in unexpected places, and the whole house was well adapted for those arrangements in stained glass and lincrusta, and wall-paper resembling stamped leather, whereby the modern Londoner strives to render existence beautiful. The rent demanded was a trifle high, to be sure, considering the remoteness of the situation; but upon this point Vidal quoted a dictum of the late Baron von Bunsen to the effect that a man should always house himself more expensively and live more simply than his means warrant; adding, as a result of his own observations, that people won't come to see you if you live at Notting-hill, whereas they will cheerfully drive double the distance for the same purpose if only your address ends with the letters S.W.

That it was desirable to have many visitors he took for granted; and Clare, who, for her part, would have been perfectly satisfied to see nobody but her husband from week's end to week's end, fell in with his views, and welcomed the visitors when they presented themselves, as they very soon did, in large numbers. She was proud of her husband's popularity; it was pleasant to her to receive the ladies who had known him in his bachelor days; to listen to the flattering things that they said about him; and to show them her pretty house. If there were difficulties in the way of effecting that retrenchment in house-keeping which was to balance the excess of rent, she kept them to herself. From the outset, she resolved that Adrian should not be troubled with such petty cares; and she fought single-handed the battle that most young wives have to fight. Happily, she was not altogether a novice. Her mother's frequent absences and occupations had caused a large share of the management of the Cardrew household to fall upon her shoulders, and she knew pretty well what was required for the smaller establishment over which she now reigned. What she did not know, and had to learn by painful experience, was the discrepancy that exists between Cornish and London prices. She had troubles with the milkman and troubles with the cook, and perhaps a few tears may have fallen upon the weekly bills, which somehow always exceeded the sum agreed upon by her and her husband as sufficient. She paid her way—not, however, without the sacrifice of some of her pin-money—and maintained a lighthearted demeanour; yet, little as she would have acknowledged it, even to herself, the bloom of her youth was rubbed off by this daily struggle, and married life began to reveal itself to her as something different from the life of her dreams.

It is a curious fact that men do not, as a rule, shrink from subjecting their wives to the trials which are inseparable from poverty; although very few of us would care to see our daughters exposed to what, after all, is a sort of degradation. Adrian handed over his weekly cheque and asked no questions. To do him justice, if Clare had requested more, he would have given her more without grumbling, though he could not very well have afforded it; but since she did not ask, he let well alone. Moreover, he, too, had his daily share of work to get through. That it happened to be a pleasanter kind of work than hers was not his fault.

Early in the year his second novel saw the light, and for a few weeks after the appearance of the book there was a pause of anxious expectation in Alexandra-gardens. The author, after vacillating some time between hope and fear, was inclined towards despondency: on the other hand, the author's wife, who had seen the proof sheets, was so confident as to the favourable reception which the public would accord to "Two Lovers" that it was difficult to help being infected by her enthusiasm.

"It is by far the most interesting novel I ever read," she declared, with pardonable exaggeration; "there isn't a page in it that I should wish altered. And it is *you* all through, Adrian. I didn't recognise you in 'Satiety'; it seemed to me that you were not writing what you thought so much as what worldly people profess to think. But in 'Two Lovers' you are yourself. I don't know whether the critics will praise it or not; but I do know that everyone who cares for a charming story will read it and delight in it."

"They won't discover that it's charming unless the critics tell them so," answered Vidal. "I don't know why anyone should think it charming. There's nothing in it that I can see."

As a matter of fact, there was rather more in it than he supposed. It was not a work of the highest genius; but it was an excellent story, very well told, and it had just that happy combination of romance with realism which is so sure to please and so hard to accomplish. Vidal had conceived his novel under conditions especially favourable to this kind of composition. The greater part of it had been written at a time when he was profoundly and, as he believed, hopelessly in love; his pen had faithfully recorded his own feelings; the situations and incidents that he described were many of them such as he himself had had experience of; half unconsciously, he had made the chief character a copy of Clare Irvine—not the real Clare, but an idealised version of her which she herself would never have recognised. This imaginary personage was destined to become one of the most popular heroines of modern fiction, and in many an English household her name is still remembered and coupled with the creations of authors to whose celebrity Adrian Vidal has never attained. The book had been completed with more ease and rapidity than his previous one; and this, among other things, caused him to think slightingly of it. It is proverbial that an artist is no judge of his own works. He can hardly avoid estimating their value by the amount of pains that he has taken to produce them, whereas the purchaser has quite another standard.

From the purchaser's point of view, "Two Lovers" was almost as satisfactory as Clare had pronounced it to be; and Vidal was not kept long in suspense before this encouraging verdict was made known to him. One afternoon he came in, holding in his hand a copy of his old enemy, the *Monday Review*, which he tossed down upon the work-table beside which his wife was seated. From the subdued radiance of his countenance, Clare perceived, before she looked at the paper, that all was well; but she was scarcely prepared for the unstinted praise which presently met her eye.

The reviewer began by saying that he had opened "Two Lovers" with grave apprehensions. The lovers to whom recent writers of fiction had introduced him had not been pleasant people to meet, and he had felt no desire to become acquainted with two more of them. But this distrustful attitude had soon been abandoned.

"After we had reached the end of the first chapter, our critical faculties fell into abeyance; we surrendered ourselves unreservedly to the charm of this most delightful novel, and read it from beginning to end without marking a single passage for praise or blame. We hardly like to think how many years it is since we have been able to say as much of any novel that has fallen into our hands. . . . 'Two Lovers' is a book to be enjoyed, not to be criticised. It is throughout so healthy in tone, so spontaneous, and so true to nature, that a man feels himself growing young again as he reads, and has not the heart to cavil at details or to point out to the author in what respects his story is capable of improvement. . . . We are heartily glad to see that Mr. Vidal can produce something better than the stale and dreary moralising which he inflicted upon us in 'Satiety.' He may rest assured that the less he gives us of that kind of writing in future, and the more of such novels as 'Two Lovers,' the better it will be alike for his readers and his reputation."

Now, this was certainly very handsome; and though Vidal might affect to make light of it, and say that it was always a mere toss-up whether you got kicks or halfpence from that quarter, he could not altogether conceal his satisfaction nor refrain from remarking by-and-by: "After all, the old *Monday* is about the best paper that deigns to criticise us poor novel-writers with anything like fulness. The men who write for it express themselves like gentlemen and men of the world; there's no denying that. I don't think they are always quite fair, you know; but"——

"Well, they have been fair this time, at all events," interrupted Clare, decisively; and Adrian did not feel called upon to contradict her.

The *Monday Review* happened to be the first to notice "Two Lovers"; but other journals speedily followed suit, and were no whit less flattering in their observations. One and all, big guns and little guns, pronounced unequivocally in favour of the book; there was not a single discordant note in the whole chorus of approval. What was perhaps of more importance, was that the good opinion of the press was fully confirmed by the public. Within a few weeks of its appearance, the first edition of "Two Lovers" was exhausted; and a second and a third went off with equal rapidity, and Vidal's publishers, smiling graciously upon him, assured him that the sale of the work showed no signs of diminishing. In these days of circulating libraries such triumphs are not common, and a comparatively unknown writer who is thus distinguished may be pretty sure of having the whole publishing world at his feet. The number of letters that Vidal received at this time from publishers and editors of magazines was so great that he began to find the mere answering of them a serious tax upon his leisure; and if he could have accepted all the engagements offered to him, his fortune would have been made.

Nor was it only in this practical fashion that his success was acknowledged. The circle of his friends and acquaintances, always a large one, became so wide, now that he was a celebrity, as to be almost unmanageable. Parliament had met, London was filling fast, and it appeared as if everybody who did not already know the talented author of "Two Lovers," was dying to be introduced to him. The roadway of Alexandra-gardens, which was, in general, unaccustomed to traffic and required but little attention from the parochial authorities, was cut up by the wheels of the carriages which stopped at the door of No. 12; Clare's card-tray was filled to overflowing, and invitations to dinner arrived at every hour of the day.

The young man's head was not turned by all this adulation, which indeed he was sensible enough to know that he had done very little to deserve. He was astonished and rather amused at it; personally, he did not much care about stories that were frankly stories and nothing more; he still thought the work which had brought him into such prominence vastly inferior to its predecessor; he was inclined, like Voltaire, to exclaim, "*Les honneurs et les biens pleuvent enfin sur moi Pour une comédie de la foire!*" Nevertheless, he thoroughly enjoyed being made much of. He accepted the invitations which bore his wife's name as well as his own, and declined those in which her existence was ignored. He basked in the sunshine of social renown, giving himself no airs, but receiving the compliments paid him with an innocent gratification which finished the conquest of his admirers' hearts. There are men with whom notoriety does not agree, just as there are plants which suffer by being taken out of the shade. Others, again, require light and warmth to bring out what is best in them, and to this latter category Adrian Vidal belonged.

"I can't pretend to be above caring whether people are kind to me or not," he said once to Clare, whose thirst for applause was soon slaked, and who was getting tired of dining out every night. "I like to be liked: it's a harmless weakness."

"Yes," she agreed, rather dubiously; "it is pleasant to be liked for one's own sake; but to be liked only because one has done something out of the common—I don't know whether that is such a good thing. And how can one tell that it will last?"

"Oh, it won't last," answered Adrian, shrugging his shoulders. "All the more reason for making the most of it while it does." And then he laughingly told his wife that she was a misanthrope, and went up stairs to dress for dinner.

It occasionally happened now that Clare sat down to a solitary meal. As has been said before, Vidal made it a rule to decline all invitations in which she was not included; but some invitations reached him in which it was impossible that she should be included, and which prudence forbade him to refuse. On this evening, for instance, he had been asked to dine at the Acropolis Club to meet a certain Mr. Pilkington, whose position as a man of letters was of the first rank, and who was considered by his disciples to be a sort of English Sainte-Beuve. Whether Mr. Pilkington had ever made good his title to be so considered was of course a question which admitted of two answers; but his style of writing was certainly graceful and impartial, and he had a high opinion of his own abilities, which always counts for something. He had at one time been editor of a review famous for its dogmatic utterances on science, philosophy, and religion, but had resigned the post on finding that it involved him in controversies which were not to his taste. He was well known in society, and passed for being an ambitious man; though he seldom said or did anything to justify that supposition. Being possessed of a moderate fortune, he was not dependent upon his pen for a livelihood, and only wrote when he felt so disposed. Latterly, he had written little; but whenever an article signed by him appeared, it was read with interest and respect. A fair scholar and an excellent critic, he prided himself upon his gift of discrimination, and would sometimes take a young author by the hand, to the delight of that young author, and prophesy great things of him. However, he did not now do this so frequently as in former years, some of his protégés having in the most unscrupulous manner falsified his predictions.

When Vidal was asked to meet this gentleman, whom as yet he knew only by repute, he felt that a high compliment was being paid to him. His host—one Egerton, a well-to-do middle-aged bachelor, who liked to play Mæcenas upon a small scale, and made a point of knowing all authors, was just the sort of man to whom Mr. Pilkington would have been likely to apply had he been desirous of meeting a fresh writer of promise, and Vidal was disposed to think that some such desire must have been intimated. Moreover, a rumour had reached him that Pilkington was about to start a new magazine or review, and he had some faint hope that he was going to be asked to contribute to this. As far as promises to provide fiction were concerned, he already had his hands full; but he would willingly have resigned one of these more lucrative engagements for the honour of being named among the select band over which the great Pilkington might be expected to preside.

Egerton, stout, grey-haired, good-humoured, and somewhat fussy in manner, met him as he entered the hall of the Acropolis, and held him by the hand while he murmured confidentially, "So glad you were able to come! Pilkington hasn't turned up yet; but he'll be here directly, I suppose. Very anxious to make your acquaintance—asked me a heap of questions about you. You'll find him an uncommonly pleasant fellow, when you know him—a little stiff, some people think. Quiet, you know—not much gush about him; but when he says a thing, you may be sure that he means it."

This exordium sounded promising. It was evident that Mr. Pilkington had been saying, or was going to say, something to the advantage of the person addressed. Vidal made an appropriate response, and his entertainer, turning to a tall, cadaverous-looking man who was perusing the play-bills on the wall, went on:

"I don't know whether you know Percy Kean. Kean, let me introduce you to Mr. Vidal—'Two Lovers,' you know—celebrated author."

The last words would perhaps have been more fittingly applied to the elder than to the younger of the two men thus presented to one another. Percy Kean had tried his hand at various branches of literature, and, during a career of something like twenty years, had been moderately successful in everything that he had attempted. His comedies generally drew full houses; his humorous verses, if they did not quite entitle him to call himself a poet, were widely read; he was connected with several weekly journals, and was reputed to be the writer of some political skits which had at different times amused those who understood them. He took a large bony hand out of his pocket and extended it to Adrian, saying, "Glad to see you. I wish the other man would come!"

But the other man did not come for half an hour, and when he did come, made no apology for being late. Vidal was a little disappointed in his appearance, which was rather that of an elderly man of fashion than of an eminent scholar. His hair, which was turning grey at the temples, was parted in the middle and carefully brushed; he wore a short, trim beard, and had an eye-glass tightly screwed into his right eye. He spoke in a low, deliberate voice, pronouncing his vowels very broadly, and was a shade too conscious of being the most distinguished person present. It may be that Vidal was also somewhat disappointed by the reception accorded to him. He had been prepared for a cordial shake of the hand, and possibly a graceful reference to his book; but all that he got from the great man was a bow, accompanied by an indistinct murmur; and then Egerton said, briskly: "Well, suppose we go in to dinner."

When the four men were seated in the spacious strangers' room, and were doing justice to the cooking, for which the Acropolis enjoys a well-deserved celebrity, Mr. Pilkington began to talk, and talked pleasantly enough upon a variety of subjects, of which literature was not one. Indeed, he seemed disinclined to enter upon this particular topic, and ignored several attempts on the part of his good-humoured host to introduce it. He had the placid air of being assured that what he said would be listened to which characterises superior beings. He spoke with a polished fluency that reminded Vidal very much of his writings; he could count upon at least one appreciative hearer in Egerton, and paid little heed to the occasional caustic comments with which Kean broke in upon his periods. When these interruptions occurred, Pilkington paused for a moment, smiled courteously, and then resumed his discourse, without making any direct reply. Evidently, he did not think much of Kean, and somehow or other, it seemed rather as if Kean did not think much of him. It was not until dinner was nearly over that a question of Egerton's caused him to say a few words about the craft to which three out of this party of four belonged; and then Vidal obtained the little compliment that he had ceased to expect.

"By-the-way, Pilkington, how did you like ——'s book?" Egerton asked, referring to a novel which had recently appeared and which had created some sensation, less by reason of intrinsic merits than of the sweeping indictment which it contained against the morality of the age.

Pilkington leant back in his chair and balanced his dessert-knife upon his fore-finger. "I should say," he replied, in his quiet, deliberate way, "that —— had better stick to the kind of writing by which he made his name and let novels alone. He has a certain smartness—a certain facility: he treats the problems of life with that sort of lightheartedness which is always welcomed by people who like to have their thinking done for them; but he seems to be entirely wanting in creative power. His novel is not a true picture of the men and women of the day, and what is worse is that it is unpleasing. Nowadays, we don't like coarse attacks and knock-down blows. The kind of hard hitting that amused our fathers, offends us; and it would be almost as disagreeable to us to read such another onslaught as Macaulay made upon Robert Montgomery as to see a man throw a glass of wine in his neighbour's face. The present generation is sometimes accused of being too thin-skinned to appreciate satire. I should venture to doubt the justice of that accusation; but I am sure that it's now more than ever a necessary condition of satire that it should have some humour in it and also some kindliness. To be effective, it must be such satire as Thackeray's—or as yours," he added, with a little bow to the young man who was sitting opposite to him.

Adrian felt himself reddening with pleasure. The speaker might not, and probably did not, intend that too literal an inference should be drawn from his remark; but that incidental coupling of Vidal's name with Thackeray's was certainly a very pretty way of acknowledging such merits as the former might possess. Egerton stretched out his left leg and stealthily kicked his young friend under the table, as who should say, "There! I hope you're satisfied with that!" Kean threw back his head, widened his mouth from ear to ear, and contemplated the ceiling.

Thinking over this pantomime afterwards, Adrian was led to conclude that Mr. Kean either did not believe in Pilkington's sincerity or differed from him in opinion. Upon the whole, he did not particularly like Mr. Kean. Towards Pilkington, on the other hand, he could not help feeling drawn; and after an adjournment had been made to the smoking-room, he was glad to find himself alone for a few minutes with that gentleman, Egerton having (not without intention, probably) taken away his other guest to examine some ventilators which had lately been put up.

Pilkington said at once what Adrian had half hoped that he might be going to say. "I don't know whether anyone has told you, Mr. Vidal, that I have been asked to undertake the editorship of a new magazine."

"I heard something about it," answered Vidal.

"I say a magazine," the other went on, "for want of a better name; but in reality our new venture will be more or less *sui generis*. It will have something of the magazine in it; but it will also have something of the review and something of the newspaper. What I wish to do is to provide people with a sort of—er—survey of each month as it comes to an end. Not, of course, a mere *résumé* of events; but a series of articles, written by first-class men, on what is taking place in literature, science, art, and society. I had at first thought of excluding politics; but I begin to see that this is scarcely practicable. There will, therefore, be a political article, which I shall undertake myself—not because I feel any special aptitude that way, but because, oddly enough, I cannot lay my hand upon a single other man who is wholly free from party bias. In this, as in all other departments, I am anxious that the paper should take an attitude of absolute independence. Each writer will express his own views and sign his own name at the foot of them. I think I can say that in every instance the named signed will at least be a guarantee of competence. The articles will be shorter, lighter, and far more numerous than those of the ordinary half-crown magazine. Perhaps I may add that they will also be more readable: at all events, it will be our aim to make them so. In addition to these articles, I have consented—somewhat unwillingly, I must confess—to publish a serial story; and I am in hopes that some day you may be induced to let us have a novel from your pen. At present, I am too deeply pledged to make further arrangements in that direction; but I should be glad if you saw your way to join us as a permanent member of our staff. In that case, I should ask you to furnish us with a monthly article on current light literature, English, French, and American."

There was a short pause, during which Pilkington sipped his coffee and blew a cloud of smoke from the cigarette which he held between his fingers. Then Adrian said—what was indeed the truth—that he felt exceedingly flattered by the offer made to him, and asked nothing better than to accept it. "But," he added, with a slight laugh, "I am afraid my name can't be considered as one of those which are a guarantee of competence."

Pilkington waved his hand and smiled pleasantly. "You must allow me to hold a different opinion," he replied. "It is true that you have done nothing yet in the way of criticism—or at least, if you have, I have no knowledge of the fact—but I have the vanity to think that I can judge of a man's capabilities without asking him for direct evidence of them. From what I have seen of your writings, I am satisfied that you will suit us, if our terms suit you."

He then named the terms in question, which struck Adrian as extremely liberal, and the bargain was concluded just as the two other men returned. Pilkington did not think it necessary to change the subject.

"I have been persuading Mr. Vidal to give us his co-operation in our new magazine," he remarked.

"Dear me!" cried Egerton. "Vidal, I congratulate you: it's a grand opening. Not that you need an opening; still it isn't everyone who would have such a chance given him, you know."

"You may congratulate me too, if you like," said Pilkington, with ready tact; whereupon his friend responded heartily: "Of course—of course! Congratulate you both most sincerely."

"Oh, ah!—the new magazine," murmured Kean, dropping his long, gaunt person into an arm-chair. "I'm in it, too, ain't I, Pilkington?"

"As an occasional contributor," replied that gentleman, serenely.

"Oh yes: I know I'm only a casual. By-the-way, have you hit upon a name for the thing yet?"

"Well, no," answered the future editor; "I can't say that I have come to a final decision. I should have liked to find something that would convey an idea of the light character of the publication—because, although we shall have to treat of serious subjects, we don't want to be heavy—but, unfortunately, all the best titles have been appropriated. *Figaro*, for instance, would have suited us very well—or *The Owl*."

"Why not the *Ostrich?*" suggested Kean. "The omnivorous ostrich—he's the bird for you. Politics, fiction, science, slander—buns, broken glass, tenpenny nails—nothing comes amiss to him. Call it the *Ostrich*, Pilkington."

"I'm afraid that wouldn't do," said Pilkington. "The ostrich is chiefly known to the public for habits which we should be sorry to impute to ourselves as clear-sighted observers."

"Well, then," said the other, "let's ring for a dictionary, and search it through till we get an idea. I've tried that plan before now with the happiest results." And he suited the action to the word.

It seemed possible that Mr. Kean had taken just half a glass too much champagne. His tone evinced a disrespectful tendency to make fun of the new magazine, if not of its promoter. But Pilkington remained unruffled. It would have taken a very different man from Kean to disturb his courtesy, his kindly toleration of human folly, his modest but firm belief in himself.

"I don't know that names are of any great importance," he continued; "the generality of newspapers and magazines have names which are comparatively meaningless. Still, in choosing a new one, it would be desirable, if it were possible, to give some sort of clue to one's intention."

"Just so," agreed Egerton. "Now you, I take it, want to be understood as intelligent and disinterested spectators of what is going on around you. In short, a band of cultured men and men of the world, associated together for the purpose of—of—well, for journalistic purposes; but tied down to no special line, and ready to judge every question upon its merits."

"Yes; but, unfortunately, you can't very well put all that into one word," said Pilkington. "All things considered, I am afraid we shall have to content ourselves with a *pis-aller*. 'The Empire' has been suggested to me, and also 'Great Britain'; but I am inclined to something more inclusive. 'The Anglo-Saxon,' for example. But really it does not much signify."

"'The Anglo-Saxon' would take in America and the colonies," observed Egerton, thoughtfully.

"Who might otherwise consider themselves slighted," broke in Kean, looking up from the dictionary which he had been studying. "I've got lots of good names here, though. The A.'s don't come out very well; the 'Amalgam' and the 'Anomaly' are all I can do for you in the way of A.'s; but we improve as we go on. I'll just read you out my list: 'The Balance' (capital name that for an impartial paper. Weigh everybody and find everybody wanting, you know)—the 'Butterfly,' the 'Buttonholer,' the 'Bore,' the"——

"Oh, I say, Kean, come now!" remonstrated Egerton.

Pilkington preserved his lenient smile as he rose and bade his host good-night. "I think we shall have to stick to the 'Anglo-Saxon,'" he said; "unless Mr. Vidal can help us to something better."

He took the young man familiarly by the arm and led him towards the door. "There's one thing more I had intended to mention. Our paper will not be the property of any publishing firm. We considered it best not to hamper ourselves in that way. The bulk of the capital is provided by private individuals who are not themselves literary men; but all our permanent contributors have some small pecuniary interest in the undertaking. In many ways I think it is well that this should be so, and if you like to place a trifle—say a couple of thousand pounds—in our hands, I hope you will have no cause to regret having done so."

Vidal felt rather uncomfortable. Two thousand pounds was not exactly his notion of a trifle; and, as a married man, he doubted whether he had any business to go in for sporting investments.

"Of course," continued Pilkington, who was now getting into his great-coat, "I can't say what rate of interest you would receive. It might be fifty per cent or it might be five."

"Or it might be nothing," Vidal ventured to suggest.

"Or it might be nothing. Every new enterprise is speculative, and cannot be otherwise. I need not say that you are under no sort of obligation to run what you may consider a risk; and of course it does not signify at all to us, in a pecuniary sense, whether you accept our offer or not. My own feeling in the matter is simply this: that having a money interest, however small, in a paper helps a man more than anything else to identify himself with it, and to put his best work into it."

"He has his salary," remarked Vidal.

"Oh, yes; he has his salary, no doubt. Well, you can

think it over, Mr. Vidal, and let me know what your wishes are in the course of a few days. Good-night."

These last words were spoken upon the doorstep of the club, from which Pilkington was driven away in his brougham. Adrian perceived that he would have to risk those two thousand pounds, and he was rather sorry that he had not at once yielded with a good grace, instead of seeming to hint at doubts by which his future chief had evidently been ever so slightly offended. It would not do to offend Pilkington, he thought; but at the same time he would have preferred to keep his money in his pocket. Careless and hopeful though he was, he had enough of common-sense to be aware that the new magazine might be excellently written and excellently conducted, and yet fail to establish a footing. Turning pensively back into the hall he encountered Kean, who was coming out, and who proposed to walk as far as Piccadilly with him.

"So you are to do the monthly review of fiction for the 'Anglo-Saxon,'" he remarked, when they were out in the street. "You never tried anything of the kind before, I suppose? Ah; I thought not. It's an original idea, that of Pilkington's, to put all his square men into the round holes, and I shouldn't wonder if it were to take. A sonnet by an eminent scientific writer, a serial story by a Bishop, and so on, ought to tickle the fancy of the jaded public, eh? Pilkington isn't quite the Solomon that he gets credit for being; but he's no fool either."

"Do you think the 'Anglo-Saxon' is likely to pay?" asked Vidal, who was more interested for the moment in this question than in Mr. Pilkington's reputation.

"I don't know why it shouldn't. It's a novelty—neither fish, flesh, nor good red herring; and the first few numbers are sure to be read. We shall know more about it by this time next year; but at present I should say it had a fair chance of success. Personally, I don't much care whether it sinks or swims."

"The difference between us," thought Vidal, "is that I do." But he did not say this, and as he drove homewards he took some comfort from the thought that, since all the contributors were in the same boat, they would, as their editor had astutely observed, certainly do their best to keep it afloat.

(To be continued.)

LENT LILIES.

Fashion has many freaks and fancies, and busies herself from time to time with matters that have nothing to do with our raiment, though they may exercise considerable influence on our lives. For some years she has decreed that our rooms, as well as our persons, should be adorned with real flowers—not merely the conventional gardenia or rose in our button-holes, or the carefully arranged bouquet on table or sideboard, but with masses of whatever blossoms may happen to be in season. It is, of course, reserved for American millionaires and Russian magnates to have roses at Christmas and eucharis all the year round: they are exceptions to the general rule. But the real benefit Fashion has for once conferred on the great middle class is that she has brought field flowers in immense quantities to their very doors, and made it *de rigueur* to use them in masses.

The starry celandine has not yet come into favour; but that is no doubt owing to its perverse habit of closing whenever it is not in the full blaze of sunshine. But sheaves of the delicate though long-despised faintly-tinted "milkmaids" or "lady's smocks," of blue hyacinths, wood anemones, and, though last, not least, Lent lilies, have come to be marketable commodities, and eagerly purchased for the purpose of putting into brown, red, green, or yellow jars, and making desirable "bits" of colouring.

Lovely Lent lilies! their day has come at last, and for at least six weeks they queen it all over England. They are the "fair daffodils" of Herrick; but several generations came after Herrick and failed to recognise their beauties. The *big*, heavy, flaunting double daffodils of cottage gardens and *shrubberies* were considered "well enough in their place," but were seldom gathered, and no one gave so much as a thought to their delicate single sisters in the marshy fields and damp woodlands.

The late Gabriel Dante Rossetti may be claimed as the apostle of the Lent lily, for he painted her several times with a lover's touch; though of course with him flowers were secondary to faces. Nevertheless, when he did paint flowers it was with such marvellous delicacy that they bloom eternally on his canvas.

Wordsworth, who was in all the secrets of Nature, sang of

> A host of golden daffodils,
> Beside the lake, beneath the trees,
> Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.

But other popular writers seem scarcely to have noticed them. Miss Mitford accorded scant mention to the Lent lily; and even the Howitts had little or no enthusiasm for it.

In these days we must be learned and exact, so it is only right to record that, botanically speaking, the wild single daffodil is the *Narcissus pseudo-narcissus;* and also that, in spite of its elegance and beauty, there is nothing utilitarian about it. Herbalists and such like people learned in simples have never found out that it is good for anything; and in the whole pharmacopœia there is no single reference to it. Our French neighbours call it the *fleur d'asphodèle*, and our own country-folk in the southern counties speak of the flower collectively as "daffs," "daffies," and "daffy-down-dillies."

In Middlesex, Surrey, Hants, and "Darset dear," as Mr. Barnes calls that bewitching county, Lent lilies, with their scanty amber petticoats and translucent primrose-tinted paniers, grow abundantly in the flat lands, making their appearance about the first week in March, and "hasting away" in the middle of April. Sometimes they are found in a moist wood, as, for instance, near Wroxall, in the Isle of Wight. A clay soil delights them, but they are not fond of chalk, sand, or gravel, though if the bulbs are transplanted thither they flourish and do well after the first season or two. Each bulb bears only one blossom, but so thickly are they often crowded together that it seems impossible even to thin them by gathering. Fifteen years ago, Lent lilies were scarcely ever plucked, save by a few disciples of nature, even in districts where they grow most plentifully. A rough and rustic Dorsetshire "maiden" and a poor curate's wife in the same county tried hard to point out their beauties to all and sundry with whom they came in contact; but these simple souls lived before their time, and, like others whom the gods have loved and dowered, died young.

Things are changed now, and have been for the last six years or so. Lent lilies have come to the front. Artists paint them for the spring exhibitions, and they figure almost as largely as brambles on the china plaques which annually find a temporary home, or at all events a rendezvous, *chez* Messrs. Howell and James, and divide the palm with the primroses on Easter cards. We wear them as breast-knots, and on our hats and bonnets; we fill our wall pockets and *jardinières* with them; we make "beau pots" of them in the corners of our rooms. But, however we may expatiate on their form and colour, their grace and winsomeness, we shall never invent for them any more sweet or poetic epithet than the old-fashioned one of "Lent lilies."

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

HEREWARD (Oxford).—The position you describe appears to us to be a draw.

H J W (Barnsbury).—Please send your problem on a diagram.

A F (Peckham).—No such problem appeared in our Christmas Chess Nuts for 1884.

F S W (Shrivenham).—Too simple, we regret to say.

DR. R (St. Petersburg).—We are greatly obliged for the information, and for the game accompanying it.

W H (Brunswick-square).—The solution of Mr. Wood's Problem is given below, and has not been published before.

L K H (Pau).—The conditional problem is unsuitable, but the others shall have our best attention.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEMS Nos. 2123, 2124, 2125, and LOYD'S received from J S Logan (Blackburn, Natal); of No. 2125, from F E Gibbins (Tiffin), H stebbing, Rev. John Wills (Barnstable, U.S.A.), A G Heaton (Washington, U.S.A.); of No. 2126 from Emile Frau, Red Sea Rovers, Toy (Penarth), R H Brooks, R Sumner, Trist, Roland Bennett (Tranby), G J Veale, J Knight; of No. 2128 from F F Fott, Clement Fawcett, Emile Frau, J Gaskin (Retma), R Sumner, Arthur Ashe, E J Wacheaux (Leeder), H Stebbing, W F R (Swansea), E E H, George J Veale, J G R, Carl Stepan, J Evan Geoghegan, Harry Risbridger, R D (Aberdeen), F M Haines, E L G, W J Knight; of ANONYMOUS PROBLEM, from E L G; of C E DENNIS'S PROBLEM, from J P Owen, Carl Stepan, R D (Aberdeen), G J Veale, W J Knight; of Mr. THAYERS' PROBLEM, from Toy (Penarth), Carl Stepan, F Marshall, R Worters, W F Potter, E L G, Hereward, Jumbo, and W Biddle.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2135 received from Shadforth, F F Pott, L H, Greenaway, Raymond, S Lowndes, John Hodgson, Emmo (Dalington), H H Noyes, J Alois Schmicka, Dominion, G W Law, W J Rudman, Z Ingold, A Chapman, A M Colborne, G A A Walker, B H C (Salisbury), Alpha, Aaron Harper, Jupiter Junior, Toy (Penarth), J Evan Geoghegan, Julia Short, J T W, Plevna, Tommy Allen, J K (South Hampstead), T R M, J G Powell, H Warhell, E Casella (Paris), Joseph Ainsworth, B R Wood, E Louden, Carlos (Clifton), Laura Greaves (Shelton), Carl Stepan, F F R (Penzance), F Marshall, T G (Ware), Rev. W Anderson (Old Romney), S Farrant, Jupiter Junior, A C Hunt, F Ferris, William Davis, W Biddle, B L Dyke, Ben Nevis, R Tweddell, R H Brooks, E E H, D McCoy, A W Scrutton, R Worters (Canterbury), E L G, Nerina, Arthur Ashe, D W Keil, C S Cope, S R Nash, Hereward, Bristow, F W Hardy, G S Oldfield, W Dewse, R Ingersoll, L K Hirshl, C Darragh, James Pilkington, E T Ward, G Huskisson, W J Knight, Columbus, Jumbo, T S (Brighton), and L Falcon (Antwerp).

SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEMS.

No. 2134.

WHITE.	BLACK.
1. Q to R 6th	Any move
2. Mates accordingly.	

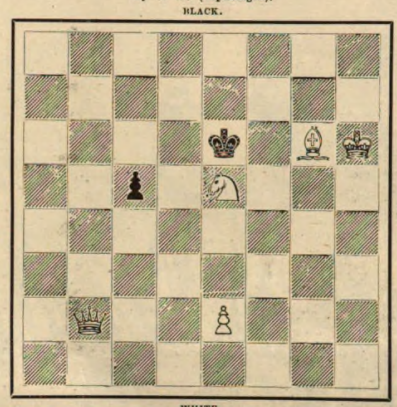
ANONYMOUS.

WHITE.	BLACK.
1. B to Q 3rd	P to B 7th
2. B takes Kt P	K takes B
3. B to R 4th	K moves
4. R to Kt sq.	Mate.

NOTE.—If Black play 1. K t : K sth, White continues with 2. R to K B 4th; if in the main variation he play 2. R to K 8th, then 2. R to K B 4th, &c.

PROBLEM No. 2137.
By C. W. (Copenhagen).

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

The last Australian mail brought us full information of Mr. Blackburne's arrival at Melbourne, and of his first appearance in the chess circles of that city. *Mr. Punch's* "Boys" of the British Lion received him as sharers of his renown in the world of chess; but they lost no time, nevertheless, in putting his mettle to a practical test. The champion's first exhibition of chess skill at the Antipodes was given on Jan. 8, at the large hall of the Co-operative Society, under the presidency of Judge Williams, when he contested eight games, *sans voir* and simultaneously, in the presence of over two hundred spectators. Among his opponents on this occasion were some of the most skilful Colonial amateurs, most of them well known in the Mother country as competitors in intercolonial matches. The result of the play in this contest was that Mr. Blackburne won five games against Messrs. Lush, Hamel, Landels, Witton, and Fewing; and drew three games against Messrs. Esling, Loughran, and Stephen. Appended is one of the games played in this match, with notes by Mr. Burns, of Melbourne *Leader*. Mr. Blackburne played the White and Mr. Fleming the Black pieces.

(Vienna Game.)

WHITE (Mr. B.)	BLACK (Mr. F.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th
2. Kt Q B 3rd	Kt to K B 3rd

The correct answer is 2. Kt to Q B 3rd; the move made leads speedily to a bad game.

3. P to K B 4th	P to Q 3rd

Shutting in his Bishop and getting a very cramped position.

4. B to B 4th	B to Kt 5th
5. Kt to B 3rd	Kt to B 3rd
6. Castles	Kt to Q 5th
7. B to K 2nd	B takes Kt
8. B takes B	P to Q B 3rd

This is bad, as it makes his Q P a weak point, against which White directs his attack presently. P to K B 3rd, making an opening for his Bishop, seems his best resource.

9. P to Q 3rd	B to K 2nd
10. B to K 3rd	Kt to K 3rd

10. Kt takes B would have been better; but, in any case, his game is now greatly compromised.

11. P to B 5th	

Taking full advantage of Black's errors, obtaining a splendid position.

11.	Kt to B 2nd
12. P to Q 4th	Kt to Q 2nd
13. Q to K 2nd	B to B 3rd
14. Q R to Q sq	Q to K 2nd
15. Q to B 2nd	P to Q R 3rd

15. P takes P, followed by 16. B to K 4th, would have relieved his game. White dare not in that case take the B P, on account of the reply, P to Q B 4th.

16 Kt to K 2nd	P to B 4th

A bad move, which gives White the desired opening at Q 5th. 16. P takes P would have been much better.

17. P takes B P	Kt takes P
18. Kt to B 3rd	

Immediately seizing the opportunity of forcing an entrance for his Rook at Q 5th, and doubling on the Queen's file.

WHITE (Mr. B.)	BLACK (Mr. F.)
19. Kt to Q 5th	Castles (K R)
20. R takes Kt	Kt takes Kt
21. K R to Q sq	Q R to Q B sq
22. B takes Kt	R to B 3rd
23. R to Q 7th	P takes B
24. R takes Kt P	R to B sq
25. Q R to Q 7th	

To prevent Black getting possession of the Queen's file, by R to Q sq.

25.	B to K 2nd
26. Q to Q 2nd	R to Q sq
27. B to K 2nd	P to Q R 4th
28. B to B 4th	B to K 4th

An error which ought to have lost the game at once.

29. Q to Q 6th	

Good enough to win; but 29. Q takes B would have forced the game in a few moves—ex. gr.:

29. Q takes B	R t. kes R
30. P to B 6th	R takes R (ch)
31. K to B 2nd	R to Q 7th (ch)
32. K to K 3rd,	

and Black cannot avoid the mate.

29.	R takes R
30. Q takes R	Q to Q Kt sq
31. P to Q Kt 3rd	K to R sq

In the vain hope that White might be tempted to take the B P, and so enable him to play R to Q sq.

32. Q to Q 6th	

This speedily forces the game.

32.	Q takes Q
33. R takes Q	K to Kt sq
34. K to B 2nd	R to Q sq
35. R to Q B 6th	B to K 2nd

Checking with the Rook would have been unavailable.

36. R to B 7th	K to B sq
37. R to R 7th	K to K sq
38. B to Q 8th	B to Kt 4th
39. B takes P (ch),	

and Black resigned.

A meeting of the Dover Chess Club was held on Wednesday week, when a match was played between the clerical and medical members, which resulted in a victory for the former by five games to one and three drawn. At the conclusion of play, the president, Sir Richard Dickeson, presented the prizes to the winners in the Challenge and other tournaments. The Challenge prize, a set of ivory Staunton chessmen and a morocco chessboard, was won by Mr. Charles Wood, M.R.C.S. The prize in the other tournament, a silver Queen, was won by the Rev. Tudor Craig. The president then proceeded to say that the services of the honorary secretary, Mr. Allan T. Wilson, were unanimously recognised by the members, and that he had been asked to offer for Mr. Wilson's acceptance a "statu quo" chessboard and men with the best wishes of the club. The evening terminated with an oyster supper.

A match between the University and the City of Oxford was played on the 27th ult. There were fourteen players a side, and the University won by 16½ to 10½.

On the 26th ult. a match was played between Burnsley and Wakefield, which resulted in a victory for the former by 9½ games to 4½; and, on the previous evening, the Athenæum, Camden Town, scored 8½ in a match against 1½ for the London and Westminster Bank.

M. Tschigorin, who became well known to English chessplayers through the London International Competition of 1883, gave an interesting exhibition of chess *sans voir*, at the St. Petersburg Chess Club, on the 22nd ult. He was opposed by ten adversaries simultaneously, and the contest resulted in M. Tschigorin winning eight games, losing one, and drawing one. One of his adversaries, M. Arnold, played also without sight of the board. For the score of this game we are indebted to the courtesy of Dr. Rosuski, of St. Petersburg, and shall have pleasure in publishing it next week.

A match between Bath and district and Bristol and Clifton was played on the 26th ult., and resulted in the former winning nine games against their adversaries' eight.

A pretty two-move problem from *Humoristicke Listy*, by Jan Benes, of Prague:—

White: K at K R 8th, R at Q Kt 6th, Kts at K R 2nd and K B 4th, B at Q R 3rd, Pawns at Q 2nd and 3rd, and K R 4th. (Eight pieces.)
Black: K at K 4th, Kt at K B 4th, Pawn at K B 2nd. (Three pieces.)
White to play, and mate in two moves.

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated June 14, 1883) of Mr. William Clark, late of No. 15, Sumner-place, Brompton, who died on Jan. 15 last, was proved on the 17th ult. by William Clark Lawrence, the nephew, and James Blyth Stephens, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £88,000. The testator bequeaths £28,000 to his nephew Henry Lawrence: £33,000 to his said nephew, William Clark Lawrence; £10,500 to his housekeeper, Mary Tuckwell, for her unwearied exertions and faithful services; £10,000 to his old and valued friend, the said James Blyth Stephens; and some other legacies. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves to his nephew, the said William Clark Lawrence.

The will (dated Jan. 24, 1883) of Mr. Thomas Lyford Champion, late of Malden Court, Cheltenham, who died on Jan. 2 last, at Shrewsbury, was proved on the 19th ult. by Henry Cecil Geare and Tom Buchanan, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £85,000. The testator leaves £300 per annum to his wife, Mrs. Rebecca Georgiana Champion, for life; and the residue of his real and personal estate, upon trust, for his son, Reginald. In the event of his said son dying under the age of twenty-five without leaving issue, the income of the residue is to be paid to his mother, Mrs. Mary Champion, for life, and at her death the principal divided between the British Orphan Asylum, Slough, and the Royal Hospital for Incurables, West-hill, Putney-heath.

The will (dated Jan. 31, 1844) of Mr. John Mathison Fraser, late of No. 1, Palace Houses, Bayswater-hill, and Mongewell Park, Wallingford, Berks, who died on Jan. 13 last, was proved on the 17th ult. by Mrs. Emilie Fraser, the widow, and John Christian Fraser, the son, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £69,000. The testator, having by his marriage contract agreed that his domicile should be at Antwerp, and that the disposition of his property should be governed by the Belgian law, leaves one moiety of his property to his six children, in equal shares; one fourth to his wife, absolutely; and the usufruct of the remaining fourth to his wife.

The will (dated Jan. 5, 1884) of Mrs. Mary Crowdy, late of The Lawn, Southsea-hill, Reading, who died on Dec. 31 last, was proved on the 4th ult. by Mrs. Mary Hall, the niece, William Weedon, and John Alexander Strachan, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £42,000. There are numerous bequests to relatives and others; and the residue of her real and personal estate the testatrix leaves to Thomas Wright Little, Andrew George Little, and John Francis Willes Little.

The will (dated Oct. 14, 1884) of the Rev. Edward James Justinian George Edwards, Prebendary of Lichfield Cathedral, late of Trentham, Staffordshire, who died on Nov. 27 last, at No. 34, York-terrace, was proved on the 12th ult. by Justinian Heathcote Edwards Heathcote, and James Edwards, the sons, and Samuel Herbert Cooper, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £39,000. The testator leaves £3500, upon trust, for his wife, for life, and then for his children (except his eldest son) as she shall appoint; and there are specific bequests to his wife and children. Two freehold properties in Staffordshire and Cheshire he gives to his son Eustace Gresley Edwards; and his real estate in Leicestershire, and the residue of his real estate, to his son James Edwards. The residue of his personal estate is to be divided between his children, James Edwards, Eustace Gresley Edwards, Mrs. Cooper, Mrs. Clarke, Edith Lindsay Edwards, Isabel Edwards, and Adeline Edwards. He makes no provision for his eldest son, as he has succeeded to his uncle's estate.

The will (dated May 16, 1877), with a codicil (dated July 29, 1879), of Mr. Richard Stonhewer Illingworth, late of No. 9, Norfolk-crescent, Hyde Park, who died on Dec. 15 last, was proved on the 6th ult. by John Davies Davenport and Stonhewer Edward Illingworth, the son, two of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £36,000. The testator leaves to his wife, Mrs. Mary Ann Elizabeth Agnes Illingworth, his said residence, for life, and £8000, and all his household furniture and effects: he also leaves a sum of £6000, subject to the payment thereout of two annuities amounting to £130, to his wife, for life, then as to three fourths thereof for his three daughters, and as to one fourth for his said son; and some other legacies. The ultimate residue of his property is to be held, upon trust, for his wife, for life, and then for his children, the son's share to be double the share of each of his daughters. The provision made for his children is in addition to that already made for them by settlement.

The will (dated May 14, 1875), with five codicils, of Mr. Henry Romilly, late of Huntingdon Park, near Kingston, Herefordshire, who died on Dec. 25 last, was proved on the 7th ult. by Charles Romilly and Lieutenant Colonel Frederick Romilly, the brothers, two of the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £29,000. The testator leaves all his real estate in the county of Glamorgan to his brother Frederick, subject to an annuity to his sister; the residue of his real estate to the use of his wife, Mrs. Rosa Gardiner Romilly, for life, with remainder to his nephew, Samuel Henry Romilly, the son of his said brother Frederick; and legacies to relatives and others. The residue of the personalty he gives to his wife, absolutely.

The will (dated April 15, 1878), with a codicil (dated June 16, 1881), of Mr. John Whichcord, F.S.A., architect and surveyor, late of Palace-chambers, No. 9, Bridge-street, Westminster, and of No. 23, Inverness-terrace, Bayswater, who died on Jan. 9 last, was proved on the 14th ult. by Mrs. Marian Emma Whichcord, the widow, and Frederick Charles Thomas, the acting executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £20,000. The testator bequeaths £300 and all his wines and consumable stores to his wife, and £50 to his executor, Mr. Thomas. The residue of his real and personal estate is to be held, upon trust, for his wife, for life or widowhood, she maintaining, educating, and bringing up his children, and then for all his children in equal shares. The deceased was president in 1879 and 1880 of the Royal Institute of British Architects.

Enemy's Fort, firing into our square. Houses loop-holed for firing. Enemy's flag on doubled-storeyed house.



WAR IN THE SOUDAN: FIRST ATTEMPT T

FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPE

Arab men, women, and children, leaving the town.

People leaving the town this way.



Camel with ammunition.

Enemy's shell bursting in our square.

Tin tanks for water, on camel.

TAKE THE TOWN OF METAMMEH, JAN. 21.

ARTIST, MR. MELTON PRIOR.

NEW BOOKS.

Mr. Alfred Austin's muse, like good wine, has grown rich and mellow with age. He is a copious writer, possibly a little too copious; and it has been our lot to read all or nearly all his poetry, from "The Season," published more than twenty years ago, to "The Human Tragedy," and "Savonarola." With the "Soliloquies in Song" we are less familiar; but, putting that volume aside, it needs no high critical faculty to say that in *At the Gate of the Convent, and other Poems* (Macmillan and Co.), Mr. Austin has attained the high-water mark of his genius. Doubtless, there is more of pretension, of labour, of elaboration, in the earlier works; but there is, we think, less of spontaneity and of that simple lyrical flow, the expression of strong emotion and concealed art, in which this writer excels. In these days of confused poetical utterance, when poetasters are apt to hide their lack of genius under the mask of obscurity, it is delightful to find an author who can say out what is in him in language as clear as the mountain streams to which he loves to listen. Like those streams, Mr. Austin wanders with unchartered freedom, and sometimes seems to make his way too easily; but in his most diffusive verse he is almost always true to Nature and to the human life which gives to Nature her significance. We say almost always, for, curiously enough, the opening couplet of this volume contains what is surely a physiological inaccuracy, as well as an indication of bad taste. Apart from this slight flaw, the "Prelude" is a beautiful confession of the way in which Nature has been teaching the writer from his earliest infancy; and what he gained then he holds fast still; and so it is that when spring comes he can say:—

> I feel no more the snow of years,
> Sap mounts and pulses bound;
> My eyes are filled with happy tears,
> My ears with happy sound.
>
> . . . . . .
>
> My manhood keeps the dew of morn,
> And what I have I give;
> Being right glad that I was born,
> And thankful that I live.

In the poem, comparatively a short one, that gives its name to the volume the education of Nature still forms the poet's theme. After a night spent at a convent, he is bidding the friar farewell, when the old man, taking his hand, prays him to remain with him, using, with poetic fervour, the familiar arguments in favour of what is supposed to be a holy life. The poet, on the other hand, has his arguments for loving everything that is lovely, and using all God's gifts as best he may. So he will reap the heaven about his feet still, and, saying farewell, vows

> To found a convent in his breast
> And keep a cloister in his heart.

The Father returns to his prayers, the singer to the world; and he adds,

> But I have kept my vow. And when
> The cuckoo chuckleth o'er his theft,
> When throstles sing again, again,
> And runnels gambol down the cleft,
>
> With these I roam, I sing with those;
> And should the world with sm les or jeers
> Provoke or lure, my lids I close,
> And draw a cowl about my ears.

Our remarks and quotations will suffice to show the *motif* of the volume, though not its beauty. To appreciate that, the book must be read, and read carefully. If space would allow, we should like to quote such poems as "The Spring-Time," "A Rare Guest," "To Beatrice Stuart-Wortley," and a fine Shakspearean sonnet called "Love's Fitfulness." "A Te Deum" has some beautiful stanzas, but it is marred by a false theology. No one who acknowledges a Divine Being will praise him for the sin and misery caused by the direct act of man, yet Mr. Austin does not scruple to write

> Thanks for all things that are,
> For the fair, the foul, the fell;
> Thanks for the morning star,
> And the nethermost murk of Hell.
>
> For the bliss of a dewy dell,
> When lover and maiden meet,
> And the venal kisses they sell,
> In the shade of the lamp-lit street.

It will be seen that the poet's Pegasus sometimes runs away with him.

Great facility of expression and much fantastic fancy are to be found in *The Three Sheiks, an Oriental Narrative*, and *The Fishers, a Contata*, by Henry Rose (Isbister). The writer can at least boast that he is not prosaic, and that his poetical narrative is Oriental in character. It does not, however, follow that because, like the wild dream of Southey's "Curse of Kehama," "The Three Sheiks" belongs to no real world the conceptions of the writer have their source in the imagination, which is the special gift of a poet. Give but reins to the fancy, and the most impossible occurrences assume for the moment reality. The wildest extravagances are permissible in Oriental tales, whether in verse or prose; and if one of the Three Sheiks sails by a sea of fire, rides upon a "camel of the Heavens," finds a crystal, and destroys the power of a magician, and another discovers infinite treasure in a cave under the sea, the reader will not be surprised. The point of interest, both for critic and reader, is not so much the outward form of the verse as its inward power. Does the author look at Nature and life, no matter how fantastic the incidents of his narrative, with the vision of a poet? Can he see and can he sing? We fear these questions must be answered in the negative. Mr. Rose has plenty of ability, but we search the volume in vain for indications of the "faculty divine."

The Hon. Roden Noel has written several volumes of poetry and won golden opinions from the critics. In *Songs of the Heights and Deeps* (Elliot Stock) he appeals once more to the judgment of the public. It is not always easy to say why some verse, to use a Coleridgean phrase, "finds" us, and why other verse, masterly though it be in execution, fails to make an impression. If we confess that we have read these so-called "songs" unmoved, uncharmed, the poet's answer may be that the fault lies in the reader. Possibly; our ear is, perhaps, at fault in thinking the verse unmusical, our insight, in deeming it in a measure laboured and artificial. The reviewer, who knows how liable he is to err, can but give a reason for his judgment. It seems to us, then, that there is far more of laborious effort in these poems than of the imagination that creates or of the emotion that inspires. Mr. Noel's verses are never weak, and his moral is high; but we miss the spontaneity, the *élan*, the passion, which make poetry impressive and fix it in the memory and heart. The first poem in the volume, "A Lay of Civilisation," presents some painful scenes of London life—photographic scenes they may be termed in their exactness; yet somehow the pathos fails to touch us, partly, we think, because it is mixed up with much that bears the mark of rhetoric rather than of poetry. "Melcha," the longest poem in the book, must be read with care if the reader would grasp its allegorical significance. In its surface meaning, and as a fairy tale, we regret to say it strikes us as alike confused and uninteresting. Mr. Noel, doubtless, would be able to explain every perplexing allusion in connection with the young lady who is wooed and won by a husband living under the water; but if he be able to make the puzzle easy he cannot win us by the melody of the verse.

> But when the Knight beheld some members of the throng,
> Impetuously he burst forth into song,

is verily a harsh couplet; and the following rather puzzling lines describing what Melcha sees in the home of her demon lover grate still more upon the ear:—

> No word is breathed between the shapes who wander.
> On one another's work they reverently ponder;
> Knowing the Lord all over it and under.
> The wisest ask no homage for their names,
> To one all bounteous yielding private claims;
> And where some organising thought, long gleaming
> Upon a column's core, hath left it beaming,
> For ever after, when a follower gazes,
> Reason's high hallowing remains, and blazes
> I' the core of these enchanted chrysopraxes.

The poem on "Byron's Grave" raises a doubtful point in theology; its estimate of the poet, as far as we can judge of it through a haze of rhetoric, strikes us as a false one. With more pleasure we have read "The Death of Livingstone," but there is not a piece in the volume which has given us unalloyed delight.

The volume of essays entitled *Euphorion* (Fisher Unwin, 1884), from the pen of the lady who writes under the pseudonym of "Vernon Lee," will attract a wider attention than the biting satire on pseudo-aestheticism which is the groundwork of her novel "Miss Brown." It is seldom that a book of such merit as "Euphorion" undoubtedly shows is fitted with a title which is neither a catch-word nor a mere label, but which strikes at the outset the key-note of the author's meaning. "Euphorion," as explorers of the second part of the great German drama well know, was the mystical offspring of Faust and Helena—Faust, the impersonation of the Middle Ages; Helena, the spirit of antiquity. In other words, "Euphorion" is the Renaissance. This idea "Vernon Lee" develops in a series of essays, which, however, must not be taken as the working out of a theory, but rather as a succession of vivid personal impressions. The author is as profoundly stirred by the contemplation of mediæval error as was ever the earnest preacher denouncing the wickedness of his own day. Her historical sympathy, or rather antipathy, is living and passionate. The union of the spirit of antiquity with the spirit of mediævalism resulted too often in what the author in her exuberant language calls "a foul intermeshing of evil with good." To her Puritan nature the contemplation of this wrong-doing was a pain that ached until it found utterance in protest. Such a pain she believes to be "holy and healthy"; "holy" it may be, but "healthy" certainly not. "Evil which is past," says this burning young prophetess, "is ever present," and must, therefore, ever cause to the "morally sentient being" trouble and indignation. We venture to think that, with regard to some forms of mediæval error, the best sermon is to forget. Happily, Vernon Lee is a delicate critic as well as a fierce moralist. Each essay contains thought enough for an average book. In the "Sacrifice" she shows how, during the period of the Renaissance, whole generations were condemned to moral uncertainty and error "in order that other generations may enjoy knowledge peacefully and guiltlessly." In "Portrait Art" it is refreshing to meet with thoughts that are original, definite, and incisive about terms so hackneyed and so vague as realism and idealism. The "School of Boiardo" is a lucid summary of the metamorphoses of mediæval romance. The "Essay on Mediæval Love" is, perhaps, the least valuable of the series. The author's critical sense compels her to aim at sympathetic analysis; but she allows herself to be carried away by burning indignation, and attains little beyond vituperation, which occasionally oversteps the limits of good taste. In "Italy of the Elizabethan Dramatists," we have a valuable contribution to historical criticism. The Italian Renaissance was in its moral, or rather immoral, aspect what it has been to Vernon Lee herself—a horror and a haunting fascination, something which beset the imagination because so utterly alien. The Renaissance of Italian literature was cheerful and bright—the Italians, steeped in the wrong-doing of their rulers, seeing it daily and hourly, remained healthy and serene: the Renaissance of English tragedy was foul and savage—the English, coming from a purer moral atmosphere, were seized with shame and horror at what they had seen, and could not forget. So Vernon Lee explains, and so we can best explain her own estimate of the past wrong-doings, of which the painful details seem to have left upon her mind a deepor impression than the mental freedom and subsequent moral improvement which were the outcome of the Renaissance.

The author of "The Knave of Hearts" has written a novel called *A Woman's Love Story* (W. Stevens), which, if it does not display any special originality, is pleasantly exciting and readable throughout. The characters act their parts with propriety, do what we should expect them to do, and there is a consistency in the plot which shows a well-practised hand. Indirectly, by Lilith's mistake and her mother's choice, we are reminded of "Esmond," although in that novel the love of mother and daughter does not clash, as for a time it does here. The beautiful young mother of a plain, eccentric, and highly gifted daughter has had troubles enough to bear, and when at length her cup is filled with joy, it seems as if it were to be suddenly dashed to the ground. There appears a little weakness in the way in which an anonymous letter is allowed to affect the principal *dramatis personæ*, especially as they were not without a clue to the perpetrators of the shameless act. However, something must be allowed to the exigencies of a story-teller, and on the whole the writer's machinery is managed with considerable skill. The volume, which belongs to a cheap series called "The Family Story-Teller," merits an appearance in a more attractive form.

Two interesting books on the subject of Whist have just been issued from the press, with somewhat different aims. In *How to Play Whist*, Mr. Richard A. Proctor teaches the learner the rules and regulations which govern the system of "signalling." In the *Decline and Fall of Whist*, our old friend "Pembridge," of the "Westminster Papers," condemns the system without qualification. There can be no doubt that "signals" have, in recent times, been carried to ridiculous excess. Indeed, Mr. Proctor expresses his sympathy with the objections to their use; but, things being as they are, he believes that it is necessary to understand their meaning for defence, if not for attack. In this opinion most whist-players will agree with him. The most valuable part of this little work is that containing forty games from actual play, and the most amusing is that containing the "Whist whittlings." The "Decline and Fall of Whist" deserves the author's description of it. It is an "old-fashioned view of new-fangled play" put forward with genuine humour of the sarcastic kind. In these two books the learner has the bane and the antidote. Mr. Proctor will persuade him to learn the code, and "Pembridge" will persuade him to avoid its practice.

The Wesleyans have decided to start a mission fund for work in the worst rookeries of London, and to raise a fund of £25,000.

The quarterly court of governors of the Brompton Hospital for Consumption was held on Thursday week in the board-room of the Hospital—Mr. T. P. Beckwith in the chair. The report of the committee of management, read by the secretary, Mr. Dobbin, stated that since the last court the whole of the wards in the two buildings, containing 331 beds, had been occupied, to the great relief of the suffering poor during the most trying period of the year. The committee had been encouraged by the receipt of many new subscriptions, but at the same time funds were needed now more than ever to meet the great increase in the expenses caused by the addition of 137 beds in the new building, which was opened in 1882. The number of in-patients admitted since Nov. 27 was 348; discharged, many greatly benefited, 302; died, 54; new out-patient cases, 3302. The report was unanimously adopted.

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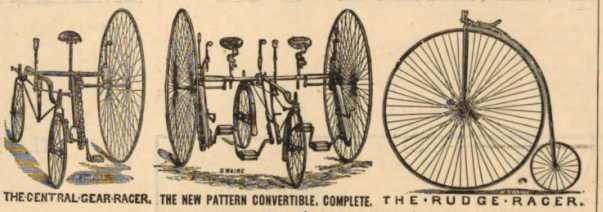
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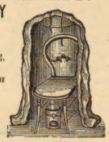
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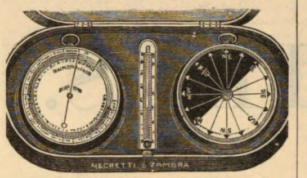
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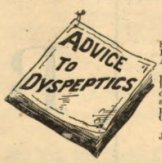
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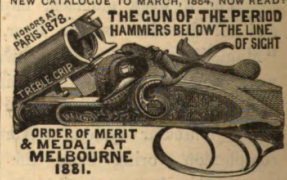
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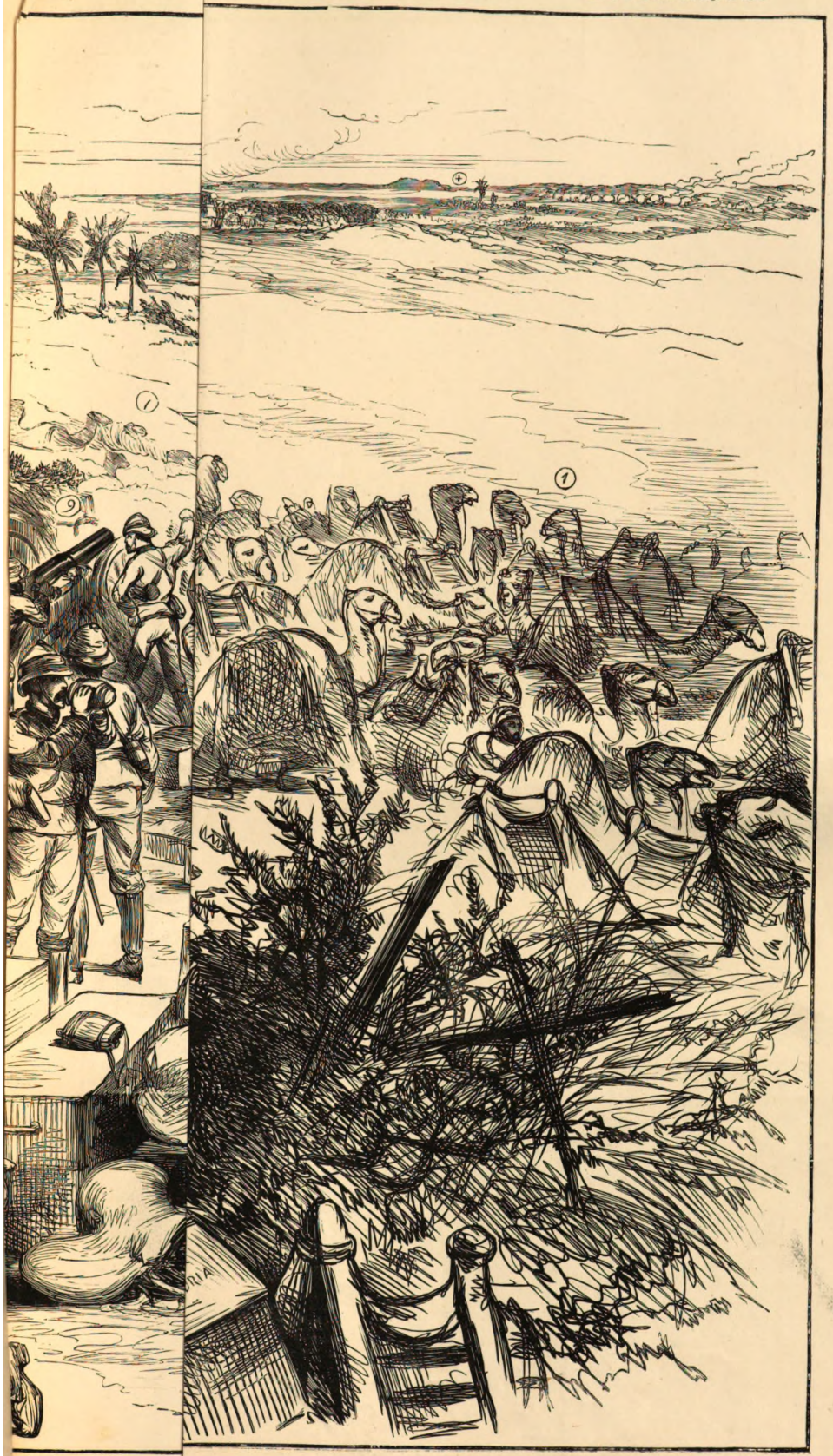
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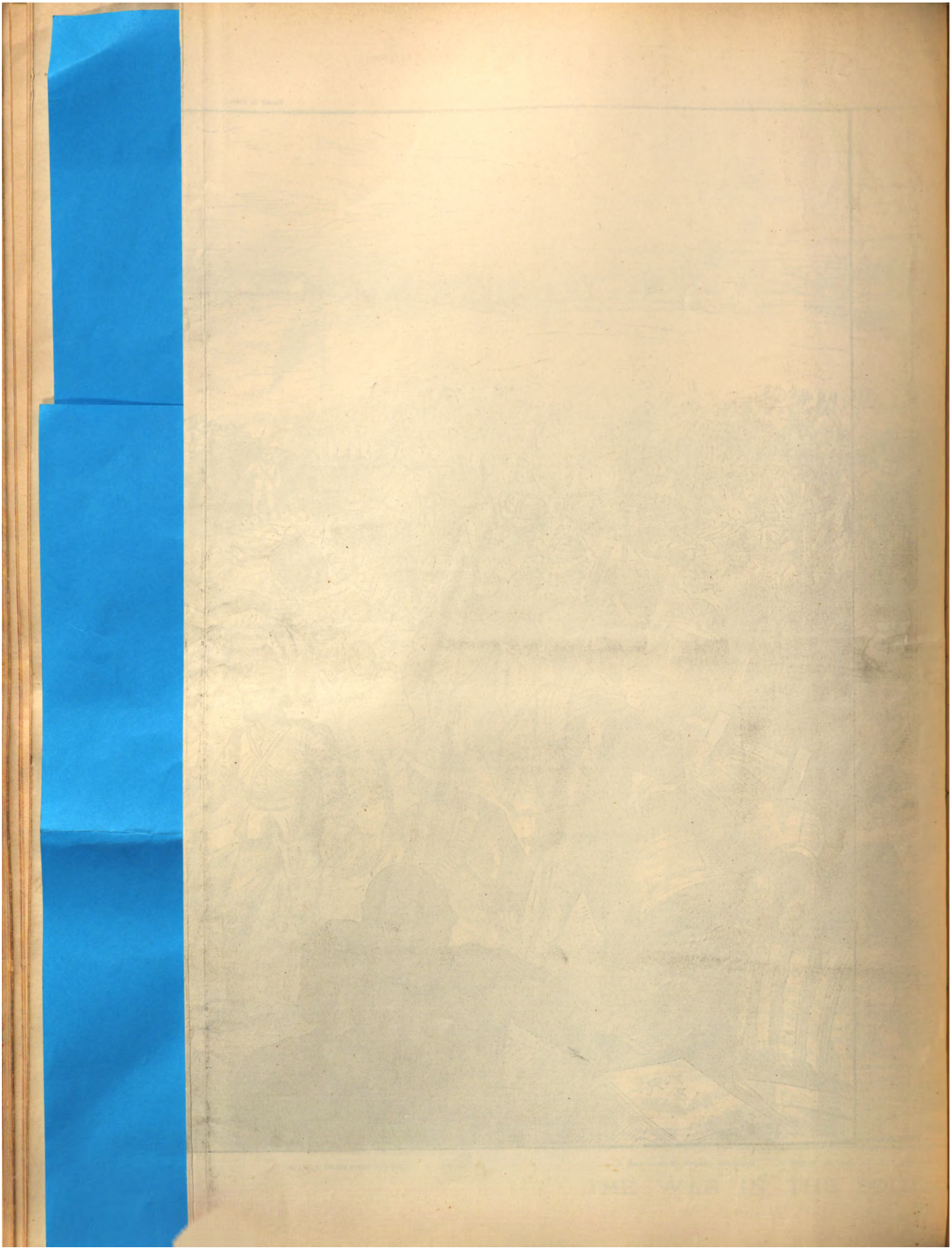
+ The Nile, flowing from right to left in the view. Enemy firing from the edge of bush.



volleys at enemy. 6. Gatling

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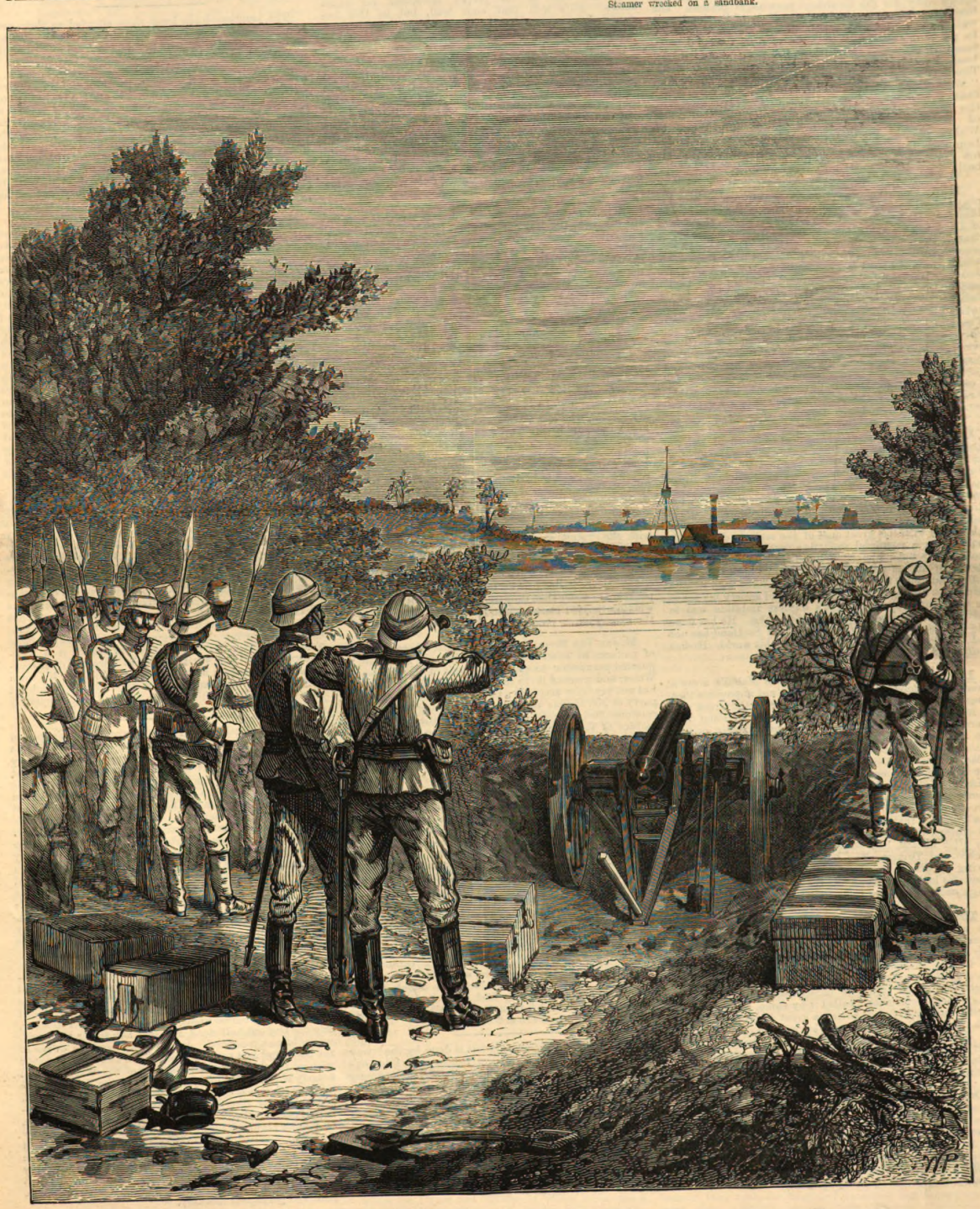
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THE WAR IN THE SOUDAN: SIR CHARLES WILSON AND HIS PARTY ON THE ISLAND OF MERUAT, AFTER THE WRECK OF THEIR STEAMER.

FROM A SKETCH BY SIR CHARLES WILSON, FORWARDED BY MR. MELTON PRIOR, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.

OUR NOTE-BOOK

A more brilliant ball than that of the Honourable Artillery Company on the 4th inst. can scarcely have taken place in the history of this oldest of Volunteer regiments. Graced by the presence of the Prince of Wales in his scarlet uniform as Captain-General and Colonel of the Honourable Artillery Company, the Princess of Wales, radiant in a beautiful dress of pale blue and silver brocade, and wearing a flashing coronet and necklace of diamonds, Prince Edward, the Duke of Cambridge, Prince Edward of Saxe-Weimar, Prince Waldemar of Denmark (the Princess of Wales's brother), and M. and Madame Waddington, all of whom entered with spirit into the dancing, the ball was especially noteworthy for the illustrious personages present. The handsome Lieutenant-Colonel, the Duke of Portland, may well have smiled with satisfaction at the glowing scene. In particular good taste were the plenteous floral decorations of the dancing marquee, the long grasses in the baskets pendent from the roof being generally admired. The first Royal quadrille was begun to the familiar tune of "Wait Till the Clouds Roll by, Jenny"; and it was noted that Prince Edward, conspicuous in the blue uniform of the Norfolk Artillery Militia, evidently inherited much of the bonhomie and earnestness of the Prince of Wales, who, by-the-way, graciously expressed to Mr. J. Longden, the secretary of the admirable Ball Committee, his personal gratification at the complete success of the ball.

Every Englishman who reads Shakspeare or sees his plays acted believes that he understands the character of Hamlet. He knows, or thinks he knows, that in the Prince of Denmark we see a mind so sicklied o'er with thought that reflection incapacitates for action. This, though expressed in different ways, is the judgment of Shakspearean critics, from Schlegel to Professor Dowden; but now Mr. George Macdonald has discovered that all the poet's readers have been mistaken and his critics also. In an elaborate "study" of the play just published, the writer states his conviction that Hamlet is remarkable as a man of action—indeed, when a thing has to be done, one of the promptest of men. Mr. Macdonald's judgment is startling, even in days when we are accustomed to the most novel opinions with regard to all matters of literature and art. If, however, his arguments, which is probable, fail to convince, they deserve to be considered; for the critic is no idle writer, and the work in which they are expressed is emphatically a study.

It is fitting that the greatest poet of Scotland and the best song-writer of Great Britain should have the niche in Westminster Abbey which was granted to his bust last Saturday. We wonder, however, what Robert Burns would have thought of this long-delayed honour could he have foreseen it. There was more humour than reverence in his composition, and one can imagine some sly hits at the irony of fate, which made him a gauger in life and ranks him with the great ones of the earth in death. No poet needs a memorial so little; for Burns, like Shakspeare, has built himself a live-long monument in the hearts of all his countrymen. The humblest reader can understand him, the most learned man turns with infinite delight to his pages, and in all grades of society his songs are household words. Burns's highest ambition was to "sing a sang at least" for Scotland's sake. He has done this and more. The sweetest singer of Scotland has not had to be content with these islands as his world. He has conquered both hemispheres.

It is well known that there are in the Mahdi's army a great many foreign officers, and it is not impossible that Roqueplan's story of an occurrence during the Greek war of independence may be enacted over again some day. An officer in Greek uniform was brought before one of the Sultan's generals, and as each shot angry glances at the other, the Hellenic warrior said, as if to himself: "My last hour is come, but the face of this son of Islam is not unknown to me, I fancy I have seen him before." "Leave us alone," ejaculated the Turk; and when he had been obeyed he looked into his captive's eyes, and said, in a voice of thunder, "Gebassier, you owe me ten francs!" The truth was that the men were two of the first Napoleon's old officers, who finding themselves in retirement on half-pay after his fall, had respectively entered the services of Greece and Turkey. The ten francs had been borrowed during the disastrous retreat from Moscow, but the former comrades had never met again till the Turko-Greek campaign once more threw them together.

The island of Madagascar is inhabited by many tribes, one of which, the Betzileo, worship serpents. Many of them have small inclosures near their dwellings where they maintain numbers of these reptiles, and pay them the utmost reverence. Mr. Little, who lived for many years in Madagascar, and was on friendly terms with his neighbours, knew that one family received daily visits from a large forest snake, called it by name, and regarded it with veneration; and, having a great desire to interfere with that particular "doxy," he waylaid the creature one day as it approached the familiar dwelling, and dealt it a death-blow with a club. The tribe rose against him as one man, and he narrowly escaped with his life.

One of the most important exhibits in the French section of the forthcoming Antwerp Exhibition will be a large *salle*, 300 square yards in extent, in which magnificent specimens of Gobelins and Beauvais tapestry, as well as the national manufactures of Sèvres china and mosaics will be shown. The best and largest piece of Gobelins represents *Homère déifié*. The French section will probably be guarded by thirty sailors.

Captain Brand, of H.M.S. Swiftsure, our flag-ship on the Pacific station, is a man who knows how to make the *amende honorable* with a good grace when he finds he has been mistaken. It happened, two or three months ago, that the chief engineer on board this vessel discovered a serious defect in her machinery, and reported it in writing to the captain. This officer could not believe him, and requested that the letter might be withdrawn; and as the chief engineer refused to do it, the opinion of two other engineers was sought. They declared that the machinery was all that it should be, so the protestor was transferred to the Mutine, and the chief engineer of that vessel went to do duty on the Swiftsure during her trip along the coast. When the cruise was over, the engines were examined, and it proved that the original engineer was right. The machinery was completely useless for three days, during which time artificers had to work hard in one of the cylinders at a temperature of 148 degrees to make the defects good. Thereupon Captain Brand reinstated his chief engineer, taking care that he was allowed his full pay while away from his own ship, as well as the proper allowance for extra duties. All's well that ends well, but in this instance there was a very narrow escape from a most disastrous ending.

The Anarchist, Reinsdorff, on the eve of his execution, wrote a touching letter to his brother saying how thankful he was for the prospect of death instead of penal servitude for life, and exhorting him to endeavour to be content with the existing order of things, to cherish and support his father and mother in their old age, and devote himself to the welfare of some younger brothers and sisters. An ounce of example is worth a ton of precept, and time alone will prove whether Bruno Reinsdorff becomes a prominent Anarchist, or whether the daily round and common task of filial and fraternal duty will suffice his soul.

A truly remarkable match at billiards was that won on the 6th inst. (the last day of play) by Mr. John Roberts, jun., titular champion, who conceded 3000 points out of 10,000, and Mr. T. Taylor, sometime candidate for the championship, and likely to be a candidate again. Let the scores speak for themselves: the following are those in which either player scored more than one hundred, chiefly, of course, by the "spot" stroke:—

ROBERTS.

162	188	118	203	214	123	117	156	116	269
176	344	369	574	111	163	357	417	609	319
109	371	179	321	161	280	574	111	163	357
278	102	563	137	570	450				

TAYLOR.

137	344	441	115	171	145	100	111	105	616
295	128	195	630	117	265	284			

Mr. Roberts, it will be observed, triumphed by "average"; Mr. Taylor, who lost the match by 1663, nevertheless twice made more in a single "break" than was made in any single break by the champion. The pluck with which the loser played was astonishing; the rapidity with which the winner played was incredible: when he got behind the red for the "screw back" stroke on the "spot," it was like shooting with a repeating rifle, and the attendant could not spot the ball quickly enough. There was some curiosity to see how Mr. Roberts, having for so long played the "all round" game exclusively, would succeed with the "spot stroke"; the curious, no doubt, went home satisfied. Envy itself could not attempt to detract from the splendid play of the champion, who "screwed back" for the "spot stroke" no fewer than sixty-one times consecutively in one break; but it cannot be denied that pockets are easier than they were of old, and it is a question whether they will not have to be made more difficult—for the champion.

M. Jan Van Beers, the Belgian artist whose exhibition of pictures in Bond-street has caused some sensation, requested permission to paint a portrait of the Princess of Wales, and present it to her Royal Highness. The offer has not yet been accepted; but the Prince, who was at a party at Mr. Millais' on Wednesday evening, the 4th inst., commissioned the painter of "Cherry Ripe" to execute a picture of the Princess. As soon as the large Academy work, "The Ornithologist," and the two portraits of Mr. Gladstone are completed, the one of her Royal Highness will be commenced. With such a subject, such an artist cannot fail to make a grand success.

It is the "way of putting it" that makes so much difference. The veracious Osman Digna sums up the list of "our" disasters in the Soudan, during the last two years, thus: "The defeat and annihilation of the army of General Hicks, the defeat of Baker Pasha, the capture of Sinkat and Tokar, the fall of Khartoum, the death of General Gordon, and the retreat of Wolseley, driven back by the Mahdi to Dongola." It is an appalling list at first sight; but, on recovering from the staggers and recalling the memory of El Teb and Tamanieb, we are a little reassured by the reflection that not a single one of the triumphs upon which Osman Digna justly prides himself was won over a British force, that to treachery alone belongs the credit of Khartoum's capture and Gordon's death, and that Wolseley's retreat was a natural consequence of the condition brought about by the treachery, the Mahdi having had little more to do with "driving" him "back" than the shore has to do with driving back the sea at the ebb of the tide.

Here is another instance of what is done by the "way of putting it." Lord Granville thinks that some explanation is due to Prince von Bismarck, and accordingly renders it—handsomely, as his Lordship's habit is. Immediately it is said by the French newspaper *La Paix*, which is supposed to be the organ of M. Grévy, that "England, proud England, has struck her flag at the summons of M. de Bismarck. The prostration of Lord Granville has made her a satellite, revolving in the Bismarckian orbit." That's good; "satellite" is good; so is "prostration." Then, if you tread on a gentleman's toe and beg his pardon, you grovel at his feet, and your country at once becomes a "satellite" revolving in his orbit.

The Britannia is rather an unlucky ship in the way of epidemics, but not more so than any school on dry land must be, for where a large number of pupils are assembled together, measles, scarlatina, and similar complaints will put in an appearance from time to time. The present outbreak, however, is but slight, and it is hoped that all the cadets will reassemble about the end of the first week in April. By that time, it is probable that Sir Baldwin Wake Walker will be installed as captain; he ought to be the right man in the right place, for he comes of a family which has distinguished itself in the Navy, as well as in other positions, during many generations, and even centuries, from the days of Hereward downwards. Curiously enough, a distant relative, Captain Baldwin Wake, was at the head of a training-ship in Scotch waters some twelve or fifteen years ago, and very pluckily rescued a boy, who had fallen overboard, from drowning. The irony of fate is strange, for he himself ultimately met with a watery grave, being drowned in crossing a river in the Southern States, whither he had emigrated with his family.

The jeunesse dorée long since adopted as their own peculiar button-hole flower a gardenia, probably as much on account of its cost as its beauty and fragrance. Supply was forced to meet demand, and now this blossom is amongst the commonest of exotics. There is, however, a new field open for floral extravagance, and we may yet meet one of the genus "masher" wearing a twenty pound adornment in his evening coat. At a sale of orchids in bloom recently, one specimen was knocked down for no less a sum than one hundred and thirty-one pounds, the purchaser being a Chelsea nurseryman. No doubt the flower was of the rarest and he knows his own business, but until the habitués of the stalls at burlesque theatres declare in favour of the new badge, it is difficult to conceive how the florist will make money out of his expensive treasure.

American actors brought to this country the fashion of self-advertisement, and now the epidemic appears to have reached France. Madame Sarah Bernhardt has taken advantage of a harmless mis-statement to obtrude her patriotism, and appeal to the excitable feelings of a very sensitive body, the French mob. It appears that some journal announced that the great tragédienne was about to perform in Berlin. In olden times a simple denial of the statement would have been deemed sufficient, for, after all, the most eminent artists need not mix themselves up with politics or be prevented from charming the inhabitants of an adjacent country because theirs had been at war with it ten years before. But Madame Bernhardt is terribly indignant at the charge, and declares herself "astonished that a French journalist is capable of putting such an insult into print." Hoighty, toighty! What a storm in a tea-cup! Yet she has been wise, from a business point of view; for since her letter of repudiation, the theatre at which she acts has been nightly filled with an admiring crowd of blue-bloused Parisians, who applaud her for her patriotic letter as well as for her performance in Sardou's "Théodora."

Although Folkestone is a popular and pretty seaside resort, yet it is sadly bare of places of entertainment and exhibitions. Perhaps when visitors go into the country they seek for rest rather than for excitement, and for pure air instead of curiosities. However this may be, there is now a scheme on foot to provide this Kentish watering-place with an art museum, and one most liberal offer has already been made. Mr. Felix Joseph, whose collection of Wedgwood ware is one of the finest in the world, has offered to lend a large portion of his treasures, and has promised in print to make "a permanent gift of certain specimens worthy of acceptance." Mr. Joseph, who was formerly a dealer in works of virtù, is a well-known expert, and what he thinks "worthy of acceptance" by a museum must indeed be valuable. No town should refuse such an offer if there be the slightest chance of the institution being founded and adequately supported.

Many practical English farmers expressed their opinion a couple of years ago that henceforth the only profitable branch of their craft in this country would be dairy farming. And the fact that the average prices of wheat sold in two of the principal markets of Kent during the past week represented a lower figure than has been reached at any time during the last fifty years, seems to show that growing grain does not pay. Having regard to this state of things, Lord Vernon instituted a dairy school on his estate at Sudbury, near Derby, and has now arranged for a course of papers by practical men, to be read periodically on certain evenings in the week. Neighbouring farmers are invited to attend and take part in the discussions, and the railway companies will attach carriages to the late goods-trains for the convenience of visitors living at a distance. This is practical education and no mistake, and Lord Vernon has set an example which wealthy landlords will do well for themselves and their tenants to emulate.

This is a very pathetic world, sometimes. At Plumstead, on the 6th inst., an old man borrowed a horse and cart to get a load of sand from the common. There was a slip of earth on the sandbank, and a report was spread that a boy was buried under the heap. Men set to work, dug the boy out half dead, and sent him to the infirmary, where he was recovered. In the confusion the owner of the horse and cart seems to have taken away the property without inquiring what had become of the borrower, and nobody else thought of inquiring. On the 7th inst. the fallen earth was cleared away, and there lay the old man, dead. Nobody, it seems, made any inquiry about him; nobody, it seems, called him friend or relative; nobody, it seems, even knew his name, for he was known to his neighbours by a nickname only. Such is the story told, and it is full of pathos. "Grant the King a long life" is a reasonable prayer to make; but the poor man might more reasonably pray to die before old age comes upon him, his last friend has left him, and his very name is a mere nickname, bestowed perhaps in mockery.

MUSIC.

THE CARL ROSA OPERA COMPANY.

Mr. Rosa's prospectus, just issued, announces (as we have previously stated) the opening of his new London season, to take place on Easter Monday at Drury-Lane Theatre, the performances extending over a period of eight weeks. The comparatively early time of commencement (half-past seven) will be welcome to the many who object to being kept up until past midnight, as at the fashionable opera establishments; and the non-restriction as to evening dress will also be widely approved. Another good arrangement is the issue of subscription tickets—each for twenty-four performances—in two sets, one for Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, the other for Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays—a discount of 10 per cent being allowed off the advertised prices.

The production of "Nadeshda," the new opera on a Russian subject, composed by Mr. Goring Thomas, will be an important event. This, like the same gentleman's "Esmeralda" successfully brought out at Drury-Lane Theatre in 1883, was commissioned specially by Mr. Carl Rosa. English versions of M. Massenet's "Manon" and Signor Boito's "Mefistofele" will be given for the first time in London; and various popular and classical operas will be repeated.

The list of artists contains many well-known names, including those of Madame Marie Roze, Madame Valleria, and Mr. Maas. An efficient orchestra and chorus are engaged; and the conductors will be as before—Mr. Randegger and Mr. E. Goossens. All seems to promise well for a successful eight weeks' season.

Last Saturday's Crystal Palace Concert brought forward an overture by Mr. T. Wingham (his fifth work of the kind), originally composed for the Brighton Festival of 1879. It is written in illustration of a motto from Tennyson, and has been reconstructed by the composer since its first production. It is a bright piece of orchestral writing, and was well received. Madame Agnes Miller made a favourable impression at Saturday's concert by her performance of Beethoven's pianoforte concerto in C minor and unaccompanied solo pieces; and vocal music was contributed by Madame Sophie Löwe, Miss A. Sherwin, and Miss L. Little.

The Promenade Concerts at Her Majesty's Theatre are still continuing their attractions. The conductorship has recently been transferred to M. Rivière, who is favourably remembered as having acted in the same capacity at similar performances at Covent Garden Theatre. Those now going on at the Haymarket opera-house have just been placed under the general as well as the musical management of M. Rivière. Special features in the programme are the bright vocalisation of Miss A. Sherwin and the skilful performances, on the saxophone, of a gentleman named Looft Ally.

The first of the two Soirées Artistiques given by Mr. Isidore De Lara and M. Henri Logé, at Prince's Hall, Piccadilly, took place last week, and included performances by each of the concert-givers. Mr. De Lara sang, with good effect, his own cycle of songs, "To the Palms" (a setting of lines by Lord Lytton), and other pieces; and M. Logé displayed his skill in several pianoforte performances, including works of his own. Some of this gentleman's effective vocal music also entered into the programme. The singing of Madame Hirlemont and Miss Ehrenberg elicited much applause during the evening. Mr. Gompertz, as violinist, and Mr. Levetus, as one of the vocalists, also appeared.

The second of the American concerts, under the direction of Mr. L. Melbourne, took place at Prince's Hall on Monday evening, when a selection of music, partly national, was very effectively rendered by several artists, most of whom are from America.

The Heckmann string quartet party gave their third and last performance of the series of Herr Franke's concerts at Prince's Hall, on Tuesday evening. We have already spoken of the admirable playing of Herr R. Heckmann (the leading violinist) and his coadjutors, Herren O. Forberg, T. Allekotte, and R. Bellmann. These were again manifested in Tuesday's programme, which consisted entirely of Beethoven's music, and comprised the string quartets in C (Op. 59, No. 3) and in C sharp minor (Op. 131). Frau Heckmann played the variations in C minor, for pianoforte solo, with good effect, and she and her husband were associated in an artistic rendering of the Kreutzer sonata.

Mr. Mackenzie's oratorio "The Rose of Sharon" was announced for performance by Mr. Macnaught's choir, at the Bow and Bromley Institute, on Tuesday last. The soloists named were Mrs. Hutchinson, Miss Hilda Wilson, Mr. Lloyd, and Mr. Watkin Mills.

Madame Adelina Hirlemann gave a concert on Tuesday morning at Metzler and Co.'s concert-rooms.

The Stock Exchange Orchestral Society gave a concert at the St. Andrew's Hall, Newman-street, Oxford-street, last week, in aid of the funds of the Stock Exchange Clerks' Provident Fund. A high-class selection of music was played, with good effect, by a band numbering some sixty or seventy performers. The performances included vocal pieces rendered by Miss Clara Samuell and Mr. Barrington Foote, and a solo for the violin by Mr. H. Sternberg. Mr. G. Kitchin acted as honorary conductor.

Gounod's "Redemption" was given by the Royal Albert Hall Choral Society on Wednesday evening, conducted by Mr. Barnby—the artists announced being Madame Valleria, Miss Bertha Moore, Madame Patey, Mr. Edward Lloyd, Mr. Watkin Mills, and Mr. Santley; Dr. Stainer presiding at the organ.—Next Tuesday evening an Irish Festival will be given at this hall by Mr. William Carter.

The new comic opera by Mr. W. S. Gilbert and Sir Arthur Sullivan is to be produced at the Savoy Theatre this (Saturday) evening. The book is founded on a Japanese subject, and the stage accessories are to be of lavish splendour. The combination of the author's literary skill and humour with the musical genius of Sir A. Sullivan will doubtless result in another great success, similar to that which has attended their previous joint productions.

The Guildhall School of Music announces an orchestral and vocal concert, to take place at the Mansion House this (Saturday) afternoon, under the direction of the Principal, Mr. Weist Hill, and under the patronage of the Lord Mayor and the Sheriffs.

The announcement of performances of French opéra-comique, to be given at the Gaiety Theatre by a company selected from the Paris and Brussels opera establishments, will be welcome to all who can discriminate between the charm of that refined form of dramatic music and the coarseness and flippancy of much of the so-called "opéra-comique"—in reality opéra-bouffe (burlesque). M. Delibe's "Lakmé," Ambroise Thomas's "Mignon," and Gounod's "Mireille" are to be given, with the principal character sustained by Mdlle. Vanzandt, who appeared as the heroine in "Lakmé" on its first production in Paris, in 1883. The Gaiety operatic performances will begin on June 6 with "Lakmé," and will alternate with those of French plays.

Of the production of Mr. Gustav Ernest's prize overture, at the second Philharmonic concert of the season (on Thursday evening), we must speak next week.

Mr. J. H. Bonawitz's opera "Irma" will be produced at St. George's Hall next Tuesday evening.

Madame Jenny Viard-Louis will give, next Wednesday afternoon, at Prince's Hall, the fifth and last of the second series of her renderings of Beethoven's works.

After inquiry into the matter, the Music Committee of the London Corporation has recommended that new premises for the Guildhall School of Music should be built on the Victoria Embankment, at a cost of £20,000.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

"Masks and Faces," that capital comedy by Charles Reade and Tom Taylor, alternately witty and pathetic—an excellent example, in fact, of what dramatic dialogue should be—is likely to prove a happy revival at the Haymarket. As years go on, the play is freed from the fetters of tradition, and is allowed to be reinforced by new blood and intelligence. When it was first revived at the little Prince of Wales's Theatre, it would have been heresy to own that as long as the world endured there would ever be a Triplet but Benjamin Webster, ever a Peg Woffington better than Mrs. Stirling. There were some of us in those days who had the courage to declare that Mr. Bancroft's Triplet was a delightful personation—gentle, tender, human, and consistent; but we were laughed at for our pains. There were some of us, also, who pronounced in favour of Mrs. Bancroft's Peg, a character that runs over the whole of the keys of comedy in its widest sense; but our heresy was received with looks of pity. Again, when the play was revived at the Haymarket Theatre, and both Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft became firmer in their seats, it was once more urged, what a delightful Triplet and what a clever Peg could be found even in the new school. But it was whistling to the winds to try and convince the old playgoer. But now that "Masks and Faces" is revived for the third time, round goes the vane of the weathercock opinion, and people are talking of Mr. Bancroft's Triplet and of Mrs. Bancroft's Mistress Woffington as if nobody had ever seen them before, or, what is more to the point, praised them. As an excuse, it is urged that neither actor nor actress ever acted so well before. It may be so; and we cannot complain if an actor hitherto associated with heavy swells can send a blasé 1885 audience into tears, and if an actress of the same period can make them cry again after their first fit of weeping. There is just sufficient sentiment in this play, and not too much; and both Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft are wilfully showing how well they can act, in order to aggravate our disappointment when they really do give up management. To give up acting will not be permitted them, whatever they may think to the contrary. They are not the first artists who have been called out from their retirement with a shout so loud that it cannot be resisted. Next to Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft in artistic excellence, I should be inclined to place Mr. Forbes Robertson as Sir Charles Pomander, and Mr. Barrymore as Ernest Vane. The first is a showy costume part; the last is an extremely difficult one to enact with any credit. There is a great deal of character in Mr. Robertson's Pomander, and welcome earnestness in Mr. Barrymore's personation of the love-struck squire. The majority of the minor characters are spoiled by an excess of colour. It is laid on with a very thick brush by Mr. Brookfield as Colley Cibber, and by Mr. Kemble as Snarl; but possibly it is a fault in the right direction. It would be a great pity, however, if the harmony of modern comedy acting were spoiled by this desire to shine, which eventually ends in over accentuation. It was not so when Mr. Fred Younge and Mr. Hare played minor characters in Mr. Robertson's comedies. If the Sergeant in "Ours," or Lord Ptarmigant in "Society," had gone beyond the line that marks perfect consistency and finish, what would have become of these celebrated comedies. But to atone for this venial fault, we have a clever and painstaking Mabel Vane in Miss Calhoun, and a promising actress in Miss Maud Williamson, who plays Kitty Clive. The mounting of the old play is beautiful in the extreme, and makes one long to have lived in London in the days of David Garrick. What a comfortable, courteous, and homely age it seems to have been—an age of tapestry, easy-chairs, old port, and well-roasted haunches of venison! Even cross-grained old Quin melted before the prospect of clever society and an honest dinner.

There was a little play produced at a Gaiety matinée last week called "A Fair Sinner," by Mr. Appleton (business manager for the vigorous and graceful lecturer, Miss Young), that should have interested the managers who are on the look-out for rising actors and actresses. Of the play itself, not very much, I fear, can be said, though I very much doubt if the author intended to convey the impression he did. A young lady who marries against her will to save her father from disgrace has been known before now to keep a very warm place in her heart for the man she loved from childhood, and was unable to marry; and it is not wholly unnatural that she should express some secret vexation when she sees the man, to whom she was originally engaged, betrothed to her best friend, and so cut off from her for ever. But these are secret motives to be kept hidden in real life, and are only serviceable for the analytical novelist—which, by-the-by, Mr. Appleton has the reputation of being. In a play they look coarse and crude, and the heroine of "A Fair Sinner," though possible in real life, and interesting in a novel, becomes on the stage unfeminine, and, as some may very properly think, immodest when she presses her affection on a man who is honourably anxious not to compromise her. But in Miss Minnie Bell, who plays the aforesaid "fair sinner," we have an actress of considerable intelligence and remarkable promise. She belongs to the school of nature. She gets under the character she represents. Her manner is bright and engaging, her comedy is finished in every detail, and, had she not been suffering with a very severe cold, I should say that her pathos would ring true, and from the heart. A Miss Benedict, a relative of the veteran composer, made also a very satisfactory début on this occasion, and promises to be a pretty and engaging actress; and so well has Miss Alexis Leighton acted in every character she has undertaken in London that it is astonishing she is seen so little on the stage. At the present moment, there is evidently no dearth of competent actresses. For absolute genius, every age has to wait. Mr. Giddens is, of course, one of the best comedians on the modern stage; but both Mr. J. A. Rosier and Mr. Macdona are far better actors than one often meets at established theatres and in most London companies.

Easter promises to be a very busy time this year; for, in addition to the melodrama of the realistic school by Mr. G. R. Sims at the Adelphi, we are to have a new funny play by Mr. Pinero at the Court, and a welcome revival of "The Queen's Shilling" and "A Quiet Rubber" at the St. James's, showing both Mr. W. H. Kendal and Mr. John Hare to the very best advantage. C. S.

Mr. Charles Bertram, who has been "commanded" six times before the Prince and Princess of Wales, announces a season of magic and conjuring at St. James's Hall, Piccadilly, commencing on Monday next.

THE MAGAZINES FOR MARCH.

SECOND NOTICE.

No incident of the magazine literature of the month will be more acceptable to the reading public than Mrs. Ritchie's (Miss Thackeray's) return to the walks of fiction in *Macmillan's Magazine*. Her hand has lost none of its delicate cunning in "Mrs. Dymond." Pretty are the scenes in London, where the treasures of the National Gallery are displayed to the young bride by her somewhat elderly husband; pretty the pictures of fishing and boating in the country; while there is a background of sinister suggestiveness and preparation for possibly tragic issues. As Mrs. Dymond makes her *entrée*, the "Millionaire's Cousin" withdraws with some abruptness, but with due regard to poetical justice. The long-suffering millionaire is rewarded by the hand of the lady of his affections, and the priggish narrator is left out in the cold. With the exception of an elaborate review of Parkman's history of Wolfe's conquest of Canada, the other contributions are much slighter and shorter than usual, and wear the appearance of having accumulated for a considerable time. The most important is Mr. G. P. Macdonell's review of Blackstone's character as a jurist and legislator. Mr. Morley's monthly summary of the political situation is as able as usual, and distinguished by an unwonted impartiality and patriotic feeling.

Mr. Black's "White Heather," in *Longmans' Magazine*, displays his usual mastery over Highland scenery and character. Some of the little descriptive passages are perfect cabinet pictures. "Little Joe Gander," by Mrs. Baring-Gould, is an affecting tale of the suffering of youthful genius at the hands people not ill-meaning, but coarse of mind and hard of heart. There is an interesting sketch of the life and death of a gifted but an unequal actor, G. V. Brooke. "Hoisting the Union Jack in New Guinea," gives much curious information respecting the manners and customs of our new subjects or protégés in that island.

The memoirs of George Eliot will hardly elicit any more adequate notice than Lord Acton's in the *Nineteenth Century*, a performance exhibiting erudition only comparable to Macaulay's, but supported without Macaulay's visible effort, and a style not indeed very highly finished but, in allusive suggestiveness, recalling Cardinal Newman or Mark Pattison's, while the writer's breadth of view and impartiality are worthy of George Eliot herself. We may and do differ from Lord Acton in some particular views, but recognise in him a width of sympathy and elevation of spirit which utterly refuse to be cramped by formulas like George Eliot's other critics, Mr. Hutton and Mr. Harrison. Another most important contribution is General Hamley's essay on the Volunteers, showing what tremendous power is wanted for want of what would be to this country a very small sum of money. Sir W. H. Gregory, who lately had the honour of being Arabi Pasha's keeper, thinks his captive would be the right sort of man to negotiate with the Mahdi and show England the way out of Egypt. The Earl of Darnley discusses Mr. Salt's criticisms on the management of Eton with general approval. It might not be amiss for those directly interested in the subject to refer back to a similar discussion in or about 1832, and inquire how far the abuses then denounced remain uncorrected. Prince Kropotkin gives an interesting account of the revival of national sentiment in Finland; but the advice he offers the Finns might have been thought to have proceeded from a Russian police agent, seeking a pretext for suspending the Finnish Constitution.

Once a Month, an Australian magazine, has the merit of savouring of the soil. Everything is really indigenous, from an interesting sketch of the Premier of New South Wales to a description of Christmas in the bush and a rough, hearty ballad on sheep-shearing.

The fictions in *Temple Bar* are less interesting than usual this month; and the magazine chiefly relies on two papers which appeal more than is quite seemly to the sentiment of mere curiosity about notorieties. The late eccentric Duke of Brunswick may be regarded as public property; but Adelina Patti has not forfeited all claim to privacy.

"Babylon," in *Belgravia*, fully maintains "Cecil Power's" character for brightness and cleverness. The marine painting in Mr. Clark Russell's tale of the sea is excellent, but the story itself is not interesting. "The Elixir of Death" is a tale of the terrible, greatly overdone. "Outwitted" is a pretty little Italian story.

Miss O'Hanlon's story in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, "The Unforeseen," promises to prove a powerful novel. The best of the other contributions are biographical—a very fair review of George Eliot's life and work, by Mr. Fox Bourne, and a remarkably interesting lecture on the late Sir William Siemens, by Mr. W. L. Carpenter.

Time has a very full and suggestive notice, by Mr. William Sharpe, of Pater's "Marius, the Epicurean," one of those romances, like "John Inglesant," in which the writer has embodied the results of years of study and meditation. The curate must be dauntless indeed for whom the ideal propounded in "The Clergy as Pioneers of Culture" has no terrors.

The *Red Dragon* has, as usual, papers of special interest to the Principality, including a notice of the Welsh poetess, Katherine Philips; and an account of the burlesque French invasion of Pembrokeshire in the Revolutionary War. *Aunt Judy* is remarkable for a contribution by Mr. Anstey.

The principal serials of the enterprising firm of Messrs. Cassell, Petter, Galpin, and Co., besides The Magazine of Art (briefly noticed in our last Issue), are—Cassell's Magazine, The Quiver, Cassell's Saturday Journal, Greater London, Royal Shakspere, Familiar Wild Flowers, Book of Health, Old and New London, Illustrated Universal History, Popular Gardening, Picturesque Europe, Picturesque America, the Life and Words of Christ, by the Rev. Cunninghum Geikie; Little Folks' Magazine, Cassell's Popular Educator, and the first part of Our Own Country.

Among Fashion Books received are—Le Follet, The Season, Ladies' Treasury, Ladies' Gazette of Fashion, World of Fashion, Moniteur de la Mode, and Myra's Journal of Dress and Fashion.

We have further to acknowledge the Scottish Geographical Magazine, London Society, The Argosy, The Month, Good Words, the Army and Navy Magazine, Household Words, Eastward Ho! the Antiquarian, Chambers's Journal, All the Year Round, Merry England, Irish Monthly, Leisure Hour, Book Lore, United Service Magazine, Fores's Sporting Notes and Sketches, The Theatre, St. Nicholas and Harper's Young People (both charming magazines for boys and girls), the Illustrated Science Monthly, Technical Journal, Baptist Magazine, and the Rosebud.

In proposing the re-election of the Prince of Wales as Grand Master of English Freemasons, Mr. F. H. Goldney stated that during the eleven years his Royal Highness had been at their head the English Freemasons had subscribed more than £350,000 to the three Masonic Charitable Institutions alone.



THE BLENHEIM RAPHAEL, PURCHASED FROM THE DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH FOR THE NATIONAL GALLERY.



DRAWN BY F. BARNARD.

"What are you laughing at!" she asked, fixing a pair of angry black eyes upon Adrian's face.

ADRIAN VIDAL.

BY W. E. NORRIS,

AUTHOR OF "MDLLE. DE MERSAC," "MATRIMONY," "THIRLBY HALL," &C.

CHAPTER XVII.

AN AWKWARD ENCOUNTER.

To be the author of a novel which for a few months is in everybody's hands is, after all, no great matter. Very many persons have accomplished that much and have continued in a state of social obscurity from which it has occurred to nobody to drag them. But Adrian Vidal, having certain special circumstances in his favour, neither desired nor was suffered to remain obscure. When the east winds of spring were blowing clouds of smoke from the city and of dust along Piccadilly; when the black trees in the London squares were beginning to show touches of green here and there; and when people who had daughters to present were coming up for the first Drawing-rooms of the season, this fortunate young writer found himself so much in request that he could hardly have been made more of if he had been a successful general or a popular actor. He assured Clare, laughingly, that he never before had any conception of the number of people that there were in London, or of the quantity of entertainments that they gave. He did not weary of dinners and compliments, and it must be owned that he could swallow a large share of both without risk of indigestion. The stereotyped phrases; the smiling countenances which were so curiously like one another; the letters from unknown correspondents, which probably every novelist receives, and which begin with, "Dear Sir,—Although personally a stranger to you, I cannot resist," &c.; all these things were a delight to him. He estimated them neither above nor below their proper value, but took them for just what they were worth—evidences that he had given pleasure to a certain number of his fellow-creatures; that he had amused, and had not bored them. And that, when all has been said upon the subject that can be said, remains the chief aim of fiction. Vidal was satisfied with his attainment of it. He felt that he owed a debt of gratitude to a world which had brought him so much happiness and which he so sincerely loved. To have partly discharged that debt by the exercise of the humble talents with which the gods had gifted him was surely something. And being in this mood of universal benevolence, it was only in the nature of things that he should find his good-will reflected back upon him; so that, for the time being, he wended his way along a flowery path, thinking no evil and fearing none.

But, alas! What is one man's meat is another man's poison, and the bricks and mortar which are so dear to some of us are mere prison walls to others. In the full swing of excitements that to her were no longer exciting, in the heated, scented atmosphere of ball-rooms, and amid the ceaseless chatter of tongues and clatter of knives and forks, Clare was pining for the Cornish moors, and for a breath of the pure salt air that sweeps over them from the Atlantic. Trite modes of speech did not come to her easily; she had not acquired the art of conversation as it is understood by those who have few interests in common; glad as she was that her husband should be appreciated, the perpetual eulogy of his work ended by palling upon her. Thus, although Mrs. Vidal's beauty was undeniable, it was pretty generally agreed that there was not much in her. That, under these circumstances, she should have been a good deal left to herself was not surprising, and gave her little concern. What did cause her something like an incipient heartache was the fear which she could not always stifle, that Adrian was slowly but surely drifting away from her. To all outward appearance, he was as fond of her as he had ever been; she had nothing to complain of in the way of words or looks. But had not that subtle inward change already set in?—that change which none can welcome and none resist—the change from the love of the lover to the love of the husband. She was afraid of it; she did not know how to arrest it; she grudged the long hours spent away from home, and the solitude *à deux* which he seemed to regret so little.

One evening she was at a crowded party, looking pale and languid, and longing for Adrian to give her his customary signal to retreat, when, among the strange faces that surrounded her, there suddenly appeared one which brought a faint tinge of colour into her own. She had not seen Mr. Wilbraham since he had parted from her on the quay at Lucerne; her final rejection of his offer had been conveyed by post, and had elicited only a brief reply, in which the writer had expressed himself with something of the formality of one who suspects that he has been supplanted. With that he had passed out of her thoughts and, as she supposed, out of her life for ever. But now here he was standing before her, and for a moment she hesitated whether to greet him or not. It was only for a moment. Reflecting that this might probably be but the first of many such encounters, and that it would be very stupid to create an awkwardness at the outset, she advanced a step or two, holding out her hand and saying: "How do you do, Mr. Wilbraham? I am so glad to meet you again."

Wilbraham started, and looked at her fixedly. He was a tall well-built man with a healthy red-brown complexion, and did not bear the appearance of being consumed by a hopeless passion. "I don't know that I am glad," he answered, gravely.

However, he took her hand, and then, as she retreated towards the sofa from which she had just risen, he followed her and seated himself in the vacant place by her side. There

was an uncomfortable pause of a few seconds; after which Wilbraham said: "I didn't mean to be rude, Mrs. Vidal; but if I was, perhaps you will forgive me. Some people can suffer in silence: I can't. So after this I shan't often speak to you, and you will understand why."

Clare began to wish that she had contented herself with bowing to her former admirer. "I was very sorry," she murmured, not knowing well what to say.

"Oh, you couldn't help it. It was my misfortune, but nobody's fault. We won't talk about that. They are making a lion of your husband, I hear."

"Almost too much of a lion," answered Clare, with a laugh and a sigh. "I don't care for such constant racketing about; although of course I am glad to think that his book has succeeded beyond our utmost hopes. Have you read it?"

"Yes; I read it," replied Wilbraham, with a certain hesitation. His manner said so clearly, "And I didn't like it," that Clara rather indignantly asked, "*Why* didn't you like it?"

"I did—in a way. I thought it a capital story, and very well written—only I wish he hadn't put you into it."

"Put me into it? I don't understand you," said Clare.

Wilbraham stared. "Do you mean to tell me that you don't recognise yourself in the heroine? Why, it is you to the life!"

"I am sure you are mistaken," answered Clare. "The heroine is a thousand times too good for me, and I don't think it would ever have struck Adrian to take me as his model. But if he had, I should have been very much flattered. It would have been a great compliment."

"Ah, well; perhaps so," said Wilbraham. "I am prejudiced, I suppose; but to me there is something unpleasant in the idea of setting up a picture of your wife for the public to gape at. That is the worst of authors and artists. They lead a sort of double life, and in most cases, I think, the public half of it engrosses them more than the private. Everything that they see and hear, and everything that happens to them, is so much material to be worked up for future sale. I doubt whether their wives are often happy women."

Clare was ready to pardon a good deal in Mr. Wilbraham, to whom she was conscious that she had not behaved over and above well; but this speech seemed to her to border upon impertinence, and it was with an air of cold surprise that she answered, "I assure you I am perfectly happy."

It was on the tip of her companion's tongue to retort, "You don't look so;" but he forbore. All that he said, after a short interval of silence, was: "You see, Mrs. Vidal, it doesn't do for me to talk to you. I can't keep my lips from evil-speaking. If I were magnanimous, I should congratulate you and say something pretty about your husband; but I suppose I am not magnanimous. Honestly, I don't like your husband; though I don't know him. And I don't want to know him."

It was at this opportune juncture that Vidal approached the sofa upon which his wife was seated. He had recognised, not without some inward amusement, the broad shoulders which he had first seen from the window of his bed-room at Lucerne, and which had caused him to pass a bad five minutes there. He was glad to see that no ill-feeling existed between Clare and her rejected suitor; and so far was he from suspecting that gentleman's uncompromising hostility to himself that he had strolled up for the express purpose of obtaining an introduction to him.

After what Wilbraham had said, Clare was not very willing to perform this ceremony; but when the two men were standing side by side she could hardly help making them known to one another, and she did so accordingly. Adrian bowed and half held out his hand, but withdrew it on perceiving that the other made no corresponding motion. He did not, however, imagine that Wilbraham intended to be unfriendly.

"We have met before," he said, pleasantly, "though only for a moment. You were at Lucerne last year, you know, and so was I; but I think you didn't stay more than one night."

"I heard afterwards that you had been there," answered Mr. Wilbraham, stiffly; "I didn't see you at the time. I think I must be moving on now, Mrs. Vidal; it's getting late. Good-night." He shook hands with Clare, favoured her husband with a nod and a grunt, and made his way towards the door.

"Your friend may have many sterling qualities, but his manners are not prepossessing," remarked Adrian, with a laugh, when he and his wife were at home again.

Clare was lying back in a low arm-chair, her cheek supported by her hand. She glanced up, half apprehensively, at her husband, who was refreshing himself with a cooling drink after the fatigues of the evening. "He was rather grumpy," she said; "but you know, dear, you couldn't expect him to take very kindly to you just at first, could you?"

Vidal threw up his eyes and his hands. "Oh, the vanity of these women! Do you suppose, madam, that that hale and hearty Philistine is pining away because you wouldn't marry him? Do you think, pray, that after this long interval of time, he is still in love with you?"

"I know he is," replied Clare quietly, "because he told me so."

"He did, did he? Upon my word, you are a nice young woman! May I ask whether this is the sort of discourse that you are in the habit of listening to when you retire so modestly into the background at evening parties? One more illusion gone! I shall never believe in the pristine innocence of Cornwall again."

"Oh, Adrian!" exclaimed Clare, in a low voice.

Her face was shaded by her hand. He stooped down, laughing, to look at it and saw, to his amazement, that her lips were quivering, and that two big tears were ready to fall from her eyelashes. "Why, my dear child," he cried, "what *is* the matter? You can't think that I meant anything more than the most harmless of small jokes! As if I wouldn't trust you with a thousand Wilbrahams! Good Heavens! Clare, what absurd notion have you got into your head?"

He was sorry that he should unwittingly have distressed her: but he was also just a little bit provoked. To the male mind nothing is more incomprehensible than those sudden, causeless bursts of emotion in which women find relief for feelings of which we have no experience. A man doesn't, as a rule, shed tears unless he has something to cry about.

Clare made no reply, but when her husband bent over her and kissed her on the forehead, she placed her hands upon his shoulders and forced him gently down on to a footstool beside her. Then she threw her arms round his neck and began to weep hysterically. "It's very silly, I know," she sobbed out; "but I can't help it—I am so tired! Adrian, I want to ask you something—it was something Mr. Wilbraham said—and I am sure he didn't think it would hurt me—but he was talking about your book, and he said—he said the heroine was like me."

Adrian could not help laughing a little. "I am afraid I must plead guilty to having occasionally thought the same thing myself," he answered. "My heroine was intended to be as near perfection as possible, and I suppose that is why I have sometimes compared her to you in my mind. Was that an offence?"

"Oh, no; only he said—and I remember having heard that before—that authors live as much in their books as in real life; and perhaps—perhaps in the long run they get to care about the books most. The people in the books don't worry them; they don't make fools of themselves, and cry about nothing; when they are bores they can be put away on the shelf"—Clare broke off, straightened herself a little in her chair, and looked into her husband's face. "I don't want to lose you!" she exclaimed, piteously.

Well, certainly this was rather ridiculous. If your wife is to begin being jealous of fictitious personages, where is she likely to stop? "Really, Clare," remonstrated Adrian, "you are not reasonable. What do you wish me to do? To give up writing novels altogether?"

"No, no!" she answered, drying her eyes; "of course not. I know I am not reasonable, and I can't say what I wish. Don't mind me."

"Come!" said Adrian; "there is something more than this upon your mind, only you won't speak it out, because you are a little goose." He put his arm round her and drew her head down upon his shoulder. "Tell me all about it," he whispered.

But Clare could not tell him all about it just at once. It was only by degrees and with some incoherence that she confessed her various troubles—her wish that they could be more together, her dread of the allurements of society, and so forth. "Sometimes horrid thoughts come into my mind," she murmured, "and I can't drive them away. You know so much more of the world than I do; and—and what your mother said at Brighton"——

"What did my mother say?" interrupted Adrian, with a shade of sternness in his voice.

"Nothing that I ought to have given a second thought to. It was only about your having had some flirtations before you were married. I suppose all men have flirtations. But she said that, as it happened so often, it was sure to happen again."

The young man rose to his feet, and took a turn or two up and down the room. He was thinking how thankful he ought to be to Heaven for having given him so amiable and considerate a mother. It also occurred to him that a little more trust on the part of his wife would not have been amiss. "Clare," he said, gently, at length, "don't you think it will be time enough to distress yourself and me when I have given you some cause to do so?"

The justice of this plea was not to be denied. Clare admitted herself in the wrong, and begged forgiveness. "Please, Adrian, don't think any more about what I said," she entreated. "I will never do it again, if I can help it. I shouldn't have done it now, if I had been myself; but I am not well."

In truth, she was not well; and there were reasons for this with which Adrian was acquainted—reasons which were doubtless sufficient to account for a little fancifulness and also to render over-fatigue an undesirable thing for the patient. After that evening, Mrs. Vidal went no more into society, the doctor having advised fresh air and early hours. Adrian offered to refuse all invitations for the future; but perhaps he was not very sorry that his wife would not hear of his making such a sacrifice.

"It wouldn't be a sacrifice," he said; "but I am not sure that I should be quite wise to let myself be forgotten. These people are my public, you see, and I want to stand well with them. Great novelists—men who appeal to the passions and emotions that are common to all humanity—can afford to snap their fingers at the fashionable world. They are always sure of a hearing. But it isn't so with me; or at any rate, if it has been so in the case of one novel, it is not likely to be so again. I can't hope to be found permanently interesting outside a certain circle; and within the limits of that circle I shall be ten times more read if I go about and show myself than I should be if I were never seen."

Fortified by this reasoning, in which it must be admitted that there was a germ of truth, Mr. Vidal continued to be a welcome guest at the houses of the rich and great, and his wife did not vex him with any repetition of the painful and uncalled-for scene which has just been described. In the afternoons he generally took her out for a walk or a drive; in the mornings he worked hard, and often, when he came in late at night, he would sit up for an hour or two, correcting and revising what he had written. He had composed his article for the first number of the *Anglo-Saxon*, which was just about to appear, and had been blandly congratulated upon it by the editor of that journal. The hurry and stress of his life, which to many men would have been simply unendurable, suited him exactly. He throve under it both in health and spirits; he would have not have changed places with the most wealthy of his entertainers; in short, he was at this time so perfectly prosperous and happy that, if he had been of a superstitious turn, he might have feared that some misfortune was in store for him.

By way of proof that the lot of no mortal is wholly exempt from care, a rather disagreeable thing happened to him, late one afternoon as he was leaving his club. Someone who had seen him enter that establishment a quarter of an hour before, and had loitered patiently up and down Pall-mall until he came out again, followed him as he hurried towards the St. James's Park station of the underground railway, by which he was in the habit of returning homewards, and caught him up just after he had passed Marlborough House. She was a handsome stoutish woman, with large black eyes and a fresh complexion. Her appearance was hardly that of a lady, although at a first glance she might almost have passed as one, for she was well and quietly dressed, and only certain deficiences about the extremities would have betrayed her to one of her own sex. Her voice, too, when she addressed the object of her pursuit, was the voice of an educated person, harsh though it sounded at that particular moment.

"I've a word or two to say to you," was her greeting, uttered somewhat imperiously, and she accompanied it by a smart tap upon Adrian's arm which caused him to start and wheel round at once.

"Susan!" he exclaimed; and his tone expressed more astonishment than delight.

"Susan it is," replied the woman with the black eyes. "Susan Bowman, at your service, Mr. Adrian Vidal."

"Still Susan Bowman?" he asked, endeavouring to speak pleasantly.

"Still Susan Bowman, and likely to remain so—thanks to you."

Vidal stroked his moustache and looked furtively up and down the Mall. He perceived that this interview was going to be a stormy one, and he had no wish to be accosted by any of his acquaintances while it lasted. "I am rather in a hurry," he remarked; "still, if you really have anything particular to say to me, Susan"——

Susan nodded her head emphatically to signify that she had. "Well, then, we may as well go into the Park and sit down. We can't talk very comfortably here."

"As you please," returned the other. "I'm not ashamed to be seen by anybody; but I dare say you are. You've reason enough to feel ashamed of yourself, any way."

Vidal did not defend himself against this accusation. He led the way silently into St. James's Park, sought out as sequestered a bench as could be found there, and when his companion was seated beside him, took up a conciliatory tone. "Now, Susan, I hope there is no reason why you and I should not talk together for a few minutes without quarrelling. I am sorry you think that I ought to be ashamed of myself"——

"Don't *you* think so?" interrupted the woman, quietly.

"Yes," answered Adrian, after a moment of consideration. "One ought always to be ashamed of having been a fool, and I certainly made a great fool of myself about you. But I suppose that is not what you mean."

"Not exactly. What I mean is that, if you had any shame in you, you would be ashamed of having ruined a poor girl who trusted you too well."

"That is nonsense," returned Adrian, rather sharply, "and you know it. What is the use of saying such things?"

"Did you swear to me, over and over again, that you loved me?" demanded the woman.

"Yes; I'm afraid I did," answered Adrian, with a retrospective shudder which he would have done more wisely to repress.

"Did you promise to marry me?"

"Oh, yes."

"And did you go back from your word and desert me?"

"I admit it all, Susan; I have never denied it. But that is not what is generally meant by ruining a girl."

"Isn't it, indeed?" retorted Susan, with a short laugh. "In my rank of life, we think ourselves pretty well ruined when our character is taken away; and your mother turned me out of doors without a character. That was nothing to you, of course. You got rid of me, and it wasn't worth while to inquire whether I starved, or what became of me. A lady's-maid who is silly enough to believe in the honour of a gentleman deserves all that she gets. Isn't that so?"

Adrian's conscience smote him. He knew that this woman had been nothing but a schemer, and that he, when a raw lad, had only been saved from becoming her dupe by Heriot's intervention. To say that he had deceived and deserted her was so misleading a statement of the truth as to be virtually false; but it was quite true that he had never troubled himself to ask or think about what her fate was likely to be, after she had been removed from his path; and this, now that he came to reflect upon it, did not seem to have been altogether creditable conduct.

"Well, you know, Susan," he said, "I acted as I was advised to act. It was thought better that I should break off all communication with you. I never supposed that my mother had refused to give you a character."

"I dare say she'd have told you, if you'd asked her," observed Susan, curtly. "As for acting as you were advised, I wouldn't boast of that, if I were you. Why didn't you take advice before you made love to me?"

Now, it was undoubtedly Susan who had initiated the love-making; but Adrian did not care to urge this or other pleas that might have been brought forward in his defence. "Let it be agreed that I behaved ill about the whole business," he said, a little impatiently. "I presume you haven't sought me out after all these years to reproach me with what is done and can't be undone. It would be more to the purpose to tell me whether I can be of any assistance to you in the present."

"Oh, I'm not in want of five shillings, thank you," answered Susan, with a harsh laugh. "I've supported myself up to now without your help, and I shouldn't wonder if I managed to go on. 'All these years,' indeed!—do you know what I've been doing all these years? Why, I've been educating myself to be fit to be your wife. Yes, I didn't give up hope; because, you see, I didn't know that your word counted for nothing. When we parted, you were too young to fight against your mother and your friends—Mr. Heriot showed me that plainly enough. I don't bear any malice against him; he treated me fairly, and helped me with money out of his own pocket; and it wasn't to be expected that he should wish you to marry a lady's-maid. But I thought to myself that things would be different some day. I've always been a little above the class that I was born into, and I knew that by the time you were able to think about marrying, I could make myself into as good a lady as any of them. And so——What are you laughing at?" she asked, interrupting herself, and fixing a pair of angry black eyes upon Adrian's face.

"I was not laughing," he said.

"You lie!" shouted the woman, with a sudden outbreak of ferocity. "I saw you laugh."

For a moment she looked very much as if she might be about to produce a knife or a revolver; but this mood left her as abruptly as it had come, and she went on in her former ironical tone: "Well, it *was* a curious notion for such a low-born creature to delude herself with; but I have been taken for a lady before now, all the same. I was in a situation as nursery-governess not so long ago."

"How on earth did you contrive that?" asked Adrian.

"Never you mind; that doesn't concern you. I didn't keep the situation long; but I gave it up of my own free will, and I'm a lady's-maid again now, because I prefer it. I've had my ups and downs, and more than once I've been nearer the workhouse than I liked; but I kept a good heart through it all, till I heard of your marriage." She paused a moment, and then added in a lower voice: "I heard it too late, or I'd have stopped it."

"It is absurd to talk like that," said Adrian. "You must know perfectly well that you couldn't have stopped it."

"Couldn't I? I should have tried, anyhow. You sit there, with your nose in the air, looking at me as if I were a beggar; but you can't have forgotten what we were to each other once. Do you remember holding me in your arms and kissing me and calling me your darling? Do you remember swearing that you would stick to me through thick and thin? Do you remember that?"

Well, he did remember it; and a most unpleasant recollection it was. He stole a glance at the handsome face beside him, which had once been more youthful, but which must always have been coarse, and the sense of shame and self-disgust which made him tingle all over was not of the kind that Susan desired to arouse in him. How Adrian, who was fastidious and refined in his tastes, had ever fallen in love with this dreadful person is one of those mysteries of human nature into which there is no occasion to pry too closely; but he had been in love with her, and he could not help being angry with her for reminding him of the fact in so very plain-spoken a way.

"I don't want to talk about that time," he said. "I was young and foolish then, and I did a great many things that I had better have left undone. Fortunately for both you and me, I was prevented from carrying my folly to the pitch of insanity. You can hardly imagine that we should have been happy as husband and wife?"

"But you see, that is just what I do imagine," returned Susan. "I know I wasn't fit for you in those days; but I've read and studied to make myself fit for you, and I'm no fool. You would have been as happy with me as with the woman you've married. By all accounts, she hasn't got much to show for herself beyond a pretty face."

"Now, look here, Susan," said Adrian, "I have listened to you patiently so far, but I don't care to have your opinion about my wife. Leave her alone, please, and tell me what you want of me."

"Want of you?" repeated Susan, looking away, and seeming to speak more to herself than to her questioner. "Ah, I can't say. I don't know exactly what I wanted of you when I followed you just now. But," she added, turning upon him with a rather unpleasant smile, "there's such a thing as revenge, Mr. Vidal; and I shouldn't mind paying you out for what you've made me suffer. Perhaps your wife isn't aware that you were once engaged to be married to one Susan Bowman. Ah, she isn't!—I thought not. Well, supposing I were to walk up to Alexandra-gardens, where you live, some fine morning, and tell her the whole of that pretty story? How should you like that?"

"I shouldn't like it at all," answered Adrian, candidly. "It would cause both her and me annoyance, and would do you no good in the world that I can see."

"I want to cause you annoyance," returned Susan, placidly; "and that's why I shall be at your house in Alexandra-gardens before I'm much older."

Now, there was a very simple and obvious way of taking all the sting out of this menace; but, unfortunately, Vidal could not bring himself to adopt it. Knowing how easily Clare's jealousy was aroused, and remembering what her state of health was, he felt that it would never do to tell her now what, possibly, he ought to have told her before. It would, of course, be highly illogical on her part to hold herself personally aggrieved by any faults or follies that he might have committed years before he had ever seen her; but the art of just reasoning is not a feminine attribute, and Clare had lately shown herself somewhat remarkably devoid of it. Moreover, at the bottom of his heart there lurked a strong disinclination to confess that he had once been eager to link himself for life to a domestic servant. Taking everything into consideration, therefore, it seemed to him the best plan to offer Susan all the money he had about him to leave him in peace.

He did this with as much delicacy as the case admitted of, and, rather to his surprise, Susan accepted his bribe at once. "You must be very much afraid of your wife" was her sole comment upon the transfer of eight pounds ten shillings from Adrian's pocket to her own.

"I am afraid of giving her pain," answered Adrian, briefly. "And now I must wish you good-night," he added, getting up. "It is a pity you didn't tell me at the outset that you needed money; for I would very gladly have given you what I could afford, without being threatened. I am not a rich man; but I have always thought that something ought to have been done for you, and I hope that if you are ever in want again, you will let me know. You had better address your letter to my club. Good-night, Susan, and good-bye. I trust it won't be very long before you meet some good fellow in your own—that is, some one much better suited to be your husband than I could ever have been."

He hastened towards the railway station, feeling greatly relieved and somewhat tickled by this commonplace termination to an interview which had at one time seemed likely to enter upon a tragic phase. He might have been less easy in his mind, had he known that Susan, when left alone, stood for full five minutes on the little bridge in St. James's Park, debating whether she should drop his money into the water or not. That she finally decided to keep it, proved nothing, except a proper dislike on her part of wanton waste.

"So you think eight pound ten and a few civil insults payment enough for the likes of me, do you?" she muttered, as she resumed her walk. "Very well! But I'll be even with you yet, my gentleman. Thank you for showing me how to set about it."

(To be continued.)

THE BLENHEIM RAPHAEL.

We are able to present to our readers an Engraving of the most famous of the Blenheim pictures, recently purchased for the National Gallery. Raphael's "Madonna degli Ansidei," as it is generally called, was painted at the very height of the artist's career, and marks the moment (probably about 1505) when, separating himself from those who were content to act as mere followers of Perugino, he gave the reins to his own genius. The picture has very clear and uneventful history. It was painted (probably at Florence) for the chapel of the Ansidei family, in the Servites' Church, at Perugia; where it remained undisturbed until 1764—a time which probably coincides with the utmost neglect of the fine arts in Italy. No other cause can be assigned to its sale at that time to Mr. Garvin Hamilton, who was then collecting pictures in various parts of the Continent for Lord Spencer. On his Lordship's death his collection was divided between his representatives at Althorpe and Blenheim, the Raphael falling to the ducal branch of the family.

The two figures on either side of the Virgin are those of St. John, represented as a man of full age, and St. Nicholas of Bavi, in Pontifical robes, holding a crozier. The figure of the Virgin is one of remarkable beauty, rich in colour, and simple in treatment. Behind the canopy is a landscape recalling the scenery of the Tuscan hills, amongst which Raphael was then living. The coral necklace, or rosary, which hangs from the canopy, recalls a similar ornamentation introduced by Mantegna into his famous "Holy Family" at the Louvre.

At the onset of negotiations for the purchase of the Blenheim pictures, public attention, it will be recollected, was first stimulated by the rumour conveyed by telegraph that the German Government had purchased the whole collection for two millions of marks. This was subsequently denied, and the twelve most important works were offered to the National Gallery for 400,000 guineas, or a selection of five of them for 165,000 guineas. After many months of correspondence and hesitation, the Duke of Marlborough, having obtained the consent of the Court of Chancery, agreed to sell the "Ansidei" Raphael for £70,000, and the equestrian portrait of Charles I., by Vandyck, for £17,500; and at these prices they have become the property of the nation.

Messrs Searle and Sons, the well-known boat-builders of Lambeth, acting under the orders of Admiral Hobart Pasha, have completed a dingey for the Sultan of Turkey. It is built of cedar and mahogany, is copper-fastened, and covered with a tastefully arranged awning.

Mr. Arthur Ackerman, of 191, Regent-street, sole importer of Prang's American cards, has forwarded to us some samples of their Easter cards, marked by the grace of design and excellent execution for which this firm has long been noted. A few Birthday cards, of like beauty, are included.

Mrs. Anna M. Longshore Potts, M.D., an American lady, who has recently been lecturing in London on medical subjects, gave on Tuesday evening, in St. James's Hall, a lecture on "Love, Courtship, and Marriage." Her lecture was interspersed with a number of personal reminiscences and pleasant stories, and kept her audience in good humour to the close.

BRIGHTON.—Frequent Trains from Victoria and London Bridge.
Also Trains in connection from Kensington and Liverpool-street.
Return Tickets, London to Brighton, available for eight days.
Weekly, Fortnightly, and Monthly Tickets, at Cheap Rates. Available to travel by all Trains between London and Brighton.
Cheap First-Class Day Tickets to Brighton every Weekday, from Victoria 10.0 a.m., fare 12s. 6d., including Pullman Car.
Cheap Half-Guinea First-Class Day Tickets to Brighton every Saturday from Victoria and London Bridge, admitting to the Grand Aquarium and Royal Pavilion.
Cheap First-Class Day Tickets to Brighton every Sunday from Victoria at 10.45 a.m. and 12.50 p.m.
Pullman Drawing-room Cars between Victoria and Brighton.
Through Bookings to Brighton from principal Stations on the Railways in the Northern and Midland Districts.

PARIS.—SHORTEST, CHEAPEST ROUTE.
Via NEWHAVEN, DIEPPE, and ROUEN.
Cheap Express Service Week-days and Sundays. From Victoria 7.50 p.m., and London Bridge 8.0 p.m. Fares—Single, 34s., 28s., 18s.; Return, 57s., 41s., 32s.
Powerful Paddle Steamers, with excellent Cabins, &c. Trains run alongside steamers at Newhaven and Dieppe.
SOUTH OF FRANCE, ITALY, SWITZERLAND, &c.—Tourists' Tickets are issued, enabling the holder to visit all the principal places of interest.

TICKETS and every information at the Brighton Company's West-End General Offices, 28, Regent-circus, Piccadilly, and 4, Grand Hotel Buildings; Hay's Agency, Cornhill; Cook's, Ludgate-circus; also at the Victoria and London Bridge Stations. (By order) J. P. KNIGHT, General Manager.

MONTE CARLO.—MUSICAL SEASON (CONCERTS, REPRESENTATIONS).
In addition to the usual Concerts, directed by Monsieur Romeo Accursi, the Societe des Bains de Mer de Monaco has authorised M. Paddeloup to arrange a Series of Extraordinary Grand Musical Entertainments (Concerts, Representations) this Winter.
The services of the following distinguished Artistes have been already retained:—

Mesdames Kreuss,	Messieurs. Faure,
" Devries,	" Vergnet,
" Stella,	" Capoul,
" Donadio,	" Björkstein,
" Frank-Duvernoy,	" Couturier,
" Belloca,	" Villaret,
" Simmonet.	&c.

Added to which the celebrated Instrumentalists will appear:
VIOLINISTS:
Mons. Sivori, Mons. Marsik, Miss N. Carpenter, American artiste, 1st Conservatoire Prize, 1885.
PIANISTS: Mons. Planté, Mons. Th. Ritter, Madame Essipoff.
HARPIST: Mons. Hasselmans.
These Extraordinary Representations will be given each Wednesday and Saturday, commencing the end of January and terminating the middle of March.
M. Paddeloup has the excellent idea to terminate each concert by fragments of operas, in costume, and scenery—viz.:

1st Concert.	LES HUGUENOTS.	Fourth Act.
2nd "	RIGOLETTO.	Fourth Act.
3rd "	LUCIA.	Selection.
4th "	MANON.	Second Act.
	FAUST.	Prison Scene.
5th "	HERODIADE.	Selection.
6th "	FAVORITE.	Selection.
	AIDA.	Third Act.
7th "	LAKME.	Selection.
8th "	LE BARBIER.	Selection.
9th "	HAMLET.	Third and Fourth Act.
10th "	LA TRAVIATA.	Fourth Act.
11th "	FAUST.	Garden Scene.
12th "	LE SIGURD.	Brunhilde's Dream.
	LE CHALET.	

A. BLONDIN, Secretary.

NEWS FROM NICE.—With the exception of a very few wet and cold days, the weather is again splendid. Not a flake of snow has fallen. The sun shines almost perpetually, and the influence of its warm rays makes life enjoyable to all, and more especially to those who have by impaired health sought its influence.
There are no epidemics, and the average mortality of the city in 1884 was less per mille than London and many fashionable towns in England.
The streets, roads, and sewers are constantly cleansed and disinfected, and watered from the mountain stream of the Vesubie. There are three English doctors and physicians in practice here—viz., Messrs. West, Wakefield, and Sturge, and they will be happy to communicate with any intending visitors as to the healthfulness of the town.
The effects of the recent storm (the like of which has been unknown for thirty-five years) were completely lasting, and repaired in twenty-four hours. In some few low-lying rooms and cellars, near the Fish Market, the wash from the spent waves had entered, but this was soon pumped out by the firemen and military.

NICE INTERNATIONAL REGATTA,
7 and 9—APRIL—7 and 9.
Honorary President, H.R.H. PRINCE of WALES.
Sailing-Yachts, Steaming-Yachts, Rowing-Boats.
First Day.—Steam and Sailing-Yachts.
Second Day.—Sailing (general race—PRIX D'HONNEUR)
Rowing and Sculling Models.
Venetian Fêtes.
Théâtre Français, Italian Opera, Casino,
Concerts, Balls, Matinées, Military Music.
Prizes, value £3900.

THE VALE OF TEARS.—DORÉ'S Last Great PICTURE, completed a few days before he died, NOW on VIEW at the DORÉ GALLERY, 35, New Bond-street, with his other great pictures. Ten to SIX Daily. 1s.

ANNO DOMINI, by EDWIN LONG, R.A.—This great Work is NOW ON VIEW, together with other important works, at the GALLERIES, 168, New Bond-street. Ten to Six. Admission, 1s.

JAPANESE VILLAGE.
Under Royal Patronage,
ALBERT-GATE, HYDE PARK (Near Top of Sloane-street).
Eleven a.m. to Ten p.m. One Shilling. Children under Twelve, Sixpence.
WEDNESDAYS, Half-a-Crown. Children under Twelve, One Shilling.
MILITARY BAND.
Performances in the New Annexe at Twelve, Three, and Eight (free).
Managing Director, TANAKER HORICHOSAN.

PRINCESS'S THEATRE.—Mr. WILSON BARRETT, Lessee and Manager.—EVERY EVENING, at 8.30, JUNIUS; or, THE HOUSEHOLD GODS, a Five Act Play, by the late Lord Lytton, produced under the sole direction of Mr. WILSON BARRETT. Characters by Messrs. Wilson Barrett, Speakman, Dewhurst, Doone, Cooper, Hudson, Fulton, Evans, Bu leigh, Bedley, Gould, De Solla, Bisagni, Rose, Elliott, &c., and E. S. Willard. Mesdames Eastlake, Dickens, &c., and M. Leighton. Preceded, at 7.30, by a New One-Act Play, by Brandon Thomas, THE COLOUR SERGEANT, in which Mr. George Barrett, &c., will appear. Box-Office, 9.30 till Five. No fees. Prices: Private Boxes from one to nine guineas; Stalls, 10s.; Dress Circle, 6s.; Upper Circle, 3s. Business Manager, Mr. J. H. Cobbe. Matinée of "JUNIUS," Saturday next, March 21.

THE PRINCE'S THEATRE.—Mrs. LANGTRY.
Sole Proprietor, Mr. EDGAR BRUCE. Season under the direction of Mr. HENRY E. ABBEY. EVERY EVENING, at Eight, Sheridan's Comedy, in five acts, SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL. Characters by Mr. W. Farren, Mr. H. Beerbohm Tree, Mr. Everill, Mr. A. Wood, Mr. E. D. Lyons, Mr. Lin Rayne, Mr. Carne, Mr. Smedley, Mr. Crisp, Mr. Thorpe, Mr. Dorrell, Mr. Weatherby, and Mr. Coghlan; Mrs. Arthur Stirling, Miss Kate Pattison, Miss Eva Sothern, and MRS. LANGTRY. Doors open at Half-past Seven; SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL at Eight. Carriages at Eleven. Box-Office open daily from Eleven till Five. No fees. Telephone 3760.—Matinée of SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL, SATURDAY, MARCH 14, at Two o'Clock. Doors open 1.30. Carriages at Five. Matinée of PERIL, SATURDAY, MARCH 21.—THE PRINCE'S THEATRE, Coventry-street, W.

THE ROSE OF SHARON.—ST. JAMES'S HALL, FRIDAY, MARCH 20, at Eight o'Clock.

THE ROSE OF SHARON.—Madame Albani, Madame Patey, Mr. Lloyd, Mr. Tufnail, and Mr. Santley. Conductor, Mr. Mackenzie. St. James's Hall, Friday, March 20. Stalls and Balcony Stalls, 10s. 6d.; Area and Balcony (unreserved), 5s. Admission, 2s. 6d. and 1s. Tickets at Novello and Co.'s, 1, Berners-street, W., and 80 and 81, Queen-street, Cheapside; usual Agents, and Austin's Ticket-Office.

ST. PATRICK'S NIGHT.
ST. JAMES'S HALL, PICCADILLY.
NEXT TUESDAY NIGHT, at Eight, the magnificent choir and orchestra of the world-famed
MOORE and BURGESS MINSTRELS
will give a special performance of IRISH NATIONAL MUSIC.
Tickets for all parts of the hall can be obtained at Austin's Office, St. James's Hall. No fees of any kind.

ST. JAMES'S HALL (Entrance in Piccadilly). Mr. CHARLES BERTRAM'S SEASON of MAGIC and CONJURING, with many New and Wonderful Illusions, WILL BEGIN on MONDAY, MARCH 16, at Eight o'Clock. The Hall has been elegantly appointed. Performances Every Evening, and Matinées at Three, on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Saturdays. Numbered Stalls, 5s.; Unreserved Seats, 2s. 6d.; Entrance, 1s. Tickets at Austin's; and Mitchell's, Bond-street. Mr. Charles Bertram has had the honour of appearing Six Times before their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales, by command, at Sandringham and Marlborough House.

FOR FAMILY ARMS (Lincoln's-inn Heraldic Office) send Name and County. Sketch, 3s. 6d.; in Colours, 7s. 6d. Arms Painted and Engraved on Seals, Dies, &c.—PUGH BROTHERS, Great Turnstile, Lincoln's-inn, W.C.; and 76, Queen Victoria-street, E.C. Illustrated List on application.

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PUGH BROTHERS, SOLE MANUFACTURERS,
Great Turnstile, Lincoln's-inn;
and 76, Queen Victoria-street, E.C.

BIRTHS.

On the 6th inst., Lady Robert Brudenell Bruce, of a son.
On the 8th inst., at Steventon, Hants, Lady Evelyn Upton, of a son and heir.

DEATHS.

On Feb. 28, 1875, Sir Goldsworthy Gurney, after eleven years of paralysis, the loving and adored father of Anna J. Gurney. (In Memoriam.)
On the 9th inst., at his residence, 103, Stockwell-road, Louis Haghe, Esq., Hon. President of the Royal Institute of Painters in Water Colours, aged 79. West Australian papers please copy.

*** *The charge for the insertion of Births, Marriages, and Deaths, is Five Shillings for each announcement.*

THE COURT.

Prince Henry of Battenberg arrived at Windsor Castle yesterday week, attended by Major F. I. Edwards, who met his Serene Highness at Dover. The Queen went out on Saturday morning, accompanied by Princess Beatrice and Prince Henry of Battenberg. On Sunday morning the Queen, Princess Beatrice, and Prince Henry of Battenberg, attended Divine service in the private chapel, the Very Rev. Randall Davidson officiating. We are authorised to state that the Queen will hold a Drawingroom at Buckingham Palace next Wednesday, the 18th inst. The Queen will leave Windsor for Germany on the 30th inst., and will travel as the Countess of Balmoral. Her Majesty will embark at Port Victoria (Sheerness), proceeding, viâ Flushing, direct to Darmstadt, where she will remain until April 8. The Queen has given £20 to the funds of the Royal Society for the Assistance of Discharged Prisoners; and her Majesty has forwarded her annual subscription of £50 to the Royal National Life-Boat Institution.

The Prince of Wales, accompanied by Prince George, arrived at Cambridge on a visit to Prince Albert Victor last Saturday afternoon. His Royal Highness occupied the rooms of Sir W. Harcourt. On Sunday morning the Prince of Wales, wearing the Academic costume of a Doctor of Laws, accompanied by Princes Albert Victor and George, attended Divine service at Trinity Chapel, and the Royal party also attended King's College Chapel in the afternoon. Their Royal Highnesses during the day drove over to Madingley, which was the Prince of Wales's residence when an undergraduate. In the evening their Royal Highnesses dined in the hall of Trinity College. The Prince of Wales returned to London on Monday morning. The Princess on Saturday evening last visited Drury-Lane Theatre, to witness the performance of "Whittington and His Cat." Her Royal Highness was accompanied by Princesses Louise, Victoria, and Maud, and by Prince Waldemar of Denmark. The Prince went to the House of Lords on Monday afternoon. Princess Louise (Marchioness of Lorne) visited the Prince and Princess of Wales, and remained to luncheon. Prince Henry of Battenberg likewise visited their Royal Highnesses, and lunched with them. The Prince and Princess of Wales, accompanied by Prince Waldemar of Denmark, visited the Court Theatre in the evening to witness the performance of "The Denhams." Tuesday was the twenty-second anniversary of the wedding-day of the Prince and Princess of Wales. Prince Albert Victor arrived at Marlborough House from Trinity College, Cambridge. Prince George likewise arrived from the Royal Naval College, Greenwich. The Prince and Princess gave a dinner in the evening, at which the following were present:—The Grand Duchess of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh, Princess Louise and the Marquis of Lorne, Prince Waldemar of Denmark, the Duke of Cambridge, Princess Frederica and Baron von Pawel-Rammingen, Prince Edward of Saxe-Weimar and the Countess of Hornberg, Count and Countess Gleichen, and Countess Isidore Gleichen. The Prince of Wales, accompanied by the Duke of Cambridge, attended the sitting of the House of Lords. The Prince has forwarded £105 towards the Mansion House Fund for the national memorial to General Gordon. The Prince holds a Levée at St. James's Palace, on behalf of her Majesty, this (Saturday) afternoon. According to the official programme, the Prince and Princess, and Princes Albert Victor and George, will arrive at Kingstown on April 8, and will receive addresses of welcome on landing, and also on arrival at Westland-row and Dublin Castle. A long list of festivities has been arranged.

The Duke of Edinburgh yesterday week presided at a lecture by Commander Galwey, R.N., on the use of torpedoes in war, and took part in a discussion on the subject. On Monday afternoon the Duke and Duchess left Clarence House, St. James's, on a visit to her Majesty at Windsor Castle. Their Royal Highnesses return in the course of Tuesday, in order to attend the Prince and Princess of Wales's party in celebration of the twenty-second anniversary of their marriage.

We are authorised to state that the marriage between his Excellency Sir Edward Malet and Lady Ermyntrude Russell, youngest daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Bedford, will take place next Thursday, at Westminster Abbey.

THE BATTLE OF ABOU KRU.

The *Daily Telegraph* of Saturday, March 7, states:—"The vivid and exact account of the battle of Abou Kru by our Special Correspondent, Mr. Burleigh, which, with its companion-piece of the battle of Abou Klea, has excited such universal admiration, finds this week a most remarkable pictorial comment in the elaborate Sketch by Mr. Melton Prior, published in the *Illustrated London News*. The four-page drawing there printed may be considered a triumph at once of the artist and of the engraver, so far as the rapid fidelity of the former and the skilful execution of the latter are concerned. The public may here look on war, as it has never been seen before by stayers at home, especially with Mr. Burleigh's letter for their guide. There is the thin mobile square, with its fringe of darting flame; the swarming enemy, the patient camels, the busy guns, the slender defence of bushes, boxes, and saddles, and inside the weak fortalice the dead laid in rows, the wounded limping to the rude hospitals, the brave and kindly surgeons ministering as calmly as if Death did not hover over every head, in the midst of all; with sorely-injured men suppressing their agony; and amidst all the turmoil and danger of the scene, the gallant General stretched with his death-wound, and listening with pallid but dauntless countenance for the news of victory. This engraving is a notable specimen of the good work which is done nowadays by the artistic as well as the literary historians of our distant campaigns, and a great proof of the talent and cool observant powers of Mr. Melton Prior."

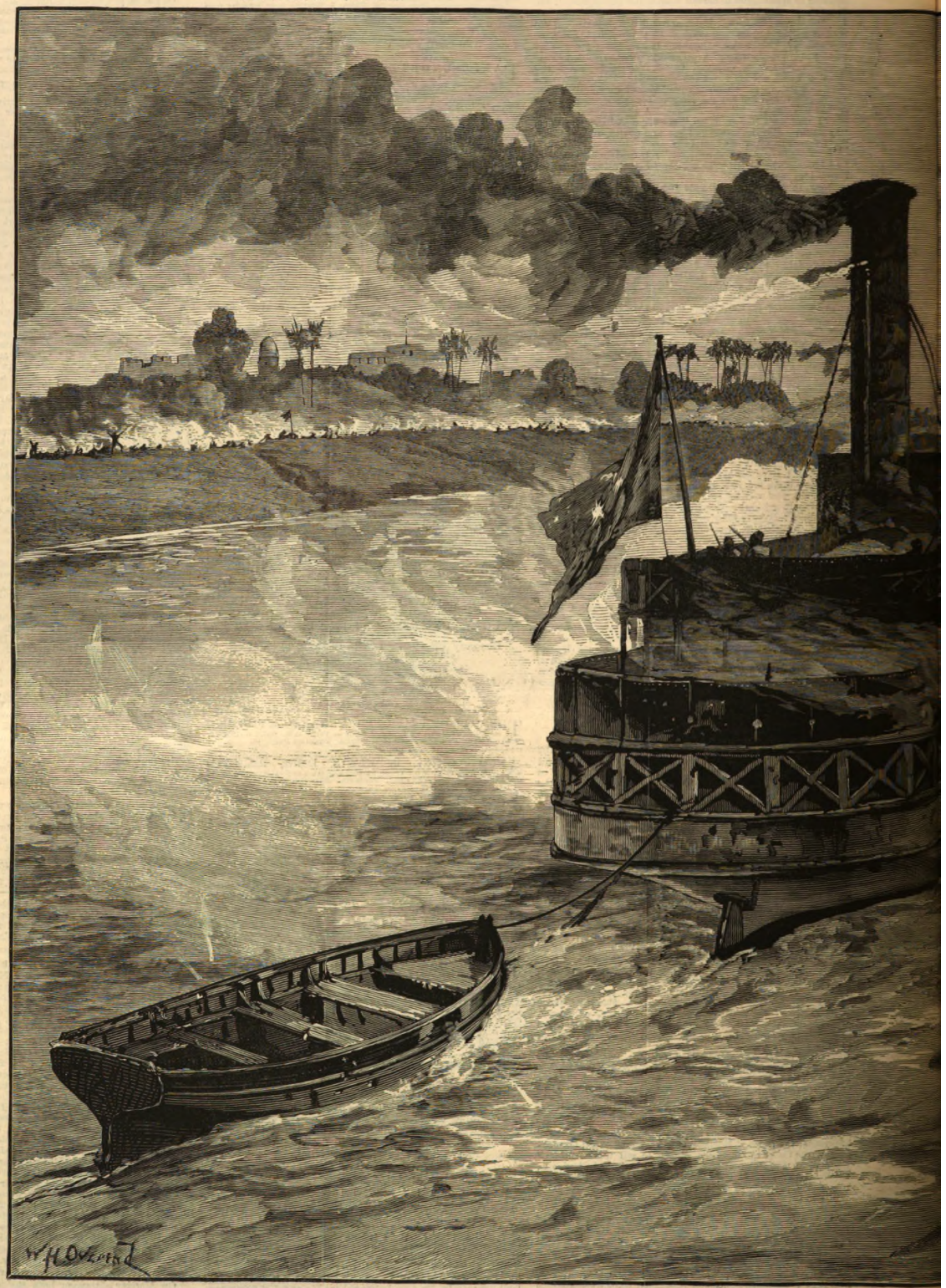
On Monday afternoon both the Oxford and Cambridge University boat crews arrived on the Thames, and commenced their usual practice.

Dr. Sylvanus P. Thompson, of University College, Bristol, has been appointed Principal and Professor of Physics at the Finsbury Technical College.

The Right Hon. W. E. Forster presided at the annual dinner and conversazione of the Newsvendors' Benevolent and Provident Institution, held at Prince's Hall, Piccadilly, on Wednesday.

Ruins of houses. Mosque at Khartoum. Palace at Khartoum, seen over the trees.

Island of Tuti, lined by the enemy. Enemy firing.

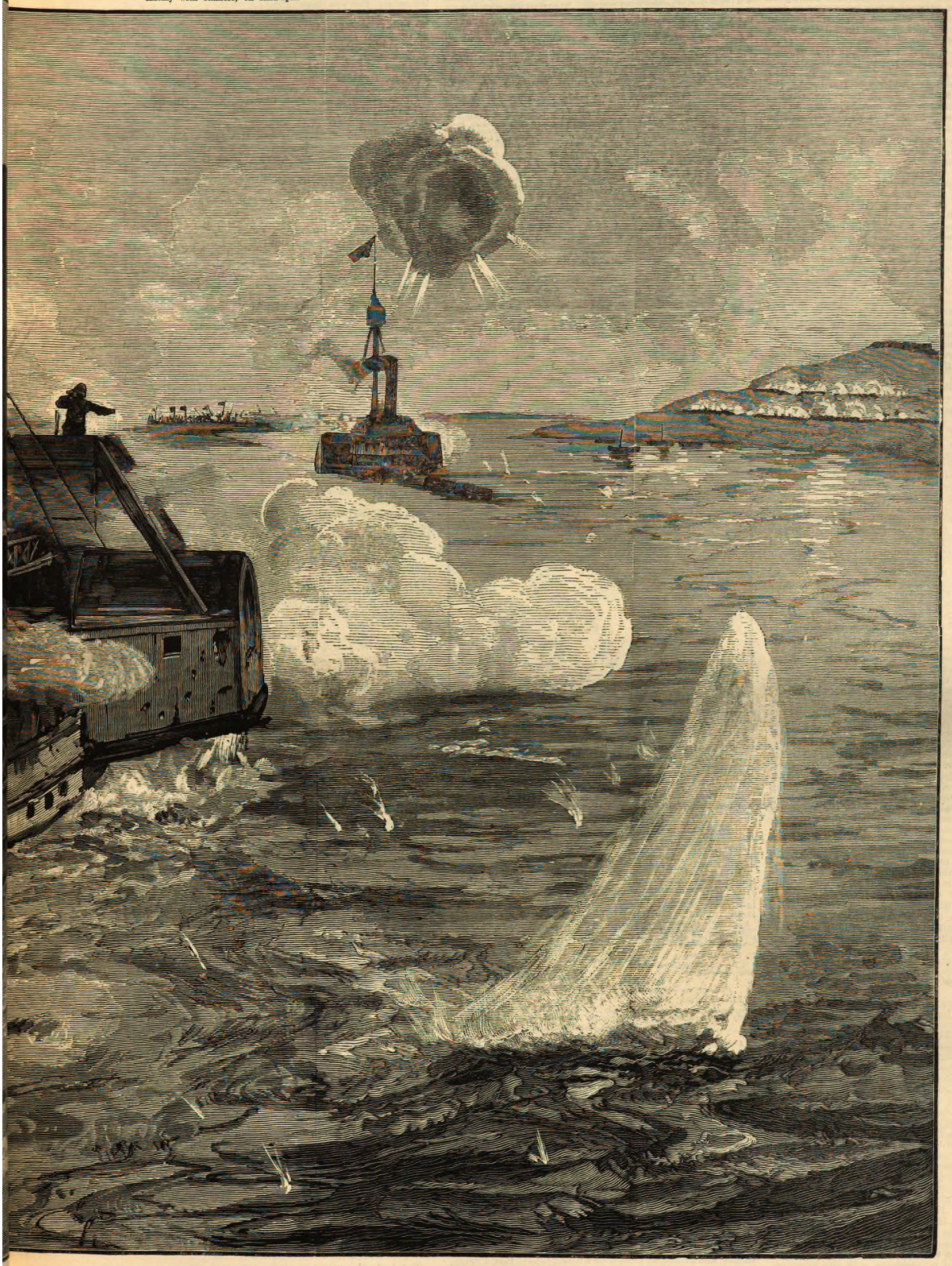


THE WAR IN THE SOUDAN.—SIR CHARLES WILSON'S RECONNAISSA

FROM A SKETCH BY SIR CHARLES WILSON, FO

Enemy with banners, on sand-spit.

Enemy's fort at Omdurman: trenches below; small boats at river-bank.



OF KHARTOUM: CONFLICT WITH THE ENEMY OPPOSITE OMDURMAN.

RDED BY MR. MELTON PRIOR, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated Aug. 27, 1874), with two codicils (dated Aug. 12, 1876, and Jan. 22, 1877), of the Right Rev. John Jackson, D.D., Lord Bishop of London, who died on Jan. 6 last, at Fulham Palace, was proved on the 23rd ult. by the Rev. Arthur Brook and the Rev. Frederic Horatio Fisher, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £72,000. With the exception of an annuity of £20 to Hannah Collins for her long and faithful services, the testator leaves all his property, upon trust, for his children.

The will (dated May 6, 1848) of the Right Hon. Thomas Barnes, Earl of Dundonald, late of No. 12, Queen's-gate, who died on Jan. 15 last, was proved on the 26th ult. by the Right Hon. Louisa Harriet, Dowager Countess of Dundonald, the widow, and sole executrix, the value of the personal estate exceeding £7000. The testator wills and bequeaths all his property, real and personal, to his wife absolutely, and he appoints her guardian of his children.

The will (dated Feb. 16, 1882), with a codicil (dated June 27, 1884), of Mr. William Hartridge, one of her Majesty's Lieutenants for the City of London, late of the Stock Exchange and of Addelam, Upper Deal, Kent, who died on Jan. 25 last, was proved on the 26th ult. by Frederick Hartridge, the brother, and Thomas Willey, two of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £113,000. The testator bequeaths £200 each to the Idiot Asylum, Earlswood, the Royal Hospital for Incurables, Putney, the London City Mission, and the London Orphan Asylum, Watford; £100 each to the British and Foreign Bible Society and the London City Mission's Disabled Missionary Fund; the furniture, plate, and effects at his residence, and the income, for life, of various specified stocks and shares, to his wife, Mrs. Eliza Hartridge; £40,000, upon trust, to pay annuities of £300 each to his son, William Robinson Hartridge, and to his daughters, Mrs. Woodcock, Mrs. Willey, and Mrs. Smithett, and subject thereto for the children of his said son and daughters living at his decease; and numerous other legacies. As to the residue of his real and personal estate, three sixths are to be held upon the same trusts as the sum of £40,000, and one sixth each for his brothers, Charles Henry, Frederick, and Francis James, and should either of his brothers predecease him, then for their children. On the death of Mrs. Hartridge, the annuities to his son and daughters are each to be increased £100 per annum.

The will (dated Sept. 27, 1879), with a codicil (dated June 20, 1882), of Mr. Henry Skynner, late of Temple Chambers, No. 32, Fleet-street, solicitor, and of No. 6, Neville-terrace, Onslow-gardens, South Kensington, who died on Nov. 22 last, was proved on the 20th ult. by Miss Emily Elizabeth Brigden, the sole executrix, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £67,000. The testator bequeaths £500 to the Royal National Life-Boat Institution to establish a life-boat on the East Coast, to be called the John and Henry Skynner; £500 to St. Bartholomew's Hospital, in commemoration of his brother, and to be called the Robert Charles Skynner Prize Fund, the income to be given annually to the student passing the best examination in the anatomy of the human body, and the best treatment for scarlet fever and rheumatic fever; 50 guineas each to the Seamen's Hospital Society, Greenwich; St. Bartholomew's Hospital; the Marine Society, having its office in Bishopsgate-street; St. Mark's Hospital for Fistula, Charterhouse-square; St. Mary's Hospital, Paddington; the London Hospital, Whitechapel; the Cancer Hospital, Fulham-road; and the Hospital for Consumption, Fulham-road; three guineas to each of the chorister boys at the chapel of St. Mark's College, Chelsea, who assisted in the service on the Sunday morning next preceding his decease; three guineas to each of the chorister boys at St. Paul's Cathedral who assisted at the service on the Saturday afternoon next preceding his decease; three guineas to each of the singing boys of St. James's, Piccadilly, not exceeding sixteen years of age, who assisted at the service on the Sunday evening next preceding his decease; and three guineas each to the choristers or singing boys of St. Peter's, Cranley-gardens, who assisted at the service on the Sunday morning next preceding his decease. He leaves nine freehold houses, one of which is in the City, and including a public-house, to the Master and Scholars of Balliol College, Oxford, to found scholarships and fellowships for the encouragement among graduates and undergraduates of the study of the science of astronomy and original research and discovery; his share in certain freehold and leasehold properties at Richmond to his sisters, Eleanor and Katherine Sophia Skynner, for their lives, and on the death of the survivor of them, to the Seamen's Hospital Society; and considerable freehold property at Hackney, and some freehold land at Kingston, to the Seamen's Hospital Society. There is other provision for his said sisters; and many legacies. The residue of his real and personal estate he gives to Miss Brigden.

The will (dated Jan. 3, 1882) of Miss Mary Clark, late of No. 10, Albert-road, Regent's Park, who died on July 23 last, was proved on the 20th ult. by Edward Pritchard Evans and Pembroke Scott Stephens, Q.C., the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £34,000. The testatrix bequeaths £400 to the British Home for Incurables; £300 to the Central London Ophthalmic Hospital, Gray's-inn-road; —£250 each to the Royal Free Hospital, Gray's-inn-road; the University College Hospital, Upper Gower-street; and the City of London Hospital for Disorders of the Chest, Victoria Park; —£200 each to the Hospital for French Refugees, Victoria Park; King's College Hospital; the Royal Westminster Ophthalmic Hospital, King William-street; and the National Benevolent Institution; and numerous other legacies and annuities. The residue of her property she leaves to her nephew and nieces, William Clark, Mrs. Crouch, Mrs. Brassington, Mrs. Chatty, and Mrs. Carnell.

The will (dated June 29, 1883), with a codicil (dated Aug. 21, 1884), of Mr. Richard Sturenberg Cankrien, late of No. 10, Cromwell-crescent, South Kensington, who died on Jan. 3 last, was proved on the 12th ult. by George Allen and Lieutenant-Colonel Arthur Rotton, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £25,000. The testator gives complimentary legacies to his brother, and sons-in-law; and the residue of his property he leaves to his daughters, Mrs. Rotton, Mrs. Thompson, and Mrs. Maule.

The will (dated Nov. 15, 1873) of the Rev. William Henry Butler, D.C.L., late of Melrose, Upper Richmond-road, Putney, who died on Jan. 11 last, was proved on the 14th ult. by the Rev. Charles Tiplady Pratt and Henry Smith Pownall, the acting executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £25,000. The testator leaves to his wife, Mrs. Mary Ann Butler, £200 and his residence, with the furniture and effects, but his books and plate for life only, and at her death they are specifically bequeathed. The residue of his real and personal estate is to be held, upon trust, for his wife, for life, and then for his five children, in equal shares.

Lord Carrington has accepted the post of Governor of New South Wales, in succession to Lord Augustus Loftus.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All communications relating to this department of the Paper should be addressed to the Editor, and have the word "Chess" written on the envelope.

H L (Cecil Court).—Stalemate is a position where the King is not in check, cannot be moved without being moved into check, and the player has no other piece or pawn on the board that can be legally moved. The position you describe is a checkmate.

W G (Whitby).—The problem is very acceptable. We are always glad to hear from you

W D (Cardiff).—Very neat. If found correct, it shall appear.

G A A W (North Shields).—The author of No. 2125 is Captain A. W. D. Campbell, now on service in India.

B F (Lyons).—We are obliged for the problems, and shall have pleasure in examining them.

W L B (Oxford).—On reconsideration, we deemed Black's play so weak as to deprive the game of all interest. We desire, however, to thank you cordially for the trouble you have taken in the matter.

E E H.—We have more than once stated that solutions cannot be acknowledged until the week following that in which they are received. Your solution of No. 2134 was acknowledged in our last Number.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2134 received from Finola, Red Sea Rovers (Snow), William Miller, A Churchill, Congo, C T Lane, Pierce Jones, and John Collins (Sandhurst); of No. 2135 from Finola, H St. George, J E M F, S J Hall, Edwin Smith, F West (Tenby), Congo, John Collins (Sandhurst), W H D Rouse, L E U B, and Pierce Jones; of Dr. ENGAMMO'S PROBLEM from Hereward, Pierce Jones; of N TRAVERS' PROBLEM from Pierce Jones; of K BLAHA'S PROBLEM from Hereward, Emmo (Darlington), J T W, John Collins (Sandhurst), L Sharswood, Ernest Sharswood, C Darragh, An Old Hand, and Otto Fulder (Ghent).

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2136 received from Pierce Jones, John Hodgson, Emmo (Darlington), Shadforth, G A A Walker, John Collins (Sandhurst), L Sharswood, Ernest Sharswood, J T W, E J Winter Wood, E Elsbury, G L Mayne, M O Halloran, D W Keil, F Ferris, R H Brooks, A Chapman, Dominican, R H Noyes, H K Awdry, G W Law, L L Greenaway, D McCoy, Raymond, R C (Harlesden), A M Porter, A Wigmore, Joseph Ainsworth, R L Southwell, H Wardell, B F Kemp, W J Rudman, C W Milsom, H Blacklock, E Casella (Paris), James Pilkington, R B (Chatteris), Emile Frau, B B Wood, A C Hunt, A W Scrutton, Lashmar Penfold, S Lowndes, J K (South Hampstead), L Falcon (Antwerp), B L Dyke, Jupiter Junior, W Hillier, R J Vines, C Oswald, W Dewse, G A Nathan, L Wyman, S Bullen, J G Anstee, William Davis, F P Fott, B H C (Salisbury), W Biddle, E Featherstone, E T Ward, A C Haines, Julia Short, S J Hall, Henry Bridgow, William Miller (Cork), E Louden, A Karberg (Hamburg), B Gray, Ben Nevis, J E M F, G S Oldfield, L S D, G Huskisson, C Meiklejohn, Rev. W Anderson (Old Romney), Hereward, and H St. George (Weybridge).

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2135.

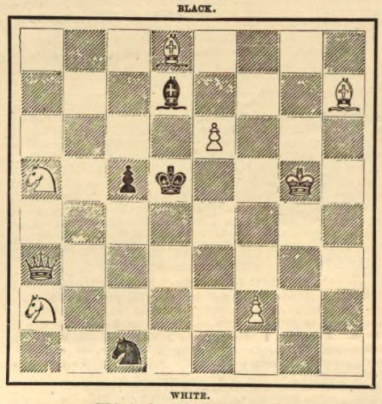
WHITE.	BLACK.
1. Kt to K 2nd	K to Q 7th
2. Q to B sq	Any move
3. Mates accordingly.	

NOTE.—If Black play 1. K to K 5th, White continues with 2. B to B 4th, mating on the third move.

SOLUTION OF ANONYMOUS PROBLEM.

1. K to B 7th	K moves
2. B to B 6th	"
3. B to Q 8th	"
4. K to Kt 2nd (dis. ch).	Mate.

PROBLEM No. 2138.
By HENRY BRISTOW.
BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in two moves.

The following is the Game referred to in our last Number as one of ten played *sans voir* and simultaneously by M. TSCHIGORIN, at the St. Petersburg Chess Club. It should be noted that M. Tschigorin's adversary, Mr. ARNOLD, in this game also played *sans voir*.

(Two Knight's Defence.)

WHITE (M. A.)	BLACK (M. T.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th
2. Kt to K B 3rd	Kt to Q B 3rd
3. B to B 4th	Kt to B 3rd
4. Kt to Kt 5th	P to Q 4th
5. P takes P	Kt to Q R 4th
6. B to Kt 5th (ch)	P to Q B 3rd
7. P takes P	P takes P
8. B to K 2nd	P to K R 3rd
9. Kt to K B 3rd	P to K 6th
10. Kt to K 5th	Q to B 2nd
11. P to K B 4th	B to Q 3rd
12. P to Q 4th	Castles
13 Castles	P to Q B 4th
14. P to Q B 3rd	R to Kt sq

Down to this point, the moves are "book" on both sides. White now makes a departure which does not seem to us to be an improvement.

15. Kt to Q R 3rd	

15. P to Q Kt 3rd is the usual and, as we think, the preferable move.

15.	P takes P

Obviously the correct reply.

16. Kt to Q Kt 5th	R takes Kt

Readiness to seize an advantage is eminently characteristic of M. Tschigorin's style. White is now thrown on the defensive throughout the game.

17. B takes R	Q to Kt 3rd
18. P to Q R 4th	P to Q 6th (dis. ch)
19. K to R sq	P to Q R 3rd
20. Kt to B 4th	

The only move to save the piece.

20.	Kt takes Kt
21. B takes Kt	P to K Kt 5th
22. P to R 5th	Q to R 2nd
23. Q to R 4th	

There is nothing better.

23.	B to K 7th
24. R to K sq	Kt to K 5th
25. P to K R 3rd	Q to B 7th

Black plays with admirable precision, and every blow tells.

26. B to Q 2nd	B to B 4th
27. B takes P (ch)	

Futile; but White is in the toils.

27.	R takes B
28. Q to K 8th (ch)	K to R 2nd
29. Q takes R	Q to Kt 6th,

and White cannot avoid Checkmate.

A series of very interesting matches, to be played in London during the boat-race week, is being arranged on the part of the Universities and the principal London clubs. On Tuesday, the 24th inst., the Oxford and Cambridge Clubs will unite to play a match against the third class of the City of London Club, twenty players a side, and, for the first time, the University champions need not be undergraduates. On Wednesday, the 25th inst., the Oxford Club will play a match against a team of the 1st. George's Club, probably the third class; and, on the following day, the annual match of the Universities will be played at the St. George's Club, Albemarle-street. On Saturday, the 28th, the University teams will again unite to play a match against Brighton, eight a side, at the City of London Club, Newgate-street.

Mr. Schlesinger, the honorary secretary of the Athenæum Chess Club asks us to correct the score of his club match, referred to in our last Number, to 8 games to 2 instead of 8½ to 1½.

We have received two new books on the subject of chess. The first, "Chess Fruits," by Mr. and Mrs. T. B. Rowland, of Dublin, has been expected for some time. The second, "Chess Eccentricities," by Major Hope Verner, is a book with variations of the game from the earliest ages to the present time. We shall refer at more length to both books next week.

We have also received from the publisher, James Wade, Tavistock-street, Covent-garden, the second part of Mr. H. E. Bird's new collection of games.

The award of the prizes in the tournament of the *Nationaltidende*, of Copenhagen, has just been published. The judges, Messrs. Arnell and Sorensen, have awarded the prizes in the following order:—First, G. Hume, Nottingham; second, E. Walter, Neuhaus; third, E. Mazel, Brunn. Extra prizes for conspicuous merit have been awarded to Messrs J. Dobrusky, of Prague, and A. E. Studd, of London; and honourable mention is conferred on the compositions of Messrs. H. C. Mathiesen, of Hövе, Denmark, and Julius Barsdorf, of Crefeld. The following problem gained the first prize:—

By G. HUME, Nottingham.

White: K at Q R 2nd, R's at Q Kt 3rd and 7th, Kt at Q Kt 6th, B at Q B 8th; Pawns at Q R 3rd, Q Kt 2nd, Q B 4th, and Q 6th. (Nine pieces.)

Black: K at Q B 8th, R at K Kt 4th; Pawns at Q R 3rd, Q Kt 4th, and K Kt 5th. (Five pieces.)

White to play, and mate in three moves.

OBITUARY.

COLONEL THE HON. ERNEST GEORGE CURZON.

Colonel the Hon. Ernest George Curzon, late 52nd Foot, Colonel on the Staff commanding the troops at Shorncliffe, died on the 5th inst., while on a visit to Sir J. M. Adye at Gibraltar. He was born Aug. 12, 1828, the sixth son of Richard William, first Earl Howe, by Harriet Georgiana, his wife, daughter of Robert, sixth Earl of Cardigan, and at an early age entered the Army. He served in the Indian Mutiny, was Assistant Adjutant and Quartermaster-General at Aldershott 1877 to 1882, and subsequently Deputy Adjutant-General in Ireland. He married, Jan. 14, 1856, Augusta, daughter of Brigadier-General Halifax, and leaves issue. Colonel Curzon's next brother is Lieutenant-General the Hon. Sir Leicester Smyth, now commanding the troops at the Cape of Good Hope.

MR. FLETCHER-HARGRAVE.

The Hon. John Fletcher-Hargrave, M.A., lately Judge of the Supreme Court, and Judge of the Divorce Court, New South Wales, whose death is announced by cable from Sydney, was born in 1815, the son of Mr. Fletcher, of Greenwich, and after completing his course at University College and King's College, London, took his degree at Cambridge in 1837. He was called to the Bar in 1841. In 1857, he went to New South Wales, and became Solicitor-General there in 1859. In that year, he was elected a Member of the Legislative Assembly, and appointed a Member of the Legislative Council. He was subsequently Attorney-General, 1861 to 1865, in which latter year, he was raised to the Bench as Puisne Judge of the Supreme Court. In 1873, he was nominated First Judge of the Divorce Court of the Colony. He married, in 1843, Ann, daughter of Mr. William Hargrave, of Woodhouse, Leeds. Judge Hargrave, esteemed a sound lawyer, edited the first volume of the twenty-first edition of "Blackstone."

We have also to record the deaths of—

Major-General John Caulfeild Hannyngton, late Bengal Army, on the 4th inst., aged seventy-nine.

Lieutenant-Colonel Matthew Conway Poole, M.S.C., Deputy Commissioner, British Burmah, eldest son of the late Colonel M. Poole, Madras Army, on the 28th ult., aged forty-four.

Alicia Katherine, Mrs. Daniell, daughter of the Right Hon. Francis Blackburne, Lord Chancellor of Ireland, and widow of Captain Daniell, R.N., on the 3rd inst.

Mr. Louis Haghe, Honorary President of the Royal Institute of Painters in Water Colours, at his residence in the Stockwell-road, on the 9th inst., in his seventy-ninth year.

Lieutenant William Bayne Askwith, Royal Engineers, eldest son of General W. H. Askwith, Royal Artillery, on the 27th ult., at Souakim, accidentally, while in the discharge of his duty.

Lieutenant-General George Verner, Bengal Staff Corps, youngest son of Colonel Thomas Verner, and nephew of Sir Thomas Verner, first Baronet, of Church Hill, in the county of Armagh, on the 26th ult., at Pau, aged seventy-five.

Brevet Lieutenant-Colonel Alaric E. Arengo-Cross, 1st Battalion Gordon Highlanders, on the 28th ult., in the Citadel Hospital, Cairo, of enteric fever. His first commission was dated May 15, 1867.

Mr. M. E. Hadfield, architect, at the age of seventy-two. He designed the Roman Catholic Cathedral at Salford, Glossop Hall, the Great Northern Hotel at Leeds, the Duke of Norfolk's residence at Sheffield, and many important works in Manchester, Liverpool, and other towns.

Louisa Dowager Countess of Kinnoull, on the 6th inst., at 31, Warrior-square, St. Leonards-on-Sea. The late Dowager Countess was the second daughter of the late Admiral Sir Charles Rowley, Bart., G.C.B., and married, Aug. 17, 1824, the late Thomas Robert, tenth Earl of Kinnoull; by whom she leaves surviving issue the Earl of Kinnoull, the Hon. Arthur Hay Drummond, the Hon. Charles Rowley Hay, Lady Louisa Moncrieffe, Lady Frances Lloyd, Lady Elizabeth Dugmore, and Lady Augusta Fiennes.

The Mansion House Fund for the national memorial to General Gordon amounts to over £4000.

Mr. John Rae Haddo, Kincardineshire, was yesterday week re-elected president of the Scottish Farmers' Alliance.

At the annual meeting of the Royal United Service Institution last Saturday, it was announced that the gold medallist of the year was Captain G. F. Browne, Dublin.

Lord Reay, accompanied by Lady Reay and suite, has left for India, to assume the appointment of Governor of Bombay, vice Sir James Fergusson, Bart.

The Queen has approved the appointment of Mr. Douglas Kingsford to the Recordership of Margate, vacant by the death of Mr. F. J. Smith.

Earl Cowper, K.G., is to preside at the 102nd anniversary festival of the Benevolent Society of St. Patrick, at the Freemasons' Tavern, on St. Patrick's Day, next Tuesday.

The Lord Lieutenant and Countess Spencer opened the annual Exhibition of the Royal Hibernian Academy, Dublin, last week, in the presence of a fashionable assemblage. The excellence of the works is generally admitted.

A bust of Burns, by Sir John Steell, was on Saturday last unveiled in Westminster Abbey. Lord Rosebery performed the ceremony, in the presence of a numerous gathering, in Poet's Corner, and brief addresses were delivered by his Lordship and the Dean of Westminster.

The late Rev. W. Wight, of Chiselhurst, bequeathed his property to the establishment of a "Wight's College of Social and Domestic Science for Ladies"; but Mr. Justice Chitty declared this bequest void under the Mortmain Act, remarking that he must leave it to the goodness of the heir, who is in Australia, to found the society.

An Art Exhibition will be held, under the patronage of the Duchess of Leeds, at 24, Belgrave-square, by permission of the Marchioness of Downshire, next Tuesday, the 17th inst., and four following days, in aid of the Girls' Friendly Society's Club and Recreation-Rooms, in East London. Miniatures will form one of the principal features of the exhibition.

On July 1 next, a new postal train service will come into operation on the London and North-Western and Caledonian Railways, by which the transmission of mails will be considerably accelerated. In addition to ordinary trains, a special—the fastest in the world—will be run daily to and from London and Perth, for the exclusive use of the Post Office, the Irish mails being detached at Crewe.

The Lady Mayoress will give an Amateur Concert at the Mansion House on April 15, for the benefit of the People's Entertainment Society. The Duke of Edinburgh and the following ladies and gentlemen have promised their assistance:—Viscountess Folkestone, Lady Agneta Montagu, Lady Benedict, Mrs. A. S. Gatty, Mrs. Andrew Tuer, Lord William Compton, Hon. A. Yorke, Hon. Spencer G. Lyttelton, Mr. A. S. Gatty, Mr. C. Ernest Hensley, and Mr. Louis D'Egville.

PARISIAN SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

(From our own Correspondent.)

Paris, Tuesday, March 10.

At last the Chamber has finished the discussion of the Cereals Bill. On Thursday the whole law was voted by 264 votes against 150. The committee appointed in the Senate to examine the bill consists of nine members, all of whom are favourable to the tax on imported grain, and some demand even the elevation of that tax to four or five francs the hectolitre instead of three francs, as proposed by the bill. M. De Soubeyran interpellated the Government last Saturday on the imperfection of the present monetary circulation and the depreciation of silver. The Minister of Finance admitted that the present state of affairs is unsatisfactory, but did not consider it prudent to provoke a new monetary conference. He promised, however, to consult the delegates of the Latin Union, who will meet next month. The discussion by the Deputies of the Budget of 1885, as amended by the Senate, led to a discussion of the right of the Upper Chamber to modify the dispositions of the Deputies in matters of finance. Finally, the theory of mutual concessions prevailed, and the Chamber, by 302 against 191, decided to discuss the amendments of the Senate.

The Exhibition Committee has finally adopted the Champ de Mars as the site for the forthcoming International Exhibition, and fixed the cost of the building at two millions sterling.

In view of the forthcoming general elections, it may be interesting to note a sort of alliance between the reactionaries of all shades with a view to taking advantage of Universal Suffrage. A new journal, *La Flandre*, contains manifestos from the Bonapartist Cassagnac and the Monarchist Hervé, which sum up the doctrines of a sort of "Conservative anarchy": destroy the Republic, and then we shall see what is to be done. It is pleasing to remark that a coup d'état or coup de force is considered to be out of the question. The adversaries of the Republic put their trust, some in a miracle, others in the effects of union, and, out of all their efforts, the probability is that absolutely nothing will result.

One of the most brilliant manifestations of modern art which has been seen in Paris for many years is the exhibition of the works of Eugène Delacroix, now open in the Ecole des Beaux-Arts. Born in 1798, Delacroix reached the prime of his talent at the moment when Victor Hugo and the Romantic school were revolutionising French poetry and art, and he became as a painter what Hugo became as a poet—that is to say, a great Revolutionary leader and a great dramatist. Delacroix passionately loved passion, and all his life he sought the best means of expressing passion by line and colour. But how little had the present generation seen of his work! "The Ceiling of the Gallery of Apollo," "The Wreck of the Don Juan," "The Massacre of Scio," and "The Jewish Marriage," in the Louvre; two frescoes in the Church of Saint Sulpice, "The Entrance of the Crusaders in Constantinople," lost in the historical labyrinths of Versailles—half a dozen works were alone accessible to our admiration. In the present exhibition, there are two hundred and fifty pictures, and as many drawings and studies: we are able to judge Delacroix on the strength of a large proportion of his life's work. Well, the exhibition is a revelation to us, and a triumph for the artist. Delacroix died in 1863; he now comes before the tribunal of posterity; and posterity declares him to be one of the great geniuses of the French school, and worthy to take his place beside Lebrun and Poussin. Delacroix ought to be particularly interesting to us Anglo-Saxons, for his masters in painting were Bonington, Constable, Wilkie, and Copley Fielding; and it was in the works of Shakspeare, Scott, and Byron that he found the inspiration of some of his finest pictures. Delacroix's series of lithographs illustrating "Hamlet" and "Macbeth" are splendid, both in conception and in execution. But while admiring the masterpieces gathered together at the Ecole des Beaux-Arts—the "Convulsionnaires de Tanger," "The Two Foscari," "Medea Killing Her Children," the "Massacre of the Bishop of Liége" (from Scott's "Quentin Durward"), "Boissy d'Anglais," "The Crusaders," "The Battle of Nancy," "The Prisoner of Chillon," "Sardanapalus," and all the marvellous paintings of animals, landscape, and sea—we are struck with the immensity of the artist's labour, the minuteness of his researches in all the details of his art, the indefatigable pursuit of mastery of his instruments. We have only to look at the quantities of drawings and studies, the masses of sketch-books and note-books, exhibited in glass cases, to realise how completely Delacroix's life was absorbed by his art. It was he who said to a young artist who had asked advice and counsel, "If you are not expert enough to sketch a man in the time he takes to fall from a fifth-floor window to the ground, you will never be able to produce great works." In this enormous hyperbole we find the preoccupation of Delacroix's whole life, the attainment of a rapidity and sureness of execution which would enable him to fix the images formed by his marvellous imagination without allowing any of the intensity of the action or of the idea to evaporate. The proceeds of the exhibition at the Ecole des Beaux-Arts are to be devoted to erecting a bronze statute to the memory of this great painter.

T. C.

The Czar Alexander III. completed his fortieth year on Monday.

The Czar's birthday was celebrated at Berlin, on Monday, by a banquet given by the Emperor and Empress,

Cardinal Simor, the Primate of Hungary, has dedicated a princely gift of 200,000 fl. to the establishment of an orphan asylum at Gran, his diocesan residence, and 200,000 fl. towards the restoration and completion of the beautiful Basilica of Gran, begun in 1821 by Cardinal Rudnay.

President Cleveland's Cabinet is constituted as follows:—Secretary of State, Mr. Thomas F. Bayard (Delaware); Secretary of the Treasury, Mr. Daniel Manning (New York); Secretary for War, Mr. William Endicott (Massachusetts); Secretary of the Navy, Mr. William C. Whitney (New York); Secretary of the Interior, Mr. L. G. C. Lamar (Mississippi); Postmaster-General, Mr. William F. Vilas (Wisconsin); Attorney-General, Mr. A. H. Garland (Arkansas). The Senate has confirmed all the appointments.

A Reuter despatch from Cape Town announces that Mr. Rhodes has tendered his resignation as Deputy Commissioner for Bechuanaland, and that Sir Hercules Robinson has officially objected to Mr. Mackenzie's presence at Vryburg.

Telegrams from Madeira state that the Germans have hauled down the British flag at Victoria, situated at the head of Ambas Bay, in the Little Cameroons, and have raised the German flag in its stead. This act, we trust, will turn out to be only the unauthorised excess of some too zealous officer.

We learn from Calcutta that the Indian Government have made arrangements for the reception of the Ameer of Afghanistan with due pomp. Lord Dufferin will be accompanied by most of the higher officials, and it is expected that the meeting will take place on the 28th inst.

The *Melbourne Argus* proposes that the colony of Victoria should grant a subsidy in aid of the British forces in the Soudan.

THE BECHUANALAND EXPEDITION.

Our Special Artist, Mr. Julius M. Price, a volunteer of "Methuen's Horse," who is one of the party attached to the Telegraph Company of the Royal Engineers in advance of Sir Charles Warren's expedition to restore order in Bechuanaland, sends us the Sketches published this week. They were taken while at the camp formed near Barkly, on the Vaal river, in Griqualand West, before advancing into the border country which has recently been made the subject of political controversy; and which is a narrow strip of land, the abode of the Batlapin and Barolong tribes, under their chiefs Mankoroane and Montsioa, but their tribal rule is disputed by rival native chiefs; amongst whom some hundreds of Boers and other white men have lately intruded, occupying farms by pretended grants from the hostile native party. We now learn that Sir Charles Warren has established military rule at Vryburg, in the district of Stellaland, which is the southern part of Bechuanaland, nearest to the Cape Colony. Mr. Krüger, the President of the Transvaal Republic, had returned to Pretoria after his conference with Sir Charles Warren; and it is believed that the Transvaal Government is acting in co-operation with the British Commissioner, but much excitement prevails among the Boers. The Boer frontier camp at Rooi Grond, adjacent to Goshen and to Montsioa's country, is now deserted. Until Sir Charles Warren reaches that place, where it is hoped that he will exercise his authority without opposition, there is still much uncertainty whether existing disputes can be adjusted by a pacific arrangement.

The Sketches presented in this Number of our Journal represent scenes and incidents of camp life, which must be new to many of the volunteers who went out from England last November, having enlisted in the "South African Irregular Field Force," in the regiment of Mounted Infantry commanded by Colonel the Hon. Paul Methuen, popularly called "Methuen's Horse." Another Mounted Infantry regiment, which was raised in the colony, is similarly known by the name of its commanding officer as "Carrington's Horse." The force under Major-General Sir Charles Warren, R.E., includes also some regiments of the Queen's army, the Inniskilling Dragoons, a detachment of the Royal Artillery with Gardner guns, and a battalion of the 1st (Royal Scots) regiment of infantry; there is, besides, a local corps of volunteers from the Diamond-Fields of West Griqualand. The camp at Barkly West, towards the end of January, was thus a place of military bustle; and our Special Artist has delineated the scene at the arrival of the first detachment of "Methuen's Horse," which he had preceded some days before; the baggage-waggon seen in the distance is one belonging to the Royal Scots regiment. The row of horses picketed in a line, undergoing the process of grooming, is humorously called "the stables." The full-length portrait of an officer of "Methuen's Horse" is an example of the campaigning costume; and their rough accommodation is shown in the blanket tents occupied by Colonel Cotton and Captain Drummond, with saddles, guns, portmanteaus, and waterproof sheets lying about on the ground; and in one of the "tentes d'abri" belonging to the officers of Carrington's regiment. As January in South Africa is Midsummer, the heat is intensely felt, and there is much natural thirst, which is the excuse for putting "Drink" into these Sketches. "The Torture of Tantalus" is realised by an unhappy sentry, who sees his comrades with a bottle relieving their necessity, but may not partake of the cooling draught.

ROYAL NATIONAL LIFE-BOAT INSTITUTION.

A meeting of this institution was held on Thursday, the 5th inst., at its house, John-street, Adelphi, at which rewards amounting to £203 were granted to the crews of life-boats of the institution and shore-boats for saving life from wrecks on our coasts. Payments amounting to £2977 were made on various life-boat establishments. Among the contributions lately received were £1000 from Mrs. J. H. Macdonald towards the endowment of her life-boat at Appledore. It was decided to send a new life-boat, possessing all the latest improvements, to Blackpool, in lieu of the boat at present on that station.

The annual meeting of the institution will be held at Willis's Rooms next Saturday—the Duke of Northumberland, president of the institution, in the chair.

Mr. Inspector Denning, who has been for eighteen years at the House of Commons, has been appointed to the post of Chief Inspector of the Palace of Westminster.

Mr. Justice Field has consented, at the request of the Lord Chancellor, with the concurrence of the Lord Chief Justice of England, to act as an additional Judge of the Chancery Division, and a number of causes have been transferred to him.

Miss Welsh, late Vice-Mistress and Classical Lecturer at Girton College, Cambridge, has been appointed to the post of Mistress, which was rendered vacant last year by the resignation of Miss Bernard.

The Scinde, Punjaub, and Delhi Railway Company have received official intimation from the Secretary of State for India that it is the intention of the Government of India to purchase their lines, under the terms of their contract.

The "Statesman's Year-Book" for 1885, published by Macmillan and Co., indicates careful and systematic compilation. It is undoubtedly the best work of its kind, and it continues to improve in quality and quantity.

The prize-list of the Essex Agricultural Society for the Waltham Abbey Show contains particulars of prizes to the value of £1700 for horses, cattle, sheep, pigs, donkeys, dairy produce, implements, and silos and ensilage. The entries close on May 11.

The Queen has conferred Companionships of the Bath upon Sir Evelyn Baring, K.C.S.I., her Majesty's Agent and Consul-General in Egypt; the Hon. Robert Meade, Assistant Under-Secretary for the Colonies; and Mr. J. A. Crowe, Commercial Attaché to the Foreign Department.

The result of the election of the Roman Catholic Archbishop for Dublin on Tuesday was as follows:—Rev. Dr. Walsh, President of Maynooth College, 46 votes; Rev. Dr. Donnelly, Assistant Bishop of Dublin, 12; Rev. Dr. Tynan, 3; Rev. Dr. Woodlock, Bishop of Ardagh, 2. The Rev. Dr. Walsh was therefore elected, subject to the approval of the Pope.

The Worshipful Company of Grocers has presented £50 to the Church of England Central Society for Providing Homes for Waifs and Strays; the Clothworkers' Company has granted £50 to the East London Union for Advanced Education (Stepney Centre), Dempsey-street, E.; and the Goldsmiths' Company has contributed £25 to the funds of the Hospital for Consumption, Hampstead.

Dramatic performances were given on Tuesday evening to the inmates of Brompton Hospital, beginning with a comedietta entitled "6s. 8d.," the characters being supported by Mr. and Mrs. Beerhohm Tree and Mr. De Cordova. After this Mr. Beerbohm Tree gave a recitation. A comedietta in one act followed, entitled "The Baron's Wager," in which Sir Charles Young, Bart., and Lady Monckton took part. Mr. Lionel Monckton presided at the piano.

THE SILENT MEMBER.

"If I were an English Minister," exclaimed Prince Bismarck on the 2nd of March in the memorable speech in which he roundly rated Earl Granville for hindering the development of German colonies, and plainly recommended co-operation with the Sultan as the best way of safeguarding English interests in Egypt. In directness of speech, the German Chancellor is certainly more English than the present Foreign Secretary of England; and Prince Bismarck's plain speaking will not have been in vain if it should have the desirable effect of curing that vagueness of speech, which, there is reason to fear, has but represented indecision of judgment and indolence of action on the part of Earl Granville. The perfect courtesy of the noble Earl's reply on the 6th inst. in the House of Lords to Prince Bismarck's late complaint, on the other hand, exhibited the urbane Foreign Secretary at his best. He referred to Prince Bismarck's former blunt counsel to England to "take Egypt" as an open secret, and protested that, in referring to it, he had not the faintest idea of attacking the Chancellor, whose closing friendly sentiments he quite reciprocated. Though a new source of dispute appeared to be imminent when the report came on Monday that the Germans had hauled down the British flag at Victoria, in Ambas Bay, West Africa (near the Cameroons, where German sailors have had hot work), the satisfactory answer returned by Lord Granville on Tuesday to the Marquis of Salisbury "that our negotiations with Germany on Colonial matters are at present on a very friendly footing" reassured alarmists. Any differences that may have existed between the German Chancellor and the Foreign Office are now supposed to have been removed by the successful mission to London of Count Herbert Von Bismarck, who has been even named as a possible forthcoming Ambassador of Germany to the Court of St. James's.

Life in the House of Commons has been, on the whole, dull since the Censure Debate. Mr. Gladstone's firm but pacific note on the 5th inst. in speaking hopefully of the issue of the Anglo-Russian negotiations allayed the fears of a collision on the Afghan frontier, where Sir Peter Lumsden had been kept waiting an unconscionably long time for the leisurable Russian representative.

With respect to the sinews of war in another direction—the Soudan quicksand for English lives and treasure—Sir Thomas Brassey on the 5th inst. secured a vote of £330,000 for extra naval expenses in connection with the Soudan War, though not before he had been, so to speak, raked fore and aft by Mr. W. H. Smith for delaying the building of new ships, and by Mr. Labouchere, who vainly sought to reduce the vote by a quarter of a million to sustain his well-earned reputation as a Radical economist. Though divided against, the Marquis of Hartington was similarly successful in obtaining the sanction of the House on Monday for the additional Army Estimates of close upon a million—£942,000—for the Soudan. Some astonishment was occasioned by the Secretary for War's allusion to an expedition to Khartoum as being "probable" at some future day, whereas the Government indisputably stated during the Censure Debate that such an expedition would certainly take place to overcome the power of the Mahdi. Be that as it may, Lord Hartington could not be induced, even by a direct interrogation on the part of Lord E. Cecil, to retract the word "probable," which Radicals promptly construed into "problematical." His Lordship based his claims for the £942,000 upon the request of Lord Wolseley that an expedition should be sent to Souakim against Osman Digna. In compliance with that request, General Graham and some 12,000 troops had been sent to the Red Sea. One satisfactory assurance by the noble Lord was that there was reason to believe that the £300,000 and £1,000,000 previously voted for Lord Wolseley's Nile Expedition would cover the whole of the cost of that undertaking up to the present time.

The Commons have not made much progress in Committee with the Redistribution of Seats Bill, albeit short shrift was given the Minority amendment of Sir John Lubbock, and the Universities disfranchising amendment of Mr. Bryce. Before the resumption of the debate on Tuesday, there was a lively interlude, due to Sir H. Maxwell's suddenly rising to censure the Viceroy of India for pressing forward in Council the Bengal Tenancy Bill. This irregular proceeding on the part of the hon. Baronet was condemned by Sir George Campbell and Mr. J. K. Cross, but defended by Mr. J. Lowther, who brought down upon himself an animated rebuke from Mr. Gladstone, to whom Sir Stafford Northcote replied. But altogether Parliament is in a parlous state. The sooner the new Parliament is elected the better.

At the meeting of the Royal Geographical Society on Monday evening, Mr. R. Gordon, C.E., read a paper on the Irawadi River, of which he contended that the Sanpo, the great river of Thibet, was the upper portion.

The polling in West Gloucestershire, to fill the vacancy caused by the appointment of Colonel Kingscote as a Commissioner of Woods and Forests, took place on Tuesday, the candidates being Mr. St. John Ackers, Conservative, and Sir W. Marling, Liberal. The result was—Ackers, 4837; Marling, 4426.

An address from members of the Indian community at present residing in England was presented to the Marquis of Ripon last Saturday at Willis's Rooms. His Lordship, in reply, alluded at some length to the policy which he had carried out in India, and expressed his great satisfaction at the offers made lately by native princes to send troops to the aid of the Government.

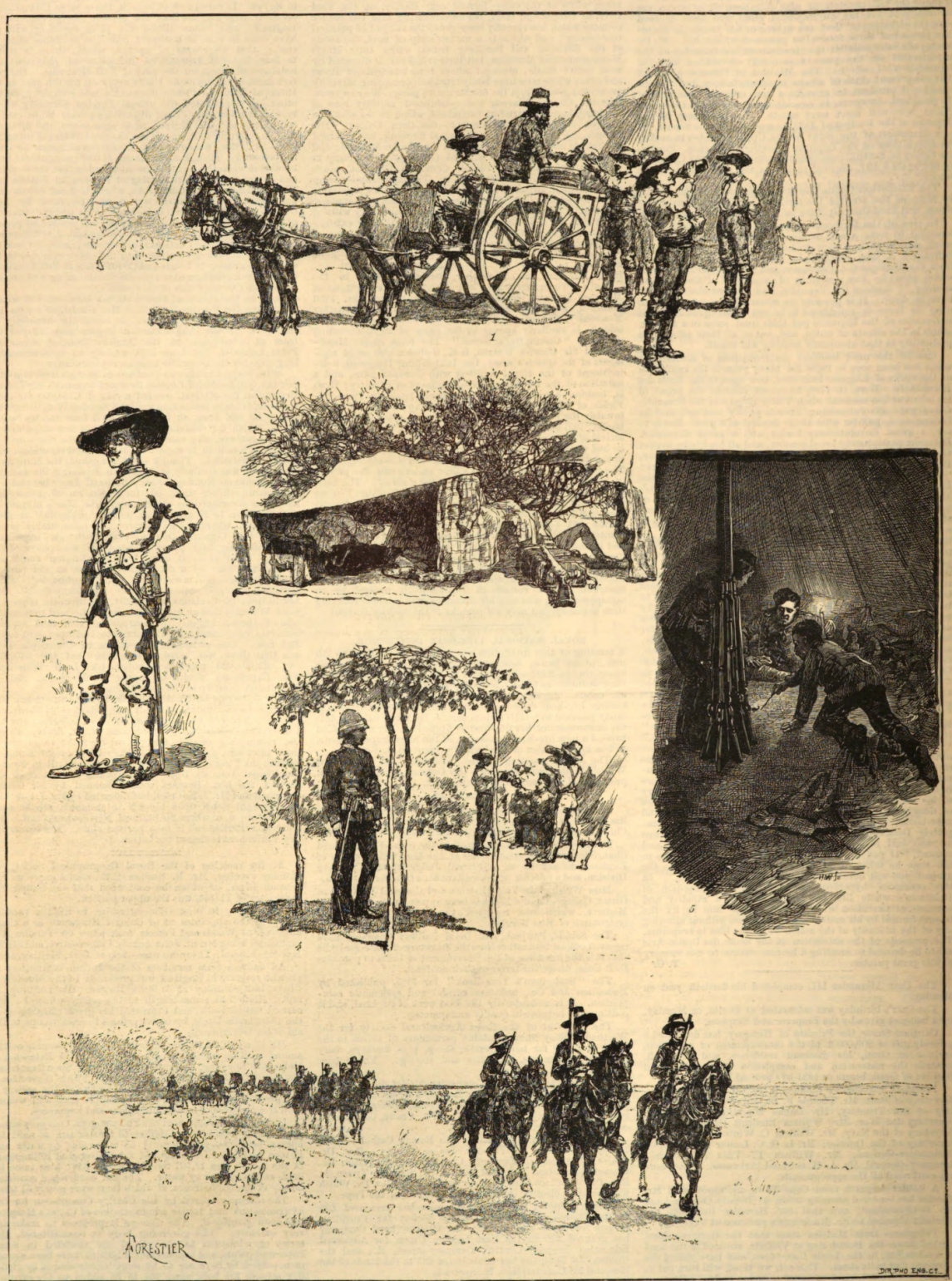
Mr. Goschen, M.P., presiding last Saturday evening at the annual meeting of the London Society for the Extension of University Teaching, congratulated that body upon its success, but maintained that the public support which it receives is totally inadequate to its objects. The aim of the society is not professional advantage, but to supply men and women with fresh sources of mental brightness and happiness.

Last month the officers of the Fishmongers' Company seized at and near Billingsgate Market 66 tons of fish as unfit for human food. Of this quantity 55 tons came by water and 11 tons by land. The weight of fish delivered at Billingsgate in the month was 11,907 tons, of which 8491 tons came by land, and 3416 tons by water. The fish condemned consisted mostly of foreign herrings, of which there were nearly 51 tons.

The scheme prepared by the Charity Commission for the reorganisation and future administration of Christ's Hospital has been published. The changes it proposes to make are very extensive. The governing body is reconstituted, the terms of admission to the school are modified in some important points, and benefits which hitherto have been almost monopolised by boys are to be more largely shared by girls; day schools for both sexes are to be added to the existing foundations; and Christ's Hospital itself is to be removed from its present site, and is to be placed and maintained within a convenient distance from the city of London. A boarding school is to be provided within a convenient distance from the city of London for 500 girls, and a day school not more than three miles from the Royal Exchange for a further 400. At the boys' boarding school there are to be 700 places, and at their day school 600.

WITH THE EXPEDITION TO BECHUANALAND.

SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. JULIUS M. PRICE, OF "METHUEN'S HORSE."



1. "Drink." 2. Temporary Tent of Colonel Cotton and Captain Drummond. 3. An Officer of "Methuen's Horse." 4. "The Torture of Tantalus."
5. Tente d'Abri of "Carrington's Horse" at Barkly Camp. 6. Arrival of first detachment of "Methuen's Horse" at Barkly Camp.

THE WAR IN THE SOUDAN.

We are favoured by Colonel Sir Charles Wilson, through our Special Artist, Mr. Melton Prior, with the opportunity of publishing two Sketches of the greatest interest; the one being that of his celebrated reconnaissance of Khartoum on Jan. 28, and the conflict of his steamboats with the enemy's fort at Omdurman and with thousands of the Mahdi's soldiery on Tuti island and on the opposite bank of the Nile; the other Sketch representing his party, after the wreck of their vessel on Jan. 31, landed on the small islet of Mernat, from which situation they were relieved on the following day by Lord Charles Beresford, with his steamer manned by the British sailors, who went up from Gubat, bravely encountered a heavy fire of the enemy from the river-banks, and brought them safely home to the British camp. These incidents were among the most adventurous and remarkable of the late campaign, and we are fortunate in being enabled, by the assistance of the gallant officer then in command, to include them in the subjects of our pictorial record. It will be remembered that Sir Charles Wilson started up the river from Gubat, on Saturday, the 24th, with two of General Gordon's steamers, the Bordein and the Tal Howeiya. With these vessels, despite great obstacles from the rapids and rocks in the unknown stream, he reached the junction of the Blue and White Nile, at Omdurman, early on the following Wednesday, and passed along the shore of Tuti island, where the enemy were collected in great force, keeping up an incessant fire of rifles, with several guns in the fort and batteries. He approached within eight hundred yards of the town of Khartoum, so as clearly to see its principal buildings, the Palace or Government House, the Mosque, and the Catholic Church, but soon obtained the sorrowful knowledge that Khartoum had fallen, and was already in the possession of the enemy, the garrison having surrendered on the previous day. As nothing could be done with the small force under his command, having a mere escort of British soldiers of the Sussex Regiment and about two hundred Egyptian or Soudanese of Gordon's troops on board the steamers, Sir Charles Wilson was obliged to return, again running past the enemy's forts and batteries, assailed by an incessant fire. The Tal Howeiya was wrecked at Gebel Royan. The wreck of the second steamer, on its way down to Gubat, appears to have been preconcerted with the enemy, as large numbers of them were assembled at that place; but Sir Charles managed to land his party safely, with four guns and the ammunition, and to hold his position on Mernat island, day and night, till he saw Lord Charles Beresford's vessel engaged with a battery erected by the enemy three miles below. A round shot pierced the boiler, and it was necessary to stop for repairs, which were executed by the chief engineer, Mr. Henry Benbow, under fire of the battery, within a range of five hundred yards; all honour to the Naval Brigade! Seeing what had happened down the river, Sir Charles Wilson crossed with his party to the right bank, and marched down to meet Lord Charles Beresford; he re-embarked there, and was conveyed to Gubat, arriving at three o'clock in the morning of the next day. Lieutenant Stuart-Wortley, who had been with him at Khartoum, had already returned to Gubat in a rowing-boat, and had brought the sad news of the fall of Khartoum.



PRINCE HASSAN, BROTHER OF THE KHEDIVE,
HIGH COMMISSIONER OF THE EGYPTIAN GOVERNMENT IN THE SOUDAN.

Another Sketch by the late Lieut.-Colonel R. C. Coveny, of the 42nd Royal Highlanders, who was killed on Feb. 10 in the battle of General Earle's column at Kerbekan, is presented in this week's publication. It is that of the General and his Staff at the landing-place at Hamdab, above the Gerendid cataract, on their route up the Nile.

The news of present military operations is of very little interest. The remainder of Sir Redvers Buller's column, including the Heavy Division of the Camel Corps, the Artillery, and the Naval Brigade, arrived last Sunday from Gakdul at the head-quarters, which are still at Korti; and General Brackenbury, with the Staffordshire Regiment, the Highlanders, and the Engineers, has also returned thither.

At Souakim, where Sir Gerald Graham would arrive this week from Cairo to take the command, the Guards have already disembarked after their voyage from England, and some of the Indian troops have landed. They expect an early battle with Osman Digna.

We present a Portrait of the Khedive's younger brother, Prince Hassan, who joins Lord Wolseley's head-quarters with the titular office of High Commissioner for the Egyptian Government in the Soudan, and is in command of a regiment of Egyptian cavalry. He was educated partly in England, and has been at Oxford and at Woolwich. The Portrait is from a photograph by the London Stereoscopic Company.



THE WAR IN THE SOUDAN: GENERAL EARLE'S LANDING-PLACE AT HAMDAB, ON THE NILE.
SKETCH BY THE LATE LIEUTENANT-COLONEL R. C. COVENY, 42ND (BLACK WATCH) ROYAL HIGHLANDERS.

CITY ECHOES.

Wednesday, March 11.

A large amount of gold has arrived this week from Germany and other parts of the Continent, thus adding to our financial strength, while it has at the same time so excited the apprehensions of the directors of the Bank of Germany, that they have raised the official rate to 5 per cent, after two years of 4 per cent, and in spite of low rates in the open market. It is almost expected that the Bank of France will advance to-morrow. Politics have much to do with this desire to remain strong in the matter of gold. Our rate is still 4, and it is working to perfection. As a people, we have investments all over the world, and it is our custom to reinvest each year not only the income derived from such investments, but such further sums as our current savings suggest. The fear of war, or other cause of distrust, induces us to delay investing, and then flows into us the income accruing from many parts. We are in that position now; and, in raising the rates, foreign banks strive to tempt us to leave our money with them by offering greater inducements. Germany is particularly anxious to check this return of money to England, because her market is in danger of suffering a serious crisis, for it is notorious that speculators in Berlin are up to their neck in Russian bonds; while it is clear that a conflict in Afghanistan would probably send such bonds down 10 or 20 per cent in a very few weeks.

In the Stock Markets, the tone has for several days past been more assured, chiefly because, as regards Egypt and Germany, the outlook is better; and, as to Russia in Afghanistan, there is a general desire by the principals and their allies to prevent an appeal to arms. But a most serious crisis has come upon certain notoriously speculative securities. It began with the Grand Trunk Railway dividend proving to be not more than 1½ per cent per annum on the first preference. A fall of 15 per cent at once took place in that stock, with a corresponding reduction in the other classes. The extent of this movement caused a panic among several groups of speculators, and some other similarly sustained securities have also seriously declined, London, Chatham, and Dover issues more especially.

Dealings in Turkish Government stocks have lately been on the basis of the groups agreed upon at the settlement of the debt in January, 1882, when it was decided that, apart from those loans the interest payments of which were specially secured, all the debt should rank without distinction for interest; but that, in repayment of the principal, some regard should be had to priority. For this purpose the debt was divided into four groups—the first comprising the 6 per cent stocks of 1858 and 1862; the second, the 6 per cent issues of 1860 and 1863-4, and 9 per cent Treasury bonds; the third, the 6 per cent loans of 1865, 1869, and 1873; and the fourth, the 5 per cent general debt bonds, the bulk of which was issued in 1865. It is worth remarking that the market quotations of the groups have been steadily advancing, partly because the interest due this week has been provided.

In continuation of their policy to make all the Indian railways State lines, official notice has been given to the Scinde, Punjaub, and Delhi Company that the Government of India will exercise their right to purchase the undertaking this year, under the terms of their contract. A proposal for a new lease is to be, however, applied for, should the idea meet with the approval of the proprietors, which, however, is not quite certain, decided opposition to this course being expressed in several quarters. This will make the third large railway taken over by the Indian Government, the first having been the East Indian, and the second the Eastern Bengal. Unlike the two lines just referred to, the revenue of the Scinde Company has always been below the amount required to meet the guaranteed interest, the net amount, so far, advanced by the Government for this purpose being £6,506,293.

Holders of New Zealand Five per Cent Bonds are offered £107 of Four per Cent Bonds in exchange for each £100 Five per Cent stock; and as the Five per Cents may be paid off at par at the option of the Government, it seems that holders could not do better than convert.

T. S.

Mr. J. S. Keltie has been unanimously elected librarian to the Royal Geographical Society, in succession to the late Mr. E. C. Rye. Mr. Keltie retains the editorship of the "Statesman's Year-Book."

An official notice appears in the *Gazette* conferring on the sisters of the present and grand-daughters of the late Marquis of Cholmondeley the title, place, and precedence which would have been due to them had their father succeeded to the title.

In London last week 2623 births and 1495 deaths were registered, the former having been 222 and the latter 300 below the average numbers in the corresponding weeks of the past ten years, allowing for increase of population. The deaths included 16 from smallpox, 52 from measles, 15 from scarlet fever, 15 from diphtheria, and 37 from whooping cough.

Convocation of Oxford on Tuesday carried the decree granting £500 a year for three years to Dr. Burdon Sanderson, the Professor of Physiology. The motion was resisted by Canon Liddon and the Bishop of Oxford, representing the anti-vivisection party, who were defeated by 412 votes against 244.

In the Divorce Court on Tuesday, Sir James Hannen gave his decision in the suit of the Earl of Durham for nullity of marriage, on the ground of his wife being insane when the marriage was contracted. Sir James went through the evidence in considerable detail, and said he saw no evidence that Lady Durham had been insane till a considerable time after her marriage. He therefore dismissed the petition with costs.

The first spring show of the Royal Horticultural Society took place on Tuesday afternoon at South Kensington. It was exceedingly interesting; cyclamens, cinerarias, orchids, and camellias engaging special attention. Besides the flowers and plants, there was a choice and numerous array of apples, the fruit looking as fresh as in autumn. The next exhibition will, it is expected, be rich in hyacinths and tulips.

A remarkably cheap "Illustrated Life of General Gordon," edited by "Philip," is issued this week from the office of *The Penny Illustrated Paper*, 10, Milford-lane, Strand. For twopence is presented a complete biography of the "Hero of Khartoum," illustrated by a profusion of drawings of Gordon's "Baptism of Fire" in the Crimea, Storming the Redan, his victorious campaign as "Chinese Gordon," his crusade against slavery while Governor of the Soudan, his last Mission to Khartoum (with View of the City), new Portraits of the General, Engraving of his Nile Warfare, Sketches of Gordon's Steamers, and of Sir Charles Wilson's View of Khartoum, together with excellent Portraits of the Mahdi and our "Soudan Heroes," including Lord Wolseley, Lord Charles Beresford, Sir Charles Wilson, Sir Redvers Buller, and the late General Earle, Colonel Burnaby, Colonel Coveny, Colonel Eyre, and Lord St. Vincent. Facsimiles of General Gordon's Arabic message and Khartoum bank-note add to the value of this extraordinary twopenny-worth, the sale of which is bound to be large. "The Illustrated Life of General Gordon," it may be added, is brought down to the fall of Khartoum, and is complete as a souvenir of one of England's great military leaders.

THE CHURCH.

The Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol has received an offer of £10,000 for a memorial church in his diocese.

Canon King, Bishop Designate of Lincoln, preached his farewell sermon at Christ Church Cathedral, Oxford, on Sunday morning to an overflowing congregation.

The Greater Chapter of St. Paul's met on Monday in their Chapter House, and formally elected the Right Rev. Frederick Temple, D.D., Bishop of Exeter, to be Bishop of London.

The Dean and Chapter of Canterbury are to issue another appeal to Churchmen generally for further subscriptions to provide the Cathedral with a new organ.

The Bishop of Bedford presided on Monday at the annual meeting of the East London Nursing Society, which was held at the Mansion House. The report stated that in the eighteen East-End parishes in which the operations of the society are carried on, 37,6 cases had been nursed, involving 57,710 visits; 1626 of those nursed were women, and 492 children under 14. A resolution pledging the meeting to support the society was adopted.

General Prince Edward of Saxe-Weimar will succeed General Sir T. Steele in the command of the troops in Ireland.

We have received an impression of an etching by Leon Richeton of a portrait of the late Henry Fawcett, M.P., which may be commended as a faithful likeness of the lamented statesman. It is published by Messrs. Macmillan and Bowes, of Cambridge.

The following Royal Academicians have consented to act as members of the hanging committee for the forthcoming exhibition:—Mr. P. H. Calderon, Sir John Gilbert, Mr. F. R. Pickersgill, Mr. E. J. Poynter, Mr. G. D. Leslie, Mr. G. Richmond, Mr. H. H. Armstead, and Mr. R. Norman Shaw.

The Commissioners of Police have received a letter from the Marquis of Lansdowne, the Governor-General of Canada, expressing his admiration at the courageous conduct of Police-Constable Cole on the occasion of the dynamite outrage at Westminster Hall, and inclosing a cheque for £20 for him.

The Board of Trade have awarded a binocular glass to Captain Ole Johannes Christopherson, of the Norwegian barque Ophir, of Stavanger, in acknowledgment of his humanity and kindness to the crew of the British ship Windsor Castle, of London, who were shipwrecked in the Indian Ocean on July 25, 1884.

Mr. Edmund Yates, who had been sentenced to four months' imprisonment as a first-class misdemeanant, for a libel that had appeared in the *World* newspaper, of which he is the proprietor, and who had served about half the period of his sentence in Holloway Jail, was released on Tuesday, by order of the Home Secretary, in consequence of injury to health.

The Royal Humane Society has conferred its silver medal on Mr. C. J. R. Le Mesurier, District Judge, for a gallant act performed in the Maramba Lake, Ceylon, whereby he saved the life of a native. The silver clasp (the recipient being already in possession of the silver medal) is awarded to Colonel Clare, V.C., R.E., for, with assistance, rescuing a gunner who fell off a pontoon bridge into the Roorkee Canal, India.

The annual return of the Volunteer corps of Great Britain for 1884 shows that the force on the authorised establishment has grown from 160,321 in 1860 to 249,419 in 1884. The number of efficients in 1884 was 208,365; non-efficients, 6650; number actually enrolled, 215,015. Of these, 18,147 had qualified for the special grant of 50s. There were actually present at inspection 184,282.

LATEST NEWS OF THE WAR IN EGYPT.

The following notices are selected from the Thousand Newspapers which quoted and expressed most commendatory opinions of the

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE OF THE

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Relating to the SOUDAN EXPEDITION,

Including Despatches from Korti, Gakdul, Merawi, Souakim, and the Latest Intelligence from Khartoum.

THE PALL MALL GAZETTE says of the heroic march to the Nile:—"The palm for description must be given to the Correspondent of the LONDON DAILY CHRONICLE, whose despatch is not only much the longest, but also the most vivid in its colouring and realistic in its narrative."

THE ST. JAMES'S GAZETTE says of the dashing fight before Metammeh:—"Nothing seems to have escaped the attention of the Correspondent of the LONDON DAILY CHRONICLE; and the whole story is told with a quiet and full particularity which—to use a very hackneyed phrase—leaves nothing to be desired."

THE NEW YORK TRIBUNE of Feb. 1 complains of Lord Wolseley's "confused despatch" relating to General Stewart's "brilliant success"; and adds: "Among the press telegrams the next morning the LONDON DAILY CHRONICLE'S was the only good one."

BOLTON EVENING NEWS:—"There is news this morning of a most startling character regarding events at the seat of war in the Soudan. The first authority for the information of the fall of Khartoum was the LONDON DAILY CHRONICLE, which has been conspicuous for excellent accounts of recent battles in the Soudan."

PENNY ILLUSTRATED PAPER:—"A veteran War Correspondent, Mr. Charles Williams, won the Press laurel for his animated account of the battle of Metammeh, in Mr. Edward Lloyd's popular newspaper, the LONDON DAILY CHRONICLE."

NEWPORT ECHO:—"All authorities are agreed that the LONDON DAILY CHRONICLE takes the palm for its masterly description of the battle before Metammeh."

THE SPORTSMAN:—"Many people have been struck with the vivid pictures of events which succeeded Abou Klea, and which appeared in the LONDON DAILY CHRONICLE."

THE DOVER STANDARD:—"A Compliment to Journalism.—The graphic accounts of the LONDON DAILY CHRONICLE Correspondent with General Stewart's force have attracted great attention."

THE SURREY ADVERTISER AND COUNTY TIMES:—The battles of Abou Klea and of Gubat will, in the hands of some future Napier-like historian, fill a glorious page in British records. Fortunately, the story is at hand in the columns of description telegraphed by the Special Correspondents of our daily contemporaries, notably by that of the LONDON DAILY CHRONICLE, which a consensus of opinion in press circles admits has shot at once to the front in its splendidly-written account of the last battle in which our little but gallant force under Stewart rolled back the tremendous onset of the Arabs."

NEWCASTLE DAILY JOURNAL:—"The telegrams of the fighting before Metammeh were throughout of the most brilliant character. The palm for description must this time be given to the Correspondent of the LONDON DAILY CHRONICLE."

MANCHESTER DAILY NEWS:—"The most consecutive narrative appears in the LONDON DAILY CHRONICLE from the pen of Mr. Charles Williams, and the descriptive touches in this long account are just what one might have expected from such a practised writer, whose telegrams go to the LONDON DAILY CHRONICLE."

THE SPECTATOR:—"The Correspondent of the LONDON DAILY CHRONICLE, whose telegrams are excellent, has a knack of getting them off in time."

PORTSMOUTH EVENING MAIL:—"The LONDON DAILY CHRONICLE has undoubtedly scored by its war correspondence. Its messages have been prompt, graphic, and reliable. Mr. C. Williams's descriptions of the principal engagements have at times been quite brilliant, and the greatest compliment which could be paid to their merit has been their reproduction, with due acknowledgments to Mr. Edward Lloyd's enterprise, in both the metropolitan and provincial press."

EAST KENT GAZETTE:—"The LONDON DAILY CHRONICLE has scored a distinct success with its war intelligence, and Mr. Charles Williams has proved the wisdom of the editor in selecting him to be his representative in the Soudan by the brilliant feats he has from time to time accomplished. Papers of all shades of opinion, such as the 'Pall Mall Gazette,' the 'St. James's Gazette,' the 'Spectator,' and others, with scores of provincial journals, have paid him the highest compliments possible, and his despatches are reprinted from one end of the kingdom to the other—I may even go so far as to say throughout the civilised world."

CITY PRESS:—"Very high praise is due to the correspondent of the LONDON DAILY CHRONICLE (Mr. Williams, I believe) for description of the battle-scenes."

BELFAST NEWS LETTER:—"The most graphic and readable description of the military operations of General Stewart's army while fighting its way on towards Metammeh after leaving the wells at Abou Klea, is admitted all round to be that from the pen of Mr. Charles Williams, the Special Correspondent of the LONDON DAILY CHRONICLE."

NEWCASTLE EVENING EXPRESS:—"The LONDON DAILY CHRONICLE was the only London paper that yesterday published the news of the fall of Khartoum, and it stated that the Government had received the news; but the War Office officials would give no information to the representatives of the press for hours afterwards."

STRAY SHOTS:—"Poor Cameron will not again flash his dashing messages to the 'Standard,' nor St. Leger Herbert wield his flowing pen for the benefit of the 'Morning Post'; yet while mourning the loss of these bold, intrepid men, we must all have noted the sudden appearance among this heroic little brotherhood of one, hitherto obscure, whose despatch on the recent battle is not only much the longest, but also the most vivid in its colouring and realistic in its narrative. I refer to the correspondent of the LONDON DAILY CHRONICLE. All authorities are agreed that the LONDON DAILY CHRONICLE takes the palm for its masterly description of the battle before Metammeh."

EVENING NEWS:—"It is impossible to read the brilliant description of the battle of Feb. 10 in the LONDON DAILY CHRONICLE, which has again outstripped its competitors in the excellence of its account of the fighting. . . . Why, such sentences as these in the LONDON DAILY CHRONICLE'S splendid telegram carry us back to the days—when there were men in England—to the days of the old Crimean War, of the Alma. . . . We ask in all seriousness if any Englishmen of common sense can read these vivid battle-pictures in the LONDON DAILY CHRONICLE and aver that the men who are thus gloriously making history for their country are not worthy of a better fate!"

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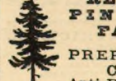
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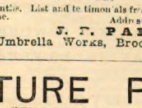
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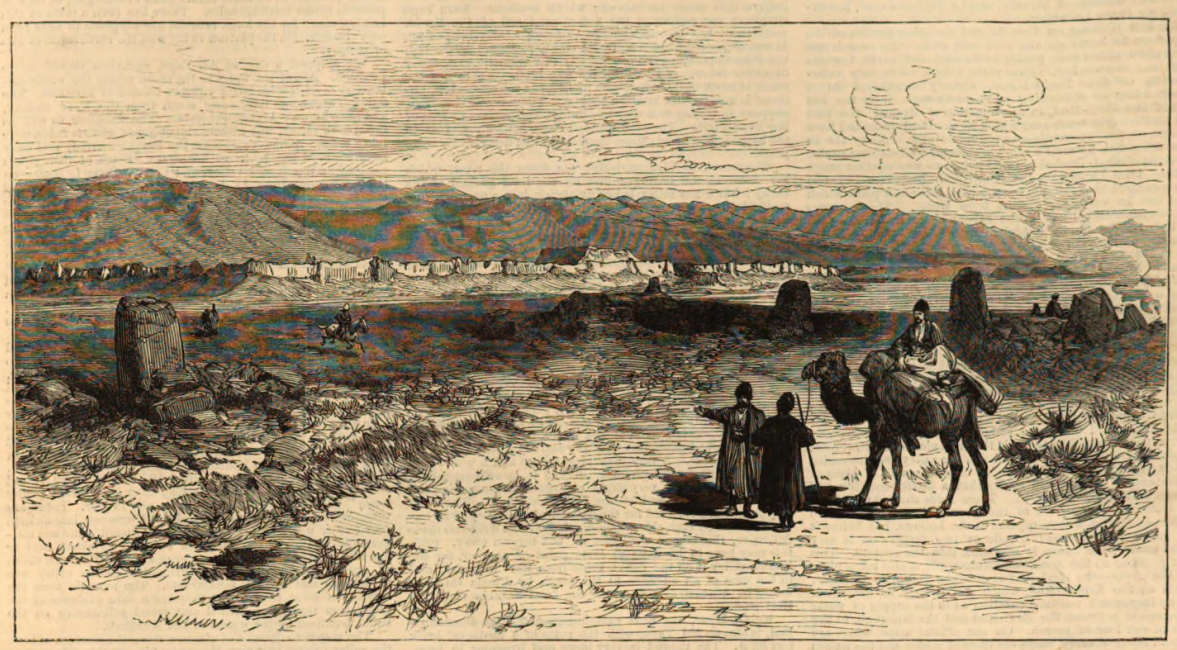
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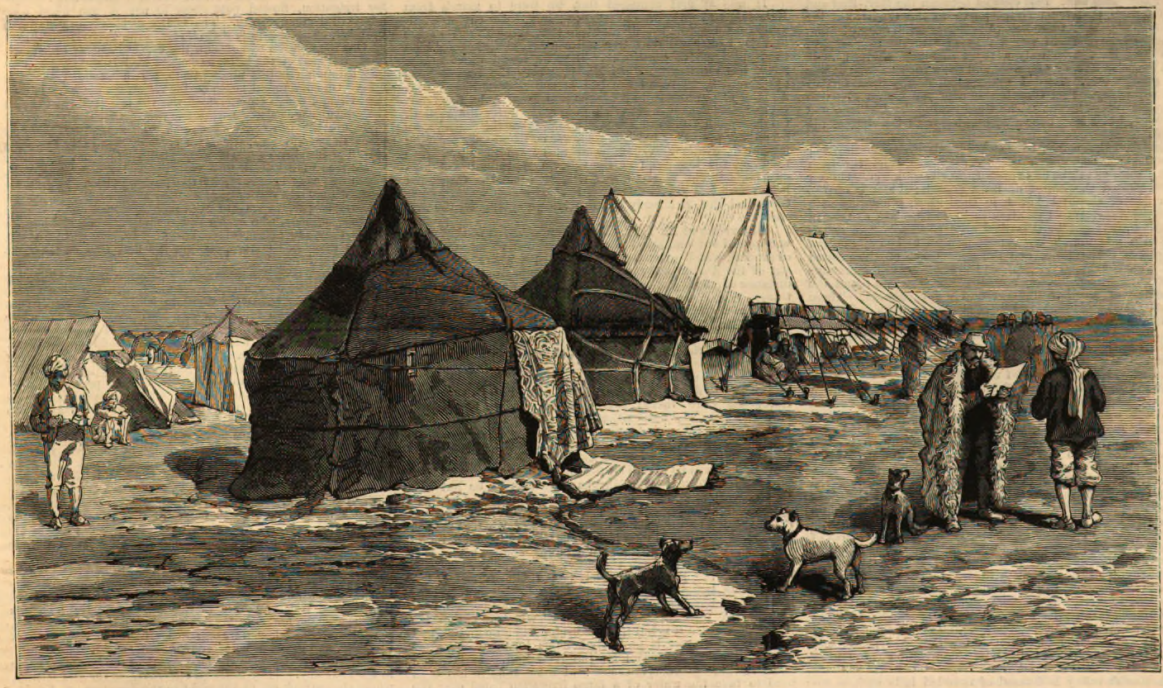
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THE AFGHAN BOUNDARY COMMISSION.

(From our Special Artist, Mr. W. Simpson.)

Bala Murghab, Dec. 19, 1884.

After four days' rest at Kuhsan, which was necessary in many ways for making arrangements resulting from the junction of the two camps, Sir Peter Lumsden started on a visit to Penjdeh, on the Murghab. For this purpose, he took only a small part of the camp with him, leaving the heavy portion to go on slowly by way of Kushk and Kila Nau, towards the ground of the proposed winter quarters. With Sir Peter were Captain Barrow, A.D.C., Mr. A. Condie Stephen, Assistant Commissioner, Nawab Mirza Hassan Ali Khan, Major Holdich, R.E., of the Survey Department, Captains Durand and De Lassoe, Attachés, and Mohammed Aslam Khan as Native Attaché. Fifty men of the 11th Bengal Lancers formed the escort, under Captain Heath; Surgeon Charles went as the medical officer in charge. Through the favour of Sir Peter Lumsden, I had the advantage of being one of the party. The Kazi Saad-ud-din, as the Ameer of Afghanistan's representative, with a camp of his own, and an Afghan escort, accompanied Sir Peter Lumsden.

We left Kuhsan on Nov. 24, and the other portion of the camp were to leave on the 25th and 26th. Our march was over a plain which rose gently to the east and north, towards which our course lay. This plain I took to be only a continuation of the Dasht-i-Jam, already mentioned in a former letter as stretching away north-west, from the left bank of the Heri-Rud, in the direction of Meshed; the part of it on the right bank over which we marched extended from Kuhsan, on to the south-east towards Herat. Away far in the south could be seen a range with many well-defined peaks, called the Kuh-i-Doshak; while before us was another range of bare hills known as the Kuh-i-Siah Bubuk. The two ranges seemed to approach near to each other at a point which could not be very far distant from Herat. These ranges are the connecting links of the Elburz chain in Persia, with the Koh-i-Baba chain in Afghanistan. About ten or twelve miles from Kuhsan we reached a watershed, and on the eastern side of it were a few small undulations which might be called hills. Our camping ground was on the beginning of some slopes reaching up towards the Siah Bubuk. Here we found a spring of water, and in the early summer the spot would no doubt be green, thus explaining the name of Chesmeh Subz, which means "Green Spring."

Our next march was up the slope from our camp, and over a kotal, or pass, in the Siah Bubuk, called the Durrah Chesmeh Subz. The ascent was easy, but it was rocky and wild on the other side. The Siah Bubuk has rocky ridges along its summit; but its flanks are smoother on the north-east, and as they descend they become rounded masses. From the tops of some of these we got an extensive view away to the north, and could see there rounded hills getting lower and lower as they sank down towards the great plain of Central Asia, the plain itself not being visible. In the valleys we descended there were reeds and long grass, at this season all of them of a light amber colour, and so dry that a lucifer-match would produce a large conflagration. These reeds showed that there was water at some time of the year in those places. The peculiarity is that water appears in the hollows, but before it runs far it is absorbed; a mile or two further on it may appear again, and again it may sink into the ground. This is not peculiar to the mountain rivulets, but it also takes place with the rivers—the Heri-Rud at Sarakhs being an example, as well as the Kushk-Rud, which will shortly be described. It is an important military question as to the supply of water on the space between the Heri-Rud and the Murghab, to the north of our line of march. On our official maps, which are far from being correct, there are lines of routes and the names of places. We have no reliable information about them. Some suppose that they are only the paths which the Turkomans have followed in their raids, and that they alone know where to find water. When on a raid, they dig for it, and find enough for a few men, filling up the source when they leave. Others say that there is only water at certain seasons. This point is almost certain, that nowhere is there water sufficient for the supply of a large body of troops, and that a force of any size would require to keep either to the line of the Heri-Rud or the Murghab. This district between the Heri-Rud and the Murghab, and from Herat north to the Desert, has the name of Badghis. At our first camping ground, after crossing the Siah Bubuk, there was a very nice murmuring stream, which had its source only a short distance above us. It might be about 3 ft. or 4 ft. wide and a few inches deep; it was clear good water. This, I understood, disappeared farther down the valley. Sari Chesmeh, one of the names given to us of this place, means "The Head Spring." A village had stood here, but a long time ago, judging from the state of the ground.

Next day, the march to Kalabagh was over slopes farther removed than the march of yesterday was from the Siah Bubuk; and, as might be expected, they were lower. On our left we passed the Ziaret of Baba Foorkh; it stands on the high ridge of slope; below it, in the hollow, is a spring with some mulberry-trees—I mention these, as trees are so rare in this region, it might be described as "treeless." The ridges over which our march lay seemed at first to be quite out of the zone of cultivation; and the appearance of the ground would have confirmed this, but for the discovery of the remains of water channels. Before reaching Kalabagh, we found the indications of another underground water channel. There is no village at Kalabagh, but there are the mounds and ridges remaining of a considerable town.

From Kalabagh we had to cross three very considerable ridges to Tutichee, the whole route bare and without trees. The camping ground was close to a number of springs, from which a considerable stream of water flows.

Our next march, to Kara Tapa, on the Kushk-Rud, was a long one, as much as twenty-nine miles. The first half of the march was over the same bare, undulating ground we had been going over for the last day or two; and the last half was along a valley which terminated in the Kushk valley. We had seen game of some kind every morning—small deer principally. On this march we chanced to come upon a considerable variety. There were deer of various kinds, and the gurkal or wild ass. In the valley, which formed the latter part of our march, the ground was everywhere ploughed up by the wild boar. Five or six of these were come upon at one place, and some of our party attacked them with the lances of our escort. These instruments are not so sharp and penetrating as the pig-sticking spears used in India, and no impression could be made on the animals with them. The pigs were very large and strong, and they were not slow to turn and become the assailants. After about fifteen minutes of chasing and being chased, one of the pigs was shot. The great size of these animals was testified to by our party, who are all familiar with pigs and pig-sticking in India. More than one effort was made to bring away the dead pig, but his weight was too great for any of the means at hand.

The Kushk valley is formed of rounded hills such as we have passed through; they are said to be wholly formed of sand, with here and there a stratum of conglomerate running horizontally through them. There is a flat bottom of alluvial soil in the valley, which widens out in places to half a mile or more; this has been all under cultivation at one time, but has long lain fallow. The stream may be about twenty feet wide at Kara Tapa; the water is clear, so that fish can be seen—I noticed one about a foot long. The Turkomans have laid waste all this region, as they did that of the country bordering on the Heri-Rud; from this cause towns and villages have ceased to exist, and mounds only remain to mark the sites. About a century ago there was a large population in this valley. Kara Tapa is one of those large mounds which are peculiar to this part of the globe, which are to be found all over the desert of Central Asia. There is one at Merv. Geok Tepé, by its name, implies one—the word is spelled differently by map-makers. Tapa is here given as the form of the word used by the Indian Survey Department. From Sarakhs along the desert to the Caspian there are numbers of them, and in many cases the word "Tapa" will be found on the map as part of the name of the place. On the Kushk and Murghab Rivers we have seen some very remarkable Tapas, one of which is Kara Tapa, or the "Black Mound." I am now inclined to believe that these mounds are wholly artificial. Kara Tapa stands in the middle of the flat alluvial soil of the Kushk valley, and has the appearance of being wholly heaped up. It was estimated to be seventy or eighty yards across the top, the sides sloping down like a railway embankment to a wider diameter below, and about fifty feet high. There are the ruins of brick walls and towers of defence round the top, but there is nothing but rubbish within. These fortified works I suppose to belong to a very late date in comparison to that of the Tapa itself. The mud walls of some houses are close to the base of the mound; these must have been deserted for some years.

The march to Chaman-i-Bed was down the river, which here flows to the north, at first on the level ground of the valley; but a few miles below we struck into a narrow defile on the left among the rounded hills, and continued winding among them for about eight miles, when we again came out on the valley. This pass is called Chapgál, and it cuts off a long bend of the river. On coming out we found a fine wide space in the valley, with ploughs at work, and men digging out the old filled-up water-courses for irrigation. These men were Saroks from Penjdeh, and they were bringing this part of the ground into cultivation for the first time since the former population had left it. We crossed here to the right bank of the Kushk. A few miles below, and near to Chaman-i-Bed, on the east side of the valley, is another of the old Tapas; it is called Kara Tapa Kurd, or "Little Black Mound": the mass of earth heaped up in this case is small in comparison to the other. It is a square platform of earth, over 100 yards on each side, and about 25 ft. high. At the north-west corner there is a more elevated part, standing perhaps as high again as the main body of the mound, and about 20 yards square on the summit. This Tapa has not a vestige of a structure left on its summit; fragments of pottery and a few bits of brick are all that is visible. A very little cleaning up and it would be a beautiful lawn-tennis ground. Round it, more particularly on the south, are the very slight elevations of the ground left by the town which had at one time stood here. These old Tapas could be fortified for the defence of the valley; but unless the hills on each side which dominate them were also made defensive, the labour would be all but thrown away. Still, this may have to be done at some point or another, for the Kushk valley is on the direct route from Merv to Herat; and in the case of an advance to the south by Russia this line would be utilised, as well as the one from Sarakhs along the Heri-Rud.

Kala-i-Maur, our next camping ground after Chaman-i-Bed, is also an old Tapa, with the ruins of a mediæval brick fort on it. The mound is very large and irregular in form, and the town, of which the mounds remain, must also have been of considerable size. Judging by the remains, this must have been a very important place in its day. It stands on the left bank of the river, on slightly elevated ground, which is not closed in on the west, neither is it dominated by the hills around. Below Chaman-i-Bed, the Kushk disappears; for about fifteen miles we found no water, only the dry stony bed, which is filled up when there are rains. At Kala-i-Maur the water comes again to the surface.

It was at first arranged that we were to march from Kala-i-Maur to Ak Tapa in one day; but it was twenty-eight miles, so the march was divided into two, and we went on the first day to a place only nine miles away, and encamped on the right bank of the Kushk. Here we found water in the river, but on visiting Pul-i-Khisti, where the Kushk joins the Murghab, we found the bed of the river perfectly dry. As most of our march to Ak Tapa was away from the river, we had not the chance of noticing where the water disappeared. On our march down the Kushk, we found that the Saroks were occupying the valley towards its lower end, and were bringing it into cultivation. Villages were also springing up, and we found at the lower end of the valley a good number of men clearing out one of the larger irrigation canals. Crops had been raised last year in some parts. The men we saw above Chaman-i-Bed, as already stated, were ploughing for the first season.

On arriving at Ak Tapa, the Afghan garrison at that place was turned out, and stood in a long line on an elevated plateau of ground, which extended from the point where we turned out of the Kushk valley to about half a mile from Ak Tapa, a distance of about five or six miles. As we neared the line of troops, the officer commanding them, General Ghous-ud-din Khan, rode forward to receive Sir Peter Lumsden, and a salute of seventeen guns was fired. The Afghan troops were advanced to Ak Tapa a few months ago, on account of some movements of the Russians on the line of the Murghab about that time.

The official maps, it turns out, are very incorrect; that will be easily understood when it is remembered how few Europeans have visited this part of the world. Major Holdich, from his observations, finds that Penjdeh should be placed on the map 12 min. 30 sec. east and 5 min. 42 sec. north of where it is now represented; all the places round will have to be moved distances more or less the same. Maruchak has to be moved on the map east 25 min. 30 sec. and north 2 min. 9 sec.; Bala Murghab has also to be put east 13 min. 3 sec. and north 4 min. 30 sec. The minutes in these figures roughly represent miles. On the official map Ak Tapa is represented on the west of the Kushk river, whereas it is on the east. It is situated on a piece of flat alluvial ground, round which the Murghab passes in a winding course before it is joined by the Kushk. On the larger edition of the map, the bridge over the Kushk is rendered "Bridge of Boats," but the Persian name is Pul-i-Khisti, and not Kishti; this word means *boat*, but the word in its name should be rendered *brick*—hence it is the "Brick Bridge," which describes the material of which it is built. The bridge has nine arches, and from its appearance it probably belongs to about the same date as the Pul-i-Khatun on the Heri-Rud. It is much decayed, but is still serviceable; at some time it has been used to take the water of a large irrigation canal over the Kushk.

Ak Tapa is the largest of these old mounds we have yet seen. I think it is even larger than the one at Old Sarakhs. It is triangular in plan, and the top measures 300 yards in length by 150 about its widest part; add to this that its height is about 100 feet, and some idea may be formed of this huge mass of earth. The earth of which it is formed is of a lightish grey, and seen from a distance, when the sun shines, it appears to be white, and from that it gets its name of Ak, the Turkoman word for that colour. There are no remains of walls on it; only the fragments of earthenware usually seen upon old sites are visible. The earth has been thrown up to form a slight parapet round its crest by the Afghan troops, and a few embrasures for the guns have been made. There are a tent or two on the top for the guard, and the troops are encamped in tents below. The camp of the Afghan Boundary Commission was pitched on the left bank of the Murghab, at some distance on the south-east from the Tapa. Ak Tapa must have had a military value at one time, for it commands both the Murghab and Kushk valleys. There are hills on the east from which it could now be commanded by modern artillery. The place is still important: and, as it defends the two valleys, it may yet have to be made into a place of strength, in view of possible future contingencies. There has been a town at this locality also; for the large mounds are supposed to have been only citadels. On the plateau to the west the earth is full of bits of pottery.

We stopped a day at Ak Tapa, and then moved on to Penjdeh. About six miles to the south nearly the whole distance is covered with Sarok villages, formed of kibitkas. The Sarok Turkomans have come south from the Merv district, and have become Afghan subjects. The Murghab, as well as the Kushk valley, was without inhabitants, and its fields were lying waste. Some years ago the Saroks arrived, and they have restored the place to life again. Some of their chiefs came along the Kushk valley, and met Sir Peter Lumsden on the third march from Ak Tapa; crowds of the Saroks turned out to see our arrival, and the outskirts of the camp were generally fringed with them, eager to look at the Feringees, and watch what they doing. There was a good deal of trade going on in the purchase of carpets, and other articles, by our people. A considerable quantity of Indian rupees and Persian crans was left among them, so we may suppose that they will retain a pleasant recollection of us. At Penjdeh we remained two days; one of these days was principally occupied by a visit from the Governor of Herat, who had followed us up; and Sir Peter Lumsden paid a visit to Yalintoosh Khan, the chief of the Jamsheedies.

There are the ruins, little more than mounds, of an old fort, and the evident remains of a town around it; these also are nothing more than mounds, on the west side of the river. A man called it "Kona Pendie," by which he meant Old Penjdeh. If there is a new Penjdeh, we did not see it, unless it be the kibitka villages of the Saroks, and they extend for over twenty miles along both banks of the Murghab. We were scarcely prepared for such a large sized river as we found here. It is as wide as Regent-street, of considerable depth, with a large volume of bluish-grey water flowing steadily past. When towns of importance, equal to those we have traced the remains of, come into existence again on its banks, "penny boats" will be shooting along from pier to pier. Fords are very few, and the one we crossed at Maruchak had at least four feet of water in its deepest part. I heard some one estimate the breadth of the valley at Penjdeh as about four or five miles; whether this is exact or not, there is a large width of ground, which had been cultivated when the valley was prosperous and full of inhabitants. The mounds were the remains of large towns, and they are a sure evidence of the population that once existed and found subsistence on the banks fertilised by the waters of the Murghab.

The march to Bund-i-Nadri was along the western side of the valley; about half way, the sandy hills on this side project considerably into the plain, narrowing it very much. Our road ascended the heights, but about a mile or so to the south we descended again, and found the valley nearly as wide as at Penjdeh. Our camp was pitched on a piece of level ground close to the hills. The Bund-i-Nadri was not far from us, but it turned out to be the Old Bund, which had been made on a bed of the river, which the water of the Murghab had forsaken, and a new bund, or dam, higher up, was mentioned as having been made. The Bund-i-Nadri Canal, a large water-course for irrigation, flowed past close to us; it was filled with a beautiful clear stream. This is the canal whose water had been led, at some former period, across the Pul-i-Khisti.

Our next march was also on the western side of the valley, along the base of the hills; and again we left the level soil, to pass through a hollow among them, which extended for some miles. On coming out again on the valley, we passed a Turkoman village, which I understood was the last of them towards the south. We struck across the valley to the river, where there are the piers only of a brick bridge standing. At this place there is a ford, which we crossed. Sir Peter Lumsden placed a number of Turkomans across the river, along the whole line of the ford, thus carrying out the military rule, which was very necessary, as the ford was far from being a straight line, and the current was strong. By this means all got over in perfect safety; even mild Hindoos, on very small baggage-animals, who smoke and sleep instead of looking out where they are going, crossed scatheless. Our camp was formed close to the ford, and for the first time on the right bank of the Murghab.

Maruchak is on the same side; it is some distance from the river, and little over a mile from the ford. We were rather surprised at the extent of its walls, which would imply that the place had been inhabited at a later period than the other ruined towns we had seen. Our party found pheasants very plentiful at Maruchak, and there was some good shooting there. From Maruchak to Karaoul Khaneh, which was the ground of our next march, has not yet been repeopled, and the whole space is at present in the condition of a vast game preserve. The birds flew up in great numbers, and when the sportsmen came in covering the ground with long rows of dead pheasants, the only complaint heard referred to the deficiency of cartridges.

After passing Maruchak, the hills change in their form; below that place they are undulating and rounded, but the curves have a very long radius. Above Maruchak they form small rounded knobs, with steep sides, all the way up to Bala Murghab, to the south of which the geology entirely changes. The march from Maruchak to Karaoul Khaneh was on the right bank of the river. Towards the end of the march, we struck to the left, through a gorge formed by the steep sides of these mamelon hills, and came out again about a mile farther on. Karaoul Khaneh is the site of an old town; judging by the mounds, it had not been of great size. Here a valley comes in from the left, and, had the first idea of winter quarters beyond the Murghab been carried out, we were to have moved in this direction. But a change had been made, and Bala Murghab had been determined upon, so from Karaoul Khaneh we marched, still on the right bank of the river, and came on here, arriving on Dec. 12.

The other party, with the heavy part of the baggage, came in the next day. They followed our route as far as Tutichee, where they struck off to the right in the direction of Kushk. We expected to meet them at Bala Murghab on the day we arrived, but they entered the valley of the Murghab by another valley which brought them four miles below, and on the west

side of the river; they had thus to cross to our side, on the right bank, which they did at a ford where they came out of the other valley. This took them all day, for the camels are slow at such operations. As it was getting dark before they managed to get over, they encamped there, and marched in here the next morning.

Bala Murghab, and the account of our winter quarters here, will be described in another letter. The severity of the winter is a subject on which we receive different estimates. Some say that the cold will be great; while others talk of a little snow, which will melt again in a day or so. The duration of the winter is also uncertain. It is at times very cold at nights, and warm again in the daytime, when the sun shines. Our party coming from Teheran have been very lucky in the matter of weather; with the exception of a slight shower or so at Shahrud, we have not had a drop of rain the whole way. Two days ago the sky became cloudy, and some rain fell; but it was very little. The weather is again bright and sunny, but of course cold at nights.

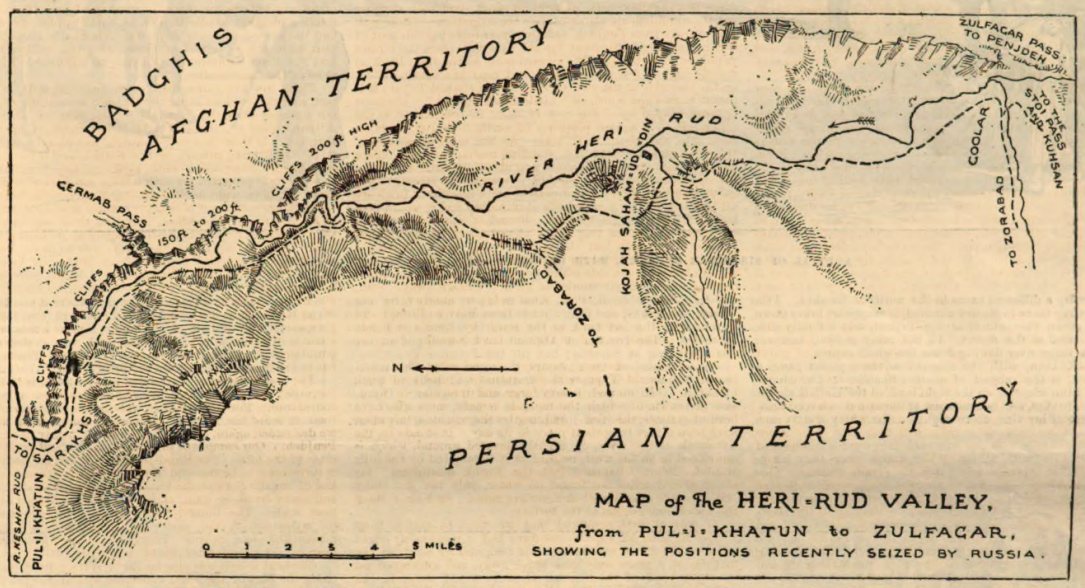
Had the Russian Commissioners come to Sarakhs at the time appointed—about the first or second week in November—a month's work, at least, might have been got through. A beginning would have been made, and it would have reduced and simplified the work to be done in the spring.

With reference to the places mentioned by our Special Artist in the foregoing letter, we have to remark that the last week's Number of this Journal contained his Sketches of the Kushk Valley, Kara Tapa, Kala-i-Maur, Ak Tapa, the junction of the Kushk and Murghab rivers, and Kona Penjdeh, with a View of Pul-i-Khisti, on the Kushk river, about six miles south-west of Penjdeh. The relative positions of the two places last named were incorrectly described both by Lord Granville and by the Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs in their statements in Parliament last week, when they spoke of Pul-i-Khisti as situated "north" of Penjdeh; and this is evidently owing to the error in the official map, recently detected by Major Holdich on the spot, and reported by our Special Artist. He informs us that Penjdeh is really situated more to the north-east, nearly twelve miles and a half from the site indicated on the official map. We believe that this point is of great political importance in the present dispute between the Russian and British Governments. The small Map of the Badghis country presented in our last, though a mere rough outline, correctly showed Pul-i-Khisti on the Kushk river south-west of Penjdeh, and about the same distance above the junction of the Kushk with the Murghab at Ak Tapa.

ON THE MURGHAB.

A notable place on the Murghab, twenty-eight miles above Penjdeh, visited by our Special Artist on his way to Bala Murghab, as he relates in the letter we now publish, is Maruchak, of which he has sent us several Sketches. The fording-place over the river, a mile from the town, is shown in one of the Illustrations published this week. Maruchak, on the right or east bank of the Murghab, was anciently a large and prosperous town; "now," says Mr. Simpson, "it is nothing but ruins. The Afghans are at present placing it in a state of repair. The outer wall is only of mud, or sun-dried bricks, and is, in some parts, in a very decayed condition. Over these walls the top of the citadel may be seen. This is one of the old mounds, of which we have observed similar remains in this country. It measures about 80 by 70 yards on the top. The old walls and towers are now being put in a condition of defence. From this citadel there is a great ramp, which runs in a circular form, from the north-west corner to the south-east corner. It is most probably the old wall, inclosing what had been the town at one period; the ramp has much the appearance of being the remains of a mud wall which has crumbled down into dust. The Afghans are now repairing it all round, so as to make it an enceinte for barracks, so that it will accommodate troops. The outer wall, already described, is to be levelled, as being too large for the garrison which the Afghans can afford to keep in it. There are the remains of a few mud houses within the outer wall; but, with the exception of the Afghans employed on the fort, there are no inhabitants. One of my Sketches is taken from the inside of the outer wall, and shows the Arg or citadel of Maruchak. It will be seen that the Arg is simply a large square mound of earth. The ridge from it running to the left is the great high ramp, which I have suggested may be the remains of a wall. It has been repaired on the top, and a cab might now be almost driven upon it. This Sketch shows a portion of the inside of the outer wall. The figures in the Sketch on the top of the Arg are the men at work rebuilding the walls."

The Murghab valley, from Tapa Bund-i-Nadri, is the View represented in another Sketch. This valley narrows in some places, and widens again; at Penjdeh there is a considerable width; above that it becomes narrow from the hills running into the valley, and it opens out at Bund-i-Nadri. It varies from a mile or a mile and half to perhaps four or five miles in width. This space is the flat bed of the valley, which may be nearly all cultivated. It implies a large capacity for the production of food, and explains why there are the ruins of so many large towns on the banks of the Murghab. The water covered with reeds, near the foreground, is an old bed of the Murghab. The river has now changed its position, and may be seen to the left of the View. The reeds here grow sometimes 20 ft. high.



MAP of the HERI-RUD VALLEY, from PUL-I-KHATUN to ZULFAGAR, SHOWING THE POSITIONS RECENTLY SEIZED BY RUSSIA.

DRAWN BY CAPTAIN A. F. BARROW, AIDE-DE-CAMP TO GENERAL SIR PETER LUMSDEN, BRITISH AFGHAN BOUNDARY COMMISSIONER.

It was on Dec. 8 that Sir Peter Lumsden's party, having marched up the left bank of the Murghab from Penjdeh, crossed the river at Maruchak. Our Artist's Sketch of the fording-place shows the remains of an old bridge; the arches have fallen in, and the piers only are standing. On the centre pier are the remains of what seems to have been a tower. The foundations would appear to have been carried away, and the piers have leaned over, the central one looking like a stranded ship. The ford was close below the bridge, and it was crossed according to military rule; that is, Turkomans were placed along the line of the shallow part of the stream, so as to indicate the exact line to be followed. The Murghab is deep, and flows with a considerable current, so that if any of the camp-followers, crossing on mules or small ponies, had gone only a few feet off the correct line, they would have been swept away, and their chances, in such a case, of being saved, would have been very slight. From the precautions that were taken, all got over in perfect safety, though many of the animals were up to their girths in the middle of the river. In the distance the walls of Maruchak can be seen.

Bala Murghab, which the expedition reached on Dec. 12, was substituted as its winter quarters for Chahar Shamba, the place originally intended, which is forty or fifty miles east of the Murghab, on the road, we believe, to Maimene. The View of Bala Murghab shows a large mud fort which belongs to the Afghans, and has a garrison of their soldiers. There are some artillery here, and on Sir Peter Lumsden's arrival a salute of seventeen guns was given. The smoke of this is represented in the Illustration. The View is taken looking south, where a range of high hills can be seen, which are called the Tirbund-i-Turkestan; on the right there is a large break, through which the Murghab river flows. The river passes round the fort, and gives strength to its position.

ON THE HERI-RUD.

It will be recollected, from the Map already published, that the two rivers Murghab and Heri-Rud, flowing generally in a somewhat parallel direction beyond the hills north of Herat, with the country of Badghis inclosed between them, include the portion of the Afghan frontier which has been invaded by Russia. Having given some account of the eastern river, the Murghab, with its tributary, the Kushk, from Mr. Simpson's notes and the letter describing his journey to Bala Murghab, we will now speak of the Heri-Rud, which is the boundary river of Persia and Afghanistan down to Sarakhs, and which was therefore first approached by our Special Artist when he travelled eastward from Persia. He arrived, with the members of the British Commission, at Sarakhs on Nov. 7, and on the 11th they moved up the Heri-Rud to Nauruzabad, thence to Pul-i-Khatun, Khojah Saham-ud-din, Goolar, and on through the Stoi Pass to Kuhsan, where they were met by the Afghan Governor of Herat, Kazi Saad-ud-din, and by the Assistant Boundary Commissioner from India, Colonel Ridgeway, with his escort, consisting of the 11th Bengal Lancers and the 20th Punjaub Infantry. From Kuhsan, on Nov. 24, after the junction of these "two camps," as mentioned at the beginning of Mr. Simpson's letter, General Sir Peter Lumsden set forth to cross the upper part of Badghis to his winter quarters on the Murghab.

Kuhsan, sixty-eight miles from the city of Herat, on the frontier of the Persian territory of Khorassan, stands on the Heri-Rud where that river bends from a westerly to a northerly direction. The Heri-Rud, a beautiful river fertilising and enriching the valleys of North-Western Afghanistan, rises in the highlands of Hazara, and flows from east to west between the broad mountain range which the Greeks named the Paropamisus, now called the Safed Koh or "White Mountain," and the Siah Koh, to the city of Herat, and thence to Ghorian, where it turns north-west to Kuhsan. This district, copiously irrigated by artificial canals, was once populous and wealthy; it is one of the most ancient seats of civilisation. In the Middle Ages, during at least four centuries, Herat was one of the finest cities, and its province one of the most productive, in Central Asia. From Kuhsan to Sarakhs, by the road following the course of the Heri-Rud, the distance is eighty-four miles. This is the road on which the Russians have recently advanced more than half way, seizing Pul-i-Khatun, nearly forty miles from Sarakhs, and recently the Zulfagar Pass, thirty miles higher up the river, where an opening through the wall of cliffs on the eastern bank gives access to the interior of Badghis, and through Ak Robat to the Kushk valley and the Murghab.

Sarakhs, which the Russians were permitted to occupy soon after their conquest of Merv, and from which the understood line of Afghan boundary was to have been drawn eastward to the Oxus by the Joint Commission, consists of Old and New Sarakhs, three miles and a half apart, situated on opposite sides of the Heri-Rud, the bed of which, at that particular place, was dry at the season when the British Commission arrived there. This place belonged to Persia, but Old Sarakhs, on the eastern side, was handed over to the Russians by the Persian Governor. When our Special Artist visited Old Sarakhs, the Russian Governor-General of the Trans-Caspian Provinces, General Komaroff, was there, but only a few Russian troops, who were Akhal Turkomans recently enlisted in the Russian army. The Sketch now given shows the remains of the old city, which is entirely deserted; to the east and north there are a number of reed huts with a few people living in them. Old Sarakhs, as the Sketch will show, is merely a square mound, rising high above the present level of the desert, and this mound is no doubt an accumulation of rubbish formed by the destruction of houses and the rebuilding of them during a long course of time. The ruined walls of one building are all that stands of the old town; the rest of the space is a mass of bricks and weeds. The walls are of burned brick, but are in a very crumbling state. The town itself evidently has not had an inhabitant for many years. On the north and east are the remains of crumbling mud walls, which may have been inhabited since the old city was left to decay. The old tomb seen to the right of this View is called Baba Ogle; but there is a tradition that it is the tomb of Abel, the tomb of Cain being at New Sarakhs.

New Sarakhs, which is still occupied by the Persians, is on the western bank of the Heri-Rud, 300 yards from the river bed. It is of late date, and is possessed of the usual mud walls, with towers. The wall incloses a space of 700 yards diameter. The governor, Ali Mardan Khan, who has to deal with the whole of the frontier of this part of Persia, lives in the town, and has four or five hundred troops. Although the walls cover a good amount of ground, there are very few people in the place. In the Sketch, the mound of Old Sarakhs is just visible in the distance; in the foreground is one of the usual towers of refuge. Mr. Simpson made a separate sketch of the Meshed Gate of New Sarakhs, which shows the character of the crenelated walls and the towers. There are only two gates to the town—this gate, and another towards the north, called the Bokhara gate. Inside of the Meshed gate is the Arg, or citadel, where the governor lives, and the garrison have their quarters. A wall separates this from the other part of the town. There is a ditch, perhaps 10 or 12 feet deep, and nearly 20 feet wide, round the walls, with a covered way, or chemin de ronde, between the wall and the ditch. There are six small brass guns placed at various points, but the mud walls could offer no defence to a regular attack.

A curious feature of the river above Sarakhs is the dam, or "bund," as it would be termed in India, at Kizil-Koi, by which the water is diverted into streams for artificial irrigation. Kizil-Koi is eight miles higher up the river, between Sarakhs and Pul-i-Khatun. This dam, which is a very primitive affair, being made of wattles and earth, fills a water-course, which supplies Old Sarakhs; and New Sarakhs receives its supply of water on the other side of the Heri-Rud from a point not far distant. All cultivation in this region is done by means of irrigation derived from rivers and streams; and the protection of "water supply" is an important part of the frontier question. On the ordinary maps it will be seen that the Heri-

WITH THE AFGHAN BOUNDARY COMMISSION.

SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. WILLIAM SIMPSON.

Afghan Troops saluting. Sir P. Lumsden, with Afghan General. Escort of Bengal Lancers.



ARRIVAL OF SIR PETER LUMSDEN, WITH HIS STAFF, AT THE AFGHAN FORT OF AK TAPA.

Rud goes by a different name to the north of Sarakhs. After disappearing there in its dry channel, it reappears lower down, and is known thenceforth as the Tejend, which finally sinks into the sand of the desert. In the rainy season, however, there is a large river flowing down the whole course.

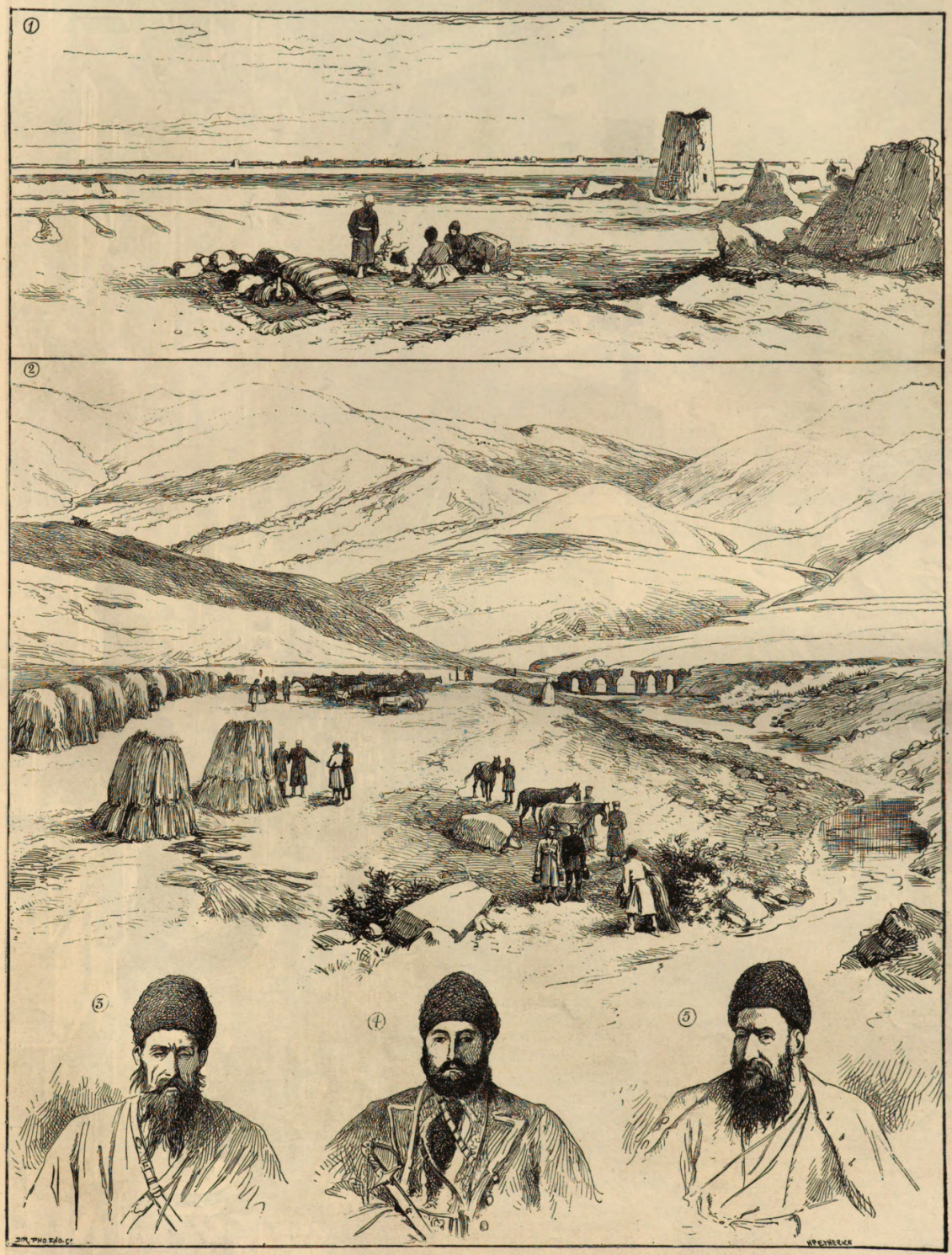
Pul-i-Khatun, with the Russian advance picket camp at that place, is the subject of another Sketch. "The camp," says Mr. Simpson, "is on the right bank of the Heri-Rud, just below the bridge, and is composed of about a dozen reed huts; at the time of my visit, there might be about fifty or sixty men, perhaps half a sotnia. Pul-i-Khatun is very nearly forty miles south of Sarakhs, and is all that distance nearer to Herat. The ground on the left bank of the river is within the Persian frontier. The frontier of Afghanistan has been put on maps as beginning at Sarakhs; but till the Frontier Commission have accomplished their labours, the exact point must remain undetermined. Whether the Russians will hold to Pul-i-Khatun, as within their frontier, remains to be seen. There is no doubt that it has advantages as a military position. At ordinary times, the Heri-Rud is easily crossed almost anywhere, but in the rains there are few places where it can be forded. The Keshef-Rud has been our road eastward from Meshed, and we see the importance of the bridge here as a means of communication—that is, before the arch was destroyed. The bridge is said to have been erected by a wife of Timour. 'Pul' is the ordinary Persian word for bridge, and 'khatun' means lady; hence the name, translated into English, is 'The Lady's Bridge.' It is built of brick, and has been a substantial structure. The central arch was destroyed about sixty years ago in some frontier war. There are the ruins of a caravan-



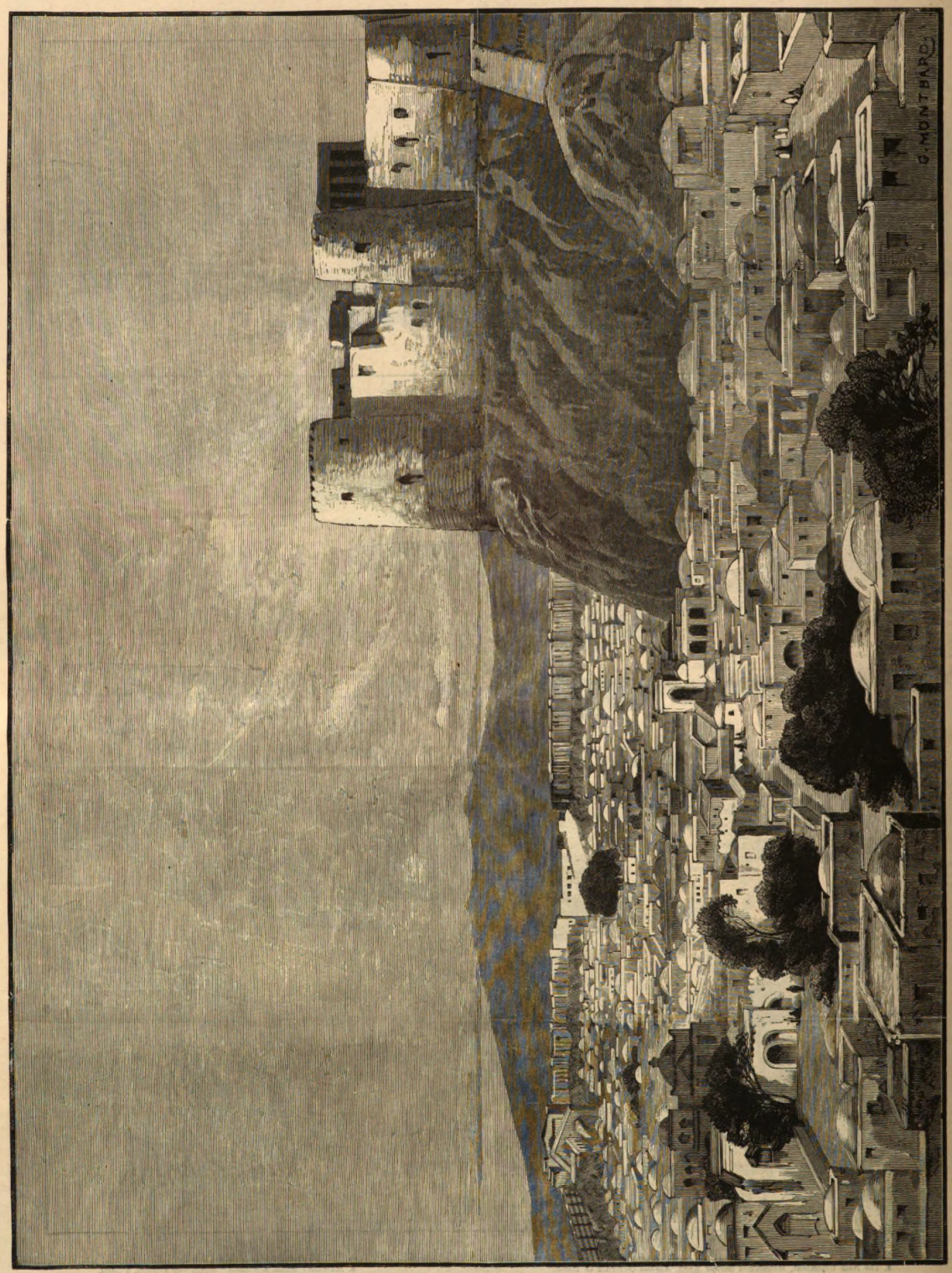
BREAKFAST ON THE MARCH.

WITH THE AFGHAN BOUNDARY COMMISSION.

SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. WILLIAM SIMPSON.



1. New Sarakhs, View from north-west. 2. Pul-i-Khatun, with Russian Picket Camp, on the Heri-Rud. 3. Wali Mohammed Khan, a Jamsheedie.
4. The Naib Ulhukmut, Mohammed Sarwar Khan, Afghan Governor of Herat. 5. Masrullah Khan, a Persian "Sertip" or Colonel, a Jami.



HERAT, THE CAPITAL OF WESTERN AFGHANISTAN.



WITH THE AFGHAN BOUNDARY COMMISSION: BUNGRA, OR KHATTUK DANCE, PERFORMED BY THE 20TH PUNJAUB INFANTRY AT BALA MURGHAB.
SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. W. SIMPSON.

WITH THE AFGHAN BOUNDARY COMMISSION.

SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. WILLIAM SIMPSON.



1. The Bund or Dam of the Heri-Rud at Kizil Koi. 2. A Tekke Turkomaa Russian Soldier, from Akhal. 3. Old Sarakhs: Russian Officers riding.
4. New Sarakhs (Persian); the Meshed Gate. 5. The Amir Ali Mardan Khan (Nusrat-ul-Mulk), Persian Governor of New Sarakhs.

serai on the Persian side of the bridge, standing on the right bank of the Keshef-Rud. The date of its erection is given as in Timour's time. The View taken by me is looking south, and the high hills forming the background are all on the Persian side. The Keshef-Rud is a small stream which enters the Heri-Rud on its left bank only a few yards below the bridge."

The following notes, by Captain Arthur F. Barrow, supplied to our Special Artist with the Map of the Heri-Rud Valley, have some value with reference to any military operations in that locality:—"From Sarakhs as far as Pul-i-Khatun, movement on either bank presents no difficulties. To Daulatabad, twelve miles south of Sarakhs, both banks are level; from that to Pul-i-Khatun, the right bank dominates, and all movements on the right bank are under cover, and fully concealed from observation from the left bank; while, on the other hand, no military movement whatever could possibly be carried on upon the left bank, within at least six miles of the river, without full cognizance of the right bank. The river itself, by reason of its depth and width, is nowhere a military obstacle. At Pul-i-Khatun, the road passes through a narrow gorge; it is a mere track with steep gradients, and thence, as far as Goolar, would present great difficulties to the advance of even a small flying column with the lightest guns. Without weeks of labour, it could not be relied upon as a main line of communication practicable for heavy artillery with its ammunition column, with the ambulance and the heavy-wheeled transport and impedimenta of a large army. The river is, on the east side, shut out from Badghis by a steppe, which drops precipitously into it, the cliffs averaging from 150 ft. to 200 ft. in height. In this curtain there are two gaps, by which access to the river is obtained, called respectively the Germab and Zulfagar Passes. From Goolar, our route lay to the west of the river, which passes, it is said, through an impracticable gorge; several other routes are, however, available—one by way of Zorabad, where water is found; and there is said to be very little natural obstacle to an advance beyond Goolar by those routes. Enough has been said here to show that the possession of Pul-i-Khatun, by any Power which anticipates advancing on Herat in the future, is a desideratum of considerable value; for access to the Pass would naturally result in the immediate construction of a good road, along a stream of excellent water. At the same time, it must not be overlooked that the impenetrable nature of the cliffs, on the east bank of the river, render the use of this route, as a main line of advance, open to the very serious military objection that no lateral communication could exist with parallel lines of advance on that side; and that, in any combined movement, the force using this road might be met and defeated, at its exit, by a superior force of the enemy, while the other columns were being detained by inferior forces, occupying strong defensive positions. The occupation of Pul-i-Khatun by a weak Power, opposed to the advance of an army on Herat, and by one to which, owing to distance from its base, paucity of troops, or want of money, the conversion of Pul-i-Khatun into a defensive position is an impossibility, would at any rate result in the road remaining in its present condition; and would thereby deny its use to an enemy, at least for some considerable time after the declaration of hostilities."

The journey of the British Commissioner's party, accompanied by our Special Artist, from Teheran, the capital of Persia, to Bala Murghab, the farthest point eastward they have reached, including the detour between Sarakhs and Kuhsan, was a distance of nearly a thousand miles, all the way on horseback, and was performed between Oct. 2 and Dec. 12. An ordinary incident of the latter part of this long journey, "Breakfast on the March," after leaving Meshed, and

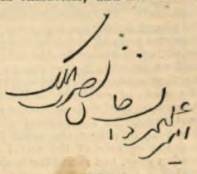


GENERAL ALEXANDER KOMAROFF,
RUSSIAN GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF THE TRANS-CASPIAN PROVINCES.

in the Afghan territory, is represented in one of our Artist's Sketches. Sir Peter Lumsden, Mr. A. Condie Stephen, Major Holdich, R.E., Captains A. F. Barrow, De Lassoe, Durand, and Heath, Dr. Charles, Nawab Mirza Hassan Ali Khan, and Mr. Simpson, are the breakfasting party, and the dog "Jack" is waiting for scraps. The martial-looking attendant, wearing a sword, gold-laced frock-coat, top-boots, and a Persian hat, is Nasser, a Persian "abdarie," the official purveyor of meals for the travellers. One of his assistants, named Assad Beg, has been in London with Mr. Alison, of the Teheran Legation. The cooking apparatus, with the servants, is seen in the background.

Sir Peter Lumsden's arrival at Ak Tapa, with his staff and escort of the 11th Bengal Lancers, accompanied by Kazi Saad-ud-din, the representative of the Ameer of Cabul, is the subject of another Sketch. The Afghan commander of the fort, General Ghous-ud-din Khan, has ridden forward to shake hands with Sir Peter; and, upon a sign from him, the trumpeter sounds a blast, and the Afghan troops fire a salute of seventeen volleys.

The Portraits given in this Number require a little comment. Mr. Simpson went alone to Old Sarakhs, to call on General Komaroff, the Russian Governor-General of the Trans-Caspian Provinces, who received him courteously, and entered into an interesting conversation on archæological topics. We present his Portrait, from a photograph taken at Tiflis, which he has sent to London for Mr. Simpson. Our Artist met also, at Old Sarakhs, the Governor of Merv, Colonel Alikhanoff, whose name was originally Ali Khan, being a Mussulman by birth, a native of Daghestan, in Circassia, but educated at Tiflis. He has the manners of a Russian gentleman, and is a clever amateur artist; he sketched for Mr. Simpson the figure of one of his Turkoman soldiers, a Tekke of Akhal. The Persian Governor of New Sarakhs, and of the whole frontier along the Heri-Rud, is now the Amir Ali Mardan Khan, an important chief of the Taimouris, in Khorassan, who usually resides at Meshed. He bears the honorary title of "Nusrat-ul-Mulk," and is a person of dignity; he entertained the British Commissioner in a handsome style. Ali Mardan Khan wrote his name on the Sketch in Persian characters, and here it is:

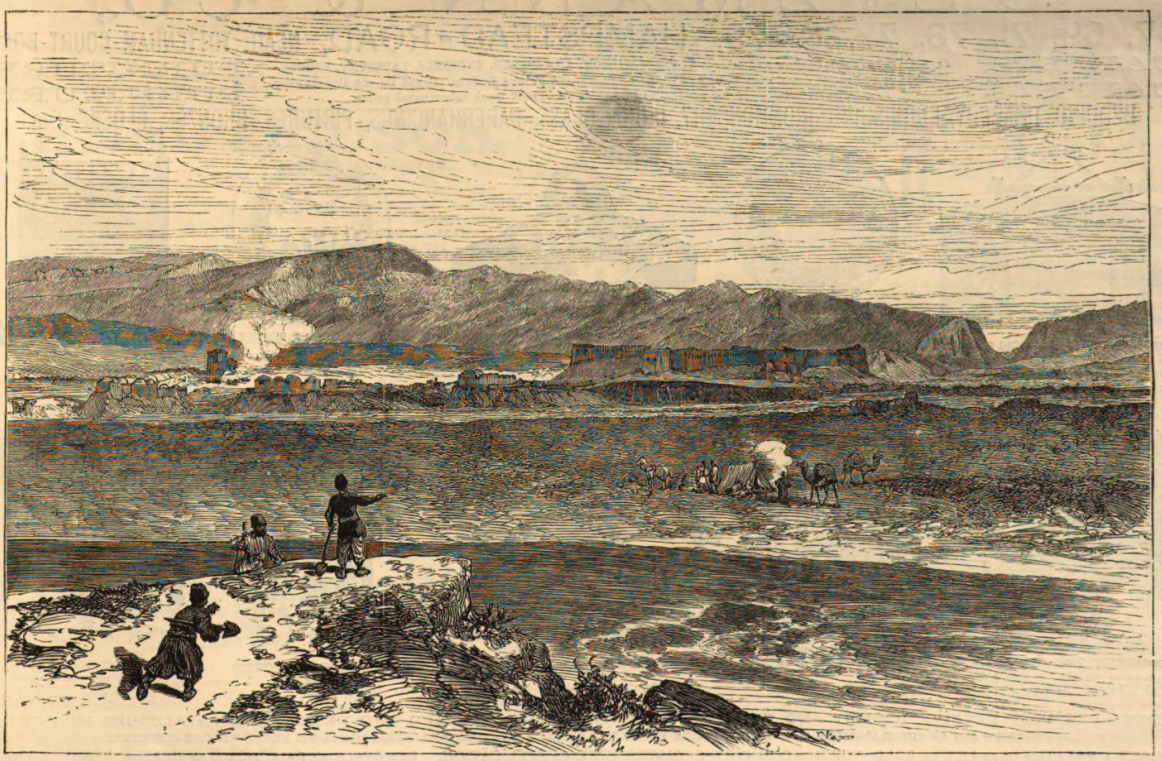


A Persian Sertip, or Colonel, named Masrullah Khan, a "Jami" or native of the district called Jam, on the border of Khorassan next to Herat, commanded the Persian escort from Meshed to Sarakhs, and thence to Kuhsan, where it was relieved by the Indian escort. This Persian officer is likewise a feudal chieftain, and is to be appointed governor of Jam. Wali Mohammed Khan, who was sent with a hundred sowars by the Ameer of Cabul to attend on the British Commissioner, is a Jamsheedie, one of the mixed Persian and Turkoman race inhabiting the country from Herat to the northern frontier of Afghanistan.

The encampment at Bala Murghab, where the members of the British Commission passed their Christmas, partly consisted, for the accommodation of the Indian soldiers, of Turkoman tents, which are peculiar in construction. They are called by the Turkoman people "alachuk," by the Persians and Afghans "khirynh," and by the Russians "kibitka." The lower part is formed of a series of cross pieces of wood, fixed together, so that, like the action of a pair of scissors at each crossing, they can be extended or contracted at pleasure, according to the diameter required. This part, with the framework of the door, is first put up, and held together with belts made of wool. The crown of the tent has a circular piece of wood pierced with holes; into these holes are placed the ends of one or two long pieces of stick, and then the crown is erected, and held there by tying the lower end of the sticks to the top of the circular framework. Having fixed the crown with one or two of the sticks, sticks are then placed all round the tent, to support the roof. When this is done, the whole is covered with thick felts, which are strapped on with belts and ropes. A small piece of felt forms a hood to cover the crown; this can be moved by a rope, so as to make an opening on any side desired to let out the smoke or let in light. The advantage of the kibitka is the absence of the central pole, with a greater protection from cold than in a canvas tent, and a fire can be made in it with safety. It is approved by the medical officers for the hospital of the camp.

The men of Major Meiklejohn's 20th Punjaub Infantry, on the evening of New-Year's Day, entertained themselves with a "bungra," or wild dance, peculiar to their native district, the Khattuk Hills, between the Indus and Peshawur. The scene as they capered round the fire, all flourishing their swords, to the sound of fife and drum, is well represented in our Special Artist's Sketch. It was witnessed by Sir Peter Lumsden and most of the officers in camp at Bala Murghab.

Our Special Artist has not yet visited the city of Herat, but we are enabled to present a View, taken from the citadel on the northern side, furnished by a correspondent some years ago. Herat, now a town of 50,000 inhabitants, was in the Middle Ages one of the richest and grandest cities in Asia.



BALA MURGHAB, THE LATE HEAD-QUARTERS OF THE BRITISH AFGHAN BOUNDARY COMMISSION.
SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. W. SIMPSON.

THREE RELIGIOUS PICTURES.

ECHENA'S "ARRIVAL AT CALVARY."

The simultaneous exhibition of three works deriving their subjects from scriptural sources might at first sight suggest a revival of religious art among us and our neighbours. A very cursory glance, however, will show that whatever use painters may make of the Gospel history, or of the legends which have collected around it, they are either incapable of infusing into its treatment those sublime naïvetés which distinguished the ages of faith, or else they are too eager to follow public sentiment than ambitious to lead it in new paths.

The first of these works to which we have to refer is Señor Echena's "Arrival at Calvary," to be seen at Messrs. Graves', Pall-mall. This enormous work, destined, if we mistake not, to be placed behind the high altar in the pro-Cathedral of Madrid, deserves especial notice as the production of a modern Spanish artist, upon whom foreign influence has had but little effect; and we are thus better able to estimate the position occupied by that country in modern art than is possible to gather from the works of such men as Fortuny, Madrazo, and others who have subjected their art to the requirements of French fashion and taste. In the present picture, painted throughout in a low tone of colour, the artist has at least chosen a seldom-painted episode of the awful tragedy. The sky above is a leaden grey, but round the horizon is gathering that darkness which later on was to cover all. The procession has just reached the summit; Christ, worn out with suffering and fatigue, seems scarcely able to advance. Alone, deserted, yet erect, the Man of Sorrow stands before us, his white robe soiled and disordered, whilst from his brow the blood is dropping beneath the crown of thorns. All his disciples have left him; the only faithful one is the Magdalen pressing forward with her box of scent, which she is eagerly urging him to take. Beside her are one or two other sympathetic women, who have forced themselves in front of the soldiers, and, with sublime devotion to their Lord, are heedless of the jeers of which they are the objects. In the foreground, with their backs to the spectator, are the two thieves, bound and awaiting their doom, of which the instruments, two rough crosses, are lying on the ground. On one of these a man is busy shaping it so as to fit it into the socket-hole already dug; whilst another, in brutal indifference, seated on the cross itself, recalls at once a figure by Ribera. On the left of the spectator, the Roman soldiers are keeping back the crowds of Jewish people and priests who are attempting to close round the place of execution, and the impotent rage of these contrasts forcibly with the stolid discipline of the soldiers, intent only on their duty of keeping Golgotha clear. In the background, tolling up the last ascent of the steep, are to be seen Simon the Cyrenian and a host of others—disciples, scoffers, or apostates, with whom devotion or curiosity has triumphed over fear of the Romans. The whole scene is, apart from the central figure, a tumultuous one—not, perhaps, more so than it may have been in reality, but conceived in a wholly different spirit to those Crucifixion scenes in which the great masters of the Renaissance delighted, and into which they threw all the serenity of assured faith and deep-seated conviction.

MUNKACSY'S "CALVARY."

The picture entitled "Calvary," by Herr M. Munkacsy, on exhibition by Messrs. Agnew, at the Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly, whilst conceived in a somewhat similar spirit, displays a totally different technique. In Señor Echena's work, low tones and subdued colouring predominate; but in Herr Munkacsy's, dark shadows, broad lines of rich colour on a black background, form the basis of his art. The Spanish painter, moreover, has managed to arrest the attention of the spectator upon the chief actor in the awful scene; whilst Herr Munkacsy, with singular misapprehension, has so dexterously balanced the figure of the livid Christ on the cross by the figure of the Roman centurion, on a white horse, that the whole interest, as a matter of composition, is centred in the repulsive figure of the executioner—a burly figure in a blue gown, brandishing a hatchet—who occupies the middle of the canvas. The scene, as painted by Herr Munkacsy, is grand and striking enough, but it seems to us to be wholly wanting in religious inspiration, and even in originality of conception. The grouping of the scene may be Herr Munkacsy's own, as is undoubtedly the surging of the angry crowd; but nearly each individual figure suggests a foreign authorship. The Christ on the Cross is a reminiscence of Vandyck or Rubens; the Virgin Mother's attitude at the foot of the Cross is that of Gérôme; the Martha fainting is from Daniele da Volterra; and the St. John is Guido's; and so on throughout the work. The moment chosen is the awful one when the last cry had just been uttered and the Saviour's head is bowed, but before the look of peaceful rest has settled upon his sorrow-seamed features. Ranged behind the Roman soldiers, and occupying the greater part of the canvas, are the chief priests and people, for a moment awed and hushed, except one old man, who mockingly is bidding the King of the Jews to come down from the Cross. On the left the Centurion on a white charger turns away sorrowfully, casting a wistful glance behind; whilst in the foreground two elders—perhaps Nicodemus and Joseph of Arimathea—in close converse, are walking slowly away from the spot. At the extreme edge of the picture is the figure which detracts greatly from the dignity of the scene—a man running away, with fear, rather than remorse, depicted on his face. It can scarcely have been intended to be Judas, whose traditional hair would have indicated him; and one can only presume that under this somewhat ignoble figure Herr Munkacsy has intended to portray Ahasuerus, the legendary wanderer.

It is impossible to place this work of Munkacsy's on a level with his "Christ before Pilate." It is wanting not only the composition, but the poetic inspiration which marked the earlier work; and, however much awe we may feel in presence of the scene which the artist has reproduced, it must be allowed that he has done nothing to add to its sublimity and deep tragedy. The story as told by the Evangelist is more touching than Herr Munkacsy's pictorial illustration of it.

HOLMAN HUNT'S "TRIUMPH OF THE INNOCENTS."

If we pass from the Egyptian Hall to the Fine-Arts Society's Gallery in Bond-street, we shall find how one of our own countrymen treats a religious subject. Mr. Holman Hunt is at the very antipodes of art to either of the foreigners above alluded to. They are realists in the fullest nineteenth-century sense of the word. Mr. Holman Hunt is a pure idealist, and in his picture of "The Triumph of the Innocents" he has selected a subject thoroughly congenial to his art. Although the episode of the Flight into Egypt belongs to the domain of Scripture history, the artist has seized upon one of those beautiful legends which crystallised round every event which was in any way connected with the Holy Child's early life. The moment chosen is when the cavalcade has passed in safety the ridge of mountains which lie behind Bethlehem towards the sea, but are still pressing onwards, while the darkness shelters them, in order to escape from Herod and the effects of his cruel decree.

The mother is seated on an ass of the Mecca breed, which Joseph is carefully but rapidly leading across the flowery plain watered by pure springs which seem to be rising beneath their feet. The Holy Child is lying on his mother's lap, and engaging all her attention—a figure of exquisite beauty and childhood's grace. Beside them trots the ass's foal, with difficulty able to keep pace with its dam, but unwilling to be separated from her. Behind is the water-wheel and mill-house, whence the dogs, aroused by the passing travellers, have come out to bark, but at the strange sight are slinking, voiceless, away. On the distant hillside the watchfires are burning, and to these Joseph ever and again turns his head to see if his flight is discovered, and an alarm given. Nothing, however, breaks the solemn beauty of the scene, upon which Mr. Holman Hunt has not laboured in vain. But to depict this was only one half of the artist's self-appointed task. The Child upon his mother's lap is calling her attention to the company around; the spirits of the martyred children of Bethlehem troop round the Holy Family—some garlanded, others like enrolled saints and priests, or with branches of palm and blossoming trees. These children in their spiritual bodies bear no trace of the wounds of which they were the victims, although their torn or cut dresses bear evidence of the executioner's knife, and one little child is still wondering at its broken coral necklace, of which it holds the pieces in its hand. On the other side of the river is another group of children, more conscious of the divinity of the Child passing by; whilst behind and high up in the air is another group, still sleeping and grieving, the only suggestion of pain and sorrow in the picture. Out of the ground the ever-rolling crystal stream is constantly breaking into transparent bubbles, in which one can trace the Tree of Life, the happiness of the blest, and other promises of the Patriarchs—hopes and aspirations with which the minds of the pious were at that time filled.

Such, briefly, is Mr. Holman Hunt's last work, which cannot fail to add greatly to his reputation as a colourist, a draughtsman, and as a poet. He has touched a chord which cannot fail to vibrate in every heart, and he attains his end without effort and without pedantry. The children's faces are exquisite studies of child-life in the East, where the picture was carefully, and amid many difficulties, composed, although this reproduction of it was painted in this country. It is never difficult to raise objections to certain minor details of Mr. Hunt's treatment. His ways are not the ways of ordinary artists; and his hand, like his imagination, must be allowed a certain freedom. The principal fault we find in the work is the transposition of the real and the imaginary elements. The actual disposition of the light suggests that the children—solid, bright, and full of life—are real children, before whose simple, unastonished eyes are passing in the rich moonlight the Holy Cavalcade. It is scarcely any reply to say that these celestial children carry with them their own self-generated light, and that hence comes their strength and distinctness. They are incidents of a scene which passes at midnight, and are, therefore, subject to the ordinary laws of light and shadow. Again, there is something almost grotesque, and in no sense elevating, in the group of half-emancipated children poised in the air; whilst the bright blue cap of one of the children in the lower group jars with every colour in the rest of the picture. But there is in "The Triumph of the Innocents" much that is so good—so far beyond the reach of other artists of any school—that such blemishes as these we pass by with scarcely a word of protest, and commend the picture most heartily to those who believe in and to those who misdoubt the revival of religious art in our days.

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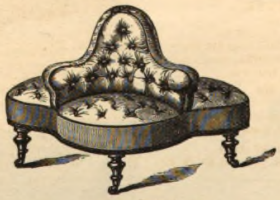
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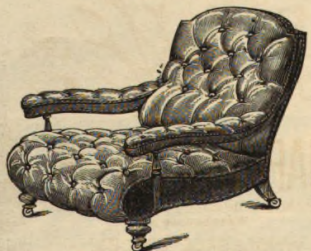
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THE VERDICT OF THE DOCTORS.

A. S. KENNEDY, Esq., L.R.C.P., L.R.C.S., &c., writes:—

"14, Conduit-street, London, W., Dec. 20, 1884.

"The two AMMONIAPHONES that I had from you have given very good results. Apart from improved timbre, resonance, and extension of register, which are undeniable, I have found the AMMONIAPHONE most useful in cutting short catarrhal and laryngeal troubles, and of great benefit in removing hoarseness. Several patients have tried the AMMONIAPHONE at my suggestion, and are all pleased with the improvement in their voices.

Dr. A. KINGSFORD, writing in the "Lady's Pictorial," Nov. 29, says:—"To these general recommendations I may advantageously add a new and peculiar one, for which I am indebted to the invention of Dr. Carter Moffat. I speak of the AMMONIAPHONE, an instrument constructed on ingenious principles, and skilfully adapted to its purpose. The ingredients used in the AMMONIAPHONE are principally peroxide of hydrogen and free ammonia; the nature of the others is not disclosed, but we are assured that they are of an equally harmless nature. Both of these substances have been long employed as anti-spasmodic agents in cases of ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS, WHOOPING-COUGH, &c., but to Dr. Carter Moffat belongs the credit of combining their action in an instrument of portable and elegant form, applicable to popular use. . . . The stimulative action of ammonia on the cerebral centres of the nerves specially affected in ASTHMA, and its generally beneficial influence on the ganglionic and spinal systems, are familiar to all medical practitioners, and it is for such reasons that it is constantly administered, both interorly and exteriorly, in cases of HYSTERIA and SWOONING, as well as in those of NERVOUS DEPRESSION and EXHAUSTION. A daily deep inhalation of the contents of an 'AMMONIAPHONE' will invigorate and brace the nervous centres of respiration, and thus set up a tonic, reaction on the larynx and organs of the thorax. I think you cannot do better than to follow my example—for I need hardly add that I have myself purchased an 'AMMONIAPHONE'—and take regularly, as I do, your appointed ration of peroxide of hydrogen and free ammonia."

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has proved of the utmost value in the treatment of COUGHS, COLDS, CLERICAL THROAT, BRONCHITIS, ASTHMA, CONSUMPTION, APHONIA, or LOSS OF VOICE, DEAFNESS resulting from Colds, all Affections of the Throat and Chest, and Sleeplessness. Such ailments may be entirely overcome by means of this simple and beneficent invention.

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The Very Rev. Dr. **VAUGHAN**, Dean of Llandaff and Master of the Temple, writes:—

"My voice has now nearly recovered its tone, and I have certainly derived benefit, though not suddenly or rapidly, from the use of your AMMONIAPHONE."

Lady MACFARREN (wife of Sir G. A. Macfarren, the distinguished President of the Royal Academy of Music), writes:—

"7, Hamilton-terrace, N.W., Oct. 22, 1884.

"I consider the AMMONIAPHONE to have a wonderfully bracing effect on the vocal organs, and shall have great pleasure in recommending it to such as have weak or relaxed throats; indeed, I have already done so."

The **Rev. AUBREY C. PRICE**, B.A., Chesterton, Clapham Park, S.W., Jan. 27, 1885, writes:—

"I have great pleasure in bearing very high testimony to the value of Dr. Carter Moffat's AMMONIAPHONE. I tried it first after a week of very hard work, in which I had preached twelve sermons. My voice was thin and weak, and my throat was very sore. The AMMONIAPHONE put all this right in a single day, and not only enabled me to speak as easily and well as if I had had previously no extra work, but actually enabled me to speak with far more ease and comfort than usual. I have given it A FAIR TRIAL UNDER EXCEPTIONALLY HARD CONDITIONS, and I can bear conscientious testimony to its value in sustaining and clearing the voice to an almost marvellous degree, and in PREVENTING to a great extent the WEARINESS and SORENESS of the throat, which I have usually experienced as the consequence of a long and severe exercise of the vocal organs."

CHARLES WYNDHAM, Esq., Criterion Theatre, writes:—

"Jan. 15, 1885.

"I have now used the AMMONIAPHONE which you forwarded to me about a fortnight ago, and, although sceptical at first, I am bound now to confess it is of very great service to me."

"THERE WAS NO DENYING IT."

"PALL MALL GAZETTE," Nov. 7, 1884:—

"Last night St. James's Hall was filled with an intelligent company of musical and scientific people, who were invited to witness the results of the AMMONIAPHONE. . . . The doctor himself, surrounded by distinguished vocalists, all of whom were Ammoniaphonical votaries, explained, instrument in hand, the wonders of his new discovery. . . . Our representative was invited to repeat a few lines in his natural voice, then take some deep inhalations and repeat the same words over again. He did so, and was positively startled at the loudness and sonority of his own voice. The thing seemed absurd; but THERE WAS NO DENYING IT: the INCREASED VOLUME and IMPROVED TIMBRE were TOO OBVIOUS."

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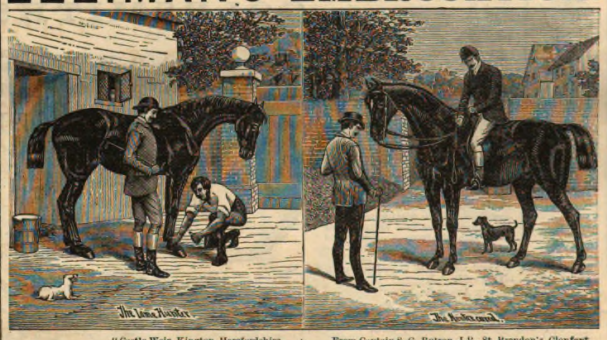
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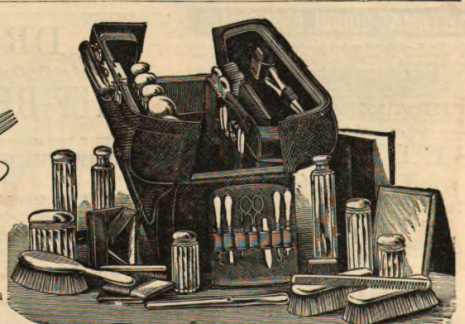
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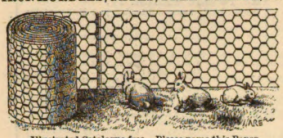
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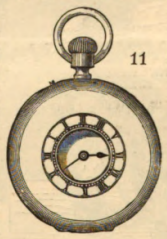
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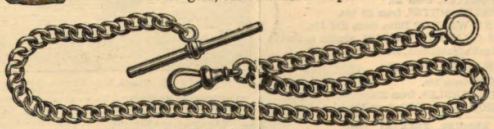
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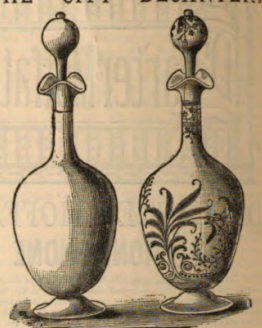
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THE WAR IN THE SOUDAN: ZEREBA AND ADVANCED REDOUBT NEAR SOUAKIM.
FROM A SKETCH BY A NAVAL OFFICER.

OUR NOTE-BOOK

The profession of medicine appears to be eminently favourable to intellectual activity. Philosophers, artists, and men of letters are ranked among its members. Sir Thomas Browne was not more famous in his own day as a physician than he is in ours as an author. Dr. Arbuthnot was the greatest wit of his age, with the exception of Swift, who said of him that he could do everything but walk. Garth, one of the best men in the world according to Pope, found time, in spite of a large practice, to write a poem, which has secured him a place in Dr. Johnson's "Lives," where a niche is also found for Blackmore, who obtained "high eminence and extensive practice." He published several epic poems of vast length, one of which, says the biographer, if he had written nothing else, would have transmitted him to posterity among the first favourites of the English muse—a statement to which posterity is not likely to subscribe. Oliver Goldsmith, best beloved of writers, can scarcely be said to have combined literature with medicine, for his advice was seldom asked or taken, and he seems to have killed himself at last by an unfortunate prescription. Akenside, too, who wrote the "Pleasures of Imagination," lived for a time more on those pleasures than on the fees of his patients; but gained a good position eventually, though he died too soon to reap the fruits of it. In our century, especially in our day, the illustrations of this variety in intellectual pursuits on the part of medical men grow too numerous to mention. The latest proof of it may be seen in the announcement that Sir Henry Thompson has found time amidst his severe professional labours to write a clever novel called "Charley Kingston's Aunt."

In a life just published of Charles Leslie, the non-juror, it is stated that Dryden was a member of the Kit-Cat Club. Now, as the poet died in 1700, and the famous club was not formed until two or three years later, it follows that if Dryden was a member it must have been in what the Spiritualists call a "materialised form." And the writer is surely mistaken, too, in complaining of the general dulness of these "lights of the Whig party." If Addison, Congreve, Steele, Vanbrugh, and Garth can be called dull, where, among the Queen Anne men, are we to look for wit and humour? One may be sure that the Ranelagh Club, which has just acquired Barn Elms, where once the Kit-Cat wits were wont to meet, will not revive the sallies of mirth and the brilliant *bons mots* which made the old place so famous in the early years of the last century. Men grow serious in these days; and sport, as most of us are aware, is a very serious matter indeed.

There may be, and no doubt is, considerable mercantile depression both in England and on the Continent; but the bad state of things does not prevent unique works of art fetching as large prices as in the most prosperous times. So soon as it was mooted that the portrait of Mrs. Hibbert, painted by Gainsborough, and shown at the recent Exhibition of Old Masters, was for sale, huge offers were made from all parts of Europe. The Berlin Museum sent a special emissary to secure the treasure; but he was outbid by Messrs. Wertheimer, the well-known dealers, who purchased it for £10,000, this being the largest price ever known to have been paid for a kit-cat. Certainly, it seems a lot of money to pay for a canvas 49 inches by 39 inches. The misfortune is that the work is to go abroad, having been purchased for a foreign collection; but it is some consolation to know that English painters are appreciated to such an extent out of their own country.

Foreigners have extraordinary ideas about the customs and manners of the English, as their newspapers and books of travel show from time to time. But a Russian who has been for a considerable period residing in the vicinity of Bethnal-green seems to have outdone his fellow-Continentals for bold and original ignorance as to the duties of parochial guardians and the intentions and objects of the workhouse. It became necessary for this Muscovite to visit his native country, but it was unnecessary for the purposes of his journey that he should take with him his two young children. He had an idea, however, that he must provide for them somehow during his absence, so it struck him that an intimation to the authorities of his parish of his intention to leave his offspring behind him would ensure their safe custody and their little comforts during his absence. The magistrate of his district speedily enlightened him as to the law; but the Russian having indignantly stated that he was prepared to repay the guardians for their trouble and expense, was forced to make private arrangements, and will probably return to his native land under the impression that a country in which the workhouses are not lodging-houses for infants is not worth living in.

Connection between sailors and the Turf would seem, at the first blush, as unlikely as communication between Jews and Samaritans; for, among the popular novelists especially, "Jack," though he always "gets aboard" some sort of quadruped ashore, is invariably represented as regardless, and even contemptuous, of all that relates to horses and jockeyship. And yet the Navy has, from the very earliest times, supplied some of our most distinguished patrons of the Turf. It is true that his Majesty Admiral King William the Fourth—who started his "whole fleet" for the Goodwood Cup in 1830, and ran first, second, and third, with Fleur-de-lis, Zinganee, and The Colonel—did not care a straw about sport, and raced in a perfunctory manner, to keep up the traditions of the family; but it was different with Admiral Norris, a member of the Jockey Club at its foundation, or, at any rate, as early as 1757; with Admiral Boscawen, a double portion of whose spirit has descended to Lord Falmouth; with Admiral Rous, late "dictator of the Turf"; with the late Lord Glasgow, who had been in the Navy; with Admiral Harcourt, who won the Derby with Ellington in 1856, and ran a dead-heat for the Oaks with Gildermire in 1858; and it would not be difficult, no doubt, to swell the list. At the present day, Admiral the Duke of Edinburgh is a member of the Jockey Club by virtue rather of his lineage than of the direct patronage he bestows upon horse-racing; but in Admiral G. Tryon we have a naval officer who imports "Arabians," and who won the "Arab race" at Newmarket last year with Asil. Naval officers, moreover, have been distinguished as "gentlemen riders." The afore-mentioned Admiral Norris appears to have been a conspicuous "jock" as Captain Norris; and there is on record a feat performed in 1800 by a "naval officer," whose name is lost to us. This officer made a wager that he would ride a blind horse round the race-course at Sheerness without "guiding the reins with his hands"; and he "realised the stakes" by cutting the reins asunder and fastening the ends to his feet in the stirrups, "steering" the blind horse something after the present fashion of the "coxswainless fours." From which it would appear that "Jack" is not always so simple, guileless a creature as the poet Dibdin and certain novelists would make us believe.

When Mr. Bancroft secured his lease of the Haymarket Theatre and altered and redecorated it according to his taste, he did away with the time-honoured institution of the pit. This course provoked considerable discussion in theatrical circles; but the example was followed, and the Opera Comique, in the Strand, was built without any pit at all. However, the course of public requirements has now declared in favour of this portion of an auditorium, and report says that the Haymarket pit is to be restored under the new management, and it is publicly announced that the Opera Comique has been reconstituted, and a commodious and handsome pit added. The manager of one of the largest London theatres tells us that, in the aggregate, more people visit the pits of the theatres than all the other parts of the houses put together—excluding the galleries.

Gentlemen who give a thousand guineas a leg for young race-horses have received another warning. It is less than a year since Mr. Brodrick-Cloete gave 4000 guineas for Louisbourg, son of Hampton and Chevisaunce, the finest "youngster" at Lord Falmouth's famous sale; and now the horse, without ever doing anything in public, is dead. A grander animal to look at, according to excellent authority, was never seen; a red bay with black points, with as commanding an appearance as Dover Castle, yet he went out suddenly like a candle after a few flickers. It was about the middle of February when Mr. Cloete thought it time that the horse should be pushed a little to see what there was under the magnificent exterior; and the horse at once went "off his feed," lost flesh, suffered from a fetid discharge at mouth and nostrils, and died—of tubercles on the lungs, it is said—on the last day of that month. Mr. Brodrick-Cloete has begun the year badly; and it is to be hoped that Paradox, for whom he gave a thousand more than "a thousand guineas a leg," will bring him compensation. It is noteworthy, however, that Paradox, after remaining first favourite for the Derby, as well as for the Two Thousand, during so many months, was all but supplanted entirely the other day by Melton. Still, the position of a favourite, whether horse or man, is always precarious; and it is sometimes possible to be misled by what seems to be the shadow of a coming event. At any rate, with Duke of Richmond, St. Blaise, Luminary, Ptolemy, and Match Girl in the same stable, and Whipper-In also to "keep the clock," there ought to be no mistake made about the capabilities of Paradox.

Sunday-school teaching has never been regarded as an occupation commanding large emoluments, but, on the other hand, it has been considered as a calling which brings with it a certain amount of respect from the community. No doubt a Sunday-school teacher has plenty of spare time during the six days of the week to undertake extraneous employment, but the particulars of a recent application for occupation are indeed astounding. Hangmen have of late given deserved dissatisfaction for the way they have done or not done their hideous work, and before every execution the authorities are pestered with applications from amateurs anxious to try their hands on the unfortunate condemned convict. People who are starving may be, perhaps, excused, for being willing to undertake such awful deeds; but a Sunday-school teacher offering himself is an extraordinary incident. Yet it is reported from Birmingham that such a one proffered his services, and positively sent in his teacher's certificate as evidence of his steadiness and trustworthiness. It must be satisfactory to the pupils he enlightens on the Sabbath that his offer was not accepted.

Some clergymen have been once more denouncing horse-racing and steeplechasing, and demanding to have those sports put down with the strong hand. The denunciation is, no doubt, perfectly just to a certain extent; but the wide popularity of the sports is what makes their attendant evils so conspicuous; and to talk of putting down national pastimes, until their hour of natural decadence has come, with the strong hand, is, with all deference, to talk nonsense. It would be much more to the purpose if some philosopher could discover why it is that people who have to do with horses—especially race-horses—seem so frequently to suffer from some moral obliquity of some kind; the cause having been discovered, a remedy might be found. It might puzzle even the clergy, perhaps, to prove that there is something intrinsically bad in horse-racing and steeplechasing; and there are many things which are intrinsically bad, such as the gambling at the clubs and at Tattersall's, and which, nevertheless, it is found to be impossible to suppress. How, then, can anybody hope to suppress national sports, in which, of themselves, there is a great deal that is good, and nothing much worse than in hunting, shooting, fishing, or even cricket? The idea, with deference again, is absurd.

Some curious details respecting the position of Germans in the Chinese service have been given in a private letter published in a French journal. A short time ago, a Celestial dignitary named Li-Fong-Pao went to Berlin, and there engaged 125 officers and men for various posts all of whom have been obliged to adopt Chinese appellations. The former captain of a corvette is metamorphosed into Wang-Li-Triang, or Captain Great Wall, and promoted to the rank of Admiral, and his flag floats over the cruiser Chao-Yung. Another is called Lin-Pao, or Six Cannons, and there are many other similar names. It is probable that gentlemen in these positions are very highly remunerated; for the German artillerymen chosen receive £40 per month, and the skilled mechanics £60; while, in addition, a sum of £1200 will be paid to the families of everyone who is killed. Men will risk a great deal for these prices, which represent even more to the thrifty Germans than they do to Englishmen.

That our Poet Laureate is immensely admired on the other side of the Atlantic is well known, but whether that admiration is sufficient in any one instance to induce a wealthy American to become a Lincolnshire landowner remains to be seen. A prominent advertisement in a New York paper informs all who may be desirous of acquiring twelve hundred acres in the old country, that the estate of Somersby and Bag Enderby is for sale, and that it includes the advowson of Somersby, and the quaint old-fashioned residence where Lord Tennyson was born, and where he and his many brothers spent their early years. The latter attraction is decidedly "fetching," but what if Brother Jonathan should have conscientious scruples about the purchase of an advowson?

A determined effort was made to stop this year the grant of 250,000f. (£10,000) given by the French Government for the support of horse-racing on the flat in France; and the stoppage was carried in the Chamber, though only by two votes. The Senate, however, on the energetic representation of General Deffis and Count Saint-Vallier, restored the grant without a single dissentient.

The bouquets which fair maids and matrons take to Court with them nowadays are less elaborate than those of a few years ago, but many of them are less calculated to bear the strain of long waiting first in the carriage and then in the Palace. This is principally because most of the flowers, such as white lilac, lilies of the valley, Maréchal Niel and other tea roses, have been so rapidly forced. If they could be brought on more gradually they would not droop so soon. This is a principle applicable in other matters besides flower culture.

Princess Dolgorouki, after tasting the joys and griefs of this life in varied measure, has an ambition—she wishes to have a salon. She has taken up her permanent abode in Paris in a charming hotel formerly occupied by the Austrian Embassy, and last Sunday she gave an inaugurative dinner, and gathered round her some prominent and restless spirits, among whom were Comte Ferdinand De Lesseps, Alexandre Dumas, Ernest Renan, the two Houssayes, Cabanel, Albéric Second, and Count Schouvaloff. They represented considerable diversity of opinion.

A covering for the shoulders which has been common in England for the last two or three years, has now become completely naturalised in France. This is the *petite pélerine* which we mostly wear in fur or to match our dresses, but across the Channel they are more varied. For evenings *sans cérémonie*, or for the theatre, they are made *à la neige*—that is to say, of ruchings of white crêpe or tulle; but for out-of-doors they are of Indian cashmere and bright-coloured satin broché, with old-silver clasps. The new colours in which fashion decrees that they shall appear during the spring are *capucine*, *betterave*, old oak, and Chinese porcelain, the latter being an intricate mixture of dark blue, coral, green, and gold.

It is a fact worthy of remark and even of imitation that when a great Austrian noble embarks in any kind of business he is proud of it, and never dreams of dissociating his name from his manufacture. There are some well-known digestive tablets sold in boxes on which the titles "Prince Lobkowitz, Duc de Raudnitz," appear in full, and the armorial bearings of the Prince's family serve as trade-marks. The late Count Kinsky, who was a politician in his youth and became a financier in his old age, was a noble whose high descent was almost lost in the mists of antiquity; and, indeed, there is hardly an Austrian patrician who is not an ironmaster, a builder, brewer, or wood merchant, or who does not work his own mines, or personally *exploiter* any source of wealth with which Fortune has favoured him.

There is something pathetic in the discovery made by Mr. Stanley Hall, of Boston, of the idea American children have that the source and fullness of all happiness is to be found "in the country." Thousands of the little creatures who have been in "populous cities pent" all their lives, have never seen potatoes or roses growing, or gathered buttercups, so they do not practically know much about it; but they mentally locate all good things of which they are ignorant "in the country," and imagine that when good children die they are straightway transported to that region of delight. Surely their

> *Life's star*
> Hath had elsewhere its setting, and cometh from afar;

for man's first abode was a garden, and the tilling of the soil is accounted by one of our greatest thinkers "the chief duty and delight" of the human race.

The English colony of jockeys, &c., at Chantilly has lately lost a somewhat notable member in Mr. Sprecty, who died the other day, at sixty years of age, and who, as long ago as 1853, rode the famous French mare Hervine, second for the Goodwood Cup, when another French mare, Jouvence, won. This was the very first French "win." Mr. Sprecty rode chiefly for the late M. Alexandre Aumont, to whom Hervine belonged, and latterly for Comte De Berteux, who attended the old jockey's funeral on the 2nd inst.

FINE ARTS.

F. WALKER'S WATER-COLOUR DRAWINGS.

The Loan Collection of Water-Colour Drawings by the late F. Walker, now on view at Mr. Dunthorne's Gallery in Vigo-street, although far from complete, is so well composed that it cannot fail to attract all who are interested in one of the most talented of recent English artists. So much has been said of Frederick Walker, and of his short career, that there is no need to refer to it at length; but those who care to know the chief incidents of his life as an artist cannot do better than study Mr. Comyns Carr's Essay, which is prefixed to the catalogue of the present exhibition. Walker, who before his premature death was destined to raise the standard of revolt against Academic traditions, had, in the outset of his career, shown the keenest anxiety to profit by Academic teaching. Happily for him, and for us, the training of Trafalgar-square was unable to smother those classical instincts which were apparently innate, and throughout his life he showed, even in his slightest work, traces of those self-taught lessons which he had learnt among the Elgin marbles and the other antique sculptures of the British Museum. The most striking feature, however, of Walker's genius was its elasticity; for, as time went on, we find that, whilst adhering to his classical method, he became more and more the interpreter of Nature. The interval between his first important work, "The Bathers," exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1867, and "The Old Gate," which was hanging on its walls after the artist's death, in 1875, marks the limits of his powers. Of the former, there is, unfortunately, no drawing or reproduction in Mr. Dunthorne's Gallery; but of the "Old Gate" there is an admirable highly finished drawing, and in it one can trace without difficulty the influence which Walker had not only over his own immediate followers, but over the whole course of English landscape art. In earlier works, such as the "Violet Field" (1867), "Stobhall Gardens" (1869), "The Old Farm Garden" (1871), Walker seemed to be content with portraying graceful figures surrounded by careful studies of flowers, most delicately treated, and with an effect to that time scarcely known in English art. Mr. Walker's next stage was that marked by such works as the "Rainy Day" (1871), "Our Village" (1872), in which we see the germs of poetry—already shown in the "Street at Cookham" (1866), with its flock of geese, and "The Well-Sinkers" (1868)—brought into greater prominence. It was, however, only in the last two years of his life that he in any way manifested the full extent of his resources. "The Harbour of Refuge" (1873-4) and "The Old Gate," will ever remain as his most distinctive works, and constitute his chief claim to his place as a leader of the school of poetic landscapists. It is easy to guess, from the various studies and drawings here collected, the care he bestowed upon "The Harbour of Refuge"—the garden of the old red-brick almshouses at Bray—over which the spirit of rest reigns supreme. These pictures, however, are so well known that it is not necessary to refer to them at length. Among the lesser known works collected by Mr. Dunthorne, some are very interesting, including a portrait (back view) of the late W. M. Thackeray, who was perhaps the first to divine Walker's talents, and who helped him much in his career. "Jane Eyre" was a character which seems to have had especial attraction for Walker; and, in the sketch of Rochester showing his mad wife, Walker touched, perhaps, for the first and only time the confines of the weird-like in his art—for the large unfinished sketches for his never-commenced picture, "The Unknown Land," can scarcely be regarded as purely imaginative. The earlier landscapes known as "The Plough" and "The Mushroom Gatherers," which belong to the period between 1868 and 1870, show Walker when the influence of François Millet and Corot first attracted him. These two are the only oil paintings in the exhibition. The rich sunset glow in the one, and the moonlight effect of the other, show to what Walker had risen at that comparatively early period of his career, and the sympathy with nature which had laid hold of the student of Greek classical art. The exhibition only contains about fifty sketches, and, although most interesting as a help to a just appreciation of Walker's work, it is no offence to Mr. Dunthorne to express the hope that, encouraged by his present success, he will, we hope, succeed in bringing together at some future time a still more complete collection of this gifted artist's works.

MESSRS. TOOTH'S GALLERIES.

The Spring Exhibition of pictures at Messrs. Tooth's Galleries (5 and 6, Haymarket) is a brilliant display of colour, in which foreign art plays an important part. Among Italian artists, Signori Cosenza, Fragiacomo, and Sorbi are fair exponents. Signor Favretto, in his *genre* treatment of an "Episode in Goldoni's Life" (99), aims somewhat higher; but the story is likely to be obscure to those who do not recall the poet's peculiarities. On the other hand, Signor Sorti's "Pallone" (132) ought to have more than a *succès d'estime* with athletes in search of some new outdoor game; whilst if the white dresses and powdered hair given by the artist are its indispensable adjuncts, the support of the æsthetes may be alike counted upon. Among other foreign artists, M. Jan Van Beers sends two little landscapes—"Near St. Germains" (19), a blue sky just invaded by pink-edged white clouds; and "Near Tontainville" (20), a grey-brown and lowering sky, but exquisitely lighted up by the sunlight, which falls from behind a cloud upon a bit of field. Far more remarkable are two scenes at "Guingamp" (55) and (62), by E. Sanchez Perrier, a Spaniard, if we mistake not, who has studied in Rome. Both little views are painted with microscopic fidelity in the full blaze of a noonday sun; but they succeed in rendering, without the least harshness or "brutality," the sharp outlines of the picturesque Breton houses. M. Eugène De Blaas' "Scandal" (40) is only a variation of his successful Academy work, "Secrets." The Piedmontese soldier has become the Venetian fisherman, and the three girls who are sitting round the doorway, affecting to be as busy with their fingers as with their tongues, have but little to distinguish them from those of the earlier work. One work by Gérôme, "Le Bain Maure" (109), a fine specimen of that archæological phase which possessed the artist a dozen years ago, due, perhaps, to the interest aroused in Paris by Mr. Alma Tadema's work, then more popular in France than in this country. His other and apparently more recent work, "In the Desert" (26), is an Arab seated on the sand, and beside him his dying horse. In spite of its low tone, a sense of scorching heat pervades the picture, and one can more easily fancy the thoughts of the Arab horseman than those of the more elaborately finished Arab girl just emerged from her bath. Roybet is represented by a strangely-painted single figure, "The Burgomaster" (70), and Israels by a lighter and less mournful subject than his wont—a father and son wading on shore "Returning from the Boats" (71), of which the only demerit is its rough, unfinished appearance.

Among the English artists, the most noteworthy are, perhaps, the least conspicuous; and some of them, like F. D. Hardy, E. Sainsbury, E. Crofts, and even Mr. J. Brett, seemed to have exercised almost as much skill in reducing their thoughts to cabinet size, as in conveying so much meaning in incident in so little space This is especially the case in Mr. Hardy's "Crash" (84), a domestic interior, telling its own story with microscopic fidelity; and in Mr. Sainsbury's "Calm" (46), a very poetic rendering of a dull, colourless sea sweltering under a hazy sun. Among the larger works, Mr. B. W. Leader's "Riverside Hamlet" (34) is a strongly-painted bit of shire scenery, with plenty of colour and sharpness of outline. It should be compared with the bright "Autumn Day" (78) of his brother Academician Mr. Vicat Cole (supposing Associates may claim brotherhood with one of the "Immortals"), and a fair idea will be obtained of the aims and methods of the older as contrasted with the younger landscapists of the day. Both may be regarded as realists; but their conceptions of nature are, it is clear, fundamentally opposed. In like manner, Mr. James Webb and Mr. Henry Moore may be taken as idealists in their treatment of nature; but one cannot help feeling that the latter's "Grey Day at Liphook" (47) conveys a real impression of the Hindhead district, whilst the former's rendering of "Liége" (21), for instance, cannot by any process of the imagination recall the smoke-begrimed Birmingham of Belgium. Mr. Burton Barber's "Little Kittens" (48), two children playing with an admirably painted kitten, shows not only a marked advance in technical power, but a greater freedom from that conventional sentimentalism which vulgarised some of his earlier works. Mr. Seymour Lucas sends an admirably executed and thoroughly humorous single figure, "The Exquisite" (75), a young "buck" of the last century, admiring himself and his new coat before a mirror. It is pleasant to find that an artist like Mr. G. B. O'Neill is still found to devote his talents to keeping alive the traditions of the old English school of which Collins, Mulready, and Webster were the last recognised exponents. His "Fourteenth of February" (115) is not only carefully painted, but has a pleasant healthy tone, which one finds repeated, but in broader and stronger tones, in Mr. John Burr's "Duty or Pleasure" (137), a boy watching beside the cradle of its crying brother, whilst his schoolfellows, with fife and drum, are parading the village street in the mock panoply of war.

Although the Continental school may be somewhat largely represented, we must not omit to add that, in addition to those referred to, it is supported by works of such artists as Van Haanen, Troyon, Sadée, and Rasch; whilst to the list of their English rivals should be added the names of G. H. Boughton, F. Dicksee, J. B. Burgess, Peter Graham, and others of less note but of not less promise.

FINE-ART SOCIETY'S GALLERY.

There has not been seen for a long time a more charming collection of water-colour drawings than that now on view at the Fine-Art Society's Gallery. Mr. Alfred Parsons is already well known as occupying a foremost place among painters of pastoral scenery, but hitherto his skill as a water-colour artist was known to a few. The present series of drawings illustrates more fully than any other artist has attempted the course of "Shakspeare's River," from its rising in Naseby Field until it mingles its waters with those of "Sabrina fair," near Tewkesbury. Mr. Parsons, however, is too true a poet to allow himself to be drawn away for any length of time from the central attraction of the Avon—Stratford and its immediate surroundings, Stoneleigh Deer Park, Guy's Cliffe, Charlecote, and Luddington, all of which are more or less closely associated with the Poet's life, or inspired him with thoughts which, by the help of the artist's brush, it is easy, even at this distance, to seize. It is difficult to convey in words an adequate idea of Mr. Parsons' charm. He has succeeded in the very difficult task of not only following the windings of this beautiful river, but has had the taste or good fortune to represent it in all seasons, and under the ever-varying conditions of an English climate. For instance, the view of "Pershore Church" (6) gives us an idea of one of the most fertile spots in England—

> When proud-pied April, dressed in all his trim,
> Hath put a spirit of youth in everything.

The tall spire stands out sharp in the rain-cleared atmosphere; whilst in the foreground is an apple-tree, half hiding the landscape with its mass of delicately tipped blossoms. "Stratford Church" (11), on the other hand, is first set in the full blaze of autumnal tints,

> When yellow leaves, or none, or few do hang;

and when the rising river tempts the angler to try his luck at the lock pool. But Mr. Parsons reverts again to the spot where Shakspeare's bones are still laid, and shows us their shrine—and around it "Old December's bareness everywhere." It is somewhat invidious to pick out any particular works by an artist who so uniformly shows almost equal care and sympathy in every scene on which he delights to dwell; but it is not amiss to mention amongst the most attractive "Cleeve Mill" (41), and the weir and rushing river at the same spot (39), "The Old Avon Bridge at Tewkesbury" (47), "Guy's Cliff Mill" (16)—perhaps the gem of the collection, with its glistening water reflecting innumerable rays of light and colour—"Tewkesbury Tower" (12), and "Warwick Castle" (27). Amongst the smaller studies of hedge and thicket and riverside, attention cannot fail to be attracted by "The Hawthorns" (46) and (10), "The Ranks of Osiers" (14), the rich "total gules" of the autumn-touched maple, and the gnarled roots of "Shakspeare's Oak" (49), where "earth-delving conies keep."

In addition to the fifty water colours, there are a dozen or so studies in black and white, illustrative of the neighbourhood of Stratford, and showing Mr. Parson's powers as an accomplished draughtsman. A word, moreover, should be added with reference to the catalogue to the exhibition. Mr. Parsons therein relates briefly and pleasantly how he first came to know "Shakspeare's river," and he illustrates his notes on people and places by numerous sketches, which give additional interest to what may with truth be called a "model guide-book" to the river Avon.

The Exhibition of the Society of Lady Artists (53, Great Marlborough-street) is in many ways worthy of a visit; and if the standard of the works exhibited is not the very highest, a very large proportion of them show promise and taste. The society has now been in existence about eleven years; and, owing to the indefatigable energy and liberality of its original promoter, Miss M. Atkinson (the honorary secretary), has perhaps done more for the advancement of women's work than one half of the associations which labour less unobtrusively in the same field. One cannot fail to be struck at the very inadequate prices (judged by the ordinary standard) which the ladies affix to their works, or to recognise that their competition must, in the long run, exercise a very appreciable influence upon the profits of all but the very best or most popular men artists. It is not possible to go through in any detail the six or seven hundred works exhibited in the room; and we must content ourselves by naming a few of the ladies whose pictures seem to show the greatest promise. Amongst the oil pictures, Miss Bertha Newcombe's "Evening" (91), Miss Mabel Moultrie's "High Jinks" (286), a group of kittens at play, Miss E. J. Week's "Feeding Pets" (348), and Miss Louisa Starr's "Portrait of a Boy" (658), are all worthy of a place in any exhibition. But it is in water colours that the ladies are especially strong; and foremost amongst these are Miss K. Macaulay, who has at least a dozen capital works, the best of which are her seapieces; Miss Melicent Grove, who contributes a number of French—chiefly Breton—landscapes, marked by a very delicate sense of colour; Miss Freeman Kempson, who excels in Scotch moorland and loch scenery; Miss Helen O'Hara, whose "Wind and Waves" (172) is one of the most striking studies in the rooms; Mrs. Murray Cookesley's "Egyptian Duett" (257), and Miss Nora Davison's "Summer Day at Twickenham" (709). Flower painting is also much in vogue amongst the ladies; and in this line Miss Hepburn, Miss Marianne Spencer, Miss E. M. Merrick, and Mrs. Barnard are clever executants. A special word of praise should also be accorded to Miss Hene Wheelwright's paintings on ivory—a charming group of miniatures—which suggest the hope that an almost forgotten and neglected branch of art may be revived, and occupy its rightful place.

Messrs. Hollender and Cremetti, who have become the lessees of the Hanover Gallery, inaugurate their tenancy by an exhibition of foreign works of art, of which, if we mistake not, the majority have already been seen in Paris, Brussels, and elsewhere. This, however, far from detracting from the interest of the collection here made, renders it interesting, as showing what is being done amongst our neighbours. Possibly, there are no works of first-rate merit, but there are many which will take a high place in the second "flight." The two most prominent works are a full-length portrait of the late Prince Imperial and a small head of the present Pope, by Campotosto, the latter executed with miniature-like delicacy, whilst that of the Prince is bold and broad. Of more general interest, however, are two drawings by Millet, and a "Study of the Thames" (155), by Bastien Le Page, giving a good idea of the suspended movement one may find on an early summer's morning at the very busiest part of the river. There is also an excellent specimen of Jan Van Beer's work, "True till Death" (40), an old pedlar who has lain down to die in the snow, with no one near him but his dog. Amongst the other names which appear in the catalogue are those of Meissonier, E. Frère, Feyen Perrin, Rosa Bonheur, and, of course, there are works which are ascribed to Th. Rousseau, Daubigny, Corot, Duez, and even to Courbet; but in the last case we must express grave doubts as to the authenticity of the "Château of Chillon" (150), attributed to that revolutionary artist. However sceptical one may be as to the works of all the French artists collected by Messrs. Hollender and Cremetti, there is no reason to doubt that those of the Belgian artists—Teneckat, Blommers, De Penne, and many others are genuine. In many instances, they are fairly representative works, and as such cannot be without interest to English picture-lovers.

At the Burlington Gallery (27, Old Bond-street) there is on view a small collection of water-colour drawings, of which some few show considerable merit. Mr. A. W. Weedon, the artist, studies in the very best of schools—that of Nature; and his rendering of Highland scenery shows that he is a careful observer and an intelligent interpreter of her moods. Mr. Weedon is at his best in rendering general effects, and especially such scenes as "Summer Twilight" (10) on Loch Mara, and "Evening After Rain" (26), on Loch Fine, and "Mountain Solitude" (28). He is less successful in dealing with tumbling mountain streams, where both the foaming water and the glistening rocks seem to present difficulties which he, in common with many more distinguished water-colour painters, have found almost insuperable.

Mr. R. W. Allan, whose water-colour drawings are now on view at Messrs. Dowdeswell's (137, New Bond-street), recalls by his apparently restlessness that ardent schoolmaster "who whipped his pupils out of England into France, out of France into Spain, and then he whipped them back again." It is difficult to follow the moods of this indefatigable "earth-trotter." From "Elgin Cathedral" (1) he jumps to "St. Mark's at Venice" (2), and from "Thames Barges" (6) to the "Courtyard of the Alhambra" (8). At one moment he is watching the "Arrival of the Fishing-boats at Tréport" (46), and at another assisting in a bakehouse (10) at the drawing of the oven. There is no want of "go" in Mr. Allan's style, but it wants finish and variety. He depends too much upon rapid effects and first impressions, and finds or thinks he sees too persistently, in all climates and under all conditions, the monotonous tones of an "East hauze."

The collection of pictures, miniatures, and enamels belonging to the late Mr. Henry G. Bohn, of which the sale by Messrs. Christie, which began on Thursday and will continue for the greater part of next week, is the first of the great sales of the season. The pictures are chiefly those of the Dutch and of the French schools of the last century, and mostly of cabinet size. Very few, however, are of very great interest or merit, except one by Chardin and two or three by Greuze. But it was rather on the collection of miniatures and enamels that Mr. Bohn prided himself, and with some reason. Amongst these, the French works of Isabey, Dumont, and Fragonard are the most noteworthy. There is also a fine collection of English miniatures, especially the Royal portraits, and some excellent specimens of the enamels of the two Bones, of whom one only reached the dignity of Academician, although the merits of the two have been variously estimated.

Messrs. Heywood Hardy and Charles Robertson have been elected Associates of the Society of Painters in Water Colours.

The Ansidei Raphael (of which we gave an Engraving last week) has arrived in London, and will be exhibited at the National Gallery.

A portrait, by Mr. H. Herkomer, of Sir Watkin Williams Wynn, Bart., M.P., has been presented to his only daughter, Mrs. Williams Wynn, by the members of the Wynnstay Hunt.

The Prince of Wales, who will be the guest of Mr. Chaplin, M.P., at Blankney, during the Lincoln Spring Meeting, has, on the invitation of the Mayor of Lincoln, consented to lay the first stone of a School of Science and Art in that city.

The Prince of Wales has fixed the date of the costume ball of the Royal Institute of Painters in Water Colours for Tuesday, May 19, and has signified his intention to be present, accompanied by the Princess and Prince Albert Victor.

The fund for presentation of a portrait to the Bishop of Peterborough now exceeds £500. The painting has been executed by Mr. F. Holl, R.A., and will appear in the summer exhibition of the Royal Academy.

It is announced that a fine half-length portrait by Gainsborough of Mrs. Hibbert, of Chalfont, shown in the Exhibition of Old Masters at Burlington House, which closed last Saturday, has been sold at 10,000 guineas.

A bazaar is announced for May next at the National Industrial Home for Crippled Boys, Woolsthorpe House, Kensington, to pay off the remaining expense of the new buildings, without doing which the committee cannot complete the home, by receiving twenty additional boys who await admission, and for whom they have accommodation. The bazaar is under the patronage of Princess Louise (Marchioness of Lorne).



M. OLIVIER PAIN,
THE REPUTED FRENCH ASSISTANT OF THE MAHDI.



MR. HENRY BENBOW, R.N.,
CHIEF ENGINEER OF LORD C. BERESFORD'S STEAMER ON THE NILE.
(The man who mended the boiler under fire.)



THE LATE MR. JOHN CAMPBELL, OF ISLAY.



THE LATE SURGEON C. P. TURNER, 19TH HUSSARS,
DIED AT KORTI.



THE LATE COLONEL W. F. F. WALLER, V.C.,
BOMBAY STAFF CORPS.

OLIVIER PAIN.

Rumours of what goes on in the Mahdi's camp are of a mythical complexion; but some French journalists have, during several months past, asserted that a former well-known colleague of their own, M. Olivier Pain, is acting either in a military or diplomatic capacity, having become a Mussulman, in the service of the warlike religious Dictator of the Soudan insurrection. His imaginary exploits have been made the theme of a burlesque-dramatic performance at one of the Parisian theatres. This adventurous Frenchman was at New York ten years ago, when the photograph was taken, by Mora, from which his Portrait is engraved. He is now about forty years of age. In 1871, at the time of the Commune, he took an active part in the desperate struggle to overthrow social order, and was sentenced, with many others, to penal servitude in the island of New Caledonia. He escaped with Rochefort and four others, in 1874, and then went to America; but, on the outbreak of the last war between Russia and Turkey, M. Olivier Pain turned up in the East, and was private secretary to Osman Pasha during the siege of Plevna. He was sent to Russia as a prisoner of war, and when released was allowed to return to Paris, where he engaged in work as a journalist, under the patronage of M. Rochefort. The disturbances in Egypt, in 1882, attracted him to that country, and gave him employment in writing against the Khedive and the British intervention. It is believed that he has latterly been in the Soudan, and that he joined the Mahdi in Kordofan before the advance of the insurgents to Khartoum; but there is no sure testimony concerning his exercise of any special talents as a military commander. There is reason to suppose that several Europeans, who have had more or less experience of war in different countries, are attached to the Mahdi's army.



NEW OFFICES OF THE "DAILY NEWS," BOUVERIE-STREET, FLEET-STREET.

Among the candidates for election to the Lintrathen School Board, Forfarshire, was the Countess of Airlie. The polling took place last Saturday, when Lady Airlie was returned at the top of the poll.



THE WAR IN THE SOUDAN.—SIR REDVERS BULLER'S RETREAT FROM METAMMEH TO KORTI: THE ENEMY PURSUING AND ATTACKING AT ABOU KLEA WELLS.

SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. MELTON PRIOR (ASSISTED BY LIEUTENANT WALTER H. INGRAM)

THE WAR IN THE SOUDAN.

Our Illustrations continue to show the history of the late campaign on the Nile, which has been succeeded by temporary inactivity so far as Lord Wolseley's army is concerned. We were enabled last week, by the assistance which Colonel Sir Charles Wilson rendered to our Special Artist, to present correct Sketches of the scene on Jan. 28, when Sir Charles, with his two armed steam-boats, approached within sight of Khartoum, and engaged in a conflict with the enemy's fort at Omdurman and the battery and large bodies of troops on Tuti Island; and of the situation of Sir Charles Wilson's party two days later, after the wreck of their second vessel, when they landed on the small island of Mernat (or Mernat) from which they were relieved by Lord Charles Beresford's steamer, with the Naval Brigade, and were brought down safely to the camp at Gubat. Lieutenant Walter H. Ingram, of the Middlesex Yeomanry Cavalry, who was on board the steamer Sofia, commanded by Lord Charles Beresford, has contributed materials for the Coloured Engraving which makes our Extra Supplement this week. It represents the steamer, manned by British sailors and soldiers, in conflict with the battery of two guns, and the crowds of riflemen, posted by the enemy on the river-bank, three miles below the island where Sir Charles Wilson and his companions awaited their rescue. Lord Charles Beresford replied to their fire with his Gardner machine-gun, which three of the bluejackets are seen working, behind its iron shield, in our Illustration, while the soldiers of the Mounted Infantry Corps, in the stern part of the vessel, plied their rifles at a range of five hundred yards. The Sofia had almost got past the enemy when a round shot from the battery on shore entered her side and pierced a hole in the boiler. A dense cloud of steam poured out, which was seen afar off by Sir Charles Wilson; and he, thinking that the boiler had burst, and that the steamer could not come up nearer to him, instantly moved his party, with their guns and stores, from the island to the right bank of the river, and marched down towards where the steamer lay. But Lord Charles Beresford's steamer was fortunately not permanently disabled; having anchored a short distance above the enemy's battery, the work of repairing the boiler was at once begun, in spite of the guns on shore, by the chief engineer, Mr. Henry Benbow, whose courage and prompt industry on this occasion deserve the highest praise. We are happy to give the Portrait of Mr. Benbow; and to observe that, when he arrived with the rest of the advanced force at Korti, Lord Wolseley's headquarters, the General Commanding-in-Chief publicly thanked him and applauded his gallantry, which few combatant officers, either of the Army or Navy, could have excelled.

The retreat, in February, of the advanced force originally commanded by Sir Herbert Stewart, and afterwards by Sir Redvers Buller, when it left the camp at Gubat, near Metammeh, to return by way of Abou Klea and Gakdul across the Bayuda Desert to Korti, is the subject of two Illustrations. The first—in drawing which our Special Artist, who had returned to Korti some days before, was assisted by Lieutenant Walter Ingram, as an eye-witness of the affair, who made a sketch of it—represents the enemy, on Feb. 16, attacking the fortified encampment of British troops at Abou Klea. The men of the Royal Irish Regiment, with their officer, are seen in front, defending the earthen rampart to the east; in the middle distance, 200 yards back, is the fort, a square platform of earthworks surrounded by a ditch, in which the horses were sheltered, and by a "zereba" of heaped-up thorn-bushes, held by the Naval Brigade, with two Gardner guns at corners of the platform; to the left of this is another zereba, inclosing the hospital, which is protected on three sides by ramparts built of piled commissariat boxes, and surmounted by the red cross flag. The hills in the back ground are occupied by the enemy firing into the British camp; to the left, 1200 yards distant, is the enemy's fort, which kept up a damaging fire; to the right, on a detached hillock, is a big gun of the enemy's, which fired only four rounds, and one of its shells is seen bursting on the ground outside the fort. The British force numbered altogether 1675 officers and men, consisting of a troop of the 19th Hussars, the Guards and Mounted Infantry of the Camel Corps, the Royal Sussex Regiment, the Royal Irish Regiment, the Naval Brigade, the Royal Artillery with four guns, the Commissariat Store and Medical Departments, and some two hundred of Gordon's native troops from the Khartoum steamers. A letter in the *Daily Telegraph* of last Wednesday, from the Special Correspondent of that journal, gives an account of Sir Redvers Buller's retirement from Gubat and defence of the camp at Abou Klea. Our Special Artist, Mr. Melton Prior, went out from Korti to meet the returning column after it had left Gakdul, and made a Sketch of its appearance on the march when passing the wells of Magrega and Meljik, between Gakdul and El Howeiyat.

We are indebted to Lieutenant Beverley Ussher, of the South Staffordshire Regiment, for an excellent Sketch of the battle fought on Feb. 10 at Kerbekan (opposite Dulka Island) by the force of General Earle, which went up the Nile from Korti, and which was to have proceeded to Abou Ahmed, if not to Berber, if circumstances had not prevented the execution of Lord Wolseley's plans. This conflict, in which the troops engaged were the 38th (South Staffordshire) and the 42nd (Black Watch) Royal Highlanders, unfortunately cost the lives of Major-General W. Earle, Lieutenant-Colonel Eyre, commanding the first-named regiment, and Lieutenant-Colonel Coveny, commanding the Black Watch; but only six or seven others were killed on our side, and about forty wounded, among these Colonel Wauchop, Lieutenant Kennedy, Captain Horsburgh, and Lieutenant Colborne. The enemy were driven off the rocks which there overhang the bank of the Nile, losing nearly three hundred killed, and probably about nine hundred wounded, the rest escaping across the river; the fight lasted from nine in the morning to half-past one in the afternoon.

The whole force of both columns, that of Sir Redvers Buller and that commanded since General Earle's death by General Brackenbury, having returned to Korti, the campaign which began early in January is now at an end. It has proved an entire failure; and Lord Wolseley's army now stands just where it stood last Christmas, not at all nearer than it was either to Khartoum or to Berber, or to Abou Ahmed and the command of the Desert route from Korosko. The Mahdi has, on the contrary, achieved a great success, and has gained the mastery of the Nile, from Merawi upward, and of the whole country beyond the Bayuda Desert. No political or military advantage seems to have been secured on our side by the late operations in the Soudan, which have cost thousands of lives, and have been fatal to some of the best officers in our Army.

The new campaign, that of Sir Gerald Graham on the Red Sea coast around Souakim, where he was fighting Osman Digna just a twelvemonth ago, is not unlikely to commence this week. A camp has been formed at Souakim, inclosed by three sides of a parallelogram, the right resting on the sea and the left on the town. The left face follows a line drawn to the east and west from Osman's garden to a point midway between the water forts. The troops are posted in the following order:—Facing south, commencing at the garden, are Hodson's Horse, the 28th Bombay, the 13th and 17th Bengal, and in rear the 20th Hussars, the Mounted Infantry, and the 5th Lancers. Turning the angle, and facing west, are the Surrey, Shropshire, and Berkshire Line Regiments, and the Coldstream, Scots, and Grenadier Guards. Turning the angle, facing north, are the Horse Artillery, the Mounted Infantry, the Royal Engineers, the Marine Artillery, and the Marines. The head-quarters and field hospital are in the centre. When the advance is made, all the regiments will be represented. It is expected that the first movement would be the occupation of Handab by the British troops, probably on Thursday of the present week; and some fighting may have taken place before this paper comes into the hands of our readers. We are indebted to a naval officer of H.M.S. Dolphin, at Souakim, for a Sketch of the zereba and advanced redoubt, on the plain four miles from the town, at the present termination of the pioneer railway constructed by the Royal Engineers. It is nearly opposite the position held by Osman Digna at Hasheen. The redoubt is a small one, square, the lower part built of sand-bags, the upper storey of planks, with a look-out box raised above, to observe the enemy's approach; the whole surrounded by a ditch and a zereba of bushes, behind which are two Krupp guns.

There was no important military news this week, to the date of the present writing, on Wednesday evening. The chief political incident is the arrest of Zebehr Pasha and his two sons in Egypt, and their deportation to Cyprus, with the seizure of papers showing that they were in treasonable correspondence with the Mahdi.

DEATHS.

On the 7th inst., at Oporto, Raymond O'Toole Ellicott, second son of the late Edmund Ellicott, of Madeira, aged 49.

On the 20th ult., Maria, Countess von der Recke-Volmerstein, wife of William Allen Hanbury, Esq., in Berlin, of inflammation of the lungs, after a very short illness, aged 57 years.

*** *The charge for the insertion of Births, Marriages, and Deaths, is Five Shillings for each announcement.*

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Sole Proprietor, Mr. EDGAR BRUCE. Season under the direction of Mr. HENRY E. ABBEY. EVERY EVENING, at Eight, Sheridan's Comedy, in five acts, SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL. Characters by Mr. W. Farren, Mr. H. Beerbohm Tree, Mr. Everill, Mr. A. Wood, Mr. E. D. Lyons, Mr. Lin Rayne, Mr. Carne, Mr. Smedley, Mr. Crisp, Mr. Thorpe, Mr. Dorrell, Mr. Weatherley, and Mr. Coghlan; Mrs. Arthur Stirling, Miss Kate Pattison, Miss Eva Sothern, and Mrs. LANGTRY. Doors open at Half-past Seven; SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL at Eight. Carriages at Eleven. Box-Office open daily from Eleven till Five. No fees. Telephone 3083.—Matinee of FEMME, SATURDAY, MARCH 28, at Two o'Clock. Doors open 1.30. Carriages at Five.—THE PRINCE'S THEATRE, Coventry-street, W.

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MR. CHARLES BERTRAM has had the honour of appearing by command six times before their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales at Sandringham and Marlborough House.

MONTE CARLO.—MUSICAL SEASON (CONCERTS, REPRESENTATIONS).
In addition to the usual Concerts, directed by Monsieur Romeo Accursi, the Société des Bains de Mer de Monaco has authorised M. Paedeloup to arrange a Series of Extraordinary Grand Musical Entertainments (Concerts, Representations) this Winter.
The services of the following distinguished Artistes have been already retained:—

Mesdames	Kreuss,	Messieurs.	Faure,
"	Devries,	"	Vergnet,
"	Salla,	"	Capoul,
"	Donadio,	"	Bjorksetin,
"	Frank-Duvernoy,	"	Couturier,
"	Belloca,	"	Villaret,
"	Simonnet.		&c.

Added to which the celebrated Instrumentalists will appear:
VIOLINISTS:
Mons. Sivori, Mons. Marsik, Miss N. Carpenter, American artiste, 1st Conservatoire Prize, 1885.
PIANISTS: Mons. Planté, Mons. Th. Ritter, Madame Essipoff.
HARPIST: Mons. Hasselmans.
These Extraordinary Representations will be given each Wednesday and Saturday, commencing the end of January and terminating the middle of March.
M. Paedeloup has the excellent idea to terminate each concert by fragments of operas, in costume, and scenery—viz.:

1st Concert.	LES HUGUENOTS.	Fourth Act.
2nd "	RIGOLETTO.	Fourth Act.
3rd "	LUCIA.	Selection.
4th "	MANON.	Second Act.
	FAUST.	Prison Scene.
5th "	HERODIADE.	Selection.
6th "	FAVORITE.	Selection.
	AIDA.	Third Act.
7th "	LAKME.	Selection.
8th "	LE BARBIER.	Selection.
9th "	HAMLET.	Third and Fourth Act.
10th "	LA TRAVIATA.	Fourth Act.
11th "	FAUST.	Garden Scene.
12th "	LE SIGURD.	Brunhilde's Dream.
	LE CHALET.	

A. BLONDIN, Secretary.

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(By order) J. P. KNIGHT, General Manager.

THE LATE COLONEL WALLER, V.C.

A distinguished officer, who won the Victoria Cross by his conspicuous gallantry at the capture of the fortress of Gwalior in June, 1858, died on the 29th ult., at his residence in Bath, Colonel William F. F. Waller, late of the 25th Bombay Native Infantry, and of the Bombay Staff Corps, saw much active service in India, being present at the siege and storming of Chandaree and Jhansi, at the battle of the Betwa, and at the capture of Calpee. At Gwalior, he and Lieutenant Rose, who was killed in this action, with a mere handful of men attacked the fortress, climbing upon the roof of the house, shooting the enemy's gunners, and carried all before them. He was then a very young officer, having entered the service only the year before; and his death has occurred in the forty-fifth year of his age.

The Portrait is from a photograph by Mr. C. Hawkins, Bath.

THE LATE SURGEON C. P. TURNER

Mr. Charles Palmerston Turner, Surgeon to the 19th Hussars, died of dysentery at Korti on the 6th inst., to the regret of all in camp who knew him. He was thirty-four years of age, and had seen service in India; in the Jowaki expedition of 1877 and 1878; in the Afghan War, with the Peshawur Field Force, at the capture of Ali Musjid, when he was mentioned in despatches, and obtained the medal with clasps; in Egypt, at the battle of Tel-el-Kebir; and in the Souakim expedition of last year, at the battle of El Teb, where he was slightly wounded, and at the battle of March 14 at Tamasi. He was a favourite with all ranks, and a skilful surgeon.

The Portrait is from a photograph by P. Sebah, Cairo.

THE LATE MR. CAMPBELL, OF ISLAY.

As one of the fine old race of Highland lairds, and a gentleman of considerable scientific and literary accomplishments, Mr. John Campbell, of Islay, who died at Cannes on the 17th ult., merits some public notice. He was sixty-three years of age. He was son of Mr. Walter F. Campbell, of Islay, M.P. for Argyllshire; his mother was Lady Eleanor Charteris, daughter of the seventh Earl of Wemyss. The island estate of Islay had been sold by his father, and the family resided in France till 1855, when, on the father's death, they removed to London. Mr. John Campbell was called to the Bar, but never practised; he was private secretary to the Duke of Argyll, his cousin and intimate friend, when his Grace was Lord Privy Seal in 1853; and he was afterwards Secretary to the Board of Health, to the Mines' Commissioners, and to the Lighthouse Commissioners; from 1874 to 1880 he was a Groom-in-Waiting of the Queen's Household. He travelled extensively, was a Fellow of the Geological Society, studied optics and astronomy, invented the heliometer in use at Greenwich Observatory, and contributed to the meteorological apparatus at the observatory on Ben Nevis. He bestowed much attention on the improvement of the condition of the peasantry in his native country, who were greatly attached to him. He was familiar with the Gaelic language, and his book, "Popular Tales of the West Highlands," is a work of much interest. In private life, and in general society, Mr. Campbell of Islay was highly esteemed.

The Portrait is from a photograph by Maull and Fox, of Piccadilly.

NEW BUILDINGS OF THE "DAILY NEWS."

Our Illustration shows these buildings, which are practically in two blocks, having a frontage to Bouverie-street of 85 ft., and five storeys in height, including the basement and a storey in the roof. The buildings are constructed throughout of red brick with red Mansfield-stone dressings. The architectural style is broad in treatment, with large lighting power. The front building is occupied on the ground floor by the publishing and general offices, the first floor by the management and editorial department, and the upper floors by the printing and other offices. The rear building is wholly occupied by the printing offices, paper stores, machine-room, stereotyping department, and engine-rooms. The sanitary arrangements, the ventilation, and the fire-proof division of the premises, have been carefully studied. One feature in the execution of the work has been that the printing of the paper has not been intermitted for one day during the reconstruction of the building, while the new buildings have been erected over the printing-machines. The buildings have been constructed from designs prepared by Mr. Thomas Chatfeild Clarke, F.R.I.B.A., and under his superintendence; the works were carried out by Messrs. Brown, Son, and Blomfield, in a very short space of time. The ornamental carving, which presents heads of Milton, Johnson and Goldsmith, Dickens, Forster, and Douglas Jerrold, was executed by Mr. Anstey; and the ironwork was supplied by Messrs. H. Young and Co.

A shilling pamphlet which is published by Messrs. W. Blackwood and Sons, entitled "Khartoum as I Saw It," by Colonel J. A. Grant, C.B., F.R.S., gives the most vivid and animated description of that city and its inhabitants, as they were at the time of the author's visit, in April, 1863. Colonel Grant, the companion of Captain Speke in the memorable exploring journey from the East Coast of Africa to Lake Victoria Nyanza and down the White Nile, reached Khartoum on March 29 of that year, and stayed there till April 16; his notes of the subsequent Nile voyage to Berber, with his valuable observations along the river-banks, from Khartoum to Abou Ahmed, were recently quoted in this Journal; and we were indebted to him for several useful Sketches, engraved by us a few weeks ago. He furnished last year to the proceedings of the Royal Geographical Society a further account of the route march, with camels, from Berber to Korosko, to which we may probably have future occasion to refer. The portion of his journal now published, relating his sojourn in the city of Khartoum, has a particular interest at this moment, and presents a lively and entertaining picture of the strangely mixed social condition of the Egyptian and European colony, long before an insurrection in the Soudan was apprehended, as well as the more permanent aspects of the locality, to which public attention has of late been so painfully directed. This publication is adorned with eight or nine Engravings, from Colonel Grant's own Sketches and from photographs supplied by the London Stereoscopic Company, which have appeared in our pages, representing the town from different points of view, looking up the Blue Nile, and looking down the Blue Nile, the Palace or Government House, the Fort and Barracks, the site of Omdurman, at the junction of the Blue with the White Nile, two miles below the city, the head of the Sixth Cataract, with Mount Rooeeyan, about sixty miles from Khartoum, and the Fort of Abou Hamed (or Ahmed), all which may be in the recollection of our readers. The author tells us much, in the way of incidental anecdotes, concerning the habits and manners of various classes and races of people forming a very heterogeneous collection of mankind, civilised, semi-civilised, and barbarous, in that singular place; and there is amusement, not less than real information, to be got by perusing his brief personal narrative of a visit to Khartoum.

MUSIC.

SAVOY THEATRE.

For some years past a notable event of the London season has been the production of a new work in which the literary skill and refined humour of Mr. W. S. Gilbert, and the musical genius of Sir Arthur Sullivan have been associated with such happy results as have scarcely ever before been realised except by the co-operation of Scribe and Auber. It was first in "Box and Cox" and "The Contrabandista" and "Trial by Jury" that Sir Arthur (then Mr.) Sullivan indicated the possession of a vein of musical humour, piquant yet always artistic, which was much further developed in the pieces in which he and Mr. Gilbert subsequently co-operated—"The Sorcerer," "H.M.S. Pinafore," "The Pirates of Penzance," "Patience," "Iolanthe," and "Princess Ida." These later works, with the exception of the two last, were brought out at the Opéra Comique Theatre, in the Strand, under the able management of Mr. D'Oyly Carte.

Another success has now been added to those previously gained by the production, last Saturday evening, of a new result of the combined work of Mr. Gilbert and Sir A. Sullivan. This novelty is described as a "Japanese Opera," the title being "The Mikado; or, The Town of Titipu." The opera consists of two acts, in the first of which we find Nanki-Poo, the son of the Mikado, disguised as a wandering minstrel, a fugitive from the Court in order to avoid a compulsory marriage with the elderly Katisha. Ko-Ko, Lord High Executioner, has three wards, sisters, Yum-Yum, Pitti-Sing, and Peep-Bo, the first of whom is betrothed to him, but is in love with and beloved by Nanki-Poo, whose disregard of the Royal mandate has incurred the liability to death punishment, a month's interval being allowed. He persuades Ko-Ko to permit his marriage with Yum-Yum, who, when a widow, can become the wife of Ko-Ko. A difficulty arises when it is considered that the widow of a man who is executed is condemned to be buried alive. It is therefore arranged that a false certificate of the execution shall be presented to the Mikado, the two young lovers making their escape, which is intercepted by the arrival of the enamoured and furious Katisha. She is, however, soothed by the address of Ko-Ko, whom she accepts as her husband; the Mikado relents, and is appeased by discovering that his son still lives and is restored to him; and everything turns out pleasantly. This is but a slight outline of incidents that are made the medium of much genuine fun. The grotesqueness of Ko-Ko—who has been a "cheap tailor," who confesses to having been "taken from the county jail by a set of curious chances"—and the senility of the Mikado, with his eternal simper and rolling gait, are admirably realised, respectively, by Mr. G. Grossmith and Mr. R. Temple; their dialogue and songs being replete with humour. The inflated arrogance of Pooh-Bah, the monopolist of all the principal State dignities, is another, but less pronounced comic feature, this character having been also excellently filled by Mr. Rutland Barrington. Miss Leonora Braham was an attractive representative of Yum-Yum; Miss Jessie Bond, as Pitti-Sing, gave a charming realisation of the fascinating little coquette, sometimes demure, at others brimming over with vivaciousness; and Miss Sybil Grey was a good representative of the third sister, Peep-Bo. Miss Rosina Brandram was an excellent Katisha, by turns lachrymose and vengeful, without exaggeration. Mr. D. Lely, as Nanki-Poo, was a good sentimental lover, especially in the delivery of his music; and the part of Pish-Tush, one of the nobles of the Court, was well filled by Mr. F. Bovill. The costumes, scenery, and stage groupings (from native drawings) are in the highest degree beautiful and effective.

Sir Arthur Sullivan's music is—as might be expected from previous instances—bright and artistic throughout. The sentimental portions are replete with charming melody, and those with a comic purpose are piquant and brilliant while still being refined; his orchestral effects being, as always, full of interesting variety. In the chorus and march of the Mikado's troops the composer has very happily indicated a style of music widely differing from that of modern Europe. Many pieces will doubtless be popular, among them—the graceful chorus of female voices, "Comes a Little Train of Ladies"; the sprightly trio for the sisters, "Three Little Maids"; the beautiful bridal chorus, "Braid the Raven Hair"; the capital quartet, in madrigal style, "Brightly Dawns"; the five-part glee, "See how the Fates"; and Katisha's very expressive song, "Hearts do not break." Other numbers, too, will no doubt be sought for, and the whole work will be in request in drawing-room circles.

The performance on Saturday was in every respect admirable, including the important orchestral and choral details. Sir Arthur Sullivan conducted, and he, Mr. Gilbert, Mr. D'Oyly Carte (the manager), and the principal performers were called before the curtain. There is every prospect of a long run for "The Mikado."

"Irma," a romantic opera in three acts, was produced at St. George's Hall, Langham-place, on Tuesday evening. The English text is supplied by Mr. Sinclair Dunn, the original being by the composer of the music, Herr J. H. Bonawitz, who is a skilful pianist, and has produced many musical works, among them being a grand "Requiem" and a four-act opera entitled "Ostrolenka," which was brought out at St. George's Hall nearly a year ago. The scene of the book of "Irma" is laid in Hungary, the chief incidents being the loves of the heroine, a gipsy maiden, and Arany, a Hungarian hunter, his assassination by the jealous gipsy, Tomba, and the death of Irma and her father, Tisza—a somewhat crude and ultra-melodramatic plot. The music contains some clever and effective writing, both in the vocal and orchestral details; but has no marked individuality of style to give permanent interest to it. The chief merit in its performance on Tuesday was the singing of Madame Rose Hersee, who gave Irma's music with much effect alike in the lighter and the more tragic portions. The other characters were sustained by Mr. T. T. Moss (Tisza), Mr. Sinclair Dunn (Arany), and Mr. W. Fletcher (Tomba). There was a well-selected orchestra, and a small but efficient chorus. The composer conducted.

The second concert of the new season of the Philharmonic Society brought forward the overture which gained the prize of twenty guineas offered by the society. Eighty-eight works were sent in, and success fell to Mr. Gustav Ernest, who conducted the performance of his "Dramatic Overture" at last week's concert. The work answers well to its title, containing as it does some strong and effective climaxes and some good contrasts, both in style and orchestral variety. It was admirably played, as were the other pieces of the programme in which the band was concerned. Mr. Oscar Beringer, in Schumann's concerto in A minor, proved himself a pianist of the first order. In executive skill and artistic style it was an excellent performance. Madame Minnie Hauk sang with fine dramatic feeling a recitative and cavatina from Gounod's "La Reine de Saba," and a recitative and air from Goetz's "Taming of the Shrew." Sir Arthur Sullivan conducted with the same efficiency as at the previous concert.

Gounod's "Redemption" again drew a vast audience to its repetition last week by the Royal Albert Hall Choral Society, conducted by Mr. Barnby. The choral performance was throughout admirable, and Madame Valleria, Madame Patey, and Mr. Santley gave their solo music with the same excellence as in former instances; Mr. Lloyd having been replaced, in consequence of his illness, by Mr. Piercy, who acquitted himself well under the circumstances. In important passages for one of the narrators Mr. W. Mills gave fresh proof of progress. Miss B. Moore was the remaining solo vocalist.

The Guildhall School of Music gave a concert at the Mansion House on Saturday afternoon, under the direction of the Principal, Mr. Weist Hill. The performances of the students, vocal and instrumental, gave fresh evidence of the progress made by the course of instruction pursued at the institution, which now numbers about 2400 pupils.

Madame Viard-Louis' fifth and last Beethoven recital of the series took place at Prince's Hall this week.

Herr E. Mahr—a skilful violinist—gave a recital at Steinway Hall on Monday afternoon.

A special performance of Mr. Mackenzie's successful oratorio, "The Rose of Sharon," was announced for yesterday (Friday) evening, at St. James's Hall, Madame Albani taking the soprano part, the other principal vocalists being Madame Patey, Mr. E. Lloyd, and Mr. Santley. The composer came from Italy to conduct the oratorio.

An important celebration of the bicentenary of Bach's birth will be given at the Royal Albert Hall this (Saturday) afternoon by the Bach Choir, associated with Mr. Henry Leslie's Choir. The great Mass in B minor (Die Höhe Messe) will be performed, conducted by Mr. Otto Goldschmidt, director of the Bach Choir.

The London Musical Society announce an entertainment for Wednesday evening next at St. James's Hall, the soloists being Miss Carlotta Elliot, Miss Alice Fripp, Miss Lena Little, Herr Von Zur-Mühlen, and Mr. Herbert Thorndike; and Mr. Barnby conducting.

German opera may possibly again have a hearing in London this summer, it being proposed to give six performances (in one week) of Wagner's "Tristan und Isolde," should a sufficient number of guarantors be found to form a fund to cover the risk of loss. The scheme is being promoted by Herr Hermann Franke, who was concerned in the management of the German opera performances at Drury-Lane Theatre in 1882. Should the project now referred to prove successful, it is in contemplation to give one of Wagner's operas in the same way every year.

Metzler's "Organo-Pianos" include the application of a very ingenious novelty, the invention of an Italian, the patent of which has been secured by the eminent firm above named. The action of a pedal sets in very rapid motion a set of very small hammers (placed behind the regular pianoforte-hammers), the incessant gentle action of which against the strings (so long as the pedal is used) causes a sustained sound resembling that of a sweet-toned wind-instrument. This may be used either independently of, or in conjunction with the pianoforte, and each hand may be used for either effect alone, thus allowing a sustained harmonic accompaniment with one hand in contrast to brilliant passages with the other. It is stated that the new invention can be applied to pianofortes of any kind.

Messrs. Marcus Ward and Co., of Oriel House, Farringdon-street, publish a charming variety of Easter cards.

The annual display of the German Gymnastic Society was held in the Gymnasium, Pancras-road, on Thursday.

We learn from Calcutta that the Legislative Council has adjourned *sine die*. Before the adjournment, the Viceroy emphatically denied that the Bengal Tenancy Bill had been hurried through with indecent haste or forced through by the dead weight of the official majority.

An influential deputation from the Sunday Society waited last Tuesday on the trustees of the National Gallery, and urged that that institution should be opened during certain hours on Sundays. It was stated that a majority of the trustees favour such a course, but that the decision rests with Parliament.

In London last week 2737 births and 1678 deaths were registered. Allowing for increase of population, the births were 173, and the deaths 154, below the average numbers in the corresponding weeks of the last ten years. The deaths included 22 from smallpox, 51 from measles, 7 from scarlet fever, 8 from diphtheria, 49 from whooping cough, and 14 from dysentery.

Fossil Botany formed the subject of a paper read by Mr. W. P. James on Monday evening at a meeting of the Victoria Institute. The paper was a careful resumé of the results of modern research, and contained a summary of the number of fossil plants discovered which had their counterparts in the botany of the present day, and remarked on the great absence of forms between any two species. Communications were read from Sir. R. Owen and Professor Hicks, F.R.S., congratulating the author on the value of his paper; and Professor Carruthers, F.R.S., Mr. S. R. Pattison, F.G.S., Dr. Walker, F.L.S., and others took part in the discussion.

A large gathering of the members of the Playgoers' Club, together with numerous invited guests, assembled last Tuesday at the club-rooms in Newman-street, Oxford-street, to hear a paper read by Mr. Clement Scott on the subject of "The Stage and the Age." Additional interest was imparted to the occasion by the circumstance that this was the anniversary night of the founding of this now flourishing society. Mr. Scott's lecture reviewed the history of our stage and dramatic literature since the commencement of the dramatic revival about twenty years since, and embraced an energetic protest against the apathy and cynical contempt of the frequenters of the stalls, whom the lecturer charged with being chiefly responsible for "that deadly curse which is the poison of all art—irreverence." It concluded with an earnest plea for the modern poetical drama, in the course of which the lecturer recited passages of verse from plays of Lord Tennyson, Mr. Wills, Mr. W. S. Gilbert, and the late Lord Lytton. The lecturer received a cordial welcome.

On Tuesday evening (St. Patrick's Day) Earl Cowper presided at the 102nd anniversary festival of the Benevolent Society of St. Patrick, and expressed his hope and belief that the visit of the Prince and Princess of Wales to Ireland would be a success in every way. Contributions amounting to £746 were announced, including the annual subscription of 100 guineas from her Majesty.—Mr. Parnell, M.P., presided in Westminster Townhall, at a Patrick's Day dinner, and in proposing "Ireland as a Nation" criticised severely the constitution of Irish Boards, and spoke with confidence as to the near success of the cause of Home Rule.—The usual St. Patrick's Ball was given at Dublin Castle by the Lord Lieutenant and Countess Spencer. There was a large attendance. A Nationalist ball was held in the Rotundo; the Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress were present. There was also a National concert in the Antient Concert-Rooms.—The St. Patrick's Day celebrations in Ireland passed off without much disturbance, except at Portadown, where there was a collision between Protestants and Roman Catholics.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

There is probably no more difficult property in London to manage than the Empire Theatre. It is a beautiful building; one of the few theatres that is a distinct credit to a wealthy metropolis. Grand enough for a national opera-house, perfect for sound and spectacle, the kind of place that is envied by Art on the one side and by 'Arry on the other. Shall it be given over to music or the music-hall? That is the question. And it is a question not yet decided. Artistic society and vulgar smokers are at loggerheads on that point. The new entertainment exhibits the natural vacillation of the managerial mind. For "The Lady of the Locket" is not quite good enough for the cultured, and not quite bad enough for the mere lounger. As a spectacle, nothing more beautiful of its kind can be seen in London. The scenes are splendid; the Venetian pictures are as good as anything that has been presented at the much-vaunted Eden Theatre in Paris. The dresses might, *pace* Lewis Wingfield and the archæological Mr. Godwin, be the envy of Henry Irving and Wilson Barrett. But still the question remains, does the public want more of the voice and melody of Florence St. John or less of the active interference of J. L. Shine? Does it require less poetry and passion or more political jokes? Does it demand more wisdom from the Doge and the Council of Ten or fewer nightcaps and bedgowns? Mr. W. S. Gilbert has much to answer for. Solemn personages can never now be introduced on the stage without risk. The Doge, however gloriously attired, suggests a breakdown, and the Venetian council, however grim in physiognomy, calls for a cancan. The Gilbertian philosophy suggests ridicule of the most serious subjects. He has chaffed the soldiers, the police, the æsthetes, the judges, and—*odi profanum vulgus*—the House of Lords! The other day the representation of a Spanish play was spoiled by the introduction of a sententious judge. If Mr. Gilbert had never written the "Trial by Jury," the judge would not have been asked by the wags in the stalls to sing a patter song and to expound the Spanish legitimacy laws in jokes and jingle. The dramatic times are sadly out of joint when the vacant-faced young gentlemen in the Gaiety stalls arouse themselves from their lethargy to yell out "What cheer, 'Ilia," at the instigation of Miss Nelly Farren. No one appears to know what the "Lady of the Locket" will do. They all seem to agree that the book, by Mr. Hamilton, is as cleverly ponderous as such productions generally are; that the music, by Mr. Fullerton, is full of gentle recollections, with one or two charming and original numbers; that the singing and manner of Miss St. John are as charming as ever; and that a "young Santley" has been found in Mr. Haydn Coffin, who brings his funereal name to bear upon light comic opera. If ever a man deserved to change his name Mr. Coffin certainly did, for it as much allied to bronchitis as to burials. However, this handsome young actor has a career before him. He acts as well as he sings, which is a great recommendation. His "brindisi" in the second act was as well acted as it was sung; and if in the distant future we are to have a Ronconi as well as a Santley, all will be well.

"Mazeppa," as written by Mr. Frank Burnand and as acted at the Gaiety, is pronounced by the patrons of that characteristic place of entertainment as "awfully jolly, old chap." The young club men and the correctly dressed will crawl back to the Gaiety. For have they not in Mazeppa their inimitable Nelly Farren, who, without flattery, sings, dances, and acts better now than she did fifteen or sixteen years ago? Have they not their favourite droll Mr. Edward Terry, attired in fantastic clothes and singing wonderful songs? Is not their favourite Mr. Royce still on the scene? And, though unhappily they have lost those graceful actresses Miss Kate Vaughan and Miss Gilchrist, they have still a charming representative of the pretty side of burlesque in Miss Phyllis Broughton, and a clever little comedian in Miss Clara Jecks. But best of all—better, it would appear, than the melodies and songs and concerted music of Herr Meyer Lutz—has not Miss Bessie Bellwood condescended to "give permission" to the aristocratic Gaiety to sing her democratic ditty, "What cheer, 'Ilia"? This is indeed an honour. Whitechapel and Whitehall join hands over "What cheer, 'Ria." The Strand and Shadwell are in unity over this seductive screech. It was a great song at the music-halls. Miss Bessie Bellwood, the creatress of this intoxicating tune, dressed the famous 'Ria in character. She was a "down cast" maiden flashily attired, such as may be seen occupying a seat in a tax-cart on Sunday destined for Epping. The object of the song was that delight of the lower orders—noise. The more the "profanum vulgus" screams the merrier they become. The Gaiety takes the word from Miss Farren, and such a din is heard as never before echoed within the walls of this solemn place of mirth. Who shall foretell the future of "What cheer, 'Ria?" It has advanced to the halls of the "sacred lamp," and we may yet find it introduced into a "singing quadrille" at aristocratic balls in the season. A maddened room of dancers winding up the evening with a shout of "What cheer, 'Ria," would be eminently characteristic of the age in which we live.

Whatever may be thought of the merit or demerit of the Spanish play, "The Passion Flower," produced the other morning at the Olympic, there can be little question of the excellence of the acting of Miss Fanny Brough, who shows extraordinary power in pathetic situations, and should be encouraged to play bolder and more prominent characters than she has hitherto attempted. The daughter of Robert Brough has talent of no ordinary kind, and her success is very welcome when actresses of the first class are somewhat scarce. Mr. J. G. Grahame also played excellently, with fire, animation, and capital expression, in a bold, heroic character of a romantic pattern; and the performance all round was extremely creditable. C. S.

The emigration statistics of Ireland for 1884 show that the emigrants who left Irish ports last year were 76,043, a decrease of 32,873, as compared with 1883—the number of males being 38,177, and of females 37,866.

By forty-one votes to seventeen the Dublin Town Council resolved on Monday not to take any official part in the reception of the Prince and Princess of Wales, while expressing the desire that no discourtesy should be offered to the Royal visitors.—Whilst the Corporation was discussing the subject, the Citizens' Reception Committee was engaged at the Chamber of Commerce in making further preparations for the reception of the Royal visitors.

A very complete and useful "Special Map, to Elucidate the Russo-Afghan Boundary Question," is published by Messrs. W. and A. K. Johnston. It shows, in minute detail, the whole of Afghanistan, with the adjacent parts of Turkestan, Persian Khorassan, Cashmere, the Punjaub, Scinde, and Beloochistan, differently coloured. Two smaller maps appear on the sheet; one indicating the successive conquests of the Russian Empire in Asia at five historical periods, and the other showing the British dominions all over the globe, with the distances from England. Messrs. W. and A. K. Johnston have also published similar shilling maps of the Soudan and of South Africa, specially designed to illustrate the political and military affairs of the present day.

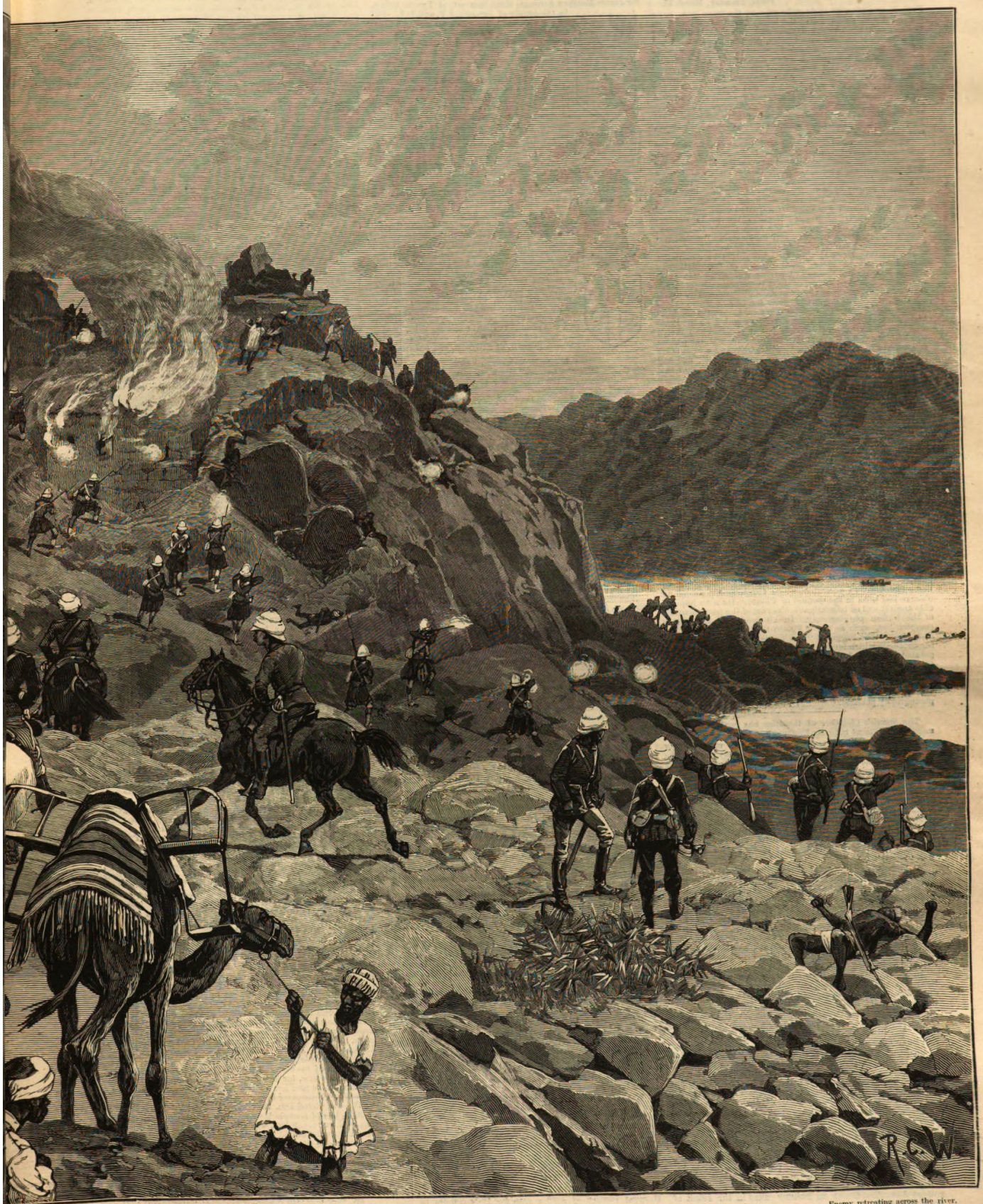


38th (South Staffordshire) Regiment on rock to the left; Lieut.-Colonel Eyre killed.
42nd (Black Watch) Royal Highlanders below, in front; Lieut.-Colonel Coveny killed.

+ Spot where General Ba

THE WAR IN THE SOUDAN.—THE BATTLE OF KERBEKA

FROM A SKETCH BY LIEUTENANT BEVERLEY W.



Enemy retreating across the river.

ed.

B. 10: GENERAL EARLE'S TROOPS ATTACKING THE ENEMY.

ER, 1ST BATTALION SOUTH STAFFORDSHIRE REGIMENT.

PARISIAN SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

(From our own Correspondent.)

Paris, Tuesday, March 17.

Paris is assuming its springtide aspect; the trees seem to be sprinkled with green dust; the loungers are beginning to sit in the sun in the Champs Elysées and along the boulevards; the streets are radiant with flowers, piled up in perfumed and brilliant masses on innumerable hand-carts, and offering themselves in dainty bouquets on every door-step. The Parisians of the decadence adore flowers, and March is the great month when rich and poor alike celebrate the floral festival. And so, thanks to flowers, to the rejoicings and masquerades of the Mi-Carême, and above all to the sunny weather, the Parisians during the past week have seemed particularly gay and happy, and the innocent observer would never have suspected that France is passing through a series of crises, commercial, social, and political.

One has to go to the Chamber of Deputies or to read the party newspapers in order to realise this fact. The deputies are meditating a renewed conflict with the Senate on the Budget question, and continuing, in the matter of foreign cattle, the battle of Free Trade versus Protection which has just been fought once in the matter of cereals. Protection gained a first victory yesterday, when, by 273 votes to 216, a tax of 25f. a head was voted on imported oxen. The social crisis forces itself upon our attention, thanks to the recurrence of the anniversary of the Commune. To-morrow, March 18, ten grand banquets and innumerable "commemorative punches" will be held in the eighty districts of Paris. "The revolutionaries of the two hemispheres" are earnestly invited to attend these meetings, where "revolutionary orators" of various shades and parties will speak "in celebration of the most glorious date of the nineteenth century." So say the posters which cover the walls of Paris, and on which the survivors of the Commune boldly inscribe their names and addresses, and glory in their political past. The Anarchists had talked of organising a grand public meeting on the Place de l'Hôtel de Ville, on March 20; but it is not likely that it will take place, for the Government has promised the pardon of Louise Michel, Kropotkine, Gautier, Crié, and a score other political prisoners belonging to the Anarchist party; and any disturbance would naturally prevent the realisation of this official promise.

The Ballerich affair has been occupying the attention of the lovers of the sensationalism of the criminal courts. Gamahut, the leader of the band of precocious scoundrels who murdered Madame Ballerich, has been condemned to death, and his accomplices to long terms of imprisonment. M. Charles Ballerich, who was tried for an armed invasion into the offices of the *Cri du Peuple* newspaper, has been acquitted. Public opinion has declared itself very strongly in favour of M. Ballerich, who so violently took justice into his own hands, and his law expenses have been paid by a public subscription which was covered in a few days.

Two more picture exhibitions have been opened this week: one of the works of Bastien Lepage, and the other "Blanc et Noir," a new society founded on the model of the English Black and White Exhibition. In the new annexe of the Ecole des Beaux-Arts, on the Quai Malaquais, is exhibited nearly the complete life-work of the young master who died three months ago in the prime of life. Bastien Lepage is the most uncompromising and thorough of the painters of the modern French naturalist school, and by a large section of the young students of the day he is accepted as the impeccable master. The exhibition of his collected works shows him to best advantage as a portraitist whom temperament caused to observe and work in the manner of Clouet. He is an implacable analyst and an indefatigable observer of the particularities of the human physiognomy. In his landscapes and figure compositions, such as the "Potato Gatherers," the "Père Jacques," "The Beggar," "Les Foins," he applies to nature the processes which served him in his portraits, and he has painted portraits of trees and even of blades of grass. Here we see the weakness of the "naturalist" theory of painting: carried out logically, it annihilates the personality of the artist. The ideal "naturalist" painter would be one who had attained the exactitude of photography in colours, supposing such photography possible. T. C.

The Spanish Chamber of Deputies has ratified the Commercial Agreement between England and Spain.

King Humbert's forty-first birthday was appropriately commemorated last Saturday by his Majesty laying the foundation-stone of a monument to Count Cavour decreed by the Roman Municipality.

In the German Parliament last Saturday, Prince Bismarck cited Mr. Gladstone's recent speech, and declared that the difference with this country was completely settled.—On Monday the German Reichstag voted subsidies for steam-ship lines to run to Australia, Eastern Asia, and Alexandria.—Professor Frerichs, the eminent German physician, died at Berlin last Saturday morning.—The German possessions on the north coast of New Guinea are to be known as Kaiser Wilhelm's Land.

A Hungarian Industrial Exhibition will be opened in Pesth on May 2, and the site chosen for it is the Stadtwald.

The Miramar, with the Crown Prince and Princess of Austria, arrived at the Piræus on Sunday morning. The King and Queen, the Grand Duke Paul, and Prince Constantine went to the Piræus to receive them. A royal salute was fired on their arrival at the railway station in Athens. The entire route to the Palace was decorated with flags, and there was a large crowd in the streets. There was an official dinner at the Palace on Monday evening. The Crown Prince and Princess left Athens on Tuesday evening for Corfu.

In the Danish Folkething on Tuesday an address to the King was read by the Speaker, calling upon his Majesty to dismiss the present Ministry and choose a new one possessing the confidence of the House.

The returns of the Census taken in 1882 give the population of Russia in Europe as numbering 77,879,521, making, with that of the Grand Duchy of Finland and other parts of the Empire, a total of over 102,000,000 souls.

Sir Charles Warren is acting with great energy in Stellaland. He has arrested Van Niekerk, who calls himself "Administrator," and two confederates, on a charge of complicity in the murder of Mr. Honey. Sir Charles Warren has caused the body of Mr. Bethell to be exhumed at Rooi Grand, and there re-interred with full military honours.

According to a telegram from Melbourne, great attention is being bestowed in Victoria to the question of the colonial defences. Sir William Des Vœux, Governor of the Fiji Islands and Assistant High Commissioner for the Western Pacific, sailed for England on the 12th inst. with his family.—An extraordinary Session of Parliament was opened at Sydney on Tuesday last for the discussion of the action of the Government in dispatching the New South Wales contingent to Soukim.—The cricket-match at Sydney between Shaw's team and an Australian Eleven on Tuesday ended in the defeat of the Englishmen.

OBITUARY.

SIR J. M. STRONGE, BART.

Sir James Matthew Stronge, third Baronet, of Tynan Abbey, in the county of Armagh, J.P. and D.L., died on the 11th inst. He was born Nov. 25, 1811, the eldest son of Sir James Matthew Stronge, second Baronet, by Isabella, his wife, daughter of Mr. Nicholson Calvert, of Hunsdon House, M.P. for Herts, and succeeded his father Dec. 2, 1864. He was formerly in the 5th Dragoon Guards, and, at the time of his death, Hon. Colonel 4th Battalion Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers. In 1844, he served as High Sheriff for the county of Armagh, and in the following year for the county of Tyrone. From 1864 to 1874, he sat as Conservative M.P. for the county of Armagh. He married, June 17, 1836, Selina Elizabeth, eldest daughter of Mr. Andrew Nugent, of Portaferry, and niece of the third Viscount de Vesci; but, not having had issue, his successor is his next brother, now Sir John Calvert Stronge, fourth Baronet, born Feb. 21, 1813, who married, in 1848, Lady Margaret Caulfeild, sister of the present Earl of Charlemont, K.P., and has two sons and three daughters.



SIR J. G. AYLMER, BART.

Sir Justin Gerald Aylmer, eleventh Baronet, of Donadea Castle, in the county of Kildare, died on the the 15th inst., having been thrown from a bicycle at Cambridge on the previous Thursday. He was only in his twenty-second year, and had inherited the title less than two years ago. He was only son of Sir Gerald George Aylmer, tenth Baronet, by Alice Hester Caroline, his wife, daughter of Mr. Conway R. Dobbs, of Castle Dobbs, in the county of Antrim. He has died unmarried, and is succeeded by his grand-uncle, now Sir Arthur Percy Aylmer, twelfth Baronet, J.P., M.A., who married, 1833, Martha, daughter of Mr. Richard Regnell, of Killynon, and has issue.



SIR C. M. LAMPSON, BART.

Sir Curtis Miranda Lampson, Bart., of Rowfant, Sussex, died on the 12th inst., at 80, Eaton-square. He was born at Vermont, United States of America, Sept. 21, 1806, the youngest son of Mr. William Lampson, and in 1848 became a naturalised British subject. He was largely connected with commercial pursuits, as senior partner in the firm of Lampson and Co., of Queen-street. As a director of the Atlantic Telegraph Company, he displayed the greatest energy and perseverance in the great work of laying the Atlantic cable; and on its successful achievement, in 1866, Mr. Lampson was appropriately created a Baronet. Sir Curtis was a Deputy Governor of the Hudson's Bay Company, and one of the trustees of the Peabody Fund. He married, Nov. 30, 1827, Jane Walter, daughter of Mr. Gibbs Sibley, of Sutton, Massachusetts, and leaves issue. His eldest son, now Sir George Curtis Lampson, second Baronet, was born June 12, 1833.



We have also to record the deaths of—

Mr. Archibald Butter, of Faskally, Perthshire, J.P. and D.L., on the 6th inst., in his eightieth year.

The Rev. James White, Rector of Stoley, Norfolk, on the 9th inst., in his ninety-seventh year.

Mr. Joseph J. Jenkins, Member of the Royal Society of Painters in Water Colours, and for ten years its secretary, on the 9th inst., aged seventy-four.

Major-General Edmond William Sargent, late 18th Royal Irish Regiment, on the 8th inst. He was distinguished in the Chinese war and in the campaign in Burmah, 1852-3.

Isabella, Lady MacNeill, widow of Sir John MacNeill, LL.D., F.R.S., on the 7th inst., at Orkney House, Cromwell-road, aged eighty-five.

Mr. Charles Copland, the principal founder, and for forty-nine years managing director, of the Royal Bank of Ireland, on the 7th inst., in his eighty-seventh year.

Mr. Jonathan Peel, of Accrington House, Lancashire, and Knowlmere Manor, Yorkshire, barrister-at-law, J.P., eldest son of Mr. Robert Peel, of Accrington, who was nephew of the first Sir R. Peel, on the 6th inst., in his seventy-ninth year.

Major-General Goodson Adye, late Madras Staff Corps, of Saddlewood, near Leamington, on the 2nd inst., at St. Leonards-on-Sea. He entered the Indian Army in 1844, and attained the rank of Major-General in 1878.

The Hon. Mrs. Le Poer Trench (Margaret), widow of Admiral the Hon. William Le Poer Trench, and previously of the Hon. Arthur Handcock, and daughter of Mr. Dawson Downing, of Rosegift, county Londonderry, on the 4th inst.

The Hon. Mrs. Charles Napier (Arabella Jane), widow of Major the Hon. Charles Napier, of Woodlands, Taunton, and only daughter of the late Colonel Gatacre, of Gatacre, Shropshire, on the 6th inst.

Rev. Robert Halley, M.A., formerly Professor of General Literature, Mathematics, and Logic at Lancashire College, subsequently Principal of the Doveton Institution and Protestant College, Madras, and finally Principal of Tettenhall Independent College, Wolverhampton.

The Right Rev. Dr. Richard Placid Burchell, who was the only mitred Abbot of the Benedictine Order in England, and was appointed by the late Pope Pius IX. Abbot of Westminster, on the 14th inst., at St. Mary's Priory, Wootton, in the seventy-fifth year of his age.

Lady Rose Lovell, suddenly, at Hinchelsea, New Forest, on the 12th inst. She was the second daughter of Henry, seventh Duke of Beaufort, by his second wife; was born in February, 1829; and married, Oct. 4, 1846, Captain Francis Frederick Lovell.

Lieutenant-General Bartholomew O'Brien, C.B., on the 8th inst., at his residence in Chiswick. He was born in 1818, and entered the Army in 1836. He saw much service; had medal, with three clasps; the Medjidieh and Turkish medal, for the Crimea; medal for the Indian Mutiny campaign, and medal for New Zealand.

The Hon. Charles Lennox Butler, of Belgrave-square, London, J.P. and D.L. for Middlesex and Warwickshire, High Sheriff of the latter county in 1862, and formerly Major Westminster Militia, at Cannes, on the 5th inst., in his seventy-second year. He was sixth son of James, Lord Dunboyne, and was twice married—first, to Eliza, only child of Mr. Thomas Lindsey Holland; and secondly, to Constance Isabel, daughter of Admiral Walcot, M.P.

The Lords of the Admiralty have awarded a Greenwich Hospital Pension of £150 a year for Flag Officers to Vice-Admiral William C. F. Wilson, C.B.

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated April 22, 1884) of Mr. Thomas Dyer Edwardes, late of No. 5, Hyde Park-gate, Kensington, who died on Jan. 5 last, was proved on the 26th ult. by Barclay Fielder Watson, John Ellman Brown, and William Noel Tonkins, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £214,000. The testator bequeaths £20,000 New Three per Cents, upon trust, for each of his daughters—Mrs. Mary Dyer Ledgard, Mrs. Elizabeth Sarah Reeves, and Mrs. Sophia Anne Reeves; £60,000 Consols, upon trust, for his son, Thomas Dyer Edwardes, for life, and then for his said three daughters; £1000 each to his nephews, William Edwards Sharp and the Rev. Alfred John Begbie, and his executor Mr. Brown; £500 to his executor Mr. Tonkins; £150 to his executor Mr. Watson; and he states he does not number his will with legacies to charitable institutions, as he has always given them a percentage of his income in his lifetime. The residue of his property he leaves to his said son.

The will (dated Dec. 12, 1877), with four codicils (dated Dec. 28, 1881; April 26, 1882; and Sept. 15 and Dec. 29, 1884), of Mr. Alfred Tylor, late of No. 42, Newgate-street, engineer and brass founder, and of Shepley House, Carshalton, who died on Dec. 31 last, was proved on the 3rd inst. by Mrs. Isabella Tylor, the widow, Mrs. Juliet Mary Morse, the daughter, and William Leatham Bright, the son-in-law, three of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £137,000. The testator gives his freehold house at Mayfield, Sussex, certain furniture and effects, £8000, and an annuity of £2500 to his wife; and his farm, Upper Cowden, Mayfield, Sussex, he settles upon his daughter, Juliet Mary. He bequeaths 1 per cent of his personal estate, after payment of his debts, and also 1 per cent of his freehold property, when sold, to the London School Board, to be invested, and the rent and interest applied yearly to the foundation and support of one or of a number of scholarships for boys and girls for three years, from the ages of thirteen to sixteen, to be chosen, in preference, out of the Board School in Harp-alley or Fetter-lane, of which he had been secretary for twenty years, at the discretion of the School Board; and in case of difficulty in finding proper scholars in these schools, then out of some other Board School. The scholarships are to be held by boys attending the City of London or University College Schools, or University College, of which he was a governor, or any other schools for boys of a similar high class, or any schools for the higher education of girls that the School Board may select. A similar 1 per cent upon his personal and freehold property is left to the School Board for Carshalton to be applied in the purchase of a field or fields for a recreation or cricket ground as near to the village as possible, and in the formation of a fund to provide a caretaker, for the use of the youth of Carshalton. He also bequeaths £100 each to the Invalid Home, Stamford-hill; the North-Eastern Hospital for Children; the Friends' Meeting, Bishopsgate; the Friends' Meeting, Stoke Newington; and the Friends' Meeting, Croydon; and some other legacies. As to the residue of his real and personal estate, he leaves one half between his sons, Joseph John Tylor and Alfred Edward Tylor, and the other half between his daughters, Juliet Mary, Alberta Louisa Helen, Isabella McIvor, and Mary Delamere.

The will (dated Oct. 31, 1883), with a codicil (dated Nov. 29 following), of Mr. William Overend, Q.C., late of Lincoln's-inn, and of West Retford House, Retford, Nottinghamshire, who died on Dec. 24 last, was proved at the Nottingham district registry on the 6th ult. by John Edward Barker, the nephew, Charles Stanley, and William Wake, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £87,000. The testator bequeathes his horses, carriages, furniture, pictures, plate, books and effects (excepting a picture specifically bequeathed) to his wife, Mrs. Maria Overend; £100 each to the Sheffield General Infirmary and the Sheffield School of Art; £50 each to the Sheffield Girls' Charity School and the Sheffield Boys' Charity School; annuities of £300 each to his sisters, Mrs. Hannah Barker and Mrs. Elizabeth Lefroy; £1000 each to his nephews, John Overend Rose, Overend George Rose, and Richard Overend Rose; £1000 to his butler, Charles Roberts; £500 to his former clerk, Edward Joseph Watts; and other legacies. As to the remainder of his real and personal estate, he leaves £1000 and one seventh of the residue to, or upon trust for, each of his nephew and nieces, John Edward Barker, Helen Barker, Mina Ruth Gambier, Josephine Mary Caffin, and Janet S. Johnstone; and one seventh of the said residue, upon trust, for each of his nieces, Annie Rose and Elizabeth Frances Rose,

The will (dated Nov. 20, 1877), with a codicil (dated May 21, 1884), of Mrs. Eliza Austin, late of No. 67, Queen's-gardens, Bayswater, who died on Jan. 14 last, was proved on the 27th ult. by the Rev. Charles William Jones and Sir Henry Enfield Roscoe, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £42,000. The testatrix leaves all her property, upon trust, for her daughter and only child, Mrs. Ann Jenkin.

The will (dated April 6, 1882) of Mr. George Trist, of No. 62, Old Broad-street, surveyor and auctioneer, and of Eliot Lodge, Sydenham-hill, who died on Dec. 25 last, at Prestwood, Sussex, was proved on the 5th inst. by Mrs. Ellen Trist, the widow, and John William Trist and George Arthur Trist, the sons, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £29,000. The testator, after making specific bequests of pictures, wines, and books to his wife and four children, bequeaths £200 each to the Sussex County Hospital and the Auctioneers' Benevolent Society; £50 each to the Charlwood Dispensary and the Sydenham Home for Sick Children; the cash at his banker's on his private account, his furniture, plate, effects, consumable stores, horses and carriages to his wife; his freehold house, 62, Old Broad-street, £5000 of the capital in his business, and the share of the profits therein coming to his estate, to his son John William, subject to his paying an annual sum to his wife; the remainder of his business capital to his wife; a farm and lands, upon trust, for each of his daughters, Mrs. Rose Ellen Langdale and Mrs. Katie Lawrance, and also £300 per annum each during the lifetime of his wife; certain railway and Government stocks and the Prestwood estate (excepting some parts, included in the devises, upon trust, for his daughters) to his son George Arthur; and numerous legacies to relatives, legal adviser, partner, clerks, governess, servants, and others. The residue of his real and personal estate is to be held, upon trust, for his wife, for life or widowhood, but one moiety of the income is to be paid her in the event of her marrying again, and subject thereto for his said daughters.

The will (dated Feb. 16, 1884) of General Frederick Brooke Corfield, late of Knowle House, Church-road, Upper Norwood, who died on Sept. 2 last, was proved on the 18th ult. by Mrs. Julia Elizabeth Corfield, the widow, and James Mansell Moullin, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £14,000. The testator, after giving legacies to his nephews, niece, grandnephew, wife's sister, and executor, leaves the residue of his real and personal estate to his wife, absolutely; and he confirms the settlement already made on her.

Mr. Under-Sheriff Crawford has been elected City Solicitor, in succession to the late Sir Thomas J. Nelson.

CITY ECHOES.

Wednesday, March 18.

The outlook improves, though the difficulty in regard to the Russian advance in Afghanistan is not near solved at the time of writing. The Exchanges of Europe, however, regard a settlement as more likely than war; and, consequently, all this week prices have been regaining lost ground. The return movement began on Saturday; but the currents which received direction from the alarm of war are not all arrested, or even checked. Gold has been flowing to London from most quarters, notwithstanding the advance in the rate of the Bank of Germany, and the premium placed on gold in France. It is probable that if this country were engaged in a great war, the return home of British capital would "break" more than one market. The unemployed balance at the Bank of England was, up to the last return, 17¼ millions; and it will go on increasing for two or three weeks yet. This is a good condition to have just now, and it is much to be desired that the present policy should continue until the matter of Afghanistan is permanently arranged. Apart from the general national interest, two classes are entitled to be heard under this head—namely, the mercantile community, because the Bank of England policy controls to a large extent the rate of discount; and the holders of Bank Stock, because the dividend is affected by such policy. The former have no grievance, because the rate is even now only 4 per cent; and the latter are not roused to interest themselves in what is now going on, because their dividend is the sufficiently high rate of 10 per cent per annum.

As Consols have been as low as 96⅛ during the recent crisis, and were 103 during the palmiest part of last year, it may be taken for granted that this is the range which we may expect to see traversed during periods not disturbed by a vast national war—such, for example, as is implied in a struggle with Russia, or some other great European Power. This experience appears to demonstrate that 3 per cent is not too much to pay in interest, and those who have stood out against the proposed conversion into a lower-interest stock are justified in claiming what is now taking place as in favour of their views. The lowest price of Consols during the Crimean War was 85, while just prior to that calamity the price was 102. Mr. Childers had, therefore, no new condition to warrant his attempt.

It is worth noting that within the past few days Metropolitan Board of Works 3 per cent stock has been on a level with Consols. At the instigation of Alderman Cotton, Mr. Childers is to present to the House of Commons a return of the conversions from 3 to 2¾ or 2½ per cent stock of any funds administered by Government.

The war fright has had the beneficial effect of shaking out a great number of weak speculators for the rise in almost all departments of Stock Exchange business. In British railways, Grand Trunk, and Mexican rails, the effect of this upon prices has been considerable. No failure of consequence has followed, but the losses only partly met must be very great.

The Bank of Africa is again to pay no dividend. The Manitoba Mortgage and Investment Company, Limited, pays 8 for 1884, as compared with 9, though the reduction is due not to the amount earned in 1884 being less than 1883, but to a much larger amount being carried to reserve. The Scottish Manitoba and North-West Real Estate Company, Limited, like all land-owning companies, did badly in 1884; but all expenses were met, and there is something in hand.

Furs should be cheap next season, if retail prices bear due relation to cost. Between two and three million North American skins are now being sold in Mincing-lane; and the *Canadian Gazette* records that, as compared with a year ago, mink is down 50 per cent; otter, 40; lynx, 35; fisher, fox, skunk, 30; and marten (commonly called sable), 20. Bears kept up; and white fox, of which the supply was small, went at much higher prices. Because of this fall, shares have dwindled from 25 to 18.

By the death of Sir Curtis Lampson, business circles lose a very prominent figure. Probably no one one was better known in connection with American and Canadian trade with this country. T. S.

The grant by Parliament of £20,000 to the family of the late General Gordon on the 12th inst., was a vote which will be universally approved.

The two University crews, having finished their first week's practice on the reach between Marlow and Cookham, have made their appearance on the Putney water this week.

The Earl of Devon distributed the prizes to the children in the Schools of the Benevolent Society of St. Patrick, in Stamford-street, Blackfriars, on Tuesday.

The Inventions Exhibition will be opened on Monday, May 4. It is expected that the Prince of Wales will undertake the ceremony.

Yesterday week, the Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress were present at the opening of the extensive new buildings which have been added to St. Pancras Workhouse, at a cost of about £39,000. His Lordship gave it as his opinion that they were the most practical and best arranged for the purpose it had ever been his lot to witness, and declared them open for the reception of the aged and infirm female poor of St. Pancras.

The School Board for London discussed on the 12th inst., at much length, the old-standing question of the Shaftesbury training-ship. A recommendation of the Industrial Schools Committee to purchase a schooner yacht to take the place of the tender Swift, which has been condemned, was, after considerable opposition, agreed to. The amounts of money to be raised by the vestries and district boards on account of the education rate for the ensuing year were presented.

The first meeting of the committee of the fund for providing a national memorial to General Gordon was held last Saturday at the Mansion House, under the presidency of the Lord Mayor. The Prince of Wales, the Duke of Edinburgh, the Duke of Cambridge, the Lord Chancellor, Earl Granville, and Cardinal Manning were the principal speakers. It was decided that the memorial should take the form of a hospital at Port Said, and the Prince of Wales suggested that one of the wards should be named the "Stewart Ward," in memory of Gordon's distinguished lieutenant, Colonel Stewart. The fund already amounts to nearly £5000.

In an article in the Rangoon magazine *Our Monthly*, by Mr. Jardine, the late President of the British Burmah Board of Education, it is stated that the Bishop of Rangoon, Dr. Strachan, who is an M.D. of Edinburgh, has advocated the founding of a University at Rangoon, where the much-needed teaching of medicine may be obtained. At present, among a population verging on four millions, there is no medical school. The dispensaries are managed by Europeans or by natives of India, none of the Burmans having any skill in medicine or surgery. Mr. Jardine believes they have no books on the subject except translations of very ancient Hindoo books, and adds that the need of teaching the most elementary principles is very great and pressing. The Burmans confuse medicine with astrology and the science of charms. Quackery abounds everywhere, as there is no law requiring qualification nor any legal necessity to register as a practitioner. Any person, however unqualified, is allowed to practise.

IN THE SPRING.

The fresh birth of Nature gives a potent sense of life to young and old. It is the time of hope and aspiration, the time (to descend a step lower) of lamb and green peas, the time when young men are troubled with love fancies, and old men with bronchitis. The fickleness and indecision of spring are proverbial. It is like a beautiful girl whose head has been a little turned by flattery; like a clever idler, who is "everything by turns and nothing long"; like a statesman blown hither and thither by the wind of circumstance; like a colt half broken-in, that goes every way but the right one. We must own, to our regret, then, that an English spring, although very alluring, is not to be trusted. Its wayward fits are many, and at times it would seem to be in league with the doctor and undertaker.

> Come gentle spring! ethereal mildness! come,

is a pretty invocation from a poet; but poetry, as we know on good authority, is not always a true thing; and no doubt when Thomson sent this bland invitation, he did not expect it to be accepted. Probably, he was sitting at the time with his feet upon the hob and a Scotch plaid round his shoulders.

When, as was the case a few years ago, snow lay thickly on the ground in April, weighing down the blossoms on the trees, one could not help sympathising with Thomas Hood's shivering stanzas upon Spring:—

> Let others eulogise her floral shows,
> From me they cannot win a single stanza;
> I know her blooms are in full blow, and so's
> The Influenza.
>
> Her cowslips, stocks, and lilies of the vale,
> Her honey-blossoms that you hear the bees at,
> Her pansies, daffodils, and primrose pale,
> Are things I sneeze at!

Poor Hood had indeed a hard time of it in spring, which, as he knew to his grief, is a time for consumption's seeds to appear, with other sowings; but the poets generally write of this season as the most delicious imaginable. From Chaucer to Tennyson our great singers have done honour to the priceless loveliness of Nature in March and April. Like true lovers, they shrink from seeing any defect in the object of their worship.

Proud-pied April, says Shakspeare, puts a spirit of youth in everything, and when the first buds open and the first flowers appear the poets are possessed by it. And their divine madness is felt also in a measure by the most prosaic natures—by the shopman behind his counter, by the merchant in his office, by the poor seamstress who hears the song of a caged thrush when she opens her window to admit the pale sunshine. Spring has come again, she says; and in fancy she sees the primroses on the banks and hears the joyous voice of the skylark, and the still sweeter voice of the mountain stream as it bounds over the rocks and tosses its spray upon the green banks. It must have been in spring-time that Wordsworth's "Poor Susan" heard, in the silence of morning, a bird singing at the corner of Wood-street:—

> "Tis a note of enchantment," what ails her? She sees
> A mountain ascending, a vision of trees;
> Bright volumes of vapour through Lothbury glide,
> And a river flows on through the vale of Cheapside.
> . . . . . .
> She looks, and her heart is in heaven; but they fade,
> The mist and the river, the hill and the shade;
> The stream will not flow, and the hill will not rise,
> And the colours have all passed away from her eyes.

Yes, the picture fades, and the vision is but a dream, and the hard, dull ways of life surround her and us in spite of the spring and the poets; but these glimpses of the beautiful, these April fancies, that send the blood pulsating through the veins—these phantom-like indications of a loveliness we are unable to grasp—surely serve to make the road of life less barren.

We admit, too, that they have another effect. The restlessness manifested by birds and animals in the spring is felt also by our race. The dull content of winter gives place to an inclination for movement and enterprise. In the dead hours of snow and slush, of darkness and fog, we think only of endurance: with the earliest sunshine of March we cry out for enjoyment. We cannot sit still, or, if we do, it is against the grain. Few people living in a great city like London and confined to it are easy-tempered in spring. They are conscious of something going on in which they ought to be participating. In the woods a burst of music from a thousand throats fills the crisp morning air; in the fields and on the hedgerow banks the young green is hiding the decay of winter, and flowers cover the brown leaves. Rooks are building their nests, ring-doves coo, flocks of starlings sweep about before making their matrimonial engagements for the season; in short, all Nature is alive, and the dullest of us feel the general vitality. Yet so great are the claims of society and the power of fashion, that many of us, although conscious of a spring-time in our blood, let the season of birds and flowers go by without making the most of it. Nature has never so much to reveal as in March and April and in the early days of May, but custom seems to have decided that we must not then listen to her teaching. It is a pity. A visitor so beautiful, and that comes but once a year, is too precious a guest to be treated with indifference. We need not accept in its bare literalness the poet's statement that

> One impulse from the vernal woods
> Will teach us more of man,
> Of moral evil, and of good,
> Than all the sages can.

But we can believe and assert that the characters most finely touched are those that have felt most deeply the healing, invigorating power of Nature; and that to meet her in the spring, when her young life is full of mystery and joy, is to win for ourselves a loving and gracious companion all the year round.

The *Dublin Gazette* announces the appointment of Mr. Clifford Lloyd to be a Resident Magistrate of county Londonderry.

The Rev. W. Grundy, M.A., Head Master of King's School, Warwick, has been elected Head Master of Malvern College, in the room of the Rev. C. T. Cruttwell, who retires at Easter.

The sixth annual Building Trades Exhibition at the Royal Agricultural Hall, Islington, was opened on Monday, and will remain open until the 28th of this month.

Commander Cameron read a paper at the Society of Arts on Tuesday evening on "Commercial Geography," in which he dwelt upon the advantages obtained at the Congo Conference by the establishment of free commerce in the western regions of Africa.

Accompanying a subscription of £100 to the Gordon Memorial Fund, his Highness Ismail Pasha, the ex-Khedive, has sent a letter to the Lord Mayor stating that the death of the eminent soldier had caused him the most profound sorrow. The fund now exceeds £7000.

The Committee of the Cobden Club have printed 4,550,000 leaflets. There are three more in type, and of these 100,000 each will be printed. About three million copies of the leaflets have been actually distributed in various parts of the country. The remainder will be issued as opportunity serves.

THE COURT.

The Empress Eugénie visited the Queen on Thursday week, and remained to luncheon. Yesterday week her Majesty decorated Sergeant-Major Peter Smith, 1st Battalion Scots Guards, and Private Frank Hayes, of the 10th Hussars, with the medal for distinguished service in the field, in recognition of their gallant conduct during the Egyptian campaign of 1882 and the campaign in the Soudan of 1884. The Queen and Royal family and the members of her Majesty's household attended Divine service in the private chapel on Sunday morning. The Very Rev. the Dean of Westminster and the Very Rev. the Dean of Windsor officiated. The Dean of Westminster preached the sermon. The Duchess of Albany left Windsor Castle on Monday morning for Claremont. The Queen and Princess Beatrice, attended by the suite, left Windsor Castle last Tuesday on a visit to the metropolis. The Royal party proceeded to Buckingham Palace. Her Majesty held a Drawingroom on Wednesday; and, owing to the fact of its being the first held by her Majesty in person for a considerable period, it was attended by an unusually large number of ladies. Among the débutantes was Princess Louise of Wales, and in the streets loud cheers greeted the appearance of the Princess of Wales and her daughter.

The Prince of Wales was present at a meeting yesterday week of the Royal Commission on the Dwelling-Places of the Working Classes. His Royal Highness went to the House of Lords in the afternoon. Prince Waldemar left Marlborough House on his return to Denmark, the Prince and Princess accompanying his Royal Highness to the Victoria Station, where they took leave of him. The Prince was present last Saturday morning at a meeting at the Mansion House of the Lord Mayor's Committee for the purpose of collecting funds to erect a national memorial to General Gordon, and moved the first resolution. In the afternoon, by command of the Queen, a Levée was held at St. James's Palace by his Royal Highness on behalf of her Majesty. The Prince and Princess and Prince George of Wales honoured the Duke and Duchess of St. Albans by their company at dinner. On Sunday the Prince and Princess, Prince George, and Princesses Louise, Victoria, and Maud, were present at Divine service. Presiding on Monday night at a meeting of the Royal Colonial Institute, when a paper on Western Australia was read by its Governor, Sir F. Napier Broome, the Prince of Wales remarked that he took a lively interest in our Australasian colonies, and he expressed the gratitude which the country entertained for their offers of assistance. The Royal chairman was accompanied by Prince Albert Victor. On Tuesday afternoon his Royal Highness, accompanied by Prince Albert Victor, went to the House of Lords. The Prince of Wales had a long conversation with Lord Granville. His Royal Highness afterwards went into the House, and bade good-bye to the Lord Chancellor, the Marquis of Salisbury, and other Peers. In the evening, at Willis's Rooms, Prince Albert Victor was initiated into Freemasonry. The Prince of Wales, as Master of the Royal Alpha Lodge, performed the ceremony. The Prince of Wales has left London for Berlin, accompanied by the Duke of Edinburgh and Prince Albert Victor, for the purpose of personally congratulating the Emperor of Germany on the attainment of his eighty-eighth birthday.

The Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh were present at the first performance of Messrs. Gilbert and Sullivan's new opera at the Savoy Theatre last Saturday evening. On Tuesday the Duchess (for the second time), Princess Beatrice, and Prince Louis of Battenberg witnessed the performance.

THE ROYAL VISIT TO IRELAND.

OFFICIAL PROGRAMME.

Wednesday, April 8.—The Prince and Princess of Wales disembark at Kingstown at 12 noon, and arrive in Dublin at 12.50. They will drive from Westland-row to the Castle. At 8.30 p.m. they will leave the Castle for the Cattle Show of the Royal Dublin Society, at Ballsbridge, returning to the Castle at 5.30 p.m.

Thursday, April 9.—His Royal Highness holds a Levée in the Castle at 2 p.m. Her Royal Highness holds a Drawingroom in the Castle at 9 p.m.

Friday, April 10.—His Royal Highness will lay the foundation-stone of the new Science and Art Museum at 3.45 p.m.; and afterwards, his Royal Highness will visit certain public institutions. There will be a ball at the Castle in the evening.

Saturday, April 11.—Their Royal Highnesses will visit Trinity College and Art and Industrial Schools.

Monday, April 13.—Their Royal Highnesses will go to Convamore, on a visit to the Earl and Countess of Listowel.

Wednesday, April 15.—Their Royal Highnesses will visit Cork.

Thursday, April 16.—Their Royal Highnesses go to Killarney, where they will be the guests of their Excellencies the Lord Lieutenant and the Countess Spencer at Killarney House, which has been lent for the purpose by the Earl and Countess of Kenmare.

Monday, April 20.—Their Royal Highnesses return to Dublin and go to the Viceregal Lodge.

Wednesday, April 22.—Their Royal Highnesses go to Punchestown Races, and in the evening will attend the Citizens' Ball at the University Buildings.

Thursday, April 23.—Their Royal Highnesses go to Belfast, where they will remain on the Royal yacht.

Friday, April 24.—Their Royal Highnesses visit certain institutions in Belfast, and attend a ball in the evening.

Saturday, April 25.—Their Royal Highnesses visit Londonderry, and in the evening proceed to Baroncourt, where they will be the guests of their Graces the Duke and Duchess of Abercorn.

Monday, April 27.—Their Royal Highnesses return to England.

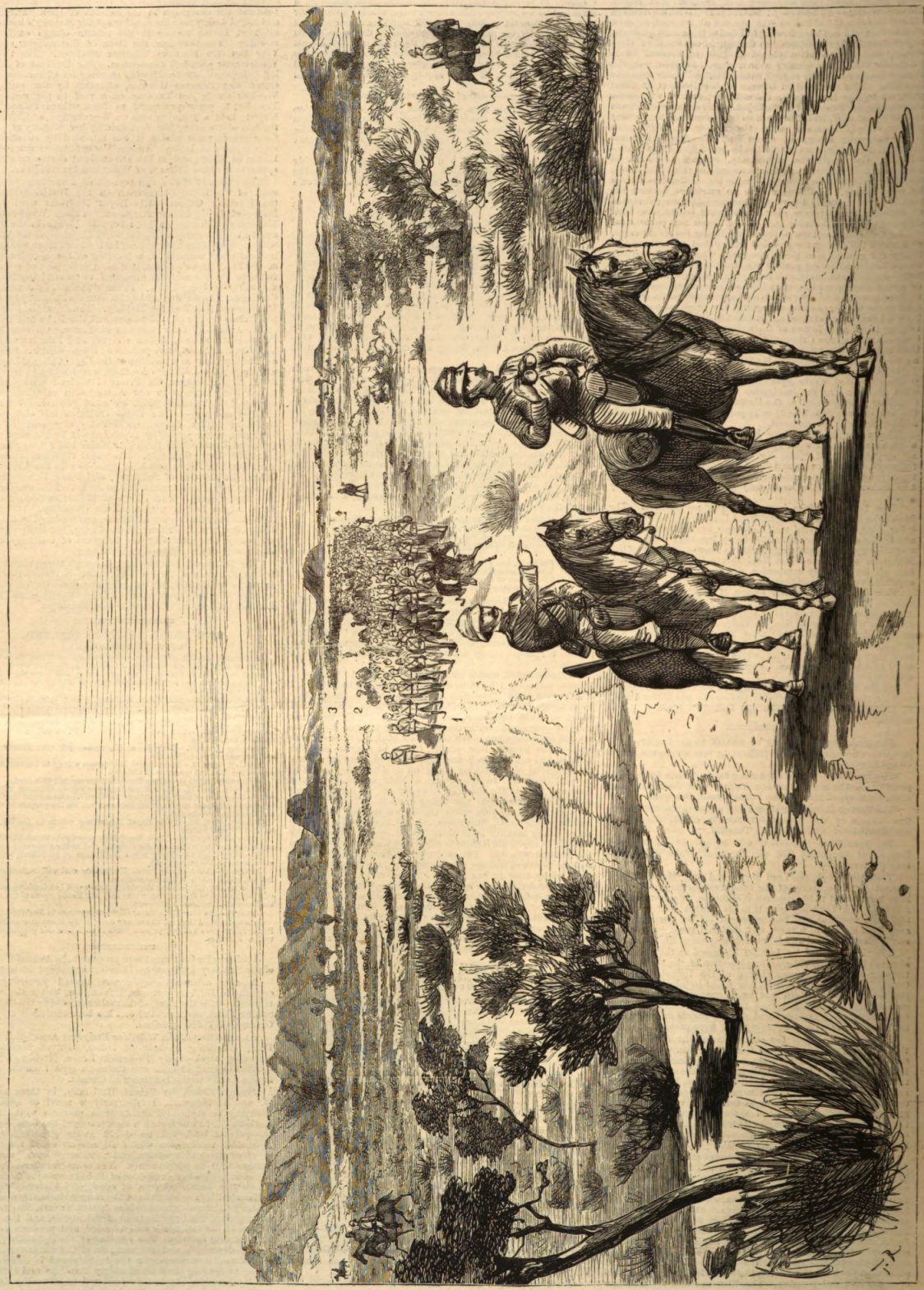
It is understood that on the vacant dates in the above programme their Royal Highnesses will pay private visits to noblemen and gentlemen in the various localities.

Professor De Chaumont is to preside at the Annual Congress of the Sanitary Institute at Leicester from Sept. 22 to 26.

A new cabmen's shelter was opened yesterday week opposite to De Vere-gardens, Kensington, by the Rev. Canon Holland. It is the thirty-fifth shelter erected by the Cabmen's Shelter Fund, and its entire cost has been contributed by Mrs. Greaves, of Palace-gardens.

At a meeting of the Wiltshire Emigrant Association for the Poor, consisting entirely of ladies, held at Marlborough yesterday week—Lady Frederick Bruce presiding—it was decided to send at once one thousand girls from the unions in the county to the Dominion of Canada.

Stormy Waters, by Robert Buchanan, in three volumes (J. and R. Maxwell), is distinctly a novel of adventure. Differing in style and ability from previous works of Mr. Buchanan's, in which such a high standard has been reached, the present book will no doubt suffer greatly from the favourable recollection which all readers could not fail to retain of those able efforts, and "Stormy Waters" may proportionately disappoint many. The characters are stilted and unnatural, with the exception of Bob Downsey, the cabman, who is of a humorous turn of mind, and his excellent wife, "Matildar." The opening of the story is decidedly good; the village policeman's mistaken idea as to Bob's fare, his pursuit in consequence, the bewilderment of the rustics, and the resurrection of the sailor, are well blended, and produce a happy and amusing episode. The meeting of the dynamite plotters is well described, and the analysis of the characters of the several members composing the brotherhood is clever. The scenes succeeding the start of Harry Hastings and Esther for the "other side," on board an old and unseaworthy ship, are exciting; and, besides, the book has plots and incidents enough to satisfy the most sensational of readers: amongst these are an agitation meeting, a murder, a dynamite explosion, and a shipwreck.



1. Infantry marching in open column. 2. Baggage and ammunition and water-camels. 3. Infantry closing rear march. Scouts of 19th Hussars in front and around.

THE WAR IN THE SOUDAN.—SIR REDVERS BULLER'S RETREAT FROM METAMMEH TO KORTI: THE COLUMN ON THE MARCH BETWEEN GAKDUL AND EL HOWEIYAT.
SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. MELTON PRIOR.



THE LATE COLONEL FRANCIS LYON, R.A.,
SUPERINTENDENT OF THE ROYAL LABORATORY, WOOLWICH ARSENAL.
Killed by accidental explosion of a shell.



THE LATE CAPTAIN F. M. GOOLD-ADAMS, R.A.,
SUPERINTENDENT OF EXPERIMENTS AT THE SCHOOL OF GUNNERY, SHOEBURYNESS.
Killed by accidental explosion of a shell.



WITH THE AFGHAN BOUNDARY COMMISSION: THE BRITISH EXPEDITION FORDING THE MURGHAB AT MARUCHAK.
SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. W. SIMPSON.

THE AFGHAN BOUNDARY COMMISSION.

Our last week's publication contained more than a dozen Sketches by our Special Artist, Mr. William Simpson, accompanying the Staff of Major-General Sir Peter Lumsden, K.C.B., the British Commissioner for the survey and delimitation of the north-west boundary of Afghanistan. Two pages of his Sketches, with a Map of the disputed territory north of Herat, were given in the preceding Number of this Journal. Mr. Simpson has furnished views of many places on the Heri-Rud, the Kushk, and the Murghab rivers, which were never before depicted, or even minutely described by any European traveller, but which had only been cursorily mentioned by Vambéry and other writers. These places are likely to be of some political and even military importance. The Map of the Heri-Rud Valley, from Pul-i-Khatun to the Zulfagar Pass, drawn by Captain Arthur F. Barrow, Aide-de-Camp to Sir Peter Lumsden, which we engraved and published last week, was accompanied by Captain Barrow's notes on the capabilities of military advance by that route, and on the importance of holding it against an enemy approaching towards Herat. Mr. Simpson was with Sir Peter Lumsden's party in the journey from Sarakhs, starting on Nov. 11, up the Heri-Rud to Pul-i-Khatun and to Goolar, opposite the Zulfagar Pass, on their way to Kuhsan, where they met Colonel Ridgeway and the other members of the Commission from India. The following passage of Mr. Simpson's letter describing the route shown in Captain Barrow's map seems to confirm that officer's account of it, and may be of some future service:—

"The march from Pul-i-Khatun to Kojeh Saham-ed-din, and thence to Goolar, on our way to Kuhsan, was a very interesting one. The interest of it lies in its strategic features in relation to a force moving from Sarakhs on the line of the Heri-Rud towards Herat. From Sarakhs to Pul-i-Khatun the ground is open; on the left or Persian side it may be called a plain the whole way; but on the right bank a gentle rise begins at Kizil Koi, about eight miles south of Sarakhs. This rise assumes the character of a plateau or of undulating downs, all the way south to Pul-i-Khatun. Nowhere in that space is there any strong position of defence. At Pul-i-Khatun the whole character of the ground changes, the bed of the river becomes rocky, and perhaps about a quarter of a mile distant a gorge presents itself. Here the strata stand nearly perpendicular, and the road leaves the river to pass over the spurs of the higher hills on the south. This gorge, with one or two small heights, and the spurs just mentioned, could be easily made very formidable, if not impregnable; even as they are, a very small force could stop a very large one. Such is the position at Pul-i-Khatun itself; and it forms the key of the whole strategic problem. It is the Elburz Range which sends eastward, or south-eastward, to be more correct, at this point one of its ridges; the ridge dips down to the Heri-Rud, disappears, and crops up again on the east side of the bridge, from which it slowly rises towards the Zulfagar Pass. It is a common feature of the hills in this region to be steep and rocky, almost precipitous, on the south and south-west; while on the north the slope is easy. The ridge extending south-east from Pul-i-Khatun is of this character. For a few miles it is no great height, and there are one or two places where it might be passed by troops. The best place would be what is known as the Germab Pass, about nine miles from Pul-i-Khatun; this line takes the "chord" of the curve which the river makes westward to Pul-i-Khatun. When the river is low, this pass is taken by travellers from its being the shortest line to Sarakhs. A force coming south could turn the position at Pul-i-Khatun by this pass, but if the defending force was large enough to extend along the whole ground to the Germab Pass, it would have a strong position. The Germab Pass, it will be understood, must form part of the whole position to be included as belonging to Pul-i-Khatun. South-east of the Germab Pass, the ridge becomes so elevated and steep in parts that no force would try to surmount them. The next pass is that known as the Zulfagar; its southern entrance must be about thirty miles from Pul-i-Khatun, and the distance from leaving the river to the point where it is again touched by anyone coming through must be still greater; and I understand that no water is found in the pass itself. This will indicate one difficulty in marching troops by this line, on account of the want of water; and if there were a force defending the south end of the pass, the difficulty might be increased. The Zulfagar Pass is a very striking one, from the parallel ridges of level strata in the hills on each side, which rise to a great height.

"Kojeh Saham-ed-din is a saint's tomb, but our camp was at a spring of water about a mile from it. Our next march, to Goolar, was a very short one, being only eight miles. The deserted character of this part, since leaving Pul-i-Khatun, is even greater than anything we have yet passed. The ground has been cultivated at some former date; and we have seen spots on which towns have stood; now there is not an inhabited house all the way to Kuhsan. At Goolar we were in a piece of open country, with plains and heights, but of a small elevation, in comparison with the hills around.

"Our march from Goolar was at first for about seven or eight miles south, still on the west side of the Heri-Rud, which we had not seen since the march from Pul-i-Khatun—on that march we crossed it, and recrossed it again. Right across our line on leaving Goolar was the Kuh-i-Jam range; and our line south, over the lower ground, brought us to this range, which we began to ascend in a valley. On our left were four marked hills known as the Chakar Dowli—"Chakar" meaning four. Between two of these the Heri-Rud passes out from the Kuh-i-Jam into the open country between that and the high ranges at Zulfagar. The gorges of the river where it passes the Kuh-i-Jam are impassable for travellers; hence the necessity for going over the hills. Our route lay up the valley in a south-westerly direction. Troops could march by this road, but nothing on wheels could pass. We stopped for the night at an open bit of ground, where there was a stream of good water, with trees. On the top of a hill are some bits of the walls of a fort, called Stoi, but the Persians call it Istoi, and this gives the name to the Pass. We were said to be about 4000 feet above the sea at this place, and it was very cold. There were clouds and a few drops of rain or sleet."

The party had four days' marches yet to perform, by Tut-i-Durukht and Toman Agha, before arriving, on Nov. 19, at Kuhsan, which they left on the 24th, as related in Mr. Simpson's letter published last week, for the winter quarters of the Commission at Bala Murghab.

Part of the expedition went to the upper valley of the Murghab by a different route, more directly eastward, through the Jamsheedie settlements and Kila Nau, which is described in an interesting letter in the *Times* of Thursday, the 12th inst. Sir Peter Lumsden, and our Special Artist in his suite, moved into the Kushk valley, and descended northward, or rather north-east, to the junction of that river with the Murghab at Ak Tapa, thence going up the Murghab, by Penjdeh and Maruchak, as described in the letter we printed last week. The fording of the Murghab at Maruchak, on Dec. 8, which has also been described, is the subject of one of our present Illustrations.

THE CHURCH.

The Bishop of Norwich has intimated his intention of resigning his see in the course of next year.

The Archbishop of Canterbury held a Confirmation at Croydon parish church last Saturday afternoon. There were nearly 400 candidates.

The Crown living of St. Thomas's, Coventry, worth about £200 per annum, has been offered by Mr. Gladstone to the Rev. E. H. Flynn, Curate of the parish church of Teddington, who has accepted it.

The Rev. W. Thornton Webber, Vicar of St. John the Evangelist, Holborn, has been nominated by the Archbishop of Canterbury to the Bishopric of Brisbane, in succession to Dr. Dale, who has recently resigned that see.

In accordance with the suggestion of the Archbishop of Canterbury, special services were held yesterday week in St. Paul's Cathedral, Westminster Abbey, and many other churches throughout the country, in memory of the late General Gordon. The Princess of Wales and Prince Waldemar were present at the service at St. Paul's.

The Bishop-Designate of Lincoln (Dr. King) has contributed £200 to the fund which has been recently started to complete the endowment of the Bishopric of Southwell. The Rev. Canon Ingram, 20, Finsbury-square, is acting as hon. secretary. Already about £7760 is promised, and about £6300 remains to be collected.

A meeting of the Central Council of Diocesan Conferences was held on Tuesday in the rooms of the National Society, Westminster—Mr. C. Raikes, M.P., in the chair. It was resolved to recommend for discussion at diocesan conferences, "The duty of Churchmen at the present time, independently of politics, in view of the present efforts to make disestablishment and disendowment of the Church a political question."

The Bishop of Sodor and Man preached on Sunday in aid of the funds of the Brompton Hospital—in the morning at St. Peter's, Cranley-gardens, South Kensington, where £70 was collected; and in the evening at Brunswick Chapel, Upper Berkeley-street, where the collection amounted to about £33. Over 300 inmates are daily cared for in this hospital, and yet there are 213 applicants awaiting vacancies.

A painted memorial window, from the studio of Mr. Charles Evans, of Warwick-street, Regent-street, has been placed in the old parish church of Gillingham, to the memory of the late Mr. Rumney, of Stubbins House, Lancashire, father-in-law of the Vicar.—A very effective Munich window, from Messrs. Mayer and Co.'s studio, has been placed in the parish church of Huish Episcopi, Somerset, by Mrs. Michell, in memory of her husband, the late Major-General Michell, C.B., of the Royal Artillery.

The Governors of Queen Anne's Bounty held their annual meeting on Wednesday for the distribution of their surplus revenue to Dec. 31 last, in grants to meet benefactions offered by others on behalf of benefices the net incomes of which do not exceed £200 per annum. For want of sufficient funds, the Governors were again unable to comply with all the applications made to them. The benefices selected for augmentation, from a list of ninety-two, were seventy-five in number, situated in almost every diocese in England and Wales. The grants given amounted in the aggregate to £19,200, while the benefactions from others accepted to obtain such grants were of the value of £23,313.

THE DISASTER AT SHOEBURYNESS.

The terrible accident on the 26th ult., at the Military School of Gunnery, Shoeburyness, caused the death of eight persons—namely, Colonel Walter Aston Fox-Strangways, R.A., Commandant and Superintendent there; Colonel Francis Lyon, R.A., Superintendent of the Royal Laboratory at Woolwich Arsenal; Captain Francis Michael Goold-Adams, R.A., Assistant-Superintendent of Experiments at the School of Gunnery; and Sergeant-Major Adams, leader of the experimental team of gunners upon that occasion; also, two other gunners, named Allen and Underwood, Warrant-officer Dakin, and an artificer, James Rance; several others were severely wounded. This was a loss of life about equal to that suffered by the British Army in one of its great battles in the Soudan. It was owing to the premature explosion of a shell, six inches wide and eighteen inches long, with a charge of six pounds and a half of gunpowder, to which a newly invented "sensitive base percussion fuse" had just been screwed in order to try an experiment by firing it from a gun. This fuse was one of Colonel Lyon's invention, and he had come from Woolwich to see it tried.

Colonel Fox-Strangways was fifty-two years of age, son of a clergyman near Exeter, and nephew to General Strangways, who was killed at the battle of Inkerman, by the bursting of a shell, thirty years ago. He was also nephew or cousin, on the mother's side, to General Sir Redvers Buller. He served with credit in the Crimean War. Colonel Lyon, whose Portrait we give, was born in 1834; he served in the Indian Mutiny War of 1857 and 1858, and was at the siege of Lucknow. He had of late years been much employed on Staff duty, and on committees to test the powers of breech-loading guns and the resistance of targets. He was about to quit his office at the Woolwich Laboratory, where he had been since 1871, and was to command the Royal Artillery in the Western District of England. He was married to a sister of Lord Valentia. Captain Goold-Adams was thirty years of age, and served in the last Afghan War; he was an artillery officer of great talent and skill, and had invented some valuable improvements.

The Portrait of Colonel Lyon is from a photograph by Mr. Cobb, of Woolwich, taken some years ago.

The number of live stock, and the quantity of fresh meat landed at Liverpool during the past week from American and Canadian ports amounted to 19 2 cattle, 9236 quarters of fresh beef, and 1433 carcases of mutton.

"Debrett's Peerage, Baronetage, and Knightage," for this year—the 172nd of publication—has been carefully revised to the date of publication by its painstaking editor, Robert Henry Mair, LL.D. As stated in the preface, the contents may be said to bear the stamp of warranty, as during last year upwards of 20,000 correspondents furnished him with information relative to births, deaths, marriages, promotions, and alterations of addresses that had occurred in their families; while more than 17,000 corrected or approved the proofs that were submitted for their inspection. In addition to the ordinary information, pains have been taken in the present issue to obtain information relative to residents abroad and collateral branches of families, together with genealogical information. The work is illustrated with 1400 armorial bearings. Its publishers are Messrs. Dean and Son, Fleet-street.—This firm has issued another excellent book of reference, "Debrett's House of Commons and the Judicial Bench," for the present year, under the supervision of the same trustworthy editor, Mr. Mair. It is full of valuable information and has 800 armorial bearings.

THE SILENT MEMBER.

"It has been agreed between Russia and England that no further advance should be made on either side." These reassuring words of Mr. Gladstone, in oblique reply to a question by Mr. Richard suggesting that Russia and England should have recourse to the good offices of a friendly Power, were cheered by the House of Commons on the 13th inst. Both the tone and the subject-matter of the Prime Minister's answer seemed to imply the existence of a better understanding between the English and Russian Governments with regard to the critical question of the delay in the delimitation of the frontier of Afghanistan on its Turkestan borders.

Although the excitement, which under the surface ruled as great within as outside Parliament, subsided to some extent when the reassuring statement of the Premier was made, the subsequent interrogations and replies betokened the sustained interest of the Opposition and Ministry both in this Anglo-Russian difficulty. As the Marquis of Salisbury, with accustomed clearness and directness put it in the House of Lords on Tuesday, it is on the face of it desirable that Russia should know that her occupation of the ground in dispute can only be regarded as temporary. For how long is the existing arrangement to remain valid? Perhaps the most satisfactory way for the Czar to determine that point would be to immediately order the dilatory Russian Commissioner to quicken his steps in the direction of the frontier, there to define the line of delimitation in conjunction with Major-General Sir Peter Lumsden. The terms of the Ministerial explanations being identical in the Lords and Commons, it is only necessary to quote the telegram which Earl Granville read to Lord Salisbury as having come from Sir E. Thornton, Her Majesty's Minister to Russia:—

St. Petersburg, March 16, 1885.—The Russian Minister for Foreign Affairs states that the Russian troops will not advance from the posts now occupied by them, provided that the Afghan forces do not advance or attack, or unless in the case of some extraordinary reason, such, for instance, as a disturbance in Penjdeh. He also states that the strictest orders have been sent to the Russian commanders to avoid, by every possible means, a conflict or any incitement to a conflict, and that these orders will be repeated.

Egypt has not of late, it must be admitted, inspired any interchange of marked courtesy between the occupants of the Treasury and Opposition benches in either House. Hence, as an agreeable surprise came Mr. Gladstone's spontaneous acknowledgment in the Lower House on Tuesday that Sir Stafford Northcote and his colleagues had been particularly considerate in not pressing the Government with questions concerning the negotiations as to the Egyptian Financial Convention. Mr. Gladstone had the satisfaction of being able to assure the leader of the Opposition that all the Ambassadors had on that day signed the preliminary declaration, and that on Wednesday the Financial Convention itself would receive the formal sanction of the representatives of the Powers. It remains to be seen whether Parliament will approve the Convention. Its terms were summarised by Mr. Childers on Wednesday. A loan of nine millions is to be raised, with the understanding that the expenditure of Egypt should be fixed at £5,237,000 per annum, with £200,000 for the Army of Occupation, £315,000 to be devoted annually to repay the loan; a reduction of 5 per cent. to take place on all coupons on the Bonds, and half per cent. on the interest of the Suez Canal shares; and there being an International guarantee for the loan.

The condition of our Navy, as Mr. Linley Sambourne facetiously reminds one in *Punch* this week, was as burning a question in the time of chatty Samuel Pepys as it is now. Possibly, this amusing drawing will help to console the Government in the midst of the sweeping broadsides being poured into them by the enthusiastic advocates of a stronger torpedo flotilla—enthusiasts who plainly are not inclined to sing with gusto just now the old familiar refrain of "We've got the ships, we've got the men, we've got the money, too!" Mr. W. H. Smith, indeed, on Monday, lugubriously indulged in a melancholy ditty of the "Tom Bowling" order, the burden being that the Navy was under-shipped, so to speak, and under-manned. Prior to this Armstrong gun discharge point-blank by the ex-First Lord of the Admiralty, Sir Thomas Brassey was called upon to box the compass and otherwise display his qualifications as a seaman for the benefit of Dr. Cameron, Mr. Puleston, Mr. Marriott, Sir John Hay, and Sir H. Drummond-Wolff. Once in Committee on the Naval Estimates, Sir Thomas Brassey lost no time in praising, amid sympathetic cheers, the gallantry shown by the Naval Brigades at Souakim and on the Nile. Coming to figures, he placed the Naval Estimates for the ensuing year at £13,090,440, as against £11,645,711 last year; the increased expenditure being accounted for by an addition of a hundred officers and six hundred boys to the Squadrons in the Red Sea and on the Chinese Station; an addition of five hundred officers and men and five hundred Marines for Egypt; and by contracting for four Ironclads, five Cruisers, seven Scouts, five Gun-boats, fifteen Torpedo-boats, and a formidable Torpedo-ram. In the teeth of this portentous Naval Budget, Mr. W. H. Smith, as aforesaid, let fly a volley of adverse criticism from the other side of the table; and was followed on the same tack by the noble Lord who seems desirous of running Mr. Smith close for the reversion of the First Lordship of the Admiralty when the Conservatives resume office. Lord Henry Lennox, however, was not the man to stand between the wind and the votes for men and wages required by Sir Thomas Brassey.

The great bill of the Session drags its slow length along. Sir Charles Dilke has exhibited tact in the conduct of the Redistribution Bill through the House; but his task has been inevitably lightened by the aid he has received from Sir Stafford Northcote, who is not only true to his understanding with the Government as regards the measure in the House, but who on Monday took part with the Marquis of Salisbury in a meeting of the Conservative Party, apparently called at the Carlton Club on purpose to enforce upon the Conservative rank and file the necessity of supporting the broad lines of the bill. On the 13th inst., the representatives of the City, led gallantly by Mr. Alderman Fowler, made a gallant fight for the retention of the City's four seats, which the bill will reduce to two; but they were worsted, the amendment being negatived by 162 against 117 votes. The Irish Home Rule members having made a night of it on Monday, and being generally absent next day celebrating St. Patrick's Night in congenial fashion, further progress was reported on Tuesday. The remaining clauses were passed, and the first schedule was reached.

Mr. Gladstone is to be credited with a just and politic reference to the subject of German colonisation. The Premier's friendly speech towards Germany, on the 12th inst., and the expression of his earnest hope that she would become associated with England in spreading civilisation (not by the aid of gunpowder and bayonets solely, it is to be hoped) in the benighted regions of the earth, extorted a cordial acknowledgment from Prince Bismarck. Then followed the visit of the Prince of Wales with Prince Albert Victor and the Duke of Edinburgh to Berlin to wish the venerable Emperor "many happy returns of the day." And thus Germany and England should be better friends than ever.

THE BOAT-RACE.

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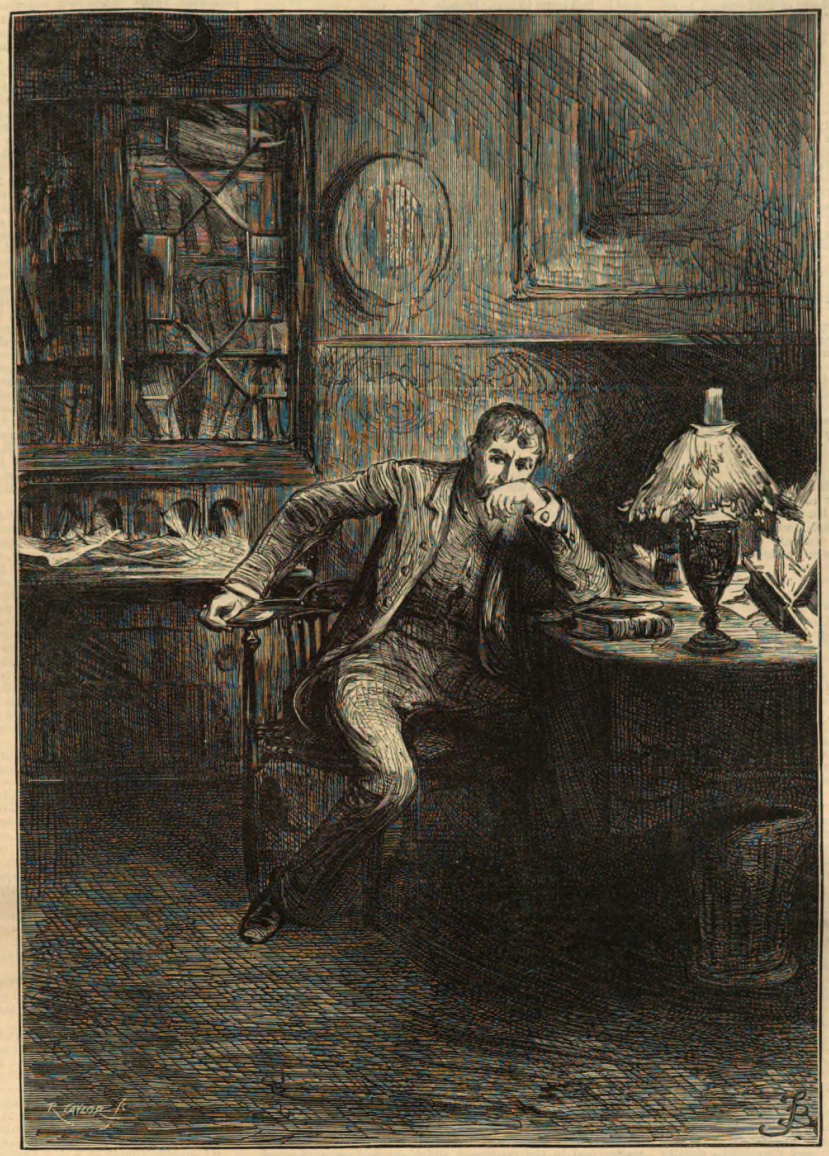
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ADRIAN VIDAL.

BY W. E. NORRIS,

AUTHOR OF "MDLLE. DE MERSAC," "MATRIMONY," "THIRLBY HALL," &c.

CHAPTER XVIII.

SUSAN'S REVENGE.

While Miss Susan Bowman was hatching schemes of vengeance and brushing her mistress's hair with unnecessary violence; while the select portion of the public which calls itself society was criticising the first number of the *Anglo-Saxon;* and while one of the contributors to that journal was complacently telling himself twenty times a day that the world was a pleasant place to live in, Mrs. Adrian Vidal was chiefly occupied in stitching at certain diminutive garments, which were hastily thrust under the sofa-cushions when a visitor was announced.

We are often told that approaching maternity brings with it a peculiarly ennobling and purifying influence—that a woman is never nearer Heaven than when this prospect opens before her, and a good deal more to the like effect. All this may be—and we will hope that it is—perfectly true. We may concede that a woman who doesn't like babies is an unnatural and rather shocking sort of woman; and yet we may be allowed to doubt whether many women, when they marry, bestow much thought upon the ordinary consequence of marriage. Clare, at any rate, had not done so. This sitting at home, while her husband went out into the world, this anxious conning of household bills, this solitary and often apprehensive waiting for the unknown—well, perhaps it was the natural and fitting life for her to lead; but it was not the life she had dreamt of on sunny summer days at Polruth. There were times when she was desperately lonely, and not a little homesick. It is not permitted to anyone, however young, or however much in love, to break all at once and altogether with the past; and there were many things that Clare missed, without knowing how much she missed them. She wanted her kind old fussy mother; she wanted the boys; she wanted space and liberty, and the fresh, healthy ring of young voices and laughter about her. And so it came to pass that from time to time a tear would splash down upon her sewing, and she had to take herself severely to task for a discontent which she acknowledged to be unjustifiable. The failure of previous dreams to fulfil themselves did not prevent her from continuing to dream as she sewed; and lest she should fall too low in the estimation of mothers, it may be added that in these fanciful pictures of the future the coming tyrant played a very important part. Hope springs eternal in the human breast; when one thing fails, another must needs take its place, or we could not go on living at all. It may be that Clare had some unacknowledged consciousness that "baby fingers, waxen touches," must be accepted as a substitute for certain ideals which can never be realised in this world.

And, after all, she was not lonely, as most people count loneliness. In these days, Adrian frequently asked a friend or two to dine with him quietly; and it was with affectionate warmth that he congratulated his wife upon the excellent little dinners which she contrived to set before them. It pleased Clare that he should be pleased; and it also pleased her to make the acquaintance of the colleagues whom he invited to his house, and who were entertaining enough in their way. Some of them had wives, who called upon her, and every now and then a lady of fashion who had taken up Mr. Vidal would remember that Mr. Vidal was a married man, and would good-naturedly push a voyage of discovery as far as Alexandra-gardens.

Amongst these was one with whose condescension Clare could very well have dispensed: but she was determined to conquer a distrustfulness which had caused her to act foolishly upon a previous occasion, and when Lady St. Austell, all smiles and geniality, was ushered into her little drawing-room, she did her best to respond to the kindness of her visitor's greeting. Lady St. Austell, who, for her part, thought Clare singularly uninteresting, disguised her sentiments as effectively and with as little exertion as usual.

"I have found you out, you see—or rather, I have found you in, which is so much nicer. What a pretty house you have got! I met your husband the other night, and he told me your address. Why were you not with him? You are not going out just now?——oh—h!" Her Ladyship took in the situation, and looked sympathetic and just a shade contemptuous. She had never herself been debarred from the pleasures of society by any such cause, and she felt a sincere pity for less fortunate people. "I was hoping that you would dine with us quite quietly some evening," she went on; "but, of course, if you think you had better not——Perhaps you will spare us Mr. Vidal, though; we should be so glad to see him."

Clare murmured that she was sure her husband would be most happy, and secretly hoped that her husband might be prevented by a previous engagement from accepting the threatened invitation.

The invitation, however, when it came, proved to be for an evening on which Adrian was not engaged, and he drove off to Grosvenor-square with anticipations of amusement which were amply fulfilled. Only seven people besides himself sat down round the oval table, and probably nobody's enjoyment was interfered with by the circumstance that the master of the house, who had gone to Newmarket, was not one of them. Lady St. Austell's guests were all young, and, judging by their conversation, were of a cheerful temperament. She herself

was in high spirits, being—as she took an early opportunity of announcing—overjoyed to be back in London and among her friends once more.

"After all, there is no place like it," she said. "One grumbles at London sometimes, and one is glad enough to get away when the end of July comes; but one never really enjoys life, except by fits and starts, anywhere else. Mr. Vidal agrees with me; don't you, Mr. Vidal? When I saw him last, he was talking of settling down in the deepest depths of the country; but he has changed his mind, as I told him he would, and now I hope he won't think of going into exile again."

"London couldn't get on without Mr. Vidal," remarked one of Adrian's neighbours, politely. "What would become of the *Anglo-Saxon* if it lost its best man?"

They had all seen the *Anglo-Saxon*, and had a great many questions to ask about it, although they evidently were not people whose tastes inclined them towards much reading. If their amiable intention was to give pleasure to the young writer, they were doubtless rewarded by perceiving their success. Lady St. Austell herself addressed the greater part of her remarks to him, treating him with easy familiarity, like an old friend. When dinner was over, she took him away into a corner, and said: "Now tell me what you have been doing since that day when I went out fishing with you and lost my line. Oh, but I know, though; you have been getting married, and honeymooning, and all that. How glad you must be that it is over!"

"I don't know that I am," answered Adrian. "Were *you* glad when your honeymoon was over?"

"Glad was not the word! I jumped for joy; and so did Lord St. Austell. At least, he would have jumped if he hadn't had the gout so badly. I don't mean to say that it might not have been different if one had been in other company, though," she added, pensively.

"In Johnny Spencer's, for instance?" suggested Adrian, who had found out that he could say what he liked to this lady.

She looked up interrogatively. "Johnny Spencer? Did I tell you anything about him?"

"Yes; down at Polruth—don't you remember? You told me a great deal about him. Everything, in fact."

"Oh, did I? Well, I am sorry to say that poor Johnny has become very stupid and dull. He turned up at Melton in the winter with his hideous wife, and I was quite shocked at the change in him. Marriage is the ruin of one's friends: they might as well die at once, for any comfort that one gets out of their company afterwards."

"And have you filled up his place?" asked Adrian, risking a second impertinence.

Lady St. Austell sighed. "Not yet," she answered, quite seriously. "I still consider myself as being in a sort of way in mourning for him; though perhaps he doesn't deserve it." She added, after a moment, "Were you thinking of applying for the vacancy?"

Adrian was really not quite sure whether she was laughing at him or not; but he said, "Oh, I am one of those who are as good as dead, you know. Besides, I doubt whether I should give satisfaction."

"I am almost afraid you wouldn't," Lady St. Austell agreed. "In one sense, you know too much, and in another, perhaps, you don't know quite enough. However, there is no reason in the world why we should not be friends."

"None—if you honour me so far as to wish for my friendship."

"Oh, the honour is all the other way. I have often wished so much to be upon terms of intimacy with an author; but somehow, authors are generally rather impossible sort of people, and I have never got beyond distant civilities with any one of them. You are different. You belong to one's own class; or, at any rate, you behave as if you did."

"Thank you very much," said Adrian, who began to see that Lady St. Austell was quite as capable of uttering impertinences as of listening to them.

She laughed. "Well; you understand what I mean. A man who knows nobody and goes nowhere may be a brilliant genius; but it isn't very easy to talk to him. Now, with you, I shall always be able to fall back upon gossip when I am tired of discussing novels. And that reminds me to say how much I enjoyed your last book. Your heroine was charming. Of course she was Mrs. Vidal?"

"So people tell me," remarked Adrian. "I wasn't aware of it until I was told."

"See what it is to be in love! But you must try to fall in love with somebody else before you write another book, or you won't be able to give us the variety that we need. And variety is *the* thing to struggle after, both in novels and in real life. Don't you think so?"

When he reached home, Adrian did not give a verbatim report of this and other speeches which Lady St. Austell made to him in the course of the evening. He thought that they might be open to misconstruction; and Clare, who usually put him through a friendly cross-examination on his return at night, had not many questions to ask this time.

To Clare it was a matter of surprise as well as regret that her husband should like a woman whom she found so objectionable; and that he did like Lady St. Austell was plainly to be seen from the reserve with which he spoke of her. She attributed this phenomenon in part to the workings of the artistic nature which, she presumed, must necessarily be attracted by a good subject, whether that subject be in itself a pleasing one or the reverse.

Not long after this, a visitor remarked to her, casually, "I saw Mr. Vidal in the Park yesterday afternoon. He was driving in a victoria with a lady who, I was told, was Lady St. Austell, the wife of that dreadfully wicked old man. Is she a friend of yours?"

"Not exactly a friend," Clare answered. "We know her because my parents live near Lord St. Austell's place in Cornwall."

She managed to preserve an appearance of composure, and to give such information as she could to her visitor, who was very anxious to know whether Lord St. Austell was really as scandalous a person and as cruel a husband as he was said to be; but inwardly she felt as if an icy hand had been laid upon her heart. Was Adrian beginning to have concealments from her, then? Why had he not told her that he had been driving with Lady St. Austell?

When he came in she put the question to him tranquilly, but so abruptly that he coloured and looked guilty. If he had replied, "Because you were so silly as to be jealous of her once," no harm would have been done; but he judged it more prudent to say, carelessly, "Oh, I don't know; I didn't think it would interest you." Whereupon Clare left the room without making any rejoinder.

For the rest of the day she looked pale and miserable, and scarcely spoke; while Adrian, who naturally felt himself aggrieved, did not choose to pave the way for a reconciliation. To sulk was not, however, in his nature. Late that evening, while he was sitting in his study, trying to work and finding work impossible, he said to himself that, at any rate, the beginning of an estrangement should not come from him. Clare was utterly unreasonable; but, when all was said, her unreasonableness arose from love. To understand is to forgive, and he understood his wife better than she understood him. He threw down his pen, stole up stairs to her bed-room, where he found her disconsolately adding up accounts, and said he had come to make friends.

"You little goose! why do you create troubles for yourself out of nothing at all? I went to leave a card in Grosvenor-square, and at the door I met Lady St. Austell, who said she was just starting for the Park and would give me a lift as far as Kensington Gardens if I was on my way home. So I said, 'All right,' and off we went. That was the beginning and end of the whole business. Now, don't you *think* you are rather a goose?"

He fully expected that Clare would make the desired admission, and that the customary *redintegratio amoris* would ensue. He was, therefore, a good deal taken aback when she said, "Adrian, will you do me a great favour? I will never ask such a thing of you again—only this once. Will you, for my sake, give up Lady St. Austell altogether?"

"No," answered Adrian, quite good-humouredly, but firmly; "I will do nothing of the sort. Lady St. Austell has been kind to me, and to you too. I shall neither be so rude as to quarrel with her, nor so foolish as to quarrrel with you on her account. If you could see her with my eyes, you would be the first to laugh at yourself for having been afraid of her; but I am not going to say another word about the woman—what is the use? Now, go to bed, like a good girl, and let me get back to my work, or I shall be late with my copy again, and the editor of the *Cosmopolitan Magazine* will tear me limb from limb."

This off-hand way of dismissing the matter was so far successful that Clare smiled and allowed herself to be embraced. Nevertheless, after her husband had gone, she resolved that she would keep her word and never ask a favour of him again. It is difficult to be patient with those who meet trouble half way, and it is easy to see the absurdity of instinctive antipathies. Yet a woman's instinct does not often lead her astray, and we, who are wise and guided solely by principles of common-sense in all our dealings, may perhaps afford to spare a little sympathy for foolish people like Clare Vidal, remembering that the trials which they bring upon themselves are not the less real because of their folly.

Not many days after Clare had been so deservedly worsted in her effort to set instinct above reason, a trial came upon her which to one of her mental tendencies was especially hard to bear. Had Adrian been at home when the second post came in, he would probably have seen from her face that something was the matter; his inquiries would have elicited the truth, and a sufficiently clumsy attempt to sow discord between husband and wife would have been defeated. But, as ill-luck would have it, he had left the house, and it was in solitude that Clare opened and read the following precious missive:—

"Do you know how your husband amuses himself when your back is turned? Ask him how many times he has been in *Grosvenor-square* this week, and if he answers you truly he must have changed from what he used to be. You are not the first woman whom he has deceived, and you will not be the last. One who knows him well advises you to keep him at home if you can."

Clare treated this anonymous letter as it is to be feared that very many of us treat such stabs in the dark. First, she examined it closely, and found that neither handwriting nor post-mark afforded any clue to the identity of the writer. Then she indignantly tore it into fragments and threw it away from her, determining to think no more about it. And then she sat down and thought about it. Clare knew, as everybody knows, that anonymous letters can only be prompted by malice, and that the fact of their being anonymous is strong presumptive evidence that the matter which they contain is false. So far, so good; but she could not help going a little farther and arguing that malice must have some cause or other for its existence. "You are not the first woman whom he has deceived." His own mother had said something very like this about him, and in that charge lay the poison of the letter. It had come, no doubt, from some woman who had been deceived, or considered herself to have been deceived, by Adrian in days gone by, and who was thus taking the first opportunity that offered to avenge herself upon him. Who was this woman? The insinuation that Adrian was visiting Lady St. Austell more frequently than he confessed might or might not be founded upon fact. In any case, Clare felt that she was bound to assume it to be untrue. The least that she could do (so she rather foolishly thought) was to say nothing to her husband about this backbiting communication, and to behave as though it had never reached her. She despised herself for giving it a second thought; but self-contempt does not always lead to change of conduct; and so, while she condemned her suspicions, she brooded over them until she fretted herself into a fever.

Miss Susan Bowman possessed a fine supply of hatred and malice, and in the vengeance which she had sworn to wreak upon Vidal she was quite ready and willing to include Vidal's wife; yet—since, with all her little defects, she was a woman—it is probable that she would not have dispatched the document quoted above, had she been able to foresee all the consequences of that action. Adrian came home to find his small household in a state of the greatest confusion and alarm, and the doctor, who had been summoned hastily, pulled a rather long face when he came out of Mrs. Vidal's room.

"I think you had better go down stairs for the present," he said to Adrian. "I will join you as soon as I am able to leave my patient; but that may not be for some hours. Perhaps you would like to telegraph for Mrs. Irvine."

"Is it so bad as that?" gasped Vidal, turning white.

The doctor assumed that look of annoyed surprise which doctors generally do assume when such questions are addressed to them, and said: "I understood that Mrs. Vidal wished her mother to be with her, that was all. Of course, this is happening a great deal sooner than it ought to have done, which gives us some additional cause for anxiety; but I did not intend to imply anything more."

Thereupon he withdrew hastily; and Adrian, having dispatched his telegram, betook himself to his study, where he sat, waiting and trembling, for an interminable hour. At last he heard a heavy footfall on the stairs, and presently the doctor entered, with a grave and sympathetic mien.

"I am sorry," he began, "that I am not the bearer of good news."

Adrian started up and caught the man by the elbows. "Well?—what?" he asked, fiercely.

"I regret to say that the child was born dead. Under the circumstances, that was only what might have been anticipated; still"——

"Hang the child!" burst out Adrian. "What about my wife? Will she live?"

The doctor disengaged himself, looking slightly shocked. "Oh, I hope so—I quite hope so," he replied. "I have no reason to think otherwise. But it is a great pity that matters should have fallen out like this. Can you account for it in any way? Has Mrs. Vidal had any shock?—any mental disturbance?"

"None whatever, that I am aware of," answered Adrian.

The doctor said no more, but appeared to be incredulous. Adrian saw that he thought there had been a quarrel between the young couple; but he did not care what the doctor thought, nor did it occur to him to make any inquiry as to the presumed shock which had deprived him of the joys of paternity. All that he thought of then and for the next three days was his wife's chance of recovery, and when she was pronounced to be out of danger, he could hardly contain himself for joy.

Clare, who was too weak to speak much, lay and watched his happy face with a smile of contentment upon her own. "He must love me, to be so glad," she thought; and so long as he loved her, she asked for nothing more. She could have wished that he had been able to enter a little more into her feeling of disappointment about the baby; but it was hardly to be expected that a man should understand that. In reality, Adrian did, to some extent, understand what her feelings must be, but thought it better not to touch upon that subject. Personally, he shared the views of Mrs. Irvine, who concealed her own disappointment beneath a mask of cheerful volubility, and who confided to him that, much as she would have liked to be a grandmother, she could not but feel that this first member of the third generation had been rightly served for entering the world with such undue precipitancy.

"So inconsiderate of him!" she said. "I dare say, if he had lived, he would have brought an immensity of trouble upon us all with his impetuous ways of going on. Even as it is, he has given me a dreadful fright, besides upsetting all my arrangements. I had promised myself a month in London towards the end of the season, and I thought that by the time Clare was strong again, you would be ready for your summer holiday and I could take you both back to Cardrew with me; but now I must return as soon as possible on account of a hundred things that have to be attended to at home; and as for nursing poor Clare and doing all that I want to do in London, it isn't to be thought of. So I have written to Mr. Irvine to come up. No, I won't have him in this house; he would only be in your way. He will stay in a little hotel in Albemarle-street, where they know him and will look after him; and then he must go about and do my commissions for me. A nice mess he will make of them, I am afraid, but we must hope for the best."

In obedience to this summons, Mr. Irving duly arrived in Albemarle-street, whence it was agreed that he was to journey out to Alexandra-gardens every morning to be informed of his daughter's progress towards recovery, and to receive his wife's orders for the day. As, however, he persisted in walking the whole distance, and as on three consecutive occasions he lost his way, and only appeared in tow of a friendly policeman at three o'clock in the afternoon, by which time he was far too exhausted to be sent anywhere, it was considered that time would be saved by sending him his daily instructions through the post for the future. In spite of the element of risk involved in such an arrangement (for the old gentleman never remembered to post a letter himself, and when two or three days elapsed without news of him it was impossible not to fear that he might have been decoyed into a back slum and murdered), Mrs. Irvine adhered to it loyally and only left her daughter's bedside when Clare insisted upon her giving herself a little fresh air.

Adrian, too, remained at home during the greater part of the twenty-four hours, neither dining out nor paying visits, and making the office of the *Anglo-Saxon* the sole object of his afternoon walk. However, when Clare was in a fair way towards convalescence, he bethought him that it would be only civil to call upon Lady St. Austell, who had sent repeatedly to inquire during Mrs. Vidal's illness, and from whom he had received various sympathetic little notes, to which he had replied, without thinking it necessary to mention them to the invalid. Turning into Grosvenor-square, one afternoon, to discharge this act of duty, he was surprised to see his father-in-law standing on the steps of the house for which he himself was bound. Mr. Irvine was apparently lost in thought, but recognised the new-comer with a gesture of delight.

"Dear me! is that you, Adrian? Now perhaps you will be able to help me out. I have, unfortunately, quite forgotten, for the moment"——

"Where you are and what you came here for," suggested Adrian, laughing. "Well, I think I can tell you. You came here to call on Lady St. Austell, and you are now at her door."

"Yes, yes; I know that—I am quite aware of that; and I can also recall the specific errand upon which I was sent by Mrs. Irvine. She has lately supplied Lady St. Austell with a maid—a most respectable person, who has seen better days, but is now in reduced circumstances—and I was to inquire how she was getting on. But my difficulty is this. If Lady St. Austell was not at home, I was to be sure to ask for the young woman herself, and unluckily her name has altogether escaped me. It couldn't be Arrowroot, could it?"

"I shouldn't think so," said Adrian.

"No; and yet that can't be far from it, because all the way down Bond-street I was trying to fix it in my mind by repeating to myself 'A was an Archer, who shot at a frog.' Now, the name was *not* Archer."

"I don't see how that would help you towards Arrowroot, except that the words begin with an A," remarked Adrian. "Would the frog be of any assistance, do you think?"

Mr. Irvine shook his head despondently. "I doubt it. I can call to mind no English surname that is connected in any way with the idea of a frog, unless it be Tadpole, and I should be sorry to assert positively that such a name as Tadpole exists. Added to which, Tadpole is certainly not the name of the young person."

"That being so, suppose we ring and ask for the new maid?"

"To be sure!" cried Mr. Irvine, gleefully. "We will do so without loss of time. What a fortunate thing that you should have arrived at this moment! You are always so fertile in expedients."

Adrian accordingly rang the bell, and during the interval that elapsed before the door was opened he had leisure to reflect that, from his point of view, it was perhaps not such a very fortunate thing that he had encountered his father-in-law at that particular time and place. He had not said, before leaving home, that he intended calling upon Lady St. Austell, and would have been just as well pleased that the circumstance should not be reported. His musings were interrupted by a sudden exclamation from Mr. Irvine.

"Bowman!" called out the old gentleman, triumphantly. "Susan Bowman, of course! I knew it had something to do with archery. Now, do you see the beauty of this system of *memoria technica?* It not only enables you to recall the particular word that you wish to retain, but it exercises the deductive and inductive faculties"——

But the remainder of Mr. Irvine's speech died away upon his lips when he discovered that his hearer had vanished, as if by enchantment.

Adrian was, indeed, at this moment posting along Upper Brook-street, uttering muffled execrations at every step. Susan Bowman in Lady St. Austell's service! Here was a pretty piece of business! "No more visits to Grosvenor-square

for *me!*" thought he to himself. "That dear old mother-in-law of mine is the best of women; but she is not happy in her choice of objects for benevolence. I suppose the next thing will be that she will hear the whole of Susan's sad story, with additions and embellishments. Heaven grant that the woman may not have found out Clare's maiden name! It is this sort of disastrous thing that makes one doubt whether Providence can really take any active part in the government of human affairs."

The wicked flee when no man pursueth. Perhaps so; but there have been circumstances under which the righteous have been known to adopt the same inglorious system of strategy. It cannot be said that Adrian had behaved wickedly towards Susan Bowman; yet so terrified was he at the prospect of a second encounter with her that he was half way across Hyde Park before he realised that he had done a rather stupid thing in decamping without assigning any cause for his retreat. It would have been so simple to have been taken ill, or to have remembered an appointment! However, there was no use in thinking about that now, and he could but trust that Mr. Irvine's treacherous memory might fail to retain the circumstances of their meeting and parting. What was more important was that a woman who ardently desired to do him an ill turn was residing in the house which, of all houses in London, seemed the most likely to furnish her with means to effect her purpose; and as he thought of the complications that might arise out of this most unlucky accident, Adrian almost made up his mind that he would not only steer clear of Lady St. Austell for the future, but would frankly tell his wife the whole history of that boyish adventure which had so nearly prevented her from ever becoming his wife at all.

That he did not, in the sequel, carry out this sensible determination was due to a succession of those second thoughts which are not always the best. He had a good many reasons for holding his tongue. No man likes to confess (except in general terms) that he has been an egregious ass; very few men care to run the risk of a scene which may be avoided; and if it only cost an occasional ten-pound note to keep Susan quiet, occasional ten-pound notes might very well be forthcoming in these palmy days of literary success. Moreover, when he had regained full possession of his senses, Adrian reflected that the chance of a visitor to a large establishment being seen by the lady's-maid was not to be reckoned, upon the average, at a much higher rate than one in fifty, and that, as he had escaped recognition hitherto, it was most probable that he would continue to do so. To all this it may be added that he did not want to break with Lady St. Austell.

Had he been a little better acquainted with the habits both of Lady St. Austell and Susan, he might have spared himself the trouble of debating whether or not it behoved him to be cautious about calling in Grosvenor-square. The former of these women was at all times possessed by so irresistible a craving to talk about herself that it would have been impossible for anyone to brush her hair every evening without hearing all that she knew as to the person who had the privilege of exciting her interest for the time being: the latter had an insatiable thirst for information, having long since discovered ways in which miscellaneous information may be turned to account. Susan, therefore, was perfectly aware not only that Adrian was the son-in-law of the lady who had provided her with her situation, but also that Mrs. Vidal was rather prone to be jealous of her husband, and that Lady St. Austell was by no means disinclined to give her good cause for being so.

This was most satisfactory, and Susan began to see her way to paying off old scores in that time-honoured fashion which ought always to fail, yet so seldom does fail. That Mrs. Vidal might very possibly show the anonymous letter which she had received to her husband was a contingency in no wise to be dreaded. The writer did not care in the least whether she was identified by Adrian or not; for, since her interview with him, she had felt assured that he lacked the requisite courage to speak the truth about his past. He would, therefore (so she calculated), meet this charge with a blank denial—which denial would be only half believed in. He would not cease to visit Lady St. Austell; but henceforth he would do so more or less on the sly, and sooner or late he was quite sure, if not to compromise himself, at least to place himself in a compromising situation. Thus there was good ground for hope that ere long he might be made acquainted with the sweet uses of adversity. In the meantime, it was not desirable that he should be put upon his guard by knowledge of his enemy's whereabouts, and that knowledge Susan accordingly determined to withhold from him. Should he by any chance acquire it, she would still have the whip-hand of him; for she had preserved certain affectionate letters of his, written in by-gone days, and she was not without hope that, as time went on, she might do still better and possess herself of similar missives addressed to Lady St. Austell. It will be perceived that Miss Bowman was neither over-strict as to her own moral code nor disposed to form too lofty a notion of that of her neighbours.

"She is," said Mrs. Irvine, speaking of her to Adrian at this time, "one of the most interesting and unfortunate creatures I have ever met. I would have tried to place her as a governess; but she said she really would prefer being a maid, and one can't wonder that she should, poor thing! Nowadays, so much is expected of governesses that she could not hope to be intrusted with the care of any but quite small children, and, as she very truly said, it is better to be a lady's-maid than a nurse. I don't think there are any people in the world whom I pity so much as those who are thrown upon their own resources after having been brought up as ladies and yet insufficiently educated."

"I suppose you satisfied yourself that she *had* been brought up as a lady," said Adrian, to whom all this was very unpleasant hearing.

"Well, she said so," answered Mrs. Irvine, as if that were quite conclusive, and added, after a moment: "Sometimes I feel almost inclined to give up belonging to charitable organisations altogether: they seem to make people so hard and suspicious. This poor woman came to the office of our Society for the Aid of Decayed Gentlewomen, and they would have nothing to say to her because she couldn't produce any relations to answer for her. Now, how is one to produce people who are dead and buried? One can't dig them up out of their graves: and she did offer to show us their tombstones, which Lady M'Cleverty said was so impertinent of her, though I really could not see myself why it was impertinent. She told me her whole story, which was really a very sad and touching one. The lady with whom she lived first, after her parents died, turned her out of doors and refused to help her to another place because she had been unfortunate enough to attract the attention of this lady's son—a dissolute and unprincipled young man. Then, I think, she said she had been a dressmaker, and—well, I don't remember all her adventures; but she managed at last to get a situation as nursery-governess, and only left it because she could not endure the vulgarity of the people."

Adrian groaned. "And upon the strength of that unsupported testimony you recommended her to Lady St. Austell?"

"It wasn't unsupported. I had a character of her from the people with whom she had been last. Not a very good character, I must admit; but it was easy to see that the woman who wrote it was prejudiced against her. At any rate, Lady St. Austell is quite satisfied."

Adrian did not care to pursue the subject. It was a relief to him to find that he had not yet been betrayed, and it was also something of a relief to him when Mrs. Irvine left for Cornwall. "If there is to be a disturbance," thought he, "the fewer there are of us to take part in it the better."

But before very long all dread of a disturbance left him. Susan made no sign, and Clare, though a little depressed—as was but natural, after all that she had gone through—was almost herself again, and seemed to have forgotten the unreasoning repugnance that she had felt for Lady St. Austell. In reality, Clare had forgotten nothing; but Adrian's care of her during her illness had made her so heartily ashamed of having doubted him that she was eager to show her penitence by urging him to go out into the world again;—which thing, to tell the truth, he was ready to do without any great pressure. She herself did not yet feel equal to the fatigue of being entertained again; so she remained at home, counting the days till August, in the beginning of which month Adrian was to take her down to Cardrew, and sometimes wishing that she had a friend with her to keep her company and aid the flight of time.

(To be continued.)

"THOSE LAUGH WHO WIN."

This homely proverb may be as true of a game of chess as of any other game, if the comparative seriousness of a true contest of pure skill and science, admitting with able players little of the element of mere chance, does not temper the risibility of a sudden triumph. The defeated party is not likely to be in the laughing mood either in a game of chance or in a trial of skill; but it may depend on the personal disposition of the winner, young or old, proud or modest, whether a victory gained partly by good luck, as in holding a favourable hand of cards or in making a fortunate throw of dice, has the same exhilarating effect on his mind as a success achieved by wise strategy and tactics in an equal fight of no accidental character. There is this difference, we have often thought, between Chess and Whist, the two best of all sedentary games; for the latter will depend in some measure, at least for the single trick, and perhaps for the game or the total rubber, on the distribution of cards at hazard from the dealer; while the first-rate chessplayer, whose every move is a predetermined step towards the accomplishment of a certain design, like Field-Marshal Count von Moltke when he is directing the German Army, owes nothing to fortune except the possible blunders of an inferior opponent. Young players, in general, prefer a mixture of chance with skill, and enjoy the fun of winning by their luck, which to the juvenile mind is a flattering experience, though not accompanied by the just consciousness of merit. It is quite otherwise, we perceive, with this veteran master of crafty combinations, the old-fashioned parson, attired in the wig and gown commonly worn in Dean Swift's days by clergymen even in their hours of domestic relaxation, who has defeated his friend, a military officer, in the mimic battle of the chequered board, portrayed by a clever Artist in the drawing we have engraved. The reverend gentleman is perfectly satisfied with himself; the secure complacency of his face and attitude, the egotistic serenity of his smile, and the peculiar balancing of his finger-tips against each other, are very expressive of the sense of intellectual superiority, of having out-manœuvred his antagonist, without the slightest recognition of chance or luck in their contest. This is true chessplaying, which has frequently been noticed to be the congenial pastime of men gifted with a power of mental concentration, of mathematicians and philosophers, as well as statesmen, generals, and other great men of business; some of the last-mentioned classes, indeed, are known to have been addicted rather to whist, because it involves the practical element of hazard, as in most affairs of real life, and the social interest of partnership or co-operation, together with that of contention against the adverse party. The man of solitary studies, a severe metaphysician, grammarian, or theologian for instance, may prove a formidable opponent at the chessboard; and our clerical acquaintance here, in spite of his steaming bowl of punch, is perhaps one of the most learned divines of his time. The other player, for aught we know, may have commanded a brigade in the wars of the Duke of Marlborough and earned high military reputation, but here sits beaten by the Parson, and it is the Parson who laughs as he wins.

Her Majesty's Government have awarded silver shipwreck medals to Custodio Otazo, a pilot of Pasages; Quiterio Letamendia, a skipper; Enrique Mariscal, the Alcalde of Pasages, and Ramon Llanos, a councilman, who went out in two boats from the port of Pasages, manned by crews of ten and six men respectively, to the rescue of the shipwrecked crew of the British steam-ship Coldra, which was driven upon some rocks near the entrance to the port, under high cliffs, during a hurricane. They succeeded, at great risk, in saving the lives of the master and eight of the crew of the steam-ship. A gold shipwreck medal has also been awarded to Don Domingo Parlaty, captain of the port of Pasages, who went out in another boat and helped to pick up some of the men belonging to French and Spanish men-of-war's boats which capsized when attempting to take part in the rescue of the crew of the Coldra. The Board of Trade have awarded sums of money to the crews of the two first-mentioned boats, and also to José Martin Corto, José Mario Urbietta Ciriaco, Anton Colvo, and four seamen who saved the lives of the survivors of the crew of the steam-ship Coldra, who remained on board the wreck until night, by pulling them up the cliffs with ropes.

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CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All communications relating to this department of the Paper should be addressed to the Editor, and have the word "Chess" written on the envelope.

F H (Munich).—The humours of Prince Bismarck do not affect the chess world, as you will see on reference to the diagram below.

W T P E (Finsbury).—We have not seen the magazine referred to, and do not know by whom it is published or where.

H B (Bury St. Edmunds).—Very sorry, but the problem is too weak for our readers.

H W S (Canterbury).—Many thanks for the problem. It shall soon appear.

H H (Higlsbury).—Too many pieces for so slight a theme. We shall be glad, however, to hear from you again.

J J M (Weymouth).—It is quite wrong and rather rude. The "blunder" exists with himself in confounding one anonymous problem with another subsequently published.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2134 received from F E Gibbins (Tiflis), Rev. John Wills (Barnstable, U.S.A.), and A Lady in Her Seventy-first Year (New Jersey, U.S.A.); of No. 2135 from Rev. W David, Benjamin Chapelle (Malta), Richard Murphy, W Vernon-Arnold, Jumbo, E L G, W Fenton; of No. 2136 from J Alois Schmucker, Indagator, Edwin Smith (Perth), Richard Murphy (Wexford), Jumbo, E L G, A J Lake, Z Ingold, Carl Stepan, T G (Ware), L K Hirschl, and L E C B; of JAN BENE'S PROBLEM from Harry Risbridger, Edwin Smith, F Marshall, E E H, H H Noyes, C W Milson, G W Law, Anon Harper, L L Greenaway, R T Kersey, A M Porter, E L G, Richard Murphy, Emmo (Darlington), J T W, H H Brooks, S B, T G (Ware), and T Finclair.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2137 received from Rev. W Anderson (Old Romney), Jumbo, F West, H H Noyes, E T Ward, Rev. W David, L Sharswood, Ernest Sharswood, H Reeves, C W Milson, William Miller (York), Ben Nevis, G W Law, Richard Holster, L L Greenaway, S D Clinch, E A Adams, E Louden, A M Porter, Fanny H Levy (Edmonton), Edwin Smith, R L Southwell, F Marshall, E E H, W Fenton, J T W, A Wigmore, Richard Murphy, S Rullen, Emmo (Darlington), W Hillier, A W Scrutton, T H Holdron, W J Rudman, H A Chapman, S J Hall, H W, Jupiter Junior, An Old Hand, A J Lake, E L G, H Blacklock, N H Mullen, G Seymour, H Wardell, Joseph Ainsworth, B R Wood, F Ferris, R B P (Leicester), J E M F, N S Harris, A C Hunt, R Ingersoll, R H Brooks, Shadforth, D W Kell, Hereward, C Oswald, Otto Fulder (Ghent), F F Pott, Julia Short, E Casella (Paris), A S Lion, William Davis, T G (Ware), W Biddle, U Darragh, Ben Nevis, Tiglath, D McCoy, and L R Hirschl.

SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEMS.

No. 2136.

WHITE.	BLACK.
1. B to Q Kt 8th	B to Q Kt 5th
2. Q to K B sq	Any move
3. Mates accordingly.	

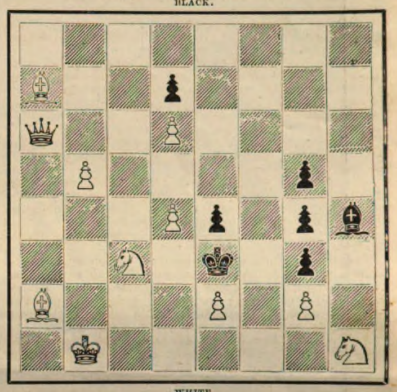
NOTE.—If Black play 1. K takes P, the continuation is 2. Q to Q 7th (ch), &c.

K. BLAHA'S PROBLEM.

WHITE.	BLACK.
1. Kt to K 2nd	Kt takes B
2. Kt to Q 6th	Kt to K B 8th
3. Kt to K B 7th	Any move
4. Kt or B mates.	

NOTE.—If Black play 1. P to K B 5th, then follows 2. Kt to Q 6th, Kt takes B; 3. Kt to Kt sq (ch), &c.

PROBLEM No. 2139.
By FRITZ HOFFMANN (Munich).
BLACK.



WHITE.
White to play, and mate in three moves.

We are glad to note that the proprietors of the *Australasian*, of Melbourne, have made arrangements with Mr. Blackburne to contribute the best of the games played by him in the Colonies, with his own notes. Since his "blindfold" exhibition Mr. Blackburne has been resting, preparatory to a visit to Warmambool, where he will be the guest of Mr. Stanley. From thence he goes to Ballarat, and will enter into the players at the Mechanic's Institution. At the Melbourne chess clubs Mr. Blackburne has been a welcome visitor, and a crowd around a board is a sure indication of his presence. The following is one of the ten games played by Mr. Blackburne *sans voir*, referred to a few weeks back, with his own notes. It is quoted from the *Australasian*.

(King's Gambit declined.)

WHITE (Mr. Blackburne).	BLACK (Mr. Loughran).	WHITE (Mr. Blackburne).	BLACK (Mr. Loughran).
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	19. R to K 3rd	B takes B
2. P to K B 4th	B to B 4th	20. K takes B	R to K Kt sq
3. Kt to K B 3rd	P to Q 3rd	21. P to K Kt 4th	P to Q B 4th
4. Kt to B 3rd	Kt to Q B 3rd	22. Q R to K B sq	R to Kt 4th
	4. B to K Kt 5th is stronger.	23. R to B 3rd	P to B 3rd
5. B to Kt 5th	B to K Kt 5th	24. K R to K B sq	R to K B 2nd
6. P to Q 3rd	Kt to B 3rd	25. K to K 4th	R to K Kt 3rd
7. P to K R 3rd	B takes Kt	26. P to Q R 3rd	R to Q 2nd
8. Q takes B	P to K R 3rd	27. P to B 3rd	R to Q sq
9. P takes P	P takes P	28. R to B 5th	R to Q 2nd
10. Q to Kt 3rd	Q to K 2nd	29. R to K Kt sq	R to Kt 4th
11. Kt to Q 5th	Kt takes Kt	30. P to K R 4th	R to Kt 3rd
12. P takes Kt	P to R 3rd	31. P to Kt 5th	R P takes P
13. P takes Kt	P takes B	32. P takes P	R to K R 2nd
14. P takes P	R to Q Kt sq	33. R takes R P (ch)	R takes R
15. Q takes Kt P	K to Q 2nd	34. P takes R	R to K 5th (ch)
16. Q to Kt 4th (ch)		35. K to K 3rd	K takes P

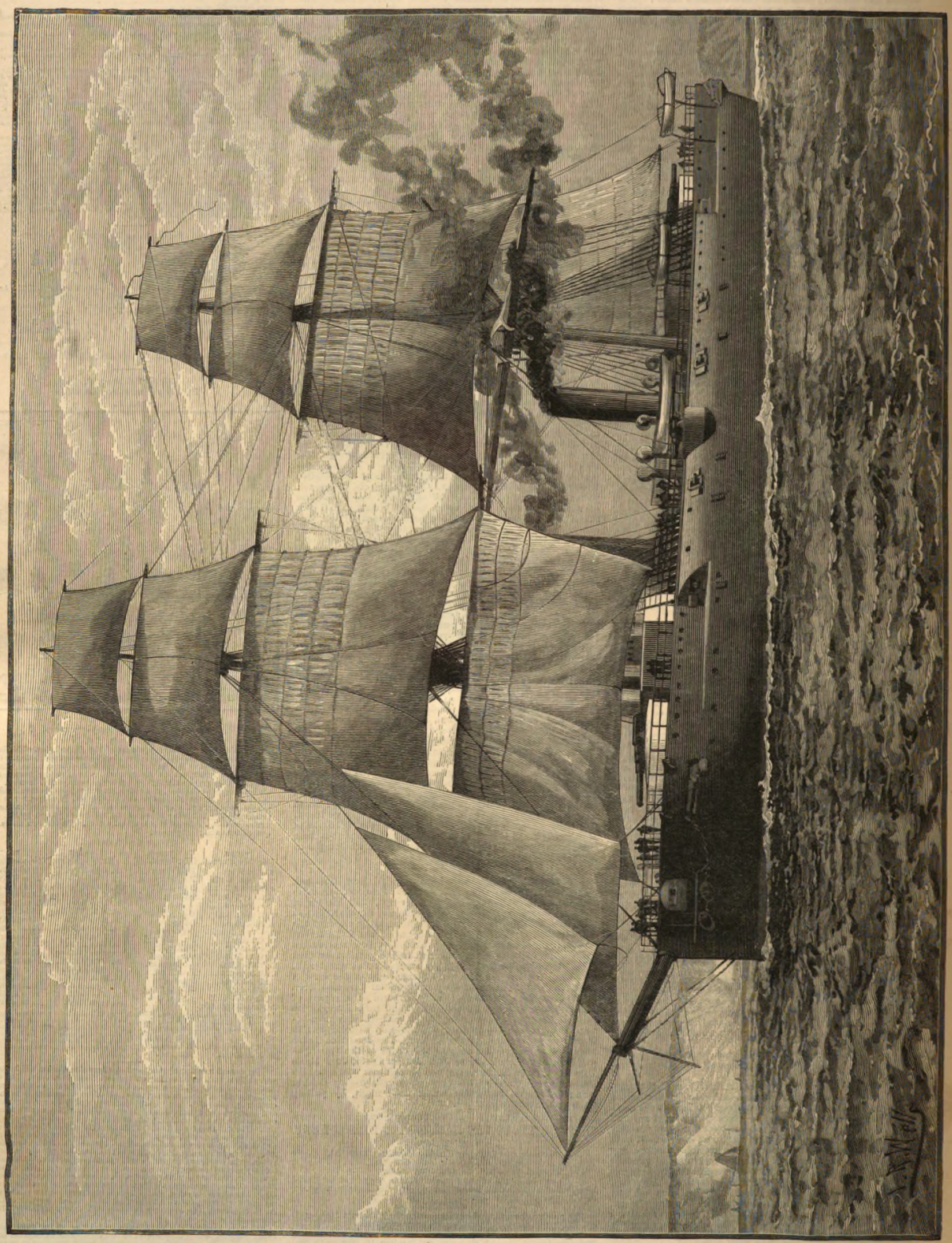
When he made this move, he overlooked that Black could interpose his queen. 16. K to K B sq would have won easily.

At this point the game was abandoned as drawn. Mr. Blackburne observes that "Black's defence throughout this game is a critical end game is of the highest order; for, with a Pawn minus, and apparently the worse position, he succeeds in obtaining a draw."

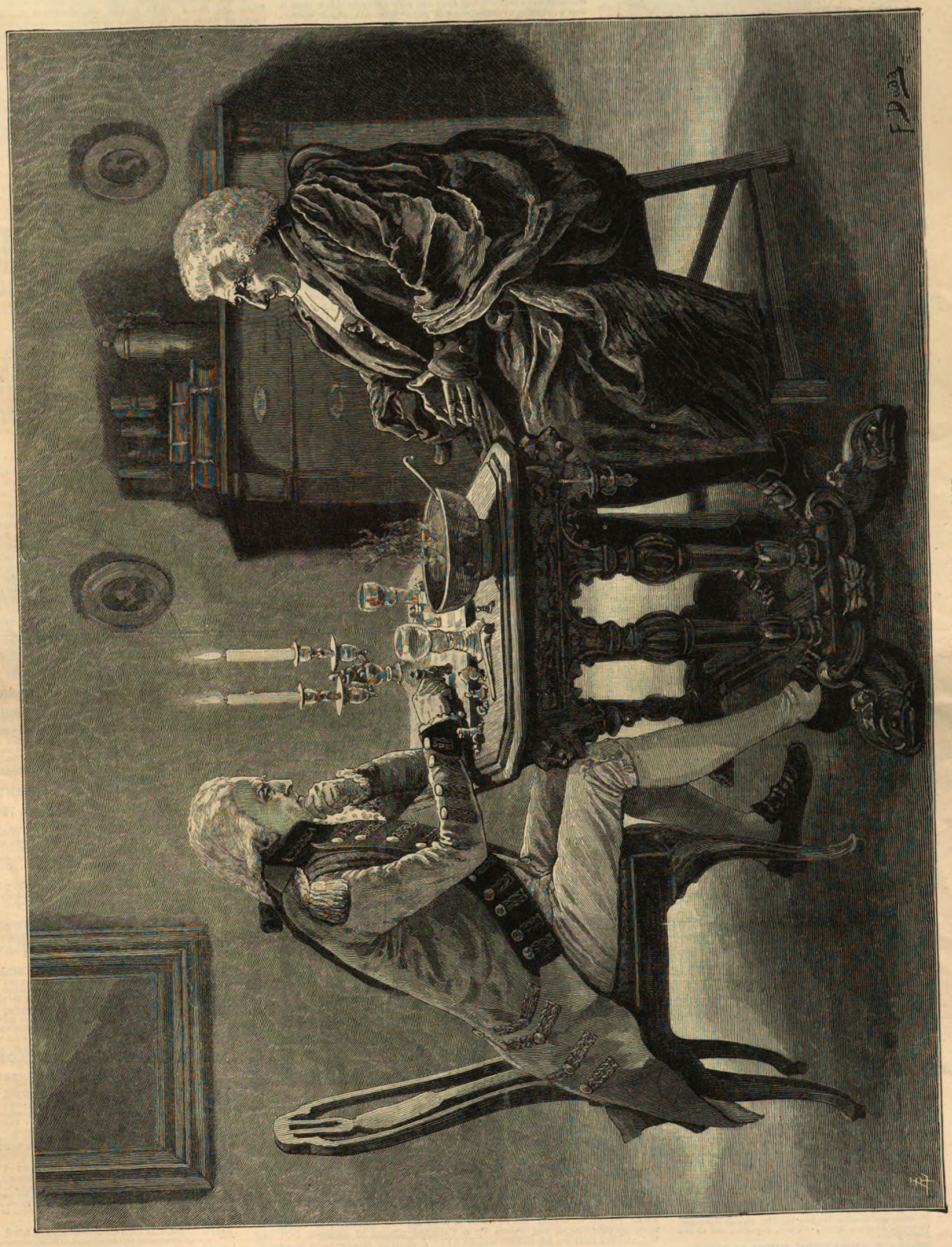
The annual meeting of the Counties Chess Association will be held this year at Hereford, commencing on the last Monday in July. Mr. Charles Anthony, of Hereford, has accepted the office of president for the year, and by his munificence and in anticipation of a liberal response from the chess community generally, the committee are enabled to issue a very attractive and comprehensive programme. There will be a "Master's" tournament, open to all nations, for a first prize of at least £50; second, £20; and third, £10. The entrance fee is fixed at £3 3s., and the sum of these will be divided among the unsuccessful competitors. There will be the usual first, second, and third class tourneys, and a handicap, open only to British amateurs, the first prize to be at least £15; and £10 will be given for problem and solution prizes. The amateur competition will extend over a week, but the Master's tourney may be prolonged over a fortnight if necessary. While £50 is the sum guaranteed for the "Master's" prize, the committee express a desire that liberal donations may be offered to enable them to increase it, so that competitors from America, and other distant parts of the world, may be induced to enter the lists. All cheques should be made payable to the Rev. A. B. Skipworth, the honorary secretary and treasurer, Tetford Rectory, Horncastle.

We have received the preliminary prospectus of the Sixth American Chess Congress, which is appointed to be held at New Orleans on or about April 7 next. The programme comprises a grand tournament, open to all comers, at a moderate entrance fee, the prize pal prize to be not less than £100, and the others to be in pro rotion to the number of competitors; a handicap and problem tourney, each for appropriate prizes. The prospectus is dated Feb. 7 last, and the committee append to it a note that, if by March 15 they have not received subscriptions sufficient to ensure the success of the congress, the project will be abandoned.

A new chess club has been formed, which holds its meetings at the Bedford Tavern, Red Lion-street. A noteworthy clause in the constitution of this young society is, that there are no subscriptions expected from the members. Mr. R. Moffat and Mr. H. T. Down, well-known metropolitan amateurs, are among the regular attendants.



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"THOSE LAUGH WHO WIN."—DRAWN BY F. DADD.

POETRY.

Something more than the mere elegant, cultivated master of rhyme, something more than the accomplished versifier and controller of rhythm, something very near akin to the true poet, though not, perhaps, of the highest or the profoundest flight, is revealed in *The Secret of Death*, &c.: by Edwin Arnold, M.A. (Trübner and Co.), and has before now been revealed in "The Light of Asia," as well as in less interesting and less ambitious specimens of poetic thought and workmanship. It is always pleasant and even improving to read the productions of a writer who, whether he be translating, or paraphrasing, or pouring forth the original utterances of a genuine inspiration, gives continual proof of scholarship combined with taste, and of a heart that has been chastened by experience and is in cordial sympathy with the joys, the sorrows, and the yearnings of humanity. And, now that scholarship has been mentioned, it is pertinent to remark that the author follows the fashion of the classical poets, who may be said, in vulgar parlance, to have had "a good cheek" and to have been in many cases their own "trumpeters." So the author, in the style of the self-complacent Horatius Flaccus, who roundly proclaimed that he had "erected a monument more durable than brass" (a very good metal to pick out under the circumstances), and that he should not "all" die, but that a great part of him would still "escape Libitina," declares in some pretty dedicatory verses inscribed to his daughter his firm conviction, amounting to absolute knowledge, that his "verse shall henceforth live on lips to be." This self-assertion, though scarcely after the modern mode, is very much better, no doubt, than the veil of hypocritical modesty which is so generally assumed; though, in either case, self-consciousness is somewhat ridiculously betrayed. Neither the tone of Peter in the "Tale of a Tub," nor of Uriah Heap in a well-known novel, will cause vitality or immortality to be attained by poems otherwise destined to fall still-born from the press, or to sink hereafter into oblivion. In the present instance, the author had no reason, unless it had so pleased him, to take the trumpet into his own hand and blow into it from his own mouth; he has not been treated as the prophet, if not the poet, is proverbially (and therefore, one is almost inclined to say, falsely) said to be treated in his own country; his poetical effusions have met with extensive, and deservedly extensive, appreciation in his own generation among his own compatriots; and how his merits, whether as a poet or in some other capacity, have been recognised by various persons or bodies who have authority and preside at divers fountains of honour, is to be inferred from the long list of distinctions—too long by far to quote—which, as appears plainly on the titlepage, have been conferred upon him from time to time: why, a Homer would have been bewildered by a half of them. The contents of the volume are diverse, and so numerous that it would be vain to attempt the briefest description of them all; suffice it to say that there are poems, original and translated, in blank verse and in rhyme, of the epic and of the lyric order, in the didactic and in many an other strain; that the writer is good, and sometimes very good, both as the singer of the thoughts that arose in him and as the simple interpreter of others; and that he excels rather in the plaintive mood and the pretty, polished form than in any other. He has drawn upon the treasures of Sanscrit, Greek, Latin, French, and German for his varied and interesting collection; and his touch is that not only of a cunning hand but of one who feels that respect is due to what he touches. The titular poem is taken from the Sanscrit, and is in the shape of a lesson conned together, as it were, by a Brahman priest and an Englishman, who, seated in a temple beside a river near the city of Poonah, read together—with comments—part of a Sanscrit manuscript. English readers will be greatly struck and, perhaps, impressed with the sentiments and theories propounded, as well as with the customs which receive incidental illustration; but they are very likely to think that it was a mistake to introduce the Sanscrit words, which, sesquipedalian as some of them are, may not have on everybody ignorant of the language the soothing effect produced upon the illiterate old woman by "that blessed word Mesopotamia."

A poetical subject poetically handled is to be found in *Melchior:* by W. G. Wills (Macmillan and Co.), which is a romantic story told in the blank verse of the period. The blank verse of the period is an expression used advisedly; because the writers, the most indubitable poets even, of the present age seem to deal with blank verse, as regards syllables and accents, in a free-and-easy manner which is calculated to discolour the hair and undermine the constitution of readers who were brought up in the old school. It is all right, no doubt, but the sensation caused is sometimes like that experienced in a drive over a rutty road; and it is all right, again, no doubt, to take any unoffending substantive and enlist it by force in the army of verbs, or, with the addition of one or two letters, in a regiment of adjectives or participles; but just at first the appearance of such a phenomenon is apt to excite prejudice, to provoke an exclamation as at a sudden shock. Such little liberties, if, indeed, they be even liberties at all, have, nevertheless, a highly poetical look; and, sooth to say, that is sometimes all that there is of poetical in a whole volume of so-called poetry. It is very different with "Melchior," which could very well afford to do without the eccentricities (as the old school would call them) both of metrical arrangement and of language, and would still remain with passages of picturesque description, of striking fancy, of tender passion, of strong emotion, of brilliant conception, of eloquent expression, sufficient to vindicate its claims. The writer has chosen his scene well; it is a dreamy old town on the Rhine, as it was at some date not clearly given. There lived Melchior von Stern, a mystic, a musician, yet a man of fortune. He was all that was good and kind, and he was a true son of St. Cecilia, his patron saint. His ambition was to win fame by an oratorio written in her honour; it was a magnificent masterpiece, but, at the opening of the story, it had just failed to take the popular fancy. Melchior is called a Geister-seher (which is invariably written in the hardly defensible hybrid form "Geister-seer"), from his supposed communion with spirits, especially with the spirit of St. Cecilia, and his disregard of earthly matters. On a day, or rather night, he, being out in a boat, fishes out of the Rhine a woman who would have drowned herself, a woman of lovely exterior and, as it turns out, of lovely nature, mental and moral. Of course, they love; and the question is whether she on earth shall win Melchior from St. Cecilia in heaven. But, lo! when he proposes to marry the beauty of flesh and blood, it appears that she has a mysterious secret which is a bar to any such happiness; she then appears to have drowned herself really, in a second attempt, but she is only acting a part; she presents herself before Melchior, who has gone mad, and he shoots her dead; he is confined as a maniac in his own house, where he recovers nearly all his senses, lives in spiritual communication with the mysterious young woman he had shot, and, just when news is brought to him that his masterpiece has at last found full appreciation, he dies on the very day, at about the very hour he had been led to expect, after he had encountered his "double." Such a story lends itself easily to poetical treatment; and poetically it is treated—very poetically, from time to time.

If the anonymous writer of the volume of verse entitled *Sturm und Drang* (Elliot Stock), who does not appear to be very conceited, will be content with a place among the minor but by no means inconsiderable English lyrists, let the place be claimed at once as of right. The verses are easy and melodious for the most part; and if there is only very occasionally a rare, original thought or image, there is very often plenty of spirit and vigour. The writer's tone is sometimes more than a little bitter; and he evidently takes a most hopeless view, notwithstanding his discernible sympathy, of the social and moral condition which prevails among the poor of London. It is not easy to see how anybody can very well take any other view; but to have it so strongly presented makes it doubly distressing from the feeling of utter despair confessed and communicated. In the pieces called "Lux per tenebras" and "My Muse and I," respectively, the writer has struck the lyre to very noticeable purpose, and in other pieces also.

A wild bird sitting on a tree, unwitting of lucid composition and small grammatical detail, but full of tempestuous ardour, might trill forth to entertain his mate, such passionate, tumultuous, unintelligible little bursts of amorous song as are contained in *Tuberose and Meadowsweet:* by Mark André Raffalovich (David Bogue), of which volume the very title itself is poetry. It would be sheer affectation to pretend to understand more than a very small appreciable fraction of the many pieces the volume contains, but some of them are certainly very pretty, some very passionate, some very plaintive, and if they be not poetry, they have all the appearance of it, and are at least ebullient song.

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Mr. Thomas Russell was last week elected, without opposition, for Glasgow, in succession to Mr. George Anderson, who has been appointed to a Crown Office at Melbourne.

The annual general meeting of the Booksellers' Provident Institution was held on the 12th inst., Mr. Robert Farran in the chair. The report of the directors, which was unanimously adopted, expressed some concern as to the future welfare of the institution, arising from insufficiency of income to meet requirements. The total receipts during the year amounted to £1622, which included a donation of £20 from her Majesty (patroness of the institution), and a legacy of £100 from the late Mr. H. G. Bohn. The expenditure during the same period had been £1652, of which £1455 was disbursed in relief granted to twenty-seven members and fifty-two widows of members, and £196 expenses of management. The report concludes by earnestly appealing for liberal subscriptions.

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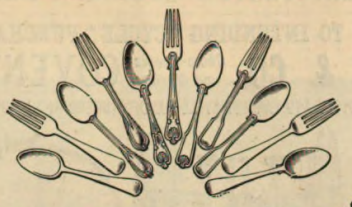
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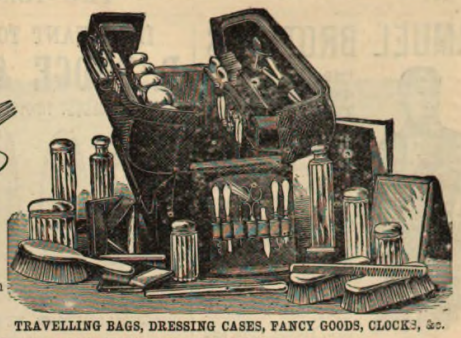


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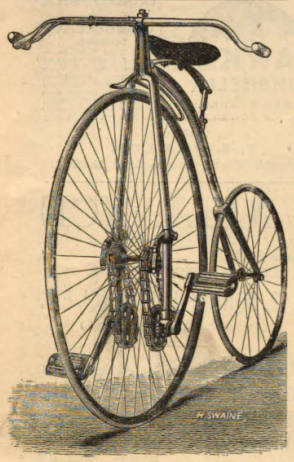
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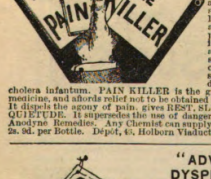
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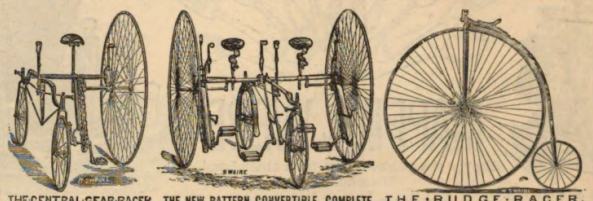
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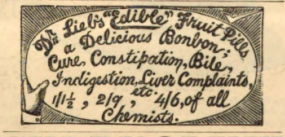
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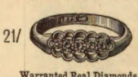
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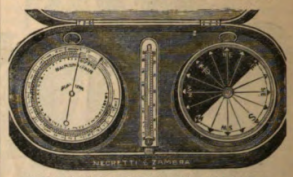
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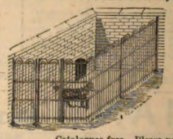
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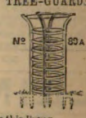
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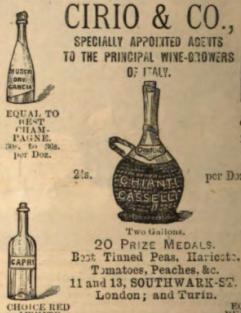
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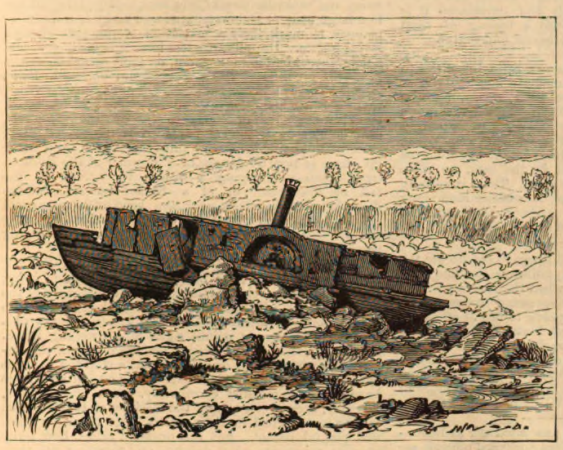
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THE WAR IN THE SOUDAN.



WRECK OF COL. J. D. STEWART'S STEAMER ON THE ROCKS AT SULEIMANIEH.



GRAVES OF SIR HERBERT STEWART AND OTHER BRITISH OFFICERS AT GAKDUL.

General Sir Herbert Stewart (died at Gakdul).



GORDON'S NATIVE SOLDIERS CARRYING THE WOUNDED TO KORTI.
SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. MELTON PRIOR.

OUR NOTE-BOOK

Although the annual contest, as it has for many years now been, between the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge on the Thames from Putney to Mortlake (or just the other way), has happily lost some of the absurd factitious importance once attached to it, it is just at present a topic of considerable interest. It may, therefore, be worth while to notice a few points which are constantly discussed on the eve of the race. It is usual to date the series—which has been annual since 1856 only—from 1829, when Oxford won. But that race was rowed at Henley, and ought, of course, to be included among "University meetings at Henley," of which there have been five besides. There was also a race between Oxford and Cambridge (won by the former) at the Thames Regatta, in June, 1844. The University boat-race proper, however, so to speak, has been rowed altogether forty times, of which Oxford has won twenty-one, and Cambridge eighteen. There was one dead-heat (in 1877, when Oxford was winning easily, but bow broke his oar). In 1836, 1839, 1840, 1841, and 1842, the course was from Westminster to Putney; and Cambridge won the first four of the five races. Once, in 1846, the race was rowed from Mortlake to Putney, and was won by Cambridge. Twice—in 1856 and 1863—the race was rowed from "Barker's rails" (1200 yards beyond the usual post at Mortlake) to Putney, and was won in the former year by Cambridge, in the latter by Oxford. On all other occasions it has been rowed from Putney to Mortlake. In 1831 the prevalence of cholera prevented the race from being rowed; in 1834, disagreement about locality; in 1835, continued non-acceptance of the challenge of 1834. Since 1836, the only years in which there was no race have been 1837, 1838, 1843, 1844, 1847, 1848, 1850, 1851, 1853, and 1855. In 1846 outriggers (initiated on the Tyne) were first used; in 1857, keel-less boats; in 1873, slides. In 1849 there were two races in the course of the year; Cambridge won the first, Oxford the second, on a foul (the only time the race has been so won). The quickest time is that of Cambridge (in 1873, 19 min. 36 sec.), the first year of the slides, which have not, on the whole, made so much difference in the time as might have been expected; the slowest (since the old days of the Westminster to Putney race, of course) is also that of Cambridge (in 1860, 26 min. 5 sec.). The closest finish (bar the dead-heat) is, perhaps, the half-length by which Cambridge won in 1856, or Oxford in 1867; though, if the difference of course be taken into consideration, the two-thirds of a length by which Cambridge won from Westminster to Putney, in 1840, may be taken to show as gallant a struggle. In 1859, Cambridge, which has been rather unfortunate, filled and sank in the rough water. From 1861 to 1869, both included, the race degenerated into a procession, Oxford always leading. The race is generally rowed on the Saturday before Palm Sunday; but the year before last it was rowed on a Thursday, and last year on a Monday. In conclusion, the race for about a dozen years or more "followed the betting"—that is, the crew on whom betting men laid odds—won the race invariably, but either last year or the year before the "odds were upset," as the saying is, by one of those exceptions which are said to prove or test a general rule.

Berlin and birthdays have been much in men's mouths lately. On the 20th inst. there was Prince Frederic Charles, father-in-law of our Duke of Connaught, celebrating his fifty-seventh birthday; on the 22nd inst. there was the German Emperor's birthday, the eighty-eighth; and meanwhile, a subscription of more than eighty thousand pounds has been subscribed for a national testimonial to be presented to the "man of blood and iron" on his seventieth birthday—the First of April, of all days in the year. Prince Von Bismarck, however, is not to be presented with a "poisson d'Avril," but with the estate of Schönhausen, which one of his ancestors was obliged to sell some two centuries ago. This can hardly be considered a case of the return of the "bad shilling," even if it cannot be regarded as an instance of casting one's bread upon the waters.

Eighty-eight and seventy are, no doubt, respectable ages for an Emperor and a Prince, especially in these days of Nihilism and dynamite; but, now that Mr. Thoms and others have no terrors for the reporters of marvellous ages, a centenarian is coming to be regarded as little more than an "old boy." The other day, however, there came to hand an ancient magazine in which mention is made of one De Cugna, a native of Bengal, who is said to have died in 1566, "aged 370 years," having had "four new sets of teeth," frequent changes of hair "from black to grey and from grey to black," and 700 wives (the number of King Solomon's), "some of whom died, the others he put away" (an equivocal term, applied equally to homicide and divorce). This worthy, we are told, was "an idolator for the first hundred years of his life"; then, having arrived at years of discretion and probably cut his wisdom teeth, he became a Mussulman. It is satisfactory to know that the authority to whom the magazine was indebted for its facts (if indeed they be facts) is or was regarded as "a model of veracity."

The eighty-eighth birthday of the German Emperor has caused many anecdotes of his domestic life to be circulated. One of the most recent bears witness to the kindly relations which exist between the venerable Sovereign and Engel, his faithful valet. The latter is seventy years of age and has rather delicate health, after which his master inquires daily with genuine anxiety. One morning this winter, Engel respectfully intimated that he must retire from active service, and rest for the remainder of his days. "Nonsense," replied the Emperor, with a hearty laugh; "neither you nor I, Engel, have time to think of rest." The subject has never since been broached.

Prince George of Wales will soon be afloat again, and preparations for his accommodation are being pushed on rapidly on board the Excellent. The captain's cabin is being refurnished as his sitting-room, and his bed-room will open out of it. Temporary quarters are being prepared for the captain.

One of the most popular French papers is perfectly aghast at some of the monstrosities threatened in the name of fashion, and says that good taste must have vanished from the earth if ladies consent to wear the gold and steel helmets, or the tall edifices of bark adorned with wild flowers and berries, that have appeared in some of the *magasins des nouveautés*.

Egypt continues to be the most interesting scene of events, so far as we English are concerned, though Afghanistan may give us plenty of anxiety. We are lost in admiration of the gallant manner in which our troops, both British and Indian, do whatever is expected of them in the Egyptian Desert; but we can surely give a moment's attention to the behaviour of those splendid Arabs, whose hopeless bravery is simply heroic, and whose necessary slaughter, by hundreds and thousands, it is impossible to contemplate without a feeling of deep sympathy and without a groan of horror and regret.

The Mahdi appears to have his own little difficulties to contend with in his own more immediate neighbourhood. Another "holy man" seems to have arisen, another Mahdi is said to be in the field. When "holy man" meets "holy man," when Mahdi meets Mahdi, we may expect to see something as desperate as the struggle when Greek meets Greek, whether in war or finance. At any rate, the more Mahdis there are to be set by the ears, the more reason we shall have to thank our stars. There is nothing like dissension in the hostile camp; it is better than many reinforcements. But the rumour is almost too good to be true; or the new Mahdi may be a mere bubble.

Private generosity is doing all it can to ameliorate the condition of our troops in Egypt during the long hot months of comparative inaction, when the recovery of the sick will be retarded by the depressing influences of climate, and the healthy will be prone to fall ill of ennui. Sir Allan Young's yacht Stella left Portsmouth on Friday laden with two hundred cases of such comforts as folding-chairs, cutlery, drugs, chemicals, essence of beef, sausages, rosewater, ice powder and machines, soda-water, games of all kinds, and, though last not least, a large number of boxes of books given by Messrs. W. H. Smith and Son.

There is a great deal of most unwonted stir at Devonport, and the Admiral and principal dockyard officials are very much to be congratulated on their promptness. The Admiralty telegraphed at the latter end of last week to inquire how many vessels in that port were available for active service, and how soon they could be ready for commission. The reply dispatched in an hour or two was that ten ships could be quite ready in a fortnight, the Hotspur being the first. She is a most formidable turret-ship, armour-plated, armed with four formidable guns, and her engines are of 3060-horse power. So many men belonging to the Reserve forces are employed at Devonport, that numbers of labourers have been enrolled in the yard, so that they may be ready to carry on the necessary work if the Reserves are called out.

Thirty years is a long period to look forward to; but the New Hospital for Women, in the Marylebone-road, and the London Hospital both have to wait that length of time for their share in the bequest of the late Dr. Mercer, of Newport, Rhode Island. This gentleman left a certain amount of property to works of religion and benevolence, after some relatives had enjoyed the life interest; and his executrix, Mrs. Anna Pell, wishes two English charities to share in its benefits, and has chosen the above mentioned. Matters are not quite settled; but both these hospitals are eminently deserving, and their needs as well as their efficiency grow annually.

A very valuable volume on the English School of Painting, by the French critic M. Ernest Chesneau, has been published by Messrs. Cassell and Co. It is pleasant to "see ourselves as others see us," when those "others" are as appreciative as M. Chesneau, who really may be said to have discovered some beauties in our art of which we ourselves are but dimly cognisant. The great charm of the book, however, is Professor Ruskin's preface, and the quaint foot-notes, which prove how carefully he considered the book before commending it to the favour of the British public.

The Rothschilds can afford to collect anything they like—diamonds, books, pictures, *bibelots*—no matter what, so long as it is rare and costly. Baron Alphonse, of Paris, has just given £10,000 for Gainsborough's picture of Mr. and Mrs. Hibbert, at the Grosvenor Gallery, and will take possession of his treasure on the 28th. By-the-way, Baron Alphonse is not quite sure of his seat at the Académie des Beaux-Arts, in Paris, where he expected to be the successor of the late M. Du Sommerard, some slight informality in the proceedings being alleged as the reason. However, the new candidate can afford to wait.

A delightful little story of Madame De Staël has just come to light in the "Memoirs of Madame De Chateaubriand," which has been published during the last two or three weeks at Bordeaux. The Chateaubriands being at Geneva, Madame De Staël called on them and obtained a promise that on their return from Chamounix they would spend a few days with her at Coppet. Some unforeseen obstacle quite prevented them from going, and the literary lady was sadly disappointed, all the more because, having reckoned on the visit, she had forwarded to Paris an account of her conversations with M. De Chateaubriand, in which she had been so fortunate as to convert him to her own political opinions! He, however, took it in very good part, remarking that Madame De Staël had merely written *un roman de plus*.

When the Princess of Wales gives a garden party it is her custom to invite the guests who have children to bring them also. The result is, that a pretty scene is made still more picturesque by the addition of the gaily-dressed youngsters. Those who were at the last garden party at Marlborough House will remember that Lady Mandeville's sweet twins were the observed of all observers, and that everyone admired the groups of mothers and offspring that lent so much additional beauty to the picture. The example set has very properly and naturally been followed, and Lady Dufferin has taken the fashion with her to Calcutta. At her "at homes" at Government House, now again bright and gay, the usual announcements have been varied by an invitation for matrons to be accompanied by their children, and the innovation has given extreme satisfaction to all who are fortunate enough to be on her Ladyship's list.

Dublin does not now boast so many rich social institutions that they can afford to quarrel or even compete with each other. Yet, in their loyal anxiety to give a fitting entertainment in honour of the visit of their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales, the Kildare-street and Sackville-street Clubs were nearly giving offence to a large body of Dublin citizens who desired, in a similar manner, to mark their appreciation of the visit of their Royal guests. Happily, matters have been arranged, and a magnificent ball is to be given, on joint accounts, at the beautiful grounds of the Royal Dublin Society at Ball's Bridge. This is a locality which is not unused to festivities, though of different character to the gaiety now projected, for it is really a part of Donnybrook, where the annual fair, sung of by song-writers and dreaded by the constabulary, used to take place. As all differences have been made up, there is now no danger of a member of the Kildare-street Club challenging a citizen to "tread on the tail of his coat," or of a Sackville-street habitué flourishing a shillalegh over the head of a municipal official; these, according to the melodramatist, being the principal occupations of Irishmen who are enjoying themselves.

Thames anglers have had a narrow escape of being deprived of their beloved relaxation. In the draught of the Thames River Bill there was a clause to the effect that no craft was to be moored within two hundred yards of a riparian property, or within sight of a dwelling house. Had this become law, fishing in the Thames from the unoffending punt would have been put a stop to; and the value of the pleasant river-side inns and cottages must have been depreciated enormously. The danger has, however, been averted; and the disciples of Izaac Walton will be undisturbed in their efforts after the shiny roach and playful barbel. But the question arises, how many regular fishermen who depend on spending all their leisure at Teddington or Marlow were aware of the calamity that threatened them. Very few, indeed, we should think. People who have been accustomed to a certain ordinary pleasure, seem strangely inactive in preserving it. Yet the wails would have been loud and many had the Thames River Bill passed in its entirety.

Modern English dramatists are frequently taunted because they derive so much inspiration from French and German plays. Now the foreigners are retaliating, and translating such works as they think are worthy of that honour. Some months ago the "Silver King" was translated into German, and now Mr. W. S. Gilbert's opera, "Pinafore," is undergoing a process of preparation for the Dutch stage. The circumstance calls to mind a remark of Mr. Burnand given by himself in a sketch of his own works. "Happy Thoughts," said he, "have been very successful, and have even been translated into Dutch. I do not know how they read, but they *looked* very funny." How strange, indeed, will "the ruler of the Queen's Navee," "Hardly ever," and "Dear little Buttercup," sound in Dutch, is a secret which the Hollanders alone will be able to divulge.

Shaw, the cricketer, is known to be at present in Australia with a team of Englishmen, who are playing matches against the "cornstalks," as the Australians are playfully called. Shaw and his team on the 17th inst. sustained the second of the only two defeats they are believed to have met with in a "representative match" since their arrival. They were beaten at Sydney very unexpectedly, going in for their second innings with a score of 269 against 309; they made no more than 77, and the Australians then went in and made the required 38 for the loss of two wickets.

The death of the Rev. James White, the youngest brother of Henry Kirke White, at the age of ninety-seven, is an event not without interest to the student of literary history. When Mr. White was a youth, his brother Henry, having won "a high poetical reputation," died at the age of twenty-one. Lord Byron deplored his loss in verse; Southey, with a noble disinterestedness, as natural to him as selfishness is to most men, edited the young poet's remains for the benefit of his family. Genius of the highest order was discovered in his poetry, his biography became extremely popular, and a poet of some note declared that the ardent youth, who killed himself by severe study, had won a deathless name. When James White was young, all these and many more indications of Henry's popularity must have been hourly familiar, and the common talk of the family. Nearly eighty years have passed since then, and James White has lived through them to witness the waning reputation of his brother and its final extinction. The pure memory of Kirke White is embalmed in Southey's genial pages; but in counting up the poets of the century no place in the list is found for his name. This is not surprising, for posterity does not judge of a man by what he might have done but by what he has actually done. It should be remembered, however, that nearly all Kirke White's poems were written before he was nineteen, and that if Keats had died at twenty-one he would have left no higher title to fame. To be a distinguished poet at seventeen was a position reserved for Chatterton alone.

THE WAR IN THE SOUDAN.

Our Illustrations of the late campaign of Lord Wolseley's army, which has been concluded, resulting in the withdrawal of his head-quarters this week from Korti to Dongola, are nearly at an end. Mr. Melton Prior, our Special Artist, furnishes a Sketch on the returning march across the Desert, with some of the British wounded, including the lamented General Sir Herbert Stewart, carried by native Soudanese soldiers of Gordon's troops, some two hundred of whom, it will be remembered, had come down in the steam-boats from Khartoum, and had joined the British camp at Gubat, a few days before Khartoum surrendered to the Mahdi. Sir Herbert Stewart died of his wounds soon after his arrival at Gakdul; and his grave at that place, with the graves of several others, carefully prepared and adorned by their military comrades, is shown in another of our Artist's Sketches. We publish one more of the Views on the Nile banks sketched by the late Lieutenant-Colonel R. C. Coveny, who commanded the battalion of the 42nd (Black Watch) Royal Highlanders at the battle of Kerbekan, and was there killed in action. It represents that part of the river just above the Gerendil Cataract, nearly opposite Hamdab, where the flotilla of whale-boats conveying General Earle's troops got into smooth water as they ascended the Nile, about the third week in January, and down which they have since passed, with much greater ease, on their return to Merawi and to Korti. We are indebted also to an officer of the 38th (South Staffordshire) Regiment, Lieutenant Poulett Weatherley, who was with the party sent forward to visit the scene of the murder of Colonel J. D. Stewart and Mr. Frank Power, near the Fifth Cataract of the Nile, for a Sketch of the wreck of the Khartoum steamer that conveyed those gentlemen, with M. Herbin, the French Consul, and several Greek traders with their families, so far down the river. It was on Sept. 18, after parting company with the two other steamers which General Gordon had sent down to bombard Berber, that this vessel, the Abdul, struck on a rock at Sulcimanieh, where the wreck of her is still lying, as shown in our correspondent's Sketch, taken on Feb. 20; the whole party got ashore in the boats, and Colonel Stewart, with Mr. Power, M. Herbin, and Hassan Bey, entered a house to confer with the chief of the local tribe, Suleiman Wad Gamr, who seemed willing to lend them assistance for the overland journey to Merawi. The murderous treachery of Wad Gamr had arranged that the house should be presently surrounded by a crowd of men, who rushed in upon the European visitors and slew them, after a brief desperate conflict; the Greeks, of whom there were twelve, including several women, were also killed, and their bodies were thrown into the Nile. Colonel John Donald Stewart, formerly of the 11th Hussars, was the owner of a good estate in the North of Ireland, but had been Vice-Consul in Asia Minor, and latterly employed in the inspection of prisons in Egypt, and in valuable investigations concerning the state of the Soudan. He accompanied General Gordon from London to Khartoum, in January and February last year; and his death has been a great loss to the British Government. Mr. Power was *Times* correspondent and acting British Consul at Khartoum.

The new military expedition of General Sir Gerald Graham in the neighbourhood of Souakim, where a smaller force under the same commander fought the sanguinary battles of El Teb and Tamai about a twelvemonth ago, has begun active operations during the past week, and its first experiences have been rather severe. On Friday week, as had been anticipated, a portion of the force collected at Souakim marched inland four or five miles towards Hasheen, at the foot of the hills, after a "reconnaissance," or experimental advance movement, the day before. Some four thousand of Osman Digna's followers, armed mostly with spears and swords, made a brief stand on a ridge, from which they were driven by the Berkshire Regiment and the Marine Light Infantry, with the Guards, and part of the Indian Contingent, including the 9th Bengal Lancers, as supports. Expelled from this position, Osman's men retreated southwards towards Tamai, along a route on which, for good reasons, their assailants did not follow them. Others of them made off in a westerly direction, while they were shelled by the artillery. It would seem as if the enemy's object was to draw the British force onwards. Parties of Arabs were working round by the right of the British position, but were scattered by the 5th Lancers. Nine on the British side were killed, including Captain M. D. Dallison, of the Scots Guards, and nearly forty wounded; the enemy lost three or four hundred. The British force then constructed an encampment in three "zerebas," or inclosures of hedges rudely formed of piles of cut mimosa-bushes; these zerebas were arranged on a diagonal line, touching each other at corners, from south-west to north-east; the middle inclosure, which was more than twice as large as the other two, was occupied by the Indian troops, while the Berkshire Regiment was in one of the outer zerebas, and the Marines were in the other. At each end of this encampment was a circular redoubt, of sand-bags, with two Gardner guns in each redoubt, manned by sailors of the Naval Brigade. The ground for some distance around was covered with thick bush. On Sunday afternoon, between two and three o'clock, the soldiers were eating their dinner, when they were surprised by a sudden attack of four thousand Arabs breaking into the middle zereba. Brigadier-General Sir John M'Neill, who was in command, rallied his troops instantly, and there was a fierce fight during twenty minutes, till the enemy were repulsed, but the British loss was considerable, six officers and ninety-six men being killed, a hundred and forty wounded, and seventy missing. Among the officers killed were Lieutenant Seymour, R.N., of H.M.S. Dolphin, Lieutenant Swinton, of the Berkshire Regiment, Captain Romilly and Lieutenant Newman, of the Royal Engineers, and Major Von Beverhoudt, of the Indian Contingent. Six hundred camels and a great number of horses and mules, belonging to the British force, were killed or hamstrung, or otherwise lost, which will make a difficulty of transport. The Arabs, who fought with amazing courage, had more than a thousand killed; some of them were young boys, and the dead bodies of women have been found on the field. On Monday morning, Sir Gerald Graham came out from Souakim with the Scots Guards and Coldstream Guards, having sent the Grenadier Guards before to aid in protecting the encampment. The Indian troops, accompanied by the Grenadier Guards, then returned to Souakim, leaving the position in charge of the Scots and Coldstream Guards, with the Berkshire Regiment, East Surrey Regiment, and Marines. Convoys between Souakim and the camp were twice attacked by the enemy on Tuesday.

The contract for constructing the Irish Citizens' Industrial Exhibition at Dublin was signed last Saturday. The building is to cost £3300, and is to be completed within ten weeks.

Lord Aberdare presided last Saturday afternoon at the distribution of prizes to the successful students of the Dulwich High School, in connection with the Girls' Public Day School Company. The ceremony took place in the hall of the Dulwich College, in the presence of a large number of the students.

MUSIC.

THE BACH CHOIR.

This institution gave a grand celebration of the bicentenary of the birth of the great Leipzig composer on Saturday afternoon (the anniversary of the event), by the performance of his Mass in B minor ("Die Hohe Messe"), at the Royal Albert Hall. This great work is the most important of several of the kind left by Bach. It had lain in comparative oblivion until produced by the Bach Choir in 1876, the year in which this institution was established. Several repetitions were given by the choir, but none on so grand a scale as the performance of last Saturday. The vastness of style and sublimity of the mass render it especially suitable for Saturday's celebration, and for the immense space in which it was then performed. An interesting feature of the occasion was the use of trumpet and oboi d'amore parts as written by the composer. The last-named instruments are now obsolete, and those used on Saturday were manufactured for the Bach Choir's concert of last month. The mass was given with imposing effect by a fine orchestra and chorus, numbering about six hundred performers. The principal solo singers were Miss A. Williams, Madame Patey, and Mr. E. Lloyd; Signor Foli having been, on account of his indisposition, suddenly replaced by Mr. Kempton. As with Handel, so with Bach, his choral writing is that which is most effective, the pieces for solo voices being dwarfed by the immense grandeur of those for the chorus; and this is especially the case in so vast a space as that of the Albert Hall. Each choral division of the mass produced a profound impression, particularly the opening "Kyrie," the "Gloria," the "Cum Sancto," the "Crucifixus," the "Et Resurrexit," the "Confiteor," and the "Sanctus." The elaborate orchestral details were excellently rendered, especially the incidental obbligati accompaniments for violin (Mr. Carrodus), flute (Mr. Svendsen), oboi d'amore (Mr. Horton and Mr. Lebon), and horn (Mr. Mann). Dr. Stainer presided skilfully at the organ, and Mr. Otto Goldschmidt conducted with earnestness and judgment. There was a very large attendance.

At St. James's Hall another Bach celebration was given by Mr. Oscar Beringer, whose concert consisted of performances of four pianoforte concertos by Bach—one for a single instrument, one for two, one for three, and one for four pianofortes. In that for one piano, and in his association in each of the other instances, Mr. Beringer played with artistic skill and style. The pianists who co-operated with him were Mr. Franklin Taylor, Mr. Walter Bache, and Mr. Alfred Richter, all worthy of the occasion. Madame Antoinette Sterling sang two songs of Bach, and Mr. Manns conducted the select string band by which the concertos were accompanied.

Yet another Bach celebration—a partial one—was given at the afternoon Popular Concert of last Saturday, when the second part of the programme consisted of the following pieces of music by the composer referred to—the chromatic fantasia and fugue for pianoforte solo, the prelude and fugue from the sonata in G minor for violin alone, the third of the six sonatas for piano and violin, and two songs, "My heart ever faithful" (with violoncello obbligato by Herr Hausmann), and "Thine heart, oh give me, dearest." The pianist, the violinist, and the vocalist having been, respectively, Mdlle. Kleeberg, Herr Joachim, and Miss C. Elliot, it need scarcely be said that the performances were excellent. In the first part of the programme, which was miscellaneous, Miss C. Myers was the vocalist. Mr. Deacon was the accompanist.

"The Rose of Sharon" was performed at St. James's Hall yesterday (Friday) week, conducted by the composer, Mr. A. C. Mackenzie, who came expressly from Italy for the purpose. A specialty of the occasion was the co-operation of Madame Albani, who sang, for the first time, the important music of the title-character with great charm in the love passages, and with dramatic power in those of a more declamatory kind. The other principal solo singers were, as before, Madame Patey, Mr. E. Lloyd, and Mr. Santley. An excellent band and chorus were engaged, and the performance was altogether a very fine one.

The Saturday Afternoon Crystal Palace Concert of last week possessed an historical interest, the programme having comprised pieces by composers the dates of whose birth range from 1557 to 1813; instrumental and vocal pieces by Gabrieli, Purcell, Rameau, Bach, Handel, Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, and Wagner having been given. This week's Saturday Concert is to include the choral symphony and other works of Beethoven.

An excellent musical entertainment was given to the patients of the Brompton Hospital for Diseases of the Chest on Tuesday evening under the direction of Mr. Lindsay Sloper, several vocalists and instrumentalists of note giving their services.

Mr. J. H. Bonawitz's opera, "Irma," was repeated at St. George's Hall on Tuesday evening.

Miss De Warren Fitzhugh (vocalist) gave a morning concert at Prince's Hall on Wednesday.

The London Musical Society gave the first concert of the season during this week. The programme included the first performances in England of Dvorák's "Legenden," Schumann's "Sängers Fluch" (ballad), and Rheinberger's "Christoforus Legend." Our comments must be reserved for next week.

The annual concert by the professional students of the London Academy of Music, under the direction of Professor Wylde, took place yesterday (Friday), at St. James's Hall.

The last concert of the Sacred Harmonic Society's present season was to take place yesterday (Friday) evening with a performance of "Elijah."

The Musical Artists' Society give the thirty-fifth performance of new compositions at Willis's Rooms this evening.

An orchestral and choral concert will be given at the Guildhall this (Saturday) afternoon by the orchestra and Choir of the Guildhall School of Music, directed by Mr. Weist Hill.

Mr. Benham gave his second pianoforte recital at Steinway Hall, and Mr. Isidore De Lara and M. Henri Logé gave their second "Soirée Artistique" at Prince's Hall during this week.

Performances of sacred music are announced for Good Friday at the Royal Albert Hall—where "The Messiah" is to be given—and at the Crystal Palace and at St. James's Hall.

The Edinburgh University Society recently gave the eighteenth annual concert in the Music-Hall. Sir Herbert Oakeley (Edinburgh Professor) conducted. A varied programme of vocal and instrumental music was performed to the satisfaction of a large and appreciative audience.

At the meeting of the Society of Arts on Wednesday Mr. A. J. Ellis read a paper on the "Musical Scales of Various Nations," illustrated by playing the scales, and occasionally strains, on properly tuned instruments, forming a continuation of the paper on the "History of Musical Pitch," read by Mr. Ellis before the society in 1880.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

When it was announced that Mr. Pinero had written a farcical comedy, or a farce, or at any rate an extravagance, and that it was to be produced at the Court Theatre, it was considered necessary to issue an apologetic placard. It was assumed that there would be much virtuous indignation thereat, and that the newspapers would teem with protests at the desecration of a theatre supposed to be devoted to comedy. We were told that the children of the House of Molière in the Rue de Richelieu, Paris, occasionally made merry in a very extravagant fashion, and that really there was no harm in making merry even in Sloane-square. The full force of this semi-official apology was never very apparent. Modern comedy is so extremely like farce that it would be a difficult matter to distinguish between them; and why the house that had produced the "Parvenu" and "A Milliner's Bill" should have been so nervous at announcing "The Magistrate" is not altogether clear. All that the public wants is a good entertainment, of whatever kind it may be—tragedy, comedy, farce, or burlesque. Those who like literary plays very naturally ask permission to enjoy them without having their attention distracted by the cackling of small wits and buffoons; those who like farces—and who does not?—would resent the insult of cheap sneers from the affected and the cultured. Mr. Burnand labours under the impression that there is a "dead set" made at him because he uses music-hall songs in his burlesques. Not a bit of it. Burlesques would be dull things, indeed, without the adventitious aid of the music-hall. All that the ordinary common-sense person requires is a song, and not a scream. The music-hall répertoire is surely not so exhausted that its minstrelsy is best represented by a vulgar shout, as distracting to the nerves as the yell of the newspaper boys with their special editions, or the bawling of a periwinkle man at tea-time on a quiet Sunday afternoon. There is enough noise in London without its transference to the stage in the guise of a music-hall song.

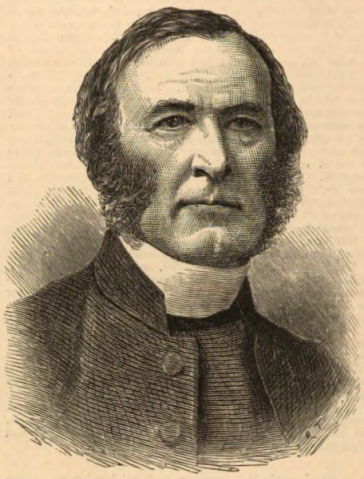
As it turns out, "The Magistrate" is a very excellent farce indeed; even a funnier play than Mr. Pinero's "Rocket," and that surely is very high praise. It is founded on a thoroughly humorous idea; it contains what all popular plays should contain—not one good part or two good parts, but opportunities for smart character-acting throughout the cast; and, best of all, it is written with a dry humour and quaintness of expression very seldom found in the best plays of the kind. The rare cleverness of Mr. Pinero consists in utilising the very scenes so popular at the lower French theatres and never once tasting the forbidden fruit. A West-End supper-room on the stage, without so much as the rustle of a gown, the fall of a veil, or the sight of a domino that could raise a blush on the fair face of Mr. Gilbert's "young lady of fifteen," is in itself a very remarkable achievement. Whether that young lady might not raise awkward questions regarding the Eton lad; who is in reality far older than he is represented to be, and is consequently overwhelmed with the gratuitous attentions of the little governess and the pretty housemaid, is a point that need not further be discussed. This is a side issue, and does not conflict with the rare comicality of the austere police magistrate, who is tempted from his allegiance to veracity and propriety by a strip of a lad; who is made the victim of an awkward dilemma bringing him in contact with the police, and, having run the gauntlet of the whole of the "A" Division, finds himself presiding in his own court, sitting in judgment on his personal friends, and condemning his own wife and sister-in-law to a short period of imprisonment without the option of a fine. Mr. Posket is simply one of the best comic characters that has been introduced into farce since the days of Buckstone, Compton, and Charles Mathews. It has tragic possibilities in it that would have delighted Robson. With what a cold sweat of agitation, with what a sense of nervous exhaustion, would not the Robson of the Olympic days have described the flight of the police magistrate from Leicester-square to Kilburn! This is in the highest vein of elevated comic writing. Who could not have played Mr. Posket? Toole, Terry, David James might well have given their heads and ears for such a character. But there is one actor that I should have liked to see play it, though I doubt not I shall be laughed at for saying so. I should like to have seen Irving's idea of this terror-haunted magistrate. For of course there are two Irvings. I mean the Irving of Jingle, and Digby Grant, and Chenevix renown. Irving, the comedian, in its broadest sense. Do not let it be implied from this that Mr. Arthur Cecil does not play the part extremely well. He does. The play owes a great deal to his skill, intensity, and cleverness. But it is a part with grand opportunities in it. It requires as much power as finish, as much intensity as detail. Mr. John Clayton is as good as can be as an Indian Colonel bursting with chivalrous sentiment, but perpetually doomed to do the shabby thing. His anxiety when he is compelled to send the friend who is supping with him to shiver on a wet balcony whilst he entertains two ladies who have forced themselves upon him, is excellently rendered, and is only equalled by his dilemma when he wants to tell the police magistrate that he is going to try his own wife, but is forced to be silent owing to the punctiliousness of his magisterial friend. These two characters alone are able to make the fortune of any farce. But when we add to them Mrs. John Wood as a widow with a secret; Miss Marion Terry as a hungry sister doomed to conceal her appetite out of regard for her relations who seek her, and which she plays with a delightful sense of humour; Mr. F. Kerr, who gives an unexaggerated and truthful picture of a modern young swell afflicted with sentiment; and Mr. Eversfield, as the irrepressible Eton boy, enough has been said to show that Mr. Pinero, actor like, provides the company all round with excellent parts. Nearly every one of the minor characters is well played. What could be more clever and natural than the sketches from the life of the police inspector, the police-court chief clerk, the restaurant keeper, the waiter, and the Irish sergeant of police?

Two things are not quite so clear to the critical mind. Why should the second police magistrate be permitted to force that not very laughable jest about taking jujubes, and over-elaborate the business connected with it? And why should Mr. Posket's butler indulge in such horrible grimaces? When the jujubes have been boldly and bodily cut out, and when the chief butler ceases to make so much capital out of a grin, there will be really no fault whatever to find with "The Magistrate." It is quite clear that the public likes this class of entertainment, or it would not be so liberally patronised. In this instance, Mr. Pinero has given us farce of the best possible kind, and it deserves to succeed. C. S.

Mr. and Mrs. German Reed's exhilarating entertainment at St. George's Hall will reopen on Easter Monday at three and eight. At the afternoon performance a new piece will be produced entitled "Hobbies," written by H. P. Stephens and W. Yardley; the music by George Gear. Mr. Corney Grain, the most amusing of entertainers, will also provide a new Musical Sketch, entitled "A Vocal Recital."



THE RIGHT REV. E. H. BICKERSTETH, BISHOP OF EXETER.



THE RIGHT REV. F. TEMPLE, D.D., BISHOP OF LONDON.



THE RIGHT REV. E. KING, D.D., BISHOP OF LINCOLN.

THREE NEW BISHOPS.

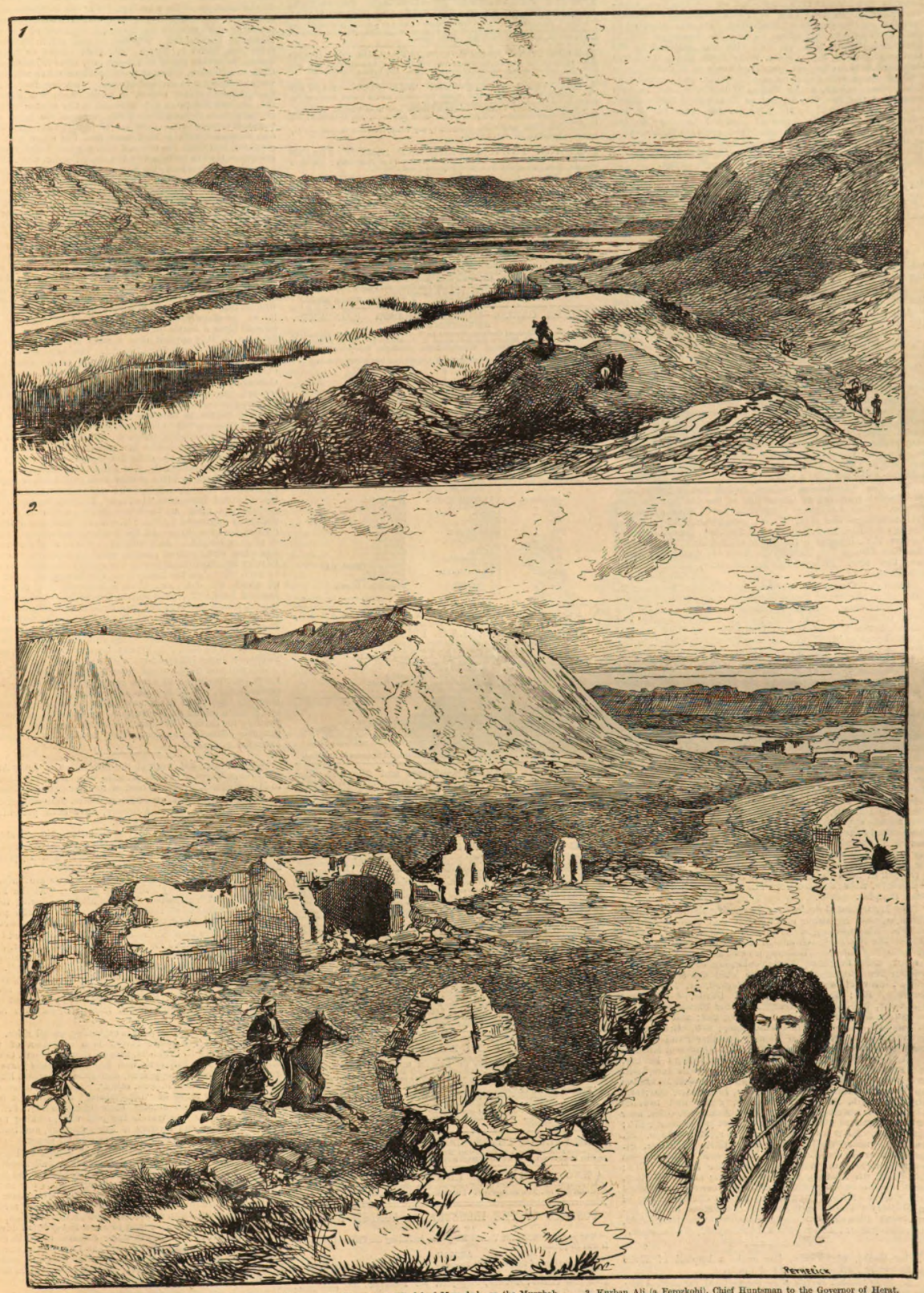
The Right Rev. Frederick Temple, D.D., the new Bishop of London, is son of the late Major Temple, sometime Governor of Sierra Leone. He was born on Nov. 30, 1821, and was educated at Blundell's School, Tiverton, and at Balliol College, Oxford, taking double first-class honours in 1842. Having been ordained by Dr. Wilberforce, Bishop of Oxford, he held the Principalship of the Government Training College at Kneller Hall, Twickenham, from 1848 to 1855; from the latter date to 1858 he was employed as one of the Inspectors of Schools. In 1858 he was elected Head Master of Rugby School. This post he held for eleven years with remarkable success. He was for some years a select preacher at Oxford, and one of the chaplains in ordinary to the Queen. He was consecrated successor of Bishop Phillpotts in the see of Exeter in 1869. He was Bampton Lecturer at Oxford last year. Dr. Temple married, in 1876, Miss Beatrice Blanche Lascelles, daughter of the late Right Hon. William Lascelles, M.P., and cousin of the Earl of Harewood. The ceremony of the confirmation of Bishop Temple was performed last Tuesday, with the prescribed forms, at Bow Church in Cheapside.

The Right Rev. Edward Henry Bickersteth, who succeeds Bishop Temple at Exeter, is the only son of the late Rev. Edward Bickersteth, of Watton, Herts, and was born in London in 1825. He was educated at Trinity College, Cambridge, where he won the Chancellor's medal for English verse each year of his residence. In 1848 Mr. Bickersteth was ordained by the late Bishop Stanley, of Norwich. Having held two country cures, in Norfolk and Dorsetshire, Mr. Bickersteth thirty years ago was appointed Vicar of Christ Church, Hampstead. He is author of "Yesterday, To-day, and for Ever," and other religious poems, while his "Hymnal Companion" is used in many English churches. Among his other works are a commentary on the New Testament and



THE KHAN'S KIBITKA: THE KHAN STARTING FOR A RAID.

FROM A SKETCH BY MR. W. SIMPSON, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST WITH THE AFGHAN BOUNDARY COMMISSION.



1. The Bund-i-Nadri, or Irrigation Dam of the Murghab River. 2. The Arg or Citadel of Maruchak, on the Murghab. 3. Kurban Ali (a Ferozkohi), Chief Huntsman to the Governor of Herat.

WITH THE AFGHAN BOUNDARY COMMISSION: SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. W. SIMPSON.

several treatises on the special offices of the Prayer-Book. He is a member of the committees of the Church Missionary Society and of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel. His appointment to the Deanery of Gloucester preceded by a few weeks his elevation to the Episcopal Bench.

The Right Rev. Edward King, D.D., the new Bishop of Lincoln, was born in 1829, and is son of the late Ven. Archdeacon King, in that part of Essex which was formerly included in the diocese of Rochester. He was educated at Oriel College, Oxford, where he took his degree of B.A. in 1851, and that of M.A. in 1855. He was ordained by the Bishop of Oxford, the late Dr. Wilberforce, about the latter date, and held during four years the Curacy of Wheatley, near Oxford, after which he became Chaplain and Lecturer at Cuddesdon College, under Bishop Wilberforce, and in 1863 succeeded the Rev. Mr. Swiney as Principal of that college. This office was held by Mr. King for ten years, till he was nominated Regius Professor of Pastoral Theology in the University of Oxford, and obtained the degree of D.D., becoming at the same time a Canon of Christ Church Cathedral, Oxford. His instructions and example in this professorship have gained him the esteem of a large part of the younger clergy.

The Portrait of Bishop Temple is from a photograph by Mr. A. Browning, Exeter; that of Bishop Bickersteth, from one by Messrs. Boning and Small, of Baker-street; and that of Bishop King, from one by Messrs. Hills and Saunders, of Oxford.

THE CHURCH.

The crypt of the Church of St. Mary-le-Bow, Cheapside, was crowded on Tuesday on the confirmation of Dr. Temple to the office of Bishop of London.

At Lincoln yesterday week the Greater Chapter met in the Cathedral, when the Rev. Canon King was formally elected Bishop of the diocese.—Dr. Wordsworth, who recently resigned the see, died at Harewood, near Leeds, last Saturday night.

By permission of the Rev. H. G. Sprigg, Vicar of Christ Church, Battersea, the ground attached to that church has been thrown open to the public by the Metropolitan Public Garden, &c., Association, who have laid this ground out as a garden, supplied the necessary seats, appointed a caretaker, and bear the cost of its maintenance.

Miss Chaffin Grove, who a few years since presented an organ to Salisbury Cathedral, has made a beneficent gift to the parish church at Wincanton. The living of that church was worth £200. After the offertory at a recent service at the church she presented at the communion-table the great tithes attaching to the parish, which represent a total value of not less than £10,000. This will raise the value of the living to between £600 and £700 a year.

The Ven. Archdeacon Sanders, Archdeacon of Exeter, was on Monday installed as Chancellor of the Cathedral in that diocese. The following clergymen have been appointed Prebendaries:—The Rev. E. N. Dumbleton, St. James's, Exeter; the Rev. E. G. Sandford, of Laudkey, Barnstaple; and the Rev. F. C. Hingeston-Randolph, of Ringmore, Kingsbridge. The Rev. Canon Lee, Exeter, has been appointed Treasurer; and the Rev. Prebendary Bartholomew, of Cornwood; Sub-Dean.

The Lord Chancellor has presented the Rev. Seymour R. Coxe, M.A., Rector of Bacoustborpe, Norfolk, to the Vicarage of Stamfordham, near Newcastle-on-Tyne, vacant by the death of the Rev. J. F. Bigge.—The Lord Chancellor has presented the Rev. Henry A. Hall, Vicar of Holy Trinity, parish church of St. Philip and Jacob Without, Bristol, to the living of Swindon, Wilts, void by the preferment of the Rev. G. H. Baily to the Rectory of Lydiard Tregoz.—By the death, in his eightieth year, of the Rev. Thomas Drosier, the living of Colebrook, near Copplestone, Devon, of the value of £300 a year, falls to the gift of the Dean and Chapter of Exeter.

The picturesque old Church of St. James, Whitfield, Glossop, has, through the thoughtful generosity of Miss Wood, a resident, been furnished with a new clock of very superior construction, manufactured by the eminent firm of J. W. Benson, at their steam factory for turret clocks on Ludgate-hill. The clock has four dials, and strikes the quarter Cambridge chimes. The pendulum is compensated to counteract the variations of temperature.—A beautiful window (by Mayer, of Munich) has been put up in St. George's Cathedral, Capetown, to the memory of the late Right Rev. Henry Alexander Douglas, Bishop of Bombay, who for some years prior to his appointment to that see was Dean of Capetown. The central figures are Our Blessed Lord, with hand extended over St. Peter, who is kneeling at His feet to receive His blessing preparatory to going forth to teach all nations, whilst in the background are three of the other disciples. This window is the gift of Miss Mary Arthur, the foundress of St. George's Orphanage, whose devoted work was so highly appreciated by Dean Douglas.

The Incorporated Society for Promoting the Enlargement, Building, and Repairing of Churches and Chapels held its usual monthly meeting at the Society's house, No. 7, Whitehall, on the 9th inst. Grants of money were made in aid of the following objects:—Building a new church at Preston, St. Saviour, near Brighton, £120; enlarging or otherwise improving the accommodation in the churches at Brill, All Saints', near Thame, Bucks, £40; Bexhill, St. Mark, near Hastings, £50; Exborne, St. Mary, Devon, £30; Great Wollaston, St. John the Evangelist, near Shrewsbury, £15; Tangmere, St. Andrew, near Chichester, £20; and Wentnor, St. Michael, near Bishop's Castle, Salop, £30. Grants were also made from the Special Mission Building Fund towards building mission churches at Dudley, in the parish of Killingworth, near Newcastle-on-Tyne, £25; and High Felling, Durham, £30. The following grants for works completed were also paid:—Towards building new churches at Middleton Junction, St. Gabriel, near Chadderton, Lancashire, £50; and South Lambeth, All Saints', Surrey, £220; and towards enlarging or restoring the churches at Aston, St. Giles, near Ludlow, Hereford, £15; Chard, Somerset (on account), £75; Frindsbury, All Saints', near Rochester, £50; Hope, St. Cynfarch, near Mold, Flint, £15; Little Waltham, St. Martin, near Chelmsford, £10; Nottingham, Emanuel (on account), £200; Staverton, St. Mary, near Daventry, £15; Upholland, St. Thomas, near Wigan, £60; and West Ham, Essex, mission building, £20.—In consequence of the intended pulling down of No. 7, Whitehall, by the Commissioners of her Majesty's Woods and Forests, the offices of the Incorporated Church Building Society will be transferred, immediately after Easter, to No. 2, Dean's-yard, Westminster.

Miss Heald, of Lincoln, has made a bequest of £5000 pounds to the Yorkshire College at Leeds.

The Irish Church Bench of Bishops—Lord Plunket, Archbishop of Dublin, presiding—met last Saturday to decide on the election for the Bishopric of Meath. Neither Dr. Bell nor Dean Reichel having the requisite two-thirds majority of clergy and laity, an objection to the validity of the return was raised; and action was deferred, in order that the Synod Court might deal with the controverted legal question.

BIRTH.

On the 23rd inst., at 9, Montagu-square, the Hon. Mrs. William Warren Vernon, of a daughter.

*** *The charge for the insertion of Births, Marriages, and Deaths, is Five Shillings for each announcement.*

EASTER ARRANGEMENTS.—LONDON, BRIGHTON, AND SOUTH COAST RAILWAY.—ALL EXPRESS and ORDINARY RETURN TICKETS will be extended as usual.
EXTRA TRAINS FOR ISLE OF WIGHT.—The 4.35 p.m. from Victoria and London Bridge will convey passengers for Ryde, Sandown, Shanklin, Ventnor, Newport, and Cowes, on April 1 and 3 (1st, 2nd, and 3rd Class).

BRIGHTON.—EVERY SUNDAY, AND ON GOOD FRIDAY, A CHEAP FIRST CLASS TRAIN from Victoria 10.45 a.m. and 12.50 p.m., calling at Clapham Junction and Croydon. Day Return Tickets, 10s.

VOLUNTEER REVIEW AT BRIGHTON.—EASTER MONDAY.—The March Past of the Volunteers, at the Grand Stand on the Brighton Race Course, will take place about 11.30 a.m.
A SPECIAL FIRST CLASS EXPRESS-TRAIN will leave Victoria 9.30 a.m.; Returning from Brighton 4.45 p.m. Fare there and back, 15s. First Class; 7s. Pullman Car.
These Tickets will be available to return by any Train, according to class, any day up to and including Monday, April 13.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—FREQUENT DIRECT TRAINS DAILY to the Crystal Palace from London Bridge, New Cross; also from Victoria, York-road, Kensington, West Brompton, and Chelsea.

BRANCH BOOKING OFFICES.—For the convenience of Passengers who may desire to take their Tickets in advance, the following Branch Booking Offices, in addition to those at the Victoria and London Bridge Stations, are now open for the issue of Tickets to all Stations on the London, Brighton, and South Coast Railway, to the Isle of Wight, Paris, and the Continent, &c.:—
* The Company's General West-End Booking-Offices, 28, Regent-circus, Piccadilly, W., and 9, Grand Hotel-buildings (under the Grand Hotel), Trafalgar-square.
Hay's City Agency, 4, Royal Exchange-buildings, E.C.
Cook's Tourist Offices, Ludgate-circus.
Gaze's Tourist Offices, 142, Strand.
Jakins' Office, "The Red Cap," Camden-road.
Whiteley's, Westbourne-grove.
Letts and Co., 35, King William-street, City.
Tickets issued at these Offices will be dated to suit the convenience of passengers.
* These Two Offices will remain open until 10.0 p.m. on April 1, 2, and 4.
For full particulars of Times, Fares, &c., see Handbills and Time-Books, to be had at all Stations, and at any of the above Branch Booking Offices.
(By order) J. P. KNIGHT, General Manager.

MONTE CARLO.—MUSICAL SEASON (CONCERTS, REPRESENTATIONS).
In addition to the usual Concerts, directed by Monsieur Romeo Accursi, the Société des Bains de Mer de Monaco has authorised M. Pasdeloup to arrange a Series of Extraordinary Grand Musical Entertainments (Concerts, Representations) this Winter.
The services of the following distinguished Artistes have been already retained:—

Mesdames Kreuss,	Messieurs Faure,
" Devries,	" Vergnet,
" Salla,	" Capoul,
" Donadio,	" Biorkstein,
" Frank-Duvernoy,	" Couturier,
" Bellocca,	" Villaret,
" Simmonet.	&c.

Added to which the celebrated Instrumentalists will appear:
VIOLINISTS:
Mons. Sivori, Mons. Marsik, Miss N. Carpenter, American artiste, 1st Conservatoire Prize, 1885.
PIANISTS: Mons. Planté, Mons. Th. Ritter, Madame Essipoff.
HARPIST: Mons. Hasselmans.
These Extraordinary Representations will be given each Wednesday and Saturday, commencing the end of January and terminating the middle of March.
M. Pasdeloup has the excellent idea to terminate each concert by fragments of operas, in costume, and scenery—viz.:

1st Concert.	LES HUGUENOTS.	Fourth Act.
2nd "	RIGOLETTO.	Fourth Act.
3rd "	LUCIA.	Selection.
4th "	MANON.	Second Act.
	FAUST.	Prison Scene.
5th "	HERODIADE.	Selection.
6th "	FAVORITE.	Selection.
	AIDA.	Third Act.
7th "	LAKME.	Selection.
8th "	LE BARBIER.	Selection.
9th "	HAMLET.	Third and Fourth Act.
10th "	LA TRAVIATA.	Fourth Act.
11th "	FAUST.	Garden Scene.
12th "	LE SIGURD.	Brunhilde's Dream.
	LE CHALET.	

A. BLONDIN, Secretary.

NICE INTERNATIONAL REGATTA,
Honorary President, H.R.H. PRINCE OF WALES.
Sailing-Yachts, Steaming-Yachts, Rowing-Boats.
First Day.—Steam and Sailing Yachts.
Second Day.—Sailing (general race—Prix d' Honneur)
Rowing and Sculling Models.
Venetian Fêtes.
Théâtre Français, Italian Opera, Casino,
Concerts, Balls, Matinées. Military Music.
Prizes, value £3000.

JAPANESE VILLAGE.
Under Royal Patronage,
ALBERT-GATE, HYDE PARK (Near Top of Sloane-street).
Eleven a.m. to Ten p.m. One Shilling. Children under Twelve, Sixpence.
WEDNESDAYS, Half-a-Crown. Children under Twelve, One Shilling.
Japanese Performances in the New Annexe at Twelve, Three, and Eight (free).
MILITARY BAND.
Managing Director, TANNAKER BUHICOSAN.

PRINCESS'S THEATRE.—Lessee and Manager, Mr. WILSON BARRETT. Last Representation of JUNIUS, SATURDAY, MARCH 28. THE SILVER KING (by Henry A. Jones and Henry Herman) will be revived on THURSDAY NEXT, APRIL 2. Two Performances on Easter Monday. THIS EVENING, at 8.30, JUNIUS, or, THE HOUSEHOLD GODS, a Five-Act Play, by the late Lord Lytton, preceded at 7.30 by THE COLOUR SERGEANT. Doors open at Seven. Box-Office open daily, 9.30 to Five. No fees of any kind. Prices: Private Boxes, one to nine guineas; Stalls, 10s.; Dress Circle, 6s.; Upper Circle, 3s. Business Manager, Mr. J. H. Cobbe.

THE PRINCE'S THEATRE.—Mrs. LANGTRY. Sole Proprietor, Mr. EDGAR BRUCE. season under the direction of Mr. HENRY E. ABBEY. On MONDAY, TUESDAY, WEDNESDAY, and THURSDAY EVENINGS, at Eight, Sheridan's Comedy, in five acts, SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL. Last four nights for the present. Characters by Mr. W. Farren, Mr. H. Beerbohm Tree, Mr. Everill, Mr. A. Wood, Mr. E. D. Lyons, Mr. Lin Rayne, Mr. Carne, Mr. Smedley, Mr. Crisp, Mr. Thorpe, Mr. Dorpeil, Mr. Weathersby, and Mr. Coghlan; Mrs. Arthur Stirling, Miss Kate Pattison, Miss Eva Sothern, and Mrs. LANGTRY. Doors open at Half-past Seven; SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL at Eight. Carriages at Eleven. On SATURDAY EVENING, APRIL 4, will be revived, for a limited number of performances, the very successful four-act play, called PERIL, by B. C. Stephenson and Clement Scott. Box-Office open daily from Ten till Five. No fees. Telephone 3780.—Matinée of PERIL, SATURDAY, APRIL 11, at Two o'Clock. Doors open 1.30. Carriages at Five.—THE PRINCE'S THEATRE, Coventry-street, W.

GOOD FRIDAY AFTERNOON at THREE. GOOD FRIDAY NIGHT at EIGHT.
ST. JAMES'S HALL, PICCADILLY.
ON GOOD FRIDAY, APRIL 3,
THE MAGNIFICENT CHOIR AND ORCHESTRA of the
MOORE AND BURGESS MINSTRELS
will give
TWO SPECIAL CONCERTS OF SACRED MUSIC.
The programme being selected from the works of Gounod, Meyerbeer, Rossini, Handel, and Spohr.
INCREASED ORCHESTRA AND CHORUS.
Tickets and places can be secured at Austin's Office, St. James's Hall.

EASTER HOLIDAYS, 1885. ON EASTER MONDAY, APRIL 6, the
MOORE AND BURGESS MINSTRELS
will commence their
TWENTIETH ANNUAL SERIES OF EASTER HOLIDAY PERFORMANCES
in the ST. JAMES'S GRAND HALL,
when an entirely new and extraordinarily attractive programme will be presented.
ALL NEW MUSIC. NEW AND SCREAMING COMICALITIES.
First appearance of the great American Comedian, Mr. W. F. SWEATNAM.
Five thousand seats in the most magnificent hall in the world.
Tickets and places can be secured through the post by addressing Ambrose Austin, at the Universal Ticket-Office, St. James's Hall, on inclosing P.O.O. and a stamped and directed envelope. Fauteuils, 5s.; Sofa Stalls, 3s.; Balcony, 2s.; Great Area and Gallery, 1s. No fees.

THE VALE OF TEARS.—DORÉ'S Last Great PICTURE, completed a few days before he died, NOW on VIEW at the DORÉ GALLERY, 35, New Bond-street, with his other great pictures. Ten to Six Daily. 1s.

ANNO DOMINI, by EDWIN LONG, R.A.—This great Work is NOW ON VIEW, together with other important works, at the GALLERIES, 168, New Bond-street. Ten to Six. Admission, 1s.

POSTAGE OF THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.

AT HOME.

The postage within the United Kingdom, including the Channel Islands, is *One Halfpenny*.

ABROAD.

To places abroad the postage is *Twopence*, with the following exceptions:—
To Abyssinia, Aden, Borneo, Ceylon, India, Java, Labuan, Penang, Philippine Islands, Sarawak, Singapore, the Transvaal, and Zanzibar, *Threepence*.
To Madagascar (except St. Mary and Tamatave), *Fourpence*.
Copies printed on thin paper may be sent to the Colonies and Foreign Countries at half the rates stated above; but their use is not recommended, the appearance of the Engravings being greatly injured by the print at the back showing through.
Newspapers for foreign parts must be *posted* within eight days of the date of publication, irrespective of the *departure* of the mails.

FINE ARTS.

THE BURLINGTON FINE ARTS CLUB.

Probably on no previous occasion has so magnificent a collection of works illustrative of Persian and Arab art been got together as may now be seen at the Burlington Fine Arts Club, by the courtesy of its members. For the first time also some attempt at systematic arrangement has been made, as well as a practical effort to solve the historical sequence of the various phases of Oriental art. Whether ceramic art, in its decorative form, originated in Egypt, and then passed eastward into Persia, to return again to Europe only after it had undergone Chinese influence, is one of those problems which will probably vex antiquarians to the end of time. Judging, however, from the specimens under notice, it would seem not improbable that the two Egyptian vessels found in the mortuary chamber of the palaces beyond Thebes are amongst the most ancient works of ceramic art. Both are of a turquoise-blue colour; one decorated with lotus-flowers, and the other with hieroglyphics, and both are covered with a glaze which very much resembles that to be found on the older Persian ware. Experts even do not venture to lay down any very definite rule as to the characteristics of the various stages through which Eastern art passed; and, looking round the room at the Burlington Fine Arts Club, it seems almost hopeless to establish any chronological sequence based upon the shapes preferred, the colours introduced, or the designs in vogue. Possibly, something more tangible may be obtained with a wider knowledge of the glaze, which varies apparently more consistently with the date presumed than with the country assigned. In all probability, a simple sand-glaze was the earliest method of polish; but the use of copper in obtaining the blue colouring possibly opened the door to its use as a metallic surface-producing agent. The vitreous glaze, however, with which the really soft Persian paste was covered must be of great antiquity, and its method of application can be seen from a bottle (in Cabinet No. 1), where the glaze has been so lavishly applied that a solid semi-transparent drop like a stalactite hangs from the jug. The influence of China—which is first traceable in the suggestion of the dragon in the design and of green in the colouring—brought about a great change, and ushered in a far more delicate and transparent enamel, foreshadowing the future celadon. But a little later the tin-glaze—which we find not only in Persian lustre, but in what is known as Hispano-Moresque pottery and the Italian Gubbio ware—seems to have predominated. This theory may probably be thoroughly unsound; but it suggests itself almost naturally in passing before the various cabinets which mark the development of the early Persian pottery, possibly in the twelfth century, under the first influence of China. In design and colour there is little change that might not be explained by a more lively appreciation of Nature; but when we come to the so-called Damascus "faience" (Cabinet 8), we find that realism has made an immense stride, which is still more delicately expressed by the "Rhodian" artists, and the connection between these and the modern European "potters" is at once sensible. In a collection where nearly every piece has some historical or artistic value, it is scarcely necessary to refer to individual objects; but special interest must attach to such pieces as the Lamp from the Mosque of Omar (527), of which the date, A.D. 1549, is indisputable; the Persian Lustred Bottle (22), with female figures in relief, assigned to the thirteenth century; the two Persian Rice-Dishes (98 and 102); the Persian Lustred Wall Tiles (132 and 149); a Persian Ivory Casket (176), assigned to the fourteenth century; the collection of Anatolian Ware in Cabinet 7, the Rhodian Plates (434 and 442), the Persian Lustred Basin (491), and the Damascus Jugs (522 and 546).

In addition to the vases, jugs, and tiles referred to above, there are specimens of brass and other metal-work, carpets, embroideries, and a few pieces of glass—all of which go to show the high place in art-production attained by more than one Eastern nation so far back as the fifteenth century, and possibly far earlier—by countries which now can at best reproduce coarsely what once they invented with taste and executed with skill.

In our notice last week of the Exhibition of Lady Artists, the Breton Views, to which allusion was made, were ascribed to Miss Melicent Grose, instead of to Miss Melicent Grosc.

Count Gleichen's busts of Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft, exhibited last season at the Royal Academy, have been presented by Mr. Bancroft to the Garrick Club.

Yesterday week the annual distribution of prizes obtained by the students of the St. Martin's School of Art took place in Castle-street, Long-acre. Mr. Phil Morris, A.R.A., presided, giving the pupils some sound practical advice.

The Corporation of Nottingham has, we are informed, acquired Mr. W. S. Jay's charming picture, "At the Fall of the Leaf," which attracted so much attention during the last season's exhibition at the Grosvenor Gallery. The picture will be added to the permanent collection of the art museum.

The fifth free loan exhibition of pictures, organised by the Rev. S. A. Barnett and his friends, is to be held in St. Jude's Schools, Commercial-street, Whitechapel, to-day (Saturday), and will remain open until April 13 (Sundays included). The four preceding exhibitions, held at the corresponding periods of the years 1881-4, were attended with increasing success, and abundantly proved that the pictures by the best artists meet with earnest appreciation from the dwellers in the East-end.

The picture exhibition area is extending on all sides. The latest applicant for public favour is a collection of water colours by Mr. R. E. Pritchett, now on view at Messrs. Coomes, 331, Strand. Mr. Pritchett won his spurs many years ago, when *Once a Week* first appeared, and attracted artists like Mr. F. Walker, Mr. Pinwell, and others. Although these stood foremost in the ranks of "illustrators," they did not fail to influence others, and among their disciples Mr. Pritchett occupies a place. He travels far and wide, picking up impressions of men and scenery in every country, and transfers them with facility and often with grace to his paper.

A large and interesting Exhibition of Works by Deceased Water-Colour Painters, gleaned from many well-known and important collections, is open at the gallery of the old society for a brief period, as next Monday, March 30, is the last day on which these works will be visible. The drawing-date from the time of Claude; and, although a chronological arrangement is beyond the aim of the Art Club on this occasion, there is quite enough of classification to show the gradual development of the art of painting in water colours, in works chiefly by the members of the senior society, and notably in examples by Cristall, Hunt, De Wint, Cattermole, Robson, Harding, Prout, Lewis, and many others. The proceeds will be handed to the Artists' General Benevolent Institution.

The committee of the Royal Humane Society has awarded medals for gallantry in saving life to Sergeant T. Hauraham and Colour-Sergeant J. Moylan, 1st Battalion Royal Irish Regiment, for saving Lieutenant-Colonel Hugh Shaw, V.C., in the Nile, near Debbeh.

THE AFGHAN BOUNDARY DISPUTE.

We present further Sketches of the disputed frontier between Afghanistan, north of Herat, and the newly conquered Russian dominions in Turkestan. Mr. William Simpson, our Special Artist with the British Afghan Boundary Commission, has accompanied General Sir Peter Lumsden's Staff in all their movements to and fro in the Badghis territory, between the Heri-Rud and the Murghab, since their arrival at Sarakhs on Nov. 7, travelling first up the Heri-Rud valley, by Pul-i-Khatun and Goolar, opposite the Zulfagar Pass, thence to Kuhsan, where they met Colonel Ridgeway's part of the expedition, from India, and proceeding afterwards by Tomaun-Agha and the Chesmeh-Subz Pass to the Kushk valley, which they descended to Pul-i-Khisti and Ak Tapa, thence visiting Penjdeh, and going up the Murghab, crossing that river at Maruchak, to arrive on Dec. 14 at Bala Murghab, the winter quarters of the Expedition. Since Jan. 30, the date of our last letters received from Mr. Simpson, the alarming advance of the Russian outposts to Ak Robat and Pul-i-Khisti, and their threatening attitude near Penjdeh, have obliged Sir Peter Lumsden to quit Bala Murghab and to occupy a position much nearer Herat, at Gurlin, south of Ak Robat, in order to guard the direct roads of approach from Badghis to the capital of Western Afghanistan.

A View of the ruins of the old town of Maruchak was included among the numerous Sketches published in this Journal on the 14th inst., which contained Mr. Simpson's narrative of his journey from Kuhsan to Penjdeh, and from Penjdeh to Bala Murghab. The "Arg" or Citadel (in Latin it would be "Arx"), which formerly commanded or protected this town, is the subject of one of the present Illustrations. "The upper part," Mr. Simpson writes, "is a mound or Tapa, with remains of brick walls and towers round it, which are now being repaired; there were men at work on our visit. From this, on the north-east, extends a great ramp, nearly as high as the Tapa; probably it is the remainder of an early wall of the place. Two ruined towers yet stand on it, but it has lately been repaired, till it looks exactly like a railway embankment. Within it, and under the north-east corner of the Tapa, is a great hollow, which has the appearance of being intended for the purpose of keeping a supply of water. On the east side, within this circular wall or ridge, are a number of houses for soldiers, built of sun-dried brick. The outer wall is evidently more modern, and is slight in its construction, compared with the inner circular one. The outer wall is now very much in ruins; its western face is in the best condition. This outer wall may have been made on account of an increase of population, or to protect the cattle when raids took place. Captain De Lassoe tells me that the citadels of Maruchak and Herat are similar in plan and design; according to popular belief, Maruchak was copied from Herat. The inner enceinte is 380 paces all round; Sir Peter Lumsden got a man to walk round and count his paces, but the man is thought to have made a mistake in his reckoning; the western face, on the top of the Tapa, is twice thirty-five paces. This inner enceinte is being strengthened, and the outer wall is to be removed, while guns are to be placed on the north-west and south-east corners of the Tapa."

The river Murghab, like the river Heri-Rud at Kizil-Koi above Sarakhs, has been turned to irrigation uses by constructing a "bund" or dam, forcing the water into several shallow streams which formerly enabled the land to be richly cultivated, as is still done in the vicinity of Herat. The Bund-i-Nadri, an old work of this kind, is half way between Penjdeh and Maruchak; but the river has forsaken its ancient bed at this place, and now flows on the other side of the valley, so that a new "bund" has been made higher up. The stream flowing near the road, shown in the foreground of our Artist's Sketch, is the Bund-i-Nadri canal, of beautiful clear water, which is said to have been carried, at one time, westward by an aqueduct across the Kushk valley, and over the river Kushk at Pul-i-Khisti.

The man whose Portrait is sketched on the same page is Kurban Ali, a native of the Ferozkoh mountain country in Khorassan, or one of a family belonging to that district, many of whom are settled at Herat. He holds the office of chief huntsman in the establishment of the Afghan Governor of Herat, the Naib Ulhukmut, Mohammed Sarwar Khan, who met Sir Peter Lumsden at Kuhsan, and whose Portrait we have already given. Kurban Ali is dressed in a yellow "poshteen," or sheep-skin mantle, and carries slung at his back a long rifle with two slightly curved sticks, resembling prongs or horns, pointed at the ends, attached to the barrel of the rifle, upon which they can move up or down by a hinge; but when the rifle is borne on the shoulder, as we see in this instance, the sticks are tied up to the end of the barrel. This pair of sticks is for a rest to be used in shooting, as the custom of Afghan sportsmen is never to shoot their game running or flying, but to approach it quietly by "stalking," or creeping behind any cover as near as possible; the man then squats or sits down, fixes the rest of his gun on the ground before him, and takes a slow and steady aim at the beast or bird that he means to kill. The Afghans were much astonished to see the Englishmen of Sir Peter Lumsden's party shooting pheasants on the wing. "Kurban Ali was," says Mr. Simpson, "in charge of a hunting expedition, to which Sir Peter Lumsden, and some of the officers of the camp, went the other day. This was in the Tirbund-i-Turkestan Mountains, to the south-east of Bala Murghab. The ibex and oorial or mouffion, the wild sheep, were among the spoils. The oorial is called mull here, and is found nowhere in Europe except in Sardinia; its horns resemble but are smaller than those of the Ovis Ammon of the Himalayas. The ibex of this locality has much smaller horns than the ibex of the Himalayas; here it is called tukkeh, the same as Tekké, the name of the tribe of Turkomans. Wild boar were also seen, but only one was brought in."

We have already described the felt tents of the Turkomans, called by the Russians "kibitkas." At Penjdeh, where the Sarik Turkomans form a large community, our Artist saw a highly ornamental residence of that kind. The roof of the kibitka in this case, it will be seen, is a dome; in this particular the form varies in the different localities. The sides are here ornamented on the outside with drapery, as well as coloured fringes and tassels. These are very tastefully arranged around the door, the door itself being formed by a beautiful carpet. "I managed," he says, "to get sketches at Penjdeh of some of the women and children, which I have introduced, and have made into the subject of 'Departing on a Raid.' The Khan, or chief, has his horse ready to mount; one arm caresses the horse on which his life may depend during the raid, while the other fondly embraces his wife. She, in the anxiety of the moment, turns to her child, who, with whip in hand, evidently wishes to ride his father's horse. At a kibitka behind, another Turkoman is bidding good-bye to some one dear to him. The dog looks as if even he knew what was going on, and is ready to start. The woman's dress is peculiar; she wears a high hat, in shape like a Papal tiara, and her person is covered with large silver ornaments. The one on her breast is for holding charms."

PILGRIMS ON THE ROAD TO MESHED.

Mr. Simpson writes as follows upon this subject:—

"The road from Teheran to Shahrud and Nishapore, along which the Afghan Frontier Commission passed in October, leads to Meshed, or 'Meshed the Holy,' a reputation that city derives from the celebrated shrine it possesses of the Imám Reza, the eighth Imám from Ali. It is, of course, a Shia shrine, and its character for sanctity only appeals to that sect of Mohammedans. The Persians are Shias, and are constantly using words in praise of Ali, while terms of an opposite tendency are frequently on their tongues against Omar. The Shias believe that Mohammed, before his death, appointed Ali to succeed him in the Caliphate. On the death of the Prophet, Abubekr became Caliph, then Osman, and after him Omar. This is the cause of the hatred. Ali did become Kaliph after Omar; and as it was the case that he really enjoyed the dignity, it is not quite so easy to see why the hatred should be so great. Yet such is the case. Billings-gate could scarcely equal the strength and coarseness of the language constantly used in reference to Omar. When Shias and Sunnis meet, it is this language which leads to quarrels and even to fighting. There have been, according to the Shias, twelve Imáms; of course they reject Abubekr Osman, and the hated Omar, and begin with Ali as the first. The following is the list, according to Shia authorities:—1. Ali; 2. Hassan; 3. Hosein; 4. Zeinal Abedin; 5. Mohammad Bauker; 6. Safar; 7. Musa; 8. Reza; 9. Mohammad Taki; 10. Ali-un-Naki; 11. Hassan Askari; 12. the Mahdi. The twelfth Imám, whom the Shias believe to be the real Mahdi, did not die, but only disappeared, and is somewhere waiting till the proper time arrives to reappear, and to guide the faithful through the dreadful events which are to precede the Day of Judgment. The Imám Reza is, it will be seen, the eighth on the list, and his shrine at Meshed is therichest and perhaps the most celebrated spot in Persia. This is the season of the pilgrims going to Meshed, and we pass large numbers of them on the road; the caravanserais are filled with them and their animals, for many are mounted on horses, mules, and donkeys. The women all travel in litters peculiar to the country; the commonest kind are called "mahmels"; and the same name is given to the litter in which the Holy Carpet is carried to Mecca. Here the mahmel is merely a kind of square box, open at the top, just large enough for a woman to sit, in a very cramped position. A mule carries two of these, and almost always with a lady in each. The other kind of litter is larger and superior in every way, for it has a covering of cloth which goes all round and over the top. The front only is left open; but there is a curtain which can be closed if any one ventures on what is considered ill-breeding here—that is, to look at a lady. This litter is called a 'Kajawa.' As pilgrims to Mecca are called Kajis, so those who visit the Shrine of the Imám Reza are called 'Meshedees.' This shrine has very large revenues derived from land in various parts of the country. Lasgird, the curious fortified village we passed on our way from Teheran, belongs to Meshed, and pays 1000 tomans a year, besides a payment of grain."

Rear-Admiral the Hon. W. J. Ward was on Monday appointed Admiral Superintendent of Malta Dockyard.

Musurus Pasha, the Ottoman Ambassador, presided, on the 19th inst., at the annual meeting of the Society of Friends of Foreigners in Distress, and made an appeal for aid to its funds, which resulted in contributions amounting to over £3000.

The Queen has entered seven animals for competition at the forthcoming Cattle Show of the Royal Dublin Society, which is to be visited by the Prince and Princess of Wales the day they arrive in Dublin. The animals will go from Windsor, and belong to the Hereford Shorthorn and Devon Classes. Her Majesty will also exhibit in the Swine Department.

A musical festival in aid of the funds required for the support of the Homes for Little Boys at Farningham and Swanley was held yesterday week at the Albert Hall, which was attended by the Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress, Mr. Alderman and Sheriff Whitehead, and Mr. Sheriff Phillips, in state. There were from 7000 to 8000 persons present. The instrumentalists were the boys' military band, and the vocalists were Mr. Joseph Proudman's choir and about 400 of the boys belonging to the homes—the united bodies comprising more than 1000 voices. The school prizes were distributed to the boys by the Lady Mayoress, and the Lord Mayor expressed the pleasure he had at being present, his sense of the high value of the homes, and his approval of the suggestion of Mr. Price Hughes. A collection was then made, yielding £166, which brought up the total amount received at the celebration of this anniversary to £2063.

TESTIMONIAL TO MR. W. I. PALMER, OF READING.

On Thursday week, a meeting was held in the New Townhall, Reading, to present a public testimonial to Mr. William Isaac Palmer, of the firm of Huntley and Palmers, biscuit manufacturers. This gentleman has for many years been one of the foremost in helping on all works of a public character in Reading, one of which was the erection of the New Townhall, with its annexed buildings, consisting of a Free Library, Reading-Rooms, Museum, and Schools of Science and Art. The testimonial to Mr. Palmer was originated by the Mayor of Reading, Mr. Arthur Hill, and more than three thousand persons have subscribed. The meeting was crowded, and the Mayor and Corporation, with the Town Clerk, in their robes of office, were present. The testimonial consists of a portrait of Mr. Palmer, by Mr. Frank Holl, R.A., with an address, in album form, bearing the names of all the subscribers, beautifully engrossed and illuminated by Mr. W. H. Pountney, of Reading; and with a handsome piece of plate, designed and manufactured by Messrs. Bracher and Sydenham, of Reading, silversmiths. We give an Illustration of this work of art. It is wrought of solid silver, the style being semi-Gothic, and stands twenty inches in height. It has an oblong base enriched with Gothic ornaments, supporting in its centre, between two seated figures, beautifully modelled, a square pedestal serving as a frame to a view of the Reading New Townhall and Municipal Buildings, in bas-relief. On the reverse side is a corresponding frame bearing an inscription. The figures seated right and left of the pedestal are symbolical of Charity and Education; in front are represented the terrestrial globe, a Greek vase, artist's pallet, sculptor's mallets, books, and other articles. On the other side of the base, the plough, reaping-hook, and other agricultural implements, are represented; and surmounting the pedestal are three chaste and beautifully executed figures emblematic of the arts of painting, metal-work, and illuminating. The whole stands on a silver-mounted ebony basement, and reflects the greatest credit upon the manufacturers. The cost of it was two hundred guineas, and it serves the double purpose of a central ornament and a fruit or flower stand.



TESTIMONIAL PRESENTED TO MR. W. I. PALMER, OF READING.

ROYAL NATIONAL LIFE-BOAT INSTITUTION.

The annual general meeting of the subscribers and friends of the Royal National Life-Boat Institution was held last Saturday at Willis's Rooms, St. James's—the Duke of Northumberland, president, in the chair. The report stated that during the past year twenty-eight new life-boats were sent to the coast, this number being greatly in excess of that dispatched from the institution's store-yard in any one year since 1866. Ten of these boats were for new stations; the remainder replaced boats at existing stations. In addition to this, twenty-five new life-boats are being got ready, nine for new and sixteen for old stations. The total number of life-boats under the management of the committee at the close of the year 1884 was 284, which were launched on service 252 times between Jan. 1 and Dec. 31, and saved no less than 633 lives and eighteen vessels. Besides this, 159 lives were saved from shipwreck by shore-boats and other means, all of which services were rewarded by the institution, making up a total of 792 lives rescued during the year, for which six silver medals and clasps, nine votes of thanks on vellum, and £5000, were granted by the committee, including payments to widows and orphans of life-boatmen who had lost their lives in the service prior to the publication of the last annual report, no fatal accidents having happened to the gallant life-boatmen since that period. Altogether, from its foundation, the institution had voted 97 gold medals, 970 silver medals, and £82,984 in cash for saving 31,355 lives from shipwrecks on our coasts. The financial statement showed that the subscriptions, donations, dividends, &c., amounted during the past year to £44,810, which included £600 from the Commissioners of the International Fisheries Exhibition, as a prize for the best life-boat, £8600 in special gifts for expenses connected with fourteen life-boats, and £1000 for the endowment of a life-boat. Several legacies were also received. The total expenditure for the past year was £52,724.

Patrick Leary was sentenced at Cork Assizes on Monday to twelve months' imprisonment for an attempt to blow up the Mill-street police barracks with an infernal machine. The Judge said that instead of twelve months he would have given the prisoner twenty years, but that he was convinced Leary was only the tool of the principals in the plot, who, it was to be regretted, were still at large.



MUSSULMAN PILGRIMS FROM PERSIA ON

SKETCH BY MR. W. SIMPSON, OUR SPECIAL



WAY TO THE HOLY CITY OF MESHED.

H THE AFGHAN BOUNDARY COMMISSION.

THE COURT.

Earl Sydney, G.C.B., Lord Steward, had an audience of the Queen on Thursday week and presented an address from the House of Lords, humbly thanking her Majesty for having graciously accepted the loyal offer of military service from New South Wales, and expressing the satisfaction with which the House of Lords has heard the announcement that the like loyal offer of military service from other colonies and also from India will, should occasion arise, be duly accepted. The Duke and Duchess of Roxburghe, the Earl and Countess of Rosebery, and Lieutenant-General Sir A. Alison, Bart., K.C.B., arrived at the castle yesterday week, and had the honour of dining with her Majesty and the Royal family. General the Right Hon. Sir Henry Ponsonby had also the honour of being invited. Princess Beatrice presented the prizes to the successful students of the Windsor and Eton art classes at the Albert Institute last Saturday afternoon. Lord Rowton arrived at the castle in the evening, and had the honour of dining with her Majesty and the Royal family. Sir William Jenner, Bart., K.C.B., had also the honour of being invited. On Sunday the Queen, Princess Beatrice, Prince Louis and Prince Henry of Battenberg, and the members of her Majesty's household, attended Divine service in the private chapel. The Very Rev. R. Davidson, Dean of Windsor, assisted by the Rev. Henry Wace, D.D., Principal of King's College, London, and Honorary Chaplain to the Queen, officiated. The Rev. Dr. Wace preached the sermon. The Queen received the sad intelligence of the death, at Darmstadt, after a few days' illness, of Princess Charles of Hesse, the beloved mother of the Grand Duke of Hesse. In consequence of the death of her Royal Highness, her Majesty will go from England direct to Aix-les-Bains, visiting Darmstadt on the return journey. The Queen goes to Aix-les-Bains, by the advice of her Majesty's physicians, for change of air, rest, and quiet; and neither her Majesty nor Princess Beatrice has ever proposed to take any course of waters, baths, or other treatment at Aix. Prince Louis and Prince Henry of Battenberg, who were on a visit to the Queen at Windsor Castle, left Windsor on Monday afternoon for Hesse-Darmstadt, to be present at the funeral of their aunt, Princess Elizabeth. Her Majesty, accompanied by Princess Beatrice and the Royal suite, will leave Portsmouth on Monday next for Cherbourg, en route for Aix-les-Bains. It is officially announced that the Queen's birthday will be kept on Saturday, June 6.

The Prince of Wales, with Prince Albert Victor and the Duke of Edinburgh, arrived in Berlin on Thursday, where they were met at the station by the Crown Prince and Princess of Germany, whom they accompanied to the Palace of the Crown Prince. Next morning the Prince of Wales, accompanied by Prince Albert Victor and the Duke of Edinburgh, paid a lengthened visit to the Emperor and Empress of Germany, who received them with the utmost cordiality. The Prince of Wales and the Duke of Edinburgh wore their Prussian uniform, Prince Albert Victor being in an English uniform. They also visited other members of the Imperial family, and subsequently paid a visit to Prince Bismarck, which was followed by visits to the foreign Ambassadors. In the afternoon and evening the Prince of Wales received many visits. The Prince of Wales, the Duke of Edinburgh, and Prince Albert Victor were present at some artillery practice at the Tegel range, and afterwards visited the panorama of the battle of Sedan. On Saturday last their Royal Highnesses lunched with the Emperor, and in the evening dined with the Crown Prince. On Sunday, the eighty-eighth anniversary of the Emperor's birthday, our Court was represented by the Prince of Wales, the Duke of Edinburgh, and Prince Victor. On Monday morning Prince Albert Victor went to Potsdam with his cousin, Prince Wilhelm, and saw the 1st Regiment of Guards on parade. In the evening the Prince of Wales and Prince Albert Victor, left Berlin for Darmstadt. The Crown Prince, Crown Princess, Princess Victoria, Prince and Princess Christian, and others went to the station to see them off. Their Royal Highnesses attended the funeral of the Dowager Grand Duchess of Hesse, which took place on Wednesday morning, proceeding the same day to Brussels, where they were guests of the King of the Belgians, returning to England on Friday. The Duke of Edinburgh left Berlin on Monday night for Coburg. The Princess of Wales and Prince George of Wales were present at the first performance of Mr. Pinero's new play, "The Magistrate," last Saturday evening. Her Royal Highness was present at the performance given at the Criterion Theatre on Wednesday morning, in aid of the Princess of Wales's Branch of the National Aid Society (Egypt and Soudan). Cheltnam's comedy, "A Lesson in Love," was played by Lady Monckton, Miss Larkin, Miss Wyndham, Sir Charles Young, Mr. Beerbohm Tree, and Mr. Charles Wyndham. An address, specially written for the occasion by Mr. Clement Scott, was delivered by Mrs. Keeley and Mrs. Stirling. The Princess has granted her patronage to the United Kingdom Beneficent Association, and sent a cheque for £25 to the funds. The association grants annuities to persons of the upper classes in reduced circumstances, and has in this way distributed £88,554.

The Duchess of Edinburgh visited yesterday week the Art Exhibition, held under the patronage of the Duchess of Leeds at Belgrave-square, in aid of the Girls' Friendly Society's Club.

On Sunday his Excellency Count Münster gave a banquet at the German Embassy, Carlton House-terrace, in celebration of the anniversary of the birthday of the Emperor of Germany. Covers were laid for twenty-six.

FASHIONABLE MARRIAGES.

The marriage of Sir E. Malet, C.B., British Ambassador at Berlin, with Lady Ermyntrude Russell, daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Bedford, was solemnised on the 19th inst. by special license at Westminster Abbey. Four o'clock was the hour fixed for the ceremony, but long before that time arrived the sacred edifice was crowded in every available part by an aristocratic gathering. Awaiting the arrival of the bride, the attention of the congregation was, of course, directed to the bridesmaids, who were six in number—Lady Edeline Sackville, Lady Egidia Abney-Hastings, Lady Mary Sackville, Miss Ella St. LoMalet, Miss Cecilie Sackville West, and Miss Flora Russell. Their pretty costumes were much admired. They consisted of dresses of stripes of white duchesse satin and frize, the draperies and bodices being of soft sicilene silk, with a broad sash of moire ribbon. Hats en suite, with large aigrettes. The bride, who was accompanied by her mother, was met at the Abbey doors by her father, who conducted her to the altar, and gave her away. His Grace wore the star of the Order of the Garter. The Duchess of Bedford wore a magnificent dress of green velvet trimmed with gold braid. The bride was attired in a superb costume—a triumph of millinery art. The train and bodice was of rich brocaded velvet, embossed with roses of fine silver wire, and picked out with exquisite pearls. The petticoat was of white duchesse satin, richly trimmed with point d'Alençon, and dotted over with small sprays of orange-blossoms. The veil was also of point d'Alençon, and was fastened to the hair by a spray of diamonds, and surmounted by a small wreath of orange-blossoms. During the ceremony a new anthem was sung, composed for the occasion by Sir Arthur Sullivan. The officiating clergy were the Right Rev. the Bishop of Winchester and the Dean of Westminster. Mr. Graham, of Netherby, acted as best man. At the conclusion of the ceremony the bridal party adjourned to the town residence of the Duke of Bedford, 81, Eaton-square. Later in the day Sir Edward and Lady Malet left town for Holwood, near Bromley, in Kent, one of Lord Derby's country seats, where they intend spending part of their honeymoon. The bride's travelling-dress was of a peculiar shade—between old gold and green—of velvet and cashmere, richly trimmed with gold braid, with jacket, hat, and muff to match. The wedding presents numbered upwards of three hundred, and were of an unusually costly description, including a number of articles of very valuable jewellery. Her Majesty sent an Indian shawl and a pair of blue-and-gold china vases. The Duke and Duchess of Norfolk contributed a massive gold tea and coffee service, while the Duke and Duchess of Bedford's gifts to their daughter comprised some magnificent sets of gems. Sir Edward Malet received numerous presents on the occasion of his marriage. The Prince of Wales sent his Excellency a handsome silver cigarette-box, and Sir Richard Wallace the K.C.B.'s star in diamonds.

Major Francis Harwood Poore, one of the Duke of Edinburgh's Equeries, and Lady Harriot Elizabeth Grimston, Lady-in-Waiting to the Duchess of Edinburgh, and eldest daughter of the Earl of Verulam, were married on Tuesday in the Cathedral of St. Albans. The Duchess of Edinburgh, accompanied by her son Prince Alfred, was present. She was received by a guard of honour of the 2nd Hertfordshire Volunteers. Mr. G. V. Poore acted as best man to the bridegroom; and the bridesmaids were Lady Jane Grimston, sister of the bride, Lady Jane Alexander, Miss Mackintosh, and the Hon. Helen and Hon. Hermione Grimston, daughters of Lord and Lady Grimston. On the arrival of the bride she was received by her brother, Lord Grimston, by whom she was conducted to the altar. The Rev. Benjamin Hutchinson, Vicar of St. Michael's, St. Albans, officiated, assisted by the Venerable Archdeacon Lawrence. Lord Verulam gave his daughter away. The Duchess of Edinburgh attested the register. As the wedding party quitted the abbey, the organist played the Wedding March. Lord and Lady Verulam received the Duchess and a large party at breakfast at their neighbouring residence, Gorhambury.

The marriage of the Hon. Helen A. Brodrick, second daughter of Viscount Midleton, with the Rev. Archibald Ean Campbell, M.A., eldest son of the late Colonel Walter Campbell, of Skipness, N.B., and Rector of Castle Rising, Norfolk, is fixed to take place at Peper Harow on April 14.

The marriage arranged between Captain Hubert Galton and Miss Emily Clifford will take place in London on April 22.

A marriage is arranged, and will shortly take place, between Captain Avedale Corbett Singleton, R.N., and Miss Ada Taylour, third daughter of Colonel Lord John Taylour, and grand-daughter of the late Marquis of Headfort.

A marriage is arranged between Mr. Josceline Bagot, Grenadier Guards, of Levens Hall, Westmoreland, eldest son of the late Colonel Charles Bagot, and Miss Dosia Leslie, third daughter of Sir John and Lady Leslie.

CITY ECHOES.

Wednesday, March 25.

Under the pressure of a further large addition to the unemployed balance, the Bank of England directors have reduced the standard rate of discount to 3½ per cent. We may take for granted that the seeming improvement in the Afghan difficulty helped to turn the scale, but the reduction is so small that its chief merit is the relief it affords to those who pay interest on deposits. The other banks now allow 2½ for money left with them, and this shows a margin of profit on the rates obtained in the employment of such money. But another week has passed, and we are apparently no nearer the settlement of the difficulty with Russia, and at the time of writing there is such a revival of anxiety in regard to the subject, that British, Russian, and many other stocks are once more suffering from excess of sales. So far, the relapse has not been material, but it registers the return of uneasiness.

For commercial people, the "times" are no doubt bad all over the world, but it is comforting to see how well the banks are pulling through. Just now we are having quite a run of reports from Australian banks. As many as nine such documents are waiting notice, and in every case the dividend is the same as that paid last year. The Commercial of Sydney pays 25 per cent; the Bank of New South Wales, 17½; the National of Australasia, 16; the Queensland National and the Bank of New Zealand, 15; the Australian Joint Stock, 12½; the Bank of Victoria, and the English, Scottish, and Australian, 10; and the Commercial Bank of South Australia, 8.

When trade is bad and values low, fires increase. To that there is no exception in any part of the world, and hence it is not surprising that insurance companies should be doing less well now than they used to. A revision of rates is, in many cases, helping to make this less noticeable; but the Alliance dividend is 15 per cent as against 17½, and the Equitable 5 against 10, while the London and Provincial have reduced their credit balance to profit and loss from £7688 to £2011. The report of the Fire Insurance Association is in some respects very special. £100,000 has been added to profit and loss from capital, and a reserve fund of £50,000 has also been so applied. Both these sums have been absorbed, and 1885 begins with £29,481 to credit of profit and loss; in addition, however, to £101,519, being one third of the net premium income of 1884.

Our investments for services in foreign cities are numerous and varied, but they are not always remunerative, as witness money spent in Spain and Russia on water which few people care to use; but, on the other hand, we have many good investments of this description. The Ottoman Gas Company are to pay 8 per cent per annum for the past half-year, making 7½ per cent for the year. The comparison is with 7 for 1883. The Rio de Janeiro City Improvements Company again pay 6 per cent. The Montevideo Waterworks Company is to pay 2½ for 1884.

A dividend of 5 per cent is announced by the British American Land Company; but, as with the Canada Company, there is no surplus this year to apply to the reduction of the number of shares. Land-owning companies generally find that a fair dividend is the minimum result of an established company, with large realisations on capital account during periods of prosperity.

The troubles in the East are favourable to the telegraph services to Egypt and India, but in some other directions cable property is not thriving. The Anglo-American Telegraph dividend for the quarter ending with March is 4s. per cent, as compared with 12s. 6d; and the Direct Spanish Telegraph Company is not able to pay the preference dividend for the past half-year.

T. S.

The Channel Squadron, which arrived in Milford Haven on the 25th inst., will proceed on April 7 to Holyhead, to escort the Prince and Princess of Wales to Ireland.

MARCH SNOW.

A sad little wind moaned round the house, and, occasionally waxing more violent, threw itself against the windows, and then was heard no more. Occasionally, a tiny something fluttered down through the darkened atmosphere—and we presaged rain. But, as the heavy clouds began to roll up with the sunset and to bank themselves low down on the horizon, we looked at the soft brown flush on the trees in the distance, and at the amber graceful catkins dancing rhythmically in the wind; we scented the pungent aromatic odour of the golden gorse; we noted the yellow dust on the grey-velvet palms in the hollow; and we said, of course, such a thing is ridiculous, but if this were January, or even February, we should expect snow before morning, but as it is March—as spring is already here—of course it is impossible!

But, impossible or not, the something that had attracted our notice in the grey gloom of the early evening became tangible as the night waxed older. The wind became keen and penetrating, as it only does when snow is in the air; the fire burned frostily; and, when morning dawned, the birds were silent, for they were awed and rendered dumb by a sight that is rare in mid-winter, but is an almost impossible, utterly detested, wholly horrible one in March, when the rooks are sitting, and in some cases have little ones to feed for; and when Nature, like the Princess in the fairy-tale, is only waiting for the kiss of her lover, the moist, south-west wind, to wake up in one moment and give us back the unspeakable joy of her presence to reign over the whole world of flowers.

Yesterday the violets were scenting the air; prim little polyanthuses, that remind us always of soft tortoise-shell kittens—we know not why—were beginning to creep out of their sheltering leaves; here and there a double daffodil was nodding his yellow head and exchanging experiences with the wallflowers in the border beyond; the lauristinas were a sheet of blossom; the lilacs were beginning to bud; the chestnut-trees were all in a hurry about their new spring garments; one mad little swallow was skimming the surface of a neighbour's pond; every bird had something to say, and said it; green tufts, like studs of emerald, decked the thorn-trees, and made us remember how lovely May-blossom is; the pink almond-trees in the neighbours' gardens were already like a Japanese sketch in brown and salmon-colour; a pear-tree was tufted with white; and, in fact, every fresh hour—so it seemed to us—had its own sweet surprise, and we lived from day to day to welcome back some dear friend or acquaintance in the shape of bird or flower or tree, being sure of their appearing, and of their being as sweet and as delightful as they invariably are—for Nature's children are always the same, and never fail one or disappoint one, as so many of our human friends do.

But alas! this was yesterday: now we lie discreet and chill, hidden under the clean, white, untimely mantle of a March snowstorm. The flowers are completely buried; paths, beds, and banks are level; the sides and branches of the trees are covered with snow; and the wretched little birds, that yesterday despised crumbs, and intimated politely that worms were ever so much better and nicer, come and beg shamelessly; while the robin, who had just gone completely out of fashion, sents himself on the gate, preens his feathers, puffs out his scarlet waistcoat, and then opens his beak and sings, as much as to say, "After all, I was right and you were wrong, and you should not have been in such a hurry to get rid of me, for I am the only bird who is at all in character with this wintry scene." The heavy grey sky seems to lie on the top of the trees, a rushing wind drives the thick flakes until they are piled against the window on the north-east side of the house and render it opaque, while the snow itself falls in the thin, small, powdery form that means mischief, and that piles up swifter than any other kind into a barrier that is as successful in keeping us indoors as if it were a stream of water—so wetting, so penetrating, so impossible is it to pass and keep ourselves from looking as if we had gone through a dirty and wide river in our struggles to go out.

As the day grows older, of course the snow ceases. After all, it is March snow, and has grace enough to know it has no business here, and is utterly and shamelessly detestable. But in the park opposite, the pure white blanket shows no sign of melting. The paternal rooks, wretched with the cares of housekeeping (as wretched as we were, by-the-way, when there was no milkman before 9.30, and a whole nestful of birdlings were clamouring for breakfast—delayed by the snow an hour beyond even Sunday-morning time), hop about and sink into it hopelessly, seeking for the absent worm. With each separate gust the wind denudes an entire tree of its white covering. From the roof every now and then descend small avalanches; and the sky, becoming a pale steely blue, almost suggests skating in a manner that causes our hearts to sink into our boots, and remain there, as we think of the cold, ungenial time, and the manner in which our hopes have been blighted. Still, about mid-day the sun creeps out and asserts himself; the bees in the garden cease to be level with the paths; yellow spears, which were once crocuses, beginning to pierce the lumps of snow; the shrubs, that looked like breaking with their burden, slip it off their shoulders and stand erect; one after the other well-known landmarks reappear; we can see the buds on the hedges are just where they were yesterday; and a gentle drip-drip-drip from the eaves and an angry constant twittering from the sparrows prove that we are not long to be buried or kept in a state of siege and separation from our fellow-men, that is trying in January, but simply maddening in March—when a young man's fancy should be turning lightly towards thoughts of love, if the poet speaks correctly, and when a young woman's goes straight to her garments, and causes her to spend her days in dreaming of light gowns and pretty chintzes in which to disport herself; when even the earth itself puts on new clothes.

Upton House Industrial School for Truant Children, which has just been completed at Homerton to accommodate one hundred boys, was inspected on Monday evening by a number of ladies and gentleman, on the invitation of Mr. H. Spicer, chairman of the Industrial Schools Committee of the London School Board.

Policies of assurance for £47,000 on the life of Mr. Henry Roe, aged sixty, who spent a quarter of a million sterling in restoring Christ Church Cathedral and built the National Synod Hall for the Irish Protestant Church, were sold in Dublin, last Saturday, for £11,500, the surrender value being about £6900 and the annual premiums £2600. No offer was made for Mr. Roe's residence, Mount Anville Park, on which he spent £20,000.

At the meeting of the Royal Geographical Society on Monday evening—Lord Aberdare, president, in the chair—General Walker read a paper by Major Holdich, R.E., on the country to the north of Herat, which he described as a fertile country, pointing out the boundaries and the principal physical features of the territory. A note was read by M. Lessar, in which he spoke of the country as barren and almost waterless. He also protested against believing that the maps now in existence should be considered evidence with regard to the boundary question.

PARISIAN SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

(*From our own Correspondent.*)

Paris, Tuesday, March 24.

The questions of taxing imported cereals and cattle having passed under the consideration of the Senate, together with the interminable Budget discussion, the Chamber of Deputies has returned to the already worn subject of electoral reform. M. Constans proposes the adoption of the *scrutin de liste* instead of the actual *scrutin d'arrondissement*, and the fixing of the number of deputies on the basis of the number of the population. M. Constans, however, has a clause to the effect that, for the next Legislature, each department shall have at least as many deputies as it has at present. Thus, supposing the bill be voted as originally framed, the new Chamber of Deputies would number 610 deputies, as compared with the present Chamber, which counts only 557. The *scrutin de liste* passed, as it has been to-day by 412 votes against 99, the present Chamber has done all the useful and interesting work that it can do. Naturally, everybody is discounting the results which the new voting system will give, and, according to the calculations of the learned in such matters, the Conservatives and the Radicals will each gain at least fifty votes, a fact which will terribly mar the compactness and practicality of the Opportunist majority.

There is much talk now going on about the decay of the theatre: the minor theatres, which trust to the talent of a "star" and the wit of her patented purveyors of text, are on the brink of failure; the Comédie Française is driving the poets from its doors by the pretentiousness of its actors; the Opéra is struggling vainly against immense expenses and a mediocre company. There is some exaggeration in these absolute statements; but it is certain that most of the Paris theatres are doing a very poor business, and the new pieces recently brought out are failures after failures. The favourite "divas" of the past ten years—Judic, Granier, Chaumont—fail to attract the public, and the old vaudevillists and wits see their hastily written pieces fall as hastily. The fact is that for years past the French theatres have been conducted on a rotten system of "puffery," which has been rendered possible by the miserable venality of the French press. Journals like the *Figaro* and the *Gaulois*, for instance, have regularly-signed contracts with a theatre like the Gymnase for puffing and writing up pieces played there. Furthermore, a number of journalists, formed into a kind of occult and informal syndicate, monopolise the minor theatres like the Variétés, the Nouveautés, and the Palais Royal, for their own benefit. For some time these little arrangements went along quietly, and the innocent public swallowed the "puffs"; but now there is no longer any secret about it, the puffs are losing their influence, and as the theatres are producing miserably poor pieces, the public does not take the trouble to go to see them. Hence the catastrophe which is now affecting alike managers, actors, and authors.

An exhibition of electricity is now open in the Observatory. Since the exhibition at the Palais de l'Industrie in 1881, no very striking invention appears to have been made in electrical science, but the improvements and perfections are numerous. The application of electricity as a motive-power for machinery, electric projectors as now used in the French Navy, railway signals, incandescent lamps, the accumulation of electricity, the telephone, &c., have all been vastly improved by various inventors here represented. At the Observatory, too, we see electricity applied to chemical analysis, and to the detection of poison in animal bodies. The Ministry of Posts and Telegraphs exhibits a number of interesting apparatus, including the standard *ohm*, the basis of the calculations of modern electrical science.

The anniversary of March 18 has now become a fête, rather than a pretext for revolutionary pilgrimages. The visit to the cemeteries and to the graves of the *Fédérés* is reserved for the month of May. Amongst the deputies who celebrated the Commune were MM. Lissant and Clovis Hugues, of whom the latter terminated his speech with the words: "Vive la Commune, parce qu' elle est la Justice." T. C.

In presence of the King and Queen of Italy and the great dignitaries of State, the foundation-stone of a monument to be erected on the Capitol at Rome to the late King Victor Emanuel was laid on Sunday.—In the Italian Senate on Monday Signor Mancini, in the course of some explanations respecting his policy, vindicated the occupation of Massowah and Beilul as contributing to the pacification of Egypt. He could not say whether the Italian army would be called upon to co-operate with the British in the Soudan.

The King of the Belgians has received from the Communal Council a congratulatory address on the recognition by the Powers of the new Congo State. His Majesty expressed a hope that Belgium would profit by the new outlets thus opened to trade.

On Sunday Friedrich Wilhelm Ludwig, first German Emperor and seventh King of Prussia, entered upon the eighty-ninth year of a life the importance of which to civilised mankind is almost without precedent or parallel in history. Owing to the Emperor having a slight cold, the congratulatory visits were limited to the members of the Royal family, the foreign Princes, and the princely personages permanently residing in Prussia, the latter including the Imperial Chancellor. Notwithstanding wintry weather, Berlin, and indeed all Germany, celebrated the birthday of the Emperor William with much enthusiasm on Sunday. Vast crowds assembled before the Imperial Palace, and heartily cheered the princely personages as they arrived to congratulate the Emperor. His Majesty, although suffering from a slight cold, appeared at a window and bowed his acknowledgments to the assembled people. In the evening the city was illuminated.—The Duchess Charlotte of Mecklenburg-Schwerin was confirmed on Tuesday at Potsdam, in presence of the Crown Prince and Princess, Princess William, Princess Victoria, the Grand Duchess of Mecklenburg, Prince Albert of Prussia, and many other Princes.

The Austrian Emperor has addressed to the Emperor William an autograph letter, couched in the most cordial language, congratulating the German Sovereign upon his eighty-eighth birthday. The German residents in Vienna met at a banquet in the Hôtel Métropole in celebration of the event.—The Austrian Crown Prince and Princess had an enthusiastic reception from the Montenegrins on their arrival at Cettinje last Saturday, Prince Nikita and his Ministers meeting them at the frontier.—On Sunday evening the Crown Prince and Princess started from Cattaro for Fiume on board the Imperial yacht Miramar on their way home. The Archduke John of Austria has accepted Prince Nicholas's invitation to prolong his stay in Montenegro.—In the sitting of the Lower House of the Reichsrath on the 19th, the discussion of the Budget was concluded, and the Financial Bill adopted without debate, and in accordance with the proposals of the committee.

President Cleveland has nominated Mr. Edward J. Phelps, of Vermont, American Minister in London, in succession to Mr. Lowell. Mr. Phelps is a prominent Vermont lawyer, aged about sixty years. The President has also nominated Mr. Robert M. M'Lane, the present Governor of Maryland, Minister in Paris, and Mr. George H. Pendleton, formerly Senator for Ohio, Minister in Berlin.—Mr. James Porter, formerly Governor of Tennessee, has been nominated to the office of Assistant Secretary of State. Mr. Berry, Democrat, has been elected United States Senator for Arkansas, in place of Mr. Garland, the newly appointed Attorney-General.

A telegram from Ottawa states that a riot among a number of half-breeds has occurred on the Saskatchewan river. The Canadian Government has sent a number of police to the spot.

We learn from Capetown that the Stellaland Bestuur have unanimously adopted Mr. Mackenzie's settlement of the country in preference to that of Mr. Rhodes.—Intelligence has been received at Capetown that the members of the British Surveying Expedition recently sent to Bechuanaland have been made prisoners by the Boers.

On Monday the Viceroy left Calcutta for Rawul Pindi to meet the Ameer of Afghanistan. It is stated by the *Bombay Gazette* that the Duke of Connaught will attend the durbar at Rawul Pindi.—Great activity prevails in the Commissariat Department at Bombay, orders having been received to provide supplies for an army corps of 25,000 men, destined for Quetta. On Tuesday the Viceroy met Sir Donald Stewart, and sanctioned the mobilisation of two army corps, each to consist of 25,000 men. These troops are to be sent to Pisheen, with a reserve force of 10,000 men. Sir Donald Stewart will take the supreme command of the whole force. Supplies for 50,000 men for six months are being sent into Pisheen.—The Indian Budget has been published in the form of a minute in the official *Gazette*. The accounts for 1883-4 show a surplus of £1,387,496, which is due partly to increase of revenue over expenditure, and partly to collections of land revenue which would ordinarily have fallen due in the ensuing year. The revised Estimates for 1884-5 show a deficit of £716,200, which is attributed partly to the accelerated payment of land revenue above mentioned, partly to the suspension of revenue, and partly to the falling off in railway receipts. The minute then draws attention to the stagnation of the wheat and rice trades. The Budget Estimates for 1885-6 are:—Revenue, £72,090,400; expenditure, £71,582,300.

According to an Act of the Samoan Parliament, the islands have been formally annexed to New Zealand.

COLONIAL CHURCH-BUILDING.

Trinity Church, Bermuda, is one of two new new buildings shown in our Illustrations. This church, designed by Messrs. Hay and Henderson, architects, of Edinburgh, replaces a smaller one, in the Early English style, built about thirty years ago, and destroyed, on Jan. 27 last year, by an incendiary supposed to be connected with the Fenian organisation. The new edifice consists of a nave, with lateral aisles, a central tower, with transepts, and a choir, also with lateral aisles. The length of the nave is 100 ft., width, 33 ft.; width of aisles, 14 ft. 6 in.; width of transept, 32 ft. 6 in., and length, 28 ft. 3 in. The tower is 32 ft. square; the length of the choir, 44 ft. 6 in.; the height of the nave to the wall-head, 44 ft., and of the aisles, 20 ft.; the height to the apex of the nave and choir from the floor is 72 ft.; and the height of the tower and spire, 220 ft. The walls are of native stone, dressed with Caen stone inside and out; the piers of the nave and choir are massive monoliths of polished Peterhead granite; the roof of the choir is vaulted with the beautiful native cedar, and those of the nave and transepts are of open construction, in cedar and pitch-pine; the aisles and porches are vaulted in stone, and are practically fireproof. The site of this church is the highest ground in the town of Hamilton, the capital of the islands; and the tower, provided with a clock, will be a conspicuous object. There will be a fine organ in the choir; and provision has been made for a large peal of bells in the tower. There will be sittings for 1200 persons, a considerable portion being free for the use of the Army and Navy, and of the large and annually increasing numbers of visitors from the neighbouring continent, who make Bermuda their winter quarters.

The other Illustration is that of a new Presbyterian Church in the city of Dunedin, Otago, in the southern part of New Zealand. The Otago settlement was founded in 1848, by emigrant Scotchmen of the Free Kirk; and though, in the present constitution of local society, there is no predominating sectarian element, the Presbyterians number as many adherents as all other Protestant denominations together. Dunedin is the largest town in New Zealand, having at the Census of 1851, with its suburbs, 35,000 inhabitants, many of whom, engaged in trade, have come from Melbourne. They form the most enterprising community in the whole colony, and have an increasing commerce. The city is finely situated nine miles up the inlet of Port Chalmers, but has seaside suburbs within a very short distance. Its public buildings, the Townhall, Post Office, Custom House, University, High School, Museum, Hospital, and Garrison Hall, are stately and handsome. High-street, Princes-street, and George-street, are full of good shops, and are traversed by convenient tramways; the hotels and many private houses are equal to those of a flourishing English or Scottish great town. The University of Otago, the High Schools, and various educational and charitable institutions are hardly surpassed by similar establishments in our provincial towns at home. There is a well-kept Botanic Garden, with special acclimatisation grounds, which are both ornamental and of real utility in a new country. In short, Dunedin represents all that is best in the civilisation of Great Britain, reproduced at the Antipodes; and the habits of its citizens, preserved by an invigorating climate, promise it a great future in the world of the Southern Ocean.

Sir Robert Peel founded at Harrow the Peel Medal for the best Latin essay, in 1826; and this year it has been won by Mr. William Peel, son of the Speaker, and grandson of the founder.

At the flower show held on Tuesday in the Royal Horticultural Society's conservatory at South Kensington, there was a brilliant display of daffodils, cyclamens, lilies, tea-roses, and hyacinths.

The merchants of Tarapaca (South America) have decided to present to Señor Don Francisco Valdes Vergara a handsome service of plate, in acknowledgment of his labours in the advancement of the public welfare in that place. The service is now exhibited by Mr. Sewill, of 30, Cornhill, E.C.

The Court of the Drapers' Company has recently granted 30 guineas to the Artisans' Technical Association, which aims at obtaining the views of artisans themselves on the subject of technical instruction, and their co-operation in promoting it through their various organisations.

In London last week 2675 births and 1678 deaths were registered. Allowing for increase of population, the births were 203 and the deaths 145 below the average numbers in the corresponding weeks of the last ten years. The deaths included 19 from smallpox, 53 from measles, 16 from scarlet fever, 20 from diphtheria, 45 from whooping-cough, 13 from enteric fever, and 12 from diarrhœa and dysentery.

OBITUARY.

BISHOP WORDSWORTH.

The Right Rev. Christopher Wordsworth, D.D., late Bishop of Lincoln, whose death is announced, was born in 1807, the third son of the Rev. Christopher Wordsworth, D.D., Master of Trinity College, Cambridge; and nephew of the poet. He was educated at Winchester, and at Trinity College, Cambridge, of which, after a brilliant University career, he became Fellow. He was ordained in 1835, and was successively Public Orator, Hulsean Lecturer, and Head Master of Harrow. He was Vicar of Stanford in the Vale 1850 to 1869, and Canon and Archdeacon of Westminster 1865 to 1869, when he was consecrated Bishop of Lincoln. His Lordship married, Dec. 6, 1838, Susanna Hatley, daughter of Mr. George Frere, and leaves issue. His eldest daughter, Elizabeth, is Principal of Lady Margaret Hall, Oxford. A Portrait of Bishop Wordsworth is given on another page.

SIR W. W. KNIGHTON, BART.



Sir William Wellesley Knighton, Bart., M.A., died at Blendworth, Horndean, on the 13th inst., in his seventy-fifth year. He was only son of Sir William Knighton, first Baronet, M.D., G.C.H., Keeper of the Privy Purse to George IV., and Auditor of the Duchy of Cornwall; was educated at the Charter House, graduated at Christ Church, Oxford, in 1831, and served as High Sheriff of Hampshire in 1874. He succeeded to the title at the death of his father, in 1836, but, as he leaves no issue, the baronetcy becomes extinct. His wife, Clementina, daughter of Major John Jameson, died just a year ago.

SIR THOMAS BAZLEY, BART.



Sir Thomas Bazley, Bart., of Hatherop, in the county of Gloucester, officer of the Legion of Honour, J.P. and D.L., died suddenly, at Riversleigh, Lytham, Lancashire, on the 18th inst., aged eighty-seven. He was son of the late Mr. Thomas Bazley, of Gilnow, near Bolton, and from early life devoted himself to commercial pursuits, becoming eventually sole proprietor of the largest fine cotton and lace-thread spinning concern in the kingdom. He took a very active part in the Corn Laws agitation, and was president of the Manchester Chamber of Commerce 1841 to 1859. In 1851 he served as a Royal Commissioner of the Great Exhibition, labouring assiduously in promoting that important undertaking; and in 1855, having been nominated a Commissioner of the Paris Imperial Exhibition, was given the Legion of Honour. In 1858 he entered Parliament as Liberal member for Manchester, which city he continued to represent until 1880; and in 1869 was created a Baronet. Sir Thomas married, June 2, 1828, Mary Maria Sarah, second daughter of Mr. Sebastian Nash, of Clayton, Lancashire, and leaves an only child, now Sir Thomas Sebastian Bazley, second Baronet, M.A., J.P., and D.L., born April 30, 1829, who married, Nov. 1, 1855, Elizabeth, second daughter of Mr. Robert Gardner, of Chasetley, by whom he has issue. A Portrait of Sir Thomas Bazley will be given in our next issue.

MAJOR DARBY GRIFFITH.

Major Christopher Darby-Griffith, of Padworth House, Berks, J.P. and D.L., M.P. for Devizes 1857 to 1868, died recently, at an advanced age. He was the eldest son of Mr. Matthew Chitty Darby, who took the additional surname of Griffith, married 1855, Arabella Sarah, only daughter of Mr. Edward Francis Colston, of Filkins Hall, Oxfordshire, and Roundway Park, Wilts, and leaves, with other issue, a son and successor, Christopher William, Lieutenant Grenadier Guards.

SIR H. S. PARKES.

Sir Harry Smith Parkes, G.C.M.G., K.C.B., Ambassador to China, died on the 21st inst. He was born in 1828, the son of Mr. Harry Parkes, of Birchill Hall, Staffordshire, by Mary Anne, his wife, daughter of Mr. George Gitton, of Bridgnorth. Originally an Attaché to Sir Henry Pottinger's Mission to China, he became Interpreter and Consul at various places in that country, Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary at Japan, 1865 to 1883; and since the latter year was Envoy Extraordinary, Minister Plenipotentiary, and Chief Superintendent of Trade in China. In 1860, while secretary to Lord Elgin, he was imprisoned and maltreated by the Chinese. The decoration of K.C.B. was conferred on him in 1862, that of G.C.M.G. in 1881. Sir Harry married, 1856, Fanny Hannah, daughter of Mr. Thomas Plumer, of Cannons Park, Middlesex, and was left a widower in 1879.

We have also to record the deaths of—

Major-General Henry Cadogan Craigie, late 19th Hussars, on the 11th inst., aged fifty-four.

General Richard Parker, late 1st Life Guards, and Colonel 5th Dragoon Guards, youngest son of the late Admiral Sir Hyde Parker, on the 15th inst., in his eighty-second year.

Mr. Francis Adams, of Cotswold Grange, and Clifton, Gloucestershire, on the 19th inst., at Cheltenham, in his seventy-third year.

The Hon. Mary Cartwright, wife of Mr. R. Aubrey Cartwright, of Edgcote, Northamptonshire, and eldest daughter of Lord Cottesloe, on the 20th inst., aged fifty-nine.

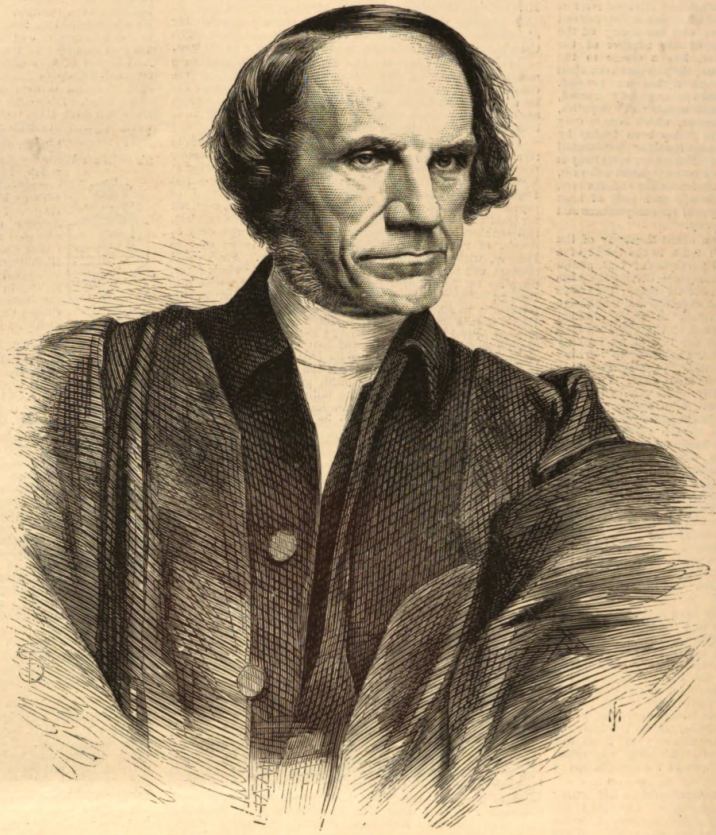
Rosetta, Mrs. Whiteside, widow of the Right Hon. James Whiteside, Lord Chief Justice of Ireland, and sister of the late Sir Joseph Napier, Bart., Lord Chancellor of Ireland, on the 17th inst.

Major Richard Collingwood Robinson (retired), late Captain 60th Rifles, eldest son of Sir John Robinson, Bart., C.B., of Rokeby Hall, county Louth, by Sarah Blackett Denny, his wife, grand-daughter of the celebrated Admiral Lord Collingwood, on the 15th inst., aged forty-two.

The Ven. James Gaspard Le Marchant Carey, Archdeacon of Essex, Hon. Canon of St. Albans, and Vicar of Boreham, on the 17th inst., at Folkestone. He graduated at Trinity College, Cambridge, in 1853 with high honours, and was ordained the same year.

Mr. Herbert Fry, who planned and annually re-compiled two useful works, "The Royal Guide to London Charities," and a very original "Guide to London," illustrated with bird's-eye views of our leading thoroughfares, on the 17th inst., aged fifty-four.

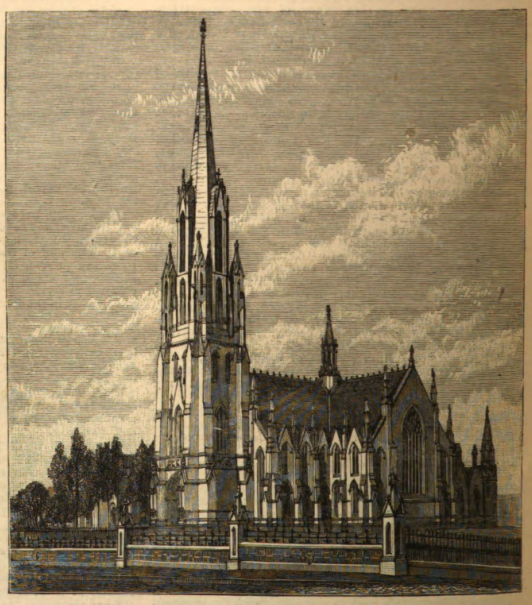
The Rev. Prebendary Henry George De Bunsen, M.A., Rector of Donnington, near Albrighton, Salop, one of the best-known clergymen in the diocese of Lichfield, on the 19th inst., aged sixty-six. Mr. De Bunsen was the eldest son of the late Baron De Bunsen, the distinguished author and diplomatist. He was educated at Oxford, and was ordained priest in 1842, and was afterwards domestic chaplain to the Duke of Sutherland. In 1869 he was appointed to the Rectory of Donnington, of the annual value of £690, with parsonage. He was Prebendary of Lichfield, and took an active and leading part in the various diocesan organisations.



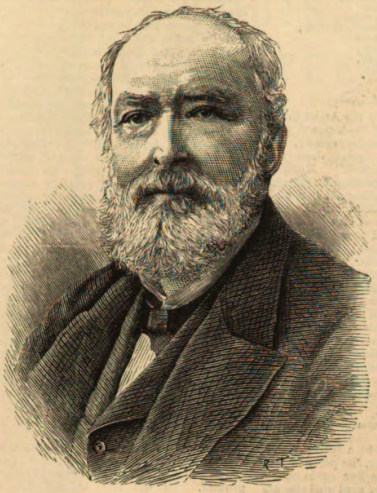
THE LATE RIGHT REV. CHRISTOPHER WORDSWORTH, D.D., BISHOP OF LINCOLN.



TRINITY CHURCH, BERMUDA.



PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH AT DUNEDIN, OTAGO, NEW ZEALAND.



THE LATE MR. LOUIS HAGHE,
FORMER PRESIDENT OF THE ROYAL INSTITUTE OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS.



THE LATE MR. J. J. JENKINS,
FORMER SECRETARY OF THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS.

THE LATE MR. LOUIS HAGHE.

Mr. Louis Haghe, the Honorary President of the Institute of Painters in Water Colours, died on the 9th inst., at the age of seventy-nine. His long and successful career bore testimony to the charms which the fatherland has for the imaginative mind. Born at Tournay—a picturesque but seldom-visited town of Belgium—he came to England at an early age, and for some years devoted himself almost wholly to lithography, an art which then occupied a far higher position than it has since wood-engraving, electrotype, and photography have competed with it for popular favour. Mr. Haghe at first commenced by lithographing the works of others, and in this way, between 1824 and 1847, he made his name widely known by his attractive album of English, Belgian, and German scenery. Thenceforward he devoted himself to original work, commencing by a series of studies of the archæological and architectural beauties of his native country. Old Flemish interiors, fifteenth-century burghers' houses, looking almost like palaces, Gothic cathedrals, and the rich costumes of the Middle Ages always attracted him. He had, however, for some years been exhibiting at the Institute of Painters in Water Colours and elsewhere, and in 1837 was elected a member of that body, of which he became one of the leading members. His position as an artist was established by the "Council of War at Courtray," assembled in the Hôtel de Ville. This picture, exhibited in 1839, was purchased by Mr. Vernon, and formed part of his bequest now at the South Kensington Museum. Amongst Louis Haghe's other noteworthy works may be mentioned "The Interior of the Hôtel de Ville, Bruges"; "The Brewer's Hall, Antwerp"; "Interior of St. Bavon, Ghent"; "Cross-bow Practice" (a scene of Flemish outdoor life in the sixteenth century); "The Choir of Santa Maria Novella" (oil), "St. Peter's Day at Rome," &c. His work, to the very close of his life, was almost uninterrupted; and to the very end he contributed to the exhibition of the Institute of which he had for so long been one of of the principal members. Honours were abundantly showered upon him from all sides. Antwerp, Brussels, Paris, and Manchester awarded him medals; and the King of the Belgians conferred upon him the Order of Chevalier de l'Ordre de Léopold I. He succeeded the late Mr. Henry Warren as President of the Institute, and held the post until about a year ago, when, from failing health, he resigned in favour of Mr. J. D. Linton. The Portrait is from a photograph by M. J. Ganz, of Brussels.

THE LATE MR. J. J. JENKINS, F.R.S.A.

Mr. Joseph J. Jenkins, who died on the 9th inst., was an artist whose works gained a considerable degree of favour. His pictures bearing suggestive titles, "Hopes and Fears," "With the Stream," and "Against the Stream," and "Come Along," were popular in their day; and in some instances were engraved for the Art Union. He was born in 1811; in early life he was an engraver, but afterwards became a painter in water colours. His works, both of figure-subjects and landscapes, were till recently seen and admired at the annual exhibitions of the Royal Society of Painters in Water Colours, of which he was a most active and useful member during thirty-four years, having also for ten years filled the office of Secretary, during the Presidencies of Mr. Frederick Tayler and the late John F. Lewis, R.A. He became an Associate of the Society in 1841, and a full member in 1850. His latter years were devoted to the service of the society, which he enriched by valuable gifts, and lastly by a magnificent bequest to the funds. Mr. Jenkins was also known to have been long engaged in collecting materials for its history.

The Portrait is from a photograph by Mr. H. S. Melville, East Grinstead.



THE WAR IN THE SOUDAN: THE NILE AT THE HEAD OF THE GERENDID CATARACT.
SKETCH BY THE LATE LIEUTENANT-COLONEL R. C. COVENY, OF THE 42ND (BLACK WATCH) ROYAL HIGHLANDERS.

THE SILENT MEMBER.

The Earl of Dufferin, as resolute and resourceful a Viceroy as India has ever had, is plainly a match for Russia, whose singular and suspicious delay in dispatching her Commissioner to meet General Sir Peter Lumsden on the debateable Afghan Frontier is not unreasonably held to mask acquisitive designs on the part of restless Muscovite Commanders. On his way to meet the Ameer of Afghanistan in state at Rawul Pindi, the Governor-General met Sir Donald Stewart, the Commander-in-Chief, at Allahabad on Tuesday; and is understood to have sanctioned the mobilisation of two Army Corps of 25,000 men each, Sir Donald himself taking the chief command, with General Sir Frederick Roberts and General Hardinge as Commanders of the two Army Corps, Pisheen being the immediate destination of the troops. These important military measures being deemed necessary by the Viceroy to prepare for eventualities, it is more than ever evident that at this juncture England has urgent need to speak with an undivided voice.

The strength of the Government at this crisis lies in the manifest necessity for the country to show a united front towards Russia. Threatened by yet another hostile motion by the Opposition on the question of the finances of Egypt, Mr. Gladstone last Monday deprecated the delay in the debate which Sir Stafford Northcote desired on the score that the House had not yet mastered the papers. The Premier earnestly protested, "I cannot undertake the risk of Egyptian bankruptcy in order to meet the wishes of the right hon. gentleman. We are now at the end of our tether, and in the month of April Egypt will be called upon to meet payments which she will have no means of meeting unless we are able to put in operation the machinery of the Convention." With lively debating point Lord John Manners promptly retorted that, "having brought the financial affairs of Egypt to a state of hopeless confusion, the Prime Minister now presents a pistol at our heads, and declares that bankruptcy will ensue unless this Convention be adopted."

Thursday was, in the end, fixed upon as the date for Mr. Gladstone, on the part of the Government, to move the subjoined resolution practically approving the Egyptian Convention:—

That her Majesty be authorised to guarantee the payment of an annuity of £315,000 sterling for the purpose of a loan, to be raised by the Government of Egypt, in pursuance of the Convention signed at London, on March 18, 1885, between her Majesty and the Governments of Austria-Hungary, France, Germany, Italy, Russia, and Turkey; and that provision be made out of the Consolidated Fund of the United Kingdom, or the growing produce thereof, for the issue of such sums of money from time to time as may be required, to pay any sums which may at any time be required to fulfil the guarantee of her Majesty in respect of such annuity, conformably to the tenor of her Majesty's engagement as specified in the said convention.

The Opposition elected to join issue with the Government under the banner of Mr. T. C. Bruce, who gave notice of an amendment to the effect that the proposals regarding the Egyptian Convention were unsatisfactory, and did not warrant the agreement into which her Majesty's Government had entered. On the grounds that the Convention virtually sanctions the reimposition of an International Commission of Interference in the affairs of Egypt, when England has borne the brunt of the expense and trouble of the Administration throughout recent troublous times, some uncertain followers of the Ministry were expected to vote with the Opposition. But again the spectre of Russia on the Afghan frontier may check them, as it may lessen the force of the Opposition.

On the delicate questions arising out of the present positions of the Russian and Afghan outposts on the Turkestan frontier, Ministers in both Houses have displayed diplomatic reticence and reserve. "Heckled" (as the Scots put it) with regard to alleged Russian intrigues at Pendjeh, Lord Edmond Fitzmaurice was not to be shaken, on Tuesday, from the reserve with which he had discreetly cloaked himself. Nor was Mr. Gladstone to be swerved one step from the guarded course he deemed it politic to follow—as he remarked, in passing, under "*the very grave circumstances which now exist*"—in alluding to the negotiations with Russia as to whether the frontier difficulty should be settled on the spot or in London.

The Redistribution of Seats Bill is sedulously pushed through Committee by Sir Charles Dilke in the intervals left by one or the other of the Ministers in charge of the spending departments. The Marquis of Hartington, who has not yet mastered the art of marshalling figures with ease, on Thursday week prevailed upon the House to vote, with accustomed alacrity, 114,194 men and £4,543,000 for the Army. In the Upper House, on the following night, 62 voted for and 62 against Lord Thurlow's motion in favour of opening the London Museums and Picture Galleries on Sundays; the Lord Chancellor adding his casting-vote against the annual resolution, which the promoters now have hope will be sanctioned next year. On the whole, their Lordships will not be sorry to adjourn on Friday for the Easter holidays; nor will the Commons object to begin their recess, which is to last from Tuesday next to Thursday, the 9th of April.

Earl Cairns presided on Tuesday at the nineteenth annual meeting of the Society for Promoting Female Welfare, held, by permission of Mr. and Mrs. Holmes White, at 10, Devonshire-place, at which it was decided to raise a special fund from which to make grants to societies needing support.

"OPHELIA."

There is a willow grows aslant a brook,
That shows his hoar leaves in the glassy stream;
There with fantastic garlands did she come,
Of crow-flowers, nettles, daisies, and long purples
That our cold maids do "dead men's fingers" call them;
There, on the pendant boughs her coronet weeds
Clambering to hang, an envious sliver broke;
When, down the weedy trophies, and herself,
Fell in the weeping brook.
* * * *
Alas, then, is she drowned?
Drowned, drowned, your sister's drowned, Laertes.

The prelude of this sad event is depicted by the Artist in the drawing we have engraved. The genius of Shakspeare, with its profound and tender reach of human sympathy, has imagined nothing that more touches the heart than this portion of the mysterious tragedy of "Hamlet." Much of poor Ophelia's story is left untold, but may perhaps be guessed by a thoughtful reader. The priests condemned her as a suicide, and forbade her the rites of Christian burial. The King of Denmark supposed that her madness was "all from her father's death." The Queen, who had loved and really pitied her, had a different opinion of its cause; and we know what Laertes thought of it, and what her father, as well as her brother, had feared. The wild talk and strange songs in which her wandering mind gave vent to its emotions, breaking the bounds of maidenly self-respect, betray the true state of the case. Laertes was right in his belief that she was greatly wronged. His anger is justified, for he could not be aware of the terrible position of Hamlet. The Queen said, casting flowers on Ophelia's grave, "I hoped thou shouldst have been my Hamlet's wife." Laertes, before he left home, had cautioned his sister:

For Hamlet, and the trifling of his favours,
Hold it a fashion and a toy in blood.
Fear it, Ophelia, fear it, my dear sister,
And keep within the rear of your affection
Out of the shot and danger of desire.

He had compared Hamlet's regard for her to a spring violet, "forward, not permanent, sweet, not lasting, the perfume and suppliance of a minute." When he meets her again on his return home, the distracted girl, amidst her mad and obscure sayings, is reminded of violets by the presence of Laertes.

Thought and affliction, passion, hell itself,
She turns to favour and to prettiness.

And Ophelia carries this humour to her death, the manner of which is mournfully described in the lines we have quoted, and to which the Artist has supplied, in this drawing, a beautiful and appropriate illustration.

"A DANGEROUS HUG."

The scene of this perilous hunting adventure is in the mountains of the Hindoo Koosh, the western extension of the Himalayas, dividing the Cabul valley, with Chitral and Kafiristan, from the Kunduz and Badakshan provinces north-east of Afghanistan. The upper recesses of this range are haunted by two species of bears, and by wolves, leopards, and lions of a small type, with the wild cat of the Angora species, but are not very often visited by English sportsmen. None of these animals, when encountered in that region, are more formidable than the larger bear, whose mighty "hug," if he once gets hold of a man, leaves but one chance of escape—a timely shot from a ready comrade. This is the situation delineated in our Artist's drawing, which has been engraved for our Extra Supplement, and which tells its own tale, so far as it goes, though we are left in anxiety for the fate of the man writhing in the clutches of that powerful beast.

The Company of Goldsmiths have given £50 to the funds of the National Truss Society, 28, King William-street.

Mr. James Wyld, Charing-cross, has published an excellent map of the district from Souakim to Berber, showing the proposed routes for the railway and sections of both.

There was a good show of spring flowers at the Royal Botanic Society's Gardens on Wednesday, and another is announced for April 22.

An offer by Mr. Gladstone to restore the ancient cross of Edinburgh, the shaft of which now alone remains, was on Tuesday gratefully accepted by the Town Council of that city.

Mr. Homewood Crawford was sworn in as City Solicitor, at the Guildhall, last Saturday morning. He resigns the Under-Shrievalty, to which Mr. Clarence R. Halse has been appointed.

Last Saturday the annual Association football-match between England and Scotland was played at Kennington Oval, and resulted in a draw, each side scoring a goal.

Snow to the depth of several inches fell in the metropolitan district on Sunday morning, and wintry weather also prevailed over a great part of England.

Mr. Richard Benyon, of Englefield House, near Reading, has given £1000 to the funds of the Royal Berkshire Hospital, of which he is President.

We have received from Mr. Cremer, jun., Regent-street, and from Messrs. G. Sparagnapane and Co., of Milton-street, City, some samples of their Easter eggs and other seasonable novelties.

The annual returns of the Volunteer Corps of Great Britain shows that on Nov. 1 last the total enrolled strength of the force was 215,015, the authorised establishment being 249,419. Of the total enrolled strength, 208,365 are returned as efficients.

THE BECHUANALAND EXPEDITION.

Our Special Artist, Mr. Julius M. Price, a volunteer in "Methuen's Horse," part of the South African Field Force commanded by Major-General Sir Charles Warren, the Special Commissioner sent to restore order in Stellaland and Goshen, and to settle the land claims between the Boers and the Bechuana tribal chiefs, supplies further Sketches of the incidents of their life in camp and on the march. He was with the escort party accompanying the Telegraph Section of the Royal Engineers in advance of head-quarters; and one of his Sketches represent these on the march, with their mule-carts and waggons; another, the operation of laying a telegraph wire over the side of a rocky gorge, performed by the same "pioneers of civilisation." In the first-mentioned Sketch the men of the escort do not appear, as they are marching about three hundred yards in front; the conductor or guide, riding a Basuto pony, is a man roughly dressed, wearing a slouched felt hat, and with a big bushy beard. The front vehicle, a "Scotch cart," drawn by four mules, has two Kaffir drivers, one holding the reins, the other using the whip; two soldiers, with white helmets, are seated behind. The other vehicles are "buck waggons," with big teams of mules; sometimes as many as twelve are put in a team, and are driven, with much shrieking and cursing, by the aid of whips about 15 ft. long, which the drivers apply without sparing, as there is no "Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals" in that part of South Africa. Regimental transport carts are seen between the waggons. In the other Sketch already mentioned, a signaller on horseback, with his flag, is at the top of the rocky bank; in the foreground below, two men are fixing the pole with stones, and two others, halfway up, are holding the telegraph wire, a coil of which lies on the ground. The sergeant in charge, with his hands behind his back holding a field-glass, is looking on at their work.

The scenes on the march to Barkly Camp, in West Griqualand, also furnish matter for our Illustrations. Here is the tent of a friendly Boer, at Boschman's Pan, with the owner seated at the door, a wealthy man, possessing large herds of cattle and flocks of sheep, besides the pig basking in the foreground. To the left, beyond the small tree, is a low pile of turf or stones, which is the fire-place or kitchen of the solitary household; there is also a pond or well, and a tub. Very different is the commissariat victualling department for the military at Barkly Camp; the seeming rampart, with a sentinel on the top, is built up of nearly two thousand cases, each containing six two-pound tins of corned beef for the daily food of the troops, which our Artist has entitled "Grub." The last of his Sketches here to be noticed was taken at "Stuurman's Kuill," and represents Sir Charles Warren's travelling-carriage, drawn by ten mules, with the native coachman wielding a whip of immense length; to the right are some of the tents occupied by the General's Staff. We observe, by the latest news, that Sir Charles Warren has approached Rooi Grond, on the frontier of the Transvaal at Goshen, which may probably be the farthest point that the expedition will have to visit; and it may be hoped that there is no opposition to his authority in that quarter.

THE LINCOLN MEETING.

The flat-racing season has begun in earnest. On Monday, the opening day of the Lincoln Meeting, Mr. R. C. Naylor won the Trial Stakes with Forethought; Mr. L. De Rothschild, the Tathwell Plate with Chartreuse; Mr. P. M. V. Saurin, the Grand National Hunt Steeplechase with Lady Tempest; Mr. Sadler, the Northern Welter Plate with Incendiary; Mr. G. F. Lee, the Northern Selling Plate with Tibicen; and Mr. R. Carington, the Batthyany Stakes with Bedouin. Lord Yarborough's Cumbalu walked over for the Gone Away Plate.

On the second day, Mr. Eastern won the Brocklesby Trial Plate with Sulphur; Mr. Craven, the Sudbrooke Selling Plate with Rape of the Lock; Mr. J. Hammond, the Doddington Plate with Strathblane; Mr. T. Jennings, the Castle Selling Plate with Melita; Mr. R. Peck, the Brocklesby Stakes with The Bard; Mr. P. M. V. Saurin, the Grand National Open Farmers' Plate with Lady Tempest; and Mr. R. Vyner, the Blankney Stakes with Stone Clink.

The Lincolnshire Handicap itself was reserved for Wednesday, when sport commenced with a victory for Mr. C. Blanton, who secured the Lincoln Cup with Assignation; the Mile Selling Plate fell to Naaman; and the Grand National Hunter's to Northampton. But the chief interest centred in the Lincolnshire Handicap, won by Bendigo, Bird of Freedom second, and MacMahon third.

Thursday saw an exodus from Lincoln to Liverpool.

Mr. Harrington, M.P., received last Saturday a draught for £2000, forwarded from the Irish National League in America for "Parliamentary purposes."

The arrivals of live stock and fresh meat at the port of Liverpool during the past week from the United States and Canada amounted to 2378 cattle, 211 sheep, 8507 quarters of fresh beef, and 1105 carcases of mutton.

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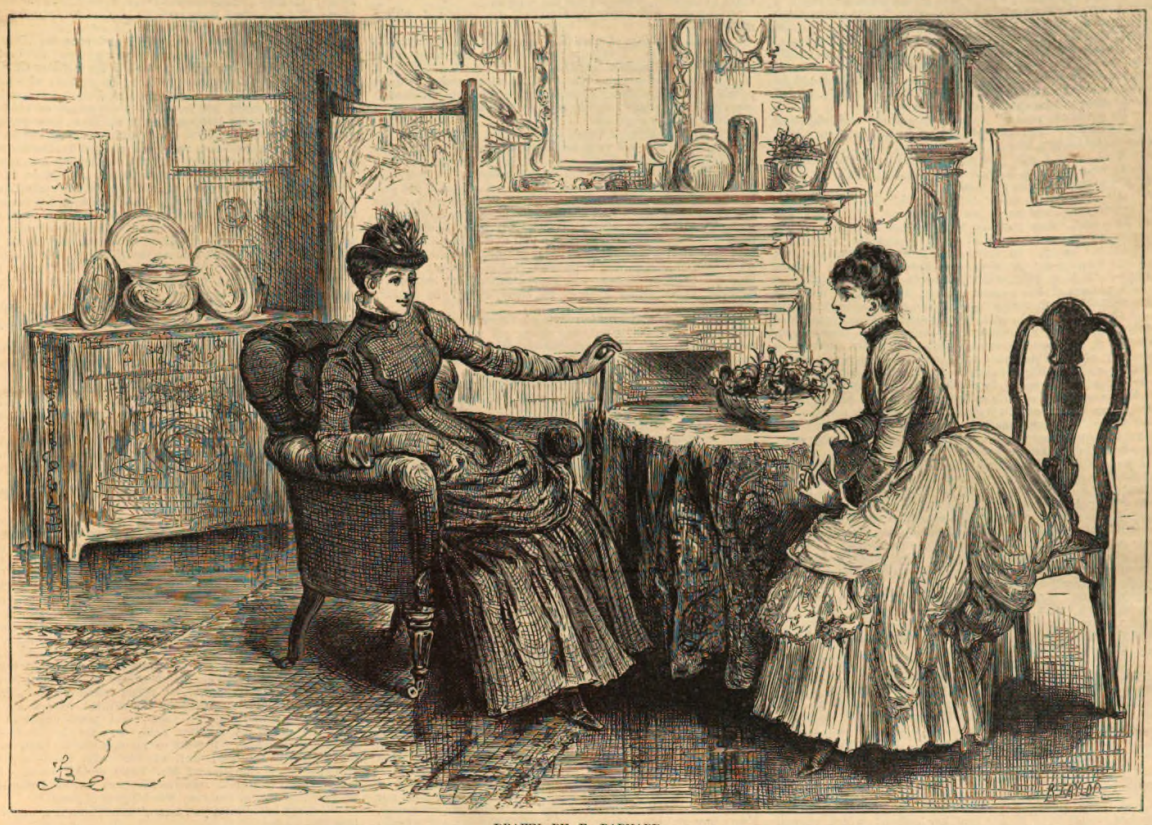
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Miss Vidal laughed. "I apologise. It's a privilege, of course. I don't know what you will think of me when I confess that I haven't seen either of his books yet."

ADRIAN VIDAL.

BY W. E. NORRIS,

AUTHOR OF "MDLLE. DE MERSAC," "MATRIMONY," "THIRLBY HALL," &c.

CHAPTER XIX.

GEORGINA.

Clare's modest aspiration for a little company was gratified in an unexpected manner by the sudden appearance upon the scene of Adrian's sister. It was Miss Vidal's habit to arrive from remote quarters of the globe during the progress of the London season; for she combined a taste for savage life with a genuine appreciation of humanity in its higher phases of development; and, indeed, at the bottom of her heart she agreed with Lady St. Austell that there was no place in the world like the capital of her native land. She was shown into Clare's drawing-room one afternoon when Adrian was out, and introduced herself, remarking as tranquilly as if she had just come up from the country, instead of from the South Seas: "I shall only be in town for a few weeks, so I thought I wouldn't lose time in calling upon you."

Clare looked at this tall, fair haired, and rather handsome woman, who had a pair of frank, good-humoured eyes, and took a fancy to her at once. In face she was not unlike her brother, whose senior she was by a year or two; but her manner was her own, and, in spite of a certain abruptness, it was not an unpleasant manner.

"I have heard all about you from my mother," she said; "so I feel that you are not quite a stranger. My mother's report was very complimentary, which is more than can be said for most of her reports. By-the-by, did she tell you anything about me? I hope not."

Clare took a second look at Miss Vidal, who was seated opposite to her, with her hands upon her knees and her elbows squared out. The attitude was perhaps a slightly masculine one, and the speaker had the appearance of being accustomed to use her limbs more freely than women generally do; but there was nothing unconventional about her attire. Her dress was well cut and fitted her neat figure perfectly, her boots and gloves were all that they ought to be, and she had a parasol with a long handle, just like everybody else. Remembering quite well the picture drawn by Mrs. Vidal of her daughter, Clare smiled and only replied: "She told me you were in the South Sea Islands."

"Nothing more than that? Are you sure she didn't tell you that I had become a convert to cannibalism? The year before last, when I came back from Africa, I was asked by half a dozen people whether it was true that I had shot a native chief and taken command of his tribe; and when I inquired where they got their information from, they all with one consent replied, 'From your mother.' I call that rather hard. However, as she often tells me, one can't conceal one's self in the wilds for months together and then expect that no strange assertions will be made about one's proceedings. She herself can't make out why I go to such places, or what I do when I am there; but she has a general impression that I am up to no good. This time I am going to stop the mouth of calumny by publishing a book full of interesting information, which I am afraid you will have to read."

Clare said, politely, that she was sure she would enjoy reading it.

"I don't feel quite so confident about that: other people's travels always strike me as so extraordinarily wearisome. But there are tiresome duties connected with every position, and domestic criticism appears to be one of yours. It is rather bad luck for you to have to encourage an illiterate sister-in-law as well as a literary husband. Does Adrian make you read all his novels in manuscript?"

"He doesn't *make* me; he *allows* me to read them," answered Clare.

Miss Vidal laughed. "I apologise. It's a privilege, of course. I don't know what you will think of me when I confess that I haven't seen either of his books yet. My only excuse is that it takes some time for recent works to reach Otaheite."

"Do you really like going to such far-away countries all by yourself?" asked Clare.

"Yes, I think I do. Upon the whole, I like it much better than I expected that I should. I don't know that I have any very great natural love of adventure; but when it is a choice between Brighton and barbarism, one can't hesitate. One gets a little tired of wandering about the earth's surface; but, things being as they are, I suppose I shall continue to do so till the end of the chapter."

"I hope not," said Clare, to whom this seemed a dismal prospect. "You may have a home of your own some day."

"I may marry, you mean? Well, I may; but it isn't very likely. Whenever I have contemplated anything of the kind I have found myself confronted by a dilemma from which there is no escape. I shouldn't like a husband who made me obey him, and I should rather despise a husband who obeyed me. Therefore, I remain unfettered."

"And where are you staying now?"

"Oh, in lodgings. It isn't quite the thing, I know. One is allowed to dispense with a chaperon in the southern hemisphere, but not in London. Still, I must see my friends occasionally; and, as my mother declares that she can't afford three weeks in town, I have to defy public opinion and come up alone."

"But why did you not come to us?" asked Clare. "Was it because we live in such an out-of-the-way quarter?"

Miss Vidal looked half pleased and half amused. "You are very kind," she said, "and I don't call South Kensington at all out of the way. But, barbarian though I am, I don't make a practice of inviting myself to stay with people who have never asked me."

"Not even with your brother?" exclaimed Clare. "Why, if one of the boys came up to London I should expect him here as a matter of course; and if I were unmarried and had a married brother I should think I was paying him a very poor compliment by taking lodgings when he had a spare room to give me. You don't know what a kindness you would do me if you would make this house your head-quarters as long as it suits you. Adrian is obliged to be a great deal away, and lately I have often wished for somebody to talk to while he is out. Of course, though, if you do consent to move here, I shall not expect you to sit with me all day long. You will come and go exactly as you please, and nobody will ask you to do anything that you don't feel inclined to do. Please think it over."

Miss Vidal, as in duty bound, resisted for a time; but her resistance was not very strenuous, and while she was allowing her scruples to be removed, one by one, Adrian came in and settled the matter by adding his entreaties to Clare's. He was fond of his sister, and, being for his own part honestly glad to see her again, he rejoiced to find that his wife was amiably disposed towards her.

"You may as well yield gracefully, Georgie," he said. "You can't pretend that you prefer poky lodgings to this palatial residence, or your own society to ours. We have just been entertaining Clare's mother, and it's only fair that my side of the family should have a turn now."

So Miss Vidal became a temporary inmate of the little house in Alexandra-gardens, and did a good deal towards rendering it more cheerful for one of its occupants. It is not always that sisters-in-law hit it off together; but these two speedily became friends—perhaps because each found in the other the qualities which were wanting in herself. The elder of them was one of those happy persons who, being blessed with a perfectly healthy organisation, do not know what it is to be weary or bored, and who consequently very seldom bore their neighbours. There was a brisk good humour about her and a determination to make the best of everything which were as good as a tonic to her younger companion, who had gradually fallen into a condition of languor for which her late illness was hardly sufficient to account. Miss Vidal had little personal knowledge of sentimental troubles; but she had sharp eyes, and it is probable that she formed a pretty shrewd guess at the nature of a complaint which did not admit of verbal consolation.

There is not much to be said to those who persist in mourning for the dead, and there is still less to be said to the foolish people who won't understand that courtship and marriage are two distinct things. A little oblivion is the remedy which most commonly suggests itself to bystanders; and it may be that Clare, who did not know what was the matter with her, and had no suspicion that she was being put through a course of treatment, may have been unconsciously benefited in this way by being dragged about to concert-rooms, exhibitions, and other places of amusement. "You must remember that I am a country-cousin," the indefatigable Georgina would say; "and I want to be shown the sights."

She had, apparently, a large number of friends, who met her, either by accident or appointment, at picture-galleries and elsewhere, and who walked about with her while her sister-in-law rested. In one of these Clare was especially interested—not so much on account of his physical or mental attributes, neither of which were of a striking order, as by reason of the obvious and profound admiration which he entertained for Miss Vidal. Georgina introduced him to her casually, one day, as "My friend Mr. De Wynt. Mr. De Wynt is a clerk in the Treasury, and has no peculiarities of any sort or kind."

This description of himself did not seem to be resented by the subject of it, who was a dapper little man of something over thirty, with fair hair, very smoothly brushed, and a carefully trimmed beard.

"Some of us can't afford to be peculiar," he remarked,

placidly. "Miss Vidal, of course, can; but if I were to set up for being original, I should lose all my friends at once. I mean to say, they simply wouldn't stand it, you know. Ask any one of my acquaintances whether he knows me, and I can tell you exactly what his answer will be. He will smile and say, 'De Wynt? Oh, yes; I know him. He isn't a bad little chap.' But supposing that I attempted to strike out a line of my own, what would be the result? Why, that I should be known as 'that thundering little idiot De Wynt.' And I would rather not be spoken of in that way."

"He plays the piano," observed Georgina," as if thinking it only fair that her friend should be credited with any little claim to distinction that he might possess.

"Well, yes; I play the piano; but I trust that there is nothing very peculiar in that. My playing is bad, certainly, still not so bad as to be phenomenal."

"His playing is really rather good," Miss Vidal said. "You can come and see us some afternoon, Mr. De Wynt, if you like, and bring your music with you under your arm. Do you mind carrying a roll of music through the streets?"

"I don't like it," answered De Wynt; "it makes one look so like a singing-master, don't you know. But I'll come in a hansom, if Mrs. Vidal will allow me to call upon her."

He redeemed his promise within a few days, and was received with much cordiality by Clare, who had made up her mind that this sensible little gentleman would make the best husband in the world for her sister-in-law. His behaviour on this and on subsequent occasions left no room for doubt as to the fact of his attachment to Miss Vidal, whom he adored silently and placidly, and who treated him with a good-humoured imperiousness, to which he did not appear to object. He was very glad to do her errands, to look after her when she wanted an escort, and to make himself generally useful; and if he did not demean himself in all respects like a lover, it was Clare's opinion that he was only restrained from doing so by fear of the lady whom he loved.

She said as much, one day, to Georgina, who either was, or affected to be, greatly amused by this assertion, and exclaimed, "Poor Mr. De Wynt! he little suspects that he has been decoyed into the house of a match-maker. I hope you won't be so unkind as to deprive me of his services by saying anything of this sort to him. If you do, he will take to his heels at once; for he has considerable expectations, I believe, and is altogether rather an eligible little person in his way. It wouldn't suit him at all to be mated with a strong-minded female of eccentric habits."

"You know perfectly well that he is devoted to you," returned Clare," and I believe you like him too. Some day, when you are tired of roaming about the world, you will be sorry for having snubbed a man who asks for nothing better than to make you happy."

But Miss Vidal shook her head. "I told you before," said she, "that I shouldn't like either to be a slave or a slave-owner. I never snub Mr. De Wynt, whom I think a most amiable and estimable being; but I have received no offer from him, and if I had I shouldn't have accepted it—as people say when they haven't been asked to a party. And, talking of that, have you made up your mind to accept Lady St. Austell's invitation?"

This change of subject had the effect, which it was probably designed to have, of diverting Clare's thoughts into another channel. The invitation alluded to had reached her that morning, and had brought about a discussion across the breakfast-table between her and her husband, which, though brief, had not been altogether pleasant.

Lord St. Austell possessed, on the banks of the Thames, near Richmond, a small house with large grounds attached to it, where his wife was in the habit of holding an annual grand party. It was by no means everybody who received a card for these functions, at which Royalty was always largely represented, and upon which the giver spared neither trouble nor money. Lady St. Austell was exclusive once a year upon much the same principle as causes proprietors of private roads to close their gates for a few hours at stated intervals. She thought it incumbent upon her to make an occasional public assertion of the position in society that she was entitled to claim; after having done which she would return to the easy-going habits that were more congenial to her nature. Now, Adrian had not felt at all sure that he would be included among the distinguished guests bidden to Richmond, and in proportion to his pleasure at being thus honoured was his annoyance when his wife expressed a decided wish to send a refusal. Understanding, as of course he did, what was Clare's reason for disliking to partake of any hospitality in that quarter, he could not repress a gesture of impatience as he said:

"There is no need to send any answer at all. Perhaps, when the time comes, you may want to go. I shall be sorry if you don't, because Lady St. Austell has gone out of her way to be civil to us more than once, and if she notices our absence she will most likely think that it isn't worth her while to trouble herself about us any more."

Such an eventuality would not have grieved Clare; but she felt that she had no right to bring it about. She had been too proud to question Adrian as to his visits to Grosvenor-square; but she had not been too proud to put together certain scraps of circumstantial evidence which convinced her that they had been resumed; nor, unfortunately, had she sufficient self-command to abstain from such futile indications as this of her distrust of the woman whom she regarded as his would-be beguiler. After having needlessly vexed him by entering her protest, she began to feel qualms of conscience and prepared to yield. Some pressure was brought to bear upon her by Miss Vidal, who knew of no just cause or impediment why advantage should not be taken of Lady St. Austell's politeness; and this provided her with a sort of excuse for surrender.

"I have decided to go to that garden party, after all; Georgina would like to see it," she said afterwards to Adrian, who accepted the explanation without comment, his one wish being to avoid all mention of a subject which seemed likely to lead to unpleasantness.

If Clare's self-sacrifice won her no thanks from her husband, it met with grateful recognition from De Wynt, who had hardly anticipated that the ladies in whose company he had latterly spent all his spare time would be present at the Richmond gathering, nor indeed (if the truth must be told) that they would be asked to be present. He knew that Clare was not fond of society, and he also knew that Lady St. Austell made it a rule to ask no one who was not in society to this especial entertainment. He himself had received an invitation as a matter of course, because he always did receive invitations to everything that was going, and there were very few notices of parties recorded in the papers that chronicle such events in which the list of guests did not terminate with "Mr. De Wynt, &c." To what he owed so much honour it would be difficult to say exactly. Possibly, as he was himself wont to aver, to his unobtrusiveness.

"It's awfully good of you to go to this thing, Mrs. Vidal," he said. "You won't enjoy yourself; but you will give enjoyment to other people, and that is your notion of happiness, I know."

In truth, Mr. De Wynt had formed an exalted idea of Clare's character, which he did not disguise.

"Georgina will enjoy it, I hope," she answered, with a smile.

"I was thinking of myself, I confess; but perhaps she may enjoy it too. I am not sure whether she cares much about meeting Royalties and Duchesses."

"I fancy that perhaps she is a little above caring to meet people who have nothing beyond a title to recommend them," observed Clare, who wanted to represent her sister-in-law in as flattering colours as possible.

"Well, you know, I think that's rather a pity," said the little man. "It's all very well to be unconventional; but it seems to me that if one doesn't allow that rank carries a certain distinction with it, one might as well be a Republican at once; and we're not Republicans in England yet, don't you know. Of course, there are plenty of yeomen and any number of country gentlemen who could show longer pedigrees than some of the people who lead society nowadays—and then there's the aristocracy of talent, and all that. But it's a mistake to turn up one's nose at these people, who think themselves our superiors, and to pretend that one doesn't want to be asked to their houses. At least, I think it is; but then I suppose I am rather a snob in some ways," he added, reflectively.

Clare had no difficulty in reading between the lines of this harangue. Mr. De Wynt was, above all things a prudent man; and, in spite of his admiration for Miss Vidal, he was probably quite alive to the disadvantages of having an eccentric wife. It was not, however, very likely that Georgina's eccentricity would take the democratic form which he deprecated; nor, so far as Clare could judge, was he likely to be deterred from offering her his hand and heart by anything except a sense of his own unworthiness. She had scarcely any doubt but that this couple would come to an understanding sooner or later, little though they seemed disposed to hurry themselves over it. It amused her to watch them together; and she had ample leisure for watching them and others at Lady St. Austell's garden party, for nobody took much notice of her there.

Her husband found her a seat on the sloping lawn, whence, as he said, she could "survey the show"; and she sat and surveyed the show accordingly, being very well satisfied to take that passive part in the proceedings. The scene was certainly the most effective that she had witnessed in her brief experience of London society. Under the shade of cedars and copper beeches, and among flower-beds blazing with scarlet and blue and a hundred other tints, were congregated some of the prettiest and best dressed women in England; the river, like a broad band of silver, made a background for all this colour, and the sunny, hazy atmosphere softened down what was too crude in it. Lady St. Austell was standing at the entrance of a marquee, surrounded by exalted personages, while in the shadow behind her hovered her lord, an indistinct figure, all teeth and eye-glass. Georgina and De Wynt were pacing up and down one of the paths, the latter taking off his hat at every other step and evidently rejoicing in the recognitions accorded to him. Adrian, who was flitting about from group to group, appeared to be in the full enjoyment of the same innocent pleasure.

Upon all this Clare looked down with an odd sensation of being out of it, of being set aside, of having neither part nor lot in the existence which her husband found so charming. Every now and then, someone, whose face she vaguely remembered to have seen in the far-away time before her illness, bowed and passed on; one or two people stopped to shake hands with her: but, as she could think of nothing to say, to them, they did not linger long beside her. No doubt it was her own fault if she was isolated; but that did not prevent her isolation from becoming a little depressing in the long run, and the unexpected appearance of an old friend among all those strangers brought a flush of pleasure into her cheeks, and caused her to start up impulsively from her chair to meet him.

"You back in England, Mr. Heriot!" she exclaimed; "and you have never been to see us!"

"I only returned the day before yesterday," answered Heriot, into whose sallow face a slight accession of colour had also found its way, "and I should have called upon you to-day if Lady St. Austell hadn't told me that I should meet you here."

"You went to see Lady St. Austell first, then!" cried Clare, petulantly. "What is there in Lady St. Austell that fascinates you all so much? Are you, too, among her adorers?"

The moment that she had uttered this somewhat injudicious speech she would have been glad to recall it; but Heriot was discreet enough to let it pass. He began to talk about other things—about his own travels during the winter, about Adrian's successes, and about Cornwall, which last theme was always a welcome one to Clare. Her eyes brightened as she said: "We are going home—to Cardrew, I mean—early in August, and if you want to be charitable, you will come and stay a long time, and keep Adrian from being bored. This year we shall have plenty of room, because Bob is away on the East Indian station, poor fellow, and Jack is going to Norway to fish. We shall miss them both a good deal; still we shall be a tolerably large party without them, and it will be like old times again, I hope. You will be sure to come, won't you?"

"Well, perhaps I will, if I'm asked," answered Heriot. "And how do you like the gay world now? When I saw you last, you told me that you were dying to make acquaintance with it. Do you remember?"

"Yes;—it seems a long time ago," sighed Clare. "So much has happened since then."

Heriot made a sort of sympathetic murmur. He took it for granted that she was alluding to the loss of her baby, and was not sure whether outspoken condolence with regard to such a subject would be considered in very good taste. But in truth it was not of that only that Clare was thinking.

"Do you know," she went on, "I don't like the gay world at all. I am not fitted for it, and—and it isn't exactly what I thought it would be. Lately I have not been able to go out much myself; but Adrian does. Sometimes I almost wish"——

She did not finish her sentence; but the blank was easy enough to fill up. Heriot quite understood it all. What he had foreseen had evidently come to pass, and he was sorry for it; yet he did not think it advisable to encourage vain repinings. "I am glad you can persuade Adrian to go about without you," he said cheerfully. "Married men are far too apt to get into a lazy way of falling asleep after dinner and refusing to stir from their arm-chairs, when they ought to be gathering fresh ideas by mixing with their fellow-creatures. I grant you that historians and philosophers may shut themselves up without injuring the quality of their work very much; but a novelist can't see too many people."

"I dare say you are right," replied Clare, rather coldly. Mr. Heriot might have spared her that hint that she had no business to monopolise her husband, she thought. She had not meant to complain, and felt that she had been undeservedly snubbed. After this she fell back into silence and apathy, thereby causing her old friend to anathematise himself inwardly for having been such an ass as to interfere with what did not concern him.

"Now that you have successfully put your foot into it," thought he to himself, "the sooner you go away the better." And before very long an opportunity for withdrawing was afforded him by the approach of Lord St. Austell, who passed him with a nod and took a chair on Mrs. Vidal's left hand.

Lord St. Austell, set free by the departure of his Royal guests, had for the last quarter of an hour been prowling about the grounds, like a superannuated knight-errant in search of adventures, and had been pleased by the discovery of an extremely pretty face, which he indistinctly remembered to have seen somewhere before. Pretty faces were to him what the magnet is to iron, and having found, upon inquiry, that this one belonged to "Mrs. Vidal—wife of the man who writes the books, you know," he advanced towards Clare with a grin of satisfaction not unlike that with which an aged wolf may be supposed to contemplate a lamb. De Wynt, who noticed his proceedings, said to Georgina, "Look at old St. Austell making up to your sister-in-law. He must have thought of something very disagreeable to tell her, or he wouldn't be looking so pleased."

But Lord St. Austell, as he seated himself, said nothing more disagreeable than "Mrs. Vidal, I want to know who your dressmaker is."

"I don't think you would be much the wiser if I were to tell you," answered Clare, laughing. "She is not a fashionable dressmaker."

"She has managed to turn you out better than anyone else here, at all events," returned Lord St. Austell; not because he thought so, but because experience had led him to believe that no woman living doubts the sincerity of this particular form of flattery. "To be sure," he added, "she had an admirable subject to exercise her skill upon, and that counts for something. If I were a dressmaker, I should charge all the ugly women double prices."

"I am afraid they wouldn't employ you long upon those terms," remarked Clare.

"I shouldn't want them. I hate ugly women. I should devote myself to—well, to the ones who are like you; and I should never send in my bill unless I was sure that their husbands would discharge all claims without making a fuss. I hope you make yours pay up handsomely, by-the-way."

"I don't think I care much about dress," answered Clare, who felt that the old gentleman was becoming a little impertinent, but did not quite know how to set him down, "and my husband has not a superabundance of spare money. Why are you so anxious that he should spend it upon my clothes?"

"I should say that was the least he could do," returned Lord St. Austell, screwing his glass into his eye and leering up into his neighbour's face. "When husbands treat themselves to little diversions they must expect to pay for them in some shape or form; and yours ought to pay twice as much as another man, because he has such shocking bad taste. I yield to no man in my admiration for Lady St. Austell; but, at the same time—oh, no! I really can't compliment Mr. Vidal on his taste. If I had the good fortune to stand in his shoes, I think I should be very well contented to do my worshipping at home."

"I don't know what you mean," said Clare, in a somewhat tremulous voice.

By way of reply, Lord St. Austell pointed with his stick to the marquee, where her ladyship could be seen, reclining in an arm-chair and talking with much apparent animation to someone whose body was concealed by the side of the tent, but whose legs and feet were visible. "Your husband's legs," Lord St. Austell observed, explanatorily. "My dear Mrs. Vidal, we are both of us very badly used. Suppose we try to console each other?"

It was then that Clare distinguished herself in an unusual manner. "Thank you," said she, getting up; "but I should like you to believe that my taste is not quite so bad as my husband's."

She turned away without deigning to watch the effect of this tremendous retort, and, joining Georgina, suggested that it was time to go away. "Perhaps you will kindly look for Adrian, Mr. De Wynt," she said, not caring to show that she knew where her husband was.

It was with a heavy heart that Clare seated herself in the carriage which was to take her back to London. Things were going badly with her, she thought, and there was little ground for hope that they would ever go better. That Adrian no longer loved her in the old way was plain enough; otherwise he would hardly have made himself so conspicuous with Lady St. Austell as to attract the notice even of Lady St. Austell's husband. Very likely he saw no great harm in flirtation; Clare's small experience of the ways of modern society led her to believe that he was only acting as most other people acted. "Yet," she thought, with some bitterness, "he might have spared me to-day. He knew that I only went to Richmond to please him; he knew that the whole thing was hateful to me; and, at least, he need not have devoted himself to that odious woman before my very eyes."

Of one thing, however, she was quite determined: she would not interfere with him again. She had made her protest, and had made it vainly: it would be useless as well as undignified to repeat it. Nor would she vex him any more by seeming annoyed at his behaviour. Neither by word nor look would she betray the pain that he was inflicting upon her. What would be the good?

She chewed the cud of these reflections and formed the above heroic resolution, sitting, grave and silent, in the carriage, while Adrian and Georgina chatted about the party which they had just left; and so successful was she in carrying out her intention that both her companions saw clearly that she was displeased, while one of them understood perfectly well the cause of her displeasure.

Adrian sighed impatiently once or twice. He was ready to make allowances for Clare (for what is the use of adopting the study of character as a profession if one does not learn from it to be lenient to the failings of others?), but it seemed to him that if he yielded to every fancy of hers, his life would very soon cease to be worth having. What could be more absurd than that she should be angry with him because he had talked for a quarter of an hour to his hostess at a garden party? While they had been taking leave of Lady St. Austell, he had noticed Clare's freezing demeanour and Lord St. Austell's sardonic grin, and had felt that he was being made ridiculous. He fully expected to be called to account for his conduct as soon as he reached home, and to be called to account for sins which one has not committed is only less disagreeable than being called to account for those which one has. When his anticipations in this respect were falsified, he was thankful, and asked no questions, as perhaps Clare secretly hoped that he might do. He said to himself that he detested scenes, and wouldn't provoke one. Possibly, it might have been better to have a scene and a reconciliation than to allow his wife to hold him at arm's length; but he doubted whether any recon-

ciliation could be effected at this time without concessions which he was not prepared to offer; so, although her coldness made him unhappy, he did not attempt to break it down, but only threw himself with redoubled energy into the work and play with which every hour of his day was easily filled.

Estrangements usually begin when quarrels end, since quarrels are such unpleasant things that few care to pick them with those whom they do not love; but Vidal and his wife became estranged now less from indifference than from a certain lack of moral courage on both sides. If one of them was more to blame than the other, it was probably Clare, who ought to have trusted her husband until she had clear proof that he was undeserving of trust. She was also by far the more miserable of the two, having little to do but to brood over her troubles, whereas Adrian was busy from morning to night. The latter had been in the habit, ever since he had reached years of discretion, of seeking sympathy and counsel from Heriot, and he would not have departed from this custom in his present strait, had he not been deterred by a presentiment that Heriot would declare him to be in the wrong. Now, there is no sort of comfort to be got out of the advice of those who won't take your side; and Vidal knew this so well that he gave Brook-street a wide berth, thereby making it quite plain to his friend that something was wrong.

(To be continued.)

SOME SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

If any distinguished man of the eighteenth century—a Burke, or a Johnson, for example—could return to earth in these closing years of the nineteenth, it would be interesting to learn what he thought of modern society, and what changes struck him most forcibly. No doubt his earliest attention would be drawn to material changes. Place him in London, and he will find the great city he loved so well in its darkness illumined with the electric light and gas. Looking up, he will see an intricate mesh-work of wires; looking about him, he will read announcements which fail to convey a meaning. Railroads, steamers, and steam-engines, telephones, telegraphs, photographs: here are things new and strange indeed. The look of the streets is changed; the face of the country is altered; bricks have covered the lanes, woods, and fields with which he was once familiar, and the rural silence, and pleasant country sounds still sweeter than silence, of suburban London are exchanged for the shrieks of engines and the shrill music of news-boys. Only here and there will he be able to recognise spots once familiar and dear, and thus to hold a link or two binding the present and the past. The more he sees and hears, the more perplexed would this representative of a former age become. Many of the common words in use, even "Dictionary Johnson" will fail to understand; and his intellect, powerful though it be, will at first fail to grasp the purposes of science.

In other ways, he will discover that the world to which he has returned is a new one, with a different social atmosphere and a fresh political basis. Outwardly, there is more activity and more intensity; more earnestness about great subjects; more of plain speaking; and more, if not of personal charity, yet of the benevolence that acts through associations. It is a significant fact that almost all the great religious and philanthropic societies which distinguish this age were born in the age. And just as there have been great discoveries in science, so it may be said there have been discoveries in charity and mercy. In the eighteenth century the laws were cruel, and the punishment was often more hateful than the crime. Heads were fixed upon Temple Bar and left to rot there; children were carried to Tyburn by the cartload; our prisons were sinks of vice and fever, and prisoners, when brought into court, have been known to infect with jail fever the Judge upon the bench. Great and good men like Burke and Johnson were conscious, in their own sphere, of many evils, and sought to remedy them; but the aggressive and corporate action of our day was a thing unknown. And the men and women who constituted what was then called "the town" were perfectly content to let the world wag without troubling their heads about it. We have a fuller life than our forefathers had, but also one far more anxious and perplexing. What, indeed, with some symbolic exaggeration, is dynamite itself but an outward and visible sign of our inward troubles? The energy of modern thought and action is tremendous, and more than once within living memory it has proved itself deadly and explosive.

Take another sign of the times. Knowledge covers a wider surface in our century than in any previous era. And the extensive diffusion of information has produced a large class of men and women whose minds are simply the receptacles of opinions and facts. They are like bottles which hold what is poured into them. They feed on the brains of others without exercising their own; they think—if thinking it can be called—by proxy; they gain a smattering of many things, and understand nothing thoroughly. This is the age of periodicals. What subject is there in this wide world, or beyond it, that cannot be discussed and dismissed in a lazy, after-dinner hour? what political question which, thanks to one's favourite newspaper, cannot be mastered in a half-hour's railway journey? A passive condition of mind like this accepts what is placed before it, and is liable to be swayed by every charlatan in journalism or demagogue on the platform. It is probably a moderate calculation to say that there are twenty readers to one thinker; and, of course, a multiplication of books and magazines does not involve a corresponding increase of wisdom.

Another and better sign of the times may be noticed in conclusion. More than ever is the truth becoming recognised that the whole world is one family; and this fellow-feeling grows daily stronger, in spite of the forces that are antagonistic to it. Europe is armed to the teeth; the preparations for war were never more perfect; society has also its secret enemies, as England knows but too well: yet no one who looks below the surface will doubt that the love of fighting for the glory of it, which inspired the career of the first Napoleon, is growing weaker every day; that killing as a trade, a flourishing trade in former ages, has lost its ancient repute, and that men are everywhere recognising the truth asserted by Milton that

> Peace hath her victories, no less renowned than war.

Indeed, we go beyond Milton nowadays, and assert that her victories are far more renowned than the most famous of military triumphs.

The Board of Trade have awarded a binocular glass to Captain Felix José De Souza, of the Brazilian coasting-vessel Nova Alliança, of Una, in acknowledgment of his humanity and kindness to the shipwrecked crew of the British ship Fluellin, of London, which took fire at sea and was abandoned off the coast of Brazil on Dec. 24, 1884.

A special banquet was given at the Freemasons' Tavern on the 19th inst., to celebrate the coming-of-age of the Homes for Little Boys. Mr. George Hanbury presided, and several speakers testified to the useful work carried on in the institutions at Swanley and Farningham. The subscriptions amounted to £1700.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All communications relating to this department of the Paper should be addressed to the Editor, and have the word "Chess" written on the envelope.

W B (Stratford).—The two-move problem is good, and, if correct, shall soon appear.

CEOIPUS (Lewisham).—We think you are mistaken, but shall refer to the game, and address you on the point in a future Number.

F J D (Diamond-fields, South Africa).—The problem is, we regret to say, too weak for our readers; but the game is interesting.

E H K (Rockley).—We are obliged to you for the "aid to memory," and shall give you an early report.

H B (Crediton).—The mistake was not yours. We did not, unfortunately, receive your letter until Tuesday, after the column had gone to press.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2135 received from Emile Frau; of Nos. 2126, 2127, and 2128 from J S Logan (Blackburn, Natal); of No. 2131 from R Worters (Canterbury); of No. 2127 from W F R (Swansea), New Forest, Laura Greaves (Shelton), Plevna, Henry Bristow, C T Lane, R Worters (Canterbury), John Hodgson (Maldon), J Alois Schmucke, Columbus, Raymond, and L E C B; of R. BEDIA'S PROBLEM from Carl Orpen, R Worters (Canterbury), and Richard Murphy (Wexford); of JAN RENÉ'S PROBLEM from R H C (Salisbury), R Worters, and W Biddle; of G. HYNE'S PROBLEM from Emmet (Darlington), L Sharswood, Ernest Sharswood, Richard Murphy (Wexford), L Falcon (Antwerp), R Worters (Canterbury), B L Dyke, R Tweddell, A C Hunt, W Deane, M O Halloran, Joseph Ainsworth, W Hillier, Jupiter Junior, F Ferris, E Casella (Paris), C Oswald, N H Mullen, R Ingersoll, G Darrach, L L Greenaway, A M Porter, H Wardell, J A Schmucke, R H Brooks, and F F Pott.

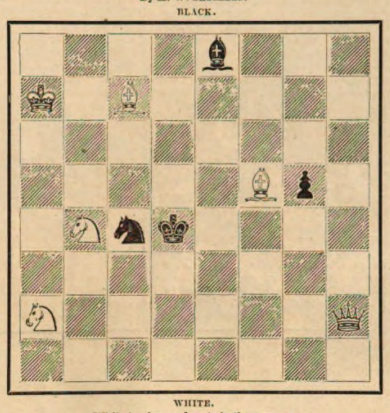
PROBLEM No. 2138.—We regret to say that this problem as printed is insoluble. The Black Pawn which stands on Black's Q B 4th should be White. Some correspondents have not only detected the error, but, with not reference to us, have made the correction, and their names are appended: Rev. W Anderson (Old Romney), E Londesborough, Sharswood, James Pilkington, W J Rudman, G W Law, A W Scrutton, B R Wood, C W Milsom, Ben Nevis, An Old Hand, H L Southwell, T H Holdron, and D McCoy.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2137.

WHITE.	BLACK.
1. Kt to Q B 4th	K to Q 4th
2. B to K 8th	Any move
3. Mates accordingly.	

NOTE.—If Black play 1. K to Q 2nd, White continues with 2. Q to Q Kt 6th; if 1. K to K 2nd, then 2. Q to Q 2nd, mating in each case on the third move.

PROBLEM No. 2140.
By H. W. SHEPPARD.
BLACK.



WHITE.
White to play, and mate in three moves.

Another of the ten games played *sans voir* and simultaneously by Mr. BLACKBURNE, in Melbourne. Here the English champion is opposed by Mr HAMEL. The notes are by Mr. Burns.

(Scotch Gambit.)

WHITE (Mr. B.)	BLACK (Mr H.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th
2. Kt to K B 3rd	Kt to Q B 3rd
3. P to Q 4th	P takes P
4. B to Q B 4th	P to K B 3rd

This move, made with the idea of confusing the blindfold player, is probably the worst on the board, and gives Black a lost game at the outset.

5. P to Q B 3rd	Kt to R 4th

Also very bad; losing time first in getting the Kt out of play, and afterwards in attempting to get it into play.

6. B takes Kt	R takes B
7. Kt takes P	P to K Kt 3rd
8. P to K B 4th	P to Q 3rd
9. Castles	

He might also have played 9. Q to R 4th (ch) with great effect.

9.	B to Q 2nd
10. Kt to R 3rd	P to Q R 3rd

10. B to R 3rd is far better; the move made not only loses valuable time, but invites the attack of the Pawns on the Queen's side after he has castled.

11. Q Kt to B 2nd	Q to K 2nd
12. Q to B 3rd	Castles
13. Kt to K 3rd	Kt to B 3rd
14. Kt to Q 5th	Q to Kt 2nd
15. B to K 3rd	Kt to K 2nd
16. P to Q Kt 4th	K to Kt sq

Black's game is hopelessly compromised, but surely 16. P to B 3rd is better than this purposeless move.

17. P to Q R 4th	Kt to Q B sq
18. P to Kt 5th	

White takes full advantage of his opportunities, and soon obtains a crushing attack.

18.	P to Q R 4th
19. Q R to Kt sq	P to K R 4th
20. Kt to Q B 6th (ch)	B takes Kt
21. P takes B	P to Kt 3rd
22. B takes P	Kt takes B
23. Kt takes Kt, and Black resigned.	

We are pleased to learn that the Right Hon. the Earl of Dartrey, K.P., has become a member of the proposed Irish Chess Association, and has liberally subscribed to its funds.

Mr. and Mrs. Rowland, the authors of "Chess Fruits," have received a letter from Sir Henry Ponsonby, in which he intimates that he is "commanded by the Queen to thank them for the work 'Chess Fruits,' which they have had the kindness to present to her Majesty."

A match between the Railway Clearing House and the London and Westminster Bank Clubs was played on the 11th inst. The representatives of the first-named institution won by six games to one and one forfeited.

The following is the problem which gained the second prize in the Copenhagen tourney. It is the composition of Mr. Edward Walter, of Neuhaus, Bohmen.

White: K at K 3rd, Q at K R 8th, Bs at K sq and K 6th, Kts at K B 3rd and Q 4th; Pawns at K B 2nd, Q 6th, Q B 3rd, and Q Kt 4th. (Ten pieces.)

Black: K at Q B 5th, R at Q 4th, B at K Kt sq, Kt at K B 2nd; Pawns at K Kt 6th, K 7th, Q B 2nd and 3rd. (Eight pieces.)

White to play, and mate in three moves.

The detailed distribution of the forces to be assembled on Brighton Downs on Easter Monday, under the command of General Sir G. H. S. Willis, shows a total force of nearly 19,000 of all arms, divided into three divisions of seven brigades, with thirty guns, supplied principally from the Metropolis.

The Duke of Richmond and Gordon has intimated to his tenants on the Goodwood estate that, in consequence of the prevalent depression in agriculture, he has decided to make an abatement of 10 per cent in their rents for the next three years, commencing with the last year's rent, due at Lady Day. The concession is made equally to those who hold their farms under lease and to those who hold under yearly agreements.—The Rev. Sir Brook G. Bridges, Bart., has granted his Kentish tenants a reduction of from 20 to 25 per cent in their rents for the last six months.

Lord Napier of Magdala presided yesterday week at the meeting of the Royal United Service Institution, when a paper was read by Sir George W. Green on the organisation and employment of Camel Corps in warfare. After giving a sketch of the organisation of the old Sonde Camel Corps, he explained his ideas on the proper mode of utilising a camel corps, which should be under well-armed attendants, and should also convey both them and soldiers or baggage. Lord Napier of Magdala, in moving a vote of thanks to Sir G. Green, said he well remembered him coming up with his regiment of Punjaubees to the relief of Lucknow, and how admirably he and his regiment had behaved.

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated Dec. 1, 1869), with three codicils (dated March 20, 1873; May 3, 1878; and Oct. 28, 1880), of the Right Hon. Sir Robert Joseph Phillimore, Bart., P.C., D.C.L., late of No. 5, Arlington-street, and of The Coppice, Henley-on-Thames, was proved on the 10th inst. by Dame Charlotte Anne Phillimore, the widow, and Sir Walter George Frank Phillimore, Bart., D.C.L., the surviving executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £9000. The testator bequeaths a box of plate to his three daughters, and £500 each. Subject thereto, he leaves all his property, real and personal, upon trust, for his wife, for life; at her death, he gives £5000 to each of his daughters, and the ultimate residue of his property to his said son.

The will (dated Dec. 26, 1873) of Mr. Henry William Franklyn, late of Shedfield Lodge, Droxford, Hants, who died on Dec. 18 last, was proved on the 2nd inst. by Charles James Augustus Rumbold and George Edward Eliot, two of the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £121,000. The testator gives his wines and consumable stores, £1500, and a house at Clifton, to his wife, Mrs. Annie Sophia Franklyn; his furniture, plate, pictures, and effects, to his wife, for life or widowhood, and then to his son, Henry Arden; £50 to each of his executors; and £50 each to the Bristol General Hospital, the Bristol Royal Infirmary, the Bristol Deaf and Dumb Institution, and the Bristol Hospital for Sick Children. The Shedfield Lodge estate he devises to the use of his wife, for life or widowhood, with remainder to his first and other sons successively, according to their respective seniorities in tail. The residue of his real estate is devised, upon trusts, for sale, and subject thereto for his wife, for life or widowhood, and then for his son, Henry Arden. His capital and interest in his partnership business is to be held, upon trust, for his wife, for life or widowhood; then as to one moiety for his said son, and as to the remaining moiety for his other children. The residue of the personalty is also to be held, upon trust, for his wife, for life or widowhood, and then for all his children.

The will (dated May 31, 1881) of Mr. Robert Hillman, late of St. Anne's, Lewes, Sussex, merchant, who died on Dec. 21 last, was proved on the 9th inst. by John Hillman, the brother, Bernard Husey Hunt, and Edward Andrews Nicholson, three of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £89,000. The testator leaves the use of his residence, with the furniture and effects, to his unmarried daughters; and legacies to his executors, traveller, and others. As to the residue of his property, he gives one fifth, upon trust, for each of his daughters—Alice Mary, Susan Emma, Nora Seaton, Florence Gertrude, and Madeline.

The will (dated June 26, 1882), with a codicil (dated Jan. 30, 1885), of Mr. William Craven, late of Clapton Lodge, Halifax, Yorkshire, solicitor, who died on the 9th ult., was proved on the 2nd inst. by Michael Henry Rankin and George Edward Emmet, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £47,000. The testator leaves his furniture and effects to his daughters, Elizabeth Hall and Margaret Sale; £4000 to his daughter Elizabeth Hall; his mansion house and grounds, at Normanton, Derbyshire, upon trust, for his daughter Margaret Sale; £1500, upon trust, for his grand-daughter, Annie Whitely; and other legacies. As to the residue of his property, he gives three sevenths, upon trust, for each of his two daughters, and one seventh, upon trust, for his said grand-daughter.

The will (dated April 28, 1881) of Mr. William Atkins, late of Norbiton Lodge, Norbiton-common, and of No. 1, Mount-street, Grosvenor-square, who died on Jan. 25 last, was proved on the 4th inst. by Mrs. Rosa Atkins, the widow, and George Atkins, the nephew, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £35,000. The testator bequeaths £500 to his said nephew; the goodwill of his business in Mount-street to his manager, George Ridge; annuities to his sisters, and to the housekeeper at Mount-street, and a legacy to his coachman. The residue of his property he gives to his wife.

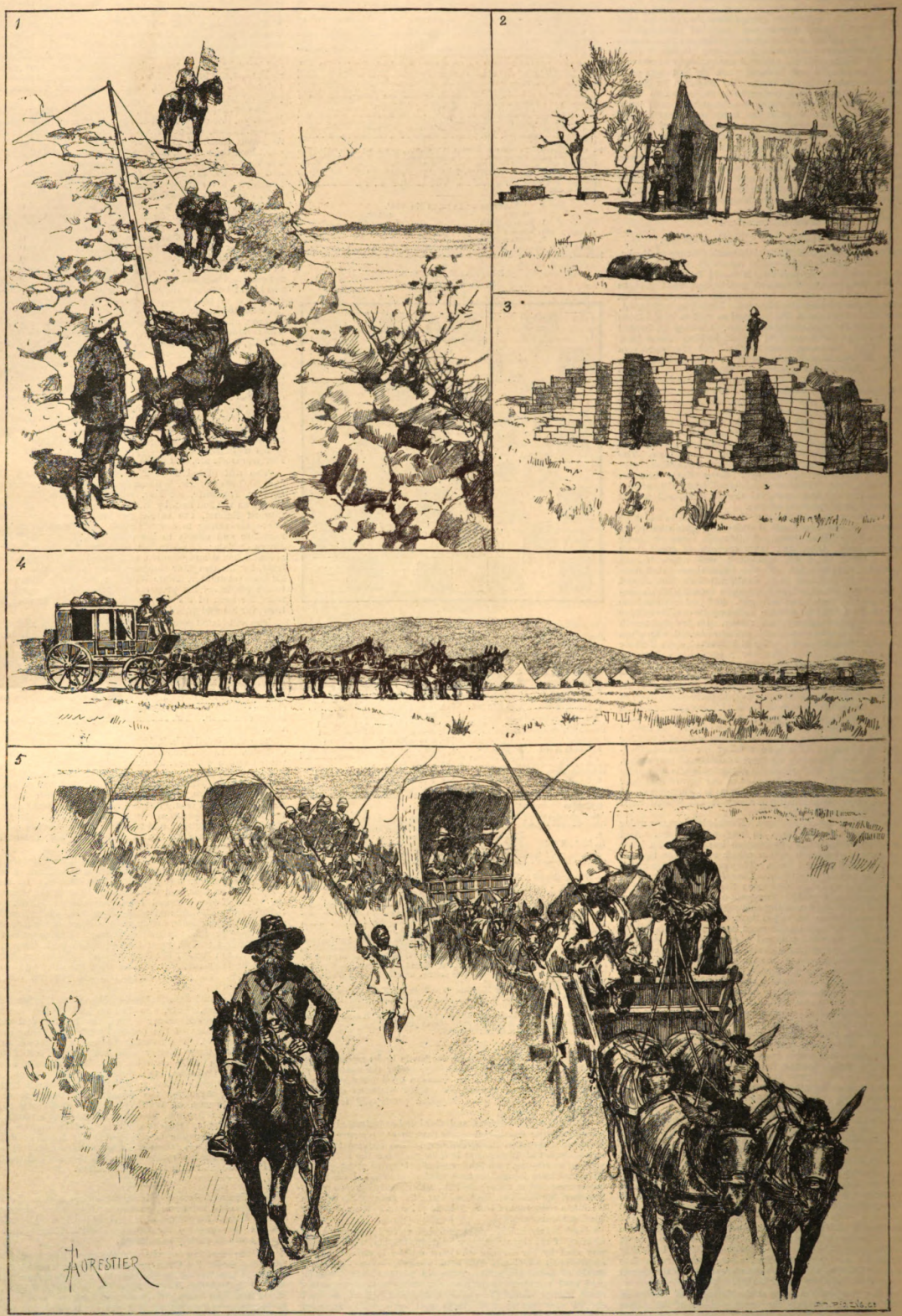
The will (dated Feb. 9, 1882) of Mrs. Catherine Taylor, late of Frognall Lodge, Hampstead, who died on the 1st ult., was proved on the 4th inst. by Peter Alfred Taylor, the son, the sole executor, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £35,000. The testatrix bequeaths £15,000 to her son William; £10,000 to her daughter, Mrs. Ellen Malleson; £2000 to her son Henry; and there are also specific legacies to children, and pecuniary legacies and annuities to grandchildren, sisters, nieces, and friends. The residue of her real and personal estate she leaves to her said son, Peter Alfred Taylor.

The will (dated Nov. 28, 1884) of Mr. Robert Cooper, late of No. 90, Southwark-street, who died on Dec. 7 last, at Grove House, Lee, Kent, was proved on the 28th ult. by Henry Cooper, the brother, and Gilbert John McCaul, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £31,000. The testator leaves £10,000 and all his furniture, plate, jewellery, pictures, wines, effects, horses and carriages, to his wife, Mrs. Sarah Cooper; £3500 to his son Robert; £4000 to each of his other children; £500, upon trust, for Elizabeth Cooper, the wife of his son Henry, her husband and children; and Grove House, Bromley-road, Lee, to his wife, for life, and then for his children. The residue of his real and personal estate he gives to his wife, absolutely.

The will (dated Jan. 22, 1880) of Miss Eliza Goudge Batho, late of Cheshunt, Herts, who died on Dec. 20 last, has been proved by James Ebenezer Batho, the brother and acting executor, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £18,000. The testatrix bequeaths £500 each to the Church Missionary Society and the British and Foreign Bible Society; £300 each to the Irish Church Mission to Roman Catholics, the London City Mission, and the Clergy Orphan Schools; £200 to the Church Pastoral Aid Society; £200 for the benefit and advantage of the schools and parish of Waltham Cross; £100 each to the British Orphan Asylum, Slough, and the Boy's Home and Industrial School, Regent's Park; and numerous other legacies. The residue of the personalty is to be divided between her brother, James Ebenezer, and her sister, Caroline Goudge. All her real estate she devises to the use of her said sister, for life, and then to her said brother.

The Drapers' Company have subscribed £50 to the fund which is being raised to encourage the production of good artistic designs for the use of Irish lace-makers. The offer of prizes to be competed for amongst designers throughout the country will be shortly announced.

At the meeting of the Metropolitan Board of Works yesterday week, the Clerk presented a letter from the School Board for London, asking the Board to advance them a further sum of £200,000 in two instalments of £100,000 each, on May 1 next and during the month of June, the repayment to be spread over a period of fifty years. He also read a letter from the School Board, applying for the loan of a further sum of £20,259, for expenses connected with industrial schools, the repayment to be spread over a period of thirty years. These applications were referred to the Finance Committee.



1. Laying a telegraph wire over the side of a rocky gorge.
2. Tent of friendly Boer on the road to Barkly.
3. "Grub," a Sketch in the commissariat lines, Barkly Camp.
4. Sir Charles Warren's travelling carriage.
5. The telegraph section, Royal Engineers on the march.

THE BECHUANALAND EXPEDITION.—FROM SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. JULIUS M. PRICE, OF "METHUEN'S HORSE."

SEE PAGE 328.



OPHELIA.—FROM THE PICTURE BY MAYNARD BROWN.

SEE PAGE 328.

NEW BOOKS.

George Borrow is mentioned in *Our Gipsies:* by Vernon S. Morwood (Sampson Low and Co.): but the author of the book—which has about a score of more or less excellent and interesting illustrations, and is altogether a fine, handsome volume—is under the impression that though "gipsies have lived in England nearly four hundred years, yet comparatively little is known either of their origin, character, or general life." It is not worth while to argue the question; it is more to the purpose to admit that the author, whether his impression be right or wrong, compiled his work (for it is little more than a compilation) under the influence of the most praiseworthy motives, and has put together some very curious, very noteworthy, very amusing information. It is useless to inquire, as has so often been vainly inquired, how the gipsies came by the name which has clung to them from time immemorial in this country; but most competent readers will probably differ entirely from the author in his opinion that they acquired the appellation from their vulture-like propensities and practices. For, though the Greek word for vulture may be "gyps," which undergraduates at learned Universities might very well be expected to use for the designation of a rapacious servant, is it likely that a classical term would be applied to a race of people who, in the very nature of things, would be brought more into contact with ignorant rustics than with erudite scholars? Besides, the author discredits his own opinion by writing the word "gipsies," instead of "gypsies." However, all this matters not a straw. It is more important to remark that, according to the author, the gipsies with whom he has conversed—and he has conversed with not a few—cannot be induced to "admit that any tie of consanguinity connects them either with the Jews or the Gentiles." This alone would prove them to be a truly remarkable race of men, if at least they are aware that "Gentiles" is a term supposed to comprise all people but Jews. Perhaps the illustrious gipsies consider themselves to be like the heroes or demigods of the Greek mythology, not wholly human and yet not wholly divine; and they are certainly believed to show a similar ignorance or disregard of the difference between "meum" and "tuum," a similar disposition to "convey" another's property, whether in the form of a golden fleece, or a sheep or a lamb, for one of which a man may proverbially as well be hanged as the other. The book is made up, to a very considerable extent, of extracts taken from newspapers, periodicals, and various similar or dissimilar publications; but there is also a very appreciable intermixture of personal experience and knowledge obtained at first hand. As regards the author's method of proceeding with his work, it may suffice to state that he discourses, in order, of the gipsies as a separate and mysterious people, of their origin, of their migrations and persecutions, of their dialect, of their paronymics and what can hardly be called with universal correctness their Christian names, of singular incidents in their lives, of their tents, vans, and domestic arrangements, of their weddings, births, baptisms (when there are any), longevity, deaths, funerals, and epitaphs, of points on which they are in agreement and at variance with the Jews, of their pecuniary views and habits, of their vanity and their grand balls, of their mental powers, of their teachers and pupils, of their alleged vices and their virtues (such as hospitality and gratitude), of their revengeful spirit, of the animals they employ for work and keep as pets, of their religion, superstitions, dreams, and fortune-telling, of the claims they have upon our sympathy, and of the moral, religious, and intellectual light, as yet only twilight, that is beginning to shine upon them. It is pertinent to remark that Scamp is mentioned as one of the most prevalent surnames (p. 72) among the gipsies; but we know that a rose by that name would be none the less sweet. Whether there is any harm in gipsies as a body, decide who may; it is on record, however, that the "sudden appearance of swarthy gipsies over a wall made Van Tromp" (a famous race-horse) "stop so suddenly in a gallop that his suspensory ligament gave way." Still, any sudden apparition of anybody, gipsy or not, swarthy or not, might have had the same effect.

A very important work, one would be inclined to say, a work to be studied with attention and for instruction, rather than to be read for mere pastime and entertainment, entertaining as it undoubtedly is in parts, has been published under the title of *Rome, its Princes, Priests, and People:* by Fanny Maclaughlin (Elliot Stock), in two large volumes. It is a translation done from the Italian of Signor David Silvagni, author of a book about "Court and Society of Rome in the Eighteenth and Nineteenth Centuries." The Italian work has already, no doubt, attained the third and last volume whereby it was to be completed; and a translation of that volume also is promised, to be issued in due course, if the two volumes now offered to the public should meet with a satisfactory reception. It is to be hoped that this condition may be fulfilled. The translator apologises for the "great difficulty of rendering the little local allusions, plays upon words, and sarcastic remarks" contained in the "pasquinades, satires, and other verses" which have been translated; and, if there was little need of apology, the great difficulty, at any rate, must be freely acknowledged. For instance, when we read (vol. ii, p. 251) that a satire appeared about the great Cardinal Consalvi, containing certain lines which have been rendered into English, and of which "may Heaven save us, from a despotic man like Consalvi," is a portion so rendered, it is impossible, in the absence of the original Italian, not to suspect an employment of the verb "salvare" for a play upon the word "Consalvi," which play is almost entirely lost in the English, though "save" is certainly akin to salve. But such little losses are inevitable in translating from one language to another. It is another matter when (vol. i, p. 321) a translator produces such a grotesque hybrid as "The Prefect Consolare of Acquapendente," which is, no doubt, a mere hasty slip for "Consular Prefect." To English readers especially—for Rome has always had charms for English people—these graphic pictures of Roman life and Roman history, from a hundred years ago to a date within the experience of living men, with anecdotes of Cagliostro, Alfieri, and *tutti quanti*, cannot fail to be deeply interesting, and the forthcoming volume will be, if not of more, assuredly of not less interest. By-the-way, a list of the contents to be expected in that forthcoming volume is said to be inserted in an appendix, but is not readily visible to the naked eye.

Not many words can be necessary by way of welcome to *Richelieu:* by Gustave Masson (Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge), which is a volume of the very commendable and commendably conceived "Home Library." The merits of the work, for which the author modestly claims no particle of originality, consist in the elaborate manner in which it has been put together, the succinct style in which the subject has been dealt with, the few notes and illustrative documents, the many useful "tables," chronological, genealogical, and other, and, lastly, the index, which, however, might perhaps have been more complete. The author or editor could not be expected to say anything very new about Richelieu; but he sums up the achievements of that great "mayor of the palace" with admirable force and brevity: Richelieu, he says, besides doing much for education, literature, and the arts, "left behind him an army which gave lustre to the early days of the new reign, a fleet quite capable of holding its own against the navies of Holland and of England, finances adequate to face not only the wars but the prodigalities of Louis XIV., agents equal to the task of administering a large and flourishing country, and around the Crown itself a prestige which not even the wickedness of Louis XV. and the incapacity of Louis XVI. could manage to destroy." In fact, the author or editor is half inclined to call the period, or more than half of the period, between the death of Henry IV. and the accession of Louis XIV. the "reign of Richelieu," not "the reign of Louis XIII." and few readers will wonder at the inclination. It has been doubted, nevertheless, whether Richelieu had genuine claims to be considered a financier, and it is supposed, not without reason, that he grievously oppressed the people.

The Poet Laureate has made King Harold die like a hero on the battlefield of Senlac, a fact to which all history testifies. There was, however, a tradition at an early period that Harold had escaped from the slaughter at Hastings; and about one hundred and fifty years after that event a narrative was written describing his life subsequent to the battle. It is now brought before the English reader under the title of *Vita Haroldi, the Romance of the Life of Harold, King of England, from the Unique Manuscript in the British Museum*, edited, with notes and a translation, by Walter De Gray Birch, F.S.A. (Elliot Stock). According to this curious statement, Harold was found on the field by a Saracen woman, taken to Winchester and concealed there for two years. He tries to obtain allies against the Normans, but fails. Then follows a period of repentance and isolation: the King makes a long pilgrimage, spends many years abroad, returns to England, lives ten years "in a certain rock in solitude," passes a long time in Wales, and ultimately dies at Chester. Harold's asceticism is said to have been extreme during the latter years of his life. "He wore for a long time a corslet next his skin, till it was all rotten and quite worn away. In front of his eyes he hung at all times a cloth, which covered nearly the whole of his face, so that when he wished to walk at all far he required the hand of a guide. Why he did this his attendant did not know; but perhaps he did it to hide the appearance of the wounds upon his gashed face, or lest if a free outlet for his eyes existed, an opening for secular vanities might be made for his soul." There is a difficulty in connection with this MS., which Mr. Birch states but does not attempt to solve. It is supposed that the "Life" was written to prove that Harold was not buried at Waltham, a tradition which "made that great House of Secular Canons rich and famous in the annals of British Monasticism." Yet there is little doubt that the work was composed in the Abbey, and certain that it was transcribed there. It comes to this, therefore, that the authorities of the House allowed "a transcript, or perhaps more than one, to be made of a treatise founded upon a fact, and professing to prove a fact, which, if generally accepted, would have utterly destroyed the cultus of the departed monarch, on which the flourishing condition of the Abbey, both morally and financially, depended." Such conduct seems altogether inexplicable. We may add that the translation of the manuscript is now made for the first time, and Mr. Birch deserves the thanks of the public for unearthing and presenting in so pleasant a form a narrative, whether of fact or fiction, interesting from its suggestiveness and still more interesting from its antiquity.

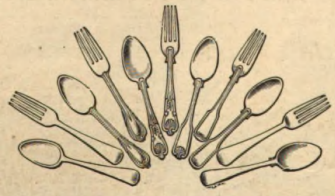
Sir H. Selwin-Ibbetson, Bart., has agreed to continue the mastership of the Essex Hunt for another season.

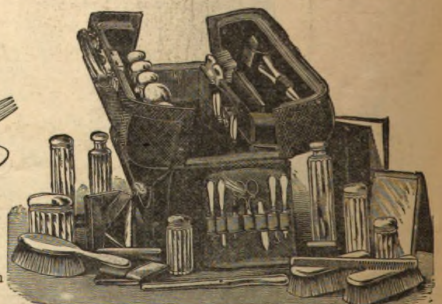
NOVELS.

Seldom is it the privilege of the reader of modern novels to take up one so fresh, so vivid, so strong in its incidents as is *Diana of the Crossways*, by George Meredith (Chapman and Hall; in 3 vols.). Writing of the early part of this century, the author makes his heroine—Diana—a moving, living, breathing being; with a rare beauty, a rare wit, so alive to the reader that time passes on and he feels that she also is living her life, with all its storms, its passing currents, its amusements, its interests. And this Diana is not an entire creation, but she was a social reality, mentioned often in the diaries of the day; and the incident of the publication of the Cabinet secret (although, with permissible license, it is stated to have been intrusted to a personal confidant by Mr. Meredith) is a matter of history, and refers to the premature disclosure of Sir Robert Peel's intended repeal of the Corn Laws by one of the Cabinet to the empress of his heart, and so—to the editor. But all is brocaded with gems of thought and harmonised by the skill of an artistic hand. The poetical friendship between two women—so poetical, so ideal, and so possible—is very powerfully described. Emma's love has the worshipping fibre in it which there must be on one side, coupled with talent, intellectual gifts to a certain extent, and the nobility of faith; with Diana, it is the feeling of being thoroughly understood, even to every vibration of voice, every shade of word, and, stronger still, the certainty that here there will always be found rest, trust, and love till the world's end, that binds her soul to that other. Excitement and sensationalism of the best there are, surely, for those to whom such sensations are a necessity in their reading: in the ride of Redworth through the burning sunset "with junipers behind him"; the curious sensation stealing over his frame when he fancies he sees two figures vanishing through the churchyard, where in the moonlight the gravestones were legible; the amusing and characteristic episode of the man Hedger (a true Hampshire and Sussex name), and the dissection of the "fair white pig"; the night-watch of Diana, so well drawn that it is not over-drawn; and the thrilling scenes between the passionate lovers. Then, how clever is the dissection of Lady Wathin and her particular world, and how she is visible in the description "a lady of incisive features bound in stale parchment"; how true to her nature the supposition and earnest conviction that Diana would, on hearing of Mr. Warwick's death, try to detach Percy Dacier from Constance Asper. The difference between the heroine's nature and Lady Wathin's is contained so succinctly in a sentence that we quote it, "The intrusion of the spontaneous on the stereotyped would have clashed." That this vein (the stereotyped), strongly developed, runs through the English as a people is well known, and the condemnation of originality is sweeping amongst mortals brought up on the usual lines of the commonplace. How accurately Diana's phases of thought and surging dreams are read, shows what a thorough grasp of her character the author has. To be noted, besides, are Percy's wakeful night with the Bell at Rovio, a little village below the Generoso, and his parting scene with Diana—on her part the awful maddening rising of the thought that by her deed she had betrayed the man she loved, her acceptation of the punishment, and the powerful ending of the scene, which is not too long, not too short, but word for word what it should artistically be, each parting from each as those two would have parted. Mr. Meredith can perfectly describe the passionate woman controlled by her immense self-respect; and he profoundly appreciates the little inflections of voice, the little finenesse of manner, the choice of ordinary words put in such a way that they are commonplace no longer; and the voice is heard, the manner felt; and the reader is conscious that it is the instinct of great talent, the shrewdness of wit, the discrimination of tact, which can divine and essentially balance. The English is expressive and unique; sometimes the phrases and joint words are a little brusque, a little over-strained, and give the impression of affectation; but this only occasionally; and the splendid originality, coupled with the absolute truthfulness of the feelings described in many passages, fascinate the reader. Can anything be better told than the scene of Lady Dunstane's visit to her heartbroken friend, and her soothing ministrations? The characters are all well drawn and lifelike; but the heroine is the key-note to the book—the presiding central figure round which all the others revolve, not as round an exaggerated deity, but round what is assuredly more attractive, as it is certainly more difficult of description—a perfectly natural woman. The interest heightens as the story and life grow older—no flagging attention for the reader—on he is impelled—the beauty of some soft saying, the lure of some passionate love scene, the lament of the woman that, by the confession of her love, she is humiliated—all bear him on, on resistless wings.

Railway travellers who grow impatient at the delays of the South-Eastern and other railways will find solace in Mr. Sutherland Edwards' *Missing Man* (Remington and Co.), a "tale of incident," printed in thoroughly readable type. It deals pleasantly with the ordinary incidents of a sensation novel—a confiding husband, a faithless wife, a shipwreck, a duel, and the somewhat novel psychological problem as to how far a man can forget his own identity, and honestly personate someone else. The story is short, and hangs so well together that, if once commenced, the reader is not likely to lay it aside until he reaches the *dénouement*.







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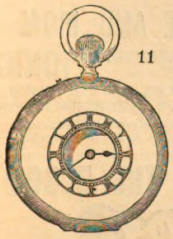
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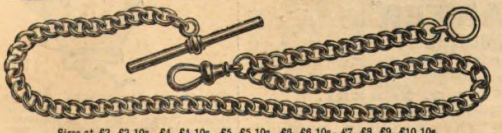


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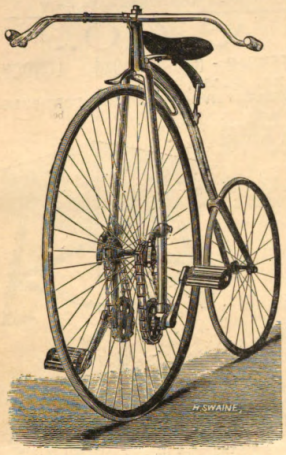
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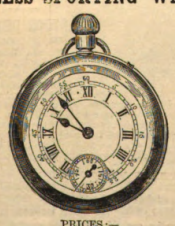
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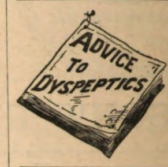
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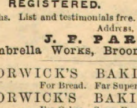


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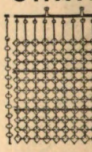
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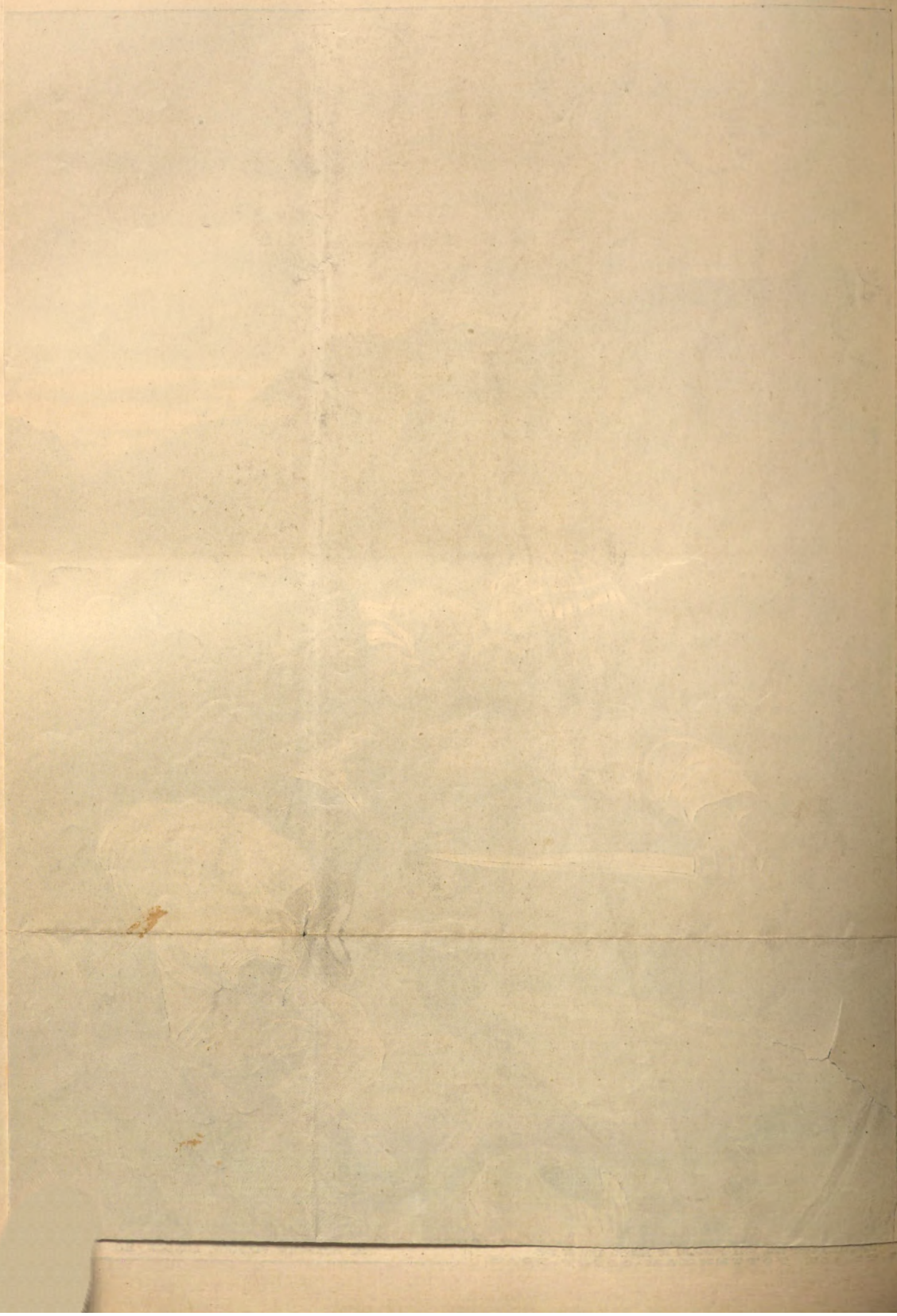
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FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. W. SIMPSON.

OUR NOTE-BOOK

The various annual contests between the "dark blue" of Oxford and the "light blue" of Cambridge include all sorts of games, from chess and billiards (always poor exhibitions) at the beginning of the season to football at the end. The most noteworthy, however, are three—the "athletic" contest at Lillie-bridge, the boat-race at Putney-Mortlake, and the cricket-match (in the summer) at Lord's. Of these three, two have already been decided. At Lillie-bridge, on the 27th ult., the "Dark Blue" won 5½ events (dead-heat of three for the high jump—two "Dark Blues" and one "Light Blue," the mile, putting the weight, the quarter of a mile, the 120 yards hurdle-race, and the long jump), against 3½ (throwing the hammer, the hundred yards race, dead-heat for high jump, and the three miles race). The "Dark Blue," on the whole number, from 1864, have now won 100 to 97. This year it was considered remarkable that both Mr. McNeill, president of the "Dark Blue" club, and Mr. Eliot, president of the "Light Blue" club, should, after several unsuccessful attempts on other occasions, have won each his "particular weakness," the hurdle-race and the three miles, respectively, in their year of office. At Putney-Mortlake, on the 28th ult., the boat-race was won by "Dark Blue," making, according to the usual calculation, twenty-three victories for Oxford against eighteen for Cambridge, with one dead-heat. Once more the race "followed the betting," which was at one time as much as 3½ to 1 on Oxford, though the odds dropped to 5 to 4. Officially, Oxford won by "a length and a quarter" clear, but might probably have won by enough to justify the higher odds. There is no object, however, in winning by as much as possible; and the best of a boat-race is that the leading crew can give its "wash" to the other, and the stroke of the former can generally take it easy at the end, watching the efforts of the latter, and using no more labour than is absolutely necessary to keep a respectable distance ahead. Besides, No. 6 in the Oxford boat "slipped" his shoulder.

Last week the lovers and followers of horse-racing on the flat had their first opportunity this year of indulging in that pastime, combined with not a little steeplechasing, at Lincoln and Liverpool. Lincoln began it on Monday, and Liverpool ended the week's racing on Saturday. "First blood," to use the language of the pugilists, might be claimed for Mr. R. C. Naylor, who won the first flat-race of the season—the Trial Stakes at Lincoln—with Forethought, three years old, ridden by F. Barrett. The first great handicap of the season, the Lincolnshire Handicap, was won by the favourite, the Irish horse Bendigo; and the Grand National Steeplechase, at Liverpool, was also won by the favourite, Roquefort, ridden by Mr. E. P. Wilson, who also rode the winner, Voluptuary, last year. Curiously enough, on the 26th ult., at Liverpool, the favourite won in every race; and, curiously enough, again, the "crack" jockey, Mr. F. Archer, did not win a single race until his seventh attempt, which was on Round Shot, winner of the Prince's Park Plate at Liverpool. The first notable race for two-year-olds this season, the Brocklesby Stakes at Lincoln, was won by a colt, The Bard, son of Petrarch. This is noteworthy, because the Brocklesby has been won by fillies (receiving an allowance in weight) seventeen times out of twenty-two. The Bard, moreover, proceeded to win the Molyneux Stakes at Liverpool, carrying 7 lb. extra. The sensation of the Grand National was the behaviour of Zoedone, the second favourite, and the winner two years ago: both in the preliminary canter and in the race she fell, but without doing serious injury, and most fortunately, to her gallant owner and rider, Count Kinsky.

About the same time, at any rate on the same day, as the race between Oxford and Cambridge, a much more important race—a sculling-race for the championship of the world between Messrs. Beach and Hanlan—took place at the Antipodes, on the Parramatta. Beach won by from six to eight lengths, it is said. The Australians believed in him fervently; and their belief has been justified. The Canadian, Hanlan, the best oarsman the world had ever seen, it was thought, up to his date, has now succumbed for the second time to Beach, whose former victory is thus proved to have not been the "fluke" some people considered it to have been. There is always as good a fish in the sea as ever came out of it; and, as the Irishman would say, "a good deal betther too."

The ways of the "rulers of the Queen's Navee" are often inscrutable, and no one seems to know the reason why the corvette Conquest, which was built five years ago, has been laid up ever since in Hamoaze. She is the ninth vessel of what is known as Class C, and the other eight have all been out to sea, but just now every ship we have is wanted, so she has been overhauled and her rigging found to be rotten—not from use, but the want of it.

The French Marines at Formosa are suffering terribly from illness and the lack of medical remedies and comforts. The 1500 men who took Kelung in the autumn are reduced to less than 600 by cholera and typhoid fever, and the survivors look more like walking corpses than human beings, having been enfeebled either by last summer's campaign in Tonquin, or by a sojourn in Cochin China. The doctors are said to be without the barest necessaries for the sick and wounded, and it is they who have reported this sad state of things to a French medical journal.

Amongst the several hundred gifts received by Lady Ermyntrude Malet on the occasion of her marriage, was one exceptionally beautiful curiosity presented by the Khedive. It consisted of a necklet of green beetles in a setting of enamelled, hammered gold, and those who have seen it report it worthy of a place in the show-cases in the British Museum.

There are four 81-ton guns on board the Inflexible, and they cost £10,075 each. One of these, after firing eighty-six rounds, is damaged, and requires re-lining, which will cost something like £400. Luckily, there is a reserve gun of 80 tons at Shoeburyness; so that the Inflexible need not be useless while her own weapon is being repaired, and John Bull's pocket is still well furnished, in spite of all the talk about hard times. Besides, all this kind of thing means additional labour; and that is good news for the vast army of the unemployed.

Apropos of the unemployed, an experiment made recently on a sewage farm at Norwood points to the fact that a great many of the men who make an outcry about the scarcity of work are those who prefer idleness to industry. It has always been the custom to have this farm ploughed up in the spring, but as a very large number of men in the neighbourhood professed to be out of work, the manager arranged this year to use spade husbandry instead. About two dozen labourers were engaged, provided with spades, and set to work, but no sooner were they left to themselves than they retired to a shed, pulled up some palings and lit a fire, leaving one or two scouts on the look-out for stray philanthropists. Gentlemen who had urged the advisability of the plan naturally walked over to see how it answered, and on such occasions a shrill whistle summoned the men from the shed, and they made some pretence of digging for a little while. One of these visitors secreted himself in a hollow tree, and observed that one shivering, shoeless wretch who appeared desirous of earning a little money was shamefully pelted, buffeted, and abused, while the rest planned the theft of the manager's dog-kennel, stuck their spades in the ground and sat astride them, and accounted it a doughty deed to break one. It is almost needless to add that this scheme of providing employment has been given up in disgust.

Russian aristocrats are great connoisseurs in tea, and their favourite brand (if one may borrow a word sacred to less innocent beverages) is called Baïkovoï-Tchaï. The infusion when made is not darker than amber, and it has a delicious perfume, which is caused by a mixture of jasmin-blossoms, the flower being cultivated in China as freely as we grow potatoes, and always for the purpose of adding aroma to the most delicate teas. Baïkovoï only grows in one district, which is about seven days' journey from the town of Fou-Tchéou; and some idea of the profits made in the tea-trade may be gathered from the fact that on the spot one *lan*, or 150 pounds, of it may be purchased for 8s. 4d., but by the time it reaches St. Petersburg the dealers ask and obtain £123 10s. for the same quantity.

The simple faith of Hassan Fehmi Pasha is something refreshing. He looks upon England as a great Moslem Power and the natural ally of the Sultan of Turkey. He urges the value of the Sick Man's friendship in view of possible complications in Afghanistan and elsewhere, and maintains that the British Lion should make common cause with him in all parts of the world. If the Mahdi be a true representative of El Islam this programme would surely include "peace with honour."

The British Navy will be considerably increased this year, for at least eight splendid new vessels will be completed. They will include the Colossus, Collingwood, Calliope, Edinburgh, Impérieuse, Scout, Surprise, and Alacrity. Several of them are being built on the Clyde and Tyne, but will be finished and fitted in Government dockyards. This is something like activity, and will give employment to many hundreds of men. One might almost say thousands of men, seeing that 700 were employed last week on the Camperdown.

The Spring Flower Show at the Crystal Palace on the 27th and 28th, though small, was choice, and a perfect feast to such lovers of flowers as have an all-round affection for them, rather than a craze after any particular fancy that may happen to be fashionable. The saxifrages were many and good, the seedling auriculas splendid; the very dark, almost black, hyacinths curious, and not too ornamental. Ordinary observers were most gratified by a few well-grown, sweet-scented, and lovely roses shown by Paul, of Cheshunt; the wonderfully fine pot violets exhibited by Turner, of Slough; and the huge clumps of lily of the valley, masses of snowy bloom and exquisite odour, shown by several well-known firms of florists.

Last Easter a good deal of money was made in country places by gathering primroses, which certain enterprising market gardeners sent up to London by the ton for the purpose of church decoration. This year they will hardly be so plentiful, because Easter falls earlier, and the cold winds have retarded the full and bountiful development of the blossoms. Of the vast quantity of primroses sold in London a considerable proportion has been imported this year.

Why should the chancels of our churches be decorated at Easter with costly exotics, such as gardenias, azalias, arum-lilies, and even orchids? They do not spring up spontaneously out of Mother Earth after a winter sleep, and consequently do not typify a resurrection to new and lovelier life. We put plenty of primroses and mosses and other woodland beauties in the nave; but even decoration should be consistent, and spring flowers as emblems of the Resurrection are quite as suitable for the Holy of Holies as for the Court of the Gentiles, or, in modern parlance, for the chancel as for the body of the church.

There is a fresh instance of the advance made by women towards the higher walks of life until lately only attainable by the sterner sex. A young lady has been appointed vaccination officer for Fordingbridge, in Hampshire, and the appointment has been ratified by the authorities. Perhaps the post is not a particularly exalted one, but, nevertheless, it is progress, and an encouragement to female workers. Even the obstinate anti-vaccinators, who pay fines rather than comply with the law, may now be charmed into complying with it at the persuasion of Miss Isabella Oates, who is stated to be young, attractive, amiable, and clever.

The quaint old Norman church dedicated to St. Oswald at Oswaldkirk, North Yorkshire, is going to be restored. In this edifice it was that John Tillotson, destined to become one of the most celebrated divines of the Church of England, preached his first sermon. He had only just been ordained at the time, although he was thirty years of age. Afterwards he became Curate of Cheshunt, where "he lived, with Sir Thomas Dacres, at the great house near the church." In his life of Tillotson, Mr. Birch tells a story which Southey has quoted, and which serves to show the attitude of the public towards preachers in the time of Cromwell. "He prevailed," says Birch, "with an old Oliverian soldier who set up for an Anabaptist preacher there, and preached in a red coat, and was much followed in that place, to desist from that encroachment upon the parish minister, and the usurpation of the priest's office, and to betake himself to some honest employment." This suggestion of the dishonesty of preaching is a significant sign of the times. It is to be hoped that the little church near Sowerby will not be restored out of recognition, but that so interesting a memento of the great Primate will be allowed to stand in its original condition as nearly as is possible.

The Government and the public are considerably indebted for the remarkably prompt inter-communication between England and Egypt to the admirably effective service of the Eastern Telegraph Company, which has, under the sagacious direction of Mr. John Pender, M.P., and Sir James Anderson, brought cable telegraphy to a wonderful pitch of perfection. A fine fleet of cable-ships, expressly built for this service, is maintained by the Eastern Telegraph Company. The latest is a very handsome steam-ship, the Electra, as beautifully fitted up as a nobleman's pleasure-yacht, a graceful steel vessel, reflecting great credit alike upon the skilful designer, Mr. Joseph Birnie, and on the constructors, Messrs. Napier and Sons, of Glasgow. The Electra, commanded by Captain Pattison, recently left the Thames for the Red Sea, to assist in laying a new cable required by the Government in connection with the military operations round Souakim. With what celerity the Eastern Telegraph Company's expert staff transmits messages from Souakim to London may be indicated by two simple facts. This commendable dispatch enabled the *Daily Telegraph*, the printing of which usually begins at three a.m., to give in its first issue of March 13 a telegram respecting an attack on the British Camp, which its exceptionally smart Special Correspondent, Mr. Phil Robinson, sent from Souakim at 3.20 *the same morning*. Again, on Thursday, March 19, shortly after three o'clock in the afternoon, the newspaper boys were selling in the streets a third edition of the *Daily Telegraph*, containing the telegraphic message which the same indefatigable Correspondent dispatched from Souakim at 1.23 p.m., announcing the reconnoissance in force of General Sir Gerald Graham.

The late Bishop of Lincoln was a man of considerable learning and of high intellectual attainments; but he made a great mistake in supposing that because he was a nephew of the poet Wordsworth he was therefore able to write his life. He did not possess the first requisite for such a task—the knowledge and the love of poetry. And not only was he indifferent to poetry generally, but it is stated in Sir Henry Taylor's "Autobiography" that when Dr. Wordsworth accepted the task he knew little either of his uncle or of his works. Diligence and erudition are invaluable qualities. They may produce a good Greek grammar or an exhaustive commentary; but such qualities will no more enable a man to understand a poet like Wordsworth than to command the Channel Fleet. The memoirs were written, for whatever the late Bishop undertook he accomplished; but the two heavy volumes rank with the books we look at but do not read. Truly does Sir Henry Taylor say that "the life is rather buried in the biography than brought to light in it."

Royalty has, of late years, graciously contributed to literature several interesting narratives of personal reminiscences and travel. Following the example set, the Empress Eugénie is about to publish "Some Recollections of My Life." Few women—we cannot call to mind one—have seen such stirring scenes and have been so immediately affected by the crises she has passed through as the sorrowing widow of Napoleon III., the bereaved mother of his unfortunate son. Her work, if it tells a tithe of what she recollects, will be an important addition to modern European history, and will be read with interest and respect by persons of every nationality.

There has been an immense falling off in the number of pictures sent in to the Paris Salon this year as compared with last. Large canvases are the order of the day, and this should be a satisfactory sign to the multitude who love art but cannot afford to possess specimens, for it shows that there is an inclination on the part of museums to buy. The Royal Academy Committee anticipate a decrease in the number of exhibitors of water-colours at Burlington House, but the aspirants for spaces on the walls of the oil-painting galleries are more numerous than ever, the increased number of smaller exhibitions notwithstanding.

Leicester continues to show the most indomitable, if not the most inexplicable, repugnance to vaccination, considering the antidote worse than the bane. It is stated that, without some special Act of Parliament, it will take more than two years to dispose of the cases in which proceedings have already been commenced against persons for refusing to comply with the provisions of the Compulsory Vaccination Act. It is to be feared that the vaccinators have in many instances been to blame: they have been too hasty, perhaps, in vaccinating children who were suffering from some inherited disease or were sickening for something. The children either died or became dreadful objects for life; and, in both cases, the result has been attributed to vaccination, which had nothing whatever to do with it. *Many of us must* have heard our doctor say:—"*It is fortunate that I refused* to vaccinate that child which died; the death would, without doubt, have been put down to vaccination."

The Emperor William, like many men of humbler position, feels most at home in old clothes, and uses an old uniform by way of *robe de chambre*, and slippers which from long use are perfectly easy to his feet. Vast piles of papers encumber the bureau in his private study, for he diligently reads everything before signing it, and frequently makes marginal notes with a square pencil such as is used by carpenters. He always gives the first audience in the morning to the Chief of his War Office, and then sees his other Ministers one by one. All other ordinary receptions are in a room adjoining, which is very plainly furnished, all the chairs, &c., being embroidered by members of the Imperial Family with bluettes, the common corn-flowers of the country, which the Emperor associates with his good mother, Queen Louise.

Apparently some years, perhaps some centuries, will have to elapse yet before the lion begins to lie down with the lamb, save as the cat lies down with the poor mouse between her paws. Wars and rumours of wars, with "additional income-tax" as a consequence, are rather more frequent than less; and, oddly enough, the two most Christian and most civilised countries, England and France (whose King, when she had one, was titularly "Most Christian"), are conspicuous among both the combatants and the combative. Russia, of course, is also Christian of a sort; but the heathen Tartar has always been but the distance of a scratch below the exterior of the Christian Russian.

Vitriol has become in France a recognised weapon of domestic warfare. So terribly frequent have been cases of mutilation with this corrosive, that a clever chemist has deemed it worth his while to invent a pomade which resists the effects of the acid. It is a collodion unguent, with which the face is to be glazed, and on which vitriol is harmless as water. Unfortunately, the viragoes who employ sulphuric acid to avenge their jealousy or to punish gambling husbands are not in the habit of giving their victims notice of their intended onslaughts. Therefore it is somewhat difficult to conceive how the invention is to benefit humanity. Does the enterprising chemist suggest that "no family should be without" the anti-vitriol ointment, and that all Paris should walk about with collodion-glazed faces? Or does he intend that those threatened with the sulphuric attack should ask for a truce until they have time to smear themselves with the protective preparation? It would be curious, though of course impossible, to find how much of the stuff has been sold and how many people it has saved from scars.

Luckily for the lessees of the theatres where comedy and burlesque are performed, the proceedings at the Central Criminal Court are over before those places of entertainment open for the evening; else representations for which money is charged would stand no chance against such exhibitions as are to be witnessed, *gratis*, when M. Rivière prosecutes Mrs. Weldon for libel, and Mr. Harcourt performs a variety of parts, with plenty of "gag" and vociferous "asides." It is not only "as good as a play," it is a play; but a court of justice is not a playhouse.

If phonetic spelling were adopted, novelists who introduce local dialects would be done for, as readers would never have the patience to grapple with the additional difficulty entailed. Even common Cockney pronunciation is a great trial, when it is represented phonetically. A boy was asked the other day what o'clock it was, and he answered in words which would probably be phonetically rendered by "Ah pah state," meaning "half past eight." Another boy was asked whether he liked toffee, and he answered in a word or words which would probably be rendered phonetically by "or flea," or "or fle," meaning "awfully." Perhaps "aw flea," or "aw fle," would be less unintelligible. What phonetic spelling might come to may be gathered from a report written by a late Inspector of Schools, the Rev. H. Brookfield, about the year 1857. He had requested some boys, who had learned the Lord's Prayer, the Catechism, and so on, from simple dictation and repeated dictation, to write down on a slate what they had so learned, and they wrote down their notions of the sounds they had heard. The result, if it did not smack so dreadfully of profanity, would convulse a canonised saint with laughter.

THE CHURCH.

The Bishop of Oxford held a Confirmation at Eton College last Saturday, the service being attended by a large number of the students and their friends.

The Queen has been pleased to appoint the Bishop of London to be Dean of her Majesty's Chapels Royal. The enthronement of the new Bishop in St. Paul's Cathedral will take place at the afternoon service on April 8 (Wednesday in Easter week). Mrs. Temple, the wife of the Bishop, has been presented with a service of plate and three diamonds stars, subscribed for by "women of Devonshire," as a memento of their good will.

A handsome reredos has been erected in St. George's Church, Campden-hill, as a memorial to the late Lieutenant-Colonel D. W. Lawrell, R.A., by his wife. It rises to a height of about 13 ft., and occupies three sides of the apse, which has been newly decorated. This work is from the studio of Mr. James Forsyth, of Finchley-road.—A fine Munich stained-glass window has been placed in St. Mary's Church, Arbroath, the gift of Mr. and Mrs. Muir, of Abbey Bank. It occupies the west end of the church, and consists of four lights, with elaborate tracery. The leading features of the window are large-sized figures of St. Peter, St. Paul, St. Andrew, and St. John. The artists are Messrs. Mayer and Co.

The inaugural meeting of the Drury-lane Working Girls' House and Day Nursery was held on Monday evening in the new premises of the institution.

A new school, built by the London School Board, was opened on Monday evening in Ruby-street, Old Kent-road. Mr. E. B. Gudgeon, a member of the Works Committee, presided. The Board has secured a fine site for this building (the 310th erected in London), and has been thus enabled to surround it with a capacious playground. It will accommodate 796 children, at a cost of £18 13s. 8d. per head. The site cost £5693, and the building £9179.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

When, to the delight of many a playgoer, Mrs. Keeley and Mrs. Stirling—the Audrey and Celia of Macready's day—appeared together on the stage of the Criterion Theatre the other day to speak a rhymed address in furtherance of the National Aid Society, there was but one opinion concerning the success of the thing purely as an elocutionary feat. The ear so long tortured by modern mouthing and mumbling, the sense so long outraged by so-called actors and actresses who have not the faintest idea how to pronounce the Queen's English, or to point a sentence of dialogue, were at once fascinated by the style and method of these actresses of a past era. It was not so much, after all, that they had to say, but then how admirably they said it! The balance of every line was preserved. The force of every idea was at once sent home to the intelligence of the audience. We all knew how they could act, but what a surprise it was that they knew so well how to speak. No! that is not quite it. Did it not rather occur to us, if this comparatively lost art of elocutionary expression could be revived, how much more might be done for that higher and nobler stage work that is held in such contempt by the Philistine band that has got possession of the stage, and is holding it bravely against all comers? The triumph of Mrs. Keeley and Mrs. Stirling in speaking so well, only succeeded in emphasising the fact that at too many theatres actors and actresses appear who have never been taught how to speak on the stage so as to be understood by their audience. Of what use is the Shakspearean drama, or the poetic drama, or any work of imagination or pathos, when the author's words are, as a rule, rather inaudible or pointless? Who shall say whether the Philistines would have been able to dance over the grave of so much good work, and to chuckle with glee when ambitious work failed, if the artists intrusted with that work had been able to convey its meaning with force and propriety? We cannot make good plays popular without the assistance of such as understand the mere rudiments or alphabet of their art. But it is not alone in the poetic drama that our actors and actresses fail so lamentably. "Adrienne Lecouvreur" is not a poetic play, or a classic, or one that should require any particular training for its proper elaboration. It has been translated from the French by Mr. Herman, and rendered in adequate prose; but how strangely the whole work is misunderstood at the Lyceum! That Madame Modjeska should find some difficulty in pronouncing the English language and in dealing with the inflection of complicated sentences might well have been imagined. It is wonderful that she speaks English as well as she does. But Modjeska's English is infinitely more direct and forcible than that of the majority of the performers, who appear on the stage apparently to show how ineffective they can be. Old Michonnet the Prompter, the fantastical Abbé at the Court of Louis Quinze, the dissolute Prince de Bouillon—these should not be difficult characters to portray by such as have studied the art of acting. They all have leading characteristics. One has pathos, the other frippery, the third an aristocratic demeanour. But on the stage the points of the characters are one and all washed out, vapid, and colourless. That such a performance of "Adrienne Lecouvreur" could ever have been given on the boards of the Lyceum Theatre must surely strike any ordinary foreigner with surprise. It is high time that the truth should be told, and that plays superior to the ordinary run of touch-and-go farces should demand the assistance of such as have higher capabilities for acting than a very laudable ambition. When provincial theatres had stock companies, there was something like a school to learn in and to draw from; but nowadays the paying public has painfully to watch the process of training the young people who adopt the stage as a profession merely because it is a convenient one, and quite outside their individual talent. Lady Monckton has played for a considerable time as an amateur, and has only just joined the professional ranks; but she, at any rate, sets an excellent example to those with whom she was associated. She was called on at the last moment to study and play the Princesse de Bouillon; and had it not been for her, disaster would have followed disaster. In witnessing the Adrienne of Modjeska it is impossible to resist comparison; for Sara Bernhardt's Adrienne—when she cares to play it carefully—is as fine a thing as young playgoers have ever seen. Modjeska underrates the value of several important scenes in the play, and her love is very much in the minor key. Bernhardt made the actress stupified with the first true and honest love of her life. But Modjeska's feeling for her gallant preserver is expressed in various tones of acute depression. Her love is one long wail of despair. She misses the tenderness of the recital of "Les Deux Pigeons." She is too loud and emphatic in the dark scene with her rival, which should be intense, silent, and mysterious. But she awakened her audience to enthusiasm in the recital from Phèdre, where Bernhardt has often failed; and the whole of the death-scene is worthy of the closest critical study. Not so effective as Sara Bernhardt's, perhaps; not so thrilling, but still very beautiful in idea and sentiment. The Adrienne who has not been passionate in her earlier scenes can scarcely be expected to be so when her lover finds her in the throes of death; but for all that, Madame Modjeska's death, as Adrienne, is infinitely superior to anything we get from our leading actresses at this period of the enlightened nineteenth century. Mr. Henry Neville never looked better or more manly than as Maurice De Saxe; but he was not in love. He did not seem to feel the situation. He played it as a dashing cavalier of the Restoration period, not as a soldier who had some sentiment in his composition. He did not lack vigour, but he was occasionally wanting in refinement. Out of the smaller characters, only one, that of a merry, pretty, and fascinating little duchess, stood out, as played by Miss Florence West with very welcome brightness and intelligence. Anything sadder than the stage management of this play has seldom been seen on the boards of a theatre of the first importance. When Michonnet bundled the actors and actresses on to the stage from the decorous green-room of the Comédie Française, the play at once lapsed into the broadest farce, and utterly destroyed the illusion. But after all, it will be urged, the people had only come to see Modjeska, and not to trouble their heads about "Adrienne Lecouvreur." If so, they saw her, and were delighted at her performance; greeting her with cheers and pelting her with flowers and bouquets. C. S.

The initial meeting of the Institution of Naval Architects was held on Wednesday week in the hall of the Society of Arts, under the presidency of the Earl of Ravensworth, who, having given his annual address, called upon Captain G. H. Noel and Mr. P. Watts to read papers, respectively, upon the subjects of the Comparative Fighting Efficiency of Ships of War, and the Use of Water-Chambers for Reducing the Rolling of Ships.—The Earl of Ravensworth presided on Thursday afternoon and evening over meetings of the Institution held in the hall of the Society of Arts, when papers were submitted by Mr. J. H. Heck, Mr. F. P. Purvis, Mr. John Nicholson, Captain J. C. Tuxen, Mr. J. I. Thornycroft, Mr. E. A. Seaton, Mr. J. McFarlane Gray, and Mr. M. H. Robinson.

MUSIC.

THE LONDON MUSICAL SOCIETY.

The concert of last week—the first of a new series—brought forward some works for the first time in England. Three movements from a series of ten orchestral pieces composed by Herr Anton Dvorák opened the programme. The whole are entitled "Legenden"; and the extracts give an impression of wild romanticism, in accordance with the general title. Another novelty here was Schumann's ballade, "The Minstrel's Curse," the text adapted by Miss G. E. Troutbeck from Uhland's poem, "Des Sangers Fluch." The music belongs to a comparatively late period of the composer's career, and is characterised by a dreary monotony that hinders any wish for a re-hearing. It is scored for five solo voices, chorus, and orchestra; the soloists in last week's performance having been Misses C. Elliot and L. Little, and Messrs. H. Thorndike, H. Piercy, and W. Forington. Another, and the concluding, novelty of the programme was Herr Rheinberger's setting of F. Von Hoffmaass's version of the well-known legend "Christoforus," given to the English adaptation by the Earl of Wilton. Like Schumann's work, this is also for five solo voices, chorus, and orchestra. This recent work of the composer contains some highly effective writing, particularly in the choral and orchestral details. A special effect was created by the highly dramatic chorus illustrative of Satanic revelry, which was greatly applauded, and had to be repeated. The soloists in this work were Misses Elliot, Little, and A. Fripp, and Messrs. Piercy and Thorndike. The chorus singing during the evening was more generally satisfactory than the orchestral performance. Mr. Barnby conducted.

The third concert of the Philharmonic Society's present season took place last week, too late for comment until now. The programme included a new orchestral "Serenade," composed expressly for the society by Mr. T. Wingham, several of whose overtures and symphonies we have had previous occasion to commend. The work now referred to consists of three movements—an "Andante Espressivo," a "Scherzino," and a final Rondo. Each division contains some pleasing writing, the orchestral colouring being skilfully varied. It was finely played, and it and the composer, who conducted its performance, were enthusiastically received. Herr Joachim gave an excellent rendering of Brahms' violin concerto, and Signor Bottesini displayed his extraordinary powers on the contra-basso in pieces of his own composition.

The Sacred Harmonic Society's season is over, so far as its concerts are concerned. That of yesterday (Friday) week was appropriated to a performance of "Elijah." The principal solo vocalists were Miss A. Williams, Madame Patey, Mr. Maas, and Mr. Santley. Mr. Charles Hallé conducted. The supplemental conversazione will take place at Prince's Hall on May 8.

The Crystal Palace Concert of Saturday afternoon (the last but three of the present season) included a selection from the works of Beethoven, closing with the grandest possible climax, the choral symphony; the solo vocalists in which were Misses Marriott and McKenzie, Mr. B. McGuckin, and Mr. F. King. The concert was in remembrance of Beethoven's death, which took place on March 26, 1827.

The Popular Concerts closed their twenty-seventh season with the afternoon performance of last Saturday and the evening concert of the following Monday. On each occasion, Herr Joachim, Herr Straus, Mdlle. Kleeberg, Miss Zimmermann, Signor Piatti, and Signor Bottesini contributed to a varied instrumental programme. The Misses Nunn were the vocalists on Saturday, and Mr. Santley sang, with special effect, on Monday. The Popular Concerts will be resumed early in November.

The musical announcements for Good Friday promised a grand performance of "The Messiah" at the Royal Albert Hall. Easter Monday will offer a special attraction at the Albert Hall, where Mr. Austin will give his National Holiday Festival Concert, with a powerful programme.

THE CARL ROSA OPERA COMPANY.

Mr. Carl Rosa will enter on a new London season at Drury Lane Theatre next Monday evening, this being the third series of performances given by Mr. Rosa at that establishment. The forthcoming season will be of longer duration than that of last year, extending, on this occasion, to eight weeks. Much interest will attach to the production of the new opera composed expressly for Mr. Rosa by Mr. A. Goring Thomas, whose "Esmeralda," also commissioned by Mr. Rosa, was brought out with such success in 1883, and repeated with the same result abroad. The new work is entitled "Nadeshda" and is founded on a Russian subject, the text being by Mr. Julian Sturgis. Another interesting feature will be the first performance in London of the English version of M. Massenet's "Manon," produced by Mr. Rosa, with great success, at the Royal Court Theatre, Liverpool, last January. With the excellent company, including Madame Marie Roze and other eminent artists, associated under Mr. Rosa's management, and with the extensive and varied répertoire at the establishment, there is every prospect of special success. The comparatively early hours and the non-restriction as to evening dress are welcome features in the arrangements.

Mr. Edward Clarke, M.P., presided last Saturday evening over the annual dinner of the Press Club, at which Mr. W. H. Smith, M.P., Sir R. Cross, M.P., and Mr. Charles Russell, M.P., were also included in the list of speakers.

The fortieth annual banquet of the Royal General Theatrical Fund, which will be given at the Freemasons' Tavern next July, will be made the occasion of a farewell to Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft on their retirement from theatrical management. Mr. S. B. Bancroft will himself preside.

The Committee of Management of the Royal Fund for the Relief of the Orphans of Sea Fishermen have granted relief to fifteen sons and twenty daughters of the men who have lately lost their lives in the lamentable fishing disaster in the neighbourhood of Stornoway. The committee have also granted relief to the orphans of three Stonehaven fishermen.

At the meeting of the Metropolitan Board of Works yesterday week, the solicitor to the Board reported that they had no power to lend £20,259 to the School Board for industrial schools, as they could only lend for industrial schools such sums as had been sanctioned by the Home Secretary. The subject was referred back to the Finance Committee. A motion to apply to Parliament for power to levy a rate of 1d. in the pound for Fire Brigade purposes was lost.

The two prisoners Cunningham and Burton, who are charged in connection with the dynamite outrages in London, were again brought up at Bow-street Police Court yesterday week, when the case on the part of the Crown was concluded, and both prisoners were committed for trial under the Treason-Felony Act 11 and 12 Vic., c. 12, sec. 3. Among the witnesses examined was Sergeant Cole, who removed the dynamite from the crypt in Westminster Hall to the top of the stairs. The remainder of the evidence was chiefly scientific.



THE LATE LIEUTENANT E. M. B. NEWMAN, R.E., KILLED IN THE SOUDAN.



THE LATE CAPT. DUDLEY DIGGES DALISON, SCOTS GUARDS, KILLED IN THE SOUDAN.



THE LATE LIEUTENANT MONTAGU SEYMOUR, R.N., KILLED IN THE SOUDAN.

OFFICERS KILLED IN THE SOUDAN.

Captain Maximilian Dudley Digges Dalison, of the Scots Guards, killed on March 20 at the battle of Hasheen, was the eldest son of Mr. Dalison, of Hamptons, in Kent, and Gratwell, Lincolnshire, by Matilda, daughter of the late Rev. Robert Alexander, Prebendary of Derry Cathedral. Captain Dalison was born in February, 1852. He came of an ancient stock of cavaliers and loyal gentlemen; his ancestor, Sir Thomas Dalison, Bart., fell under the Royal banner at Naseby, in 1645, when the title became extinct in the confusion of the time. He was closely connected with the families of Hammond, of St. Albans Court, Shaw, and Mouson. Captain Dalison was well known for his devotion to his profession. He acted on the Staff at Hythe for five years as Lieutenant Instructor of Musketry. He was a soldier of high courage and splendid physique, whose stately bearing and grand countenance told of chivalrous honour and tender purity. He will be long missed and mourned, not only by his own family but by the service of which he was an ornament and the comrades to whom he was dear. He married, October, 1875, Grace, daughter of the late Mr. Henry Beresford Pierce, of Bedale, grand-daughter of Admiral Sir John Poore Beresford, Bart.

Lieutenant-Colonel Alexander Mitchell Taylor, 19th Hussars, was born Sept. 9, 1849. He entered the service Dec. 30, 1871, and obtained the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel Sept. 10, 1884. He served with his regiment in Egypt, and was present at the battle of Tel-el-Kebir. He was mentioned in despatches, and obtained the brevet rank of Lieutenant-Colonel, receiving the medal, with clasps, the fourth class of the Osmanieh, and the Khedive's Star. He remained in charge of the Egyptian cavalry, and only resigned that appointment in September, 1884, on receiving further promotion. He served in the Soudan War of last year as Brigade-Major of the Cavalry Brigade, and was present at the engagements of El Teb and Tamai, upon which occasion he was mentioned in the despatches, and received two clasps. In the present expedition he had gone, with his regiment, as far as Wady Halfa, where he was laid down with typhoid fever, to which he succumbed, on Feb. 6, at Cairo, after a painful illness of three months.

The five officers killed on Sunday week in the attack of Osman Digna's followers on the zereba camp near Souakim were Lieutenant Swinton, of the Berkshire Regiment; Lieutenant Seymour, of the Naval Brigade; Captain Romilly and Lieutenant Newman, of the Royal Engineers; and Captain Van Beverhoudt, of the 17th Bengal Native Infantry. Surgeon-Major Lane, attached to the Scots Guards, was wounded in the action on the Friday before, where Captain Dalison was killed, and died next day on board the Ganges hospital-ship. Quartermaster Charles Eastmead, R.E., was killed on the Monday by the attack on a convoy going to the zereba.

Lieutenant Montagu H. M. Seymour, R.N., was First Lieutenant of the Dolphin, and saw seventeen years' sea service. Before his appointment in May last to the Dolphin, he was successively Midshipman of the Triumph, Channel Squadron; Sub-Lieutenant of the Antelope, in the Mediterranean; and Senior Lieutenant of the Dwarf. He was gazetted Lieutenant in August, 1878. He changed his name from Gruggen to Seymour some years ago.

Lieutenant Edwin Montague Browne Newman was the eldest son of Lieutenant-Colonel Newman, R.A., and was born at Corfu, April 23, 1862. He was educated at Wellington College, where he gained Lord Derby's French Prize twice, also the German Prize, and that for "Chemistry and Physics," and the Modern Exhibition. He passed fourth into the Royal Military Academy at Woolwich, where he won the French, German, and Chemistry prizes; and thence passed fifth into the Royal Engineers on July 26, 1881. He served in India, in the Punjaub, at Peshawur, Chirat, and Bangalore, and in 1881 passed the higher standard in Hindostani. He left Bangalore, recently, with the Madras "Queen's Own" Sappers and Miners, to join the forces at Souakim, and was there killed, while superintending the construction of the zereba, on Sunday week, in the twenty-third year of his age.

The Mercers' Company have given twenty-five guineas to the East London Union for Advanced Education (evening classes) Stepney Centre.



THE WAR IN THE SOUDAN: DISEMBARKATION OF THE 15TH SIKHS AT SOUAKIM.
SKETCH BY LIEUTENANT J. L. R. MACLURCAN, ROYAL MARINES BATTALION.



The Mikado (Mr. R. Temple).
Nanki-Pooh (Mr. Durward Lely).
Kafisha (Miss Brandram).

Pooh-Bah (Mr. R. Barrington).
The "Three Little Maids from School" (Misses Sibyl Grey, L. Braham, and Jessie Bond).
Ko-Ko (Mr. G. Grossmith).

Ko-Ko (Mr. G. Grossmith).
Yum-Yum (Miss L. Braham).

Pish-Tush (Mr. F. Bovill).

Nanki-Pooh (Mr. Lely).

SKETCHES FROM "THE MIKADO" AT THE SAVOY THEATRE.

THE WAR IN THE SOUDAN.

A few additional Sketches of the late campaign in the interior of the Soudan, some by our Special Artist, Mr. Melton Prior, and some contributed by a private of the 1st Life Guards, W. S. Perry, who was in the "Heavy" Camel Corps with the forces commanded by the late General Sir Herbert Stewart on Jan. 17 and Jan. 19, in the advance to Metammeh, will be found in this Number of our Journal. The gallant Life Guardsman happened to stand beside one of the gentlemen who are in correspondence with us in the fighting "square" at the battle of Abou Klea, and to meet him again before Metammeh; he is a man of some education, and has fair skill with the pencil, which he was encouraged to use in sketching these characteristic incidents of a soldier's experience in those stirring days of action. One of his Sketches represents the late Colonel Burnaby, to whom the Guardsmen were greatly attached for his personal qualities and kindness to all of them, as he appeared when riding a camel. Another is that of two soldiers of the outposts on picket duty, challenging a man who is approaching them in the darkness of night, and doubtful whether he is to be fired at, as one of the enemy's scouts, or whether he may not be one of their own comrades returning to the picket. In the third of these Sketches, an English officer and soldiers, on their way from Gakdul Wells to the camp with a convoy, on Jan. 30, thirteen days after the battle of Abou Klea, are passing near the battle-field, and find some wounded Arabs, strange to relate, still alive, but in a very shocking condition; they are shown in the act of tending these miserable fellow-creatures, but we do not know whether the poor Soudanese warriors died after all; it is wonderful that they could have lived so long. Our Special Artist's subjects include one of the "Dangers of the Road," messengers with despatches attacked by some Arabs, who are trying to cut them off; the arrival of the first batch of wounded at Korti; and the Soudanese of General Gordon's force, who came down in the steamers from Khartoum to the British camp, entertaining themselves at Korti with a rude musical performance on the "tom-toms." Mr. Melton Prior has also sketched the portraits of three of Gordon's native officers, a General, a Colonel, and a Major, who were in military command of the steamers that Gordon sent down from Khartoum, and who afterwards came to Lord Wolseley's head-quarters with the returning British force, under Sir Redvers Buller. The other Soudan War Illustrations presented this week refer to the military operations around Soukim. One of the frequently repeated night attacks on the camp adjacent to that town, just before the assembling of Sir Gerald Graham's army there, but which were invariably repulsed by the garrison, though upon more than one occasion the enemy did some damage to the sand-bag ramparts, is the subject of a large Engraving in our Extra Supplement. The forces now collected, however, are more than sufficient to prevent the enemy approaching within a distance of several miles; and the ground about the town and forts is also commanded by the fire of British gun-boats in the harbour. We have to thank an officer of the Royal Marines, Lieutenant J. L. R. Maclurcan, for a Sketch of the scene at the landing of the 15th Sikhs from India. The appearance of those fine specimens of the fighting force of our Indian Empire, whose valour and loyalty have been proverbial since the Mutiny war of 1857, excited much attention at Soukim, both among the Europeans and the native population. One article of their attire is very peculiar, a circular piece of steel, a quoit with a sharp edge, which is worn on the head over the turban, and which they were able, when fighting in the manner of their nation, to take off and throw as a missile weapon, striking an enemy within a moderate distance, and doing this with formidable effect. The Sikhs will on no account give up wearing this ancient implement of their warfare, and they are equally attached to the national costume, the tight-fitting trousers unlike the apparel of most other Asiatic people, and the rule of never cutting their hair or beards. They are a singular race, differing in religion, manners, and institutions, as well from the Mohammedans as from the Hindoos, and possessing a distinct creed and code of laws; they were formerly the rulers of the Punjaub, until its conquest, in 1848, by the British Government of India, to which the Sikhs have since rendered valiant and faithful service.

It was expected this week at Soukim that Sir Gerald Graham's force would advance on Wednesday to attack Osman Digna's main position at Tamanieb; but on Monday there were reports from the spies that nearly all the Arabs, reckoned at seven thousand, who composed Osman Digna's force have deserted him, and now think he is likely to sue for peace. The arrival of the New South Wales Contingent, by the steam-ship Iberia, from Sydney, caused great joy in the British camp on Sunday last. The Australian battalion of six hundred volunteer infantry, wearing a scarlet uniform, had a fine appearance, and was inspected and praised by General Graham. It has been attached to the Brigade of Guards. Another portion of this colonial force with artillery came next day by the steam-ship Australasia, and was received with equal acclamation.

The British army on the Nile, above Dongola, is now perfectly quiescent, and has withdrawn from its former head-quarters at Korti. Lord Wolseley, on Monday last, set forth with several officers of his Staff, from Dongola and the Upper Nile, on his return to Egypt. He is to meet Prince Hassan, the Khedive's brother, at Wady Halfa, and is expected at Cairo on April 13, after which he may either go to Soukim, or may possibly come home to resume the duties of his office as Adjutant-General of her Majesty's Forces. No fear of an advance of the Mahdi is now entertained between Merawi and Dongola; the war in those parts is over.

Mr. Charles Edward Malden, of the South-Eastern Circuit, has been appointed Recorder of Thetford, in succession to Mr. Carlos Cooper, who (as stated in our Supplement) has recently been transferred to the Recordership of King's Lynn.

The Goldsmiths' scholarships offered in connexion with the March entrance examination to Girton College, Cambridge, have been awarded to Miss Christina Barnard, of the Highbury High School, and to Miss Caroline Bisset Best, of the North London Collegiate School for Girls. The Classical Foundation Scholarship has been awarded to Miss Adela Marion Kensington, of Bedford College, London.

Mr. Mundella, M.P., presided last Saturday at a conference, held at the rooms of the Society of Arts, with reference to penny dinners. He said that the inspectors had been almost surprised at the beneficial effect these dinners had on the vigour and the mental activity of the children. The Birmingham Committee had reduced the price of the dinners to one halfpenny, and this covered the cost of the food.

Mrs. Weldon was on Monday found guilty, in the Central Criminal Court, of having failed to justify her libellous statements concerning M. Rivière, the jury strongly recommending her to mercy. The Common Serjeant sentenced her to six months' imprisonment, without hard labour, and ordered her to enter into her own recognisance in £50, and find two sureties in £25 each, to keep the peace for two years.

THE PRINCE'S THEATRE.—Mrs. LANGTRY. Sole Proprietor, Mr. EDGAR BRUCE. Season under the direction of Mr. HENRY ARBREY. On MONDAY EVENING, APRIL 6, at 8.15, will be revived for a limited number of performances, the successful Play, in four acts, adapted from Sardou's "Nos Intimes," by R. C. Stephenson and Clement Scott, entitled PERIL. Characters by Mr. Coghlan, Mr. H. Beerbohm Tree, Mr. Everill, Mr. Carne, Mr. Crisp, Mr. Weatherby, Mr. Gratton, Mr. Thornbury, Mrs. Arthur Stirling, Miss Annie Rose, Miss Dacre, and MRS. LANGTRY. Doors open at 7.45. PERIL at 8.15. Carriages at Eleven. Box-Office open daily from Eleven till Five. No fees. Telephone 5580. Matinée of PERIL SATURDAY NEXT, APRIL 11, at Two o'Clock. Doors open 1.45. Carriages at Five.—THE PRINCE'S THEATRE, Coventry-street, W.

PRINCESS'S THEATRE.—Lessee and Manager, Mr. WILSON BARRETT. EVERY EVENING, at 7.30, THE SILVER KING, the new and original Drama, in five acts (by Henry A. Jones and Henry Herman), Produced under the sole direction of Mr. Wilson Barrett. Characters by Messrs. Wilson Barrett, Willard, Speakman, Cooper, Doone, Walton, Huntley, Fulton, Bernage, De Solla, Rose, Elliott, Evans, &c., and George Barrett; Mesdames Ormsby, Huntley, Dickens, Cook, &c., and Miss Eastlake. The Scenery by Messrs. Beverley, Stafford Hall, Bruce Smith, and Walter Hann. At Seven, THE COLOUR-SERGEANT. Mr. George Barrett, &c. Doors open at 6.30. Box-Office, 9.30 to Five. No fees. Prices: Private Boxes, one to nine guineas; Stalls, 10s.; Dress Circle, 6s.; Upper Boxes, 3s. Two Performances of THE SILVER KING on EASTER MONDAY.—Business Manager, Mr. J. H. Cobbe.

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Under Royal Patronage.
ALBERT-GATE, HYDE PARK (Near Top of Sloane-street).
Daily (Good Friday excepted), Eleven a.m. to Ten p.m. One Shilling. Children under Twelve, Sixpence. WEDNESDAYS, Half-a-Crown. Children under Twelve, One Shilling. Japanese Performances in the New Annexe at Twelve, Three, and Eight (free).
MILITARY BAND.
Managing Director, TANAKER BURICHOSAN.

EASTER HOLIDAYS, 1885.
ST. JAMES'S GRAND AND MINOR HALLS.
The
MOORE AND BURGESS MINSTRELS'
TWENTIETH ANNUAL SERIES OF
EASTER HOLIDAY PERFORMANCES will commence on
EASTER MONDAY, APRIL 6, when an
ENTIRELY NEW AND MOST ATTRACTIVE PROGRAMME will be given.
Debut of the great American humourist,
Mr. W. P. SWEATNAM.
EXTRA GRAND DAY PERFORMANCES will be given during
Easter week, as under—
EASTER MONDAY AFTERNOON at THREE.
EASTER TUESDAY AFTERNOON at THREE.
EASTER WEDNESDAY AFTERNOON at THREE.
EASTER SATURDAY AFTERNOON at THREE.
On Easter Monday Afternoon and Night the Performances will be given in the Great Hall, which affords ample accommodation for FIVE THOUSAND VISITORS at each representation.
Fauteuils, 4s.; Sofa Stalls, 3s.; Balcony, 2s.; Great Area and Gallery, 1s. No fees of any kind. Programme free. Omnibuses run direct to the door of St. James's Hall from all parts of London. Visitors can also book from all stations on the Metropolitan and District Railways to the doors of St. James's Hall by asking for tickets to Piccadilly-circus.

THE VALE OF TEARS.—DORÉ'S Last Great PICTURE, completed a few days before he died, NOW on VIEW at the DORÉ GALLERY, 35, New Bond-street, with his other great pictures. Ten to Six Daily. 1s.

ANNO DOMINI, by EDWIN LONG, R.A.—This great Work is NOW ON VIEW, together with other important works, at the GALLERIES, 168, New Bond-street. Ten to Six. Admission, 1s.

THE TWENTY-FIRST ANNUAL EXHIBITION of OIL PAINTINGS by Artists of the British and Foreign Schools is now open at THOMAS McLEAN'S GALLERY, 7, Haymarket. Admission, including Catalogue, 1s.

MONTE CARLO.—MUSICAL SEASON (CONCERTS, REPRESENTATIONS).
In addition to the usual Concerts, directed by Monsieur Romeo Accursi, the Société des Bains de Mer de Monaco has authorised M. Pasdeloup to arrange a Series of Extraordinary Grand Musical Entertainments (Concerts, Representations) this Winter.
The services of the following distinguished Artistes have been already retained:—

Mesdames Kreuss,	Messieurs. Faure,
,, Devries,	,, Vergnet,
,, Salla,	,, Capoul,
,, Donadio,	,, Biorkstein,
,, Frank-Duvernoy,	,, Couturier,
,, Bellocq,	,, Villaret,
,, Simonnet.	&c.

Added to which the celebrated Instrumentalists will appear:
VIOLINISTS:
Mons. Sivori, Mons. Marsik, Miss N. Carpenter, American artiste, 1st Conservatoire Prize, 1883.
PIANISTS: Mons. Planté, Mons. Th. Ritter, Madame Essipoff.
HARPIST: Mons. Hasselmans.
These Extraordinary Representations will be given each Wednesday and Saturday, commencing the end of January and terminating the middle of March.
M. Pasdeloup has the excellent idea to terminate each concert by fragments of operas in costume, and scenery—viz.:

1st Concert.	LES HUGUENOTS.	Fourth Act.
2nd ,,	RIGOLETTO.	Fourth Act.
3rd ,,	LUCIA.	Selection.
4th ,,	MANON.	Second Act.
	FAUST.	Prison Scene.
5th ,,	HERODIADE.	Selection.
6th ,,	FAVORITE.	Selection.
	AIDA.	Third Act.
7th ,,	LAKME.	Selection.
8th ,,	LE BARBIER.	Selection.
9th ,,	HAMLET.	Third and Fourth Act.
10th ,,	LA TRAVIATA.	Fourth Act.
11th ,,	FAUST.	Garden Scene.
12th ,,	LE SIGURD.	Brunhilde's Dream.
	LE CHALET.	

A. BLONDIN, Secretary.

EASTER ARRANGEMENTS.—LONDON, BRIGHTON, AND SOUTH COAST RAILWAY.—ALL EXPRESS and ORDINARY RETURN TICKETS will be extended as usual.
EXTRA TRAINS FOR ISLE OF WIGHT.—The 4.55 p.m. from Victoria and London Bridge will carry passengers for Ryde, Sandown, Shanklin, Ventnor, Newport, and Cowes, on April 1 and 3 (1st, 2nd, and 3rd Class).

BRIGHTON.—EVERY SUNDAY, AND ON GOOD FRIDAY A CHEAP FIRST CLASS TRAIN from Victoria 10.45 a.m. and 12.50 p.m., calling at Clapham Junction and Croydon. Day Return Tickets, 10s.

VOLUNTEER REVIEW AT BRIGHTON.—EASTER MONDAY.—The March Past of the Volunteers, at the Grand Stand on the Brighton Race-course, will take place about 11.30 a.m.
A SPECIAL FIRST CLASS EXPRESS-TRAIN will leave Victoria 9.30 a.m.; Returning from Brighton 4.45 p.m. Fare there and back, 15s. First Class; 17s. Pullman Car.
These Tickets will be available to return by any Train, according to class, any day up to and including Monday, April 13.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—FREQUENT DIRECT TRAINS DAILY to the Crystal Palace from London Bridge, New Cross, &c., from Victoria, York-road, Kensington, West Brompton, and Chelsea.

BRANCH BOOKING-OFFICES.—For the convenience of Passengers who may desire to take their Tickets in advance, the following Branch Booking-Offices, in addition to those at the Victoria and London Bridge Stations, are now open for the issue of Tickets to all Stations on the London, Brighton, and South Coast Railway, to the Isle of Wight, Paris, and the Continent, &c.:—
* The Company's General West-End Booking-Offices, 28, Regent-circus, Piccadilly, W., and 8, Grand Hotel-buildings (under the Grand Hotel), Trafalgar-square.
Hay's City Agency, 4, Royal Exchange-buildings, E.C.
Cook's Tourist Offices, Ludgate-circus.
Gaze's Tourist Offices, 142, Strand.
Jaking Office, "The Red Cap," Camden-road.
Whiteley's, Westbourne-grove.
Letts and Co., 35, King William-street, City.
Tickets issued at these Offices will be dated to suit the convenience of passengers.
* These Two Offices will remain open until 10.0 p.m. on April 1, 2, and 4.
For full particulars see Times, Paris, &c., see Handbills and Time-Books, to be had at all Stations, and at any of the above Branch Booking Offices.
(By order) J. P. KNIGHT, General Manager.

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Subscribers are specially advised to order the thick paper edition, the appearance of the engravings on the thin paper copies being greatly injured by the print at the back showing through.
Newspapers for foreign parts must be *posted* within eight days of the date of publication, irrespective of the *departure* of the mails.
Subscriptions must be paid in advance, direct to the Publishing Office, 198, Strand, in English money; by cheque crossed the Union Bank of London; or by Post-Office Order, payable at the East Strand Post Office, to INGRAM BROTHERS, of 198, Strand, London.

THE COURT.

The Queen held a Council at Windsor on Thursday week, at which Sir Edward Malet, British Ambassador at Berlin, was introduced and sworn as a member of the Privy Council. Lady Ermyntrude Malet was presented to her Majesty on her marriage by the Dowager Duchess of Roxburghe. Lady Wolseley, wife of General Lord Wolseley, arrived at Windsor in the evening on a visit to the Queen. On Saturday last the Prince and Princess of Wales, with Prince Albert Victor of Wales, visited her Majesty. This being the first anniversary of the loss of the Queen's beloved son Prince Leopold, Duke of Albany, her Majesty and the Royal family visited the Royal vault in St. George's in the morning, and in the afternoon the Queen, with Princess Beatrice and the Duchess of Albany, attended the evening service in St. George's Chapel. The anthem "Blessed are the departed," by Spohr, and Chopin's "Funeral March" were performed. Prince and Princess Christian of Schleswig-Holstein dined with the Queen and Royal family. The Marquis of Lorne, K.T., arrived at the castle. On Sunday morning the Queen and Royal family, and the members of her Majesty's household, attended Divine service in the private chapel. The Very Rev. R. Davidson, Dean of Windsor, assisted by the Rev. Canon E. Capel Cure, M.A., Rector of St. George's, Hanover-square, officiated, and the Rev. Canon Cure preached the sermon. Princess Louise (Marchioness of Lorne), attended by Lady Sophia Macnamara, and the Marquis of Lorne, left the castle at two o'clock for London. Princess Christian of Schleswig-Holstein visited her Majesty and remained to luncheon. The Duchess of Albany, who had been on a visit to the Queen, left Windsor Castle in the afternoon. The Duke of Edinburgh visited her Majesty. The Queen will contribute £50 to the guarantee fund in connection with the approaching visit of the British Association to Aberdeen; and her Majesty has sent £50 to Lady Rosebery, the treasurer of the Princess of Wales's branch of the National Aid Society; likewise a case of tobacco for the use of the soldiers and sailors in Egypt and the Soudan. Sir Henry Ponsonby has written to Lord Aberdare that the Queen will be happy to patronise the Welsh Eisteddfod which is to be held at Aberdare in August.

On Monday afternoon the Queen and Princess Beatrice left Windsor, and travelled by railway to Portsmouth, where they proceeded on board the Royal yacht Victoria and Albert, and spent the night in the Harbour. Next morning her Majesty crossed the Channel to Cherbourg on her way to Savoy.

The Prince of Wales, accompanied by Prince Albert Victor, arrived at Marlborough House yesterday week from Germany. Their Royal Highnesses dined in the evening with the Earl of Rosebery at Lansdowne House. The Empress Eugénie visited the Princess of Wales. The Prince and Princess, accompanied by Prince Albert Victor, left Marlborough House last Saturday morning on a visit to the Queen at Windsor Castle. This being the anniversary of the Duke of Albany's death, their Royal Highnesses visited the Royal vault, at St. George's Chapel, and afterwards returned to London. On Sunday the Prince and Princess, Prince Albert Victor, and Prince George, and Princesses Louise, Victoria, and Maud were present at Divine service. Accompanied by Prince Albert Victor and Prince George, the Prince visited the Duke of Genoa at the Alexandra Hotel in the afternoon. His Royal Highness dined with the Prince and Princess in the evening. On Monday morning the Prince presided at a meeting at Marlborough House of the Royal Commission of the Colonial and Indian Exhibition (London, 1886). The Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh visited the Prince and Princess, and remained to luncheon.

Her Royal and Imperial Highness the Duchess of Edinburgh, her Royal Highness the Princess Louise (Marchioness of Lorne), and the Marquis of Lorne were present at the conversazione of the Royal Water-Colour Society Art Club on Thursday week evening.

A marriage has been arranged, and will shortly take place, between the Earl De Grey and Gladys, Countess of Lonsdale.

"THE MIKADO."

The new comic opera of "The Mikado" at the Savoy Theatre may rank with the successes of Sir Arthur Sullivan and Mr. W. S. Gilbert. So quaint are the characters and so picturesque the handsome Japanese costumes, that this diverting musical piece offers especial opportunities for the Artist, as may be judged from the Sketches given this week of the principal dramatic personages in this delightfully melodious and humorous opera. Prime favourites as they are, the "three little maids fresh from school" richly merit the place of honour. To the manner born seem Misses Sibyl Grey, Leonora Braham, and Jessie Bond, as they demurely creep forward, and, impersonating respectively Peep-Bo, Yum-Yum, and Pitti-Sing, render a trio with an ingenuous freshness that commands an instant encore. The due amount of "local colour" is added by the accomplished scenic artist, and by the rest of the cast delineated—the archly funny Mikado himself (Mr. R. Temple); the similarly droll Minister of many offices, Pooh-Bah (Mr. Rutland Barrington); the drily comical high executioner, Ko-Ko (Mr. George Grossmith); the amusing Pish-Tush (Mr. F. Bovill); and the tragically affectionate Katisha (Miss Brandram), to avoid the amorous pursuit of which ancient but ardent dame the tenor hero, Nanki-Poo (Mr. Durward Lely) flies from home, and falls in love with the fascinating Yum-Yum (Miss Leonora Braham). Such are the personages in "The Mikado; or, the Town of Titipu," represented with fidelity by our Artist.

At a conference held last Saturday, under the presidency of the Marquis of Lorne, it was resolved to form a permanent council to extend the operations of the National Society for the Protection of Young Girls (the Princess Louise Home).

Our Portrait of the late Sir T. Bazley is from a photograph by J. and C. Watkins, Parliament-street; that of the late Captain Dalison, by Lambert Weston and Son, Dover; that of Lieut.-Colonel Taylor, by Robinson, Grafton-street, Dublin; that of Lieutenant Seymour, R.N., by W. N. Malby, of Chichester; and that of Lieutenant Newman, R.E., by Elliott and Fry, Baker-street.

The past week's arrivals of live stock and fresh meat at Liverpool from American and Canadian ports were, of live stock a decrease on the preceding week's imports, and of fresh meat an increase—the total arrivals being 1324 cattle, 11,070 quarters of beef, and 1855 carcases of mutton, against the preceding week's imports of 2378 cattle, 211 sheep, 8507 quarters of beef, and 1105 carcases of mutton.

The Secretary for War has approved of the attendance of 43,000 Volunteers in the Northern District in camps of exercise in the ensuing season, at an estimated expense to the State of nearly £24,000. In the other military districts of Great Britain sanction has also been given for the formation of camps on a larger scale than has ever previously been known, the total number of men who it is estimated will go under canvas during the season amounting to no less than 100,000.

FINE ARTS.

MR. WALLIS'S EXHIBITION.

Although Mr. Wallis, at the French Gallery (120, Pall-mall), is for the most part faithful to foreigners like Professor Müller, Karl Heffner, Seiler, Chevillard, and others whom he has made known in this country, and who, in return, have made his exhibitions attractive, yet he is always ready to admit the claims of new and rising artists. In the present exhibition, the first place among the recruits—if such a term may be applied to a painter whose work is eagerly sought for among Continental collectors—is Mr. Aug. Holmberg. His really remarkable picture, "Far from the World, its Toils and its Cares" (58), represents the interior of a stately apartment, painted with exquisite care and delicate colouring. There are only three occupants—two elderly ecclesiastics at table, and a younger one, dressed in scarlet, who, in the deep recess, is thoughtfully contemplating his companions' eager gestures, regardless of the peaceful landscape seen through the window. Amongst the accessories of the room—which is probably in some Cardinal's palace among the Alban hills—is a fine landscape-subject picture, occupying nearly one side of the wall, and in this way forming a clever background to the scene. The "Song of Scanderberg" (52), by I. Joanowitz, is painted with considerable force. A ragged old man is seated on the floor, and to the twang of a rude instrument is singing to a group of Servians those lays of old which at length stirred them to be "serfs no more." The mixture of listlessness and energy in the figure of the man in red, seated on the settle, is especially clever; whilst the group of attentive men and women, who have gathered round the minstrel, is full of reality. Herr Joanowitz is a Slav, probably, of some particular nationality, although his art is essentially German and marked by the influence of Professor Müller; but Herr Imré Révèsz, we presume, is of Magyar race, and he also gives us an insight into the influence of song upon his fellow-countrymen. He has chosen an episode in the romantic life of Sandor Petöfi, the Burns of Hungary, by turns student, stroller, soldier, and journalist. The poet is represented seated at a table, in a wayside inn or peasant's house, reciting to the astonished hearers "his rustic song, sweeter than the nightingale's," as Heine said of his poetry. A third work by an equally little-known, but equally deserving artist, is, "He Won't Hurt You," by Géza Peske (92)—two sisters in a barn or store-room, whither two geese have followed them to be fed with maize, of which the husks and pods are scattered about the floor. The hesitation of the little child, who is half disposed to resent the advances of the old goose, is full of simple grace and truthfulness; but this is only one point in a work which by its management of light and excellent drawing promises future successes for the artist.

Of the better known supporters of Mr. Wallis's Gallery, Professor Müller sends a number of Cairene scenes and studies, painted with his usual fidelity, and with ever increasing delicacy. "Bazaar-street" (15), is a scene of sedate business, most suggestive of the mixture of Oriental self-possession and keenness for gain; the most effective figure being that of a girl carefully carrying away a green bowl. His study of a negro woman, "Toujours Gaie" (43), is full of life and movement, and most successful as a bit of colour. But in colour, even Professor Müller must give place to Gérôme, whose figure of "Botzaris" (33) is one of the most finished works of the great French artist, who can rise far above mere archæological studies, and, in spite of his knowledge, throw life and feeling into his figures. Botzaris is represented seated in a sort of alcove lined with blue and white Persian tiles. He is dressed in a superb red velvet robe covered with embroidery: he looks at once a born leader of men, and one who was not free from human vanities and weaknesses. Karl Heffner is represented by a number of Italian scenes of various sizes, the most important being a "Moonlight View of Tivoli" (21), in which he has attempted a somewhat fresh line, and the "Bay of Baia" (11a), where his special talents show to greater advantage in the dreary, dreamy expanse of sky and water. Some of his smaller sketches, like "The Boboli Gardens" (38), "Fiesole" (40), "Storm and Sunshine" (66), and "The Dunes near Calais" (75) are, especially charming, and should not on account of their size be overlooked. Amongst the other artists whose works deserve attention are M. Laugée, whose "Pauvre Aveugle" (107) is full of feeling; M. D. Skutezki's "Mia Figlia, Signor" (37), a wily old man introducing his new model to the artist; C. Mayr-Graz's "Dolly's Bath" (27); E. De Blaas' "In His Element" (89), a boy busy with an orange; Chevillard's "Le Curé Dort" (120); and the "Rival Claimants" (121), by C. Seiler, which will bear comparison with Meissonier's "Stirrup Cup" (10), painted in 1865, which one is glad to welcome back.

MR. McLEAN'S GALLERY.

At Mr. J. McLean's Gallery (7, Haymarket) the centre of attraction must be Mr. Millais' "Perfect Bliss" (43), which, if we mistake not, will take rank among his most successful and popular works. Mr. Millais has, on this occasion, got away from silks and satins and over-dressed children, as he has managed to keep clear of the conventional outcast. The little child with wide-open eyes seated beside the strawberry bed, is full of reality, although the picture itself is one of almost ideal poetry. The little damsel is simply dressed in a yellowish frock with a blue sash and a hat to match. She has evidently been given permission to plunder the strawberry plants, and her little hands have been well engaged. Suddenly, her attention has been attracted by the coquettings of two yellow butterflies, who are pursuing one another. The eagerness of her little face, with its large eyes, its soft baby-mouth, and pink transparent flesh, must appeal to every one; whilst the care bestowed upon the garden and the foliage encourages us to hope that Mr. Millais now recognises where his real strength lies, and that he will make himself as truly the exponent of childhood in the nineteenth century as Reynolds was of that of the eighteenth. It is impossible to look at such a picture as "Perfect Bliss," or to its companion picture, "The Orphans," of which we shall have occasion to speak when it is publicly exhibited, without admitting that Mr. Millais occupies a pedestal in the school of painting which has been vacant for nearly a century. Of the other works in Mr. McLean's Gallery, Mr. Vicat Cole's "Backwater near Medmenham" (25) is as fine a bit of English river scenery as we have seen for a long time—full of air and sunshine; and it contrasts favourably with Mr. Leader's "Evening Hour" (62), of which the effect seems strained. In landscapes, however, we note with pleasure a new name—that of Mr. E. H. Holder, whose two bits of "Welsh Scenery" (63, 64) are very far above the average. Mr. Albert Moore sends two heads, "Portia" (9) and "The Blonde" (2), painted with far greater strength and decision than he has accustomed us to look for in his work. Mr. G. Laugée is seen here even to greater advantage than at Mr. Wallis's Gallery, with his two scenes of outdoor peasant life, "Dinner in the Field" (22) and "Resting" (50), in both of which the influence of François Millet as of Bastien Lepage may be traced. Signor Milesi's "Tasting the New Vintage" (53) is a capital specimen of modern Italian painting, of which there are numerous other exponents in this exhibition. Mention should also be made of Mr. Peter Graham's "Rock-Bound Shore" (6), F. Roybet's "Amateur" (26), Julien Dupré's "German Milkmaid" (80), and J. Israels' "Consolation" (60).

We very much doubt whether Hans Makart's picture of "Summer," now on view at Herr W. Dierken's Gallery (157, New Bond-street), will add much to the artist's fame in this country. As a splendid piece of colouring, in which the effort to combine Titian and Veronese is scarcely disguised, this last great work of a genius prematurely cut off, will always have an interest. But there is something so forced and unnatural in the subject and its treatment that we can scarcely fancy the work is likely to become popular. A group of ladies have been bathing in a retired spot, and are reclining about in various attitudes, and with scant clothing. One group is—similarly attired—absorbed in a game of chess. Another lady is just preparing to enter the bath; whilst the principal figure is that of one who is reclining on a couch in a decidedly graceful attitude. There is no question as to the beauty of much of the drawing and the richness of the colouring; but, beyond these Academic qualities, it is difficult to find anything in the picture to arouse interest. It is neither mythical, allegorical, nor realistic; and it leaves one in amazement that so much undoubted talent should have been bestowed upon a work which can commend itself to so very limited a public.

Among the works exhibited in the adjoining galleries are those of many foreign artists, chiefly of the Düsseldorf school, whose names even are but little, if at all, known in this country. M. G. Nicolet is one who exhibits great versatility and no small promise, as displayed in such works as "La Prière" (73), a Dutch nun; "Tired Out" (49), a boy asleep on the sandy dunes; and "Haidée" (53), a study.

In a recent notice of the Hanover Gallery, we alluded to the doubts which so frequently arose with reference to French works exhibited in this country. Nothing was further from our intention than to suggest that Messrs. Hollender and Cremetti, who, although newcomers to London, have held a hundred exhibitions in the provinces, would offer to the public works which they did not believe to be genuine. Our remark was in truth suggested by a statement recently made by M. Ch. Pillet, the well-known *commissaire-priseur* of the Hôtel Drouot, who publicly commented on the surprising fecundity of certain French artists after their death. The testimony—to be taken for what it was worth—which we bore to the works brought together by Messrs. Hollender and Cremetti would, we hoped, be regarded as evidence of our belief that they had skilfully avoided the perils to which even the most careful experts are at times exposed. In any case, we can only express our regret if our remarks should have given annoyance where none was intended.

Messrs. Christie, Manson, and Woods concluded the sale of the works of art from the Bohn collection last Saturday. The amount obtained for the nine days' sale was £19,220. On Monday and Tuesday Messrs. Christie disposed of the Library, containing works of reference and of art.

Last Saturday, at St. Jude's Schools, Commercial-street, Mr. North Buxton, the chairman of the London School Board, opened a Fine-Art Exhibition, in the presence of a large number of ladies and gentlemen. The exhibition is the fifth of a series that have been promoted by the Rev. Mr. Barnett, and contains about 250 pictures, which have been kindly lent by the owners. The admission to the exhibition is free.

THE EASTER MANŒUVRES OF VOLUNTEERS.

The advance upon Brighton by nine marching columns, amounting in the aggregate to nearly 6000 men, and covering a frontage of upwards of twelve miles, taken in conjunction with the field-day of Monday, in which 20,000 men will take part, is expected to be the most important and interesting series of operations yet attempted. The general idea on which the operations of Good Friday and Saturday are based is that an invading force is reported to be endeavouring to effect a landing in the neighbourhood of Newhaven, and that the marching columns constitute the advanced guard of an army corps dispatched to oppose it. This advanced guard, under Colonel H. F. Davies, Grenadier Guards, leaves London on Good Friday morning: the 1st Brigade, under Colonel G. Moncrieff, Scots Guards, detraining at West Hoathly and Forest Row, and the 2nd Brigade, under Lieutenant-Colonel Helsham Jones, at Crawley, Three Bridges, Rowfant, and Grange-road. After a short halt the entire force will advance shortly after ten o'clock by parallel routes in a southerly direction, and with all the precautions observed on a march through country occupied by a hostile force. Saturday's advance will be of an extremely interesting character, and will assume, as far as possible, the aspect of a march effected in actual warfare from the circumstance that it will be opposed by a force estimated at about 4000 men. This force will advance from Brighton in the morning, but the probable spot at which they will come in contact with it will only be disclosed to the commanders of the military columns by sealed orders, not to be opened till their men are in readiness to start. The most likely scene of the main engagement will be somewhat to the north-east of Stanmer, on the down land, at about five miles or so from Brighton. On Monday morning the men already at Brighton will rendezvous at the points usually selected for this purpose, and, being joined by the detachments arriving by train from London, will move off the parade-ground by about half-past nine o'clock. At the sham-fight the attacking force, commanded by Major-General R. White, C.B., will number about 12,000, with fourteen guns, furnished by the Hon. Artillery Company and the 1st Sussex Artillery Volunteers. The defending force, under Major-General the Hon. R. Monck, will number some 6300, with sixteen guns of the 2nd and 3rd Middlesex Artillery Volunteers. The Middlesex Yeomanry and the Light Cavalry of the Hon. Artillery Company will also take part in the day's proceedings.

The marching column to Dover will consist of the 3rd City of London Rifle Volunteers, under Colonel Laurie, together with a strong detachment of the 1st Volunteer Brigade South Staffordshire Regiment. The column will proceed from London by rail on Good Friday morning to Faversham, and will thence advance to Canterbury, picking up several local contingents by the way, and being exercised en route in scouting and similar duties. After passing the night in barracks at Canterbury, they will make their way to Dover on the following day, and take part in the field-day arranged for Easter Monday. The major portion of the Volunteer corps engaged will be supplied by the metropolis. Of these, one brigade of artillery and three battalions of infantry will leave London on Thursday for the forts at Dover and the camp at Shorncliffe for garrison duty. The number of Volunteers engaged will be about 7000.

At Portsmouth a brigade of artillery from Lancashire and a battalion of infantry, 500 strong, supplied by the 2nd London Rifle Volunteers, will be engaged in the performance of garrison duty; and at Aldershott two metropolitan battalions will take part in the manœuvres to be effected by the regular troops.

PARISIAN SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

(From our own Correspondent.)

Paris, Monday, March 30.

The past week has been remarkable for the proofs of frivolity which the Parisians and their journalists have given, both in the subjects which have apparently interested them and in their manner of commenting upon them. The chief topic was the conduct of Mdlle. Van Zandt and of the manager of the Opéra Comique, conduct which gave rise to disgraceful scenes in and outside the theatre, and to the semblance of riots in which the students of the Latin Quarter played a conspicuous rôle. These ridiculous events have ended in the resignation of Mdlle. Van Zandt, who, it is to be presumed, will not venture, at least for some years, to present herself before a Parisian audience. Meanwhile, there were new plays being brought out at the theatres; the "Concours Hippique" was attracting the *monde* and the *demi-monde* to a grand show of toilettes and luxury at the Palais de l'Industrie; as usual, the vaudevillists, who fulfil the rôle of Parliamentary reporters, were turning the proceedings of the Legislature into ridicule; in short, Paris was as thoughtless and frivolous as ever, and heedless of the fact that all Europe, except France, had its head out of the window wondering what would come next in that mighty perturbation of nations in which the far-seeing pessimists discern the beginning of the uprising which will end in the dusky and yellow races in their turn dominating the white.

On Sunday afternoon all Paris was abroad to enjoy the sunshine. Thousands were assembled on the race-course of Auteuil, when, about four o'clock, newspaper boys arrived hoarsely crying: "General Négrier wounded! Retreat of the French troops! Invasion of Tonquin by the Chinese!" Following, as it did, immediately on the debate in the Chamber on Saturday, this news produced a formidable impression, and no more attention was paid to the races. During the evening considerable excitement prevailed on the boulevards, and in all quarters of the city the journals were read and commented upon. It would be an exaggeration to say that the excitement was intense. But the news of the retreat, and the pressing demand of General Brière de l'Isle for reinforcements—the rumour, too, that General Négrier was not merely wounded, but dead—seemed to wake up the Parisians for the first time to the tremendous gravity of the situation. Naturally, the first movement was to blame M. Ferry and the Government. Ferry, it was said, was hiding the truth and falsifying despatches, as M. Clémenceau had accused him of doing in the Chamber on Saturday. Ferry had violated the Constitution, and deceived everybody. The Ministry ought to be impeached. Now, the only thing to do was to send at once reinforcements—50,000 to march on Pekin. Now that we are in the mire, we must get out of it with honour. At the Château d'Eau Theatre, where a piece called "Les Français au Tonkin" is being played, the whole house rose and recalled the actors five times at the passage where it is said, over the corpse of the Commander Rivière, "Even at a distance of five thousand leagues, France has her eyes upon you. She honours you, and will avenge you."

What will be the effect of public opinion and of these grave incidents upon the Government? This (Monday) morning all sorts of plans of action were discussed amongst the deputies, in anticipation of a most important meeting of the Parliament this afternoon. Finally, the Extreme Left decided to propose the impeachment of the Ministry. At the opening of the sitting M. Ferry read a statement as to events in China and the measures taken to meet them, and concluded by demanding a credit of 200 millions, adding that this vote would not be considered as one of confidence. Thereupon, M. Clémenceau said that no Republican regarded M. Ferry any longer as a Minister, but as a man on trial, an *accusé*. In the name of the Extreme Left, he laid on the table the order of the day for impeachment, and a demand of interpellation. M. Rebot then spoke, and proposed another order of the day. M. Ferry demanded priority for the vote of the credits. This was refused by 308 against 161, and the Ministry then retired to hand in its resignation to M. Grévy. It is alleged that M. De Freycinet, requested by the President of the Republic to take office as Prime Minister, has asked for twenty-four hours' reflection before accepting or refusing M. Grévy's offer. The Corps Législatif was surrounded by a large and anxious crowd, and on the boulevards the newspaper kiosques are being besieged by people greedy for news.

Prince Orloff died at Fontainebleau, after a long illness, yesterday afternoon, at the age of fifty-eight, after acting as Minister Plenipotentiary at Brussels from 1859 onwards. He was appointed Russian Ambassador at London in 1870, and at Paris in 1873. He remained Ambassador here until 1883, when he was nominated Ambassador at Berlin. T. C.

The Second Dutch Chamber has granted a subvention of 25,000 guilders to the Antwerp Exhibition.

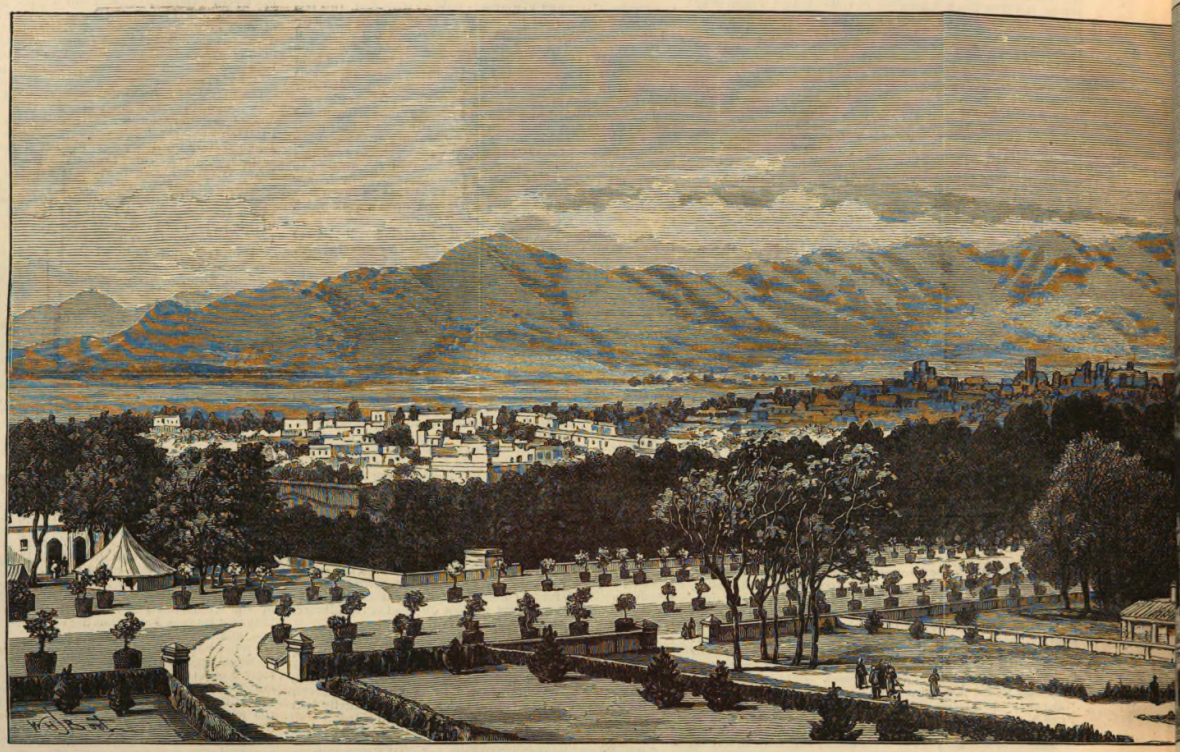
The Crown Prince and Princess of Austria arrived at Vienna last Saturday evening, on their return from Montenegro.—The second reading of the bill for the reform of the Hungarian Upper House came to an end yesterday week, all the proposals of the committee being adopted. The old "Table of Magnates" has now ceased to exist. Twenty-one dukes, two hundred and forty-two counts, and two hundred and eighty-three baronets will be excluded, because they pay less than three thousand guldens taxes yearly. The new "House of Estates" will be composed of seven dukes, one hundred and sixty-two counts, thirty-six baronets, twenty-six Roman and Greek Catholic and nine Protestant bishops, thirty peers, who will be nominated by the Crown for life, and fifty representatives of those peers who have forfeited their seats.

The Danish Rigsdag has elected a committee of fifteen members from each House to arrange respecting the Budget.

A telegram from Ottawa states that the Dominion Government is determined to crush the rebellion among the half-breeds, and has ordered 1100 men from Quebec and Toronto to the North-West. Louis Riel has relinquished the command of the rebels.

The extraordinary Session of the New South Wales Parliament, convoked for the purpose of voting the funds required for the dispatch of the contingent to the Soudan, has been closed, and Parliament is prorogued. Although the minority in the Legislative Assembly voted for the amendment on the address, when the grant of the necessary money and the indemnity asked for by the Government were put to the vote no division was taken, the whole House supporting the Government.—The sculling-match between Hanlan and Beach for one thousand pounds took place at Sydney on Saturday, and resulted in the victory of Beach by six lengths.—It is announced from Melbourne that the Governor has prohibited foreign ships from entering Port Phillip during the night, and that his order will be enforced by the ships of war there stationed.—The match between Shaw's English cricket team and a representative Australian Eleven composed of picked men from the different colonies was concluded on the 25th ult. The Englishmen won by an innings, with ninety-seven runs to spare.

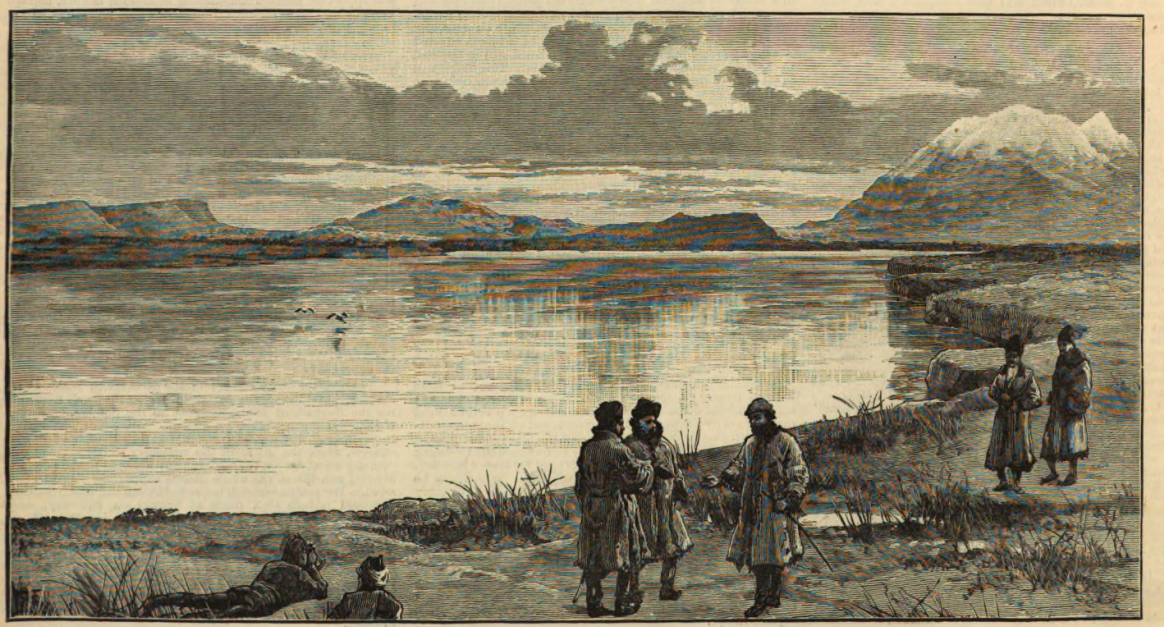
T H E A F G H A



RAWUL PINDI, THE MEETING-PLACE OF THE VICE
FROM A SKETCH BY C

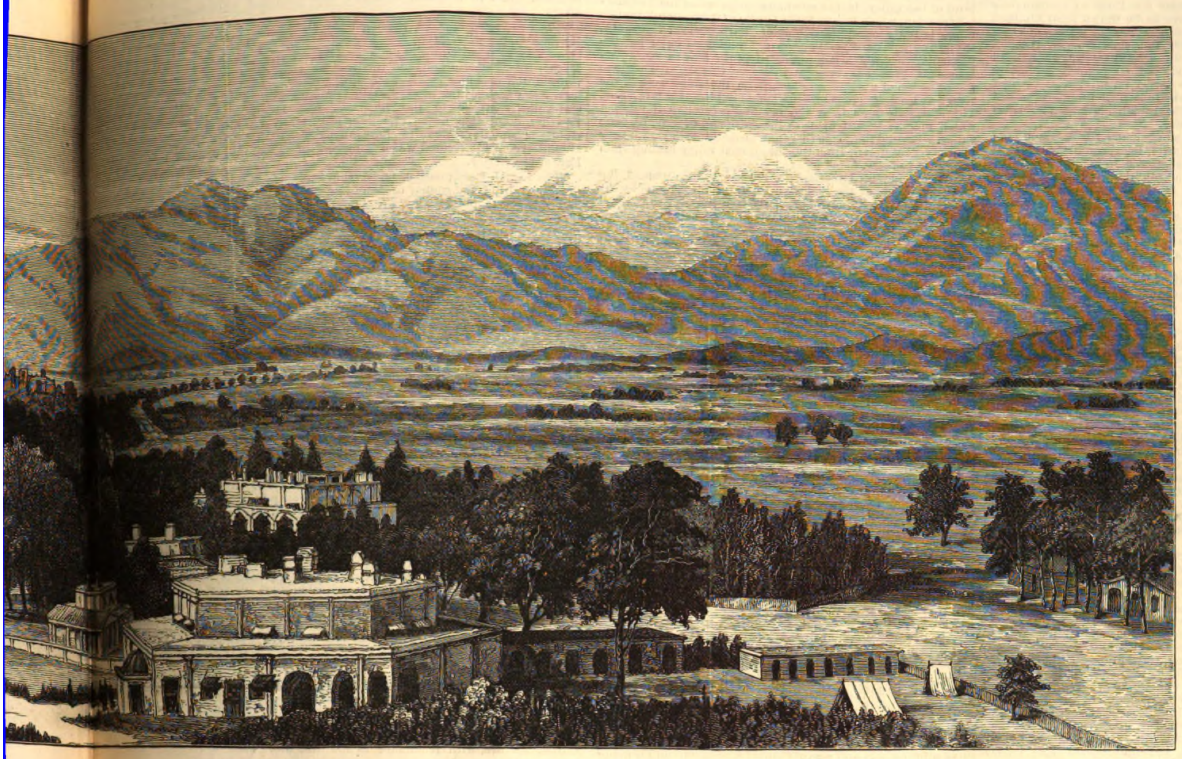
CONFERENCE AT RAWUL PINDI.

The important meeting between Lord Dufferin, the Viceroy of India, and Abdurrahman Khan, Ameer of Cabul and ruler of Afghanistan, has taken place this week at Rawul Pindi, a well-known British military station in the Punjaub, the administrative head-quarters of a large district between the Indus and the Jhelum rivers. The town of Rawul Pindi, which has nearly thirty thousand inhabitants, is situated on the railway from Lahore to Peshawur; to the north-east are the Murree hills, where is the sanitarium and summer retreat of English Punjaub officials; to the north-west is Hassan Abdul, where in 1873 a camp of exercise for twenty thousand troops was formed under Lord Napier of Magdala, then Commander-in-Chief in India. We are indebted to Colonel H. B. Urmston, of the Bengal Staff Corps, who was six years Deputy Commissioner of the Rawul Pindi district, for several good water-colour sketches of those places as they were in 1873, and of the camp then assembled at Hassan Abdul. The Sketch we have engraved presents a general view of Rawul Pindi, with part of the ground now occupied by the grand encampment, and with the hills in the distance. The Viceroy's camp, including the large Durbar tent, with the tents of his escort, is on the race-course, west of the military cantonments; it is well laid out with two broad roads, along which the tents are ranged, and between which is a space of green turf, with fountains and plants adorning the scene; at night it is lighted up with gas and coloured lamps. To the south of this, on the opposite side of the Peshawur road, are encamped the Royal Horse Artillery, the 9th Lancers, the Seaforth Highlanders,



THE OXUS AT KHAMI-I-AB, LOOKING EAST, NEAR KHOJA-SALEH.
FROM A SKETCH BY CAPTAIN PEACOCKE, R.E.

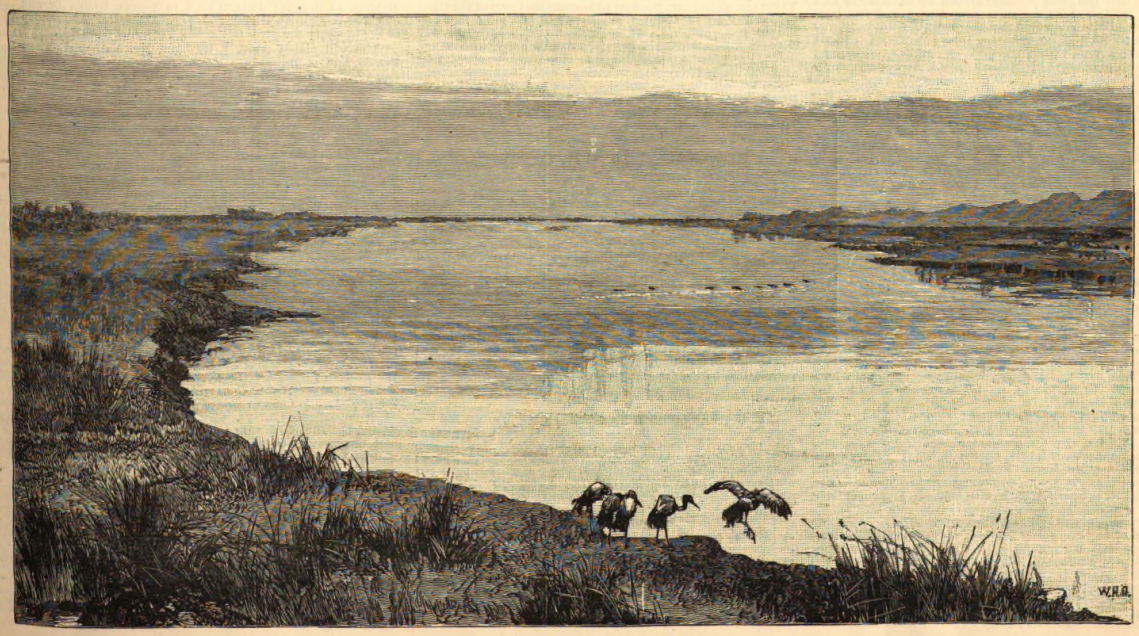
A N Q U E S T I O N.



LACE OF THE VICEROY OF INDIA AND THE AMEER OF AFGHANISTAN.
FROM A SKETCH BY CHARLES B. CREMSTON.

the 1st Bengal Infantry, and the Punjaub Guides. To the east is the camp of Sir Charles Aitcheson, Lieutenant-Governor of the Punjaub; while the Civil Service camp is on the infantry parade-ground in the middle of the cantonments. A house, richly furnished, near the park to the south-east, has been allotted for the lodging of the Ameer, with a splendid Durbar tent, which was lent by the Maharajah of Cashmere, on the lawn, for the Ameer to use in receiving ceremonial visits. The Punjaub Native Chiefs have a separate camp on the north side of the town. The troops of the Rifle Brigade, and the 4th and 5th Ghoorkas, are encamped on the Khunna plain, two miles east of the cantonments.

Lord Dufferin arrived by railway at Rawul Pindi on Friday week, in the evening, and was met by Sir Charles Aitcheson; General Sir Donald Stewart, Commander-in-Chief in India; General Sir Frederick Roberts, Commander-in-Chief of the Madras Army; and General Hardinge, Bombay Commander-in-Chief, with the Civil Service officials of the district, the municipal authorities of the town, and the Punjaub Chiefs. An address was presented by the municipality, to which the Viceroy replied. He next day received and returned the visits of the native chiefs, and held a general Levée. The Ameer of Afghanistan was expected to arrive at Rawul Pindi, accompanied by a military escort of two thousand men, cavalry, artillery, and infantry, with which he has travelled from Cabul through the Khyber Pass. He was met last week, at the frontier line west of Lundi Kotal, by Colonel Waterfield, the Commissioner of Peshawur, with an escort of the 1st Bengal Cavalry; on Sunday his Highness was at Jamrud, on the Indian side of the Khyber Pass, where he was received by



THE OXUS AT KHAMI-I-AB, LOOKING WEST, NEAR KHOJA-SALEH.
FROM A SKETCH BY CAPTAIN PEACOCKE, R.E.

General T. Gordon, on behalf of the Viceroy, and was saluted with Royal honours by the artillery and the 12th Bengal Cavalry regiment. The Ameer went on through Peshawur. Great war preparations are being made in India. At a conference between the Viceroy and Commander-in-Chief it was resolved to send 25,000 men to the Bolan Pass, under General Roberts, to be subsequently supported by another force of the same strength, advancing from Rawul Pindi. A reserve force of 10,000 men will be placed under the Duke of Connaught's command, and 15,000 soldiers are to be drawn from England as reinforcements, should the Anglo-Russian negotiations on the Afghan boundary question fall through. Sir Donald Stewart will take command of the army at Quetta. It is stated that 60,000 troops have already been equipped for active service. Lord Dufferin, on his way to Rawul Pindi, was met by the Maharajahs Scindia and Holkar, who formally placed their armies at the disposal of the Indian military authorities in the event of a war with Russia.

His Highness the Ameer Abdurrahman Khan, whose Portrait, from a photograph by Messrs. Bourne and Shepherd, of India, appears on our front page, was born in 1830, the eldest son of Afzul Khan, and is thus a grandson of Dost Mohammed, who ruled Afghanistan till his death, in 1863, and nephew to the late Shere Ali, who was deposed and expelled by the British invasion of 1879, and who died soon afterwards in exile. Afzul Khan was Dost Mohammed's eldest son, but was Governor of Balkh, in Afghan Turkestan, when his father died, and Shere Ali had supplanted him in his absence, persuading old Dost Mohammed to nominate him, instead of Afzul, heir to the throne of Cabul. The disinherited elder brother, joined by a third brother, Azim Khan, engaged in a revolt against Shere Ali, and a civil war ensued during four years, in which Abdurrahman, a young man of great energy and ability, played a leading part, winning several battles at Sheikhabad, Khelat-i-Ghilzai, and other places, but was finally defeated by his cousin Yakoub Khan, son of Shere Ali. The Government of British India, under Lord Lawrence and Lord Mayo, preserved a strict neutrality in this dynastic family quarrel, but at last recognised Shere Ali as reigning Sovereign, when he had gained the victory over his brother. Abdurrahman, who had married a daughter of the Turkish Ameer of Bokhara, took refuge in those countries north of Afghanistan, beyond the Oxus, which had then not yet been subjected to Russian control. He was pursued, however, by the persecuting spite of Shere Ali and Yakoub, who had seized his mother, wife, and sister, and detained them many years prisoners at Candahar, and who compelled the Ameer of Bokhara to deny him an abode in that State. Abdurrahman was fain to put himself under the protection of the Russians, then gradually advancing their conquests in Turkestan, and was received by General Kaufmann, who procured him, in his poverty, a Russian pension of 25,000 roubles a year, and afterwards permitted him to reside at Samarcand. He was visited, while in exile, by the American traveller, Mr. Schuyler, who formed a high opinion of his character and intelligence; and he seems to have always been a man of industry in public business, working some hours daily with his secretaries, and attending punctually to all details of administration. His face, manners, and conversation are described as very pleasant, frank, and dignified; and Sir Lepel Griffin, who was Political Agent of the British Government at Cabul in 1880, after the Afghan War, found no difficulty in coming to a good understanding with Abdurrahman. It will be recollected that, when Shere Ali was deposed, his son Yakoub was allowed by the Treaty of Gundamuk to succeed him, upon conditions of peace by which a British Resident, the unfortunate Sir Louis Cavagnari, was to have a privileged and authoritative position at Cabul. An insurrection broke out among the Afghan troops in that city, who came from Herat, and who are supposed to have been instigated by Ayoub Khan, the younger brother of Yakoub, then and long before ruling at Herat as deputy of the Cabul Government. Cavagnari and the other English officers at the Residency, with the Indian soldiers of their escort, were barbarously massacred; and the war began again in 1880: Yakoub Khan voluntarily abdicated, and became a pensioner of the British Government; Cabul and Candahar were occupied for some time by British troops, while Ayoub Khan led an army of twelve thousand men from Herat, defeating the brigade of General Burrows at Maiwand, or Khushk-i-Nakhud, on July 27, and laid siege to Candahar, but was finally defeated by Sir Frederick Roberts, on Sept. 1, fled to the west, and is now an exile in Persia, where he may not impossibly be amenable to Russian intrigue. In the meantime, Abdurrahman Khan, who has certainly as just a claim, by birth, to the throne of Dost Mohammed as any son of Shere Ali could have had, was formally chosen by the leading men of Cabul, in July, 1880, for their new Ameer, and has been very substantially supported by the British Government of India, under Lord Ripon, receiving from it a regular subsidy of £160,000 a year, with large gifts of artillery, rifles, and ammunition to improve his military force. No fault whatever has yet been found with him in his dealings with the British Government; and it is to be hoped that nothing will happen to impair the useful alliance between India and the ruler of Afghanistan. The restoration of Candahar to his hereditary dominion, after the last war, though it was not approved by some English politicians, was a signal pledge of the honesty and good faith with which England is disposed to behave to the native Principalities of Asia, with which she desires to live at peace, and to afford them protection at need so long as they deserve it.

The Ameer got to Rawul Pindi on Tuesday morning. On Monday evening, the Duke and Duchess of Connaught arrived there.

In a case referred to the Court of Queen's Bench from Yorkshire, Justices Mathew and Smith have decided that crayfish are "fish" within the meaning of the Act of Parliament.

A Royal Proclamation declares the present to be a time of great emergency, and directs the Secretary for War to call out such men of the Reserve and of the Militia Reserve, from time to time, as he may think fit, also suspending throughout the Army the transfer of men to the Reserve.—As the result of a Council held at the Admiralty, important instructions have been sent to the dockyards, and further orders given for the chartering of transports.

The trial of the action brought against Captain C. N. Hoare and Mr. E. E. Lawrence for alleged false representations connected with the scheme for converting French Five per Cents by means of a loan, terminated on Thursday week. In summing up, Mr. Justice Stephen remarked that if people risked their money in speculative transactions they must reckon on the risk of not getting back their stakes. The Jury found that the plaintiffs had been induced to part with their money by false representations, which, however, were not made in the execution of any conspiracy between the defendants, and that a material statement relied on was not made by Lawrence independently of Captain Hoare. Mr. Justice Stephen the following morning gave judgment on these findings to the effect that the plaintiffs were entitled to the amounts claimed from the defendants, with interest; but execution was stayed for a week.

THE AFGHAN BOUNDARY COMMISSION.

Our Special Artist, Mr. William Simpson, at the date of his latest communication to us, was still with the British Commission in the disputed territory north of Herat. He had leisure, during his sojourn of two months at Bala Murghab, to sketch both the scenery of that neighbourhood and the figures and habits of the native people, and of the immigrant Turkoman tribes. One of his Sketches is a view of the gorge at the head of the valley, in the mountain range called the Tirband-i-Turkestan, which means "The Girdle of Turkestan," for this range is the geographical limit of Turkestan on the south. "The range," he says, "we can see from our camp; but the particular view which is represented in my Sketch was taken from a point about six or seven miles from this place. There are the ruined mud walls of an old fort on the right bank of the river; at least, its name of Kala Khoja implies that it is a fort. The Murghab flows from the mountains through the gorge, which may be looked upon as the south end of the Murghab valley. Beyond the gorge there are, no doubt, valleys, but they will be very different from the flat alluvial valley leading from this down to Merv."

We are indebted to Captain Peacocke, R.E., one of the scientific officers of the Boundary Commission, sent on by Sir Peter Lumsden to Khoja-Saleh, on the Oxus, nearly two hundred miles east-north-east of the Murghab, for Sketches of the river at that place. The Oxus of the ancient Greeks, the Jihun of the Arabs and Turks, the Vak-Shu of the Indians, the Amoo-Darya of the modern Persians and of Russian geography, is a great river of antique and mysterious renown, vaguely remembered in the earliest traditions of infant nations of the Aryan race. Its banks may have been frequented by primeval progenitors of the most civilised nations of Europe: of the Greeks and Romans as well as the Germans or the English, the Franks, Gauls, Saxons, and Scandinavians, who appeared in Europe at the dawn of mediæval history; and of the Persians and genuine Hindoos, who created a different type of civilisation in Asia. This venerable stream rises somewhere in the great Pamir or upper table-land, north of the Hindoo Koosh, which divides the Chinese territory of Kashgar, and the Mongolian world of Eastern Asia, from Turkestan and Central Asia. It flows westward, forming the northern boundary of Badakshan, Kunduz, Balkh, Andkhui, with Shibbergan and Maimene, provinces still belonging to Afghanistan, as far as Khoja-Saleh, where it turns north-west, and ultimately falls into the Sea of Aral, now a Russian lake. But there is a belief, entertained by many physical geographers, that its former course was more directly westward, across the vast desert steppe of the Kara-Kum, and that it reached the Caspian Sea, near Krasnovodsk Bay. The Murghab and the Heri-Rud, which now lose their waters in the Desert, may then have been tributaries of the Oxus. The old dried-up beds of these rivers are still discoverable; and if there was once plenty of water in that region of Asia, there may have been a large settled population in pre-historic ages, a past world of Aryan nations, speaking language of which the roots are left in thousands of words of our common speech at this day. Such is the interest attached to the Oxus and the adjacent countries in the view of archæologists and philologists; but its glory, like that of the Euphrates, has long since departed, and it presents, in general, scenes of melancholy desolation. It is naturally a very large river, bringing down, from the Ak-Su mountains to the plains, nearly as great a volume of water as the Nile. It may originally have been greater; but much of its water, which has similar fertilising properties, is spent in numerous canals for irrigation like those of Khiva; and there is a general drying-up of all the rivers and seas of Central Asia, going on for many centuries past. Civilisation has likewise dried up, and the once fruitful and populous lands have become a desert, haunted by migratory tribes of robbers. At Khami-i-Ab, near Khoja-Saleh, where Captain Peacocke took his couple of Views, one looking west and the other looking east, the river is six or seven hundred yards wide. The neighbouring mountain, which in January was capped with snow, is called the Koh-i-Jan—the lower sandhills, to the east, are the Ak-Kum. There is a patch of cultivation, and willow-trees are growing, about Khami-i-Ab and Bosaga, favoured by the "Sheikh's Canal," which lies to the left hand in the View looking west or down the river. A solitary crane at the water's edge is the only living creature in that View; but the other Sketch introduces the figures of Captain Peacocke, lying on the ground with an astronomical instrument, taking the latitude, we suppose; his Hindoo servant, who is sitting near him; two "hakims" or doctors, from Andkhui and Ak-Cha respectively, with two Turkoman followers; and a British officer employed in the political business of the Commission. These are, we believe, the first pictures of that part of the Oxus ever drawn by an English pencil, and certainly the first engraved and published. If there should, unhappily, be war between Russia and Great Britain, a regular army, with all the military bustle of a grand campaign, might soon be encamping on those lonely river-banks in Central Asia, having been conveyed several thousand miles, over sea and land, to be employed in the old, old work of fighting for empire, which has been carried on since the time of Cain, and to which mankind, for their sins, are still addicted.

Sir William Jenner, K.C.B., M.D., was on Monday elected for the fifth time President of the Royal College of Physicians of London.

Sir Saul Samuel, K.C.M.G., Agent-General for New South Wales, has been informed by telegram of the arrival in Sydney of the steamer Gulf of Mexico, which sailed from Plymouth with emigrants in January last.

Mr. Justice Chitty will be the Easter Vacation Judge, and his Lordship will be in attendance at Judges' Chambers, Royal Courts of Justice, on Thursday, April 9, Friday, April 10, Saturday, April 11, and Monday, April 13. There will be no sittings in court during the Easter Vacation.

A general abstract of marriages, births, and deaths registered in England in 1884 has been issued as a Parliamentary paper. This shows that up to the middle of 1884 the estimated population of England was 27,132,449, against 25,974,439 enumerated by the Census of 1881. The number of deaths last year was 531,951; of persons married, 408,410; and of births, 908,584.

The Royal Commission appointed by her Majesty for the purpose of organising the Colonial and Indian Exhibition of next year met, for the first time, on Monday at Marlborough House, under the presidency of the Prince of Wales, who, in opening the proceedings, reminded the commissioners of the objects for which her Majesty had appointed them, and described the project, to the realisation of which he had looked forward for some years, as essentially one of a national and Imperial character, differing in this respect from former exhibitions, in which the elements of trade rivalry and profit largely predominated. His Royal Highness expressed a hope that this gathering might be the means not only of giving a stimulus to commercial interests and intercourse, but of strengthening that bond of union between her Majesty's subjects in all parts of the Empire the growth and manifestation of which are sincerely appreciated by all.

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The Scotch Confirmation, under seal of office of the Commissary Court of Elgin and Nairn, of the general disposition and deed of settlement, dated Aug. 14, 1884, of the Right Hon. Louisa, Dowager Countess of Seafield, who died at Grant Lodge, Elgin, on Sept. 2 last, granted to the Hon. Lewis Alexander Grant and Alexander Lewis Henry Grant, the executors nominate, was sealed in London on the 7th ult., the value of the personal estate in England, Scotland, and Ireland exceeding £8000.

The will (dated Nov. 25, 1884) of Lady Catherine Georgiana Barrington, late of Watton, Hertfordshire, who died on Jan. 18 last, at St. Leonard's-on-Sea, was proved on the 20th ult. by Russell Henry Barrington, the son, one of the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £7000. The testatrix leaves the cash at her banker's and her English and Indian Government Stocks to her husband, the Hon. and Rev. Lowther John Barrington, for life, and then to her three children; and the residue of her property to her husband, absolutely. The deceased was a daughter of Thomas, second Earl of Chichester.

The Scotch Confirmation, under the seal of office of the Commissariot of the county of Edinburgh, of the disposition and settlement (dated May 17, 1883) of Sir Henry James Seton-Steuart, Bart., late of No. 9, Charlotte-square, Edinburgh, who died on Dec. 6 last, granted to Dame Elizabeth Seton-Steuart, the widow and executrix nominate, was sealed in London on the 10th ult., the value of the personal estate in England and Scotland amounting to over £16,000.

The will (dated Sept. 3, 1880), with six codicils (dated Sept. 3, 1880; May 14 and Aug. 3, 1881; Nov. 21, 1882; June 12, 1883; and Aug. 15, 1884), of Mr. Thomas Curtis, formerly of No. 74, Lombard-street, but late of The Hall, Berkhampstead, Herts, who died on Dec. 7 last, was proved on the 18th ult. by John Turton Woolley, Beaumont William Lubbock, and Charles Constable Curtis, the great nephew, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £374,000. The testator bequeaths £10,000, upon trust, for his sister-in-law, Frances Blathwayt, for life; £10,000 upon the trusts of the will of his late great nephew, the Rev. Richard Folliott Scott; £5000 to his nephew, Constable Curtis; £4000 and certain shares to his said great nephew, Charles Constable Curtis; £6000 Consols, upon trust, to pay a stipend of £60 per annum to the clergyman of the Church of England in ministerial charge of the church at Whelpley Hill, Chesham, Oxfordshire, erected by him; a stipend of £60 per annum to the schoolmistress of the school at Whelpley Hill, also erected by him; and the remainder of the income to be applied in the repair and maintenance of the said church and school;—his plate, books, pictures, bronzes, statuary, and works of art to go as heirlooms and be enjoyed with his estates in Bucks and Herts; the remainder of his furniture and effects, farming stock, &c., to the person who shall succeed at his death to the said estates; and numerous bequests to his executors, friends, relatives, clerks, servants, and others. His real estate near Weybridge and elsewhere in the county of Surrey he leaves to his said sister-in-law, Frances Blathwayt, for life, and then to his late wife's nephew, Charles George Blathwayt; and his estates in Nottinghamshire and Lincolnshire he settles on his great nephew, Charles Constable Curtis. All his real estate in the counties of Buckingham and Hertford, and the residue of his real estate, and also the residue of the personalty, he settles on his nephew, Constable Curtis, for life, with remainder to his great nephew, Charles Constable Curtis, for life, with remainder to his first and other sons successively, according to their respective seniorities in tail male.

The will (dated May 8, 1884) of Francis James Gill, of Bank House, Tallowfield, Manchester, and senior partner in the firm of Gill and Hartley, 79, Cannon-street, Manchester, and Bury-lane, Culcheth, Lancashire, and 120, Wood-street, London, has been proved under £160,000 at the District Court, Manchester, by the executors, his brother, Robert Preston Gill, and his sons, Thomas Gill, John Whitcombe Gill, and Robert Hartley Gill.

The will (dated Aug. 24, 1884) of Mrs. Catherine Bousfield, late of No. 44, Grosvenor-place, who died on Aug. 24 last, at Coniston, Lancashire, was proved on the 14th ult. by Richard Fell Steble and Alexander Milne, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £79,000. The testatrix leaves Holywath and all her property at Church Coniston, in the county of Lancaster, to James William Henry Barratt and Margaret, his wife, and the survivor of them, absolutely; £50,000 to the said Richard Fell Steble; £20,000 to Mrs. Metcalf, of Trizett; £10,000 each to Salome Bythia Barratt and Alexander John Barratt; and other legacies. The residue of her property she gives to the said Richard Fell Steble.

The will (dated April 1, 1880) of Mr. Nathaniel James Powell, late of Devonshire House, Beckenham, who died on Jan 1 last, was proved on the 14th ult. by William James Smellie, Nathaniel Porter, and Ernest Pewtress, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £48,000. The testator leaves the cash in the house, all his furniture, plate, pictures, effects, horses, carriages, and cattle, £500, and an annuity of £1000 for life, to his wife, Mrs. Susannah Powell; she is also to have the option of using his residence or a further annuity of £100 for life; and he bequeaths £500 to the Asylum for Fatherless Children, Reedham;—£250 each to the Orphan Working School, Haverstock-hill, and the Royal Hospital for Incurables, Putney;—£200 each to the Asylum for Idiots, Earlswood; the London Missionary Society, the London City Mission, the London Congregational Chapel Building Society, the Church Aid and Home Missionary Society, and the London Congregational Union;—£100 each to the Aged Pilgrims' Friend Society; the Milton Mount College, near Gravesend; Hackney College, Well-street, Hackney; New College, Hampstead; the London Orphan Asylum, Watford; the Religious Tract Society, the Governesses' Benevolent Institution, the Sunday School Union, Old Bailey; the British and Foreign Bible Society, the Evangelical Continental Society, the Irish Evangelical Society, the Kent County Congregational Society, the London Hospital, Whitechapel-road; the London Hospital, Victoria Park; the Eastern Dispensary, Leman-street; the Protestant Blind Pension Society, the Congregational School, Lewisham, for the education of the sons of Ministers; and the Countess of Huntingdon's College, Cheshunt;—an annuity of £200 during the life of his wife to his brother, William Thomas; and very numerous and considerable other legacies. At his wife's death he bequeaths many further legacies, some of large amount; and the ultimate residue is divided into fourteenth parts, among various persons, including his said brother and his wife and daughter.

The will (dated June 6, 1884) of Mr. Henry Freeman George Coleman, late of Oakley House, Alpha-road, St. John's-wood, who died on Dec. 3 last, was proved on the 9th ult. by George William Coleman, the brother, and Richard Seddon Toller, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £31,000. The testator leaves his household furniture and effects to his wife, Mrs. Charlotte Tilke Coleman, and the residue of his real and personal estate, upon trust, for her, for life, and then for his said brother.

THE SILENT MEMBER.

"Victoria Regina." The Royal Message, thus headed, communicated suddenly to Parliament on the 26th of March, took the wind out of the sails of the debate on the Egyptian Convention. It was with almost startling abruptness that the Earl of Kimberley, in the Upper House, exclaiming, "A message from the Queen," rose from the Ministerial bench, and, quickly walking to the woolsack, handed the paper to the Lord Chancellor. There was a fair gathering of Peers; and all eyes were directed to Lord Selborne as he quietly read the momentous message intimating the necessity of calling out the Reserves and the Militia to meet "a case of great emergency." The Marquis of Salisbury, as Leader of the Opposition, naturally rose to inquire whether this grave step had been decided upon in consequence of intelligence of an alarming character from the Afghan frontier. But Lord Kimberley adopted the unusual course of crossing the floor of the House to the front Opposition bench in order to whisper his reply in the ear of the noble Marquis—an answer presumably to the effect that reticence was for the moment expedient. In a wellnigh inaudible voice Lord Selborne then—perhaps, to stigmatise by a side wind those that had rendered the Queen's message necessary—explained the principle of the new Lunacy Laws Amendment Bill, which was read a first time, and which is intended to remedy some of those evils at present existing in the administration of a merciful law singularly liable to abuse. What had been a subdued and hushed sitting, so to speak, bade fair to have an animated ending. But it was made manifest to Lord Greville that it would be inadvisable to persist in his inquiry concerning the cause of the surprise of General McNeill's zerebas, near Souakim, on the 22nd of March, and the matter dropped. None the less, the attack in question, with such important details as the alleged jamming of the Gardner guns, the trouble with the Boxer cartridge, and the dispatch of empty water-bottles to the zerebas, cannot have failed to engage the serious attention of the Horse Guards and War Office authorities.

"No flinching!" Lord Granville the next day was able to assure the Marquis of Salisbury that there would be "no flinching" on the part of the Government with regard to the question in dispute between Russia and England. Referring to Penjdeh, the Secretary for Foreign Affairs declared that the debateable ground had been occupied by the Afghans before the arrival of General Lumsden. Their Lordships met for a short time on Saturday last, when her Majesty signified by Royal Commission her consent to a cluster of measures. Thereafter, the House of Lords adjourned for the Easter Recess.

Before the Commons rose for the holidays, the Government were fortunately able to foreshadow a more hopeful state of things with respect to the Afghan difficulty. The bold front assumed by the Ministry towards Russia, and the patriotic support offered by the Opposition and the House generally, indisputably helped to bring the impulsive spirits of St. Petersburg to reason. Last week the Message from her Majesty calling out the Reserves and the Militia had been sonorously read by the Speaker; the Prime Minister had returned replies regarding the respective positions of the Russian and Afghan forces on the frontier of Turkestan; and considerable tension existed. Monday brought good news. The Marquis of Hartington had the satisfaction of announcing that "the latest intelligence from St. Petersburg is of such a nature as to strengthen our hope of arriving at a satisfactory conclusion (Cheers). As to the military preparations respecting which the hon. member for Kirkcaldy asks, I can say no more than that, as the House is aware, we have entered into certain engagements on certain conditions towards the Ameer of Afghanistan; but, looking to the distance which separates our military force from the region to which our engagements relate, we are of opinion that it is desirable to make some preparations to enable us to fulfil those engagements if occasion should arise."

The cheers that greeted the statement of the Secretary for War had hardly died away when Lord Edmond Fitzmaurice, replying to Mr. E. Stanhope, imparted an additionally cheerful tone to matters by holding out hopes that the Russian Government contemplated "an early meeting of the Commission, and looks forward to such meeting as likely to allay the excitement on both sides." This long-delayed meeting, however, would be more exactly described as "better late than never," for it can scarcely be considered "early" now.

The resolution of Mr. T. Bruce condemning in unqualified terms the Egyptian Financial Agreement missed fire, because the Opposition did not formulate any distinct alternative policy. Mr. Gladstone's opening statement on March 26, although clear as a piece of exposition, was characterised by as languid a grasp of the Egyptian Difficulty as ever. The terms of the Premier's motion were:—

That her Majesty be authorised to guarantee the payment of an annuity of £165,000 sterling for the purpose of a loan, to be raised by the Government of Egypt, in pursuance of the Convention signed at London on March 18, 1885, between her Majesty and the Governments of Austria-Hungary, France, Germany, Italy, and Russia, with the authority of Turkey; and that provision be made out of the Consolidated Fund to fulfil the guarantee of her Majesty in respect of such annuity.

But no gleam of hope was given by his speech that this Convention would be anything but a temporary tiding over the financial embarrassments which threatened Egypt with bankruptcy. Nor did Mr. Bruce's amendment promise any better solution. Whilst Mr. Gladstone's was perhaps the most impolitic of the many impolitic addresses he has been called upon to deliver since the bombardment of Alexandria, neither Sir Stafford Northcote nor Mr. Chamberlain, neither Sir Michael Hicks-Beach nor Mr. Childers could present to the House any more statesman-like plan. Hence, probably, the goodly majority the Government secured on the second night of the debate. Mr. Bruce's condemnatory amendment was negatived by a majority of 48—294 against 246 votes—and Mr. Gladstone's motion was then agreed to. We are, accordingly, on the eve of another phase of the Egyptian Difficulty, which can barely be worse, however, than the present phase.

Ere the Commons separated on Tuesday, there was a brief but interesting discussion on the condition of the Ladies' Gallery. Mr. Sydney Buxton's gallant endeavour to secure an improvement in the at present very imperfect accommodation had a damper thrown upon it by Mr. Herbert Gladstone and Mr. Gibson, and even by Mr. Shaw-Lefevre, who has such rational views with respect to the arrangement of the House generally that he might well have been expected to have agreed with the motion. But there was a majority of 56 against Mr. Buxton, whose fair clients will have to wait yet "a little longer."

Mr. Henry Irving will conclude his American engagement at New York this week. He will be entertained at a farewell dinner, on April 6, at Delmonico's, Mr. William M. Evarts being in the chair. Mr. Irving leaves on the 7th.

At a meeting of the subscribers of the York and Ainsty Hunt, held at Harker's Hotel, York, last Saturday, under the presidency of Lord Wenlock, Lieutenant-Colonel E. C. York, of Hutton Hall, was appointed master of the hounds, in the place of Captain Brockiehurst, resigned.

CITY ECHOES.

Tuesday Evening, March 31.

In the absence of any indication that permanent terms can be made with Russia in regard to the Afghan frontier, and in the knowledge that the British Government is rapidly preparing for war, all business has for a week past been increasingly under the influence of the feeling that war must be counted as almost probable. And at the time of writing the Ministerial crisis in France has added to the sensitiveness of the European Bourses. Most home and foreign Government securities have further declined. Russian are still being taken for German account, though upon borrowed money. In Berlin war is not thought probable, and hence this dangerous speculation. If war does not result, large profits will be made by many; but in the other event, there will be a crash indeed. But, apart from this befalling Government securities, trade generally is being seriously interfered with. War would mean not only great interruption to nearly every branch of business, but involve such an outlay of money as to render necessary a great addition to taxation. Income-tax payers would probably have their special burdens increased; but it is taken for granted that there must be a resort to increased import duties in order to distribute the burden over the widest area. Tea is regarded as a convenient commodity for such a purpose, and there has in consequence been considerable excitement in that market, stock being taken out of bond in advance of requirements to make sure of the present basis of duty. The preparations of our Government have given an impulse to trade in some directions. The purchases of tinned meats are understood to have quite cleared the American market of supplies; and with us the shipping interests have been affected by the purchase or hire of many of the largest and best ocean-going steamers, while the intention to call out the Reserve affects the labour market in many parts of the country. But apart from these special causes for animation, there is nothing favourable to say of any class of business.

The Chicago, Milwaukee, and St. Paul Railway Company have just announced a materially reduced dividend for the second half of last year, the rate being 3 per cent per annum, compared with 7 per cent per annum for several previous half-years. The New York Central and Hudson River Company, which for many years paid 8 per cent per annum, lowered their rate in October last to 6, and again the last month to 4. Still later, the Lake Shore and Michigan Southern Railway Company, which formerly paid 8 per cent per annum and latterly 6, are to "pass" the dividend due in May.

At the meeting of the East and West India Dock Company, held for the purpose of raising new capital in the form of debenture stock, the chairman, in the course of his remarks, rightly deprecated the policy of issuing stock below market value to shareholders. He stated that stock had on a former occasion been rateably issued to existing holders, and a material fall in the market value had resulted through the holders being in haste to sell, in order to take their profit. The shareholders thus gained very little, and the company of course was deprived of the money it would have otherwise obtained had the stock been issued at the proper value.

For the year 1884 the directors of the South Australian Land Mortgage and Agency Company, Limited, are to pay 12½ per cent. The company was established in 1880, and it has from the first paid 10 per cent. There is a reserve of £45,000. The subscribed capital is £2,000,000, £200,000 being paid up, and there are debentures to upwards of £800,000.

Another serious failure has taken place in connection with the recent losses in Grand Trunk stocks, and in this case fraud had been resorted to to delay discovery. T. S.

THE HAIRY-FRONTED MUNTJAC.

The muntjacs are a small group of the deer family peculiar to India and Western Asia, and remarkable for having their antlers carried on long bony pedestals which are covered with a hairy skin, and somewhat remind one of the diminutive horned processes on the head of the giraffe. They are likewise peculiar for having longitudinal ridges of skin between the eyes, within the folds of which small glands are situated, and for the extreme development of the canine teeth in the males. The best known species of muntjac is the ribbed-faced, or barking deer of Indian sportsmen, which is found throughout the jungles and forests of British India, and ascends the Himalayas to an elevation of eight or nine thousand feet. It is most abundant in hilly countries, Dr. Jerdon tells us, and is quite a forest animal, only coming to the skirts of the woods in the morning and evening to graze. "It gets the name of barking deer from its call, which is a kind of short bark like that of the fox, but louder, and may be heard in the jungles it frequents both by day and by night." Closely allied to the Indian muntjac are two species from China, known to naturalists as Reeves' muntjac (*cervulus Reevesi*), and the crying muntjac (*cervulus Lacrymans*). Of both these forms of muntjac, as well of the Indian species, examples may usually be seen in the Zoological Society's collection. But the animal lately received by the Zoological Society, of which we give an Illustration, appears to belong to a very different species from the three above mentioned. It is readily distinguishable from the muntjacs hitherto known to us by the long hairs which spring from the forehead and summit of the head and almost conceal the short horns, and by its long tail. The single male specimen received was transmitted to this country by Mr. A. Michie, of Ningpo, China. It was doubtless obtained in that part of the Celestial Empire, although little further information has as yet been received concerning it.

Her Majesty's ship Mersey was successfully launched at Chatham Dockyard on Tuesday morning by Lady Key, wife of Admiral Sir Astley Cooper Key.

We understand that the *Boy's Own Paper*, of the Religious Tract Society, whose readers have already subscribed over £1200 for two life-boats, besides £400 for a hospital cot, is promoting a Boys' Gordon Memorial, on the lines known to be dear to Gordon himself—viz., to help the poorer working and suffering lads.

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Office: 198, Strand, W.C.

OBITUARY.

SIR V. H. LEVINGE, BART.



Sir Vere Henry Levinge, eighth Baronet, of Knockdrin Castle, in the county of Westmeath, died at Madras on the 22nd ult. He was born Nov. 28, 1819, the sixth son of Sir Richard Levinge, sixth Baronet, by Elizabeth Anne, his wife, daughter and eventual coheir of Thomas Boothby, first Lord Rancliffe; was educated at Haileybury, and was for some years in the Madras Civil Service. He succeeded to the baronetcy at the decease, last September, of his brother, Sir Richard, seventh Baronet. Sir Vere was never married, and the title devolves on his nephew, now Sir William Henry Levinge, ninth Baronet, born in 1849, and married, 1876, to Emily Judith, daughter of Sir Richard Sutton, Bart.

SIR A. H. FREELING, BART.



Sir Arthur Henry Freeling, fifth Baronet, Major-General Royal Engineers (retired), died on the 26th ult., at 2, Elm Park-gardens. He was born July 26, 1820, the second son of Mr. John Clayton Freeling, Secretary to the Board of Inland Revenue, and succeeded to the title at the decease of his cousin, Sir Henry Hill Freeling, fourth Baronet, March 12, 1871. He was educated at Harrow, entered the Royal Engineers in 1837, and retired as Major-General in 1877. He married, 1848, Charlotte Augusta, daughter of Sir Henry Rivers, Bart., and leaves a son, now Sir Harry Freeling, sixth Baronet, born June 5, 1852, and a daughter, Marion, wife of Mr. William Foster Moore, of Plymouth.

MAJOR-GENERAL HOPKINS.

Major-General William Friend Hopkins, C.B., Royal Marine Light Infantry, died at his residence, St. James's Lodge, Hampton-hill, Middlesex, aged seventy-five. He was son of Mr. John Hopkins, of Rochester. In 1829, he entered the Army, and served with the Royal Marine Brigade in the Crimea, 1854 to 1855; in command of the first battalion, at Balaclava, did duty in the trenches, and commanded the Royal Marines at Inkerman. For his services, he received the Crimean medal with three clasps, the Sardinian and Turkish medals, the Medjidieh and the Legion of Honour, besides being made C.B. From 1859 to 1864, when he was promoted to the rank of Major-General, he acted as A.D.C. to the Queen. He married, 1839, Jessie, daughter of Mr. Henry Thompson, of Turnham-green.

COLONEL COCKS.

Lieutenant-Colonel Charles Lygon Cocks, of Treverbyn Vean, Cornwall, J.P. and D.L., late of the Coldstream Guards, died on the 24th ult., at Bournemouth, in his sixty-fourth year. He was third son of Mr. Thomas Somers Cocks, by Agneta, his wife, daughter of the Right Hon. Reginald Pole-Carew, and grandson of Mr. Thomas Somers Cocks, banker, of Charing-cross, whose eldest brother was created Lord Somers. Colonel Cocks was educated at Sandhurst, and served with the Coldstreams in the Crimea from May, 1885, to the fall of Sebastopol. He had the Crimean medal with clasp, the Turkish medal, and the Medjidieh (fifth class). He married, July 5, 1870, Josephine, daughter of Mr. J. Chichester-Nagle, of Calverleigh Court, Devon, and leaves two daughters, twins.

We have also to record the deaths of—

Morison Watson, M.D., F.R.S., Professor of Anatomy, Owens College, Manchester, on the 25th ult., aged thirty-nine.

The Hon. George Cornelius Gerald O'Callaghan, elder and last surviving son of Lord Lismore, on his passage home from India. He was born Nov. 3, 1846, and, by his death without issue, there is now no heir to the Lismore peerage.

Lieutenant Alexander T. F. Edwards, Royal Irish Regiment, doing duty with the Indian Contingent, on the 23rd ult., from the effects of a wound received the previous day in action near Tamanieb; son of the late General Clement Alexander Edwards, Colonel of the Royal Irish.

Mr. Mark Anthony Saurin, of Orielton, in the county of Pembroke, J.P., High Sheriff, 1867, youngest son of the Right Rev. James Saurin, D.D., Bishop of Dromore, and nephew of the Right Hon. William Saurin, Attorney-General for Ireland, on the 25th ult., aged seventy.

Miss Elizabeth Crombie Duthie, the lady who gave the city of Aberdeen the public park which bears her name, on the 30th ult., aged sixty-five. The Duthie Park, which was opened by Princess Beatrice in September, 1883, cost £50,000. Miss Duthie has bequeathed the rest of her fortune to the public institutions of the city.

Mr. Thomas Fellowes Reade, late her Majesty's Agent and Consul-General for Tunis, on the 24th ult. He acted as private secretary to his father, the late Sir Thomas Reade, when that gentleman was Agent and Consul-General at Tunis. In September, 1854, he went to the Crimea, under the authority of the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, to place his services at the disposal of the Commander-in-Chief, and was present at the battles of Balaclava and Inkerman.

Mr. J. W. Davison, at Margate, on the 24th ult., in the seventy-second year of his age. For very many years he was the musical critic of the *Times*. Mr. Davison was a skilled practical musician, besides having possessed high literary attainments and powers. He had much to do with the establishment of the Monday Popular Concerts, the analytical programme-books of which were written by him up to the period of his death. In the course of his long career, he had had personal knowledge of many distinguished musicians, including, among others, Rossini, Auber, Mendelssohn, and Spohr; while he was one of the first to estimate and to make widely known the genius of our own distinguished countryman, the late Sir Sterndale Bennett. Mr. Davison's conversation was attractive to all who could appreciate his great range of information, his wide-extending sympathies, and his combination of earnestness and genial satire. In 1860, he was married to Miss Arabella Goddard, the eminent pianist.

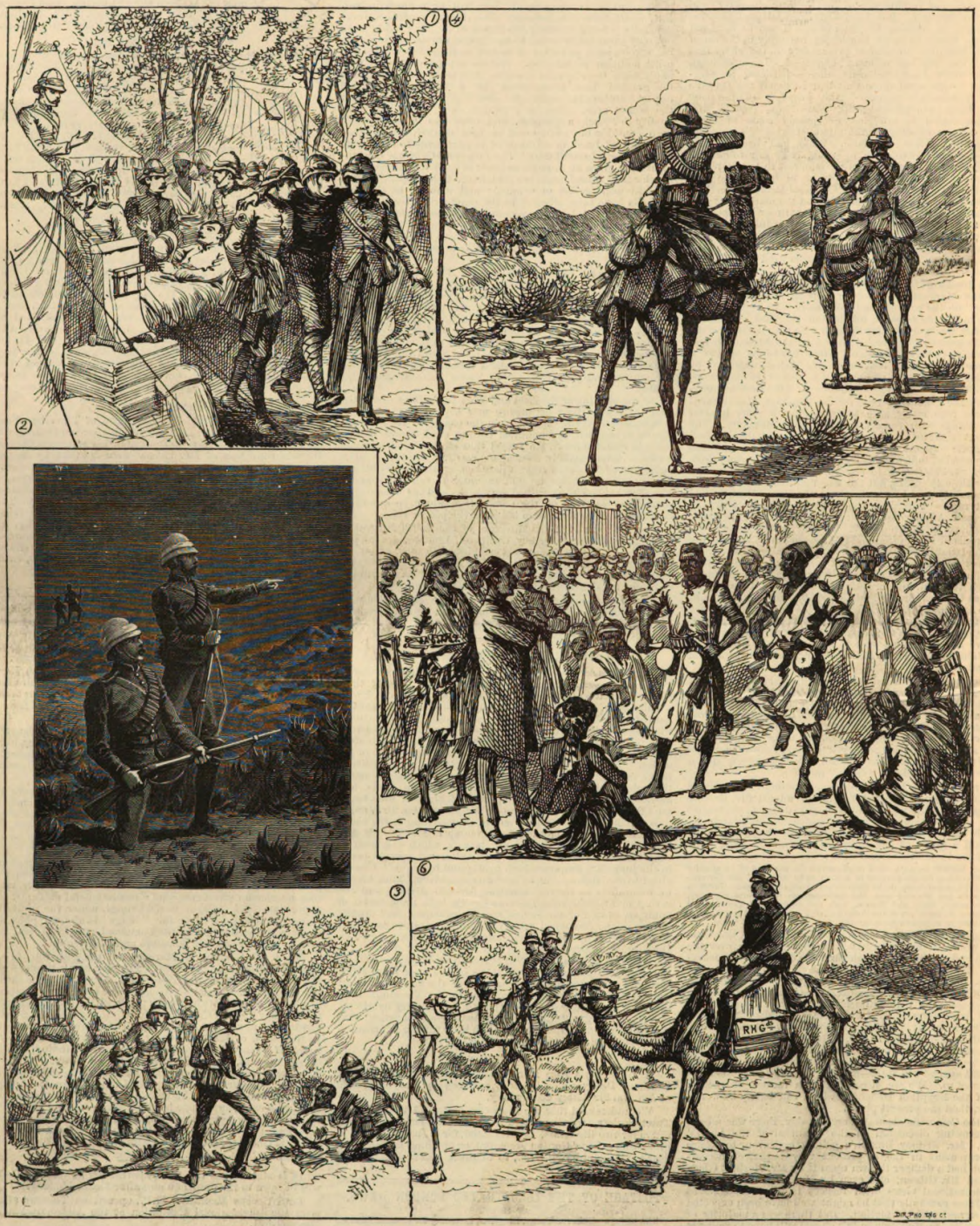
It is stated that the State apartments at Windsor Castle will be open to the public on and after Easter Monday.

Lord George Hamilton, M.P., opened on Tuesday afternoon the International Exhibition at the Alexandra Palace, Muswell-hill.

The whole of the £5000 required for the purchase of the Sussex County Cricket-Ground has been guaranteed, and the Committee of the Club have accordingly decided to effect the purchase. The Earl of Sheffield, the President, has contributed £600 to the fund.

The Duke of Cambridge presided on Monday at the annual meeting of the Royal School for the Daughters of Officers of the Army, held in the Royal United Service Institution. His Royal Highness said that the chief difficulty the school had to contend with was financial, and it was more than ever necessary that it should be liberally supported.

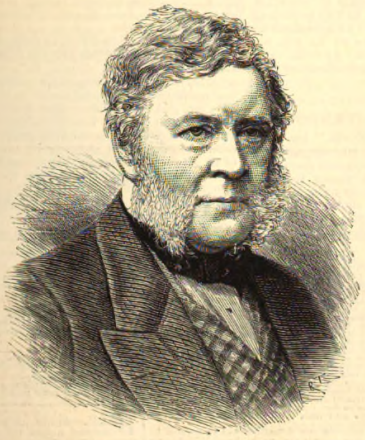
THE WAR IN THE SOUDAN.



1. Arrival of first batch of wounded at Korti. 2. On picket duty. 3. Tending the wounded at Abou Klea.
4. Dangers of the road: Messengers with despatches defending themselves against Arabs. 5. Gordon's Soudanese playing tom-toms in camp at Korti. 6. Colonel Burnaby on camel.

1, 4, 5, ARE SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. MELTON PRIOR.

2, 3, 6, ARE SKETCHES BY W. S. PERRY, A TROOPER OF THE FIRST LIFE GUARDS IN THE CAMEL CORPS.



THE LATE SIR THOMAS BAZLEY, BART.,
M.P. FOR MANCHESTER.



THE LATE LIEUT.-COL. A. M. TAYLOR, 19TH HUSSARS,
DIED OF FEVER AT CAIRO.



COLONEL MAHMOUD TARLHAT,
COMMANDER OF THE STEAMER SOFIA.

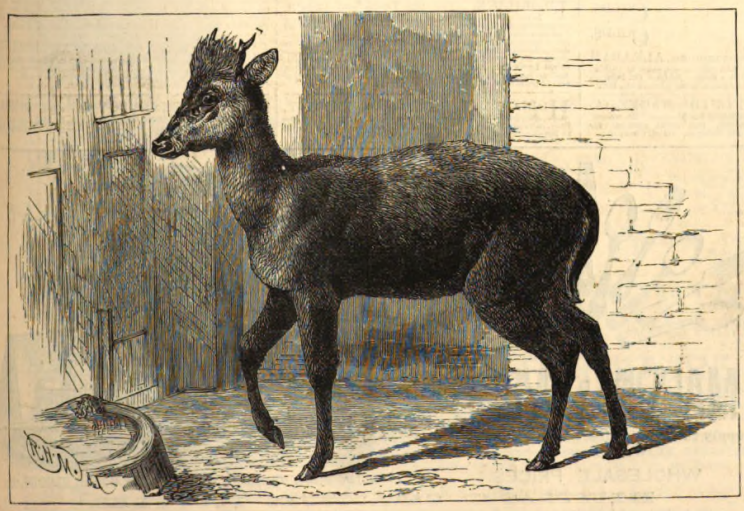


GENERAL MOHAMMED NUSSHI,
MILITARY COMMANDER OF GORDON'S STEAMERS AT KHARTOUM.

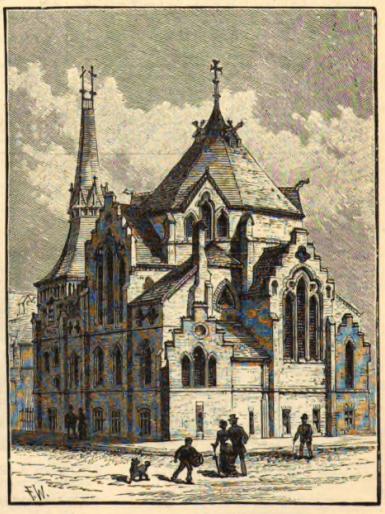


MAJOR ALI REDHAH EFFENDI,
COMMANDER OF THE STEAMER TELL-EL-HAWIN.

THE WAR IN THE SOUDAN: PORTRAITS BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. MELTON PRIOR.



HAIRY-FRONTED MUNTJAC AT THE ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY'S GARDENS.



NEW SCANDINAVIAN CHURCH, LIVERPOOL.

THE LATE SIR T. BAZLEY, BART.

The death of this gentleman, who represented Manchester in the House of Commons until the General Election of 1880, and who was President of the Manchester Chamber of Commerce during twenty-five years, was recorded in our Obituary last week. Mr. Thomas Bazley was a native of Bolton, engaged at an early age in the staple manufacturing business of Lancashire, and became the sole proprietor of the largest fine cotton and lace thread spinning concern in the trade, employing more than 1000 hands. He joined earnestly in the efforts of Lancashire men to promote free and unsectarian popular education; and he established, in connection with his factories, schools, lectures, and reading-rooms. Mr. Bazley was one of the earliest members of the Manchester Anti-Corn Law Association, and of the Council of the League; in 1837, with Richard Cobden and John Brooks, he opened the Free Trade campaign at Liverpool, on which occasion he made his first public speech. In 1858, he was elected M.P. for Manchester without opposition, and was again returned at the head of the poll at two subsequent elections. He seconded the Address in reply to the Queen's Speech in the Session of 1863, but did not often take part in debate. A baronetcy was conferred upon him in 1869, which devolves on his son, Sir Thomas Sebastian Bazley, of Riversleigh, Lytham, and Hatherop Castle, Gloucestershire. The late Baronet was eighty-eight years of age.

SCANDINAVIAN CHURCH, LIVERPOOL.

This church, known as "Gustaf Adolf's Kyrka," has been built for the use of the Scandinavian sailors who frequent the port of Liverpool in large numbers. Its erection is due to the "Fosterland" Society of Stockholm, which makes the care and comfort of the Norsemen in foreign ports its special object. King Oscar of Norway and Sweden has shown his lively interest in this excellent work by heading the Swedish subscription-list with a handsome donation. Norway and Denmark have added their quota, and, with the further assistance of the Liverpool Scandinavians, a total of £4000 has already been raised, further funds being still required for the purchase of the site. The building, which has been erected from the designs of Mr. W. D. Caröe, M.A., architect, of London, comprises a church to accommodate 500 persons, a spacious reading-room, and a parsonage. The architecture is characteristically Scandinavian in style, entirely new to this country, and the building thus forms a striking and unusual object in the city. The birthday of King Oscar and the Princess of Wales was appropriately chosen for the opening ceremony, Liverpool showing its interest by the attendance of its Mayor in civic state. The occasion was further honoured by congratulatory messages from the King and the Princess. We learn that the services of the church continue to be numerously attended—a mark of the well-authenticated high *morale* of the Norse seamen.

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For every one hundred pounds of such debentures a new debenture will be issued for the same amount, bearing interest at the rate of 5 per cent per annum for seven years, from April 15, 1885, to April 15, 1892, when it will be converted into £107 New Zealand Four per Cent Consolidated Stock, inscribed at the Bank of England, which will rank pari passu with the Four per Cent Consolidated Stock already created and issued, and redeemable at par on Nov. 1, 1929.

Applications for conversion will be received up to April 30 next, inclusive.

The interest upon the new debentures will be payable by coupons in the same manner as upon the Consol Debentures—viz., Jan. 15, April 15, July 15, and Oct. 15, at the Bank of England, the first coupon being for the dividend due July 15 next.

Consol Debentures, from which the coupon due April 15 next must be detached, may be deposited at the Chief Cashier's Office, Bank of England, for exchange on or after Wednesday, the 11th inst. They must bear all coupons subsequent to that due April 15 next, and must be left three clear days for examination. Receipts will be given for the debentures deposited, and the new debentures will be issued in exchange as soon after as possible.

The usual annual drawing for redemption of the Consols will take place on Tuesday, March 31; debentures deposited before that date will not be affected by the drawing. Holders of Consol Debentures drawn for redemption, in respect of which no application for conversion has been made, will be allowed to receive, in exchange for each drawn debenture, a new debenture as above, upon payment of the sum of £4 per cent, provided such location be made before April 15 next.

By the Act 40 and 41 Vict., ch. 30, the revenues of the colony of New Zealand alone will be liable in respect of the stock and the dividends thereon; and the Consolidated Fund of the United Kingdom, and the Commissioners of her Majesty's Treasury, will not be directly or indirectly liable or responsible for the payment of the stock or of the dividends thereon, or for any matter relating thereto.

Bank of England, March 6, 1885.

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The Seventy-Sixth Annual Festival of the Corporation will be held at the Freemasons' Tavern, Great Queen-street, on WEDNESDAY, APRIL 22, 1885—the Right Hon. Viscount Hardinge in the chair.
The Institution is entirely supported by the voluntary donations and subscriptions of artists and patrons of the fine arts. Gentlemen's tickets, 2os.; Ladies', 12s. 6d. May be obtained of the stewards; of the Secretary at the Freemasons' Tavern; and of the Secretary, F. YOUNG, Esq., 25, Garrick-street, W.C.

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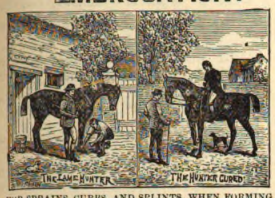


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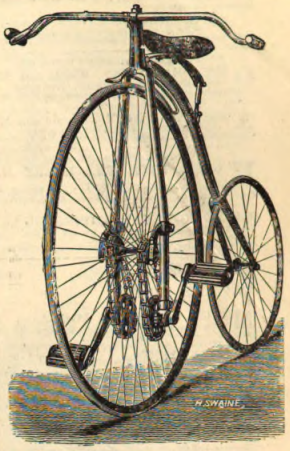
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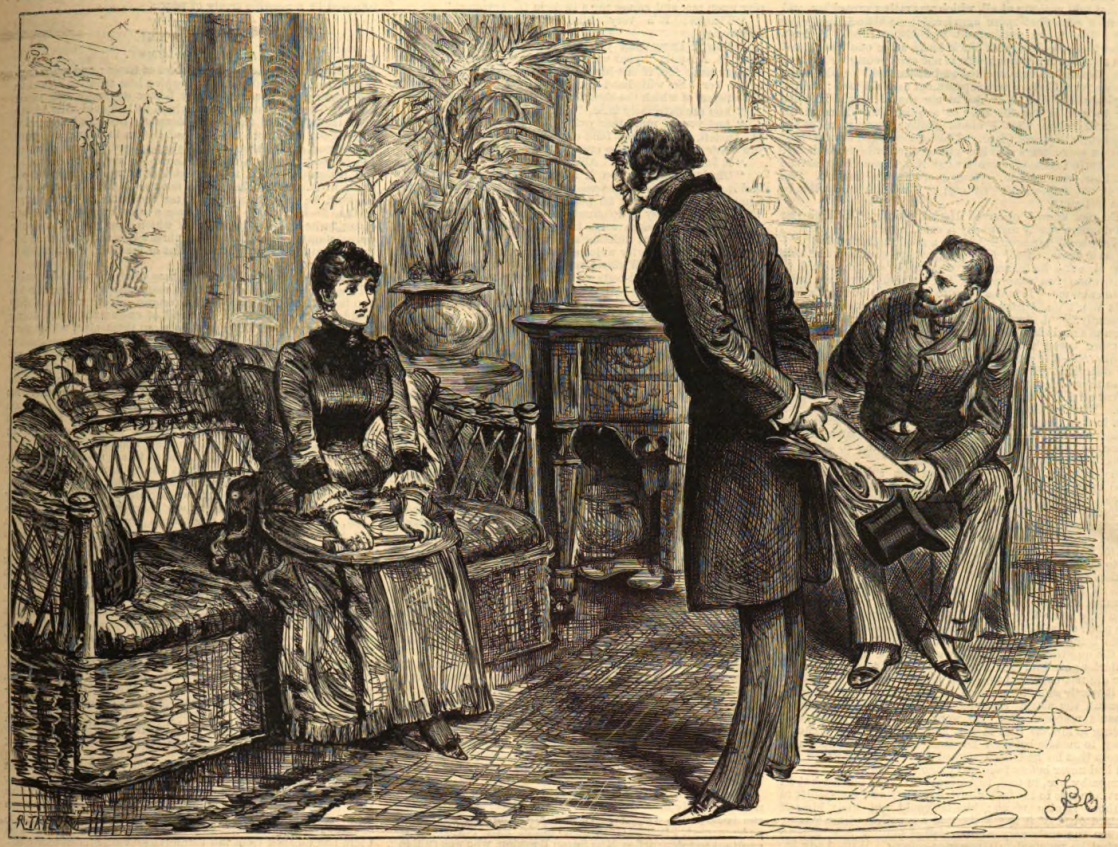
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"It isn't meant for me," gasped poor Lady St. Austell; "it's meant for Lady Glastonbury."

ADRIAN VIDAL.

BY W. E. NORRIS,

AUTHOR OF "MDLLE. DE MERSAC," "MATRIMONY," "THIRLBY HALL," &c.

CHAPTER XX.

ESTRANGEMENT.

Heriot's circumstances and domestic arrangements so far differed from those of most bachelors that he enjoyed the privilege of asking ladies to dinner, and availed himself of it pretty freely during the season. When he invited our friends in Alexandra-gardens to honour him so far one evening, they had no excuse for sending him a refusal, although one of them would have been glad to escape the lecture which he feared was in store for him. Clare and Miss Vidal, who had not yet seen the interior of Heriot's abode, felt the curiosity natural to their sex to inspect a house which owned no mistress—a house, too, which was reported to contain artistic treasures of every description.

Their host's drawing-room proved to be very much what they had anticipated: that is to say that it was filled with beautiful and valuable objects, and that the absence of feminine superintendence was very perceptible in it. A man may hope to fit up a library or a smoking-room with fair success; but to make a drawing-room look inhabited is a little beyond us. Heriot had not attempted this feat. With the exception of a few Oriental rugs, he had added nothing to the furniture which he had inherited, and which belonged to the period of gilding and mirrors. The pictures, the bronzes, the enamels, and the china which he had collected in the course of his travels had been sent home to Brook-street, and unpacked by his housekeeper, who had arranged them without interference on the part of their owner. The result would have grieved the soul of an æsthetic dilettante; but Heriot had something to say in justification of it.

"You see," he explained to the two ladies who were busily examining his pretty things, "I feel that everybody who enters this room will do me the justice to perceive that I am not responsible for it; whereas, if I tried to lessen its ugliness, I should probably fall into blunders which you couldn't forgive. Lady St. Austell was here the other day, and she said, 'Your drawing-room is like yourself—frankly hideous, you know, at the first glance, but full of unexpected beauties, if you take the trouble to look for them.' I think that was a very pretty compliment. One doesn't make one's face; but one may flatter one's self that the unexpected beauties are of one's own creating."

Clare thought to herself that Lady St. Austell's own face merited precisely the opposite description; the beauty of it being apparent to careless observers, while its unexpected uglinesses became visible upon a closer scrutiny. But she prudently refrained from saying this aloud, and Georgina laughed and remarked: "I shall break into your house some time when you are away, Mr. Heriot, and lay hands upon various trifles which you will never miss."

"Do," answered Heriot; "or lay hands upon them now, which will be still better. Lady St. Austell did. She never comes here without carrying away some memento of her visits. She says it will save me the trouble of mentioning her in my will."

And it was a woman who could make such speeches as that, Clare thought, whom men found fascinating! Then De Wynt came in, rubbing his hands, and the small party was complete.

"I am sorry that we are a lady short," Heriot said. "Lady St. Austell, who had promised to join us, sent about an hour ago to say that she couldn't get off another engagement."

It is probable that the absence of this fifth guest was not deeply deplored by the other four. Adrian inwardly returned thanks to Heaven for his deliverance from danger, and remarked aloud: "We shall be ever so much jollier without outsiders."

Yet, somehow, the evening was not a very jolly one. De Wynt may have enjoyed it, and so, perhaps, did Georgina; but the remaining three certainly did not. Heriot could not help noticing that something was amiss between Adrian and Clare, nor could they help being aware that he noticed this; so that their joint and several efforts to behave as though all were well failed lamentably. The presence of De Wynt was a comfort to Adrian, since nothing of a private nature could be said before him during the twenty minutes that the three men spent in the dining-room after dinner; but he was not to escape the interview with his friend which he dreaded. For when the hour of release came, and when he had put the ladies into their carriage, muttering something about going down to the club to smoke a cigar, Heriot interposed with, "Stay and smoke your cigar with me, Adrian; I haven't seen anything of you yet." To which he could only reply, "All right, old man," with such show of alacrity as was at his command.

"I hope it is not too late to offer my congratulations," Heriot said, after he had led the way into the comfortable library of which he made a good deal more use than of his drawing-room. "You have become a famous man since you were last in this house."

"Hardly that," answered Vidal, laughing.

"Oh, you are famous—don't affect modesty with an old friend. And I am told that you write the review of fiction in that queer new venture of Pilkington's—if it is his venture. Probably it is somebody else's venture, though?"

"Oh, of course. I don't know who the principal proprietors are—Egerton, I believe, for one—but we are all of us interested in it to a small extent. What do you think of its chances?"

"As a speculation, do you mean? I am no judge of such matters; but I should think it ought to pay, if Pilkington can be induced to stick to it. I read the literary article in the last number, and thought I recognised your touch. You were quite right to join the staff of the *Anglo-Saxon*. It is a brilliant one just now, and, even if it doesn't hold together long, you will be all the better for having been connected with it."

"Do you think it won't hold together?" asked Vidal, a little anxiously.

"I know nothing about it, except that brilliant staffs have a way of splitting up after a certain time. Perhaps this one will be the exception that proves the rule. At any rate, you are not dependent upon Pilkington and his experiments. Your business is the writing of novels, and I am very glad to think that you are making a much better business of it than seemed likely this time last year."

Vidal laughed. "Oh, yes; the money is tumbling in. It tumbles out again, though, at a deuce of a pace. I can assure you, Heriot, that it costs a great deal more than a bachelor might suppose to maintain an establishment in a humble way on the extreme outskirts of civilised London. I feel that I ought to be laying by for a rainy day; but I haven't been able to manage it so far."

"Let us hope that there will be no rainy days for a long time to come," said Heriot, cheerfully. "After such a start as you have made, your earnings ought to increase henceforth rather than diminish; and if there is such a thing as luck, I should say that you may safely count yourself a lucky man. Up to the present, at all events, you have got everything that you have wished for. You ought to be about the happiest fellow in London."

"Well, perhaps," answered Vidal, who somehow rather resented this imputation. "The things that one has wished for don't always turn out to be all that one's fancy painted them, though."

"Do you mean to say that greatness is beginning to pall upon you already? This is the result of too many dinners and too much flattery. Never mind, Adrian; whenever you find your palate cloyed by an over-dose of compliments, come to me and I will administer correctives. I can pick plenty of holes in 'Two Lovers,' let me tell you."

Such is the perversity of human nature that Adrian no sooner noticed a disposition on his friend's part to shirk the delicate subject that we know of, than he himself began to wish to introduce it. It was not natural to him to keep his distresses to himself; moreover, he had some hope that Heriot had abstained from condemning him out of sheer inability to do so. So he said, "I don't mean that. I can swallow a fair quantity of compliments without feeling sick, and I don't get any more than I can manage. But sometimes I doubt whether it was wise to take up our abode in London. I think, perhaps, we should have been happier down in Cornwall, after all. That is, I think my wife would have been happier."

"People who have been born and bred in the country naturally long for fresh air after they have been several months in a large town," remarked Heriot.

"Yes; but that isn't all. The fact of the matter is that Clare hates society and I like it. Well, of course, if one were living on a Cornish moor, one would adapt one's self to circumstances, and there would be an end of it; but I can't live

like a hermit in London. I don't think it ought to be expected of me that I should."

Heriot said nothing at all, which was rather provoking, and it was in a somewhat more aggrieved tone that Adrian went on: "I know you understand how things are. It isn't pleasant to be received with black looks after one has talked for ten minutes to a woman who is not even young or pretty; it isn't pleasant to be suspected and distrusted. I make every allowance for difference of temperament and all that; still, it isn't pleasant. And it seems to me that I should be quite wrong to give in for the sake of a quiet life. You, at all events, will believe that I would gladly give up many of my own pleasures to please Clare. I haven't changed towards her, though in some ways she has changed a little towards me. But the truth is that she wants what it is impossible that she should have—at any rate, so long as we live in London. She really is not reasonable. Of course, I wouldn't say this to anyone but you."

"Do you know," observed Heriot, quietly, "I think you would do more wisely not to say it even to me."

"Very well," answered Adrian, a good deal affronted; "I won't do it again, then. I thought perhaps you might be able to help me out a little, and you used to be willing enough to do that, when you were asked; but no doubt you are quite right to snub me. It is bad form to talk about one's wife."

"It won't do, Adrian," returned Heriot, laughing good-humouredly. "I decline to be inveigled into the absurd position of a mediator between two people who must understand each other better than I can understand either of them. Your quarrel—if it can be called a quarrel—seems to me perfectly ridiculous. I suppose the quarrels of lovers always do seem so to outsiders, and it would be easy enough to give you excellent advice, if one did not know that it would be superfluous. You and Clare can make friends again whenever you choose to do so, and I imagine that you will choose before you are much older. Anyhow, I wish you both to remain friends with me, and therefore I shall not say anything to either of you that I don't want repeated to the other."

This cavalier way of dismissing the subject did not impose upon Adrian, who was too familiar with Heriot's face and voice to be deceived as to the anxiety which it was intended to conceal. But he did not insist upon plainer speaking, and only remarked, after keeping silence for a short time: "I'm glad you don't blame me, at any rate."

"Oh, but I never said that," returned Heriot. "If you want to know what I think of you, I haven't the slightest objection to telling you that I consider you an ass. You ought to know better than to require a woman to be reasonable, and you certainly must know that, whatever other women may be or do, your wife doesn't carry unreasonableness to the pitch of wishing you to renounce all society."

This being exactly what Adrian believed that Clare did wish, the question of whether he was more or less of an ass than Heriot gave him credit for being seemed to remain open; but he did not care to bring the point forward; nor did he think it worth while to mention, as he had intended doing for a moment, the alarm that he had been caused by Susan Bowman's reappearance. He went away soon afterwards, admitting to himself that Heriot had probably been right in refusing to meddle between husband and wife, yet feeling a little sore that he had been denied the sympathy which his friend had never before failed to extend to him.

Sympathy was, in fact, to Adrian Vidal very much what an ancient coin was to his father-in-law. He could make shift to do without it at a pinch; but he could not deny himself the solace of it, if it was to be had anywhere within reach; and when the customary sources failed him, he was fain to seek what he required in Grosvenor-square. With Lady St. Austell's habits, opinions, and general conception of life, he had no more sympathy than she had with his; but there were certain minor points as to which they were in complete agreement; and, besides, it was pleasant to be smiled upon and made much of.

"So you are going down to Polruth again," she said to him one afternoon. She was sipping a cup of tea and was equipped for the Park; for the hour was approaching when she, like most other ladies, felt it incumbent upon her to take part in that daily parade which they would find so intolerable if it were made compulsory. Beyond the open window behind her were banks of flowers; the lowered sunblinds made the light subdued; and in the coolness and fragrance of the room, in the ceaseless roll of the carriages outside, even in the aspect of the well-dressed, well-preserved woman who sat opposite to him, the jewels on her plump white hands flashing as she raised her tea-cup, Adrian found something that at the same time soothed and excited his senses. In truth, the atmosphere of London was as delightful to him as the atmosphere of the country is to some other people.

"So you are going down to Polruth again," she repeated—"dear old sleepy Polruth! How will you like that?"

"I liked it very well last year," Adrian answered.

"Ah, last year was—last year. I can understand that you enjoyed yourself very much then; but one ought never to go back to places where one has enjoyed one's self; and to go back with the partner of one's former joys—after having actually married her too!"—— Lady St. Austell shook her head gravely. "I should think it would be dreadfully depressing," she remarked presently.

Adrian had reasons for thinking that it very possibly might be; but he did not feel inclined to state them, or to claim Lady St. Austell's sympathy with regard to this particular matter. "Shall you be in Cornwall in the course of the summer?" he asked; and, feeling that her presence in the vicinity of Polruth would be far from an unqualified boon, he was rather glad to hear her reply: "Not this year, I believe. We are to go to Scotland rather earlier than usual, and after that we shall have to be in Hertfordshire until the hunting begins. That is the worst of having so many houses. One is obliged to live in them more or less, and the consequence is that one really lives nowhere, and one never lay one's hand upon anything that one wants."

"I don't think I should object to eighty thousand a year, all the same," remarked Vidal. "Or is it a hundred thousand?"

"I don't know what it is," answered Lady St. Austell. "Of course one would a great deal rather be rich than poor; but the provoking thing about money is that it seems as if it ought to give you everything, and yet, after a certain point, it only gives you the same things as your neighbours have, but on a rather larger scale. I can quite enter into the feelings of Matthew Arnold's sick king in Bokhara, who had wealth and fame, and all the rest of it, but could not even save a beggar from being stoned to death. What is the use of being such a magnificent person if one can't do what one wants or have what one wants?"

"What is the especial thing that you want?" Vidal inquired.

Lady St. Austell sighed plaintively. "Ah, so many things!—and all of them especial things, too! But it's no use thinking about them. One thing I want, which ought not to be impossible. I want you to come and stay with us in Scotland. Are you fond of shooting? If you are, you will be able to amuse yourself all day: and then perhaps you will take pity upon me; and amuse me a little in the evening."

"Thanks; it's very kind of you," began Vidal, hesitatingly.

"Now, I know what you are going to say," interrupted Lady St. Austell; "your wife won't let you leave her. Well, she can come too, if she likes. I am sure I shall be delighted to see her. So will Lord St. Austell," she added, with a little titter, of which the significance escaped her hearer.

"You are extremely kind," said Adrian again.

"And you are more than extremely foolish," retorted Lady St. Austell, who was not fond of being thwarted. "Why do you allow yourself to be so cruelly hen-pecked?"

"It isn't exactly that," Adrian said.

"Oh, but I assure you it is exactly that, and you won't find it a bit the less inconvenient for being called by another name. Really, I have no patience with women like Mrs. Vidal! I don't say it to annoy you, you know; but it is a fact that I have taken some trouble to be polite to her, and have had nothing but rudeness in return. As far as I am concerned, she is perfectly welcome to be rude; only I do most sincerely pity you. Without vanity, I may say for myself that I am rather more good-natured than most people; and if she goes on like this she will very soon deprive you of all your friends. I should like to have her here for five minutes to tell her what I think of her!"

Adrian opened his mouth; but whether he was going to undertake his wife's defence or to apologise for her ingratitude will never be known; for he had not yet got out a word when the door was thrown open and "Mrs. and Miss Vidal" were announced.

It was certainly a piece of rather bad luck that Clare should have selected this afternoon of all others for paying the call which she owed after Lady St. Austell's garden party, and it was also bad luck that Georgina, who wanted to see the inside of the house, should have persuaded her to come in, instead of leaving cards at the door. The moment of her entrance was an awkward one for everybody. Even Lady St. Austell was a little thrown off her balance by this speedy fulfilment of the wish that she had just uttered, and felt no inclination to take advantage of the opportunity thus afforded her for speaking home truths; while Adrian, who had jumped up from his chair, stood smiling foolishly, and looking a great deal more conscious of having been caught than so seasoned a man of the world had any business to do.

Clare, as a general thing, had far less self-command than either of the other two; but she now remained perfectly composed, surprising her husband, and compelling the respect of a lady who respected but few things. She stayed for about ten minutes, making conversation, somewhat stiffly, but without apparent effort, and exchanging cold civilities with Lady St. Austell, who had of course shaken off her momentary embarrassment, but who probably judged the occasion inopportune for renewing that invitation to Scotland which Adrian had already declined on his wife's behalf. To him Clare did not address a word until she rose to go, when she turned to him and asked, "Are you coming with us?" That question admitted of but one reply; so Adrian presently found himself descending the staircase behind his wife and sister, looking—and knowing that he looked—extremely like a schoolboy who has been pounced upon by his master when out of bounds, and is being led back for punishment.

He was not in an observant frame of mind; otherwise he might possibly have noticed a red baize door, giving access to the back stairs, which was cautiously opened an inch or two as he passed. Behind that door might have been seen the exultant countenance of Miss Susan Bowman, who was rubbing her hands softly, and who laughed aloud when the three visitors had disappeared. This was indeed a treat! Susan required nobody to tell her that the meeting between Mr. Vidal and his wife had been unpremeditated on both sides, and, having noticed the expression of their respective countenances as they passed her post of observation, she had little difficulty in picturing to herself the sort of interview which would be likely to take place between them on their return home.

"Oh, my dear friend and benefactor," she murmured, what an evening you are going to have! I shouldn't wonder if you had been telling a few little innocent lies of late about the number of times you have been to see her ladyship, and I shouldn't wonder if you had to confess the lot of them. Tears?—bless you, yes! you'll get plenty of *them*; and you're not partial to tears, you know. You'll have to make some promises, too, and then you'll break them, and then you'll be found out again; and so it will go on till you wish you were dead. That wife of yours has got a nice, soft, pretty face of her own; but there was a look upon it just now which makes me suspect that she can scratch as well as purr—and she'll let you find it out to-night, unless I'm very much mistaken."

But Susan was mistaken, as it happened; and although Mrs. Vidal did indeed find it necessary to request a private interview with her husband that evening, Lady St. Austell's name was not mentioned in the course of it, and it was she, not he, who found it a painful one.

When Clare followed Adrian into his study, after the rest of the household had retired to bed, and began: "Adrian, I have something to speak to you about," he groaned in spirit, fearing the worst; and nothing could have exceeded his relief when it turned out that all she had to say was that she was at the end of her resources and that the household expenditure could no longer by any possibility be kept within the limits assigned to it some months before. He did not in the least realise what it cost her to make this avowal; he was far from imagining that, in order to avoid making it sooner, she had deprived herself of every personal luxury that could be dispensed with, and that to her somewhat disordered fancy it appeared as though by admitting her failure to accomplish her duty as a housewife, she were in some sort condoning the offence which he, on his side, had committed against her.

"Why didn't you tell me this before?" he asked, unlocking the drawer of his writing-table and taking out all the loose cash that he had by him. "Of course, an extra person being in the house must make a difference, and one can't dine one's friends for nothing. We'll have a supplementary vote now and increase the estimates for the future. What shall we put it at? Half as much again? All right; and if that isn't enough, you must let me know. I can always make up a deficit by a little extra work."

This was certainly a liberal way of doing things; for Adrian's coffers were by no means overflowing, and he thought that his wife would at least reward him with a few words of thanks. But she did nothing of the kind. She only gathered up the money, remarking, "I am sorry to have been such a bad manager," and moved towards the door.

Adrian let her go. It seemed to him that she made an almost imperceptible halt upon the threshold, as if she thought he might be going to call her back, and, indeed, he was more than half inclined to do so. But he resisted the weakness. What would be the good, he thought, of entering upon explanations which would certainly not be held satisfactory and listening to reproaches of which he could not admit the justice? Time and change of scene would do their work, he hoped; and it was better to trust to such old-established remedies than to the doubtful one of a scene, followed by a possible treaty of peace.

CHAPTER XXI.

A CRUEL CALUMNY.

Heriot was a poor sleeper at the best of times; and when anything occurred to disturb or perplex him after ten o'clock in the evening his chances of rest before daybreak were small indeed. The brief conversation which he had held with Adrian upon the subject of the latter's domestic troubles had worried him a good deal more than he had chosen to show; and when he had read a book in bed until his head ached, without inducing the faintest sensation of drowsiness, he blew out his candle, and resigned himself to the fact that he was going to have a night of it. This being by no means his first experience of the kind, he did not count up to ten thousand, or try to see an endless flock of sheep leaping over a stile, or adopt any other of the futile remedies by means of which some people, similarly circumstanced, are wont to goad themselves to the verge of insanity, but lay patiently on the flat of his back, like a sensible man, and reflected.

And this, among other things, was what he said to himself: "It's rather a hard case when a man can do nothing for his two best friends, except hold his tongue. Here are these silly people drifting apart, thinking evil of one another, and doing all they know to build up a wall between themselves which may gradually reach such a height that they will never see each other again—and all about nothing! Half a dozen words would set the whole stupid misunderstanding straight; only it isn't by me that they can be spoken. I was right to shut Adrian up; he has a strong case, and it wouldn't do to argue it with him. As for Clare, she has next to no case at all; so that argument with her would be even more hopeless. The best thing that could happen to them would be to have a downright quarrel; but I'm afraid it won't come to that, and if I interfere they will both quarrel with me, as sure as this is a world of fools. Evidently, there's nothing for it but to stand on the brink and watch them sinking or swimming, as the case may be."

But such a philosophical course of action was hardly within the compass of one whose heart was softer than his head, and Heriot felt that there was a hope—a rather forlorn one, it was true, still a hope—that he might to some extent benefit, by means of speech, those whom he desired to serve. No one knew better than he did that the real source of their trouble lay in total dissimilarity of character, and that if it had not appeared in this direction, it would assuredly have done so, sooner or later, in that; but just as there are certain latent maladies which can only be arrested when they manifest themselves in a specific form, so it seemed possible that something might be done for this estranged couple by removing what was at all events the ostensible cause of their disagreement. Of course, it was not certain that such a removal could be effected; but Lady St. Austell, like many other selfish people, was extremely good-natured, and if it were represented to her that she was bringing a vast amount of unhappiness upon others with very little prospect of counterbalancing advantage to herself, she would be quite as likely as not to give Adrian his *congé*, and appoint some more suitable young man to take his place.

So Heriot thought he would make the attempt. An attack of illness, which was the penalty that he invariably paid for fidgetting himself overmuch about any matter, prevented him from giving effect to his resolution for some days; but, as soon as he was able to go out again, he betook himself to Grosvenor-square, and arrived there, as it chanced, just after Adrian and Clare had escaped from the comfortless visit of ceremony described in the last chapter. Lady St. Austell's carriage was at the door; but, after Heriot had been kept waiting a few minutes, he was told that she would receive him, and she interrupted his apologies by declaring that she would much rather talk to him than go out for a drive.

"I am only thankful that you didn't come in five minutes ago," she said. "If you had, I should certainly have burst out laughing, and then I don't know what would have happened. I do wish people wouldn't have such foolish wives!"

"Whose husband have you been qualifying to match his wife in that respect?" asked Heriot.

"Oh, nobody's. If that poor Mrs. Vidal only knew what a perfectly harmless, and indeed improving thing platonic affection is, I am sure she would be a far happier woman."

"Not a doubt of it; but we must have patience with the dulness of humanity and forgive those who are not yet educated up to our standard. So it is Mrs. Vidal who has been behaving foolishly?"

"I can't quite say that. No; she behaved wonderfully well, considering. She was very freezing; but she was not rude. I imagine, though, that she doesn't allow her husband even to pay calls without her, for I never saw anyone look so utterly dumbfoundered as he did when she was announced. Oddly enough, we had just been talking about her, and as I was telling him in a friendly way how idiotic it was of him to let himself be ridden over roughshod by her, in she walked, accompanied by that grenadier of a woman who, I am told, scampers about the Cannibal Islands without any clothes on during the greater part of the year."

"Really, I think there must have been a trifling exaggeration about that report," said Heriot.

"Perhaps so; it doesn't much signify. She was quite clothed to-day, and I presume she was in her right mind; though why she should have planted herself before me, with her hands on her knees, and stared at me as if I were some new kind of savage I don't know."

"Open-mouthed admiration," said Heriot. "It couldn't have been anything else, you know."

"Well, whatever it was, it was rather embarrassing. And I think these good people might understand that I am not so desperately eager to cultivate them, after all. Mr. Vidal is all very well, and I am always delighted to see him; but I don't know whether I was quite right in trying to take up his wife. I only did it out of pure benevolence, and I certainly never expected her to put on airs with me. It *is* just a little bit impertinent. Don't you think so yourself?"

"Oh, I shouldn't submit to it for a single moment," answered Heriot; "I can't think why you do. These Vidals evidently don't know their proper place, and ought to be put back into it without delay. The next time he comes, you had better give him to understand as much, and then he won't come any more."

Lady St. Austell sniffed meditatively at her gold-mounted bottle of smelling-salts.

"H-m-m! But you see, I should miss him, poor fellow! He really is very nice."

"You don't say so! Has he actually succeeded in touching your heart, in spite of the inferiority of rank to which you are so alive?"

"Oh, that was you; *I* never said anything about their inferiority. No; I don't know that he has exactly touched my heart, as you call it, yet: but I fancy that if we saw more of each other we might perhaps arrive at—an understanding.

But it is never any use to talk about things of this kind with you, because you have no more feeling than a stock or a stone."

"You will allow that I am capable of friendship, however," Heriot began.

But he was prevented from explaining what bearing this alleged capacity of his had upon the matter under discussion by the entrance of no less a person than Lord St. Austell himself. That Lord St. Austell should enter his wife's drawing-room before dinner was quite an event. He very seldom acted in that way without some special reason, and the moment that Lady St. Austell, who stood considerably in awe of him, saw the grin upon his features, she felt sure that he had come to torment her—as indeed he had.

"I trust I am not indiscreet," said he, peeping into the semi-darkness which had now fallen upon the room. "Oh, it's only Mr. Heriot; I thought, perhaps, it might be somebody else. Mr. Heriot don't count, does he? He is something like me, out of the running. Ah, well! we shall all three be laid on the shelf soon—very soon."

"You don't generally behave as if you considered yourself shelved," retorted Lady St. Austell, out of whom innuendoes of this description never failed to get a rise. "It is a pity you didn't come in a little earlier. You would have seen that pretty Mrs. Vidal whom you admire so much."

"Then I'm very sorry I didn't come in a little earlier," responded his lordship. "I admire Mrs. Vidal immensely—almost as much as you admire her husband. But then I am so careful; I keep my admiration within bounds; I wouldn't compromise a lady for the world. Whereas you, I am afraid, really did rather compromise a lady—yourself, I mean—at Richmond the other day. Did I tell you what the Grand-Duchess of Saxe-Tugendheim said about you? She asked me whether what she had heard was true, and that you were very *emancipirt*. I wonder what she could have meant! Perhaps Mr. Heriot, who has been so much abroad, can enlighten us. I answered her Serene Highness that I really didn't know, but that I thought, if you had ever been afflicted in that way, you must have outgrown it. At what age does a woman generally cease to be *emancipirt*, Mr. Heriot?"

Heriot, who did not like Lord St. Austell, took no notice of the question; but Lady St. Austell, as her husband was very well aware, had a great dread of being looked upon coldly by high personages, and showed signs of uneasiness. "Some wretch must have been saying horrid things about me!" she exclaimed. "I can't think what you mean by my having compromised myself that day. I was particularly careful to do nothing of the kind."

"It seemed to me that you were," agreed her tormentor. "Didn't you break down a little towards the end of the day, though? It struck me that you became rather conspicuously invisible, and that your friend the author followed suit—all except his boots; I saw his boots."

"But that was after the Grand Duchess had left."

"So it was; and of course that made a difference. Still, the wretches who tell tales remained. You can't escape the eyes of these malevolent gossips, even when you are out of sight; and the mischief of it is that they laugh at you. One doesn't mind being accused of wickedness, and one can stand being called *emancipirt*—especially if one doesn't know what it means. But to be sniggered at by Tom, Dick, and Harry is not pleasant. I really almost think I should throw the author over, if I were you."

That ironical tone always alarmed Lady St. Austell. "Do you wish me to drop Mr. Vidal?" she asked, quite humbly.

"I? Oh, dear no! pray don't mind me. Nothing delights me more than to see you amused and making the most of your time; and, as I was saying just now, we can none of us hope to remain young much longer. All I would venture to suggest to you, in your own interest, is that you should not take up with newspaper men. They're not to be trusted. Now, here," continued Lord St. Austell, producing with evident relish the new number of the *Anglo-Saxon*—"here is a paper for which I believe your friend Mr. Vidal is partly responsible, and just see what he has the impudence to say about you."

Lady St. Austell took the paper and read the following paragraph, which formed one of a series of items headed "Social Scraps":—

"The evergreen wife of a well-known and highly-respected sporting peer was made the subject of some rather severe strictures by one of the Royal guests whom she had the honour of entertaining not long since. '*On devrait savoir vieillir*,' and other audible remarks to the like effect, cannot have been very agreeable hearing for a lady who is popularly credited with having solved the problem of making the clock stand still."

"It isn't meant for me," gasped poor Lady St. Austell; "it's meant for Lady Glastonbury."

But her lord shook his head and grinned more than ever. He had come in for the express purpose of showing his wife this cruel paragraph, and the effect of it upon her was all that he had hoped it would be. "I fear," said he, "that there can't be any doubt as to who is meant. Lady Glastonbury, you know, is a widow, and the reference to myself is unmistakable. 'A well-known sporting peer'—I am certainly that; and I believe I may add that I am also highly respected. You, apparently, are not. You're only 'evergreen,' and some uncertainty seems to be felt as to the appropriateness of even that epithet. Too bad, upon my word, the way newspapers are conducted nowadays! I should have thought Mr. Pilkington would have been above publishing such scurrility; but nothing is sacred to a newspaper man. You have warmed a Vidal in your bosom (figuratively speaking), and he has rewarded you after the usual fashion of those reptiles. Well, I must be going now. Don't let this distress you. *Il n'y a que la vérité qui blesse*, you know, and of course these insinuations are palpably false."

And with that parting shot Lord St. Austell decamped gleefully.

(To be continued.)

The Court of Common Council have resolved to place a bust of General Gordon in the Guildhall.

The Corporation of Southampton have agreed to lend to the Dock Company, for the purpose of providing deeper water accommodation for the port, £220,000, receiving as interest and redemption £8800 a year for sixty years.

We understand that the Lord Mayor and Sheriffs of London and Middlesex have consented to open a Bazaar and Art Exhibition, at the Vestry-Hall, Hampstead, on the 23rd inst., in aid of the Hampstead Home, Hospital, and Nursing Institute. The Lady Mayoress, Mrs. O. E. Coope, and other ladies are patrons of the Bazaar.

The Board of Trade have awarded a binocular glass to Mr. Philip L. Ferguson, the master of the ship Hudson, of St. John, New Brunswick, in recognition of his humanity in standing by the barque Minnie Gray, of Hull, which was abandoned at sea on Feb. 10 last, and sending a boat to the succour of the shipwrecked crew. The Board have also awarded an aneroid barometer to Mr. David Rickwell, the second mate of the Hudson, and £1 each to the four seamen who manned the boat in which the rescue was effected.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All communications relating to this department of the Paper should be addressed to the Editor, and have the word "Chess" written on the envelope.

J J M (Weymouth).—If you will state clearly what is wrong with the solution of the "Anonymous" Problem, we shall be pleased to give you an explanation.

Alpha.—We regret the trouble it has given you. Your inference about the colour of the Pawn is, of course, correct.

J O'F.—If you will refer to the subsequent Numbers, you will find that the solution has been published.

R M (Wexford).—All correct solutions have been published.

J B W (Cranbrook).—It shall be examined.

Correct Solutions of Problem No. 2137 received from Pierce Jones, W H D Henvey, and J O'F; of No. 2138, from Alpha, John Hodgson, J T W, and Emmo (Darlington); of K. Biana's Problem, from Pierce Jones; of Jax Berx's Problem, from J O'F; of G. Heme's Problem, from J T W, R L Southwell, A Wigmore, John Dudley (Wexford), and W Dewes.

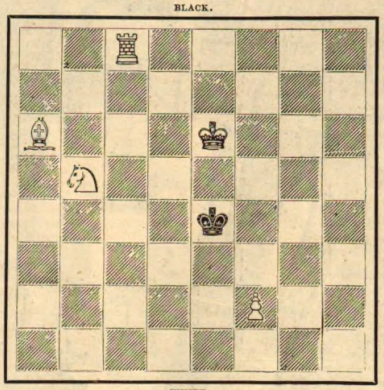
Correct Solutions of Problem No. 2139 received from C T Lane, J T W, S Lowndes, C W Milsom, Jupiter Junior, C S Coxe, W L Salusbury, W B (Clifton), R L Southwell, L L Greenaway, W Hillier, F Ferris, E Casella (Paris), A Wigmore, G W Law, H Wardell, E E H, Aaron Harper, R T Kemp, Ben Nevis, L Falcon (Antwerp), L Sharswood, Ernest Sharswood, Richard Murphy, A M Colborne, O Fielder (Ghent), R H Wood, Pierce Jones, E L Gibson, H A Chapman, D W Kell, Emmo (Darlington), W H D Henvey, C Oswald, W Warren, Rev. W Anderson (Old Romney), R Gray, H Blacklock, A W Scrutton, L Wyman, S Bullen, W Biddle, An Old Hand, E Featherstone, J G Anstee, E Elsbury, M O'Halloran, T H Holdron, Norina, W Percy Hind, Carl Short, A M Porter, N S Harris, James Pilkington, Alpha, A C Hunt, R Ingersoll, H Lucas, J K (South Hampstead), A J Lake, Fanny H Levy (Edmonton), F F Pott, Hereward, R H Brooks, J A Schmucke, D McCoy, John Hodgson (Maidstone), and R Worters (Canterbury).

Solution of Problem No. 2137.

WHITE.	BLACK.
1. Kt to Q B 4th	K to Q 2nd
2. Q to Kt 6th	K moves
3. Q or B mates accordingly.	

Note.—If Black play 1. R to Q 4th, White continues with 2. B to K 8th, mating on the third move with either Q or B as Black plays.

PROBLEM No. 2141.
By Henry Frau (Lyons).
BLACK.



WHITE.
White to play, and mate in three moves.

A curious Game, played at the Manhattan Chess Club, New York, between Messrs. Simonson and Peters. We are indebted for the score to the *Brooklyn Chess Chronicle*.

(King's Gambit.)

WHITE (Mr. S.)	BLACK (Mr. P.)	WHITE (Mr. S.)	BLACK (Mr. P.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	15. Kt takes R P (ch)	K to Kt sq
2. P to K B 4th	P takes P	16. Q to R 3rd	Kt to B 5th
3. P to Q 4th	Q to R 5th (ch)	17. Kt to B 6th (ch)	
4. P to K Kt 3rd	P takes P	The combination which follows is capitally conceived on the part of White, and the finish is in the best style.	
5. B to Kt 2nd	P takes P (dis ch)		
6. K to B sq	P takes Kt (Q ch)	17.	B takes Kt
7. K takes Q	Q to Q sq	18. Q to R 7th (ch)	K to B sq
Truly a remarkable gambit. Black, having destroyed one of his enemy's officers and a couple of the rank and file, retires to his arcola to wait upon events.		19. R takes K B P	
8. B to B 4th	Q to B 3rd	Threatening mate.	
9. B to K 3rd	Kt to Q B 3rd	19.	Kt to K 2nd
10. Kt to B 3rd	P to Q 3rd	If 19. Q takes R, then follows 20. B to R 3rd (ch), &c.	
11. Q to Q 3rd	B to Q 2nd	20. P takes B	K Kt takes P
12. R to K B sq	Q to Kt 3rd	21. Q to R 8th (ch)	Kt to Kt sq
13. Kt to Kt 5th	Castles	22. B to R 7th, and Black resigned.	
14. P to Q 5th	Kt to K 4th		

This part of the Paper is sent to press so early, in consequence of the Easter Holidays, that we are unable to give a full report of the many interesting matches in which the representative teams from the Universities have been engaged during the past week. The thirteenth annual match between the Universities was played on the 23th ult., at the St. George's Club, and it resulted in a victory for Cambridge with a score of 6½ to Oxford's 5½. The following table shows the names of the players and their respective scores:—

CAMBRIDGE.		OXFORD.	
J. D. Roberts	1	C. D. Locock	0
H. G. Gwatkin	0	G. E. Wainwright	1
H. W. Sherrard	1½	J. W. Walker	0½
F. M. Young	1	R. M. Barnett	0
J. T. Gibson	0	F. G. Newbolt	1
R. C. Allen	1½	H. A. Crump	0½
C. E. Chepmell	1½	S. J. Buchanan	0½
	6½		5½

A neat position, from the *Nationaltidende* of Copenhagen, by J. Raboe's

White: K at Kt 2nd, Q at K R sq, R at Q B 3rd, Kts at Q 4th and K Kt 4th, B at Q Kt sq; Pawn at Q Kt 3rd. (Seven pieces.)

Black: K at Q B 4th, Pawns at Q Kt 2nd and 4th and Q 2nd. (Four pieces.)

White to play, and mate in three moves.

At the fourteenth annual festival dinner given last week in connection with the Railway Officers and Servants' Association subscriptions to the amount of £1973 were announced.

Lord Rosebery presided last week at the festival of the Hospital for Sick Children, and made an eloquent appeal for what he characterised as the great want of the age—viz., funds, in response to which over £1500 was subscribed.

Sir Austen H. Layard presided last week at a meeting in aid of the British Ophthalmic Hospital, Jerusalem, and remarked on the valuable character of the institution. Sir Richard Temple also addressed the meeting at some length.

A Volunteer Medical Staff Corps is about to be established, and official sanction has been given to the establishment of additional batteries of Artillery and new companies for the Rifle Corps connected with the Volunteer Forces.

A special map of Afghanistan and the adjacent countries has been published by Mr. T. R. Johnston, of Edinburgh, having on the same sheet maps of Europe, Asia, South-Western Asia, and India, and with notes explanatory of the whole question at present before the public relating to the Afghan boundary.

The Lord Chancellor presided over the annual general meeting of the City and Guilds of London Institute, which was held last week at the Mercers' Hall. In moving the adoption of the report, his Lordship expressed a hope that the spirit of liberality which had actuated the Corporation and City Guilds to do the great work which they had done would move them, as far as the means under their command allowed, to do whatever might be needful to ensure the complete success and the satisfactory development of their work.

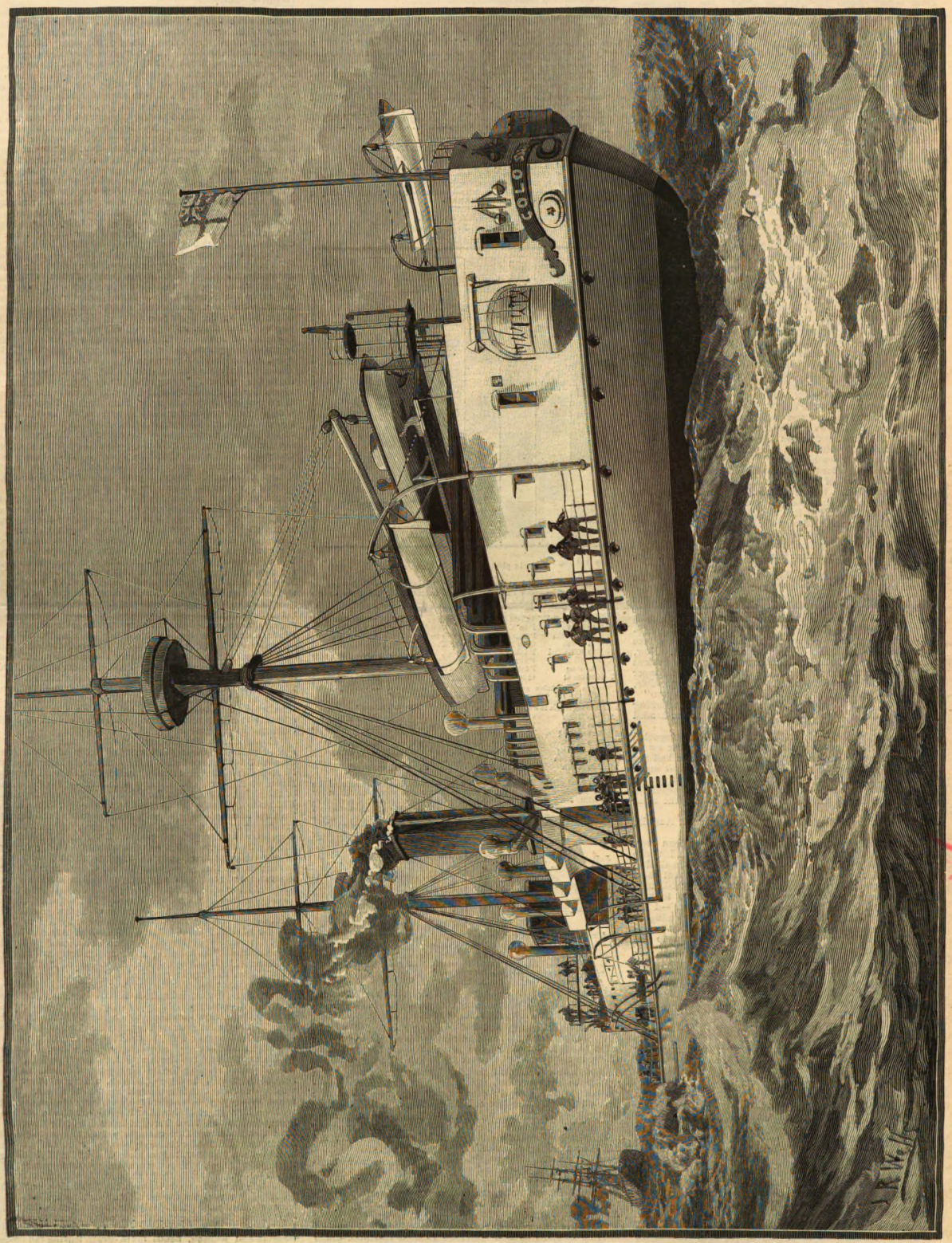
HERAT, WESTERN AFGHANISTAN.

The capital of Western Afghanistan, the city of Herat, though now in a decayed and squalid condition, was anciently reckoned one of the most splendid cities in Asia. Its position, nearly midway between the Caspian Sea and the Indus, and in the central point of the old routes of commerce from Persia, India, and the Turkoman kingdom of Bokhara, once commanded a lucrative commerce. It was, at that time, the capital of Khorassan, which in the thirteenth or fourteenth century became subject to the Tartar monarchy. But the antiquity of Herat is far more remote; the valley of the Heri-Rud was probably one of the earliest seats of civilisation. Ethnological theory, indeed, traces the Aryan race, the assumed progenitors of the European nations, of the Persians, and of the inhabitants of Upper India, to the region marked on the map by the Paropamisus range of mountains, the Koh-i-Baba and Safed Koh, between Balkh (the ancient Bactria) and Herat. This is precisely the region now likely to become the subject of dispute between the Russian Empire and the British Protectorate of Afghanistan. Although no practical importance can be ascribed to such a view, it has some historical or archæological interest. The name of the Heri-Rud, the river of Herat, is plausibly derived from the original root-syllable identical in Latin, English, Sanscrit, Persian, and many other languages, which signifies a "ploughman," and which was the race-appellation of the Aryan, sometimes called the Caucasian part of mankind. Agriculture flourished on the banks of this river from time immemorial, when all the vast plains of Central and Western Asia were occupied by pastoral tribes; settled cultivators of the soil may have existed here before those in Chaldea, though not expressly mentioned in the Bible.

Herat was visited by Alexander of Macedon, in the year 327 B.C., on his conquering path from Persia to Bactria, before he invaded the Punjaub; it is described by Arrian as "the city of Artacoana, the capital of the nation of Arcians," who were subject to the Persian King. It was included in the Greek-Bactrian kingdom. In the first century of Mohammedanism, which falls in the seventh century of the Christian era, the whole of Khorassan, with part of Turkestan, came under the dominion of Bokhara. The commercial prosperity of Herat began at that period, and was maintained during the Middle Ages, under successive foreign dynasties, those of the Seljukian Turks in the eleventh century, and the Sultans of Khiva, till in the thirteenth century the Tartar Genghis Khan twice stormed and plundered this rich city, killing a vast multitude of its people. Notwithstanding this calamity, Herat, gaining a degree of semi-independence, and ruled by the native Princes of Ghor, still contrived to flourish in the breaking up of the Turkish monarchies of Central Asia. The writings of Persian and Arabian travellers describe its stately palaces and mosques, a Nestorian Christian church, famous colleges of learning, hospitals, public baths, delightful gardens, manufactories, markets, bridges, aqueducts, gates, and towers of defence; all which were seen and admired in 1506 by the Emperor Baber, who describes them in his journal. Mercantile industry, with the fertility and skilful cultivation of the land, watered by copious artificial irrigation, produced these signs of wealth; and, under the Tartar dynasty founded in 1381 by Tamerlane, Herat was the seat of viceregal government for all the provinces south of the Oxus, including a great part of Persia. The reigns of the Emperors Shah Rokh and Hussein Mirza, in the fifteenth century, and that of Baber, the founder of the Mogul Empire in India, were very propitious to the welfare of this great city. The population, of mixed Persian and Turkish race, seem to have readily accommodated themselves to any regular and pacific government. In 1510 their Turkish masters were overthrown by the warlike Ishmail, Shah of Persia, a zealot for the Shiah sect of Mussulmans, who persecuted the Sunnis of Herat, and punished their religious contumacy by erecting and favouring the rival city of Meshed. Herat was thus deprived of its Persian trade, and gradually declined in importance with the decay of the Turkish States north of the Oxus. In 1717 it was seized by the Afghans, a nation of rude barbarian highlanders, whose tyranny and rapacity have reduced Herat, as well as Candahar, from affluence to misery and obscurity, effacing the work of a high comparative civilisation.

The Afghans, who call themselves by the name of Pukhtun, and claim to be descendants of Saul, King of Israel, and a branch of the Jewish nation carried into Babylonian captivity by Nebuchadnezzar, constitute two thirds of the existing population of Afghanistan. Nearly a million of the inhabitants of the plains, especially in the western districts, are Tajiks and Kizilbashis, of Persian Khorassan, with some Turkoman admixture, and are a peaceable, orderly, industrious kind of folk; there are also the Jats, the Hindkis (Hindoo traders), the Hazara mountaineers, and some pastoral tribes of Tartar or Turkoman race. But the Afghans, who despise all trade and industry, devoting their energies to war, though incessantly divided by factions, have long been the provinces, Cabul, Candahar, and Herat, separately or in conjunction, during most part of two centuries past. Attempts have been made by Persia, doubtless with the secret connivance of Russia, to reconquer Herat, and have been opposed by the British Government of India. Nadir Shah captured the city in 1731, but it was retaken by Ahmed Khan, founder of the Durani reigning family of Afghanistan, in 1749. It was besieged by the Persians in 1837 and 1838, when it was defended ten months, with extraordinary valour, skill, and success, by a young English officer, Eldred Pottinger. In 1856, Herat was again captured by the Persians, after an obstinate siege; but this led to war between England and Persia; and the war, carried on in the Persian Gulf, forced the Shah to give up the city in July, 1857. The people of Herat were always unwilling to be ruled by the Ameer of Cabul. They were governed by another Afghan Prince, one of a rival house, till 1863, when Dost Mohammed, near the end of his life, besieged and conquered the city. It may be within our readers' recollection that, so lately as 1880, in our last Afghan War, after the British capture of Cabul, one of the sons of Shere Ali, the deposed Ameer, a Prince whose name was Ayoub Khan, made himself master of Herat. Ayoub raised an army there, marched to Candahar, defeating a British force on his way, at Maiwand or Kushk-i-Nakhud; but finally succumbed to the force brought from Cabul by General Sir Frederick Roberts. This example proves the great political importance of Herat for the safety of other parts of Afghanistan.

It is time, however, to give some description of the city and its neighbourhood, with reference to the present apprehensions for its safety. Herat is finely situated, in a broad valley extending from east to west, between the Safed Koh, or "White Mountain" range, and the Siah Koh, the "Black Mountains," where the Heri river (Heri-Rud) flows down from the highlands of Hazara. The lower part of the valley opens towards the Persian frontier; and the main road to Meshed, passing by Ghorian and Kuhsan, bends north-west, leaving the river at Kuhsan, the frontier town of Afghanistan. A Russian army which could traverse the Persian territory would easily march to Herat by that road. The hill country north of Herat affords more defensible positions, but can be traversed by several passes from Badghis, the region north of the Safed Koh, between the Heri-Rud and the Murghab, where the Russians have now intruded. There is the Robat Pass, through the Barkhut



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THE GREAT HIGHWAY OF CENTRAL ASIA.

SKETCH BY MR. W. SIMPSON, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST WITH THE AFGHAN BOUNDARY COMMISSION.

hills, to Kuhsan, the entrance to which, at Ak Robat, has actually been seized by them; the Chesmeh-Subz, lately described in our Special Artist's letter; and the Ardewan and other roads over the Kaito hills, from the head of the Kushk valley, leading immediately to Herat. It was to cover or to watch these roads that Sir Peter Lumsden recently moved his camp to Gurlin, which place is in the middle between the Kushk river and the Barkhut hills, about ninety miles north of Herat. The eastern part of Badghis, along the Kushk and Murghab rivers, was formerly a populous and thriving district, with the great road of traffic from Herat to Merv, Bokhara, and Samarcand, in one direction, and to Maimene, Balkh, and the Upper Oxus farther east. Ancient towns, of which our Artist saw the desolate remains at Chaman-i-Bed, at Kala-i-Maur, at Ak Tapa, at Penjdeh, at Maruchak, and at Karaoul Khaneh, sprang up in connection with the great commercial and metropolitan city of Turkish Khorassan. They are now reduced to fragments of walls, heaps of potsherds, and the "Tapas," square mounds which may have been the base of their citadels; around which the nomad tribes of Sarik Turkomans pitch their kibitkas, and pasture their flocks and herds.

Herat itself is still a city, and might again be made a prosperous city, under any regular and tolerable Government. It stands in a plain sixteen miles wide, four miles from the mountains on the north side and twelve miles from those to the south. This strip of plain is richly cultivated by the aid of numerous streams of water formed in artificial channels; villages, corn-fields, vineyards, orchards, and gardens cover its space; the river, two or three miles south of the town, is crossed by a brick bridge of thirty arches. The town is built in a quadrangle, 1600 yards long and 1400 yards broad, inclosed by walls 25 ft. or 30 ft. high, with thirty bastions on each face, rising from the top of a ridge or mound of earth which averages 40 ft. in height, with a moat inside and outside, which can speedily be filled with water. On the north side, within the walls, is a mound upon which stands the citadel, with massive towers of burnt brick, and there is an outwork defending the northern gate. The citadel is surrounded by a moat and rampart. The town is divided into four quarters by straight lines of bazaars, streets partially covered with brick arches, and occupied by shops, meeting in the centre at the Charsue, or "Four Streets," as this place is called, which is marked by a high dome; and here is the Charbagh, the Governor's Palace, which is more like a barrack. The lesser side streets are mere narrow alleys, dirty and wretched, with a crowded population, though large spaces are deserted. The houses mostly have domed roofs, and are two storeys in height. The city was reckoned in 1830 to have 45,000 or 50,000 inhabitants; but there has been a great falling off, and later estimates are under 20,000. It has some manufactures of silk yarn, leather, fur cloaks and caps, metal, earthenware, and beautiful carpets. The mines of iron, lead, and silver, in the neighbouring mountains, are now almost neglected. The townspeople are a motley mixture—Tajiks, Aimaks, Turkomans, Persians, Jamsheedies, Hindoos, Tartars, and Jews, with Afghans strutting about fiercely, each carrying a whole armoury of guns, pistols, swords and daggers stuck round his body. The principal mosque, the Musjid-i-Juma, built in the thirteenth century, is in a ruinous state, but must have been very magnificent, being 465 ft. long and 275 ft. wide, with six doors, 130 windows, and 414 pillars, and with costly decorations, long ago stripped off, sculpture, gilding, and mosaics of precious stones. Outside the city, a mile to the north, on the mound or hillock of the Mosulla, are the ruins of a vast and beautiful edifice, the mosque and sepulchre of Sultan Hussein Mirza Bairam, who died in 1498. It had twenty minarets, four of which are yet seen at a distance by the traveller approaching Herat; the buildings surround a court one hundred yards square, with cloisters, the walls of which are adorned with exquisite mosaics of floral and various fantastic designs; beyond is a large circular hall surmounted by a dome, lined with blue and gilt glazed tiles; and there are other grand apartments. Nearer to the town is another mound, the Thal-i-berghi, which was thrown up by Nadir Shah for his siege battery when he attacked Herat in 1731. There are five city gates, which have memorable associations with important events in Persian, Turkish, Tartar, and Afghan history. The past glories of Herat may be exaggerated, but it is quite probable that about the end of the twelfth century, when London had its first Lord Mayor, Herat was a much greater city than London. It then contained "twelve thousand retail shops, six thousand public baths, caravanserais, and water-mills, three hundred and fifty colleges, schools, and monastic institutions, a hundred and forty-four thousand inhabited houses; and was regularly visited by caravans from all parts of Asia."

Herat is distant from Merv, by way of Sarakhs and the Heri-Rud, nearly 220 miles, and about the same distance from Meshed, the present Persian capital of Khorassan. The distance to Candahar is 369 miles, by a tolerably easy route, through Subzewar and Furrah, and crossing the Helmund at Girishk, the place to which the British troops advanced in the campaign of 1880. We shall have a railway completed, in the year after next, from India to the verge of the plain of Candahar, passing by the British frontier military station of Quetta; but Russia will probably by that time have extended her railway from the Caspian to Sarakhs, or even to Merv, and the facilities of access to Herat would then be about equal. The military possession of Herat, or the establishment of a protectorate in case of an insurrection there against the Ameer of Cabul, would undoubtedly give Russia the means of obtaining a predominant influence in Afghanistan, which could only be checked by securing British influence at Candahar; but there would be no necessity for direct annexation. The turbulent, factious, and fanatical disposition of the Afghans has in all ages made them very undesirable subjects. It is far better policy to rely on their spirit of independence and warlike habits, and encourage them to resist foreign aggression on their cherished freedom, which they have defended against the mightiest of Asiatic Empires. At the same time, they may be persuaded to allow the peaceful work of civilisation and commerce to go on, much to their own profit, among the quiet and industrious population of Southern and Western Afghanistan. If only peace could be secured, laying aside schemes of political ambition, the railway might be prolonged to Candahar, and thence possibly to Herat; bringing great benefit not only to those provinces, but to the whole of Central Asia; while India and England would gain their due share of the reward in a considerable increase of trade.

THE GREAT HIGHWAY OF CENTRAL ASIA.

Mr. Simpson, our Special Artist with the Afghan Boundary Commission, while travelling in October last from Teheran eastward to the banks of the Heri-Rud and the Murghab, observed with much interest the condition of the northern part of the Persian dominions, and the once flourishing province of Khorassan, of which Meshed is the present capital. As we have remarked in our account of Herat, those countries of Central Asia, including the old Turkish Kingdoms of Bokhara and Khiva, and Samarcand, the ancient Tartar capital, were formerly much more populous and wealthy than is now apparent from any visible signs except the remains of stately buildings in their chief cities. The desolating inroads of wild Turkoman tribes, following the overthrow of the great monarchies of the olden time by their tremendous wars against each other, have thrown much of those territories out of cultivation. The commerce which once flowed regularly to and fro between the East and the West, and from beyond the Oxus and beyond the Indus, bringing the products of China and India to Ispahan and other splendid Persian cities, or to Bagdad and Aleppo, on the way to Europe, has taken another direction. At the same time, there is no fear, in the present age, that a Genghis Khan or a Tamerlane will again lead the ferocious hordes of Northern Asia along the westward route to threaten the borders of civilisation; the conquests of the Russian Empire march from west to east. Our Artist, riding with Sir Peter Lumsden's Staff, day after day for about five weeks, from Teheran to Sarakhs, had leisure to contemplate the altered state of "the Great Highway of Central Asia." He writes, concerning this route of his long journey, "A European unaccustomed to the East might consider that it had no claim to be called a road, for it has almost none of the characteristics of western highways. It is only a track formed by the traffic of at least two thousand years. At regular intervals there are serais, which are large buildings where travellers with their animals and merchandise can find safe shelter and accommodation. The road is the same now as it was in Alexander's time; at least, the changes are but small. Mud has been the building material here from the earliest period, and the villages could not be very different: they bear a strong family resemblance to much that is seen in the Assyrian sculptures. The camel has continued to be the beast of burden, and will be so till the road is made passable for wheeled vehicles, or till the railway comes, which it is sure to do sooner or later. It is said that the Arabs like to march during the day. The Turks and Persians, on the contrary, prefer the night. On our way we find that kafilas or caravans begin the march as the sun sets, and reach their serai next morning. The pilgrims, as a rule, do the same. As we start on our early march before daylight, we meet pilgrims and long flocks of camels just coming into the place we left. On this account, I have treated the Illustration as a moonlight scene—and it thus represents exactly what we have seen morning after morning on the march—and have introduced a party of pilgrims to Meshed, going the opposite way to the camels. The camel-drivers will call out to the pilgrims, as they do to us, to ask a blessing for them at Meshed, and the pilgrims answer that, if spared, they will do so. In the background is a Persian village—its gate will be securely shut, and the people all asleep; in the foreground is one of the shelter-towers which are scattered all round every village."

H.M.S. COLOSSUS.

Every serviceable addition of new ships to our Navy, in spite of the perplexing controversies of scientific and nautical experts about the floating and fighting capabilities of some recently constructed, must be hailed with satisfaction by the anxious British public. We present an Illustration of the Colossus, a steel ship, armour-plated with 18 inches thickness of armour, carrying four 42-ton guns in two turrets and four 6-inch guns, resembling the Inflexible in her general arrangement. The Colossus is the first steel ship built in Portsmouth Dockyard, where her keel was laid down in June, 1879; she is now in the reserve division at Portland. The dimensions of this ship are, length between perpendiculars, 325 ft.; extreme breadth, 68 ft.; draught of water, 25 ft. 9 in.; displacement, 9150 tons. Her engines are of 6000 indicated horse power, and she carries 950 tons of coal. The complement of officers and men is 345. The Majestic, built at Pembroke, is a sister ship to the Colossus.

Mr. Carlos Cooper, barrister on the Norfolk Circuit and Recorder of Thetford, has been appointed Recorder of Lynn.

Mr. Elliot Stock, of 62, Paternoster-row, has published fac-similes of the first editions of "The Pilgrim's Progress," Herbert's "Temple," and the "Compleat Angler." These volumes are excellently printed, and are issued at a low price.

An unavoidable delay in the publication of the fifty-third annual edition of "Dod's Parliamentary Companion," which has just been issued, has enabled the editor to bring up the information to a very recent date, and to give on an extra leaf the results of the latest elections.

The annual benefit performance of the Royal General Theatrical Fund took place at Drury-Lane Theatre, by permission of Mr. Augustus Harris, on Thursday week. In accordance with the invariable custom on these occasions, the programme consisted of a sort of theatrical pot-pourri, in order to enable the largest possible number of actors and actresses to lend a helping hand to a charity which has such special claims upon their encouragement and support. The theatre was well filled in every part.

Sir William V. Harcourt, M.P., on Thursday week in Westminster Hall, presented to Police-Constable Cole the Albert Medal bestowed on him by the Queen for his courage in carrying the parcel of dynamite from the crypt at Westminster into the hall. Over 700 of the Metropolitan Police and some members of Parliament were present. Having warmly eulogised the conduct of Serjeant Cox, as well as Serjeant Cole, the Home Secretary called from the ranks Serjeants Garner and Snell, and commended their courage in the capture of burglars at Shoreditch. He then made some general remarks on the Metropolitan Police, praising its discipline and efficiency, and asserting that, as a protector of order and as a defender of life and property, it was a force which had no superior, and perhaps no equal, in the world.

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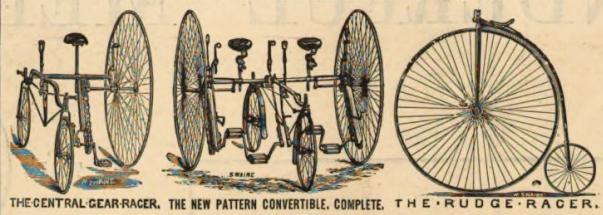
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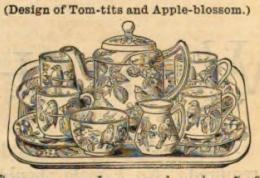


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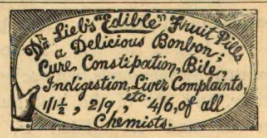
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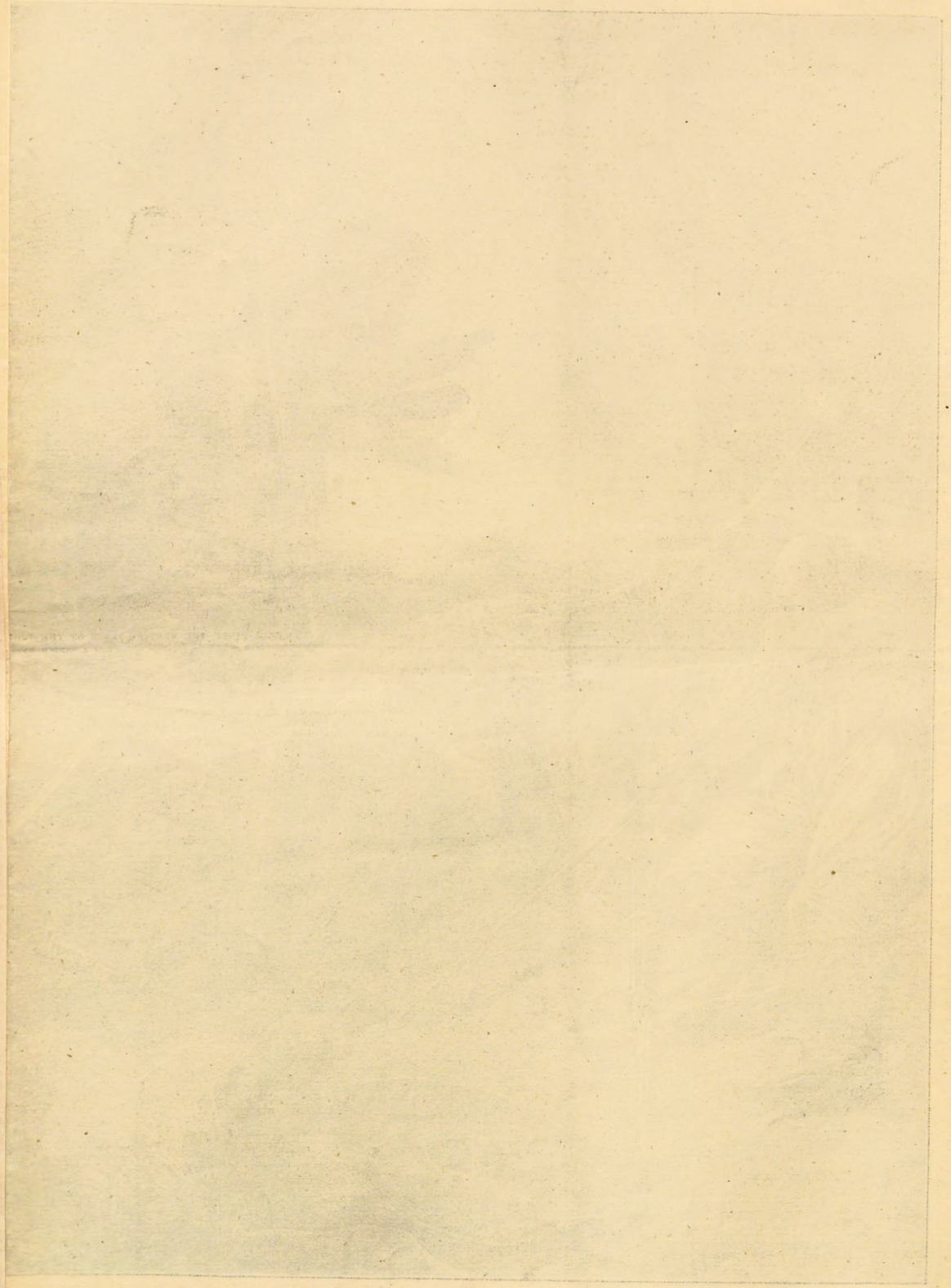


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THE NORTH-WEST FRONTIER OF INDIA.



QUETTA, THE MOST ADVANCED BRITISH MILITARY STATION TOWARDS AFGHANISTAN.



THE BOLAN PASS TO AFGHANISTAN: TAKING GUNS ACROSS THE BOLAN RIVER.

FROM SKETCHES BY LIEUTENANT C. M. GONNE, R.A.

OUR NOTE-BOOK

Aix-les-Bains, whither the Queen has gone for her health, is, as Lord Macaulay's favourite "fifth-form schoolboy" could tell us, the oldest of the Roman colonies planted in Gaul, as Marseilles is of the Greek, if indeed the Phoceans were true Greeks. It is remarkable that Aix-les-Bains should have preserved to this day the reputation which, as Aquæ Sextiæ, it had for mineral waters, when it was first colonised by the Romans; for those waters are said to have "gone off" very much even in the days of the Emperor Augustus. There is the better chance, therefore, that Leamington, which has been making great efforts to come into fashion again, and Bath may some day regain their old prestige. But then the heavenly situation of Aix-les-Bains!

Easter time is still devoted, as it always has been, to pleasure taking; but, happily, the people in these days take their pleasures in a more orderly fashion than formerly. There is doubtless room for improvement still, but the grossness and cruelty common during the last century would not now be tolerated. Bull-baiting was then fashionable, and even statesmen patronised the sport; ponds used for hunting ducks with dogs were common round London; prize-fighting attracted all ranks of the people. Cock-fighting was highly popular, and, worse still, cock-throwing, a sport that consisted in tying a cock to a stake as a mark for sticks. Some of the gentry of the day followed other and worse amusements, which were practised all the year round. The club of Mohocks attacked passengers in the streets at night and committed the foulest cruelties. They thrust swords into the legs of their victims, flattened their noses, put respectable women into barrels and rolled them down the streets, and slit the noses of watchmen. This was sport in the eighteenth century. And the habits of the people corresponded with their amusements. Statesmen took to hard drinking without reproach, and among the poor the taste for gin spread like a pestilence. The brutality of the age may be seen in its penal laws, in the foul state of the prisons, in the treatment of lunatics, who were tied with chains and slept on straw, in the heads that figured on Temple Bar, in the disembowelling of traitors, in the punishment of the pillory, and in the flogging of women in the streets. No wonder that when the laws sanctioned by the State were brutal, the amusements of the people should be brutal also.

This week being Easter week, there is, as usual, a glut of horse-racing and steeplechasing from Monday to Saturday (both included), from Kempton Park in the South, to the Eglinton Hunt Meeting (Irvine) in the North, to say nothing of the Paris Spring Meeting in the Bois de Boulogne, across the "silver streak." The most interesting events hitherto have been the Prix du Cadran (at Paris), which Archiduc won in a canter from his only opponent, the sometime "nobbled" Fra Diavolo; the dead-heat (the second of the season), at Kempton Park, between Lyddington and Van Ayr on Monday; and the brilliant running of Ptolemy at the same place on the same day, though he was only second to Fireball, to whom, however, he conceded a year and nearly two stone and a half. The importance of Ptolemy's performance lies in the fact that he is a three-year-old in the same stable as Paradox, the present first favourite for the Two Thousand and Derby (bar Melton, perhaps, for the latter); and through him a "line" is obtained for measuring the capabilities of Paradox and Luminary.

The Thursday before Easter is called "Maunday" Thursday, supposed to be a corruption of "Mandate" Thursday, the day which was anciently termed "dies mandati" in Latin. What the "mandate" was, whether it applied to the institution of the Lord's Supper or to the "new commandment" given to the disciples on the day to which our present Thursday before Easter corresponds, is disputed; but the latter explanation appears to be the more generally received and to harmonise the better with the "washing of feet" and the giving of gifts observed on that day at various Christian Courts and elsewhere in Christendom.

According to his irate and impetuous countrymen, now he is no longer in power, the mistakes of M. Jules Ferry are legion. He considered the coal-mines of Kelung of such paramount value and importance that Admiral Courbet must occupy that place at once, *coûte que coûte*; but letters and despatches now declare that though coal is abundant at Kelung, it is worthless, or at all events not adapted for French steamers, so that the fleet off Formosa has to be supplied with South Wales coal, which by the time it reaches that distant port has cost at least £5 per ton. The suddenness with which this discovery has been made, however, militates against its authenticity.

About forty large historical portraits of great value were sold last week at the Hôtel Drouot, in Paris, and the manner in which they were collected is quite a romance. One day in 1855, M. Aragon, a well-known lawyer, received a visit from a lady, who announced herself as descended from a Royal house and very rich. She wished to know whether she could obtain a decree annulling her marriage, on the ground that her husband had deceived her as to the quarterings on his paternal escutcheon, but accepted M. Aragon's dictum that such a pretext for escaping from the marriage bond was futile, and would only expose her to ridicule. A few days afterwards she sent him, by way of fee, two full-length portraits of her kingly ancestors, which he hung up in his study and admired so much that he determined they should form the basis of a collection. With this object in view he traversed the highways and byways of Italy and Spain, and frequented the great sales, always in quest of portraits of kings and princes of the fifteenth, sixteenth, and seventeenth centuries. One of his first discoveries was that the portrait of a Dominican monk belonging to the Archbishop of Cambray was, in reality, one of Ferdinand I., Emperor of Germany in 1556. A very little cleaning revealed that one of the hands held a sceptre, and the other a crystal globe surmounted by a cross. The picture was first thought to be a Holbein, but proved to be by Porbus. Similar strokes of luck and much diligent search made M. Aragon the owner of portraits of Charles V., Cosmo de Medicis, Don Sebastian of Portugal, a Catharine de Medicis in a crimson robe, Marie Stuart in a white one, Isabella of Portugal, the mother of Charles le Téméraire, and a lovely Catharine de Cornaro. Among his acquisitions there was a Maurice of Nassau, clad in such a cuirass as can hardly be seen even in the Hôtel Cluny; and a pale dreamy-looking Philip II., dressed in black and painted by Sanchez Coello. Another remarkable purchase made by M. Aragon was of three portraits, by Rubens, of Henri Quatre, his wife, Marguerite de Valois, and their daughter, Isabella of Bourbon. Just before the death of the Comte de Chambord, a group of Legitimists wished to buy these three canvases by subscription and present them to him. Among the gems of the collection were portraits of Frederic the Wise, Elector of Saxony, and his wife, surrounded by their Court, painted on panels of wood, by Cranach, who was the faithful friend and follower of that Prince throughout all his changes of fortune.

The turf, both French and English, had losses to deplore last week. On the 1st inst. died M. A. Staub, owner of that good mare Stockholm (winner of the Goodwood Stakes, Goodwood Corinthian Plate, and the Queen's Plate at Lichfield last year), of Péripétie, winner of the French Oaks in 1869, of the once good horse Le Destrier, of Son Excellence, of Escogriffe, and other horses known by repute, if not by personal appearance, in this country, including Diaprée (engaged in the Epsom Oaks of this year, but not nominated by M. Staub); and on the 2nd inst., died Mr. R. R. Christophers, hon. secretary of Tattersall's, and sometime owner or part owner of Plebeian (winner of the Middle Park Plate, beating Galopin, in 1874), Madeira (second to Petrarch for the Middle Park Plate in 1875), and other notable animals, including an unnamed son of Plebeian and Madeira, who is thus disqualified this year for the Two Thousand, the Epsom Grand Prize, and the Doncaster St. Leger, &c., but is not engaged in the Derby.

Sun-dials have been replaced by clocks in the towers of most English churches, and the old-fashioned time-piece has too frequently been destroyed. A better fate, however, was reserved for the sun-dial from St. Mary's, Alverstoke, for it has been sent out to Stellenbosch, in South Africa, where it is set up on the north side of the church with an inscription giving its history. The date on it is 1749, the year of Goethe's birth, and the reason it has taken so long a journey is that the clergyman at Stellenbosch is an Alverstoke man, and asked the Rector if he could not give him a stone of the old parish church as a memento and link with the mother country.

Of course, public buildings must, like the humblest cottages, have their special cleaning days; and it is easy to understand that on such days the charwomen and scrubbers must not be incommoded by an influx of visitors. But some care should be taken to suit the wishes of the public, and not to close their galleries at the very season of the year when it is sure to be most convenient for them to attend. Yet, from April 2 until Easter Monday the National Gallery was closed. Many people take holidays in the week preceding Easter, and the Saturday before Easter Sunday has become, by tacit recognition, almost as general a holiday as the Monday following. With the additional attractions of the recently acquired pictures, the Trafalgar-square exhibition offered fresh enjoyments for pleasure-seekers. But a cleaning-out disappointed them; and it is difficult to understand why this should not have taken place a few days before or a few days after what must of necessity be the busiest time of the year. Let us hope that in future arrangements can be made encouraging to those who love to spend their leisure in the refining atmosphere of an art-gallery.

The interesting match for the championship at billiards was decided last week, and Mr. John Roberts, jun., "realised the stakes" of £200 and vindicated his right to be called, as well as considered, the champion, by making 3000 points, the number of the game, against Mr. W. Cook's 2908, thus winning, as he was expected to do, by 92 points. It was supposed that he would win by considerably more; but not only did Mr. W. Cook "play up" with indomitable pluck and rare skill, but there are a few other matters to be observed. Mr. Roberts was suffering from what is playfully known as a "game" leg, and may be said almost to have got up from a sick bed to meet his engagement, and, though you do not hold your cue with your foot, you do play billiards to a very considerable extent with your legs. A bad corn even, nothing worse, will make a vast difference in a man's play. Moreover, oddly enough, though Messrs. Roberts and Cook passed one another frequently in scoring, it is noteworthy that the former "came" whenever he was wanted, playing with a rapidity and decision that are all his own; made in one innings the greatest break (129) that has ever yet been made for a championship match on a championship table, and in another almost as many (126); and not only won the match but managed to be ahead, though only by a little, at the conclusion of the play on each of the three nights. Mr. Cook's highest break was 107; but he made his fifties, sixties, seventies, and even eighties, in a manner worthy of his old form. Mr. Roberts has now "beaten the record" once more. Mr. Cook, however, though vanquished, was not dismayed; and immediately issued another challenge for the championship. Another ex-champion, Mr. Joseph Bennett, has also challenged Mr. Roberts, who is, therefore, not to rest on his laurels, but is likely to have a lively time and "more worlds to conquer."

Horse-racing on the flat was confined last week to Nottingham, where nothing of much note took place, though the first "dead-heat" of the season was a little curious, because there were only two runners. Mr. R. Peck's "aged" horse, Poste Restante, carrying 10 st., ran a dead-heat, distance one mile, with Baron de Hirsch's three-year-old filly, Glimmer, carrying 8 st. 9 lb.; and the riders were that "par nobile fratrum," Messrs. F. Archer and J. Snowden, respectively. The race was for the Robin Hood Cup, and the dead-heat was not "run off," though the chances had been thought to be no less than 11 to 8 on the "old 'un."

Mr. Alfred De Rothschild is well known as the possessor of one of the finest collections of pictures, china, furniture, and faïence in the world. A portion of it he inherited from his father, but his own sound judgment, refined taste, and immense wealth have helped to the completion of a collection which may be described as wellnigh perfect, inasmuch as it includes magnificent representative specimens of every description of artistic bric-à-brac. The choicest pictures by Cuyp, Romney, Gainsborough, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Paul Potter, Greuze, Boucher, Watteau, Ruysdael, and other great masters; china of the most artistic periods, from Sèvres, Dresden, and Chelsea; Henri II. delft, Limoges enamels; furniture, designed by artists, and mounted by brass-workers with the delicate touch of Roman jewellers, are all to be found in profusion at Seamore Place and Halton. But, however grand a collection may be, its charms are enhanced by a full and descriptive catalogue. This Mr. De Rothschild has now compiled for presentation to his friends, and the book is worthy of the treasures it describes. Two quarto volumes, sumptuously bound in dark-blue morocco, emblazoned with his monogram, and containing photographs, with full and lucid descriptions, of the lovely objects, form a work which is at once a revelation to the art student, a vision to the bric-à-brac hunter, and a valuable édition de luxe for the drawing-room table of those who, like the writer of these lines, have been fortunate enough to have received one of Mr. Rothschild's rare and costly gifts.

A fine game is racquets, at which Oxford and Cambridge "tried conclusions" last week. In the double match, on the 31st ult. "best of seven games," at Prince's Club, Messrs. H. E. Crawley and L. Sanderson (both of Trinity College) won for Cambridge against Messrs. E. H. Buckland (New College) and J. H. B. Noble (Balliol College) for Oxford, by four games to two, making the total since the first year (1855), after which there was an interval of two years, sixteen for Cambridge against thirteen for Oxford. The single match, on the 1st inst., also at Prince's Club, "best of five games," was won "in a canter," as sporting people say, by Mr. H. E. Crawley (who was "facile princeps" of the four representatives) for Cambridge, winning three games running, and making, on the whole, since the first "single" match, in 1858, thirteen for Light Blue against fifteen for Dark Blue (who won ten years in succession, from 1869 to 1878, both included). Cambridge has now won the "double" game ten years in succession, from 1876 to 1885, both included. It is noticeable how excellence in cricket seems to combine with excellence in racquets, to judge from the names of Messrs. R. D. Walker, A. Lyttelton, Mitchell, Ivo Bligh, A. J. Webbe, C. T. Studd, and many another "quos scribere longum est."

In these days, when ladies particularly demand that their costumes shall possess some striking originality, every public occurrence of interest is looked to, to supply a novelty for dresses, bonnets, or jewellery. The wars that are progressing in Egypt and China have suggested the latest fashion in Paris. Bullets are now worn. Real or imitation bullets are eagerly sought for as buttons; while to carry the illusion further, and make all things match, swords and guns in miniature are the favourite brooches, hair-pins, and ornaments of the French fair sex. Even the most unwarlike ladies in the capital may be seen disporting themselves like living batteries of tiny armaments.

Captain Eyre Crabbe, an officer well known in Southampton and its neighbourhood, has written a few touching lines to the mother of a private in the Grenadier Guards, which must have made her heart swell with pride in spite of her sorrow. This soldier had been out skirmishing just before the battle of Abou Klea, but had returned safe to the square before the enemy charged. During that charge he fought bravely, joined in the cheer when it was over, and was in the very act of giving the man next him a drink from his own bottle when a stray bullet shot him straight in the heart, and he fell back into Captain Crabbe's arms. He drew the poor fellow back into the square and laid him down, but it was all over, and then turned round to his commanding officer and said, "I have lost my best lad!" The ready courage and unselfish kindness of the British soldier in the hour of battle are admirably exemplified in this drama of life and death.

A clever story has been recently published called "A Dog with a Bad Name"; but, according to a writer who has taken advantage of the holiday season to utter his jeremiad, all dogs ought to have a bad name with sensible people. It is terrible to be told that the cases of hydrophobia are innumerable, and a little startling to read that there is sufficient justification even for the extinction of this "friend of man." The plague of dogs is said to be spreading everywhere, and at seaside places "they are quite a terror." It is rather difficult to understand why, if everyone is afraid of dogs, there should be such a "disgusting mania" for keeping them, and a mania especially exhibited by women. Possibly "Cave canem," who lives under daily fear of a mad dog, would prefer encountering a mad bull. His dread, however, is no excuse for inaccuracy, and he may be reminded that it is not difficult to obtain the statistics of hydrophobia.

THE ROYAL VISIT TO IRELAND.

Their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales, and Prince Albert Victor Edward of Wales, arrived in Dublin on Wednesday. They travelled on Tuesday evening from London to Holyhead, taking leave of the Duke of Edinburgh, Princess Louise, and the Duke of Cambridge, at Euston Station; they stayed at Holyhead from midnight till half-past five in the morning, when they embarked on board the Royal yacht Osborne, and arrived soon after eleven in the forenoon at Kingstown, Dublin Bay. They were saluted by the guns of the Channel Squadron lying there. On landing at Kingstown, their Royal Highnesses were received by Earl Spencer, the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, and Countess Spencer; and an address of welcome from the Town Commissioners was presented to them. The train speedily conveyed them to Dublin, where a similar address was presented by the Chairman of the Citizens' Reception Committee, Mr. Richard Martin, in default of the City Corporation. The High Sheriff of the county of Dublin, Mr. E. C. Guinness, also read an address from the magistrates.

The reception of the Royal party at Dublin was enthusiastic. The Royal train arrived at Westland-row Terminus shortly before one o'clock. The station, which has recently been enlarged at a great expenditure, was very handsomely decorated. A platform, capable of accommodating about 600 people, was erected, and it may be interesting to state, as an indication of the desire of the people of Dublin to be present at the arrival of the Royal party, that as many as 10,000 applications were made for seats to the secretary of the company. It was found impossible, however, to accommodate more than the number above stated. Immediately on the arrival of the train at Westland-row the Royal party alighted amidst the most enthusiastic cheering, a military band playing the National Anthem. The presentation of the address from the Citizens' Committee was then proceeded with. A committee of the citizens representing all classes and various creeds was organised to welcome the Prince of Wales. Mr. Richard Martin, D.L., came forward and said:—"May it please your Royal Highness, as president of the Citizens' Reception Committee, who represent a vast number of our fellow citizens of all shades of opinion, I have the honour to present to your Royal Highness an address of cordial and respectful welcome to Dublin. The address was then read. That part of it which ventured to assure the Prince that it would be a great gratification to her Majesty's loyal subjects in Ireland if a permanent Royal residence should be established in the country, and if some member of the reigning House should see fit to make a home there, was rapturously received, and the Prince's reply was equally acclaimed. The Prince, in reply, said he would convey to the Queen their expressions of devotion and attachment. The furtherance of the welfare of all classes, his Royal Highness added, was an object dear to him, and he trusted that the efforts of the Commission on the Dwellings of the Poor would tend to their improvement. The kindness with which the citizens had received him encouraged him to look forward to his visit to a country where courtesy and hospitality were the characteristics of the people. The route of the Royal Party, escorted by a squadron of the 16th Lancers, was by Westland-row, Lincoln-place, Nassau-street, Grafton-street, College-Green, and Dame-street—that is, through the major part of the principal thoroughfares to the Castle. Wherever the carriages and four and Royal outriders appeared, the air rang with cheers.

In the afternoon the Prince and Princess, Prince Albert Victor, Lord and Lady Spencer, and suites, with the military escorts, proceeded to the Spring Cattle Show of the Royal Dublin Society, where many thousands of the élite of the county received them with unbounded enthusiasm. Here his Royal Highness replied to another address of welcome. While the address was being read by the noble President, the Duke of Leinster, the Princess of Wales and Lady Spencer stood up at the front of the Royal box, in full view of those present. The Prince and Princess remained for nearly two hours, during which time the prize cattle were exhibited before them; and subsequently they witnessed an interesting leaping competition, for which over one hundred horses were entered. This portion of the day's proceedings was of the most brilliant character.

The Royal party, followed shortly after by the Lord Lieutenant, returned to the Castle by a different route, receiving everywhere the warmest greetings.

In the evening there were illuminations and fireworks.

THE AFGHAN BOUNDARY QUESTION.

Lord Dufferin's conferences with the Ameer Abdurrahman at Rawul Pindi have been continued daily in private since our last. On Monday, a grand review of twenty thousand troops was held in presence of the Viceroy of India, the Ameer of Afghanistan, and the Duke of Connaught. In the evening Lord Dufferin entertained the Ameer at a State banquet, and the Ameer, when his health was toasted, made a speech, wishing prosperity to the British Government and to all who serve the Queen. On Wednesday, there was a ceremonious Durbar, and another military review. Military preparations are continued, and a contingent of fifteen thousand Ghoorkhas is offered by the Maharajah of Nepaul.

General Sir Peter Lumsden and the Boundary Commission are still in the border country north of Herat. A few of the Sketches by our Special Artist, Mr. W. Simpson, yet remain to be published. We have already mentioned the felt tents of the Turkomans, called by the Russians "kibitkas," which were used in the camp at Bala Murghab for the accommodation of the troops of the Indian escort. The process of erecting one of these "kibitkas" is illustrated by a Sketch in the present Number. The lower part is formed of a series of cross pieces of wood, fixed together, so that, like the action of a pair of scissors at each crossing, they can be extended or contracted at pleasure, according to the diameter required. This part, with the framework of the door, is first put up, and held together with belts made of wool. The crown of the tent has a circular piece of wood pierced with holes; into these holes are placed the ends of one or two long pieces of stick, and then the crown is erected, and held there by tying the lower end of the sticks to the top of the circular framework. Having fixed the crown with one or two of the sticks, sticks are then placed all round the tent, to support the roof. When this is done, the whole is covered with thick felts, which are strapped on with belts and ropes. A small piece of felt forms a hood to cover the crown; this can be moved by a rope, so as to make an opening on any side desired to let out the smoke or let in light.

QUETTA AND THE BOLAN PASS.

The military forces of British India, under General Sir Donald Stewart, Bart., G.C.B., Commander-in-Chief, are to be assembled with all speed at Quetta, the valuable frontier station among the mountains between Scinde and Candahar, in the Khelat region of Beloochistan. The British Government, some years ago, made an arrangement with the Khan of Khelat by which it acquired the occupation of Quetta, and has made it the centre of a military district, and head-quarters of a division of the Indian Army. It is approached from Scinde either by the Bolan Pass, or by the route of the railway now being constructed from Sibi through the Hurnai valley, and round the northern side of the Takatu range to the Pishin valley, terminating at the foot of the Gwaja Pass on the edge of the plain of Candahar. This railway, which will pass north of Quetta, about thirty miles distant, is not expected to be finished before the autumn of next year; and the Bolan Pass must therefore be used for the present movement of troops and stores. A temporary railway is now to be laid down in the Bolan Pass, from Pir Choki as far as Sir-i-Bolan, and from Darwaza to Quetta, but the gradients are too steep for a railroad the whole way. We are indebted to Lieutenant Gonne, R.A., for the Sketches of Quetta and the Bolan Pass. The town of Quetta, or Shal, stands in a valley some twenty miles long by five broad, almost entirely surrounded by lofty mountains. On the west rise the Chiltaltan and Meshalak ranges; on the north the Takatu hills; on the east and south-east are imposing mountain masses. The valley is open on the south and on the north-west between the northern limit of the Chiltaltan mountains; at the southern spurs of Takatu there is a gap four miles wide. Through this gap three important roads find their way into Quetta; the Hurnai road, north of the Takatu hills, winds through a succession of defiles in a south-easterly direction to Sibi, and so to India; the old high road is westward to Candahar; and the main road in the same direction across the northern spurs of the Meshalak range, by way of the Ghazaband Pass, which there gives access across these hills. To the north of the gap a difficult route leads, by way of the Murgha Pass, over the Takatu range to the Hurnai and old Candahar roads. The road through the Bolan Pass, leaving Quetta on the south, traverses the mountains on the south-east by the pass, and debouches on Sibi by Pir Choki and Dadur. Thus Sibi may be said to be the starting-point of the two great roads connecting Quetta with India.

The town is surrounded by a mud wall, with two gates, the southern and the eastern. A fort has been constructed on an artificial mound, from which an extensive view of the neighbouring valleys is obtained. Strategically, this place is of the greatest importance, being situated at a vital point on the southernmost route between India and Afghanistan. Its occupation secures the command of the Pishin valley, checks the unruly Bugti, Marri, and other tribes, keeps open the roads of the Khoja and Gwaja Passes over the Khoja Amran range, and facilitates a rapid advance on Candahar.

It was Quetta which formed the base of operations of the Southern column during the Afghan campaign of 1878-80, and it was from Quetta that the British troops advanced to Candahar, which they occupied after only a faint resistance. The valley of Quetta is between five and six thousand feet above the sea, and in summer the climate is pleasant, the heat being tempered by cool breezes from the hills. In winter there is considerable cold. Some years ago it was computed that the town contained about four thousand inhabitants, most of whom were Afghans, but the population has since greatly increased. Quetta is 140 miles from Candahar, and nearly 400 miles from Herat.

The troops garrisoning the Quetta district, which includes the Bolan Pass and some places east of it, as well as the Pishin valley, are composed of regiments from the armies of the three Presidencies, although Madras is only represented by a single battalion. According to the latest returns of the distribution of the Anglo-Indian Army—supplemented by the force at that time employed on the Zhob Valley Expedition—the Bengal troops serving in the Quetta district were 906 British infantry, 5974 native infantry, and one battery of Royal Artillery, with 109 men. The Bombay troops were more numerous, consisting of 2133 British infantry and two batteries of Royal Artillery, with 219 men. The Bombay native troops numbered 4222 infantry, 624 cavalry, and one mountain battery, with 168 men. The Madras native regiment mustered 820 men. The Quetta division had, therefore, a total of 3039 British infantry, three batteries of Royal Artillery with 328 men, 11,016 native infantry, 624 native cavalry, and one battery of native artillery with 168 men. This gives a nominal grand total of 15,175 men and twenty-two guns (there being only four guns to the native battery), which may be taken as representing an efficient force of 14,500 men. But we had a considerable force actually in the field carrying on operations of war in the Zhob valley, and in addition to the 15,000 men already specified. That expedition consisted of 1259 British infantry, one English battery with 110 men, 3973 natives, and one native mountain battery with 167 men. The Madras army was represented by a contingent of 164 sappers. There were consequently in the Zhob valley 1369 English and 4304 native troops, including cavalry with ten guns, besides the large number already mentioned as stationed in the Quetta district. When the expedition returned, these 5673 men were, with the exception of some Bengal cavalry, distributed within the limits of the Quetta command and in Scinde. All the artillery was also retained, so that we have within the region between the plain of Scinde and the Khoja Amran range an army of more than 20,000 men with thirty-two guns. A very considerable part of this corps is stationed at different places in the Pishin valley, which is thirty miles nearer Candahar than Quetta; but, according to a quite recent statement, there were at Quetta alone 800 British infantry, 5000 native infantry, and 1200 native cavalry. To the Quetta division has also to be added the garrison of Scinde. This force, distributed between Kurrachee and Jacobabad, numbered, at the same time as the figures previously given relate to, 1428 British infantry, 3397 native infantry, 1015 native cavalry, and two batteries of Royal Artillery with 208 men. This gives an additional total of 6138 men and twelve guns. The Indian Government can therefore dispose of a force between the lower portion of the Indus and the Pishin valley of more than 26,000 men and forty-four guns; and of that army 6462 are Englishmen. The movements now in progress will show how easily this force might be increased.

The Bolan Pass, commencing on the Indian side at the edge of the Cutch Gundava Desert, at Dadur, a few miles west of Sibi, to which there is a railway open for traffic from Shikarpore on the Indus, ascends by a succession of narrow gorges and rocky defiles the valleys of the Bolan river for about fifty miles. The fall of this stream is exceedingly rapid, the difference of level in that distance being 3751 ft., and it is therefore liable to very sudden floods or freshets, which have often caused fatal accidents to travellers, and by one of which in 1841, a detachment of the Bengal army lost its baggage and forty-five men. In ordinary seasons the river is but shallow; the road formerly as rough as possible, over the round loose stones forming the bed of the river when full; but a good road for wheeled carriages has now been completed, frequently crossing the river. There is no bridge, and one of our Illustrations shows the difficulty of getting guns across the stream; another is that of the operation of blasting rocks to make the military road. At Drubbee and Kundi, not far from the lower entrance to the pass, it expands into small inclosed basins, surrounded by hills 500 ft. or 600 ft. high; it thence turns due north, and becomes very steep; higher up, at Kista and at Beebi Nani, there are wider openings, and a road from the latter place strikes off due west to Khelat. The road on to Quetta, in a north-westerly direction, rising high above the river, is more and more steep; and at Sir-i-Bolan, forty-five miles from the eastern entrance, is 4494 ft. above the sea-level. Ten miles farther, over the brow of the Hala mountain range, at an elevation of 5793 ft., it reaches the dreary table-land of the Dasht-i-Bedaulat, which extends to the hills overlooking Quetta. It must, in any case, and in spite of roadmaking improvement, be a laborious route for a military force encumbered with artillery and waggons; and it is to be regretted that the railway from Sibi to the Pishin valley, and thence down to the Candahar plain, designed and commenced some years ago by Sir Richard Temple, was not completed at the time. The cost of the present gathering of Indian forces at Quetta would have been considerably lessened if that railway had now been available, instead of the Bolan Pass.

THE EASTER VOLUNTEER REVIEW.

The annual review and field manœuvres of the Volunteer Corps of London and the Home District took place on Easter Monday, in fine weather, and with the usual success. At Brighton, nearly twenty thousand Volunteers were assembled, forming three divisions—the first commanded by Major-General the Hon. W. Fielding, the second by Major-General Sir Drury Lowe, and the third by Major-General Gipps. The first two divisions consisted each of two brigades, and there were three brigades of the third division. The commanders of brigades were Colonel A. C. Hamilton, R.E., Colonel Panter, Colonel J. S. Hand, Colonel Gordon Ives, Colonel G. H. Moncrieff (Scots Guards), Colonel G. R. Fitzroy (Coldstream Guards), and Colonel Lord Bury. The Duke of Cambridge inspected the troops, and saw them march past the flag and salute, on the White Hawk Hill, near the Brighton race-course; after which they executed the manœuvres of a battle on the ground to the north-east, between the Falmer Hill and Newmarket Hill. The attacking force numbered 11,500 men, being composed of the first and second divisions, and was under the command of Major-General R. White; it began operations from the northern slope of Falmer Hill, and its object was to prevent the opposing force, which was imagined to be that of an army invading England by the Sussex coast, and having landed at Newhaven, from getting possession of the town of Brighton. Major-General Monck commanded this hostile force, which numbered only the 7300 men of the third division, but which was much superior in artillery, and which held a most advantageous position on Newmarket Hill. The action began at two o'clock with a movement of General White's right wing round the south-west extremity of the Falmer Ridge, in order to cross the valley and get hold of Upper Bevendean. This object was achieved, cutting off the enemy from Brighton. On the other hand, General Monck sent down part of his force, supported by his powerful batteries, to check the movement of Colonel Ives' brigade, forming the left wing of General White's army, across the rising ground at the north-eastern or upper end of the valley. By this means General Monck protected himself against being cut off from his base of operations at Newhaven, while he succeeded in maintaining his position on Newmarket Hill. The engagement lasted two hours, with no other result than has been described. The bugles sounded "Cease firing!" and the troops halted on the ground they occupied, while the umpires rode over the field to examine how they stood, and to report to his Royal Highness the Field-Marshal Commander-in-Chief. The troops afterwards marched back to the Level at Brighton, from which they had marched out at half-past nine in the morning, and the trains began, at six in the evening, to convey most of the Volunteers home to London. Some battalions had left town on Good Friday, and passed the night at Cuckfield and Lindfield and other villages near the Hayward's-heath railway station, while others came by the Horsham road; and on Saturday, in the march on to Brighton, there was some interesting opposition in their manœuvres to counteract each other's approach to the rising ground near Ditchling, and to the slope of the South Downs on the Lewes and Brighton road. This was, perhaps, as a military exercise, the most useful and instructive part of the whole series of operations.

At Dover, in like manner, but on a smaller scale, four thousand Volunteers, mostly Kentish, but with several London corps joining them, and with detachments of cavalry and infantry from the regular troops in garrison at Dover, Walmer, and Canterbury, all under the command of Major-General the Hon. P. R. B. Fielding, performed the manœuvres of attack and defence of a position at Guston, almost under the guns of Fort Burgoyne, on the road from Dover to Deal and to Canterbury. The forces were about equally divided, Colonel Goodenough commanding the attack and Colonel Tredennick the defence; but the latter was stronger in field artillery, and was protected by the fort, so that the attack was finally repulsed. The march past took place on the drill-ground in front of Fort Burgoyne.

At Aldershott, two Volunteer Corps, the 11th and 21st Middlesex, were combined with the regular troops of that camp, under General Luard, in a smart little action on the Fox Hills. At Sheerness, the 2nd Kent Artillery Volunteers, from Woolwich, who were occupying the fort at Garrison Point, had some good firing practice at the targets moored 2200 yards and 2500 yards from the shore, under the direction of Lieutenant-Colonel Hughes. At Portsmouth, the 3rd Hants Rifle Volunteers, under Colonel W. H. Sayer, about seven hundred strong, divided into two opposing forces, executed some manœuvres in the country towards Petersfield; and the 1st Hants Artillery, under Colonel Godfrey Twiss, had a field-day on the downs near Finchdean.

FIGHTING IN AFGHANISTAN.

A Reuter's telegram from St. Petersburg on Thursday states that General Komoroff attacked the fortified position of the Afghans on both banks of the Khushk River on the 30th ult. An engagement ensued, and the Afghans, whose force consisted of 4000 men, with eight guns, were defeated and dispersed with the loss of about 500 killed, the whole of their artillery, two standards, the entire camp, with the park of artillery and provisions.

The Russians lost one Turkoman officer, killed; Colonel Nikschitsch and three subaltern officers were wounded. Of the Cossacks and Turkoman soldiers ten were killed and twenty-nine wounded.



THE LATE QUARTERMASTER C. EASTMEAD.
KILLED IN THE SOUDAN.



MAJOR F. M. WARDROP,
3RD (PRINCE OF WALES'S) DRAGOON GUARDS.



THE LATE CAPTAIN F. J. ROMILLY, R.E.,
KILLED IN THE SOUDAN.

BRITISH OFFICERS IN THE SOUDAN.

Among the personal acts of gallantry during the late campaign in the Soudan, one which attracted public notice was that of Major Wardrop, accompanied by three or four troopers of the 19th Hussars, on Feb. 13, during the retreat of the British force, under Sir Redvers Buller, from their abandoned camp at Gakdul, near Metammeh, to the Wells of Abou Klea. It will be remembered that, when the encumbered march of the troops and convoy was harassed and threatened with attack by large bodies of the enemy, reckoned altogether to number about five thousand, these four or five British horsemen boldly rode out through the bushes and among the hillocks which afforded a little cover, and turned upon the nearest approaching masses of Arabs, making them believe that a formidable cavalry force was about to charge them, with such effect that they desisted from immediately molesting the march of Sir Redvers Buller. Major F. M. Wardrop, of the 3rd (Prince of Wales's) Dragoon Guards, was attached to the General's Staff, and had previously rendered good service in the Intelligence Department, in the advance from Korti across the Bayuda Desert.

The other Portraits this week are those of two officers whose deaths are to be regretted among those killed in the more recent engagements near Souakim, under Sir Gerald Graham; Captain Romilly fell in the defence of the zereba on Sunday, March 22, and Quartermaster Eastmead in a skirmish on the next day.

Captain Francis J. Romilly, of the Royal Engineers, was eldest son of Mr. George T. Romilly, and grandson of the late Lieutenant-Colonel Romilly, R.E. He was born March 10, 1849, obtained his commission and passed out of the Royal Military Academy at Woolwich in July, 1870. He went to India, and joined the Madras Public Works Department in 1873; in 1879 he was ordered to Bangalore, and was employed on special work in the autumn of 1881. He was stationed at Tranquebar, Tanjore, Negapatam, and Coimbatore. At the time of the first Egyptian Campaign, in 1882, he volunteered for service with the Queen's Own Madras Sappers; but, enough officers being available, his services were not required. In February, 1885, he was ordered to join the Madras Sappers and Miners, who form part of the Indian Contingent in the Soudan. They started from Bangalore on Feb. 24, and arrived at Souakim on March 13. Captain Romilly was killed while superintending the construction of General Sir John McNeill's zereba on the 22nd ult. He had married a daughter of Mr. Dennis de Berdt Hovell, of Boreham Holt, Elstree, Hertfordshire. We learn that Captain Romilly was greatly esteemed for his high professional acquirements, and his geniality and kindliness made him generally popular. He leaves a widow and three young children.

Quartermaster Charles Eastmead, who was killed in action on the next day, was one of the very few non-commissioned officers of the Royal Engineers promoted from the ranks. He enlisted in the Army in 1857, and served as a Sapper throughout the Indian Mutiny campaign, including the siege operations at Lucknow, and also through the New Zealand campaign of 1863-4. As Sergeant-Major, R.E., he was well known in the Chatham garrison. He was promoted to a commission as Sub-Assistant Commissionary in the Ordnance Store Department, in March, 1878, and was made Quartermaster in the same year.

Mr. Dunn, the Chief Constructor of the Navy, inspected several large Atlantic steamers at Liverpool yesterday week, and decided upon the details of their armaments as cruisers.

Lord Rosebery, who was the principal speaker at the annual meeting of the National Reform Union at Manchester last week, advocated the establishment of an English trading company for the development of the Soudan. As to Afghanistan, the Government had good hopes of a peaceful solution, but they were prepared to defend our honour and interests.

Mr. Ouless, R.A., has painted a memorial portrait of Sir Edward Baines, the cost being 600 guineas; and last week it was formally handed to Sir Edward, who has for two generations been connected with Leeds. The recipient of the portrait has attained the age of eighty-five years, and has rendered good service in connection with the Yorkshire College and the Yorkshire Union of the Mechanics' Institutes. The portrait is to be placed in the Mayor's Parlour at the Leeds Townhall.



WITH THE AFGHAN BOUNDARY COMMISSION: TURKOMANS ERECTING A KIBITKA IN THE CAMP AT BALA MURGHAB.
SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. W. SIMPSON.

THE WAR IN THE SOUDAN.

SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. WALTER PAGET, WITH SIR GERALD GRAHAM'S ARMY.

Marines firing from hill.



THE FIGHT AT HASHEEN, NEAR SOUAKIM, MARCH 20: INSIDE THE SQUARE.

5th Lancers signalling.

1. Village of Hasheen.



ROYAL HORSE ARTILLERY SHELLING THE VILLAGE OF HASHEEN, ON MARCH 20.

THE WAR IN THE SOUDAN.

The advance of Lieutenant-General Sir Gerald Graham, with eight thousand of his troops, from Souakim to Tamai, on Wednesday last week, did not lead to a battle. Osman Digna's force, at the approach of the British, retired from Tamai to Tamanieb. Our troops occupied Tamai on Thursday; but there was little water, and that of bad quality, the wells having been purposely filled up or polluted by the enemy. Sir Gerald Graham advanced only two or three miles farther, to Teselah Hill, north-east of Tamai; but there was no sign of the enemy, who seems inclined to avoid a decisive engagement. On Friday afternoon the troops began their return march, under General Fremantle, and next day arrived at the camp near Souakim. All operations in the direction of Tamai, to the south of Souakim, are for the present abandoned, and the whole force is now concentrated between Souakim and Handoub, to the west, for the purpose of covering the construction of the railway by Messrs. Lucas and Aird's navvies. The railway works will be pushed on as fast as the climate and the supply of material will permit. It was expected this week that part of the troops would advance, under the personal command of General Graham, to occupy Handoub. The force would consist of the Coldstreams, the Australians, and a squadron of General Hudson's Indian Cavalry; and in their absence, their position at the first zereba would be taken by the Scots Guards. There is great disappointment among the troops at the change in the enemy's tactics, and at the prospect of an indefinite guerrilla warfare.

Our Special Artist with Sir Gerald Graham's army at Souakim, Mr. Walter Paget, has sent us his first Sketches. Those engraved and published this week represent incidents of the first actual fighting performed by that force, on Friday, March 20, in the reconnaissance near the village of Hasheen, about six miles west of Souakim, beyond the old zereba constructed by Baker Pasha last year. Hasheen is in a plain surrounded by the hills, and covered with tall mimosa-bushes. General Graham, with the greater part of his force, advanced to this place, leaving the Surrey Regiment in Baker's zereba, with guns in the neighbouring redoubt. He found the enemy swarming over the hills. They were attacked by the Royal Marines, the Berkshire Regiment, and the Sikhs, and were driven off the hill south of Hasheen, but managed to regain it; and the Bengal Lancers were then ordered to charge them. A small party of the Arabs, directed by an old sheikh on a camel, waving his spear and shouting, got round the Indian Cavalry, and crept under the horses, cutting and hamstringing their legs. The Bengal troopers lost four or five of their men, and had to retreat, pursued by the enemy to the number of nearly four thousand, of whom eight hundred were riflemen. But here they encountered the Brigade of Guards, drawn up in a compact square, which met them with a steady fire within twenty yards, while it fell slowly back, to give the Bengal Lancers an opportunity of reforming and charging again. It was at this time that Captain Dalison, of the Guards, was killed. Meanwhile, to the right of the British position, where new redoubts were being constructed, another large party of the Arabs descended from the hills on the north side of the plain; when the 5th Lancers, 20th Hussars, Mounted Infantry, and a troop of the Indian Lancers swooped down upon them and almost exterminated the band, most of them being shot down by the carbines of the cavalry, who swept over them as they lay on the ground endeavouring to cut at the horses' legs. Only seven of the whole body made their escape. This work was not performed without loss: two officers of the 5th Lancers were severely wounded, while a Sergeant-Major and four privates were killed. While this brilliant charge was being made, the artillery opened a heavy fire upon two large bodies of the enemy, of which one, some two thousand strong, was retreating in front, while the other, of double that strength, was on the left rear of the British, having arrived on the scene of action from Tamai. At one o'clock the Second Brigade and the Indian Infantry were ordered to fall back on the Guards, and at two o'clock the whole force began their march back towards the hill occupied by the 70th Regiment. The Indian Brigade this time formed the advance. They were followed by the 46th and Marines, while the Guards, still in square, with the Artillery, ambulance, and transport in their centre, brought up the rear. The position was by no means a pleasant one, for the enemy swarmed around us, and the square, encumbered with its impedimenta, had to fight its way over ground covered with dense bush, the Arabs closing in on all sides, but chiefly in the rear and left flank. For half an hour the Scots Fusiliers and Coldstreams had to endure a very heavy fire from the almost invisible enemy, halting every two hundred yards to fire volleys into the scrub. Having reached the first ridge, where the 70th had now completed the redoubts and zerebas, a halt was made for lunch. The soldiers were much exhausted after marching and fighting for nine hours and a half under the blazing sun, and a long halt was given them before they started on their return to camp. The new zerebas and redoubts were left to be finished by the Royal Engineers, and guarded by the Indian troops and others, who were suddenly attacked on the following Sunday, March 22, and suffered considerable loss in defending the place.

EDUCATION.

Yesterday week the annual conference of the Midland Counties Sunday School Association was opened at Coventry, delegates being present from Birmingham, Wolverhampton, Walsall, Worcester, Nuneaton, and many other places. Alderman White, of Birmingham, presided. Mr. Edward Towers, of the London Sunday School Union, read a paper on Recreations and their Influence on Sunday School Work, and a discussion followed. In the afternoon the conference was continued; and in the evening a public meeting was held, Mr. Thomas Lee, M.P., the Rev. Guiness Rogers, and others delivering addresses.

At Norwich on Monday was held the annual conference of the National Union of Elementary Teachers. The president (Mr. R. Wild) gave an address strongly condemning the system of payment by results. The annual report of the executive was received and adopted; the treasurer's report and balance-sheet were also approved. On Tuesday the subject of the training of teachers was discussed, and the question was left open for another year.

Mr. O. V. Morgan opened on Monday the eighth annual Sunday Scholars' Exhibition, in the Basnet-grove Board School, Lavender-hill, Battersea, held "for the encouragement of skill and industry during leisure hours."

The weather on Good Friday, though cold, was bright and sunny, and the holiday was largely taken advantage of.—The Easter Monday Bank Holiday was enjoyed by an enormous number of persons in London, with milder weather and an absence of the cutting winds of the previous days. The various places of entertainment and the public institutions were crowded, while there was no lack of recreation in the parks and open spaces.

BIRTH.

On the 2nd inst., at New Forest, county Galway, the wife of Hyacinth D'Arcy, Esq., D.L., of a daughter.

DEATH.

On the 29th ult., at 96, St. Sidwell's, Exeter, Bridget Sherston Cann, relict of John Cann, formerly of Fuidge House, Spreyton, aged 85.

*** *The charge for the insertion of Births, Marriages, and Deaths, is Five Shillings for each announcement.*

THE VALE OF TEARS.—DORÉ'S Last Great PICTURE, completed a few days before he died, NOW on VIEW at the DORÉ GALLERY, 35, New Bond-street, with his other great pictures. Ten to Six Daily. 1s.

ANNO DOMINI, by EDWIN LONG, R.A.—This great Work is NOW ON VIEW, together with other important works, at the GALLERIES, 168, New Bond-street. Ten to Six. Admission, 1s.

THE TWENTY-FIRST ANNUAL EXHIBITION of OIL PAINTINGS by Artists of the British and Foreign Schools is now open at THOMAS McLEAN'S GALLERY, 7, Haymarket. Admission, including Catalogue, 1s.

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MOORE AND BURGESS MINSTRELS'
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Every Member from beginning to end of the New Programme having been honoured with the most flattering marks of approval of the vast audiences, which filled the St. James's Great Hall to its utmost capacity.
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the distinguished American comedian and humourist, will appear, in conjunction with the already unrivalled body of comedians attached to this Company.
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ST. JAMES'S HALL.—Such a success as that which has been achieved by the distinguished American Humourist and Comedian,
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has but rarely been attained on the English comic stage.
Vide the "Times," "Standard," "Post," "Advertiser," "Daily News," and "Chronicle," of the 7th inst.
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MONTE CARLO.—MUSICAL SEASON (CONCERTS, REPRESENTATIONS).
In addition to the usual Concerts, directed by Monsieur Romeo Accursi, the Société des Bains de Mer de Monaco has authorised M. Pasdeloup to arrange a series of Extraordinary Grand Musical Entertainments (Concerts, Representations) this Winter.
The services of the following distinguished Artistes have been already retained:—

Mesdames	Kreuss,	Messieurs.	Faure,
"	Devries,	"	Vergnet,
"	Salla,	"	Capoul,
"	Donadio,	"	Boerstein,
"	Frank-Duvernoy,	"	Couturier,
"	Belloca.	"	Villaret,
"	Simonnet.	&c.	

Added to which the celebrated Instrumentalists will appear:
VIOLINISTS:
Mons. Sivori, Mons. Marsik, Miss N. Carpenter, American artiste, 1st Conservatoire Prize, 1884.
PIANISTS: Mons. Planté, Mons. Th. Ritter, Madame Essipoff.
HARPIST: Mons. Hasselmans.
These Extraordinary Representations will be given each Wednesday and Saturday, commencing the end of January and terminating the middle of March.
M. Pasdeloup has the excellent idea to terminate each concert by fragments of operas, in costume, and scenery—viz.:

1st Concert.		LES HUGUENOTS.	Fourth Act.
2nd	"	RIGOLETTO.	Fourth Act.
3rd	"	LUCIA.	Selection.
4th	"	MANON.	Second Act.
		FAUST.	Prison Scene.
5th	"	HERODIADE.	Selection.
6th	"	FAVORITE.	Selection.
		AIDA.	Third Act.
7th	"	LAKME.	Selection.
8th	"	LE BARBIER.	Selection.
9th	"	HAMLET.	Third and Fourth Act.
10th	"	LA TRAVIATA.	Fourth Act.
11th	"	FAUST.	Garden Scene.
12th	"	LE SIGURD.	Brunhilde's Dream.
		LE CHALET.	

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ROYAL INSTITUTION OF GREAT BRITAIN.

The following are the lecture arrangements after Easter, 1885:—

Professor Arthur Gamgee.—Eight lectures on Digestion and Nutrition, on Tuesdays, April 14 to June 2.

Professor Tyndall.—Five lectures on Natural Forces and Energies, on Thursdays, April 16 to May 14.

Professor C. Meymott Tidy.—Three lectures on Poisons in Relation to their Chemical Constitution and to Vital Functions, on Thursdays, May 21, 28, and June 4.

Mr. William Carruthers.—Four lectures on Fir-Trees and their Allies, in the Present and in the Past, on Saturdays, April 18 to May 9.

Professor William Odling.—Two lectures on Organic Septics and Antiseptics, on Saturdays, May 16 and 23.

The Rev. C. Taylor, D.D.—Two lectures on a Lately Discovered Document, possibly of the First Century, entitled "The Teaching of the Twelve Apostles," with Illustrations from the Talmud, on Saturdays, May 30 and June 6.

Probable arrangements for the Friday evening meetings:—

Professor S. P. Langley.—Sunlight and the Earth's Atmosphere, on April 17.

Mr. William Carruthers.—British Fossil Cycads and their Relation to Living Forms, on April 24.

Lord Rayleigh.—Water Jets and Water Drops, on May 1.

Mr. W. F. R. Weldon.—On Adaptation to Surroundings as a Factor in Animal Development, on May 8.

Professor Burdon Sanderson.—Cholera: Its Causes and Prevention, on May 15.

Mr. Walter H. Pollock.—Garrick, on May 22.

Mr. J. J. Coleman and Professor J. G. McKendrick.—The Mechanical Production of Cold, and the Effects of Cold on Microphytes, on May 29.

Professor Dewar, on June 5.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

The oldest playgoer cannot recall an Easter so rich in novelties of every description. Times must indeed have changed when this season of the year does not produce a single burlesque or extravaganza—Easter pieces they used to be called—and finds "Passion Week" dedicated to the theatre almost wholly devoted to drama, comedy, and farce.

"THE LAST CHANCE."

Let me take the drama first, and turn your attention to the Adelphi, where Mr. George R. Sims reigns supreme, and is gradually obtaining a stronghold which is wellnigh impregnable. "The Last Chance" is one of the most curious plays that I have ever witnessed, for it convinces the spectator in spite of himself. It is a play constructed on an entirely novel principle; its story is neither very interesting nor very clear; there is little call on the assistance of actor or actress; the attention is distracted from the main purpose of the play by an excess of detail unconnected with the story; and yet the individuality of the author is so assertive throughout his work that he carries along this stupendous achievement on his broad shoulders to success. The author, the stage-manager, and the scene-painter appear to have put their heads together and to have built up a play that could be independent even of such clever artists as Mr. Charles Warner, Mr. James Fernandez, Miss Louise Moodie, and Miss Mary Rorke, and might rely for its success on the unexampled skill of Mr. Sims in swift character-painting and on an enormous managerial outlay in beautiful scenery and elaborate mechanical effects. When people talk of the new Adelphi play they will not allude to Mr. Warner as the young fellow who, unjustly cast out of his inheritance, is reduced to beggary, and dug wages at the London Docks; they will not pay much attention to the Russian adventuress, Miss Louise Moodie, who queens it over everybody until she is "hunted down" by a Polish spy she had sold to slavery; they will pass by with little interest the depressed heroine who goes mad for no apparent purpose, and is found dying in the snow, no one exactly knows why; but when they come to the character-sketches and realistic tableaux introduced by Mr. Sims their tongues will be loosened, and they will have plenty to say. The walls of London will soon be placarded with pictures of the wretched labourers waiting to be hired at the dock gates; enormous posters will whet the appetites of the expectant playgoer, showing the luckless hero being smashed down into the hold of a merchant-vessel by a bale that has slipped off a crane; the intending tourist during the spring and summer months will have his daily ride to town on the knifeboard of the omnibus cheered by peeps at Haddon Hall, and the delightful Derbyshire district represented with such faithfulness on the stage of the Adelphi Theatre; but no pictures or posters will be able to convey any idea of the bright and cheery fashion in which Mr. Sims acts as showman, and patches together the disjointed fragments of his disconnected tale. From the moment that the curtain rises until it falls there is no dull moment. When one pleasant character steps off, another one equally amusing steps on. The eye is always pleased; the mind is never fatigued. Whilst watching this drama by Mr. Sims, we are unconsciously reminded of his own contributions to contemporary journalism. He possesses the extraordinary faculty of saying in five lines what another could ill express in five pages. He can dash off a picture in a second that another would labour over for an hour. He can run on from abstruse politics to domestic economy without disturbing our sense of propriety. He is as interesting when he discusses Mr. Henry George arriving at Euston Station on a political mission, as when he is telling us how he buttons his boots or gets his shoes polished. A thin line of stars alone divides the partitions of this active and many-sided mind. He "dockets" his facts and "pigeon-holes" his fancy. The new drama is a play constructed on the same extraordinary plan. Its scenes and acts are divided but by a thin line of stars. It jumps from one interest to another just as Mr. Sims' paragraphs do. It is the "Mustard and Cress" of the stage, and will succeed only whilst this particular author signs it, for he has a strong personality, a wide influence, and has the hold upon his hearers that can only be gained by genius. For my own part, I do not think it would be well for the stage if all our plays were written after this pattern. I do not like to see the actor subordinate to the scenery, or the main motive obscured by detail. I prefer a telescope to a kaleidoscope. But for all that, "The Last Chance" has attraction in plenty for the thousands who are not critical but content. We meet on the stage of the Adelphi Theatre plenty of clever and amusing people; we see dozens of marvellous scenes; and, to put it even from the lowest point of view, we get plenty for our money. It may be that Mr. Sims will, by his own power, head a reform the end of which we do not see at present. He is as original and revolutionary as was Mr. Robertson in another branch of dramatic art; and, like Mr. Robertson, he is as dangerous as a guide. Plenty of writers tried their hands at Robertsonian comedy and failed, it would be as unsafe to construct dramas of the future on the model of "The Last Chance." Mr. Sims is the lynch-pin of modern realistic drama, and when that tumbles out we know pretty well what will happen. Meanwhile, London is provided with a new drama, and the Adelphi can advertise a fresh success. Critics may differ as to the interest of the play, but there can be no two opinions concerning the excellence of the panorama.

REVIVAL OF "THE SILVER KING."

And if one cared to note what varieties there can be in the style and character of modern drama, it is only necessary to journey as far as the Princess's Theatre, where Mr. Wilson Barrett has recently revived one of the very best plays of its class, "The Silver King," a play that owes its success to the clever collaboration of Mr. Herman and Mr. Henry A. Jones, a play that starts on one of the finest motives that has recently occurred to a dramatist in any country. For years past we have got our best dramas from France, but France has given us no play so good as "The Silver King." If she were wise she would take it, adapt it, and play it in preference to any "Théodora" that was ever written. "The Silver King" is, on the whole, far better acted now than it was at the outset. Mr. Barrett is as good as ever—intense in his passion and interesting in his pathos. Mr. Willard, if anything, better than ever. Miss Eastlake has improved her conception of the faithful Nellie Denver by innumerable graceful and artistic touches, and the addition of Miss Emmeline Ormsby to the cast is a very great gain. At these times, when laughter is often so forced, it is pleasant to find a play in which can occasionally be enjoyed the luxury of a "good cry." The pocket-handkerchiefs are freely used in "The Silver King," and the good, honest people are none the worse for a shower of tears.

"UNDER FIRE."

From drama we come to comedy. Great expectations had been formed of the new play written by Dr. Westland Marston for Mr. Thorne's company at the Vaudeville. The veteran dramatist is a charming writer, observant, shrewd, well-informed, and epigrammatic. He has also had the experience of a lifetime in connection with the stage. But, alas! his comedy seems as distasteful to the present age as the tragedy

of Bulwer Lytton. They are both presented forty years too late. The multiplicity of theatres and the eager supply of new plays exhaust the only subjects that English dramatists can successfully treat, and the consequence is that Dr. Marston is, in a measure, forestalled by younger and more daring authors. Only recently, in Mr. Mark Quinton's "In His Power," we see what misery can be inflicted by the innocent suppression of a hidden passage in a woman's life. The woman who has married a man who idolises her does not care to tell him that she has been married before to a scoundrel who has deceived and deserted her, and is now levying black-mail on the strength of her secret. But after such a motive as this, the secret of the heroine in Dr. Marston's "Under Fire" is a very unsatisfactory and uninteresting one. All the harm she has done has been to sing at concerts for her daily bread and to be the unhappy daughter of a man who is a convict. On the strength of this skeleton in the lady's cupboard, a female friend also levies black-mail, hoping to get the lady of title turned out of society for her parent's misdeeds; and we actually see the humiliating spectacle of a mother going down on her knees to her daughter and imploring the child to embitter her existence with the man she does not love in order to save her mother from social ostracism. With such a heroine it is impossible to sympathise, for heroines of good plays should be irreproachable. Buzzing about this feeble candle-light of interest, we have various social moths who burn their poor wings, and merely make the candle gutter to no purpose. Miss Amy Roselle and Mrs. Canninge are cleverly contrasted in the best scene in the play—a sharp duel of words between two women of the world; but Mr. Thorne is not happily circumstanced as a rustic lover; and such clever actors as Mr. F. Archer, Mr. Charles Sugden, and others work very hard to no purpose. There is some admirable writing in the new play; but unless the audience catches on to the interest of a comedy, good writing goes for very little nowadays.

The determined spirit of Mrs. Langtry and her cheerful good-nature under a cloud of adverse circumstances have at last been rewarded. She has made a great and genuine success as Lady Ormonde in the well-worn play called "Peril." It is not strange that such should be the case; for it may be safely said that Lady Ormonde has never been so well played or understood before, never with such delicacy of handling, such finesse, and such a well-bred air. It is a most difficult character to interpret. There is danger of making Lady Ormonde too prudish or too meretricious. Mrs. Langtry avoids both extremes, and makes the wife of the English baronet a refined woman, who from mere carelessness plays with fire, and gets out of her scrape with as much modesty as tact. The opening comedy scenes of the play are charmingly acted, and Mrs. Langtry astonished everybody by her fine attack of the great scene, and by the wonderful "back fall" that astonished everyone in America. Mrs. Langtry well deserves her success, for she has smiled under adversity and determined to win her laurels in spite of fate. In many respects, the play has never been better acted. The Sir Woodbine Grafton of Mr. Beerbohm Tree is a revelation—a wonderfully amusing character-sketch that will bring the young actor a new chorus of praise. Ravel in his best days could do no better. And it would be difficult to find a better doctor than that admirable actor Mr. F. Everill. The cast gains by the good services of Mr. Coghlan in the character of Captain Bradford, and the play thus happily cast seems on the fair way for a new spell of life, though so recently presented at the Haymarket.

Comedy, and comedy of the best—light, amusing, pure, and wholesome—is once more to be found at the St. James's Theatre, the admitted head-quarters of this agreeable form of entertainment. Some people may object that "A Quiet Rubber" and "The Queen's Shilling" are not English comedies because they are derived from a foreign original. If that be the case, there will be very few plays to see, for even Sheridan and Goldsmith kept their eyes and ears open before they wrote. The public care very little for this eternal wail about originality, and would far rather have a good and amusing play that was founded on somebody else's idea than a bad original one founded on no idea at all. Why, for instance, should we be deprived of Mr. Hare's marvellous study of senility as Lord Kilclare; or of Mr. Kendal's charming young Lancer who gets into such scrapes when love leads the way; or of Mrs. Kendal's fresh, gay, and lovable Kate Greville; or, again, of Mr. Hare's Colonel Daunt, merely because there were such plays as "La Partie de Piquet" and the "Fils de Famille." But little trace of French origin occurs in either work. Mr. Coghlan and Mr. G. W. Godfrey have done their work extremely well, and have prepared for the playgoer not only amusing plays, but such as bring out some excellent and clever acting. The audiences seem as delighted to get back to modern stories as are the artists eager to interpret them, and it is not likely that any change of programme will be required in King-street for a considerable time to come. The cheery little inn servant in "The Queen's Shilling" is now capitally played by Miss Lydia Cowell, who has an excellent chance of distinguishing herself in so finished a school of acting as this—the best we have in this country.

The new first part at German Reed's Entertainment has been provided by Mr. H. P. Stephens and Mr. W. Yardley, and a very clever little play it is. "Hobbies" is the name given to the sketch of the private life of an amateur scientist, who spends half his fortune in trying to invent new-fangled machines that range from pneumatic tubes to mechanical dogs. A love story is cleverly interwoven in the amusing description of a silly old gentleman, excellently played by Mr. Alfred Reed; and it may be safely said that the services of Miss Fanny Holland, Mr. Allan, Mr. Dudley North, and Miss Marion Wardroper have never been so usefully or pleasantly employed. The lyrics, which are specially good of their kind, have been set to music by Mr. George Gear, who for many years has been connected with the music of this popular entertainment. Mr. Corney Grain is never at a loss for a subject for satire. This time he has pitched on the drawing-room reciters and "song cyclists" and "vocal recitalists," who are so popular just now, and cleverly hits off their eccentricities. His song in imitation of the "tenor with the soul," who attracts a lot of silly women to the piano, is capital; and so are his serenades and nigger melodies. It is wonderful with what spirit and variety this entertainment is kept up; and it is pleasant to find the entertainers retain their youth, good looks, and bright spirits. Years pass away, but the old friends at German Reed's are just the same, and prepared with a cheery welcome. C. S.

A long and honourable service of over twenty years in London has not dulled the success of the "Moore and Burgess Minstrels," which remain one of the chief holiday attractions in the metropolis. For at the St. James's Hall there is no east wind or piercing blasts such as may be found on Hampstead-heath. It was a wonderful sight to see the large hall in Piccadilly crammed on each of the special Easter performances, and to watch the interest that attended the delivery of each song and glee. There is a curious connection between negro minstrelsy and hymnology, and who shall say how these minstrels have benefited from the modern religious revivalism? Apart, however, from the madrigals and part-songs so admirably sung, there have been some special features introduced this Easter. Prominent amongst them is Mr. W. F. Sweatnam, a comedian who has attained great popularity in America, and deservedly so. Quainter humour has not been heard for a long time. His monologue is funnier in idea than Sothern's Dundreary. Mr. George Moore is as funny as ever as the "bones" of the troupe, and the whole company has been provided with new jokes, all of which tell with the audience. But the minstrels can be patriotic as well as sentimental and funny. A great hit has been made by the singing of the new national song, "The Soldiers of the Guard," written by Clement Scott and W. C. Levey, which was received so enthusiastically the other day at the Criterion Theatre.

We are glad to see a matinée announced to take place at St. George's Hall on the afternoon of Wednesday, May 6, for the benefit of Miss Edith Heraud. Mrs. Kendal, Mr. J. L. Toole, Mr. Charles Warner, Mr. Henry Neville, Mr. George Grossmith, and a host of celebrities have promised to appear. We trust that the public will respond to the appeal of an artiste who for many years occupied a high position upon the boards, as well as achieved for herself a considerable literary status, but whose career has been cut short by a terrible malady, which for five years has defied the first medical treatment in the country for its alleviation.

MUSIC.

THE CARL ROSA OPERA COMPANY.

Mr. Rosa entered on a new London season on Monday evening at Drury-Lane Theatre, this being his third occupancy of that house. We have already given an outline of the arrangements for the season just opened (which is to extend over eight weeks), and have now to speak of the commencing performances. That of the opening night consisted of Wallace's "Maritana," the bright melodiousness of which retains its hold on the public ear. Of so familiar a work, and of its performance by artists who have often before been heard in it, brief notice may suffice. Madame Georgina Burns, who sustained the title-character, acted with spirit, and gave her music with great effect, as did Mr. Maas that of Don Cæsar; Mr. Ludwig's Don José having been also a repetition of an important feature of the evening, which included Miss Marian Burton's expressive delivery of the music of Lazarillo. The part of the King was effectively sustained by Mr. Burgon. It is now nearly forty years since "Maritana" was first produced, in the same theatre, where it was heard last Monday evening with evident pleasure by a large audience.

On Tuesday evening "Carmen" was given, with (as on previous occasions) the powerful performance of Madame Marie Roze in the title-character, in which she sang with her well-known charm of voice and style, and acted with real dramatic power, especially in the final scene, in which Carmen's jilted lover, José, stabs her. The last-named character was (also as before) very effectively sustained by Mr. B. McGuckin, who has made rapid progress as a stage vocalist, both in acting and singing. The character of Michaela found, as heretofore, a charming representative in Miss C. Perry; Mr. L. Crotty repeated his excellent performance as Escamillo, the bull-fighter; the Gipsy girls, Frasquita and Mercedes, found competent representatives in Misses Bensburg and M. Burton; and Mr. Snazelle as Dancaïro, and Mr. C. Lyall as Remendado, were picturesque representatives, respectively, of the Captain and Lieutenant of the smugglers. The scenic effects were excellent, and the incidental ballet action was well sustained, this department being under the able and skilled direction of Madame Katti Lanner. On both the occasions referred to the orchestral and choral performances were worthy of the reputation of Mr. Rosa's company. Mr. Randegger conducted ably in each instance. Of subsequent performances we must speak next week. "Nadeshda," the new romantic opera composed by Mr. A. Goring Thomas, is to be produced on Thursday next, with Madame Valleria in the title-character.

ROYALTY THEATRE.

"François, the Radical," produced on Saturday evening, is an adaptation by the author of "The Candidate" of a French comic opera entitled "François, les Bas Bleus," the music of which is by M. Firmin Bernicat, a young composer who died before he could witness the great success of this, his best work, which indeed was not quite completed in some of the details of the score, these having been filled up by his friend, M. Messager. The plot is very slight, and serves chiefly to give occasion to some very smart political allusions and epigrammatic dialogue, and some very bright and tuneful music, in which there are indications of a power that would doubtless have produced works of more importance had the composer not died prematurely. There is no occasion to dwell at great length on the few incidents of the piece—how François, a public letter-writer and would-be poet, at the epoch of the French Revolution, is in love with Fanchon, a street ballad-singer, and is beloved by the sister of a Marquis, he writing songs which the gets François to touch up, one of them being rendered so ultra-revolutionary that the Marquis's safety is endangered, until François claims the authorship, having discovered that Fanchon is the long-lost daughter of the Marquis. The storming of the Bastille raises François to power, the Marquis and his sister, disguised as venders of lemonade, are in search of Fanchon, who has resumed her occupation as a ballad-singer. Her discovery leads to a happy termination, including her union with François. The first act is altogether the strongest, the remaining portion requiring—what it has probably now received—some revision and compression. Some of the musical numbers produced a very favourable impression, particularly the songs for Fanchon—"I've songs for all the seven ages," "The little sailor," "When love once blooms," and "Let all be drinking"—her duet, "The writing lesson" with François, their love-duet, and the female chorus, "Take these roses"—not to mention other instances. Miss Kate Santley sang and acted well as Fanchon. Mr. Deane Brand, as François, achieved a genuine success by the display of an excellent tenor voice. Mr. Ashley was amusing as the Marquis, as was Mr. G. Honey as Jasmin; Miss Mulholland was a good representative of the Countess, the Marquis's sister; and minor parts were sufficiently well sustained—indeed, the performance was generally efficient.

The Royal Albert Hall Choral Society's performance of "The Messiah" on Good Friday, conducted by Mr. Barnby, was an especially fine one, and drew a very large attendance. Madame Albani sang the soprano solo music with exquisite taste and expression; and Miss Hilda Wilson justified the prominent position she has recently obtained by her fine delivery of the contralto music. Mr. Abercrombie and Mr. W. Mills were, respectively, efficient in the tenor and bass solos. It is scarcely necessary to say that the sublime choruses were impressively rendered. Dr. Stainer presided, as usual, at the organ.

Madame Frickenhaus (pianist) and Herr Ludwig (violinist) announce a series of four chamber concerts, to be given at Prince's Hall, Piccadilly, on the evenings of May 14 and 28, June 11 and 25.

The London branch of the United Richard Wagner Society has issued a circular stating that a reserve fund has been established for the purpose of perpetuating the principles to which Wagner's life was devoted, by ensuring the periodical representation of his works "under conditions identical with those which he himself had inaugurated in 1876." Bayreuth has been selected for the performances. It is presumed that in England there must be many admirers willing to assist in this work, and the London branch is intended to serve as a rallying point for the followers of Wagner resident in this country. With this in view, lectures, readings, and conversaziones are to be given this year. The society has 181 branches and agencies in Europe and America, with a total of 5124 members. The Earl of Dysart is president of the English branch, the committee consisting of Mr. Walter Bache, Mr. A. Birnstingl, Mr. J. Cyriax, Mr. A. Forman, the Rev. H. R. Haweis, Mr. A. J. Hipkins, Mr. F. Praeger, Mr. F. Schuster, Mr. C. Dowdeswell, and Mr. B. L. Mosely.

The Queen has granted permission to Mr. A. J. Caldicott, director of the music at the new Albert Palace, to introduce the chorale, "Gotha," composed by the late Prince Consort, into the ode (the words of which are by Mr. Barrett) to be performed at the approaching inaugural ceremony.

The Hereford Musical Festival of this year will take place on Sept. 8, 9, 10, and 11. The oratorio music in the cathedral will be—on the Tuesday morning, "Elijah"; Wednesday morning, Gounod's "Redemption"; evening, Spohr's "Last Judgment"; Thursday morning, Dvorák's "Stabat Mater" and Mendelssohn's "Hymn of Praise"; and on Friday morning, "The Messiah." There will be secular concerts in the County Hall on Tuesday and Thursday evenings, the programmes of which will include two new compositions—Dr. Smith's "St. Kevin's" and Dr. Harford Lloyd's "Death of Baldwin." A closing concert of chamber music will be given on the Friday evening.

FRANZ ABT.

This celebrated musical composer died at Wiesbaden last week. He was born at Eilenburg, in Prussian Saxony, in 1819, and was intended for the Church, which destination he changed for that of the musical profession. He earned great distinction by a very large number of vocal compositions, most of which are songs chiefly for a single voice, others being for several voices. Many of the former obtained great popularity. Abt also wrote some pleasing cantatas. His music is distinguished by fluent melody of an eminently vocal character.

THE VICEROY OF INDIA.

We present a Portrait of the Right Hon. the Earl of Dufferin, who went to India last October as Viceroy, and who is now engaged in negotiations of great importance with the Ameer Abdurrahman, ruler of Afghanistan, and in administrative business needful for the great military preparations to support British policy with reference to the safety of the Afghan frontier. Lord Dufferin's eminent services to the British Empire, as a most popular Governor-General of Canada, and as Ambassador to Russia and to Turkey, besides his special performances as political agent in settling the affairs of the Lebanon some twenty-four years ago, and two or three years ago in making inquiries and reporting upon the condition of Egypt, and the needful or desirable reforms to be attempted there, have earned him the highest reputation. The Earl of Dufferin is an Irishman, and a great-grandson of the accomplished Richard Brinsley Sheridan. He is Frederick Temple Hamilton Blackwood, only son of the third Baron Dufferin, in the Irish peerage; and his mother, the late Dowager Countess Gifford (by her second marriage), was a clever lady authoress, eldest daughter of Mr. Thomas Sheridan, and heiress to the wit, talent, and genial temper of her family, which her son has inherited in his turn. Lord Dufferin was born at Florence in 1826, succeeded to the peerage on his father's death in 1841, was educated at Christ Church College, Oxford, but took no honours or degree, leaving the University early; he entered public life as a Lord-in-Waiting in Lord J. Russell's first Administration. He was attached in 1855 to Lord J. Russell's mission to Vienna; and was sent by Lord Palmerston as British Commissioner to Syria in 1860. He was Under-Secretary of State for India from 1864 to 1866, and in the War Office, subsequently, for a few months. Under Mr. Gladstone's Administration, which commenced in 1868, Lord Dufferin was Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster for four years, and then assumed the direction of the Government of Canada, a post which he held until 1878. He was subsequently Ambassador at St. Petersburg from 1879 to 1881, and was appointed to Constantinople in April, 1881. The following year he went on a special mission to Egypt. He was created in 1871 a Peer of the United Kingdom, as Earl of Dufferin and Viscount Clandeboye. The noble Earl became known as an author in 1860 by his "Letters from High Latitudes," a lively narrative of a yachting tour to Iceland; his speeches also have been published; and he has written several pamphlets upon Irish questions. Lord Dufferin married, in 1862, Harriet, the eldest daughter of Captain Hamilton, of county Down, and added the name of Hamilton to his own by Royal license. His eldest son, Archibald, Lord Clandeboye, was born in 1863, and is expected to enter Parliament at the next General Election.

Our Portrait of Lord Dufferin is from a photograph by Messrs. Elliott and Fry, of Baker-street.

Lord Randolph Churchill, after an absence from England of four months, arrived at Charing-cross station from India on Tuesday morning, and was met by several friends. His Lordship appeared to be in excellent health.

Mr. Clement Scott's lecture entitled "The Stage and the Age," recently delivered before the members of the Playgoers' Club, has been published, handsomely printed, in a neat wrapper, by Mr. Samuel French, of the Strand.

The Spring Show, under the auspices of the Royal Dublin Society, was opened on Tuesday at Ball's Bridge. The feature of the show was the exhibition of young bulls; and amongst 124 yearlings there was scarcely one indifferent animal. In the Herefords, the Queen sent over a beautiful bull, Gladiator; and, among all the exhibits, her Majesty took three first prizes.

Part third of the "Ornamental Arts of Japan" (Sampson Low, Marston, and Co.) contains nine superb plates in chromo-lithography, besides two in monochrome, accompanied by descriptions of lacquer work, metal work, enamel, carving, &c. Part fourth, completing this magnificent work, will be issued in July.

Messrs. Fores, of Piccadilly, have issued a clever etching by Walter Cox, after J. Watson Nicol. It represents a couple of jesters singing a duet, and their solemn countenances are in ludicrous contrast with their professional costume, one with upturned eyes, while he twangs his instrument, the other gravely scanning the notes on the sheet of music before him. It is a capital work.



THE RIGHT HON. THE EARL OF DUFFERIN, G.C.B., VICEROY OF INDIA.



THE NORTH-WEST FRONTIER OF INDIA.—MAKING A ROAD IN THE BOLAN PASS: BLASTING ROCKS.

FROM A SKETCH BY LIEUTENANT C. M. GONNE, R.A.



AN OLD SONG.

PARISIAN SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

(From our own Correspondent.)

Paris, Tuesday, April 7.

For the sake of record it may be useful to state that during the past week French politicians have given a striking instance of their devotion to party interests, and their neglect of those of the country. The reason of the prolongation of the ministerial crisis, which ended only this morning, has been the pretensions and intrigues of the powerful group of the Republican Union, which demanded a predominant place in the Cabinet for members of its own party, and, above all, control over the forthcoming general elections. These manœuvres caused the failure of MM. De Freycinet and Constans, who were successively called upon by M. Grévy to form a Ministry; and, finally, since the twenty-four hours of patriotic frenzy which accompanied the fall of M. Ferry, so little have we heard of Tonquin that it seems almost to have been forgotten.

The new Ministry is composed as follows:—President of the Council and Justice, Brisson; Interior, Allain-Targé; Foreign Affairs, De Freycinet; Finances, Clamageran; Public Instruction, Goblet; War, General Campenon; Marine, Admiral Galiber; Commerce, Pierre Legrand; Public Works, Sadi Carnot; Agriculture, Hervé-Mangon; Posts and Telegraphs, Sarrien. This Cabinet comprises seven deputies, three Senators, and one Minister who is not in Parliament—namely, Admiral Galiber. In political tendencies it is hostile to the Opportunists—that is to say, to the Ferry party—and in its composition the group of the Radical Left is largely represented. The new Prime Minister, M. Brisson, accepted office very reluctantly, and only after M. Grévy had tried every possible resource was he at last induced, and almost forced, to take upon himself a responsibility which he is said to fear. The Reactionaries call M. Brisson the Red Dauphin, "le Dauphin rouge," in allusion to his long-cherished plan of succeeding some day M. Grévy at the Elysée. M. Eugène Henri Brisson was born at Bourges in 1835, of a legal family. He studied law at Paris, became an active Republican under the Empire, and a still more active Freemason, held a post in the Crédit Mobilier, wrote in the Opposition newspapers, and in 1870 he was elected Deputy for Paris. In 1876 M. Brisson was again elected member for Paris, on the presentation of the Radicals, and in 1881 he succeeded Gambetta as President of the Chamber. He is an austere man, of small talent as an orator; indeed, he has hitherto been famous principally for his silence, reserve, and severity of countenance. M. Brisson never smiles. He has never compromised himself, for the simple reason that he has avoided all situations where there was any grave responsibility to be incurred. We now see him at work for the first time, and starting with the advantage of a reputation, unique in France, for integrity of character, gravity, firmness, and implacable justice.

At the Chamber this afternoon M. Brisson read his declaration and programme to the general satisfaction. The cabinet, he said, was one of conciliation and union, whose object was to strengthen France and the Republic. As regards China, the Ministry would insist upon the execution of the treaties and the respect of the rights of France, and that, if negotiations were not sufficient to attain this end, the Ministry would pursue it with arms; not, however, changing the character of the present expedition without the consent of Parliament. The forthcoming elections, M. Brisson said, would be free, loyal, and sincere. The more that manifestations of universal suffrage were spontaneous and independent, the stronger the Republic would be and the more strongly cemented would be the union between the Republicans. After reading this declaration, M. Brisson demanded the voting of the 150,000,000f. required for pursuing the Tonquin Expedition.

The *Times* telegram, relative to the conclusion of peace between France and China, was much talked about in the lobbies this afternoon.

A new picture exhibition, which is to be annual, has been opened in the Rue de Sèze by the Société de Pastellistes. To judge from the success which the exhibition is having amongst the public and amongst the critics, the delicate art of pastel seems likely to recover the high favour which it enjoyed in the eighteenth century, when Rosalba Carriera, Latour, Perronneau, and Madame Vigée Lebrun applied pastel with such exquisite results to portrait-painting. Our modern artists not only employ pastel for portraits, but also for landscape and all kinds of subjects. The late J. De Nittis, for instance, is represented by a series of views of Paris and scenes on the Parisian race-courses, in which the figures are lifesize; Raffaelli paints in pastel and on canvas the movement of the boulevards and squares; Duez depicts marines, gardens, meadows, just as J. F. Millet and Troyon reproduced in pastel some of their most famous pictures, such as "The Sower," "The Angelus," &c. The new exhibition is really most interesting, the more so as, side by side with the modern pastels executed yesterday, we are shown some hundred and fifty choice works by the famous pastellistes of the last century.

The reports of the Parliamentary Committee appointed to inquire into the situation of French Art-Industries give amongst the causes of the present crisis a preponderating place to the modern craze for curiosities, bibelots, old furniture, and objects of all kinds. The furniture-makers are forced to copy the furniture of the Renaissance and of Louis XIV., XV., and XVI., and constantly very fine copies are sold by dealers in England as authentic old pieces. In jewellery and silversmiths' work, Paris, thanks to this demand for old work, has become a great centre of counterfeit work. In enamels and ivories, it appears, the counterfeiting reaches fantastically picturesque degrees. The enamels, made to order by the Parisian artists, are bought at modest trade prices by unscrupulous dealers, taken to Amsterdam to be treated, and then sold for fabulous prices to collectors. Gothic and Renaissance ivories are treated in the same way; and in every branch of art-industry, progress and originality are shown by these reports to be paralysed by the craze for old things. The counterfeiting of old work puts an end to serious production, and is of profit only to the intermediary, and not to the maker. On the other hand, owing to the disdain in which modern work is held, workmen and artists belonging to the industries which are affected by counterfeiting no longer find work, and have to change their trade. Hence it is to be feared that, unless this unreasonable craze for old bibelots and worm-eaten furniture goes out of fashion very soon, Paris will gradually see the disappearance of those art-industries which have hitherto been her glory and her fortune. T. C.

The Emperor of Germany and his family yesterday week attended Divine service in the Imperial Castle, where, later, a family dinner was given.—Prince Von Bismarck's seventieth birthday was celebrated by national festivities in Germany on the 1st inst. His Highness was honoured by a visit from the Emperor and all the Princes of the Royal House at eleven a.m., and received deputations throughout the rest of the day. More than a thousand congratulatory telegrams and letters were received by him. Prince Von Bismarck has taken possession of Schoenhausen, the estate presented to him by the German nation.—The death is announced of the German General Vogel Von Falkenstein, who was born in the same year as the Emperor, and had therefore reached his eighty-eighth year.

After a protracted discussion, the Jersey States on Tuesday rejected a bill for expelling the Jesuits from the island.

The Danish Rigsdag was prorogued on the 1st inst. by the King. His Majesty also issued a decree provisionally authorising the expenditure by the Government of such sums as may be necessary for carrying on the public service.

The King and Queen of Sweden passed through Vienna last Saturday en route for Bucharest. Their Majesties will there await news of their second son, who is lying ill with typhoid fever at Constantinople. Should the tidings received be favourable, the King and Queen will return to Stockholm; otherwise, they will continue their journey to Constantinople. The Emperor called upon the Royal travellers at the Hôtel Impérial, and King Oscar returned the Kaiser's visit shortly afterwards.

The Russian Imperial family arrived at St. Petersburg last Saturday from Gatchina. They attended the solemn Easter Mass celebrated at midnight in the church of the Winter Palace.

The United States Senate has confirmed most of President Cleveland's nominations to offices abroad.—Mr. Henry Irving concluded his New York engagement last Saturday night before a crowded audience. He was given a farewell banquet on Monday evening at Delmonico's, attended by about two hundred prominent persons, and sailed for England on Tuesday in the Arizona.

Sir Charles Tupper, the High Commissioner for Canada, on Monday received a cable message from the Canadian Government stating that troops were being transported to the North-West by the "all-Canadian" route, north of Lake Superior, with satisfactory speed. Batteries from Quebec and Kingston had arrived at Winnipeg, and other troops were following them closely. It is stated that the number of the disaffected Indians is 2000. The United States Government is actively co-operating with Canada in the suppression of the rebellion.

President Barrios, of Guatemala, has been killed in a battle between his troops and those of San Salvador, in which the latter were completely victorious. An armistice for a month has been agreed upon. At Aspinwall 10,000 persons are homeless, and the losses caused by the burning of the town are estimated at 4,000,000 dols.

From Hong-Kong we learn that the British flag has been hoisted on Port Hamilton, an island of the Corean Archipelago. This latest acquisition of territory, although small in area, is of both significance and importance in other points more essential to the interest of the country. Situated between two diminutive islands due south of Corea, this harbour will, in fact, constitute a new coaling station in the Far East.

THE CHURCH.

On Tuesday morning the Archbishop of York preached in Beverley Minster, on the opening of the enlarged organ, which was played by Dr. Naylor, organist of York Minster, and Mendelssohn's "Lauda Sion" was sung by a choir of one hundred voices.

At Exeter Cathedral on Tuesday the Dean and Chapter unanimously elected Dr. Bickersteth Bishop of Exeter, in the room of Dr. Temple, transferred to London; and on Wednesday the enthronement of Dr. Temple took place in St. Paul's Cathedral.

The Bishop of Southwell has reopened the ancient church of Furningley, after complete restoration, the expense of which was borne by three of the parishioners.

The Rev. Joseph Cooper Lintott, Vicar of St. Luke's, Camberwell, has been appointed by the Bishop of Rochester to the Vicarage of St. Philip's, Battersea.

Dr. Durnford, Bishop of Chichester, was yesterday week seized with illness while officiating in the cathedral of the diocese. In the evening, however, he had considerably improved.

The services appropriate to Good Friday in the metropolitan churches were attended by large and devout congregations. At the early celebration of the communion at St. Paul's Cathedral, a man advanced to the altar, seized the chalice containing the consecrated wine, and dashed it to the ground. He was proceeding to commit further outrages when he was arrested and removed to a police station. He has been sentenced to a month's imprisonment. The Easter Sunday festival was celebrated with its usual heartiness and joyousness in St. Paul's, Westminster Abbey, and the other London churches.

The Bishop of Rochester, in an address to his clergy on confirmation, says:—"Occasionally, and almost more frequently in the poorer than the richer parishes, I have regretted to observe a growing tendency to showy finery in the dress of the female candidates. Mock pearls in the humbler class, white satin shoes in the higher—which on a bleak March day makes one tremble for the poor girl's health—should gently but firmly be eschewed. Nothing would distress me more than to have to send a candidate back for showy or tawdry apparel. But for example's sake it may be necessary for me to do it."

The Church of St. Saviour, Bath, has been enriched by the filling of the great east window with painted glass from the studio of Mr. Taylor, of Berners-street. The window is of seven lights, and represents six subjects in the life of the Saviour, being the gift of Mrs. Beaumont, in memory of her husband.—A handsome three-light painted window—subject, "The Good Shepherd"—has been erected in the parish church of Illogan, Cornwall, to the memory of the late Rector, the Rev. J. G. Wulff, and his wife, by the Rev. and Mrs. Vyvyan Popham. The work, which is worthy of note both for artistic treatment and colouring, was supplied by Messrs. Lavers, Westlake, and Barraud, of Endell-street, Bloomsbury.

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OBITUARY.

EARL CAIRNS.

The Right Hon. Sir Hugh MacCalmont Cairns, Earl Cairns, Viscount Garmoyle, and Baron Cairns, of Garmoyle, in the county of Antrim, in the Peerage of the United Kingdom, died at Lindisfarne, Bournemouth, on the 2nd inst. This great lawyer and statesman was born in December, 1819, the second son of Mr. William Cairns, of Parkmount, in the county of Antrim, by Rosanna, his wife, daughter of Mr. Hugh Johnson; was educated at Trinity College, Dublin; called to the Bar by the Middle Temple in 1844, appointed a Queen's Counsel in 1856, and made a Bencher of Lincoln's Inn in the same year. He was Solicitor-General from February, 1858, to June, 1859; and Attorney-General from July to October, 1866, when he became a Lord Justice of Appeal. On Feb. 29, 1868, and again in 1874, he was raised to the Woolsack as Lord High Chancellor of England. He had been previously created, Feb. 27, 1867, a Peer as Baron Cairns, of Garmoyle. His Lordship was Chancellor and LL.D. of Trinity College, Dublin, and received (*honoris causâ*) the degree of LL.D. from Cambridge in 1862 and of D.C.L. from Oxford in 1863. Before his elevation to the Bench he sat in the House of Commons as member for Belfast, 1852 to 1866; was knighted in 1858; and made Viscount and Earl, Sept. 27, 1878. He married, May 9, 1856, Mary Harriet, eldest daughter of Mr. John M'Neile, of Parkmount, in the county of Antrim, and leaves surviving issue, Arthur William, Viscount Garmoyle, now second Earl Cairns, born Dec. 21, 1861, three other sons, and two daughters, of whom the elder, Lady Lilias Charlotte, is wife of the Rev. H. Nevile Sherbrooke.

COLONEL DE COURCY.

Colonel Nevinson Willoughby De Courcy, C.B., late Royal Marine Light Infantry, died on the 31st ult., in his sixty-second year. He was second son of the late Captain Nevinson De Courcy, R.N., K.T.S., by Mary, his wife, daughter of Mr. William Blennerhassett, of Ballyseedy, and was grandson of Admiral the Hon. Michael De Courcy, third son of the twenty-fifth Lord Kingsale. He entered the Royal Marines in 1841, and retired as Colonel in 1877. He served in Japan, 1864 to 1866, and in the Ashantee war, 1873-4. Colonel De Courcy married, 1866, Maria, youngest daughter of Mr. William Cooke, Madras C.S., and leaves one son.

COLONEL COLE.

Colonel Arthur Lowry Cole, C.B., late 17th Regiment, died on the 30th ult., in his sixty-eighth year. He was eldest son of the gallant Peninsular commander the Hon. Sir Galbraith Lowry Cole, G.C.B., by Frances, his wife, daughter of the first Earl of Malmesbury; and was grandson of the first Earl of Enniskillen. He commanded the 17th Regiment at the siege of Sebastopol, and at the assault on the Redan. For these services he received the Crimean medal with clasp, the Turkish medal, the Medjidieh (fifth class), and the Companionship of the Bath. He married, in 1854, Elizabeth Frances, daughter of Vice-Admiral Villiers Francis Hatton, and leaves issue.

Dr. George Pearce, late of the Madras Medical Service and Hon. Physician to the Queen, on the 28th ult., aged eighty-eight.

Dr. Robert Aston Coffin, the Roman Catholic Bishop of Southwark, on the 6th inst., at Teignmouth, after a long illness.

Mr. Alan Ker, for many years a Puisne Judge of Jamaica, at Kingston, in that island, on the 20th ult., aged sixty-five. Called to the Bar in 1842, was Attorney-General of Antigua, 1851 to 1854, and was subsequently Chief Justice of Nevis and Chief Justice of Dominica until 1861, when he was made a Puisne Judge of the Supreme Court of Jamaica.

General Sir James Edward Alexander, C.B., F.R.S. Edin., K.C.L.S., of Westerton, Bridge of Allan, on the 2nd inst., at Ryde, at the age of eighty-two. He served in the first Burmese, the Persian, Turkish, Portuguese, and Kaffir wars; in the African Expedition in 1836-7 he penetrated to the interior of that continent, and with the North-American exploring and surveying party, in 1847-9, explored the forests of New Brunswick. He afterwards served in the Crimean war, and commanded the troops in the province of Auckland, New Zealand, for some time during the Maori war of 1860-1. He received seven war medals, and was awarded a distinguished service reward.

AN OLD SONG.

It may also be said that the singer, though not an old lady, but an amiable young one, is accompanying her voice with a rather old-fashioned instrument. We do not so often hear, in this generation, as our grandfathers and grandmothers used to do, the light melodious twang of the guitar, or that of the more stately harp, which used to go so harmoniously with a vocal performance. "In the days when we went gipsying, a long time ago," in the pleasant woodland picnics of summers that shone more brightly "when we were young, as we once hae been," the guitar, being a portable instrument, was much in favour by way of enlivening outdoor social festivities with pleasant music. It could, again, be very easily carried at night under the short cloak which a gentleman might wear, and not make an eccentric figure, some forty years since; and it was then found most convenient for the purpose of a serenade. "Meet me by moonlight alone," is an air which some good ladies, now elderly matrons, can possibly remember to have heard played and sung beneath their windows. There are romantic personal reminiscences, and tender feelings not yet wholly extinguished, in many a living breast, associated with the tones of the guitar, though connoisseurs of music esteem it a poor tinkling toy. As for the old song which this lady is singing, it may be any one of many old songs, now too seldom heard—those of Moore, Byron, Haynes Bayly, Mrs. Hemans, L. E. L., and other true lyrical poets, set to music which was tuneful, rich in original melody, and often most affecting. It is doubtful whether the present age has provided itself with new songs better than those of old.

Lord Leigh presided at a meeting of the general committee for the restoration of St. Michael's, Coventry, recently held at St. Mary's Hall. A discussion took place concerning the disposal of the peal of bells, which, if retained, would require the erection of a second tower. The monetary question was the difficulty in the way, and Mr. Woodcock, of Coventry (who is a subscriber of £10,000 to the Restoration Fund), said, assuming that a good tower could be put up for £8000, he was prepared to give half of it. It was resolved, in order to ascertain the money which would be required, to invite tenders for the work from Mr. Thompson, of Peterborough, and a sub-committee was appointed to select the stone.

THE COURT.

Queen Victoria, with Princess Beatrice, arrived at Aix-les-Bains on Wednesday evening, the 1st inst., and drove at once to the Villa Mottet. The railway station was gaily decorated for the occasion, and a guard of honour, composed of a detachment of dragoons from Chambéry and of the Garde Mobile, from Paris, was in attendance. But, at the express desire of her Majesty, there was no official reception. The Queen and Princess Beatrice drove to the Col du Chat on the 3rd inst. The Princess afterwards walked out with Lady Churchill. In the afternoon her Majesty and the Princess, attended by the Dowager Marchioness of Ely, drove to the Château Bordeaux. Last Saturday morning the Queen and Princess Beatrice drove to the Maison du Diable, the residence of Lady Whalley. The Princess afterwards walked out. In the afternoon her Majesty and the Princess drove out, attended by Lady Churchill. The weather was beautifully fine. Divine service was held at the Villa Mottet on Sunday morning, in the presence of the Queen, Princess Beatrice, and the ladies and gentlemen of the household. The Rev. D. Lancaster M'Anally officiated, assisted by the Rev. D. Lact. Her Majesty, accompanied by the Princess, has taken several drives in the beautiful neighbourhood, including Marlioz, Bourjet, St. Innocent, &c. On Monday and Tuesday, morning and afternoon, the Queen drove out, accompanied by Princess Beatrice. Her Majesty daily receives a large number of telegrams, and a special office has been established to enable them to be received and delivered with the greatest rapidity. The Queen enjoys excellent health.

The Prince and Princess of Wales, Prince Albert Victor of Wales, and Princesses Louise, Victoria, and Maud arrived at Sandringham on Tuesday for the Easter recess. Prince George of Wales arrived there on Thursday morning from Greenwich, having completed his studies at the Royal Naval College, and passed his examination for the rank of lieutenant. Their Royal Highnesses were present at Divine service on Good Friday. The Rev. F. Hervey, M.A., Chaplain to the Queen, Domestic Chaplain to the Prince, and Rector of Sandringham, officiated and preached. On Monday the Prince and Princess, accompanied by Prince Albert Victor and Prince George, arrived at Marlborough House from Sandringham. In the evening the Prince and Princess, with Prince Albert Victor and Prince George, were present at the Prince's Theatre, and witnessed the performance of Mrs. Langtry as Lady Ormonde in "Peril." On Tuesday evening the Prince and Princess of Wales, accompanied by Prince Albert Victor, started on their visit to Ireland, and received their first public reception on landing at Kingstown the following morning. Prince George of Wales will join the Excellent, gunnery-ship, at Portsmouth to-day (Saturday), to go through a course of training—first in torpedo, next in gunnery, and lastly in pilotage.

The Duchess of Edinburgh, accompanied by the Russian Ambassador and attended by a suite, honoured the performance at the St. James's Theatre with her presence on Monday evening.

CITY ECHOES.

Wednesday, April 8.

After a substantial rebound as the result of a belief that the difficulty with Russia was in prospect of being arranged, we are once more filled with misgiving, and some of last week's advance is now being lost. On balance, however, the gain is considerable, and we may hope that diplomacy may yet devise a peaceful settlement. But waiting this result, investments must drag, and it is very difficult to find employment for money for short periods. While the Bank of England rate of discount is 3½, the actual working rate is not more than 2½, and short loans are quoted 2.

A considerable movement has taken place in Grand Trunk Railway stocks, the "bears" having been frightened into buying back on the publication of the working statement for February, which showed some improvement upon the January return. More recently, the prices have gained ground in connection with a report that the accounts will show that the dividends proposed do not adequately represent the earning result of the period covered, as a large sum has been applied to special account. As to this point, it is now made no secret that of £100,000 spent in renewals to the extent of £60,000 has been charged to the past half-year, and that the dividend on the first preference is reduced to that extent. The directors will probably explain in their report how it is that while in recent half-years reserve funds and "plums" have been applied in aid of dividend, the very bad half-year under notice has been made to bear such an exceptional charge. No doubt there are sufficient reasons, but do the directors enough appreciate the importance to shareholders of the dividends being kept as even as circumstances will permit? It is manifestly impossible for investors to keep in a company whose first preference stock falls from 119 to 47 within less than two years, and that on dividend result only.

That Russia has resolved to tax the coupons of her internal loans is openly stated and accepted; but it is not yet officially announced. If it take place, it is evidence of the necessitous condition of the Russian Treasury; but it is no violation of contract. The purely foreign loans, such as the sterling issues known here, are not likely to be touched, and it is held by all countries that national stock is as open to be taxed as any other source of income. Foreign holders of Consols pay income tax, and the performances of Italy and Austria in that direction are notorious.

It is further evidence of the more ordinary conditions of business which now prevail that the directors of the Bank of Germany have just seen their way to reduce the rate of discount from 5 per cent, to which it was raised on the 10th ult., to 4½ per cent. This relief is probably due to the extent to which German holders of Russian bonds have been able recently to borrow in London.

It is officially announced by cable that the Southern Pacific Railway Company have leased the Central Pacific Company on terms which, in the minimum, appear to secure to the ordinary stockholders of the former 2 per cent dividends. British investors are more concerned in Central stocks than in the Southern stocks. The Central Pacific Company have paid no ordinary dividend for a year past; but for some time previously paid 6 per cent. The Southern Pacific Company are also not paying dividend on ordinary capital. Under these circumstances, the security for the leasing terms is in need of explanation.

It is expected that, during the present Session of Parliament, Lord Kimberley will be able to get an Act to permit the creation of India stock in exchange for Eastern Bengal Railway Annuities. The terms of conversion are not yet indicated.

T. S.

In the course of a pawnbroking case, heard at Bow-street Police Court on Tuesday, it was alleged that a gang of persons has been engaged in manufacturing sovereigns and articles of jewellery of what was called "mystery gold," a composition of platinum, tin, and copper, which stands the ordinary acid tests and weighs as much as pure gold.

THE MAGAZINES FOR APRIL.

The *Cornhill* is chiefly remarkable for the commencement of a new fiction, "Court Royal," by the author of "Mehalah." So far as it has proceeded, it is the story of a little girl left in pawn with a Jewish broker by her mother, after an unsuccessful attempt to drown her, and known by the number of her ticket as "Six Hundred and Seventeen." Anything more glaringly improbable can hardly be imagined, unless it be the pawnbroker's own character and style of speech. So forcible, however, is the language, and so vivid the presentment of the situation, that the reader's attention is invited from the first, and, once fairly begun, the tale is not likely to be laid aside. "Rainbow Gold" is continued with its accustomed remarkable cleverness. There are also entertaining papers on the "Fire Brigade" and on "Antediluvian Monsters," the latter contending that animals now exist—chiefly, indeed, among the cetacea—equal in bigness to any that the earth has seen. "Mrs. Willmington's Garden Party" is a light little comedy-story of a class abundantly represented in the *Cornhill*.

The continuation of Mrs. Ritchie's "Mrs. Dymond," in *Macmillan*, contains a beautiful portrait, in the authoress's best style, of a French socialistic enthusiast, simple-minded and gentle-hearted, but of highly refined intellect, at once practical and unpractical. The young engraver, the worldly publisher, and the feeble old colonel—a fine man in decay—are also admirably depicted. "March in Magna Græcia" is full of picturesque sketches of the wild scenery, old towns and castles, and partly Saracen population of Apulia. "The Astrology of Shakspeare" teems with interesting citations proving the indebtedness of poetry to astrology, with the outlines of which Shakspeare must have been well acquainted; but his serious belief would be too hastily inferred from his employment of popular language and popular notions. Mr. Morley, in his review of Mark Pattison's memoirs, seems to us forgetful of the maxim that every man must have the defects of his qualities. Pattison's special mission to maintain a high and pure standard of scholarship almost required the sensitive and fastidious temperament which, so much to Mr. Morley's dissatisfaction, impaired his capacity for "fight" and "mastery."

Longmans' Magazine is strong in fiction with the continuation of Mr. Black's picturesque "White Heather," and the commencement of a new story, "Prince Otto," by R. L. Stevenson—a pure ideal romance, and, as such, occupying a quite exceptional position among the serial fiction of the day. The style is very beautiful: the plot is not yet sufficiently developed for criticism. There is nothing else of much account in the number, except Mr. O'Donoghue's panegyric of Irish popular poetry. The specimens adduced amply prove his case; but he must forgive us for deeming that Irish poets have greatly profited by learning to write English.

Blackwood also is chiefly dependent upon its fiction—the continuation of "The Waters of Hercules," and the commencement of a new and not unpromising tale, "Fortune's Wheel." The only other contributions of mark are memoirs of two soldiers—the unfortunate Venetian condottiere, Carmagnola, and Sir Herbert Stewart.

The *English Illustrated Magazine* is as rich in illustration as usual; but contains little of literary interest except the continuation of Bret Harte's story "A Ship of '49," which has all the indescribable originality and peculiar power of the gifted author's earlier fictions. The most remarkable of the illustrations are Mr. Crane's quaint, but fanciful and taking, designs for "The Sirens Three."

The interest of the *Fortnightly Review* is mainly political. Colonel Hozier and an anonymous field-officer expatiate on the enormous military strength of England, and the way in which it is allowed to remain useless for want of a little judicious outlay in the right direction. Mr. Caillard treats of Albania and the Albanians from personal knowledge, and throws out the idea that annexation to Austria would not be unpopular with the people. Mr. Broadley forcibly dwells on the danger to English interests in North Africa from French intrigue. Perhaps, however, our neighbours will think they have enough upon their hands already in Tonquin. Mr. Jephson advocates the abolition of the Irish Viceroyalty; and Mr. O'Hara thinks that a new era would dawn for Ireland if the landlords were bought out on fair terms. Possibly; but it is a weak point in Mr. O'Hara's scheme that it involves the advance of one third of the requisite two hundred and ten millions by the British taxpayer, who is assured that he will recover the amount out of the savings contingent upon the abolition of the henceforth unnecessary police. Who is to pay the retired policemen's pensions Mr. O'Hara does not inform us.

The varied contents of the *Nineteenth Century* include a statesman-like paper on the Afghan difficulty by Sir Henry Rawlinson, two diametrically contradictory deliverances on the advantages of an alliance with Turkey, strategic considerations by Mr. Archibald Forbes on the proper line to be adopted in case of invasion; and observations by Mr. Andrew Lang on the extraordinary resemblances found among the ghost stories of all countries, civilised and savage. More interesting than any of these are Mr. Stannard's reminiscences of General Gordon when in command of the Engineers at Gravesend, which contribute to heighten the popular estimate of his disinterested unselfishness and his strange power over men. His was a character which owed nothing to circumstances or education, a natural force impossible to replace. M. Joseph Reinach admits that the cause of England in Egypt has become the cause of Christendom, and offers the alliance of France in return for "a financial scheme based upon principles of justice and equity," which he omits to define.

The *Contemporary Review* contains several articles of importance, especially Mr. Matthew Arnold's "Comment on Christmas," beautifully written, but beyond the range of our commentary. Professor Dowden writes admirably on Shakspeare's women; Mr. R. L. Stevenson sets up a high standard of rhythmical finish, in style involving, we fear, the frequent sacrifice of matter to manner; and therefore not likely to be acknowledged by robust writers; Sir John Lubbock puts the objections to a second Khartoum expedition with great force; and Mr. Fowler attributes the present low prices mainly to the influence of railways and telegraphs in diminishing the cost of carriage and augmenting supply.

The *National Magazine*, which appears in a primrose-coloured cover in honour of Lord Beaconsfield, has simultaneously improved the quality of its articles—mostly political, and distinguished by real vigour of expression. By far the most remarkable of the non-political contributions is a racy paper, by the Rev. G. F. Browne, on "Archæological Frauds in Palestine," rendering full justice to M. Clermont-Ganneau's services in their detection, but exposing his ill-feeling towards his antiquarian *confrères*.

The principal article in *Harper* is one of especial interest to English readers—a beautifully illustrated account of Sandringham, with full, but not over-full, particulars of the daily pursuits of the Prince and Princess. "Some Richmond Portraits" perpetuate charming faces; and a tour in North Germany, and a collection of Chinese porcelain, provide ample material for illustration. The most interesting contributions to the *Atlantic Monthly* are the continuations of Miss O'Meara's account of Madame Mohl's salon, and that of the Tennessee fiction, by "Egbert Craddock," who now appears to be a lady. Besides the continuation of Mr. Henry James's "Bostonians," one of his best works, the *Century* contains three articles of special interest. Mr. Howells sketches Mediæan Florence with great power, but with considerable injustice to Lorenzo De' Medici, who could hardly be expected to give up the power he had inherited from his father. Mr. Roosevelt, depicting the ignorance and venality of the New York State Legislature in the most vivid colours, nevertheless leaves an impression that the better elements are in a fair way to prevail. Admiral Porter's narrative of the capture of the defences of New Orleans, assisted by graphic illustrations, shows how heavily armed fortifications may be silenced by a cloud of mosquito-like mortar-boats.

Temple Bar is chiefly remarkable for a paper on Georges Sand—not over accurate, since it makes "Jacques" and "Consuelo" to be written in the year after her breach with Alfred De Musset; and a singularly cavilling and carping one upon George Eliot, who is gravely censured, among other things, for having sent copies of her books to Mr. Lewes's friends before she was herself acquainted with them. The *Gentleman's Magazine* and *Belgravia* provide plenty of entertaining reading: the best things being the continuation of Cecil Power's "Babylon" in the latter, and Mr. Grant Allen's pretty scientific story, "Professor Milliter's Dilemma."

The *Art-Journal* is of average quality, the number not being at all strengthened by the steel plate of "The Courtship of William II. of Orange." Mr. Joseph Hatton contributes an interesting article on "Club-land."

The *Magazine of Art* has an excellently illustrated article on the rivers and coast of Suffolk, two portraits of Peg Woffington, with an interesting account of that famous actress, and a capital engraving from the powerful picture called "The Petition," by Jooselin De Jong.

The principal serials of the enterprising firm of Messrs. Cassell, Petter, Galpin, and Co., besides The Magazine of Art, are—Cassell's Magazine, The Quiver, Cassell's Saturday Journal, Greater London, Royal Shakspere, Familiar Wild Flowers, Book of Health, Old and New London, Illustrated Universal History, Popular Gardening, Picturesque Europe, Picturesque America, Life and Words of Christ, Little Folks' Magazine, Cassell's Popular Educator, and Our Own Country.

Among Fashion Books received are—Moniteur de la Mode, Le Follet, The Season, Ladies' Treasury, Ladies' Gazette of Fashion, World of Fashion, and Myra's Journal of Dress and Fashion. A word of praise may justly be given in passing to an illustrated list of Spring and Summer fashions, issued by Messrs Spence and Co., of St. Paul's-churchyard.

We have further to acknowledge the receipt of Time, The Red Dragon, The Scottish Geographical Magazine, London Society, The Argosy, The Month, Good Words, The Army and Navy Magazine, Household Words, Eastward Ho! The Antiquarian, Chambers's Journal, All the Year Round, Merry England, Irish Monthly, Leisure Hour, Book Lore, United Service Magazine, Fores's Sporting Notes and Sketches, The Theatre, St. Nicholas, Harper's Young People, Illustrated Science Monthly, Technical Journal, Baptist Magazine, Christian Treasury, Sunday Talk, Babyhood (an excellent periodical, published in New York), and The Rosebud.

PESHAWUR, NORTH-WEST FRONTIER.

The frontier town of British India, Peshawur, eighteen miles from the eastern entrance of the Khyber Pass to Cabul, was founded in the sixteenth century by the Mogul Emperor Akbar, and under the reigns of his successors became an important city. It has nearly sixty thousand inhabitants at the present day, of whom not above seven or eight thousand are Hindoos, the great majority being Mohammedans, with some Sikhs and other natives of the Punjaub. It is the capital of a large administrative district of that province, extending fifty or sixty miles, situated west of the river Indus, and bounded on three sides by the Khyber, Mohmund, Swat, and Khattuk hills, with a population of nearly half a million. It is connected by railway with Lahore and with Calcutta. The country around is fertile, well watered, and cultivated for grain and various fruits. There are manufactures of woollen cloth, silk, and carpets, and these employments are made to contribute to the discipline and support of the Government prison, as is shown in our Illustrations, which include also two views of the cloth-market and the silk-market in the town. The prisoners whose figures are here introduced, some weaving striped druggets or "durrees," others making carpets at an upright loom, are criminals under sentence for robbery and other ordinary offences. Several of them belong to the hill tribe of Afreedis, whose wild habits formerly caused the Punjaub Government much trouble. They are dressed in blanket clothing of their own manufacture; and it would be well if they carried similar industry to their native hill villages after their release.

The Great Eastern Company's new section between Fordham and Mildenhall has been opened throughout for traffic.

The new gallery of Cetacea (whales and dolphins) at the Natural History Museum, South Kensington, has been opened.

It is stated that the project for an International Exhibition, to be held in Edinburgh in 1886, has been received with general approval.

Sir Stafford Northcote, M.P., on Tuesday opened the new premises of the Exeter Literary Society and addressed the company on the great value of literary taste and development.

Mr. Shaw-Lefevre, M.P., Postmaster-General, at Reading last week, alluded to his proposals for cheap telegrams, and said he hoped to popularise the parcels post, and to adapt it to international use.

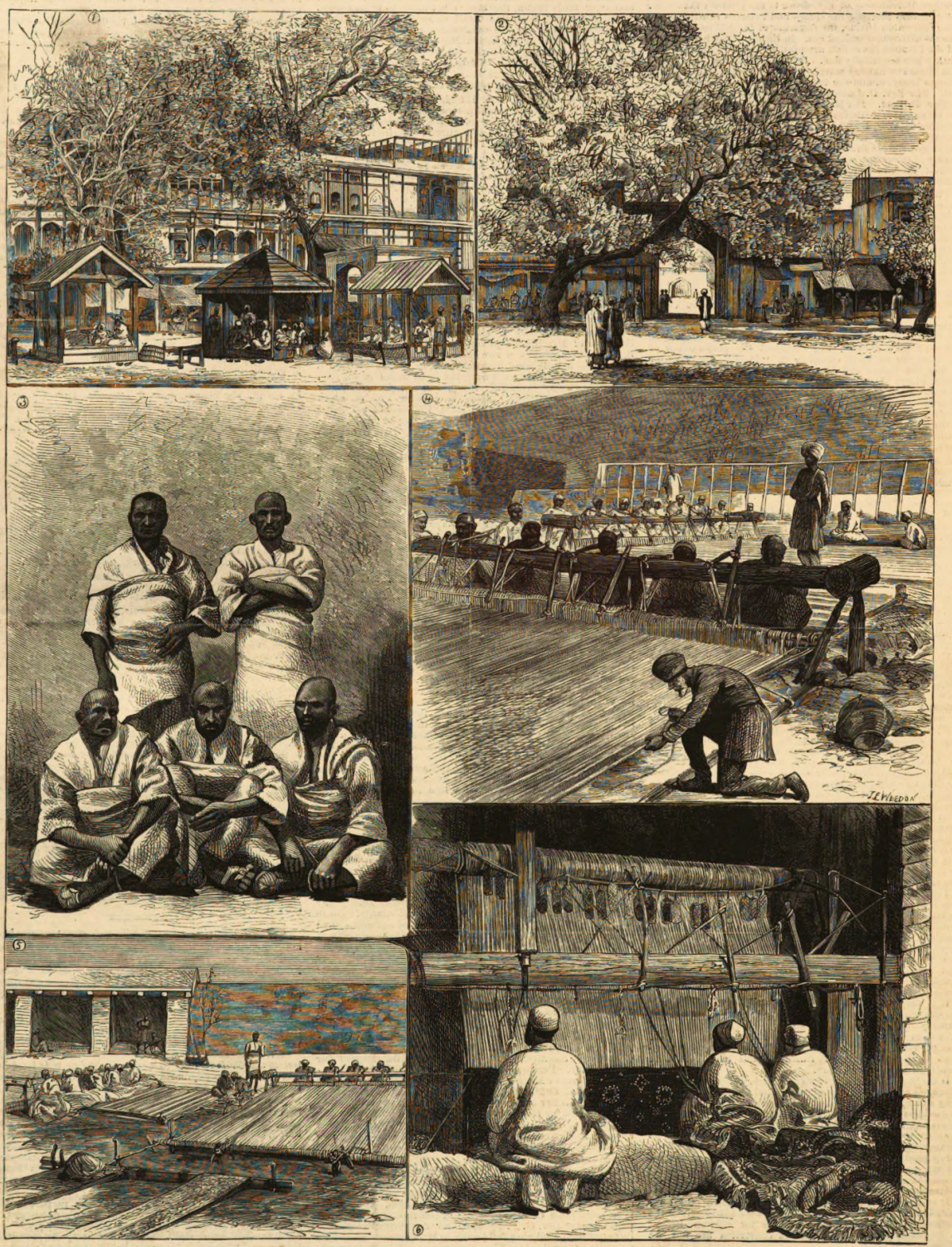
The secretary of the Institute of Civil Engineers is instructed to say that after the dinner of the members on the 29th inst. there will be an informal private view of the Inventions Exhibition, more particularly of the electric lighting arrangements.

Mr. George Anderson, lately one of the members for Glasgow, has been presented with an address and a cheque for £1500, as a mark of the appreciation of the citizens of Glasgow for his faithful devotion to duty during the seventeen years he represented the constituency.

An excellent variety entertainment was prepared at the Royal Victoria Hall and Coffee Tavern, Waterloo-road, for Easter week, including the "Night Watch in Egypt"—the usual science lecture and ballad concert being discontinued in its favour. These will, however, be resumed next week, and be continued during the rest of the season.

The Revenue Returns for the financial year, as well as for the quarter ending on March 31, were published last week. The receipts for the quarter were £29,371,714, an increase of £2,533,227 as compared with the same period in 1884, while the revenue for the year was £88,043,140, a net increase of £837,926.

THE NORTH-WEST FRONTIER OF INDIA.



1. Cloth Market in the Town of Peshawur.
2. Silk Market, showing Gateway into Cloth Market.
3. Afreedi Prisoners in the Jail.
4. Making "Durrees" or Druggets.
5. Manufacture of Drugget, showing the striped red and blue portion.
6. Prisoners Making Carpets.

CARPET-WEAVING BY CONVICTS, IN THE JAIL AT PESHAWUR.

SKETCHES ON BOARD THE CUNARD STEAM-SHIP ETRURIA.



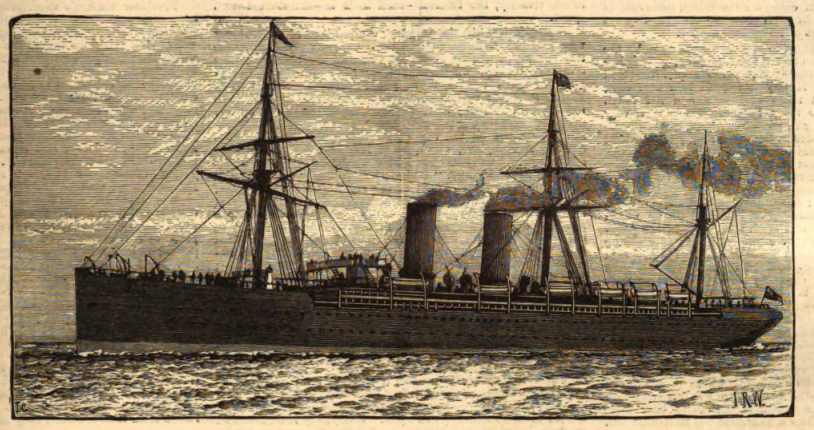
LOWER DECK.



SMOKING SALOON.

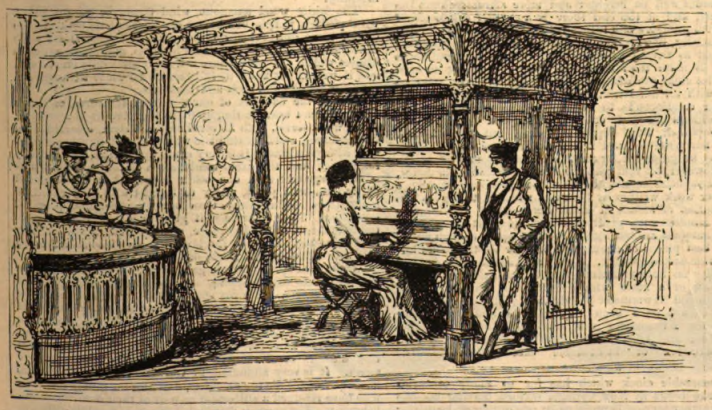
In September, 1884, Messrs. John Elder and Co. launched from their yard at Govan a large steel screw-steamer for the Cunard Company, to supplement their service of express steamers between Liverpool and New York. The dimensions of the vessel are:—Length over all, 520 ft.; breadth, extreme, 57 ft. 3 in.; depth to upper-deck, 41 ft., and to promenade-deck, 49 ft.; with a gross tonnage of about 8000 tons. She is entirely built of steel throughout, and is divided into ten water-tight compartments, most of the bulkheads being carried up to the upper-deck, and fitted with water-proof and fireproof doors, giving access from one part of the ship to the other. By this arrangement the danger of fire spreading, should it break out in any division of the ship, is removed as far as possible, and greater safety is obtained by being able to isolate any apartment for sanitary purposes, or in case of damage to the hull and the compartment being flooded. The special care taken in providing for the safety of the ship and the lives on board entitles her to rank as a transport of the highest class, and she is entered on the Admiralty list, being specially constructed for the requirements of the "service" for mercantile auxiliaries in the time of war. She has five decks in all, including the promenade-deck, which extends over the breadth of the vessel for nearly 300 ft. amidships, and would be reserved for the use of first class passengers. The first class accommodation forms a special feature, and occupies the whole of the main and lower decks, with the exception of the portion set apart for the use of the crew. Altogether, accommodation can be provided for 720 first class passengers, the largest part of which is arranged for two-berth state-rooms only, which are replete with all fittings usual in the highest class of passenger steamers—a number of the rooms being fitted en suite for family use. The engines are made to indicate upwards of 14,000-horse power. They are compound, having three inverted cylinders—one high pressure 71 in. in diameter, and two low pressure each 105 in. in diameter. The high-pressure cylinder is placed between the two low-pressure cylinders, and all are adapted to a stroke of 6 ft.

The Etruria, of which we give an Illustration, besides a few Sketches of the ordinary passenger accommodation, drawn by an Artist who accompanied her trial-trip, is one of the steam-ships of different lines now selected by the Admiralty for temporary Government service as armed cruisers, and probably, in some instances, for the transport of troops. It was announced a week or two since that the Government had, in view of possible hostilities, secured four of the most modern, swiftest, and largest steamers in the British mercantile marine for warlike purposes. Messrs. Laird Brothers, of Birkenhead, who have been intrusted with the work by the Admiralty, have already begun the alterations that are found indispensable to convert the National Line steamer America into a ship-of-war. Built under the supervision of the Admiralty, all the great Atlantic liners are well adapted for the service for which the America, the Etruria, the Oregon, and the Alaska have been chosen; but as the primary object kept in view during their construction has been to produce the best possible mercantile steamer, before they can be armed considerable modifications are necessary. The primary requirements of the Admiralty are that the ships placed on the list should have adequate stability, and be divided into numerous water-tight compartments. In order to fit them for war service, the decks must be cleared of all the handsome provision made for passengers; the state-rooms, sleeping-berths, saloons, baths, and lavatories, with their elegant decorations and upholstery, must be removed; but all this can easily be replaced when the splendid "Liners" return into their owners' hands. The America will be armed with four five-inch Vavasseur guns, two on the forecastle and two on the poop; six 64-pounder guns, on the main deck, three on each side of the ship; six Nordenfeldt machine-guns, three on each side, on the upper deck; and four pinnaces for torpedo service. The intended armament of the Etruria cannot yet be precisely described. Mr. Mitchell, of the Admiralty, is superintending the equipment of the vessels in the Mersey.



THE STEAM-SHIP ETRURIA, ENGAGED BY THE ADMIRALTY FOR AN ARMED CRUISER.

Our Artist's Sketches of the luxurious interior arrangements for passengers, which were inspected and enjoyed on board the Etruria by the visitors during her pleasure-trip from Glasgow to the Irish coast, will find a significant contrast in the stern severity of naval and military living afloat, when the ship is prepared for Government service. There will be no pianoforte-room for ladies of musical accomplishments, or billiard-room and smoking-room for gentlemen desirous to kill their idle time on the voyage. On the lower deck, the sleeping bunks will give way to hammocks, slung up at night, which can be taken down and rolled up during the day, so as to make ample space for a large number of troops, with good ventilation and room for drill and exercise; mess-tables will be fitted between decks for the soldiers to eat their meals. The Oregon, another ship of the Cunard Line, considered one of the swiftest steamers yet launched, having run across the Atlantic outward in six days ten hours, with nine minutes to spare, is now being taken in hand by the Company's own workmen, under their superintendent Captain Watson, in the Alexandra Dock at Liverpool. We may still hope that none of these noble vessels, built for peaceful traffic and travel over the Atlantic, will be required to encounter the cannon of an enemy's fleet or batteries, and that they will soon be restored to their original use. The Admiralty have arranged with the Cunard Company to employ two ships for at least six months, and Government will have the power of purchasing them, if their permanent acquisition be desired.



THE MUSIC SALOON.



ENTRANCE TO DINING SALOON.

NOVELS.

Excellent authority might be given for stating that the Dutch colouring which is among the most striking characteristics of *Near Neighbours:* by Frances Mary Peard (Richard Bentley and Son), is very accurately, as it certainly is very vividly and attractively, laid on. The story resolves itself into the study of a single character, the character of a young woman, who is no doubt an angel, but a very provoking angel, such a perfect being, such a scrupulous self-analyst, such a weigher of scruples, so regardful of trifles, so self-conscious, so inclined to make mountains out of mole-hills, that practical persons will have no patience with her, and will think that to conduct the affairs of life on her principles is to make much ado about nothing, and to behave as if time were no object, as if a "man could be sure that his life would endure for a thousand long years." It is true that, by the omnipotent interposition of the novelist, she marries her gawky professor within a reasonable period; but it would have served her right if she had been obliged to remain "on the shelf" all the days of the years of her life, though she had lived to the age of "Old Parr" or of Methuselah. Self-sacrifice is all very well, but it should be practised within sensible limits: no woman is bound to sacrifice her happiness and another's for a "feckless" being like the heroine's brother, for whom a strong-minded housekeeper should at once have been provided, until he found, as he soon does find and was sure to find very speedily, an equally strong-minded and a "managing" wife to take care of him and manage him and to rule and bully his family. It is almost a sin to encourage or indulge such a father as the heroine's brother; such a man is only fit to be dressed like a "buttons," and set to open the door to visitors who come to call on his family, as the father of the famous painter, Mr. J. W. M. Turner, used to open the door to the patrons and friends of his distinguished son. Readers, however, have good cause to rejoice that the writer of this blameless novel, which is complete in two by no means over-laden volumes, takes a different view of things; for when once you have got over the exasperating scrupulosity of the heroine and the pettiness of the reasons advanced for her self-sacrifice, a very interesting, picturesque, and touching tale awaits your perusal, fixes your attention, commands your admiration. The most moving incidents are two: a sleighing adventure which has a tragic end, and a flood, which has both tragic and other results. In each case the Dutch colour is, of course, conspicuous; and in each case the author displays descriptive and other powers of no common order.

The Scottish folk who figure in a subordinate capacity are the most entertaining as well as the most profane, if they are not the most interesting, among the personages introduced into *Once For All:* by Max Hillary (Sampson Low and Co.), which, though it has not much substance and not much variety, is a very readable story indeed. There is a very sweet portrait of a young girl, possessed of great wealth and beauty, and so blest by nature in the matter of phrenological "bumps" that nothing could ever "spoil" her, who is struck blind in a thunderstorm; and that is almost the only stirring occurrence in all the three volumes. The thunderstorm and its dreadful consequences are described with a considerable command of graphic force; but the strength of the novel lies chiefly in the sketches of character and in the dialogue, which is sometimes of the sentimental kind, sometimes full of playful banter, sometimes amusingly argumentative. One of the principal characters, however, a baronet who is in love with the blind heroine, is scarcely consistent with the author's conception of it: we are expressly told that the baronet was a gentleman, and he is evidently under the influence of manly and generous impulses at times, yet he is made to stoop to meannesses which such a man, according to psychological and conventional rules, could never have condescended to put in practice, either in love or war, whatever wickedness he may have been capable of. It is mean, no doubt, to turn a man out of his farm for not voting according to your dictation or wishes; but there is nothing cowardly about it, as there is about slandering a rival behind his back to win his lady-love from him, and suborning a worthless woman to become false witness in your favour. How a penniless but well-born and well-connected young musician, who has the usual objection of the musician to have his hair cut, and who is endowed with the soul of a man and the face of a woman, falls in love with the rich heroine, to whom he gives a few lessons and who is suddenly struck blind, as aforesaid; how the musician's love is returned by the heroine, and how by scandalous misrepresentations she is induced to promise that she will marry the inconsistently portrayed baronet;—that is the main purport of the story, which is very affectingly and passionately told in parts. The conclusion of it must be left to be imagined or to be discovered from personal investigation. There is also a subordinate or episodical love-story of the sprightly and comic sort; and, altogether, the novel may be described as a tale or tales of love, music, and treachery.

A very noble note is struck in *The Shadow of a Crime:* by Hall Caine (Chatto and Windus), which is a semi-historical novel, with a godlike hero, though he be but a Cumbrian dalesman, for its most prominent character. "Around a pathetic piece of jurisprudence," says the author, "I have gathered a mass of Cumbrian folk-lore and folk-talk with which I have been familiar from earliest youth." The familiarity is plainly to be perceived, without any personal knowledge of Cumberland on the reader's part, from the perfect ease and unmistakable confidence with which the author walks in paths and among scenery whither it is delightful to follow him. The piece of jurisprudence to which he refers appertains to an obsolete portion of the criminal law whereby a prisoner, who refused to plead, might be sentenced in the olden time to the singular and awful punishment of the "peine forte et dure." The prisoner, however, who died without opening his lips under this terrible torture, was understood to preserve thereby his property, or the property of his family, from confiscation, so that, if he had relatives depending upon him, he could preserve his or their estates, or both, to them by his resolute silence and his fearful sufferings. This the hero of the novel under consideration is bold enough to profess his intention of doing; and that is the cardinal incident of the story. His resolution, happily for the nerves of the reader, but unhappily for artistic completeness, is not put to the supreme test; but a compromise is effected whereby he is sentenced to a less appalling death for a vulgar murder. This unworthy compromise, though it gives the hero an opportunity of showing his calm contempt of death, cannot be accepted without protest, for it is an injustice, to mention so noble a character in the same breath with so ignoble an accusation, foully false as the charge is known to the reader from the very first to be. On the whole, however, the novel is one which it does the author great honour to have written, and which it should do a reader appreciable good to read. There have been novels in which the incidents have been more stirring, in which the interest has been more continuously sustained, in which the style of writing has been equally powerful with less exaggeration, in which the narrative has been less discursive, in which the lofty ideal has been worked up to with a closer regard for the fitness and worthiness of the surroundings; but it is very seldom indeed that there appears a novel so fine in conception, so heroic in tone, so healthy in its associations, so attractive, and so natural in its descriptions, so altogether good, sound, and improving.

A certain sort of modern society, with what may perhaps be called—for want of a better word—its pet crazes, and with more or less recognisable portraits of celebrities who live and move and have their being therein, is hit off with great brilliancy and, one would be inclined to say, uncommon verisimilitude, in *Affinities:* by Mrs. Campbell Praed (Richard Bentley), which is very appropriately described as "a romance of to-day." At the outset we make the acquaintance of a gentleman who, not being in the very best state of health, is strangely affected by some wild strains of unearthly, mystic music, which haunt him; who falls into some sort of trance, as he sits in his dress-clothes waiting to go down to dinner at the house whither he has come to pay a visit; who in that trance sees a mysterious, a tragic vision, wherein persons and things are indelibly impressed upon his senses; and who, when he arrives in the drawing-room on the way to dinner, is startled to find himself "told off" as the escort of a young lady whom, with her large dreamy eyes and other peculiarities, he recognises at once as the principal figures in his mysterious, tragic vision. It appears, too, that she, being a young lady of fortune, has a house (though she does not reside there much, if at all, oftener than the Queen resides in the apartments which, according to the veracious Mark Tapley, she shares "by virtue of her office with the Lord Mayor at the Mansion House") which, as regards its curious architecture, eccentric furniture, and general arrangements, corresponds exactly with what the gifted gentleman saw in his trance before dinner. It is useless, therefore, to suggest that ill-health and an empty stomach would fully account for the gentleman's day-mare; what he saw had real existence, and, as the conjurers say, there was "no illusion"; and readers, therefore, have nothing for it but to surrender themselves to the novelist and submit themselves to be regaled with two volumes of occult science, psychic force, astral bodies, mesmeric influence, dominating energies, and all the rest of it, until the very dream which was dreamed at the beginning of the first volume comes true to the minutest particular at the end of the second. Be it added that the story is very well put together, the dialogue clever and impressive of its kind, the narrative written with much vivacity, the interest—such as it is—maintained with spirit.

Some stories, like the popular "Called Back," without any very remarkable literary excellence to recommend them, take the reading world by storm in consequence chiefly of one original, telling, fascinating incident; and to the category of such stories it is not improbable that *Charley Kingston's Aunt:* by Pen Oliver (Macmillan and Co.), may have to be added. At any rate, the story depends for its interest, not on the literary composition, which is strange, if not actually faulty, and not on the tale of love which is unfolded, and is quite common-place, but upon a very original and ghastly occurrence. The story shows how a medical student, whilst engaged in dissecting a "subject," accidentally discovers that he is operating upon all that remains of his affectionate aunt, from whom he had once had great expectations, who married late in life a younger man than herself, who went with him to America, and had never since been heard of or seen by any of her friends until she, or what remained of her, was forwarded from the workhouse to the hospital, to be dissected by the disappointed nephew. The idea is very horrible and repulsive; but it is treated in a manner which reduces the horror and repulsiveness to a minimum. Beyond this shocking idea, there is absolutely nothing at all remarkable about the book, nothing new in what is said or done, for the most part; but there are some fairly interesting sketches of medical students, their mode of life (when they belong to the better, the hard-working, not the rowdy, sort), the persons with whom they have to do, and one of the best known of the institutions at which they may be taught, if they will learn; and, incidentally, some very important questions connected with cerebral lesion and complete or partial, chronic or temporary, loss of memory are touched upon. Everybody must recollect or have heard what a hit was made with the series of tales which it was pretended had been taken from the "diary of a late physician," though the author of them was a doctor of laws, not of medicine; and the story under consideration, very much curtailed, might very well take a place in that series, though there is reason to suppose that the author, on this occasion, has really some connection with the medical profession.

A very pleasant, wholesome, edifying story of true love is combined with a very unpleasant and even terrible, but at the same time pathetic and, it is to be feared, truthful picture of a loveless, mercenary marriage and its consequences in the three volumes entitled *Straight as a Die:* by Mrs. Edward Kennard (Chapman and Hall), a novel of excellent intention and, in many respects, of admirable execution. Perhaps there is scarcely sufficient substance and scarcely enough incident for a story of such length, but certainly the heroine is a most charming, graceful, and exemplary creation, and her sad fate is sketched both forcibly and touchingly. Fortunately, the tale is not all dark and gloomy: nothing could well be brighter and more attractive than the earlier part, and at the end there is a general dispersion of clouds, with glimpses of a future full of sunny promise. Such black treachery, however, as that which the heroine's mother is described as having practised against her sweet and noble daughter is more than flesh and blood can accept as even possible, let alone probable or natural; and a protest must be entered, with all deference, against the cruel sneer in which the writer condescends to indulge at the expense of our gallant soldiers for their conduct at Majuba Hill. It may be philosophical, such flippant jesting, but it is neither generous nor patriotic, and it shows ignorance of the effect which may be produced by panic on even the bravest of the brave. However, let that pass; it was the outcome, no doubt, of mere thoughtlessness. The title of the novel, and experience of a former work written by the same novelist, would lead to an expectation of scenes in which horse-racing and hunting would be handled with great skill and apparent knowledge; yet those subjects are but lightly touched upon, though one of the very best pieces of description has for its theme an improvised ride across country. The writer seems to be so good an authority on horsey matters, that it was probably a mere slip to talk of a mare which "combined the celebrated Touchstone and Newminster (*sic*) strains" (vol. iii., p. 246). No doubt it should have been "Touchstone and Birdcatcher strains," for Newminster was a son of Touchstone, and "Touchstone and Irish Birdcatcher" is commonly regarded as the "orthodox" or "fashionable" combination.

The venerable clock which has for so many centuries sounded the hours at New College, Oxford, having become unfit for further service, is replaced by one of new and superior construction from Mr. J. W. Benson's steam clock factory on Ludgate-hill. All the latest improvements have been introduced. The clock will strike the hours on a great tenor bell of 1 ton 3 cwt., and chime on eight smaller bells the well-known Oxford quarters.

A SPRING POSY.

It is frequently said that spring flowers are pale, and that there is no contrast of colour among them, but only a dull uniformity of half tints. This is somewhat of a libel on Nature, and shows a lack of intimate acquaintance with the wild flowers which the sun kisses into life as he shines out between the showers and gusts of boisterous wind that are the distinctive features of an English spring. What brighter and purer amber can we wish for than the golden velvet of the gorse, which, when seen in its full glory for the first time, so dazzled Linnæus that he fell on his knees and thanked God for the sight. And, then, its scent! What can be richer and more luscious than the odour of a bunch of gorse? If it were only as rare as the gardenia it would be as highly prized, always supposing that the prickles could be improved out of existence. Art and cultivation accomplish such wonders that perhaps some day we shall have a thornless gorse, specially grown for bouquets! Another deep-coloured spring flower is the purple orchis, which grows up, stark and strong, side by side with the primroses. Its tint is that of a purple stock or petunia, but, alas! the scent is anything but pleasant, and indoors it is scarcely bearable. Still, it is first cousin to the orchids, whose blossoms are just now Fashion's favourites, and has something of their curious charm. And is there any brighter blue than that of the dog-violet as it beams in the sunshine? And yet it is scarcely blue any more than it is bishop's purple, or lilac, or grey, or mauve. The exact colour is all its own, and most like that of the periwinkle; so if we are very hard put to it for a name, we can but borrow one from the great Worth and call it *perveuche*. He is an enthusiastic florist, and goes to Nature for his models, and, of course, that is how he discovered *perveuche* for the present season. There is no prettier flower to gather for a spring posy than the wild blue periwinkle: the leaves are so bright and glossy, and the blossoms look forth among them with such innocent faces. It is difficult to realise that the periwinkle, *Vinca minor*, belongs to the dog-bane family, that the milky juice of its stem is acrid, and its root bitter and astringent. And it seems almost incredible that our humble periwinkle is related to the oleander, and that the wood of the latter shrub, with its sweet-scented flowers, is terribly poisonous.

Professor Ruskin's description of spring flowers on the edge of a pine forest in the Jura is equally true of many an English "spinney," perhaps more especially of the beech woods that hang on the slopes of our rounded chalk hills, which are often intermingled with pines and larches. He calls them "Such company of joyful flowers as I know not the like of among all the blessings of the earth . . . coming forth in clusters crowded for very love. . . . There was the wood anemone, star after star, closing every now and then into nebulæ; and there was the oxalis, troop by troop, like virginal processions of the Mois de Marie . . . ivy light and lovely as the vine; and ever and anon a blue gush of violets, and cowslip-bells in sunny places . . . and the wild strawberry, just a blossom or two, all showered amidst the golden softness of deep, warm, amber-coloured moss."

The one omission in this delightful passage marks a great distinction between Alpine and English woods. Our beloved primroses, the joy of the land in early spring, are rare in most parts of Switzerland, and the oxlip and cowslip take their places, and grow in bountiful profusion. If we are to accept Mr. Grant Allen's theories as gospel, this may be altered in a few thousand years or so. Flowers take a long while to change their habits; but in the course of ages the cowslip, or *primula veris*, gives up developing its central stem with several blossoms on the top, and produces larger blooms, each with a single stem—that is to say, primroses. And what would our spring posy be without its wealth of primroses? They are the staple crop of our fields and woodlands during March and April, besides sending out a few harbingers to herald their coming in February, and leaving sundry loiterers, loth to depart, behind in May. Sweet and fresh, dewy and fragrant, softer than silk, more delicate in tint than anything that ever issued from mortal looms, they

> expand their light and soul-like wings,
> Teaching us by most persuasive reasons
> How akin they are to human things.

In many woods and hedgerows where primroses will not flourish, wild hyacinths abound—blue-bottles, as the village children call them; blue-bells, as many of us say who are not sufficiently particular in marking the difference between the dainty hare-bells, which belong to the campanula tribe, and the bulbous sweet-scented hyacinths, which are the kindred of jonquils and narcissi. Here and there we gather white ones, but they are exceptions in our northern clime, and are found as far apart as in the woods at Cromer, and in those between Shanklin and Ventnor, in the Isle of Wight. There is in this latter neighbourhood a little hill that once was all woodland, where the blue hyacinths grow and bloom in such profusion that they form more than a zone of blue—a perfect cloud of blue discernible at a long distance, which can hardly be less lovely than the belt of gentians that Mr. Ruskin's friend saw on a mountain in the Tyrol one balmy spring morning.

The white wood anemone, wind flower or pasque flower, with pinkish purple blushes on the backs of its petals, is one of our most graceful spring flowers. It is only starry white in the sunshine, when it holds its head up, and opens out to its utmost width. At other times it droops gracefully on one side, and if we did not know its full face to be white we might add it to our list of pink buds and blossoms.

One of the choicest of our woodland treasures, so fragile that it will not bear binding up with other flowers in a nosegay, is the wood sorrel, with its coral root and stem, emerald green triplet leaves, and delicate little white bells, all lightly pencilled over with pale lilac. It is very small and brittle, but perfectly fairy-like; and the exact combination of colour in its flowers is only reproduced in one other instance, an old-fashioned hardy semi-wild plant, rarely to be met with, but called by generations further away than our grandparents, pencilled geranium. Some years ago it grew in a thick fringe outside the old Church of St. Lawrence, near Ventnor, known to fame as the smallest church in England. It may also sometimes be met with in Bucks and Derbyshire.

Another of spring's darlings, which, however, blooms when the anemones are dropping and the cuckoo singing, is the sweet woodruffe. It loves shady woods, and has a preference for sandy soils, and wherever the lily of the valley grows wild it may be found also. The leaves grow in whorls, and have a strong heliotrope-like odour even in winter, and the blossoms, which spring from the tops of the uppermost whorls, are like tiny clusters of diminutive white jessamine, and almost as sweet. It is very abundant in Germany, and is gathered in large quantities for the chemists, and also for good housewives who have retained a still-room as part of their domestic establishment. The essence distilled from it is a subtly-delicious flavouring called *mai-trank*, and a small quantity of it poured on a lump of ice and a few pieces of sugar in a bowl, which is then filled up with a bottle of hock and two of soda-water, makes a summer beverage far more delicate than claret-cup, and quite as cooling.

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DRAWN BY F. BARNARD.

When he came to himself, he was sitting upon the sand, surrounded by a little group, one member of which caught him by the arm as he tried to stand, and staggered dizzily.

ADRIAN VIDAL.

BY W. E. NORRIS,

AUTHOR OF "MDLLE. DE MERSAC," "MATRIMONY," "THIRLBY HALL," &C.

CHAPTER XXII.

PLAIN LANGUAGE.

Heriot with difficulty resisted a desperate inclination to burst out laughing. He did not feel very merry; but the spectacle of a woman cast down into the depths of dejection because somebody had asserted that somebody else had asserted the unquestionable fact that she was no longer young had in it that mixture of the pathetic and the ludicrous which is more apt to excite laughter than the broadest farce. Probably nothing on earth could have moved Lady St. Austell more profoundly than the publication of that horrid little anecdote. If he were to appeal to the better part of her nature—and it had a better part, though so entangled with the worse one as to be hardly separable from it—if he were to tell her that, by toying with an idle fancy, she might quite possibly bring misery upon others in comparison with which her own present vexation was the merest childishness, she simply wouldn't understand him. She would see neither the comic nor the tragic side of the business. In her defective mental vision the great things of life were small, and the small great. It would have seemed to her as impossible that a woman should break her heart over the unfaithfulness of a husband or lover as it would to Clare Vidal that a woman should feel all light to have gone out of the world because people had discovered that her charms were on the wane. Lovers are replaced, and husbands are forgotten, Lady St. Austell might have said; but who can give us back our lost youth?

Heriot thought of all this while he listened to Lady St. Austell's eager and agonised questions. Did he believe that Mr. Vidal had really had anything to do with the insertion of that monstrous paragraph in the *Anglo-Saxon*? Did he believe that the Grand Duchess had really made the speech reported by Lord St. Austell? Could it have been the Grand Duchess who had said "Il faut savoir vieillir"? or could it—dreadful thought!—have been an even more distinguished personage?

Heriot answered her and pacified her to the best of his ability. He was quite sure that Adrian had had nothing to do with the paragraph complained of, nor indeed with any words printed in the *Anglo-Saxon* save such as surmounted his own signature. "As to what the Princes and Princesses may have said, you ought to be a better judge of that than I. They are reputed to be very good-natured, however, and I doubt whether they would make 'audible remarks' about anyone who was entertaining them. If you want to know what I think, I suspect that the Grand Duchess's speech was an invention of Lord St. Austell's. Whether he is also responsible for the newspaper story, I can't say."

"He *could* not be such a malignant wretch!" cried the injured lady. But, upon further reflection, she admitted that he was malignant enough for anything, and seemed to derive a good deal of comfort from that conviction. That such horrors should have appeared in print was very sad, very painful; but it was something to be able to believe that Royal and Serene Highnesses had been as much calumniated in the matter as herself. "I think," said she, musingly, "that I will write a note to Mr. Pilkington and tell him that he will be held personally responsible for this reckless insolence. He knows that I can make things very uncomfortable for him if he offends me."

And it may be stated here that Lady St. Austell actually did this, and that in the next number of the *Anglo-Saxon* appeared the following disclaimer:—"We regret to find that a foolish (and, as we are assured, absolutely baseless) report of certain remarks said to have been made by a Royal personage at the house of a lady of distinction has caused serious annoyance in more quarters than one. It must be distinctly understood that the items printed under the heading of Social Scraps are what they purport to be, merely gossip: that is, current rumours, which may or may not be true. Personally, we dislike and deprecate the publication of such trivialities, which the public taste, or want of taste, appears, nevertheless, to demand.—Ed. *Anglo-Saxon*."

But the above extraordinary editorial utterance did not, of course, see the light until nearly four weeks after the day with which we are at present concerned, and Lady St. Austell was, for the moment, less anxious to be avenged upon the *Anglo-Saxon* than to convince herself and her hearer that her husband, and he alone, was to blame for this anguish.

"This," she said, "is quite of a piece with what his conduct has always been. No sooner do I become attached to anyone than he makes himself so disagreeable that I am obliged to break with that person. It was very much in this way that he began to go on about poor Johnny Spencer, and I do think it is rather needlessly cruel of him, considering that I never dream of making a fuss about his flirtations, which, as you know, are a thousand times worse than mine."

"It's abominable," answered Heriot; "but it can't be helped. So, then, you will have to drop Vidal after all, you think?"

"I would drop anybody or anything rather than be so persecuted; but perhaps I shall not be driven to it. I hope I may not; for I feel sure that the poor young man finds some

c nsolation in my society, and, as I was saying before this sickening interruption took place, he really is very nice."

"I think you had much better drop him," said Heriot.

"But why? You are a friend of his, and you always say that you are a friend of mine too: why should you grudge us any few stray hours of happiness that we can manage to secure in this disappointing world?"

"Well," answered Heriot, "I will tell you why. Firstly, because these stray hours would give no happiness worth speaking of to you, and probably none whatever to him. Secondly because they would certainly cause unhappiness to Mrs. Vidal, who is also a friend of mine, and who has some slight claim to be considered. I don't say that it isn't very foolish of her to be jealous of you: in my opinion it is. But the fact remains that she is inclined to be so; and therefore I want you to make a little sacrifice for once and spare her annoyance."

"She ought not to be encouraged to be so selfish," returned Lady St. Austell, pouting.

Heriot was too displeased to be amused. "Selfish!" he exclaimed; "and pray, what are you? Did it ever occur to you, I wonder, that there is anything shameful or contemptible in the kind of life that you lead? To such a woman as Mrs. Vidal, you may be sure that it would seem almost inconceivably so. To get through the time somehow to flirt as long as flirting remains possible, to use a coronet on your notepaper, to be gaped at by inferior mortals and to tremble at the frown of a German Grand-Duchess—what noble ambitions!—what an ideal existence! I don't know whether you believe in Christianity; most likely you think nothing about the matter; but I suspect that, if you were driven into a corner, you would hardly have the courage to call yourself an infidel. Your cynicism is only skin-deep, like your loves, or platonic affections, or whatever you may be pleased to call them. You have never looked things deliberately in the face, as Lord St. Austell has, and said to yourself that you will eat and drink, for to-morrow you die. If you were told that you would literally have to die to-morrow, you would be frightened out of your wits—you know you would. You would send off post-haste for the parson, and see whether something couldn't be done with bell, book, and candle. Well, now let me advise you, as a friend, to do a good action or two while you can, so as to have something in hand when that day comes. And while I am being so candid, allow me to ask you one more question. Have you any lurking idea that you can get Adrian Vidal to fall in love with you? If you have, disabuse your mind of it. He is in love with his wife; and if he were not, he would be no more likely to become enamoured of you than I am. Try to believe that, for it is the truth; and then, perhaps, you may find it a little more easy to set Mrs. Vidal an example of unselfishness."

This diatribe, which was not at all in Heriot's usual style, so astonished Lady St. Austell that at first she suspected him of having suddenly gone out of his mind. Then she thought she would quarrel with him; but her indomitable good nature got the better of this impulse, and she ended by laughing a little nervously.

"After that," said she, "I think I had better retire to my bed-room and reflect upon my sins. I am sorry to be obliged to send you away; but it is getting rather late and I am dining out to-night."

Heriot had no objection to being sent away. He did not want to weaken the effect of his outburst by further speech; and, as he withdrew, he flattered himself that he had at least made some impression upon her ladyship. Had he spoken with less heat, he might have chosen his words more carefully, and thus avoided producing an impression which was hardly calculated to further the end that he had in view. A few hours later, only two assertions out of his harangue remained in Lady St. Austell's memory—namely, that in Mrs. Vidal's eyes she was shameful and contemptible, and that it was out of her power to make Mr. Vidal fall in love with her. That being so, it was scarcely surprising that the dislike which she already felt for Mrs. Vidal should have been intensified, or that she should have determined to show that Mr. Vidal could be made to fall in love with her quite as easily as other people had been.

CHAPTER XXIII.

PODDLY JOKE.

It is a long lane that has no turning. The First of August came at last, as all days come, some slowly, some quickly, some bringing good things and some evil, according to the beneficent law of compensation which makes the world go round. Thus, what caused joy to Clare Vidal was matter for regret to others, and a sorrowful man was Mr. De Wynt when the day approached on which the house in Alexandra-gardens was to be closed to him for some months to come. He dined with his friends on the last evening, and played a succession of such mournful little dirges after dinner that Clare's heart was moved with pity, and she crossed over to the piano to try and comfort him.

"So it's all over, Mrs. Vidal," he said.

"Oh no, it isn't," answered Clare; "we are only going away for a short holiday, all of us. I suppose you are going, too."

"Yes; I shall have to go and stay with an uncle of mine, who says he means to leave me all his property, and who takes his equivalent out of me beforehand by making me trudge over acres of arable land with him every day. I don't call that much of a holiday, you know. And I shall be back in London again long before you are."

"We shall be back in the beginning of the winter," said Clare. "And perhaps," she added, "we may induce Georgina to come and stay with us again then."

"Yes, if she hasn't started for Greenland's icy mountains or Afric's coral strand by that time," observed De Wynt, ruefully.

"You must prevent her from doing that," said Clare.

"Oh, I can't, you know. What little influence I have with Miss Vidal is due simply to my careful self-effacement. If I were to assert myself, she would knock me down and jump upon me at once—so to speak."

"If you allow yourself to be jumped upon, jumped upon you will be," observed Clare. "You ought not to allow it. Shall I let you into a secret? If you want to increase your influence with Georgina, you had better treat her with a little less deference. Don't you know that men are born to command and women to obey?"

The little man put his head on one side and considered this. "Well," he said at length, "I shouldn't wonder if you were right. But, seriously, Miss Vidal is so much my superior that I can't quite imagine myself ordering her about."

"Mr. De Wynt," said Georgina, coming up at this moment, "You are to be at the Great Western Terminus at nine o'clock to-morrow morning, please, to say good-bye to Mr. and Mrs. Vidal; and after that, you can drive with me to the Brighton station and take my ticket for me."

This, at all events, was an order to which no objection could be made, and it struck Clare as a hopeful sign that Georgina, who was so very well able to take care of herself, should think it necessary to secure an escort from Paddington to Victoria.

But in truth her thoughts were, at this time, not quite so much at the service of her neighbours as usual, and it must be owned that as soon as she found herself seated in the railway-carriage, opposite Adrian, and speeding westward as fast as an express-train could carry her, she straightway forgot those whom she was leaving. Indeed, she asked for nothing better than to forget. To forget London, and the butcher, and the baker, and the terrible cook—yes; and to forget other troubles than these, if only that were feasible. Her heart grew lighter with every league that was placed between her and the hated metropolis. The panacea which had suggested itself to Adrian suggested itself also to her, and it seemed to her that when once they were at Cardrew again, all would be well. Almost before she had realised that they were really off at last, they had left Swindon behind them and were tearing away again towards Bath and Bristol. Then, as the day wore on, came Exeter; then after some slackening of speed, Plymouth, where speed ceased altogether and the familiar jog-trot of the dear old Cornwall railway began.

Meanwhile, Adrian, who had been reading the papers a little and sleeping a good deal, had been furtively watching his wife's face in the intervals of slumber, and had in some measure read her thoughts. He, too, longed to forgive and forget; he, too, was not sorry to have bidden farewell to London for a season, and cherished hopes of happier days to come. So that here were two people eager to kiss and be friends, and the only question was which of them should speak the first word.

That neither of them did speak it was owing to the melancholy circumstance that neither of them felt disposed towards unconditional surrender. Each firmly believed the other to be in the wrong; and, though ready to forgive, could not conscientiously ask to be forgiven. And as there was no open quarrel between them, there could be no sudden peace-making; nor, as it turned out, any gradual one either.

The first few days at Cardrew were entirely delightful ones for Clare. The clamorous welcome of the boys, her mother's excited garrulity, Mr. Irvine's placid contentment, and all the old home sights and sounds from which she had been separated for so long, were sufficient to satisfy her soul for that length of time. But then she began to feel the difference that a year had made in her life. There were no more long walks with Adrian now—neither he nor she would have dreamt of proposing such a thing; instead of devising stratagems to escape the company of her brothers, she found herself striving to accomplish just the contrary result; there was a difficulty in getting through the hours which was quite new to her, and gradually her spirits sank to almost as low a level as they had reached in London. Indeed, a sense of disappointment, of something being wanting, extended to the whole party—even to Mrs. Irvine, who said she was afraid she must be growing old.

"Not that I haven't plenty of activity left in me yet; but I don't enjoy hurrying about as I used, and I suppose we must look upon that as a symptom. What will happen to Polruth when I die is more than I can imagine! One is bound to believe that the world will manage to get on somehow after one's death, just as it did before one was born; but I can't help thinking that for a time everything will be at sixes and sevens. There are those wicked Pentire lads, for instance, who will persist in going about robbing hen-roosts. They would have been in a reformatory long ago, if it hadn't been for me; and though you may say that that would have been a good thing for the community, it wouldn't have been at all a good thing for their poor mother. And that is only one case out of many. Without vanity, I do think I shall be missed."

Such sad forebodings were not of a nature to dispel the gloom which had fallen upon the household, and the arrival of Heriot did not greatly improve matters. Mrs. Irvine confided to him that she felt uneasy about her daughter, and asked him whether he did not think her looking ill and miserable; but he only replied that, though Clare did indeed seem to be a little out of sorts, it was best to take no notice of these vague maladies, for which rest and fresh air were the best cures. To him there was nothing vague in the nature of Clare's malady; but it was certainly one which notice was more likely to increase than to diminish, and he accordingly endeavoured to remain unconscious of it; in which effort, as a matter of course, he failed as signally as Clare and Adrian did in their attempts to behave as though they were upon friendly terms.

> In many ways doth the full heart reveal
> The presence of the love it would conceal;
> But in far more th' estranged heart lets know
> The absence of the love which yet it fain would show.

Mrs. Irvine, who was not a particularly keen observer, and had, besides, a happy faculty of ignoring what she did not wish to see, perceived nothing more than that her daughter was not in the best of health; but Heriot, as the young people knew, was less easily hoodwinked; hence the intercourse of these three, which had formerly been so pleasant, became a trifle strained and painful. However, they kept up appearances, avoided perilous allusions to by-gone days, went on excursions together, which all of them found rather long, and made frequent use of the boat, now commanded by Charley, in the absence of the more experienced Bob.

That strange perversity which leads us all to pride ourselves upon our proficiency in what we are most ignorant of caused Charley to fancy that he knew something about sailing, even as it had once deluded his brother into taking charge of a dog-cart freighted with valuable lives; and his eagerness to push a cruise somewhat beyond the well-known limits of Polruth Bay was not to be withstood by persons who were beginning to persuade themselves that they really didn't much care whether they were drowned or not. So one day Charley got out the ordnance map and pointed out upon it a diminutive creek, which, he said, could be easily reached in two hours with a fair wind, and which is known by the amazing name of Poddly Joke. Searchers after the picturesque in North Cornwall will be aware that the term Joke—or Choke, as some prefer to write it—is not of uncommon occurrence in those parts, as applied to an inlet of the sea (the derivation of Poddly awaits an interpreter); and admirers of Mr. Brett's pictures will be familiar with the colouring which renders such places remarkable. Poddly Joke, seen at low water on a fine day, has an attraction for the artistic eye—beyond that bestowed upon it by white sands, dark-blue sea, and a background of green hills—in the curious bloom which overspreads its rocks, and which, on closer inspection, is discovered to be caused by an incrustation of myriads of mussels; and as this phenomenon (at least so far as Charley Irvine and the present humble chronicler are aware) is peculiar to the Cornish coast, it seemed only right that a stranger like Mr. Vidal, should be made acquainted with it.

Adrian offered no objection to Charley's proposal; but perhaps neither he nor his wife would have consented so readily, could they have foreseen that at the last moment Heriot would be prevented by a slight attack of illness from accompanying them. Between four people conversation can always be kept up; but when there are only three in a boat, and when the attention of one of them is concentrated wholly upon navigation, the remaining two may under certain circumstances find the task of entertaining one another a little difficult. Yet there are conditions which seem to make silence natural, and as Clare and Adrian were wafted out of Polruth harbour by a light north-easterly breeze, they felt that there was nothing oppressive in the drowsy taciturnity which fell upon them. The weather, Charley averred, was precisely what it ought to be. The glass, it was true, had gone back a little during the night, and away to the south-westward the haze had a somewhat dark appearance, as though clouds might be massing up behind it; but the change, if there was going to be one, would certainly not come for another two tides, and the wind, supposing that it held, would serve them almost as well for returning as for going.

In the meantime, it was fortunate that all three occupants of the boat happened to be good sailors, for there was a long swell running, which increased after they had rounded Polruth Head, and which ended by giving Adrian matter for reflection. "How are you going to land us, Charley?" he asked, after a time.

"Oh, we shall run the boat up on the beach somewhere," answered Charley, airily.

"But my good fellow, you can't beach a boat just when and where you please, and with this swell, you might easily run her into a surf that would convert her into match-wood in precious quick time. Which way does the place with the sweet-sounding name face?"

"How on earth should I know? I've only been there once in my life, and it didn't occur to me to take its bearings at the time. West by south, or something near that, I should say."

"And the sea is at present running from the south-west, as perhaps you haven't noticed. I don't pretend to your nautical knowledge; but that looks to me very much as if the wind meant backing before long."

"Oh, well, if we can't land, we can't," answered Charley. "I dare say you'll be able to get a very good idea of the place without going on shore; and as for the wind backing, that'll be all the better for us. We shall only have to run home before it."

"Yes—if we don't get too much of it. Do you know, Charley, I think we might as well give this up for to-day. The sea is rising every minute, and there's a look about the sky that I don't altogether like."

"Why, what do you think is going to happen?" asked the other, contemptuously.

"I think it's going to blow, that's all."

"And if it does? Little do you know the sea-going qualities of the *Midget*! I'd undertake to sail her from Polruth to St. Ives in half a gale of wind."

"I have no doubt you would undertake a great many insane things with a light heart; but it don't follow that I wish my funeral to be undertaken just yet. I vote for getting about without loss of time."

"Bosh!" growled Charley, who had that fine belief in himself which distinguished the Irvine brotherhood, and who did not much care about being dictated to by Londoners. "What do *you* vote for, Clare?"

Clare had not paid much heed to the discussion. She was sitting with her back towards the disputants, her elbow resting on the gunwale and her cheek on her hand. She started and turned round on being addressed. "Oh, I don't care," she answered. "Do as you think best. Perhaps we had better go on, now that we have come so far."

"Clare doesn't know anything about it," cried Adrian, impatiently.

"Come to that, I'm not sure that you know a great deal about it yourself," retorted Charley.

For a moment Adrian was half inclined to quarrel with the boy, whose tone was disagreeably aggressive; but he reflected that, after all, the boat was not his, and he disliked rows. So, with something of a laugh, he said, "Take your own way, then; only don't blame me if three corpses are laid out on the shining sands to-morrow morning."

"I'll promise not to say a word if I'm one of 'em," answered Charley, his good-humour returning with the submission of his opponent. "It's all right, my dear chap. I ought to know something about this coast, seeing that I was born and bred here, and I've never drowned anybody yet."

"Never had the chance, perhaps," muttered Adrian; but he said no more, not liking to appear over-timorous, and at this moment the sun, which had become gradually obscured by a thin veil of mist, suddenly burst forth, as if to show that there was no ground for his apprehensions.

For a considerable time nobody spoke. Charley was whistling softly, and every now and then relinquishing the tiller to raise his hands as though he were holding a gun and take an imaginary shot at a gull over-head; Clare, who had brought a book with her, had opened it and was pretending to read; while Adrian, with his hands in his pockets and his head thrown back, was trying to hit upon something terse and original to say about M. Zola and his school in the next number of the *Anglo-Saxon*. He was not very successful, for the slow motion, the silence, and the salt-laden atmosphere were less adapted to stimulate the brain than to induce that pleasant vacuity of mind which commonly precedes slumber, and his thoughts wandered idly away in all directions until he ceased attempting to control them. But off Towan Head the breeze fell light, and then died away altogether, the sail flapping and cracking as the little boat rolled heavily in the ever-increasing swell.

"This is very disagreeable," remarked Clare, rousing herself and shutting up her book. "Are we likely to be becalmed much longer, do you think?"

"I don't think we are," answered her husband, with an upward glance.

The sun had vanished again by this time; the sky had changed from silvery grey to a dull leaden hue, and overhead detached streamers of scud were sailing up from the south-west. Even as Adrian spoke, a sudden puff of wind caught them and swept past, making a dark shadow upon the water, and bringing with it a few drops of rain.

"Just catch hold of those brails, Adrian, will you," said Charley, "and haul on them when I tell you. Clare, you might as well take the sheet, if you don't mind. No, not like that!—don't let it slip through your fingers!"

But, indeed, it was no such easy matter for a lady to retain command over the sheet, which was tugging against her like a live thing; for now the wind had overtaken them in good earnest, and the *Midget* was tearing through the water at a speed which soon made it necessary to shorten sail. The sea was covered with white caps, and what with the spray and the stinging rain, our three mariners, who had omitted to provide themselves with macintoshes, were wet through in five minutes. Adrian glanced at Clare, who looked a little startled, but did not seem to be frightened, and then at Charley, whose face expressed considerable uneasiness. The latter nudged him presently, and, pointing to a stretch of sand dimly visible through the rain and mist, called out, "Poddly Joke! Do you see?"

"I see Poddly, if that's its name," growled Adrian; "but

hang me if I can see the joke! What the devil are you going to do, man?" he asked, seeing that Charley had relieved Clare of the sheet, and was now steering straight for the shore.

"Beach her," replied the other laconically.

"You *can't*, you lunatic!"

"Must," answered Charley, in a low voice; "it's our only chance. We couldn't live in such a sea as there'll be in another hour. As it is, I think we shall just manage it, because the surf can't be really very bad yet; but we shall get a ducking, of course.—Don't make a row, there's a good chap; I don't want to frighten Clare. You must look after her. You know what to do, and I've seen you swim."

Adrian was a good swimmer, certainly; but it seemed doubtful whether that accomplishment would stand him in much stead now. He moved forward a little and looked towards the shore, which they were rapidly approaching, and where he could make out the figures of three men, who were waving their arms and apparently shouting directions. Neither their voices nor their gesticulations, however, were intelligible, and if they had been, it would probably have been too late to profit by them. When Adrian heard the thunder of the breakers and saw the long stretch of white foam ahead, his heart stood still. But there was no use in talking about it. He hooked his arm firmly into Clare's and led her to the extremity of the bows.

"Listen, Clare," he said; "the moment you feel the boat touch you must jump—don't fall if you can help it—and run for your life. I shall keep tight hold of you. Do you understand?"

She nodded; and Adrian noted with a slight glow of pride that she neither trembled nor wasted her breath in needless words. If they were to be drowned, it would be no fault of hers, at all events.

They were in the broken water now; the bewildering whiteness of the surf was all round them; the boat was lifted high, and Adrian stiffened his muscles for a spring. But by bad steering they missed the crest of the wave which should have carried them on; it raced past them; the boat seemed to halt and stagger; and Adrian, knowing what must come, shouted, "Now, Clare!" and jumped over.

At the same instant he was knocked clean off his legs, and with a roar of waters in his ears and a confused sense of being swept into eternity, darkness closed in upon him.

When he came to himself, he was sitting upon the sand, surrounded by a little group, one member of which caught him by the arm as he tried to stand, and staggered dizzily. "You'm a bit mazed yet, Sir," said this stalwart individual. "'Twur the mast as knocked you silly; but 'tis only a bit of a bruise, and the young lady she 've got no hurt."

"It's all right, Adrian," chimed in Charley, whose dripping figure now came to the front. "That last wave snapped the mast, and I suppose it must have caught you on the back of the head as it fell. Clare and I were rolled up, none the worse, except that we had all the breath knocked out of us."

"What has become of the boat?" asked Adrian, still a little uncertain as to where he was and what had happened.

"Oh, the boat has gone to glory; and I'm bound to say that I rather think we should have followed her, if it hadn't been for our good friends here."

"Seemeth as us was sent down providential," remarked the first speaker. "If you'd ha' done as we telled 'ee, Sir, and bore away under the land yonder, we might ha' saved the boat; but 'tis sinful to complain when no lives is lost."

This was quite the view taken by the late occupants of the *Midget*, who were soon able to walk to a neighbouring farmhouse, where a change of clothing was found for them. Clare was a good deal bruised and shaken; but she did not think it worth while to mention this in answer to Adrian's inquiries, and assured him that a wetting was no new experience to her. He attributed her gravity and her brief replies to the natural effect of the shock which she had received, not knowing what a terrible moment she had passed through when she had seen her husband stretched, apparently lifeless, upon the shore.

She and he were left alone together before long, for Charley had set off to Newquay to procure a conveyance; and as they sat in the little parlour of the farmhouse, before the fire which had been kindled for them, it seemed as if now or never must be the time for them to compose their differences. Yet neither of them spoke for five minutes or so, and when Adrian at last opened his lips it was only to observe:

"That was a near thing, Clare."

"Oh, yes!" she answered, catching her breath. And then, with a sort of sob, "I thought you were dead!"

"Did you? And I let you go, after all. What should I have done if you had been drowned and I had been washed up alive? I'll tell you what, Clare; I'm going to give those three fellows ten pounds apiece. The price of a magazine article—h'm! Well, perhaps we ought to double it; but I am a poor man. What do you think? Are we worth more than fifteen pounds each?"

"I don't know," answered Clare, looking at the fire; "I don't think I'm worth much." She rose and crossed to her husband's chair, saying timidly, "Adrian, were you much hurt?" She passed her hand over the back of his head, where indeed there was a very respectable bump. "Oh, you poor boy!" she exclaimed, "it must pain you dreadfully! May I bathe it?"

Adrian burst out laughing, with tears in his eyes, and caught her by both hands. "*May* you? No, you may not; because it doesn't want bathing. Oh! Clare, don't you think we are a couple of fools?"

Clare dropped upon her knees beside him, and buried her face on his shoulder. "I have been so miserable!" she murmured, brokenly. "I want to make friends again. Will you?"

It is to be supposed that Adrian's answer must have been of a satisfactory nature; for when Charley returned, full of apologies for having been absent such an unconscionable time, he was assured, in the face of patent facts, by those whom he had kept waiting that he had not been away an hour.

(To be continued.)

At a meeting of the Royal National Life-Boat Institution, held on the 2nd inst. at its house, John-street, Adelphi, rewards amounting to £259 were granted to the crews of life-boats of the institution for services rendered during the past month, and payments amounting to £5030 were made on the 286 life-boat establishments of the institution. During the past three months the institution has contributed, by its life-boats and other means, to the saving of 223 lives from different wrecks, besides helping to rescue six vessels from destruction. Among the contributions lately received were £50 from her Majesty the Queen (annual subscription); £1000 from Miss F. A. Bass, to provide a new life-boat for Sidmouth to be named the William and Frances; £500 from Miss Harris, of Clapton, for a life-boat to be named the Escape; and £210 from Miss Howis, to defray the cost of three years' maintenance of her life-boat at Silloth. New life-boats have been sent during the past month to Plymouth, Silloth, Ferryside, Totland Bay, and Cloughey Bay, and it was decided to send a new one possessing all the latest improvements to Bridlington in lieu of the boat at present on that station.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All communications relating to this department of the Paper should be addressed to the Editor, and have the word "Chess" written on the envelope.

W B (Stratford).—In your two-move problem, after 1. Q to R 3rd, if Black play 1. K to Q B 3rd, how do you mate next move? A bad dual mate springs from Black's playing 1. K to K 3rd, when White can mate either by 1. Kt to K 7th or 1. Kt to K 3rd.

G A A W (North Shields).—We shall have to refer to the files for the information you seek. It is a far cry from 1885 to 1877.

E L G (Blackwater).—We regret to hear that the diagram was indistinct, but you have nevertheless correctly placed the piece referred to, and your solution is acknowledged.

J K (South Hampstead).—In the multitude of letters we receive, it is impossible to remember any one in particular, but we assure you that great care is taken to acknowledge all correct solutions in due course. Probably yours has been acknowledged in a subsequent Number. Look at No. 2140 again.

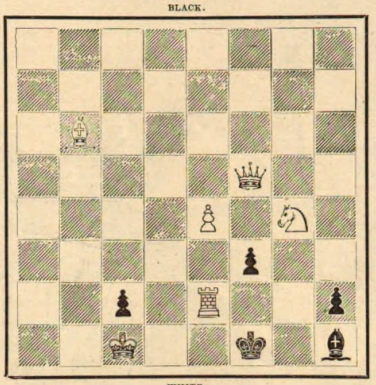
CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2134 received from Hussar (Secunderland, India); of No. 2138 from E E H, Stadforth, Carl Stepan, Hereward, A Chapman, A J Lake, Columbus, E T Ward, H Stebbing, S J Hall, T Levy (Edmonton), E L G, and L E B; of No. 2139 from Jumbo, Edith Smith, C J P, E Langley, D McCoy, W W Hunter, F Marshall, Laura Greaves (Shelton), and L S D; of JAN BERE'S PROBLEM from Rev. John Wilde (Parnassus, U.S.A.); of G. HUME'S PROBLEM from Rev. W Anderson (Old Romney), E L G, and L S D; of E. WALTER'S PROBLEM from Rev. W Anderson (Old Romney), L L Greenaway, H Reeve, G S Oldfield, Jupiter Junior, and G L Mayne.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2140 received from Rev. W Anderson (Old Romney), H Reeve, Hereward, W Dewse, E Casella (Paris), C Oswald, A W Scrutton, R L Southwell, C Darragh, Ben Nevis, A J Lake, G S Oldfield, L Wyman, L Pharawood, Ernest Sharswood, G W Law, Jupiter Junior, Alpha, Aaron Harper, H H Noyes, F Fryer, W Hillier, B E Wood, Kitten, Otto Fiedler (Ghent), M O Halloran, H Wardell, C S Cole, William Davis, E E H, Stadforth, W B (Clifton), A C Hunt, Joseph Ainsworth, Nerina, H Backhouse, A M Colborne, R Ingersoll, E Featherstone, H M S, Hecla, G Hankinson, and H A Chapman (Aldershott).

NOTE.—In consequence of the Easter holidays, only communications received up to Tuesday, March 31, are acknowledged in this Number.

PROBLEM No. 2142.
By A. HERMAN.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in two moves.

In the person of Mr. Punch, a new chess champion appeared last week at the time-honoured "Divan in the Strand." Perched on a pedestal, with a handkerchief blindfolding his mirthful eyes, and one of Simpson's "Lavanagas" in his laughing mouth, Mr. Punch, as drawn by Mr. Henry Faunis cheerily challenges the wide, wide world, in the persons of many of the notabilities of the smaller world of chess. Beneath him sits the "Frenchman," heedless, as usual, of aught but the chessboard he contemplates; and close by is Herr Steinitz divesting himself of his coat preliminary to accepting the *défi*. Mr. Hewitt, with Mr. Potter, an earnest listener, is discussing a problem with Mr. Abbott, and from the surprise expressed in that clever and genial composer's face, we might infer that the problem is one of his compositions—"cooked." At the other side of the room, Dr. Zukertort is thoughtfully examining a position, with the Rev. Mr. Wayte for an adversary, and looking on is the hero of a hundred fights and feats, the incomparable "Mars." Among the other spectators of the battle are Mr. H. F. Gastineau, the popular vice-president of the City Chess Club, Mr. Hoffer of the *Field*, and Mr. Dunnisthorpe. Other faces, well known in metropolitan chess circles, fill the scene; the central figure, Sir Robert Peel, M.P., dominating the whole, as becomes a vice-president of the newly-formed British Chess Association. It is needless to say that the assembly is a sort of tobacco parliament. Everyone smokes, and the ascending clouds from pipes and cigars form fantastic shapes of embryo chess pieces gradually developing into a chess problem depicted on the ceiling. We fancy we have seen this problem before, but believe it will bear reproduction, if for no better reason, because of its association with Mr. Punch's first appearance at the "Chess Divan in the Strand."

White: K at Q 7th, Q at Q B 2nd, Kt at Q R 3rd, B at K Kt 5th, P. wn at Q B 5th. (Five pieces.)
Black: K at Q 4th, R at Q 5th, Pawns at K 4th and Q R 3rd. (Four pieces.)

White to play, and mate in three moves.

Besides their own annual chess-match, the Universities contested several others during the "Boat-Race Week." Among the most interesting of these was the contest between the third-class division of the City Chess Club and the combined forces of the Universities, twenty a side; and a similar match, in which much smaller forces on both sides were engaged, with the St. George's Club. The City match attracted a crowd of spectators, play commencing at six o'clock and terminating at ten, when Dr. Zukertort, who acted as umpire, adjudicated on all the unfinished games. The result was a victory for the City Club with a score of 11½ to 8½. In the match with the St. George's Club, there were but eight competitors a side, and here the Universities sustained another defeat, the first-named club winning by 4½ games to 3. Dr. Zukertort again acted as umpire, but, as the match was brought to a conclusion before the dinner-hour, he was not called upon to exercise his functions.

We note with great satisfaction that what our American cousins would call a chess "boom" is passing over Ireland. Among the practical indications of this chess "revival" are the organisation of an Irish Chess Association, recently referred to in this column, and the foundation of a new Chess Society in Dublin, which promises to rival in numbers and enthusiasm the most important of these on this side of the Channel. The St. Patrick's Chess Club was inaugurated on the 21st ult., Dr. Mason presided, when eighty-one members were enrolled and a governing body appointed. The presidents are Messrs. G. F. Barry, Parker Dunscombe, Thomas Long, B.A., Dr. Mason, and Porterfield Read. The Rev. G. A. Macdonnell and Mr. P. T. Duffy were elected honorary members, a distinction which we can assure our friends in Dublin is greatly valued by these gentlemen.

The St. Patrick's Chess Club was but a week old when its members established what the late Herr Löwenthal was wont to call an "organ," but is here modestly and correctly described as a "pamphlet." The "Pamphlet" opens with a problem in three moves on a printed diagram. The other seven pages are manuscript and comprise chess jottings, notes, and three games well annotated, the whole forming one of the most quaint and interesting chess chronicles that has ever come under our notice.

The following item is quoted from the "Pamphlet":—"On Easter Monday conversazione and meeting to form the Irish Chess Association will be held in the Molesworth Hall, where, by the indefatigable exertions of Mr. T. B. Rowland, the honorary secretary, the necessary accommodation for this and all future meetings of the Association will be provided." We greatly regret that, as we go to press with this part of the Paper on Saturday, April 4, we are unable in this issue to record the brilliant success we anticipate for this meeting.

As a steam tram-car was turning a sharp curve near Rochdale yesterday week it overturned, and about twenty of the passengers were more or less injured.

Mr. Arnold Power has collected the letters written by his brother, Mr. Frank Power, and they have been published, under the title "Letters from Khartoum," by Sampson Low and Co. The letters are given exactly as they were written, save that allusions to private family matters have been omitted.

The Queen has approved of the grant of Civil List pensions of £200 a year to Mrs. Hamill Stewart, and £100 a year to each of the two Misses Hamill Stewart, the mother and sisters of the late Colonel Hamill Stewart, in recognition of his services in connection with the defence of Khartoum.

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated May 10, 1883), with four codicils (dated July 11, 1883, and Jan. 17, Feb. 11, and May 23, 1884), of Mr. Henry Browne Alexander, late of The Laurels, Barnes, Surrey, who died on Feb. 20 last, at No. 5, Chichester-terrace, Brighton, was proved on the 20th ult. by William Henry Alexander, the son, and Lloyd Tudor White, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £558,000. The testator appoints certain trust funds, amounting to over £18,000, and the estates at Brompton and Kensington held under his marriage settlement, to his said son, but he charges these estates with the payment of a sum of more than £221,000; as to the last-named sum, he gives one fourth of a moiety to his said son, and one moiety and three fourths of the other moiety to his daughter Mrs. Everilda Frances Jowers. His estates at Highgate, Gate-street, Lincoln's Inn-fields, Charlton Marshall, and all his real estate in the county of Dorset, and at Brighton, he devises to the use of his son, for life, with remainder to his children as he shall appoint; his estate at Barnes, in the events which have happened, to the use of his daughter Mrs. Jowers, for life, with remainder to her children as she shall appoint; and the residue of his real estate to his said son and daughter, and to his daughter Mrs. Shadwell, who predeceased him without leaving issue. There are very numerous pecuniary legacies, and the residue of the personalty he bequeaths to his son and two daughters; his bequest to Mrs. Shadwell, however, lapses by her death, and her share becomes divisible between the surviving son and daughter.

The will (dated Dec. 29, 1884) of Mr. James Meakin, late of Darlaston Hall, in the county of Stafford, senior partner in the firm of J. and G. Meakin, of Eagle Works, Hanley, who died on Feb. 8 last, was proved at the Lichfield district registry on the 27th of the same month by the executors, George Meakin and William Meakin, the brothers, and George Frank Paddock, the value of the English personalty amounting to £198,102. The testator bequeaths to his wife, Mrs. Emily Meakin, all his horses, carriages, furniture, plate, linen, china, pictures, wines, farming stock, and effects at Darlaston, and a legacy of £1500; he also devises to her, for life, Darlaston Hall, with fifty acres of land adjoining, and the annual sum of £4000. Upon her death, the proceeds of the sale of his Darlaston estate is to be divided amongst all his children, his sons' shares to be double the value of his daughters' shares. He authorises his trustees to apply £250 a year for the maintenance of each child, and at twenty-one he empowers them to advance to each son £10,000; and to each daughter, on marriage, £5000. The residue is to accumulate until his youngest surviving child attains twenty-one, when the same is to be divided amongst his children, the sons' shares being double the value of the daughters'; such shares of sons and daughters in the residue being strictly settled.

The will (dated Sept. 6, 1882) of Mrs. Anne Malet Burdon, of Parklands Castle, Eden, widow of the late Rowland Burdon, Esq., of The Castle, Castle Eden, in the county of Durham, was proved at the Durham district registry on the 28th ult. by Henry Alexander Hamilton, the sole executor. The testatrix directs all the depositors in her savings bank to be paid off immediately, with interest up to the thirtieth day of the month in which she shall die, and she leaves to her brother-in-law, the Rev. John Burdon, all her interest in her lands, house, and premises known as Parklands, subject to conditions; to his son (her nephew), Rowland Burdon, the whole of her manor farms and lands at Horden, in the county of Durham, with all the royalties; upon trust for her niece Gertrude Uthhoff Hamilton, £20,000 Consols, subject to conditions; to her cousin, Dr. John Caldwell Uthhoff, the sum of £10,000; to Mary Gertrude Holland, Jane Mary Anne Boydell, and to Fanny Anne Brent, £5000 each; to her niece Elizabeth Anne Burdon, her nephews, John George Burdon, the Rev. Rowland John Burdon, and Cotsford Matthew Burdon, and to Henry Barrington Tristram, £2000 each; to her three servants, John Schater, Ann Roberts, and Jane Durlin, £500 each. All legacies to be duty free. All her plate and the gold cup presented to her father, Joshua Andrew Uthhoff, Esq., she gives to her niece Gertrude Uthhoff Hamilton. To the Rev. John Burdon all her household goods; and she appoints the said Henry Alexander Hamilton her residuary devisee and legatee.

The will (dated Dec. 12, 1883) of Miss Sarah Ward, formerly of Leicester-place, Camberwell New-road, but late of Carshalton-grove, Sutton, who died on Jan. 29 last, was proved on the 17th ult. by James Hoare Ward, Alfred Partridge, Alfred William Smith, and William Henry Sainsbury Gilbert, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £60,000. The testatrix bequeaths £800 New Three Per Cents to the society for the relief of necessitous widows and children of Protestant Dissenting Ministers; £500 New Three Per Cents each to the London Aged Christian Society, the Friendly Female Society, the Spitalfields Benevolent Society, the Brompton Hospital for Consumption and Diseases of the Chest, and the Victoria Park Hospital for Consumption and Diseases of the Chest; £300 New Three Per Cents each to the Widow's Friend Society, the Lambeth Pension Society, the Endowment Fund of the Shoreditch new Almhouses opposite Haggerston church, and the School for the Indigent Blind, St. George's Fields; £200 New Three Per Cents each to the Orphan Working School, Haverstock-hill, and the London Orphan Asylum, Clapton; and there are numerous pecuniary legacies, many of considerable amount, and specific gifts of freehold, copyhold, and household house property. The residue of her real and personal estate she leaves to the said James Hoare Ward.

The will (dated Feb. 26, 1879) of Major-General Sir Herbert Stewart, K.C.B., late of No. 28, Hans-place, Chelsea, who died on Feb. 16 last, at Gakdul, in the Soudan, was proved on the 21st ult. by Dame Georgina Janet Stewart, the widow and sole executrix, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £30,000. With the exception of complimentary legacies to his brother and to Colonel Davis, the testator leaves all his property to his wife.

The will (dated Sept. 25, 1884) of Major Walter Hyde Atherton, 5th Dragoon Guards, who was killed in action at Abou Klea on Jan. 17 last, was proved on the 13th ult. by William Cossley Atherton and Thomas James Atherton, the brothers, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £20,000. The testator bequeaths £1000 to his brother William Cossley; and legacies to his sisters, nephew, and godchild. The residue of his property he gives to his brother Thomas James.

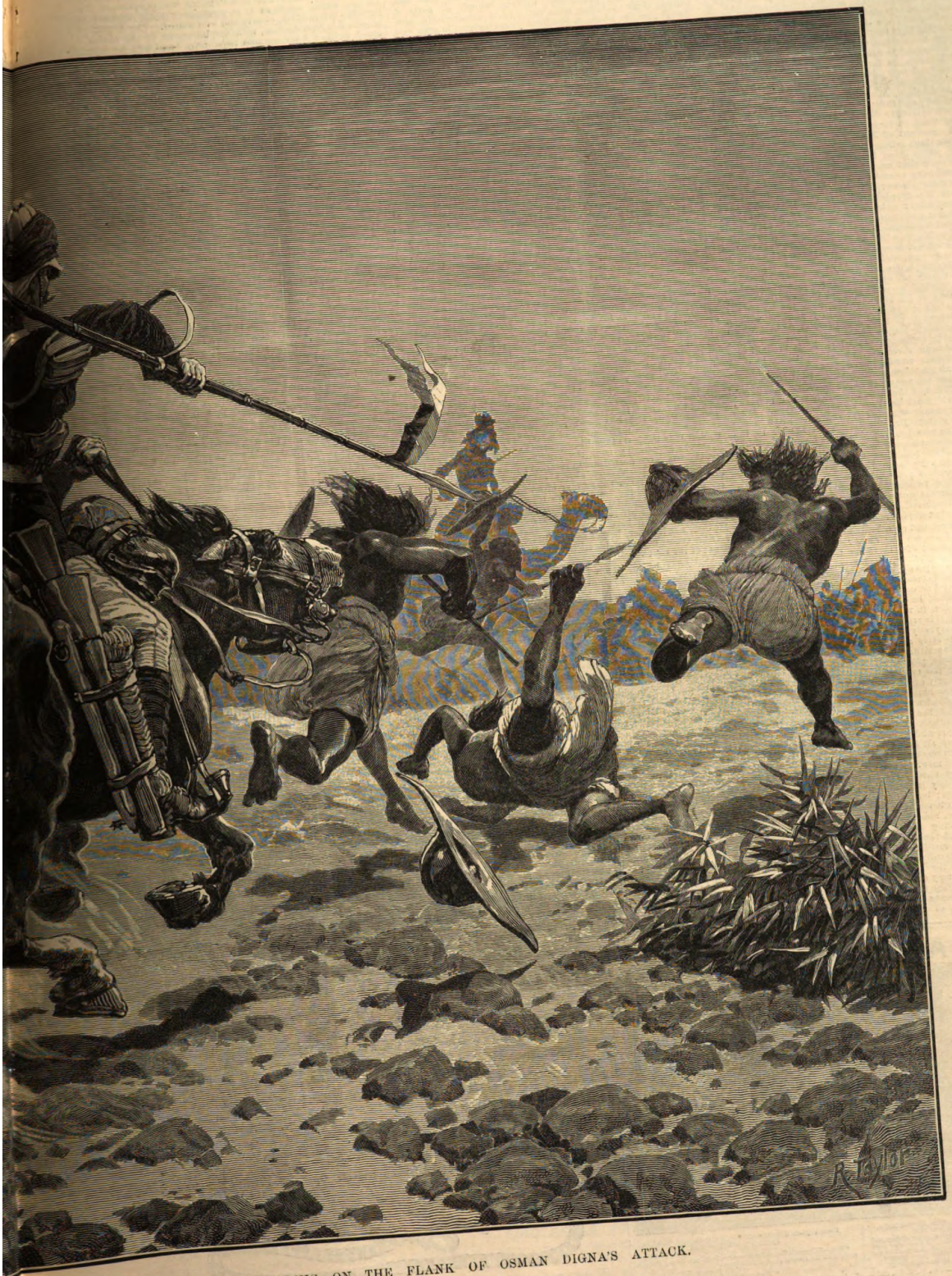
The will (dated Aug. 4, 1866) of Madame Charlotte Helen Sainton (Madame Sainton-Dolby), late of No. 71, Gloucester-place, Hyde Park, who died on Feb. 18 last, was proved on the 23rd ult. by Prosper Phillipps Catherine Sainton, the husband and sole executor. The testatrix leaves all her property to her husband, for his own use; and she appoints him to write her initials, "C. H. S. D.," on songs and pieces of vocal music, under certain agreements with the publishers.

Some anxiety has been created in Sheffield by the presence of mad dogs. One man who was bitten has died from hydrophobia. Many dogs are being destroyed.



THE WAR IN THE SOUDAN.—THE FIGHT AT HASHEEN, NEAR SOUAKIM, MARCH 2[illegible]

DRAWN BY R. C[illegible]



THE 5TH LANCERS CHARGING ON THE FLANK OF OSMAN DIGNA'S ATTACK.

BY R. WOODVILLE.

NEW BOOKS.

The two large volumes already published of a *Dictionary of National Biography, Edited by Leslie Stephen* (Smith, Elder, and Co.), suffice to show what an extensive work has been undertaken. The whole of the first volume and three hundred pages of the second are required for the first letter of the alphabet, and it is calculated that the work will not be finished in less than fifty volumes. The Dictionary promises to be a highly useful book of reference. The articles differ considerably in quality, as might be expected in so long a list of interesting and uninteresting subjects of known and unknown contributors. Some of the lives may be considered too short; some—as, for instance, the account of Queen Anne, which is a history rather than a biography—are assuredly too long; but, on the whole, the Dictionary, as far as we are able to test it, seems to be admirably done. Several attractive literary topics have been treated by the editor himself. He has written the biographies of Addison, Alison, Arbuthnot, Jane Austen, and Madame d'Arblay, and these biographies are models of what such condensed narratives should be. There is probably not a superfluous word in them, neither is an important fact omitted. The account of Jane Austen, compressed within little more than three columns, is, however, too brief. When we find long pages given to "names ignoble, born to be forgot," it is hard that one of the greatest novelists in the language should have so small a niche. If space be a test, even Mr. Harrison Ainsworth is treated with more honour. And why does Mr. Stephen write of the poet Cowper as Cooper? Among what may be called the historical biographies, Professor Freeman's account of Ælfred, better known to most readers as Alfred the Great, is as readable as it is instructive; and Sir Theodore Martin's life of the Prince Consort contains within twenty-eight columns all the salient points of his remarkable career. The longest article in Vol. II., and one as remarkable for quality as length, is devoted to Lord Chancellor Bacon, a man who, apart from his splendid position as a philosopher, deserves to be studied by every student of English for the force and richness of his style. Truly does the writer say that his utterances are not infrequently marked with a grandeur and solemnity of tone, a majesty of diction, which renders it impossible to forget, and difficult even to criticise, them. Amidst the company with which he is brought into contact here, though there are, of course, many men of noble stature, Bacon stands like a giant among pigmies. In looking through the volumes, one is struck by the few names, comparatively, that belong to men of genius or of extraordinary intellect. And it is well that this is the case. The everyday work of the world must be done by ordinary men. "An honest, dull, serviceable man," is the character given in the Dictionary to a certain Dr. Amory, and it applies to the majority of persons even less distinguished who help the world by following the common round and doing the daily task. In life such people often prove the best companions, but they make little figure in a Dictionary, and it is not easy to see why certain names deserve a place in these pages at all, when the mention of them is of necessity little better than a tombstone epitaph. The editor has, no doubt, a difficult task to perform, and it must be remembered that a work of this class will owe its ultimate success to completeness rather than to selection.

Pleasant, vivacious, and even brilliant reading is provided without stint in *A Journey Due South:* by George Augustus Sala (Vizetelly and Co.); and there are more than a round dozen of striking illustrations, meet accompaniments of the letter-press. That the portly, handsome volume is a second edition testifies of, to a certain extent, the popularity attained by this most delightful account of "travels in search of sunshine"; but there must be still many thousands of readers who have not yet fallen in with the first edition, and would gladly lay hold upon this second or even upon a third or a fourth to come. Everybody knows the author's name; nearly everybody knows his style and the immense amount of information, personal experience, and knowledge of the world, its four quarters, its people, places, and things, that he can and does draw upon for the entertainment and enlightenment of his readers, and nearly everybody again must be aware that he has a fund of native humour with which his narratives are "shot," as certain articles of haberdashery with gold and divers colours. In fact, the author's name should of itself be sufficient recommendation; it is, at any rate, a sufficient guarantee for liveliness and what is comprehensively termed readability. We have all heard of "clubable" men; and, in imitation of that expression, the author may be dubbed an eminently "readable" man. He makes an amusing apology for the not altogether strictly correct title which he or his publishers, or he and they in collusion, have thought proper to bestow upon his book; but, whatever one may think about a rose under any other name, it is pretty certain that, whatever the author writes, nobody will care for the title save as a means of enabling the public to obtain the book without misadventure at the very first time of asking. It can only be necessary to mention the places about which the author gossips so pleasantly, with so much knowledge and appreciation, and then the book may be left for the enjoyment of all whom it may concern. Of Paris, of Marseilles and bouillabaisse, of Nice and her "nefarious neighbour" (which, of course, is Monte Carlo), of Bastia and Ajaccio, of Genoa "the superb," of "austere" Bologna, of Venice "preserved," of old Rome and new Rome, of Naples and Pompeii, the happy reader may read, and read, moreover, to profit as well as to amusement.

A very sad, tragic, and characteristic occurrence serves for the foundation of *Mr. Butler's Ward:* by F. Mabel Robinson (Vizetelly and Co.), which is a story in one volume, well and pathetically, nay powerfully, written, though in parts it betrays signs of being spun out a little unmercifully, and though, on the whole, it is a little young-ladyish in style and sentiment. Some of the descriptions, especially those that appertain to life at the Norman nunnery of Bonsecours are charming; and the heroine, who of course is Mr. Butler's "ward," is a very happy conception, a beautiful creation, whose affecting history is treated with much delicacy, sympathy, and command of all that is touching. The old Irishwoman, whose husband believes himself—not without excellent reason, though his wife tries to throw a doubt upon the subject—to have committed a murder, is a very fine character, finely delineated. The story is now and then intensely interesting; but now and then it hangs. The fundamental incident appears to have been borrowed from real life; and, as the tale is coloured Irish, there is nothing at all extravagant, incredible, or even improbable about that incident. Mr. Butler is a gentleman of property, an Irish absentee-landlord, though he does not depend entirely upon his Irish estates, it would seem, for his comfortable means. His agent, in the process of an eviction, causes, by accident not by design, the death of a child whose father, a noble old man in many respects, is unfortunately in possession of a loaded revolver and not of his sober senses the next time he encounters the agent. The result may be easily imagined; the contents of the loaded pistol are lodged in the agent's body, and the agent, left for dead, is buried hastily by some of the too precipitate old man's friends. But the agent is not quite dead, and, struggling to release himself from his ill-made premature grave, he manages to protrude a hand and arm through the earth, and then dies a fearful death. On that hand and arm his only child, the heroine of the story, accidentally stumbles, and the whole dreadful incident is brought to light, save that the murderer is not revealed. At the time of the discovery the heroine is only a little girl, and her mind, as is but natural, receives a shock which is destined to take fuller effect at a future time. Mr. Butler takes his late agent's little daughter under his charge, after a fashion, sends her to a nunnery to be educated, receives her into his house as his children's governess in due time, and is the means of introducing her to a fashionable painter who, struck with her beauty and many graces, marries her. The marriage is not a very happy one, and some readers may think that the little quarrels described concerning questions of painting from the "nude," though no sort of impropriety is committed, are unpleasant and quite gratuitously brought in, as the desired object could easily be attained without them. Well, the painter dies within about a year of the marriage, and the lovely widow marries again—this time the son of the man who had murdered her father. She does not know it until afterwards, but her second husband knows it before. It is a hard case. What should he have done? He does not tell her, he has not the heart to tell her, and the terrible consequences of his silence are to be learned from the pages of the novel.

Mr. Adye has written a fresh and simply-told story, the scene of which is chiefly laid in Cornwall and on Dartmoor; and in many ways *The Queen of the Moor*, three volumes (J. and R. Maxwell), cannot fail to please. Obviously animated by a sincere love of nature and of animals, the author excels in such descriptions and adventures as have to do with the latter. No sport would seem to come amiss to his pen; hunting, fishing, and boating exploits are detailed with evident enjoyment, and with the appreciation of an adept. Mr. Adye says that "movement and action are the true poetry of youth," and they are unquestionably the true spirit of his book. We do not agree with him when he attempts to philosophise thus—"Happiness consists almost entirely in perfect health" and "there is no such thing as unhappiness apart from disease, physical or mental, and perhaps *none mental unless founded on physical imperfection*"; but rather with Shakspeare that "'tis the mind that makes the body rich." Mr. Adye has ventilated in "The Queen of the Moor" some theories which are neither very original not very clever; but they succeed in being discursive, and endangering the success of the novel, which, however, distinctly improves as the story progresses; and the last volume is decidedly the best, for although mating and marrying are somewhat promiscuous, there is less diffuseness, and the author is more interested in his characters. The chapter entitled "The Eighteenth of June" quite kindles his enthusiasm; and notwithstanding his modest apology, he gives a very good reading of a battle where the power of "the conqueror and captive of the earth" was finally destroyed. Mr. Adye might with advantage have introduced more dialogue—for his dialogues are good—and compressed his descriptions, which are a little lengthy; but the novel as it stands is a pleasing narrative of some country folk and their simple lives and ways seventy years ago, varied by the excitement and adventures consequent on the escape of some French prisoners of war; and it is, besides, thoroughly unassuming, perfectly moral, and written in good, clear English.

MUSICAL PUBLICATIONS.

"Musical History Briefly Narrated and Technically Discussed, with a Roll of the Names of Musicians, and the Times and Places of their Births and Deaths," by G. A. Macfarren (A. and C. Black). The title explains the purpose of this volume, which, small as it is, contains a large amount of valuable information, clearly and well stated. The historical portion is a reproduction, with amplifications, of the author's article in the "Encyclopædia Britannica," and will be found to be a comprehensive summary of an extensive subject. The alphabetical list of musical composers, theorists, performers, historians, critics, teachers, instrument makers, and publishers, &c., forms a most valuable table for reference.

The "Bandmaster's Guide," vol. ii., by Palgrave Simpson (Boosey and Co.). This is a continuation of a valuable work on the art of scoring for military bands, a specialty apart from that of instrumentation for an ordinary orchestra. Some excellent treatises have been produced (especially that by Berlioz) dealing with the method of scoring for concert and opera orchestras, but these do not deal with the subject which is so ably treated by the author of the book now referred to. The descriptions of the various instruments, of their compass and capabilities, and the art of effectively combining and contrasting them, as shown by many examples, render the work one of high utility to bandmasters or those studying for that position.

"Two Lives," by J. E. Webster; "My Heart's Message," by A. H. Behrend; and "An Old Maid's Heart," by M. Watson, are songs each of which is characterised by a flowing melody, simple in style, yet pleasing, and lying within a moderate compass of voice. Any singer possessed of expressive power may render them highly effective. Messrs. R. Cocks and Co. are the publishers, as also of two pianoforte pieces, "Sieg-lied," by Alice Borton; and "Tip-Toe," by Henri Logé. The first is styled a "Song of Victory," and is in appropriate martial style, which is well sustained up to a very effective climax. The other piece is a fairy dance, in which there is much characteristic piquancy. It is not difficult; and, the leading passages being fingered, it will serve well as a pupil's exercise.

"Alas! so long," is a setting by Lady Ramsay (of Banff) of lines by D. G. Rossetti, the sad sentiment of which is very happily expressed in the music to which it is allied. "Moorish Serenade" (also published by J. B. Cramer and Co.) is by F. Williamson, who has taken some lines from Lord Lytton's "Leila," and has associated them with some smooth and melodious strains that are well suited for vocal effect.

Messrs. W. Morley and Co.'s recent publications include some songs that are well suited for drawing-room use. "The Light of the Land," by Ciro Pinsuti, has a bold and well-marked rhythm well calculated for declamatory effect. "Home Dreams," "Surely," and "Heart to Heart"—all by A. H. Behrend—are replete with unaffected sentimental expression. "The Viking Bold," by C. T. Speer, has a strongly-marked melody, somewhat in the style of a "Volks-lied," and must produce a stirring effect in performance. "Jem," by Cotsford Dick, is in a somewhat lighter style, and has much piquant character; and the same may be said of "If You Marry," a humorous song, by T. Hutchinson. "The Clang of the Hammer," by T. Bonheur, is a song of the descriptive kind, in which a good effect is gained without exaggeration. Messrs. Morley and Co. are continuing their very cheap "Part-Song Journal," edited by A. J. Caldicott—the ninth number of which contains a pleasing piece for four voices, "The Holly-crowned King," by the editor—and their useful collection (also a serial) of voluntaries for the organ, harmonium, or American organ, edited by H. J. Stark. The fourteenth number has some effective original pieces by Dr. Spark, of Leeds.

"Dramatic Overture," by Gustav Ernest (Hutchings and Co.). This is an arrangement, for pianoforte solo, of the work to which the Philharmonic Society recently awarded the prize of twenty guineas, eighty-eight such compositions having been sent in in answer to the invitation. As the performance of the overture, and its successful reception, at the society's second concert of the present season, has already been noticed, we need now only record its publication in the arranged form indicated above.

It is announced that the Old Testament Revision Company has concluded its labours, and that the revised edition of the Bible will be issued in May.

The first steam-cars introduced on any tramway in the metropolitan district have begun running for public traffic on the North London Tramways Company's lines.

It was announced at the meeting on the 1st inst. of the General Purposes Committee of the Corporation that H.R.H. Prince Albert Victor of Wales will visit the City early in June to receive the freedom, which is to be presented in a specially designed gold casket, for which the sum of £250 has been voted. Four of the principal goldsmiths and jewellers were invited to compete; and the committee selected the design of Mr. J. W. Benson, of Ludgate-hill and Old Bond-street, who made the casket for his Royal Highness's father, the Prince of Wales, twenty-one years ago.

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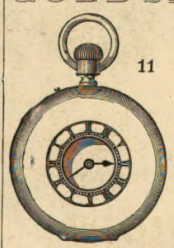
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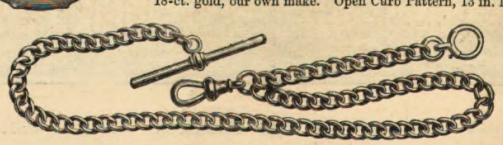
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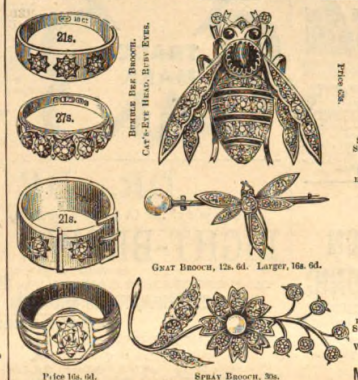
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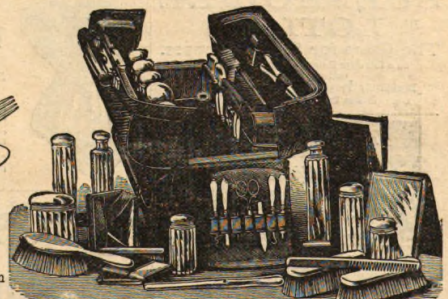
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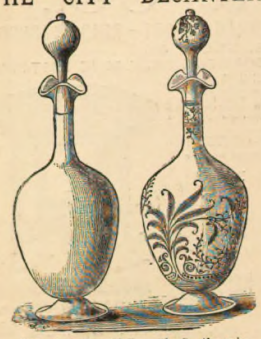
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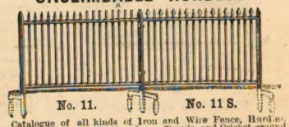
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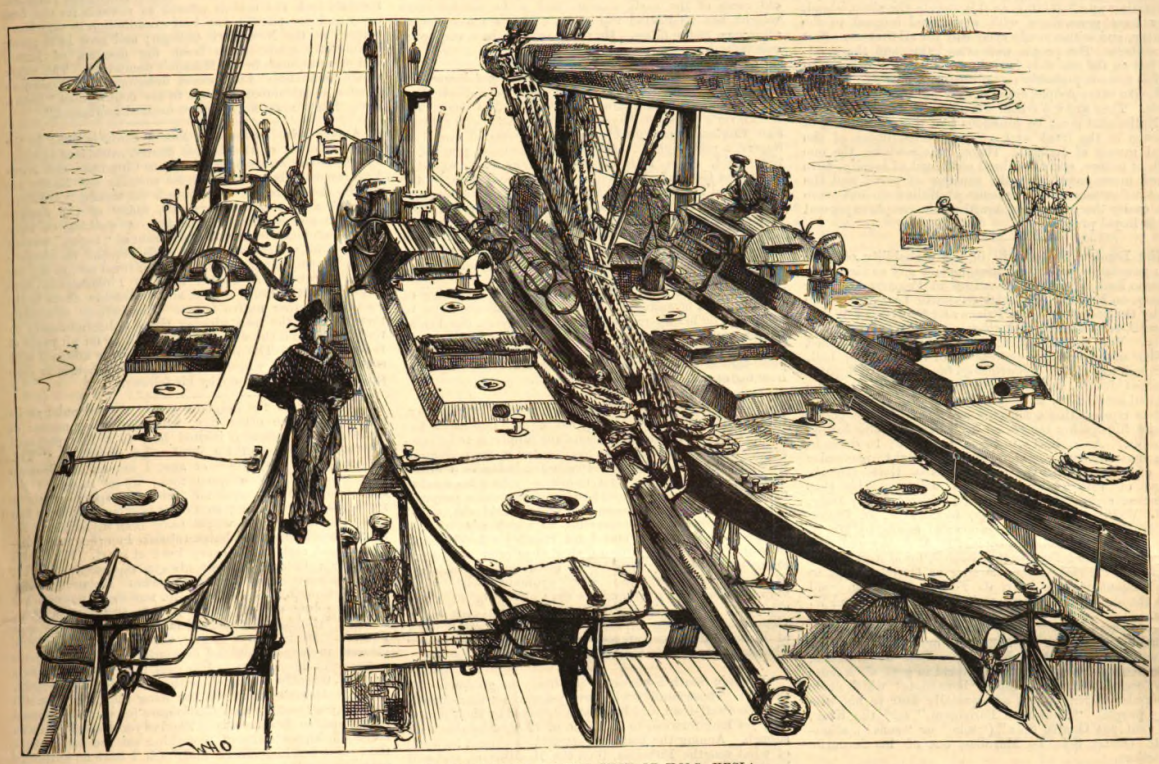
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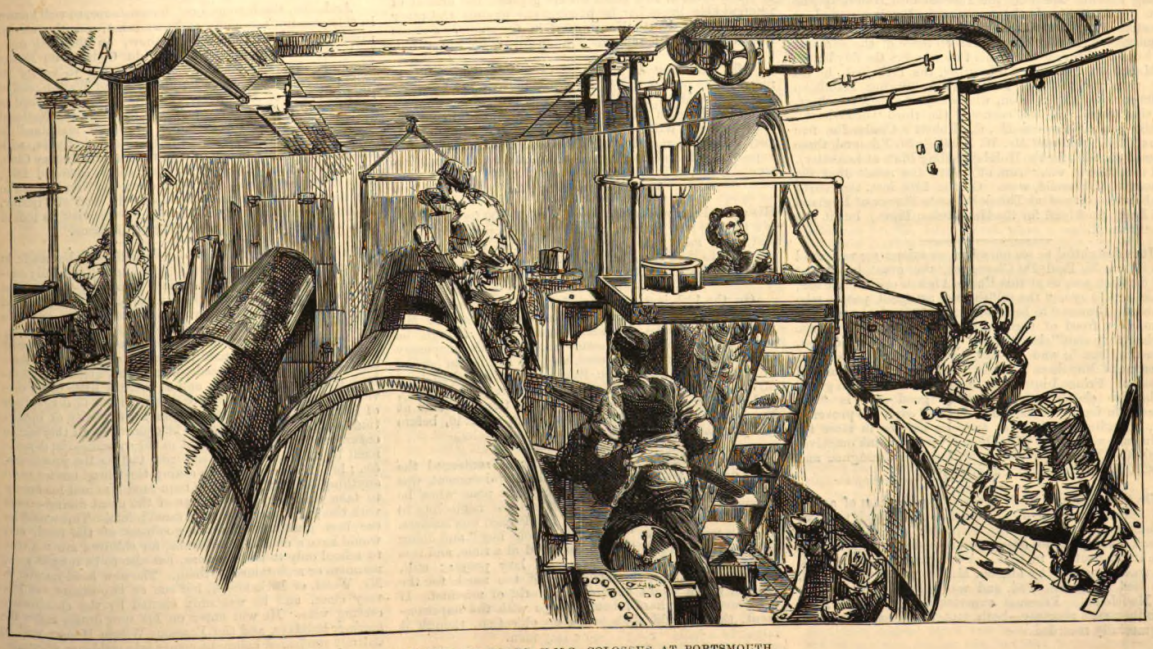
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No. 2400.—VOL. LXXXVI. SATURDAY, APRIL 18, 1885. TWO WHOLE SHEETS | SIXPENCE. By Post, 6½d.

PREPARATIONS FOR WAR.



TORPEDO-BOATS ON THE DECK OF H.M.S. HECLA.



A SKETCH ON BOARD H.M.S. COLOSSUS AT PORTSMOUTH.

OUR NOTE-BOOK

Anyone who doubted that the Prince and Princess of Wales would be received in Dublin with loyalty and goodwill has now discovered his mistake; anyone who hoped to see these Royal personages treated with hostility, or even with neutrality, will be suffering a painful disappointment. Wherever they went a kindly feeling was manifest; and this feeling was spontaneous, hearty, and universal. Kings, and those who are in authority, can generally command a certain amount of homage; but the hospitable welcome given by the lower, as well as by the upper, classes in the metropolis of Ireland cannot be assured as a matter of course. The Prince and Princess are not simply performing an official duty in this visit to the sister island. They have gone there with a personal interest in the country, and with a ready sympathy for all that can affect its welfare. The people understand this, and the goodwill felt on the one side is reciprocated on the other. In all this there is probably no political significance; but the Irish, like other people, are men first and politicians afterwards. They know a friend when they see one, and even the Nationalist must be conscious that there is nothing of pretence in the frank and generous friendliness of the Royal guests of Ireland. There, as elsewhere, the one touch of nature, and the inbred sentiment of loyalty, have proved more potent than the rancour of party, and the slight indications of this rancour at Mallow do but serve to intensify the general good-will of the people expressed in this Royal progress.

The London Season will in all probability offer no other pageant or fête so picturesque and gay as the grand Costume Ball of the Royal Institute of Painters in Water Colours, on May 19. Especial *éclat* will be given to the ball by the presence of the Prince and Princess of Wales, Prince Albert Victor, and other members of the Royal family. Very judiciously, the committee have abandoned the idea of an opening procession of artists. The ball, which will afford rich opportunities for research and tastefulness of design, and tax to the full the ingenuity of the principal costumiers, is to be preceded by a masque of painters representing celebrated artists and their contemporaries, illustrating the period from Pericles to Sir Joshua Reynolds. As a hint to those who wish to dress in harmony with the occasion at this bright, particular ball of the season, we may mention that the six groups of this glowing masque will comprise that of Greece, arranged by Mr. A. Sacheverel Coke; Italy, by Mr. Walter Crane; Germany, by Mr. W. D. Linton and Mr. W. Dendy Sadler; France and Spain, by Mr. R. Caton Woodville; Holland, by Mr. E. A. Abbey and Mr. T. Walter Wilson; the English School, by MM. Seymour Lucas and Charles Green. Acting as Greek Chorus to this brilliant masque, Mr. J. Forbes Robertson will recite the descriptive verses, written by Mr. Edmund W. Gosse.

There died within the last week or so, at Venice, M. le Capitaine Louis-Maurice Quatre Solz de Marolles, whose name is interesting to the world in general because it gave occasion for one of those "bons mots" which made the popular Henri Quatre so especially dear to his witloving people. "Tout mon Parlement," said the King, "ne vaut pas Quatre Solz" ("sols" or "sous"), alluding to Quatre Solz de Marolles, one of his favourite counsellors.

Mr. H. T. Barclay has hitherto been the hero of the racing season. He won the Lincolnshire Handicap, the first great event of the year, with Bendigo; and at Croxteth Park on the 9th inst. he won the first four races in succession, having himself ridden three of the winners. He himself also rode one of his two winners the day before at Manchester. And on Saturday, the 11th inst., he all but won the valuable Leicestershire Spring Handicap (2000 sovs.) with Criterion, who was just a neck too short. On that same 11th inst. occurred the third "dead-heat" of the season (between Mr. C. Hibbert's Cinderella, five years, 10 st. 1 lb., and Mr. W. Burrell's St. Edmund, three years, 9 st. 6 lb., for the Holiday Selling Plate at Leicester), and this time it was "run off" with the result that the favourite, Cinderella, won. On the 14th inst. the fourth dead-heat occurred at Thirsk between Flower of England and Lady Auckland for the Hambledon Plate; but it was not "run off."

It is delightful to see ourselves as others see us. And this is how M. Paul De Cassagnac, the great humourist and duellist, sees us at this Russo-Afghan crisis. We are, to his mind's eye, "the selfish and arrogant people who allowed" France "to be crushed in 1870, and who thought themselves freed of their obligations towards" France "when they sent" her "a few tons of Cheshire cheese, after the siege"; and we are, to his mind's eye, "the assassins of Napoleon I.," and the villains who permitted "the poor Prince Imperial to be murdered." That is good. "Cheshire cheese" is particularly good — it is "the cheese," in fact. "Noscitur a sociis," says the proverb; and, accordingly, whatever troubles may be in store for us during our dispute with Russia, we may think ourselves happy that we shall not have M. Paul De Cassagnac and his sort for comrades even in sympathy.

On the 10th inst. died, at seventy-nine years of age, a well-known and honoured official of the French turf, M. Grandhomme, who was the respected secretary of the French Jockey Club (Société d'Encouragement) almost from its institution, in 1830. A few years ago he retired, and was succeeded by his son, M. Georges Grandhomme, who died in March, 1883, and was himself succeeded by M. Madeleine. Personal experience of the late MM. Grandhomme's courtesy—both father and son—may here be gratefully recorded.

The Althorp Park Stakes, for two-year-olds, which was decided on the 14th inst. at Northampton, is the most important of the very early races confined to the youngsters of the season. It is especially interesting as a test of the relative forwardness of the young colts and fillies; and up to this year it had been won by the fillies twenty-two times out of thirty-seven. Among the fillies that have won it the most notable are Payment (in 1850), the dam of Dollar; Madame Eglentine (in 1859), the dam of The Palmer and Rosicrucian; Lady Elizabeth (in 1867), the "sensational" favourite for the Derby of 1868, when Blue Gown won in spite of his owner; and Frivolity (in 1869), who afterwards won the Middle Park Plate; and of the colts that have won it, the most notable is The Rake (in 1866), who afterwards won the Middle Park Plate the first time it was open to runners. For though Thormanby, winner of the Derby in 1860, ran at Northampton when he was two years old over the very course, he did not run—curiously enough—for the Althorp Park Stakes. This year the Althorp was won in a canter by The Bard, who has now won the three chief two-year-old races of the early season; and, as he carried extra weight, has vindicated the claim of his sex to make an allowance to the fillies. He must, in fact, be a very good colt indeed.

The death of a bricklayer, caused by a pot-house disturbance, has been sufficient this week to indicate how times have altered and how we have altered in them. The bricklayer's name was Sayers. Only a quarter of a century ago England went mad over the prowess of one Tom Sayers, a prize-fighter. He was the champion pugilist of the world. The mob cheered him as they would a victorious General; gentlemen eagerly shook him by the hand; and Thackeray even devoted one of his Roundabout Papers, in the *Cornhill Magazine*, to Sayers' great fight with the American, Heenan. Leech, it may be remembered, depicted in the pages of *Punch* two lads with terribly black eyes and horribly swollen faces, who, in answer to the anxious inquiries of their grandmother, responded that they had only been playing at Tom Sayers and the Benicia Boy. But who knows of anything of prize-fighters nowadays? What prize-fights are there to go to? The briefly-recorded death of Sayers, the bricklayer, and his brother's elaborate tombstone in Highgate Cemetery, over which sits the marble counterfeit of the prize-fighter's favourite bull-dog, are marvellous signs of how tastes and opinions have changed.

The shrimping time of Gravesend, which, by-the-way, thanks to the Thames sewage, has now to depend on the little village of Leigh for its constant supply, is to be congratulated. The Government has granted it, for recreation grounds, the grass slopes between the batteries and the Thames. No pleasanter spot, as anyone with a knowledge of this river will testify, could be found for such a purpose. Gravesend already possesses the prettily laid out, albeit Cockney, grounds of Rosherville, to which admission is obtained on payment; and Lord Darnley's lovely park, of which and its magnificent rhododendrons Londoners know singularly little, that is open on certain days of the week; but the new grounds, with their view of the open river and its ever changing scenes of shipping, should make more converts than ever to the view Henry Fielding expressed when on his way to death at Lisbon—that for interest and enjoyment the Lower Thames is superior to the Upper.

Rents in South Kensington are likely to go down this summer. Those families who have yearned for mansions in the Cromwell-road, and have been deterred by their prices, may yet look forward to an abode in the fashionable west suburb. Among the features (attractions cannot be used) of what was the Fisheries, then the Healtheries, and will be the Inventories, is a brass band competition. Remembering the havoc one brass band can cause in a quiet London street or in a small watering-place, the arrival of innumerable brass bands blaring one against the other should render South Kensington in the summer a shade more uninhabitable than the Soudan during the hot season.

Like unto that of a policeman, a lion-tamer's life is not a happy one, of which fact a notable instance has been lately afforded by the career of poor Williams, whom all travelling English folk have seen in Continental circuses. Quite recently Williams was seized by a lioness one night, very badly bitten and scratched, and only saved by the old expedient of red-hot irons. He recovered from his wounds, but, as in Goldsmith's poem,

> The man recovered of the bite,
> The dog it was that died.

His animals have died to the value of 50,000 francs. This is a terrible loss to him, for though a proprietor of lions and tigers may reap large profits, a mere tamer, despite the risks to limb and life he has to run, seldom earns more wages than are paid to a first-class artisan.

On the 12th inst. died Mr. E. R. Clarke, aged eighty-two years. He was well known on the turf as Mr. "D'Orsay" Clarke for many years; and, though he never won any of the "classic" races, he was temporary owner of some famous horses, such as The Baron (sire of Stockwell) and Sir Tatton Sykes (sire of the half-bred Mr. Sykes, with whom he won the Cesarewitch in 1855), and he won the Woodcote Stakes for two-year-olds at Epsom with Miles's Boy as long ago as 1846, before many present fathers of families were born.

Roderick James McDonald, who was sentenced the other day at Leeds to twelve months' imprisonment, was evidently not the right man in the right place when he became a "letter carrier." His offence was neglecting to deliver five hundred letters; and his defence was laziness. There is nothing like "going the whole hog" and doing things wholesale, by the five hundred at a time, and it is impossible not to sympathise with lazy people: still, twelve months' imprisonment is not too much for the offence, which might have done a world of mischief. If there were any "hard labour" to go with the imprisonment, there would perhaps be no objection, though it might be a little "rough" on a lazy man.

Wonders will never cease: a "fine trout" is said to have been taken lately by an enthusiastic angler at Teddington weir. People who fish in the Serpentine may expect to "get a bite" before long—as often as once a week, if they have luck.

A splendid old oak pulpit of the Tudor period has just been placed in Winchester Cathedral. It originally belonged to New College Chapel, Oxford, and was given by the Warden and Fellows to Dr. Mayo, formerly a member of their society, by whose family it has been completed, fixed on an oak base carefully made to match it, and put in the cathedral as a memorial of Miss Jane Mayo, who died about six months ago. It is peculiarly fitting that a relic from William of Wykeham's foundation at Oxford should adorn the cathedral of the city so intimately connected with his name both as bishop and founder of the far-famed Winchester School.

The Japanese are going ahead in every branch of study. One of them, who rejoices in the name of Haru Taka Youkura, recently took the medals offered as rewards for the best essay and for passing the best examination in veterinary surgery at the New York College; and now he is going home fully qualified to treat the diseases of horses and other animals in the Mikado's dominions. The paper which announces his success describes Mr. Youkura's mission as calculated to prove to his countrymen "that a horse, like a man, may survive medical treatment."

A very brisk business in Easter cards is done in the principal cities of the United States, calculated at about one third the dimensions of that in Christmas and New-Year cards. But the emblems suitable for Easter are rapidly disappearing; and though the words, "A Happy Easter," may stand underneath, many of the designs represent angels ascending ladders or walking on tight ropes, Dutchmen in the full enjoyment of "lager," terriers engaged in rat-catching, and owls perched on clothes-lines. As to the purchasers, many of them are, to say the least, eccentric. A Quaker lady in Philadelphia buys large quantities every spring, and dispatches them to the Sioux and other native tribes. The Indians appreciate them highly, the men glueing them indiscriminately on their backs, and the women sticking them on all parts of their blankets. The back of a brave thus adorned with crosses, wreaths, windmills, and dancing houris is considered a thing of beauty by his fellows.

The King of the Belgians grows more popular as he gets older. The other day, when the Burgomaster of Brussels ceremoniously invited him to a fête prepared for the celebration of his jubilee, he exclaimed, "Yes, of course; at fifty years of age, I am an old Brussels *bourgeois*." He is a quiet man, whose mode of life offers no food for scandal, and his special taste is for bricks and mortar; so that it is often said if he had not been a king, he would have been a builder. He takes very little wine, hates tobacco in every form, dislikes music, and avoids every kind of sport. His health is perfect, though he has always eschewed athletics, and has never even learned to swim. He never wears gloves, though he is always in uniform; no one has ever seen him out of temper; and, though his views are not orthodox, his scepticism is of the mildest type possible. He is fond of riding, though he takes but little interest in horses; and he diligently reads all the *petits journaux* of his country. It is said that, when a Brussels lawyer, recently decorated with the order of Leopold, came to thank his Majesty, the King inquired if he still had his pretty estate near the Soignes forest, and proposed riding out to it some day. The lawyer thought this an admirable opportunity of remarking on the bad state of the roads; but Leopold II. said, "Oh, I have no authority over the roads; you must write to the *petits journaux*—everything they cry out for is done directly!"

Archiduc, the famous French race-horse, so well known in this country, especially at Newmarket, won the second great French race, the Prix Rainbow, on the 12th inst., as he had won the first, the Prix du Cadran, on Easter Monday. The Prix Rainbow is interesting to us for its commemorative name; as Rainbow, son of Walton, son of Sir Peter, son of Highflyer, was imported into France in 1823 by M. Rieussec (who, being a Colonel in the National Guard, was killed by Fieschi's "infernal machine" in 1836), and became the sire of Franck and Lydia, with whom Lord Henry Seymour won the Prix du Jockey Club, or "French Derby," in the first two years, 1836 and 1837, after it was instituted. In those days, the French used to pay money for a sight of Rainbow at the stud of Viroflay, looking upon the English thoroughbred as visitors looked on a white elephant at the Zoological Gardens.

It is hoped that radical changes will soon be made in the administration of Epsom College, a school specially connected with the medical profession, with forty-five boys on the foundation, who are clothed, maintained, and educated gratis, besides a great many sons of doctors who ought to receive a first-rate education at moderate though remunerative terms. The educational council has recently had great fault to find with the small proportion of pupils who have passed the preliminary medical and the Oxford and Cambridge local examinations, and as there is little or no surveillance after school hours, either in or out of doors, boys of idle or mischievous tendencies have plenty of opportunities of indulging them. The council do all they can to ensure that everything is right in the commissariat department by making unexpected visits, tasting the provisions, &c.; but they would not be asking their head master to do anything derogatory if they requested him and his family to take their luncheon in one of the great dining-rooms with the pupils, and from the same joints. This would be the best guarantee for the goodness of the food, and would have a civilising influence, for children are not sent to school only to learn lessons, but also to be taught good manners or maintained in them. The new head master is Mr. Wood, of Birkenhead, but one or two others ran him very close, and he was only elected by the chairman's casting vote. He will enter on his new duties after the summer holidays, and the Erasmus Wilson House will be entirely renovated before he comes into residence there.

The Japanese men, women, and children—one hundred, we believe, in number—who are now amusing the public at Knightsbridge, display, although in a foreign land, the cheerfulness characteristic of the race. If they feel their temporary exile, they show no signs of homesickness, and seem as much amused as the spectators with their work and entertainments. The pleasure they are giving so many visitors daily makes one wish it were possible to give them some real pleasure in return before they leave the country. How this might best be done is a matter for discussion and arrangement. We do not know what would give the Japanese the greatest enjoyment and leave the most lasting impression on their minds; but this can be readily ascertained. And one would like them to see that even in this business-loving country there is a disposition to show a little kindness that is not business-like to strangers from the Far East. It may be remembered, by the way, that Mr. Buhicrosan's Japanese village is not a commercial speculation, but has been promoted with a charitable object.

Beer in the harvest-field formed a subject of discussion at a conference held last Saturday at Canterbury. We agree with Lord Northbourne, who took the chair, that beer is a good thing in its place; but it is generally allowed that work under an August sun can be done better by the help of tea than of beer. Neither the one nor the other should be given to the men instead of money; but charitably disposed farmers have been known to provide tea gratuitously on the harvest-field, and have found that the work has been done more heartily and cheerily in consequence. The habit in vogue some years ago in the Scottish highlands of giving raw whisky to reapers has, it is to be feared, not wholly ceased. A custom more pernicious it would be difficult to imagine.

In time of war good stories of British pluck are often circulated in seaport and arsenal towns, to which they come in private letters; and one such has been recently heard at Gosport. A couple of young Marines in the Soudan, in their first campaign, were told off to a signal-tent, pitched out in the open at a little distance from the camp. Their duty was to forward information to the chief signal-station. A message was actually being sent to them, when they signalled, "Wait a few minutes; have got to fall back and fight." Ten minutes elapsed, and then they wired, "All right; enemy retreated; go on signalling."

Old Temple Bar, of which the stones have been carefully preserved, is to be set up again, it is said, not in the former place, of course, but in King's Bench Walk, Temple. To do the thing completely, quite *à l'antique*, a few old skulls (of traitors, if possible) should be stuck upon the top, with an inscription bearing the words which Goldsmith quoted to Johnson concerning the ghastly sight:—"Forsan et hæc olim meminisse juvabit."

The French delight in coincidences, and point out that the amount of money voted by the Government for the Tonquin Expedition is two hundred million francs, precisely the same sum as Germany demanded from the city of Paris as her share of the war indemnity in 1871.

The widow of General Tom Thumb became Countess Primo Magri on Easter Monday. Her small wedding-dress was very elegant, and her one bridesmaid was Miss Lucy Adams. All the world and his wife wanted to go and see the little couple married, but the number had to be restricted by the size of the church, and admission was by ticket only.

Prodigious liberality of illustration is a notable characteristic of *On the Track of the Crescent:* by Major E. C. Johnson, M.A.I., F.R.Hist.S., &c. (Hurst and Blackett), and there is a map to show the author's more or less erratic course from Athens to Pesth and to the regions of Transylvania, as he journeyed in what he has somewhat fantastically termed "The Track of the Crescent." Conscience seems to have dictated the sort of apology for the dogmatic tone which the author fears that some readers may think they can detect in his remarks; and it is quite certain that he does deliver himself of opinions and sentiments in a manner that savours of dogmatism, patronage, and an assumption of superiority. The leading articles of our many newspapers, however, should have made us quite accustomed to this high and mighty style; and when, as in the present instance, it is little more than amusing and not by any means offensive, it is perfectly harmless and perhaps appreciably effective. Altogether, the collection of "wayside notes," as the collector calls them, forms just the kind of literature which finds ready acceptance with a large class of readers, for whom narratives of travel have an unfailing charm, especially when, as in the present instance again, the narrator shows signs of having had his eyes about him, of having been able to draw comparisons by reason of copious reading as well as personal experience, and of having had unusual advantages in the direction of acquaintance and introductions. Athens, Constantinople, Varna, Bucharest, Pesth, Vienna, are some of the names that may be conjured with to draw attention to a very readable volume. There is no extraordinary tale of adventure to tell, there is perhaps very little that is new to be gleaned, but the work will serve sufficiently well all the ordinary purposes of literary entertainment. The very common use of the "hussar" jacket among the Hungarians forced itself upon the author's observation, and gave him the opportunity of explaining a fact "not generally known," concerning the word "hussar." The term, it appears, means "twentieth man" in Hungarian, that having been "the proportion in which recruits for the cavalry were picked in former times from the population"; the recruits carried the national costume into the ranks; and so "the uniform and name have since spread from the Austro-Hungarian service into all the armies of Europe." The worst of such books is that they excite in the reader, who reads how the writer travelled and saw sights, a restless desire to go and do likewise.

Under the title of "The Imperial Parliament," a series of short volumes on current political topics is about to be issued, under the editorship of Mr. Sydney Buxton, M.P. The volumes will be written by politicians who are recognised as authorities on the subjects of which they treat. Each volume will be complete in itself, uniform in crown 8vo, neatly bound in a permanent form, and issued at the price of 1s. Messrs. Swan Sonnenschein and Co., of London, are to be the publishers. Nine volumes are already arranged for.

NAVAL WAR PREPARATIONS.

In view of the possible hostilities with Russia, our Government, in the Admiralty and in the War Department, continues its busy preparations. The dockyards of Portsmouth, Devonport, Chatham, and Sheerness, employ hundreds of workmen day and night in making ships of the British Navy ready for active service at sea. The whole of the First Division of the Naval Reserve is being prepared, with the exception of the Colossus, Cyclops, and Cormorant. Though still in the hands of the shipwrights, the Colossus is practically ready for sea, and could be at once pressed into service but for the delay in the supply of parts of the breech mechanism for her guns; the Cyclops, monitor, is essentially a vessel intended, like the Glatton, for coast defence; while the Cormorant, though in an advanced state so far as her hull is concerned, has not yet been provided with her new complement of guns. The ships at Portsmouth could contribute the following to an improvised fighting squadron:—Armour-clads: Inflexible, double turret, four 80-ton guns and 450 men; Devastation, double turret, four 35-ton guns and 340 men; Polyphemus, torpedo-ship, probably 200 men; and Rupert, turret ram, two 18-ton and two 64-pounder guns and 200 men. Unarmoured ships: Active, corvette, twelve 6-inch breech-loaders and 327 men; Volage, corvette, twelve 6-inch breech-loaders and 325 men; Cordelia, corvette, ten 6-inch and 5-inch breech-loaders and 280 men; and Emerald, corvette, twelve 5-inch breech-loaders (when ready) and 220 men. In addition to these, there is a formidable flotilla of gun-boats, consisting of three vessels of the Snake class, already in commission, seventeen gun-boats of the same class which are to be brought forward immediately, and the four river-boats of the Medina class. The ships at Devonport now being prepared for sea are as follows:—Iron Duke, 14, double-screw iron ship, armour-plated, 3787 tons, with a complement of 493 officers and men; Hotspur, 4, double-screw iron-plated armour turret-ship ram, 2637 tons, 224 officers and men; Hecate, 4, double-screw iron armour-plated turret-ship, 2107 tons, 156 officers and men; Conquest, 14, screw-corvette, steel and iron vessel, cased with wood, 2380 tons, 266 officers and men; Hyacinth, 8, composite screw-corvette, 1420 tons, 162 officers and men. It is supposed that these vessels are destined to form a portion of a fleet for the Baltic or Black Seas, and that the Iron Duke, which is ready, is to be the Admiral's ship. An idea of the armaments of the five vessels will be of interest in connection with their fitting out. The Iron Duke is protected by eight inches of armour, carries ten 12-ton muzzle-loading guns, four 5-in. muzzle-loading guns, ten Nordenfeldts, four Gardners, and twelve Whitehead torpedoes. The Hotspur has one turret, which is revolving, and is plated with 11 in. of armour and steel-faced. In the turret are two 25-ton guns. Two 6-in. breech-loading guns with a large angle of fire are fitted astern, and the machine guns comprise six Nordenfelts and two Gardners, while twelve Whitehead torpedoes and a torpedo-boat are on board. The Hecate has ten inches of armour on her two turrets from which 18-ton guns can be fired. She also carries four Nordenfeldts and two Gardners. The Conquest carries ten 64-pounders, two 90-cwt. muzzle-loading guns, four Nordenfeldts, two Gardners, and six Whitehead torpedoes. The Hyacinth is armed with eight 6-in. breech-loading guns. At Chatham Dockyard, the Admiralty have ordered the following vessels in the Steam Reserve at that port to be commissioned immediately:—The turret-ship Ajax, the double-screw steel-armoured turret ram-ship Conqueror; the unarmoured cruiser Leander, 10; and the unarmoured corvette Rover, 14. Besides this, the flotilla of torpedo-boats is to be got ready for immediate service; this flotilla consisting of about six first-class and about twenty second-class torpedo-boats, supported by the Hecla, torpedo-dépôt, and the Vesuvius, torpedo-vessel, the whole of which are included in the preparatory order.

We give an Illustration of the torpedo-boats laid up on the deck of H.M.S. Hecla, which is an iron "torpedo-dépôt ship," of 1640 tons burden, armed with six guns, and would be used to carry the small torpedo-boats wherever they might be wanted.

We present also, continuing the series of "New Ships for the British Navy," an Illustration of H.M.S. Collingwood, which was launched in 1882. This ship, with a "displacement" of 9150 tons, and engines of 7000-horse power, built of steel and plated with armour ten inches thick, and carrying ten guns, is the first of the regular barbette-ships built for the British service, and is representative of the "Admiral" type of first-class fighting ships now under construction in the national dockyards and by the Thames Iron Shipbuilding Company. Not only, however, is the Collingwood, a new vessel of a distinctly novel type; but the armament which she carries is composed of a new gun, having a new system of breech mechanism, actuated by a new application of hydraulics; and the gun is mounted and protected on an entirely new plan. From the great height of the parapets above the water-line, the barbette arrangement enables a powerful plunging fire to be directed against an enemy, and makes it possible for the guns to be worked under conditions of sea which would silence those of the Inflexible. The new system is advocated by its patrons also on the ground that it enables the gunner to see the enemy better and to follow his movements more satisfactorily, so as to be able to strike him at the first favourable moment. But some critics of the new system have remarked that with it the object can be followed only by means of side-sights, and is completely hidden by the gun in the supreme moment of its being laid. An experimental trial of the Collingwood's armament and mode of working her guns took place on March 5 outside the Nab Light, in presence of the Naval Lords of the Admiralty, the principal dockyard officials, and the Ordnance Committee. A couple of 43-ton guns were fitted on the barbettes erected at each end of the superstructure battery, along the middle line of the ship, their parapets being at an elevation of 19 ft. 3 in. and 20 ft. 3 in. respectively above the water. The barbettes are egg-shaped, and are formed of steel-faced armour 14 in. and 12 in. thick, with a steep inward slope to secure the glancing of the shot when struck. Communication with the magazines is obtained by means of an armoured tube, up which the cartridges and shot are brought. The guns are mounted on a turntable, similar to those used on railways, rotating on conical rollers. The diameter of the table is 24 ft., so that the guns cannot be brought within the protection of the barbette; when the breech is depressed for loading, the muzzles are dangerously elevated, and when they are run out for firing they are protruded beyond the side. The top of the barbette is protected as far as possible by 3 in. plating flush with the parapet; outside is a circular gallery which serves the double purpose of forming a pathway round the barbette, and a breakwater against the shipping of seas. The experimental firing of the guns, twenty-four rounds in all, single and double firing, was so far satisfactory as it proved that the barbettes and adjacent parts of the ship could bear the strain very well.

An Illustration of H.M.S. Colossus appeared in our Journal a fortnight ago; we now present a Sketch in one of her gun-turrets, where a couple of 42-ton guns are placed, and workmen are busied about some of the fittings.

Large orders were issued from the Admiralty on Saturday for the purchase of additional torpedo-boats, and several extensive shipping firms have been requested to hold themselves in readiness to execute important commissions, should circumstances render it necessary to call upon them.

In accordance with instructions from London, work was carried on in several of the departments at Woolwich Arsenal on Sunday, chiefly in order to expedite the completion of the armament for the mercantile cruisers. Guns and gun-carriages are being dispatched to Liverpool as soon as completed.

As the result of the recent inquiry ordered by the Horse Guards, it has been ascertained that the actual number of men belonging to all branches of the British Army in the United Kingdom that could be dispatched on foreign service is 52,672.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

With the exception of the Adelphi, where Mr. Sims's melodrama, "The Last Chance," goes even better than it did on the first night, each act and scene being rewarded with bountiful applause, defeat and disaster seem to have settled on the old theatrical district whose head-quarters are in the Strand. Mr. Thomas Thorne, who at the Vaudeville has been "Under Fire," and made a gallant defence with Dr. Westland Marston's play, has been quickly compelled to retire in the face of the enemy. In the course of this week we shall see Mr. H. J. Byron's posthumous comedy, frequently rehearsed, but never yet produced; and if "Open House" does not happen to suit the public taste, it will not be strange if Mr. Thorne falls back on "Loose Tiles," or on one of the farcical plays that suit the dramatic appetite of the hour. Farce, from being a dead letter, has suddenly started to life again, and plays of a serious interest are for the moment tabooed by general consent. Such waves of fancy frequently pass over the metropolis. Sooner or later the reaction will come, but for the moment the farce-writer is most in requisition, and people do not ask themselves what is the best play to be seen so much as where they can laugh the longest and the loudest. And yet there are *gourmets* in the matter of farce, for Mr. David James has met with the same kind of reverse as his old friend and partner Mr. Thorne. "Le Train de Plaisir" was found very amusing at the Palais Royal Theatre in Paris, but "The Excursion Train" has run off the rails and met with an accident at the renovated and reconstructed Opéra Comique, where Mr. James will soon be seen in one or other of his famous characters. At the Avenue, close by the Embankment, success could scarcely have been expected with a programme consisting of so vulgar a play as "Tact," followed by such a silly example of pointless buffoonery as "A Fashionable Beauty." The chaff is separated from the grain in dramatic matters very promptly nowadays, and the news of success or failure gets wind quickly. The large increase of theatres has certainly not encouraged the public to look more leniently upon work that is not of the first class in each department of the art.

The Grasshopper of Miss Jennie Lee at the Strand is, I confess, disappointing. I should have thought that this merry little lady, who played Jo with such exceptional ability in "Bleak House," would have been seen to very great advantage in any version of "La Cigale." There was something wanting alike in the performances of both Chaumont and Miss Farren; but Miss Lee had proved her ability in adding sentiment to the merry gambols of the street Arab. But whether it is that Antipodean audiences did not care to study the delicate tints and to contrast the light and shade that could have been given to the life of the loving and rescued circus-rider, we know not; certain it is that Miss Lee ignores the pathetic side of the girl's life and over accentuates her reckless Bohemianism. In fact, "Little Good Luck" is no longer a scheme for many-sided art, but the central figure in a quaint variety show, that has, no doubt, its admirers. Miss Jennie Lee can sing a song with delightful expression and dance a hornpipe with "twinkling heels"; and, whilst doing one or the other, it does not matter one straw to her audience whether the actress could or could not give a more vivid and truthful picture of the poor child, who finds in her simple preserver the man she can honestly love. Let me not be misunderstood. "La Cigale," in whatever form, must be a play with far more laughter than tears in it. Neither Chaumont, nor Dupuis, nor Lassouche, nor Baron, nor the atmosphere of the Varieties Theatre is attuned to sentiment nearly so strong as Dickens gives us in the character of Jo. But in these plays there is often an undercurrent of sympathy and humanity not unpleasant. The old play, "Good for Nothing," is a farce; but Nan, with all her tomboy ways, is often as pathetic as any character in serious drama. The poetical side of the Grasshopper's character has been wholly ignored. C. S.

A bequest of £10,000 has been made to the Durham Infirmary by the late Mr. J. Eden, of Beamish Park, Durham.

The seat of the Marquis of Downshire has, it is stated, been taken for the Prince of Wales for the Ascot week.

The City and Guilds Institute announce that the technological examinations will be held at the centres on May 20.

"The Adelphi and its Site," by Mr. H. B. Wheatley, published by Mr. Elliot Stock, gives a capital account of a portion of London to which considerable interest is attached.

The Princess of Wales will open a bazaar on the behalf of the funds of the North-Eastern Hospital for Children, Hackney-road, at the Cannon-street Hotel, on June 24.

Again the Board of Trade returns for the past month are very unfavourable, both imports and exports showing a large falling off under every head.

It is officially notified in the *Gazette* that the Queen has appointed Lord Carrington to be Governor and Commander-in-Chief of the Colony of New South Wales and its Dependencies.

A conference has been held in the Manchester Townhall, under the presidency of Lord Aberdare, for the discussion of the conditions upon which the elementary education of the people is conducted.

Sir Saul Samuel, K.C.M.G., Agent-General for New South Wales, has been informed by telegram of the arrival in Sydney of the steamer Aberdeen, which sailed from Plymouth with emigrants in February last.

The first party of children (about sixty) sent out this year under Miss Rye's emigration scheme left Liverpool for Canada on Thursday in the Sarmatian. It is intended to send out the next party in June; and applications may be made at once to Miss Lizzie Still, at the Emigration Home, Avenue House, High-street, Peckham.

Last week 2473 births and 1859 deaths were registered in London. The latter included 36 from smallpox, 70 from measles, 15 from diphtheria, 55 from whooping-cough, and 16 from dysentery. The deaths referred to diseases of the respiratory organs, which had been 448 and 478 in the two preceding weeks, further rose last week to 512, and exceeded the corrected average by 2.



DRAWN BY F. BARNARD.

"Clare," said Adrian, "I give you my honour as a gentleman that I care no more for Lady St. Austell than for—for old Mrs. Treweeke. Surely you must believe me."

ADRIAN VIDAL.

BY W. E. NORRIS,

AUTHOR OF "MDLLE. DE MERSAC," "MATRIMONY," "THIRLBY HALL," &C.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE CLOUDS AFTER THE RAIN.

Of all ways of ending a quarrel the best, probably, is to shake hands and say no more about it. The great majority of quarrels arise from faults on both sides; so that any re-discussion of their original cause is but too apt to bring about a renewal of the hostilities which it is intended to close. Nevertheless, there are exceptions to this general rule, and it was certainly a little unfortunate that Clare and Adrian, in their eagerness to become reconciled, should have carefully shunned all reference to the lady whose vagaries had so nearly created a lasting breach between them. A few direct questions and honest answers would have set Clare's mind at rest; but neither question nor answer passed, and so what might have been a solid peace remained little more than a truce, to which some trifle might at any moment put a term.

And in a very short time the requisite trifle was forthcoming. Entering the breakfast-room rather late one morning, Adrian saw, among the letters beside his plate, one addressed in Lady St. Austell's bold, flowing hand, and had an intuitive conviction that Clare had seen it too. Now, in the early days of their married life the young couple had thoughtlessly agreed to make their letters common property, and although the custom had lately fallen into abeyance, it had never been formally abrogated. Thus, after breakfast, Clare asked in a matter-of-course way to be shown Adrian's batch of correspondence, which it was out of the question that she should see in its entirety; for one of the letters ran as follows:—

"Kilmuir Castle, Inverness, N.B., Aug. 20.

"Dear Mr. Vidal,—I have been thinking a great deal about you during the last few days, and I have always noticed that when I take these fits of thinking about my friends, they are in need of help. Of course, you will not admit that you are bored to death at Polruth; but I feel convinced that you *are* bored; so I write to say that we have room for you here whenever you can summon up courage to defy your jailers and escape over the border. You might even bring the head-jailer with you, if you liked; only then you would have to telegraph to me, so that I might send her an invitation in due form. But I really think you had better give yourself a holiday, and come alone. We have a very cheery house-party, and I dare say you have heard that the birds are unusually wild this year. Or is it the reverse that they ought to be? I know nothing about sporting matters; but I do know that Lord St. Austell has been in a good humour for three days running, which shows that all must be well.

"I wonder whether you caught it that afternoon when Mrs. Vidal came in so unexpectedly and found you in Grosvenor-square. *I* did. First I was attacked by Lord St. Austell, who accused me of having made myself 'conspicuous' with a certain person who shall be nameless, and showed me a disgraceful paragraph in the *Anglo-Saxon*, about which I shall have a word or two to say to you when we meet. Then Mr. Heriot took up his parable, and preached me such a sermon as I never listened to in my life before. Between ourselves, I suspect him of being a little sweet on the head-jailer; for he waxed quite eloquent about her, and was in a terrible state of fuss because he thought I wanted to rob her of her captive. I don't want to rob anybody; but I do think that, considering how good your conduct is, you might occasionally be let out on a ticket-of-leave. I have several things to talk to you about; so please make up your mind to join us, and believe me, yours always, JULIA ST. AUSTELL."

Evidently, such a missive as this could not be delivered into the hands of the person pleasantly described as the head-jailer. Adrian might mutter, "Confound the woman!" and declare to himself that he had never given her any excuse for being so impertinent; but he well knew that to ask Clare to believe that statement in the presence of documentary evidence to the contrary, would be asking for a good deal more than he was likely to get. When, therefore, she made the request above mentioned, he simply handed her over a few lines from Pilkington upon matters of business, a couple of bills, a very lengthy communication from an obsequious wine merchant, and an offer on the part of a German lottery-agent to secure him, in return for one sovereign, a good chance of winning "the large sum of £30,000 sterling."

"And the other?" said Clare, quietly.

"Oh, the other was from Lady St. Austell, asking me—at least, asking us—to go and stay with them in Scotland. Of course, we shan't go."

Clare raised her eyebrows. "Why did she write to you, instead of to me, I wonder?"

"Well, she wanted to know if there was a chance of your accepting the invitation."

Then followed the inevitable question, "May I see what she says?" and the evasive answer, which was perhaps equally inevitable. In a very short space of time this hapless couple were as much at cross-purposes as if they had never been half drowned at Poddly Joke at all. Adrian felt that Fate was treating him with unmerited harshness. He was forced to acknowledge that Clare was not wholly unreasonable this time; and yet he could neither do what she wanted him to do nor give any plausible reason for refusing. "Surely," he exclaimed, after a somewhat painful interchange of words, which there is no need to record, "we are not going to be so silly as to quarrel again about this woman!"

"I don't mean to quarrel any more, Adrian," answered Clare, sadly; "quarrelling will never make things any better. But it is no fault of mine if you have to choose between me and Lady St. Austell."

"What do you mean?" he asked, anxiously.

"Oh, nothing that need alarm you," she replied, with a touch of bitterness. "I shall not speak to anyone else about the matter, and there will be no scandal. Only, if you claim liberty, I claim it too, and we must lead separate lives after this, though we may remain under the same roof. Perhaps, after all, that is what you will think the most sensible plan."

"Clare," said Adrian, "I give you my honour as a gentleman that I care no more for Lady St. Austell than for—for old Mrs. Treweeke. Surely you must believe me."

"Yes," she answered, calmly, "I believe you, since you tell me that it is so. But that is not enough. I don't understand your distinctions; I don't know where you consider that flirtation ends and love begins; and I think I have a right to say that you must belong to me altogether or not at all. If you care enough for me to accept that bargain, and if you care for Lady St. Austell as little as you say, you will show me her letter."

The demand was, no doubt, justifiable, although it might have been less peremptorily put. Adrian met it by producing Lady St. Austell's letter, which he tore into fragments and scattered to the four winds of heaven. "I am not prepared to demonstrate my innocence by unquestionable proofs at every step," he remarked. "You tell me in one breath that you believe what I say, and that I must do so-and-so before you will be convinced that I am speaking the truth."

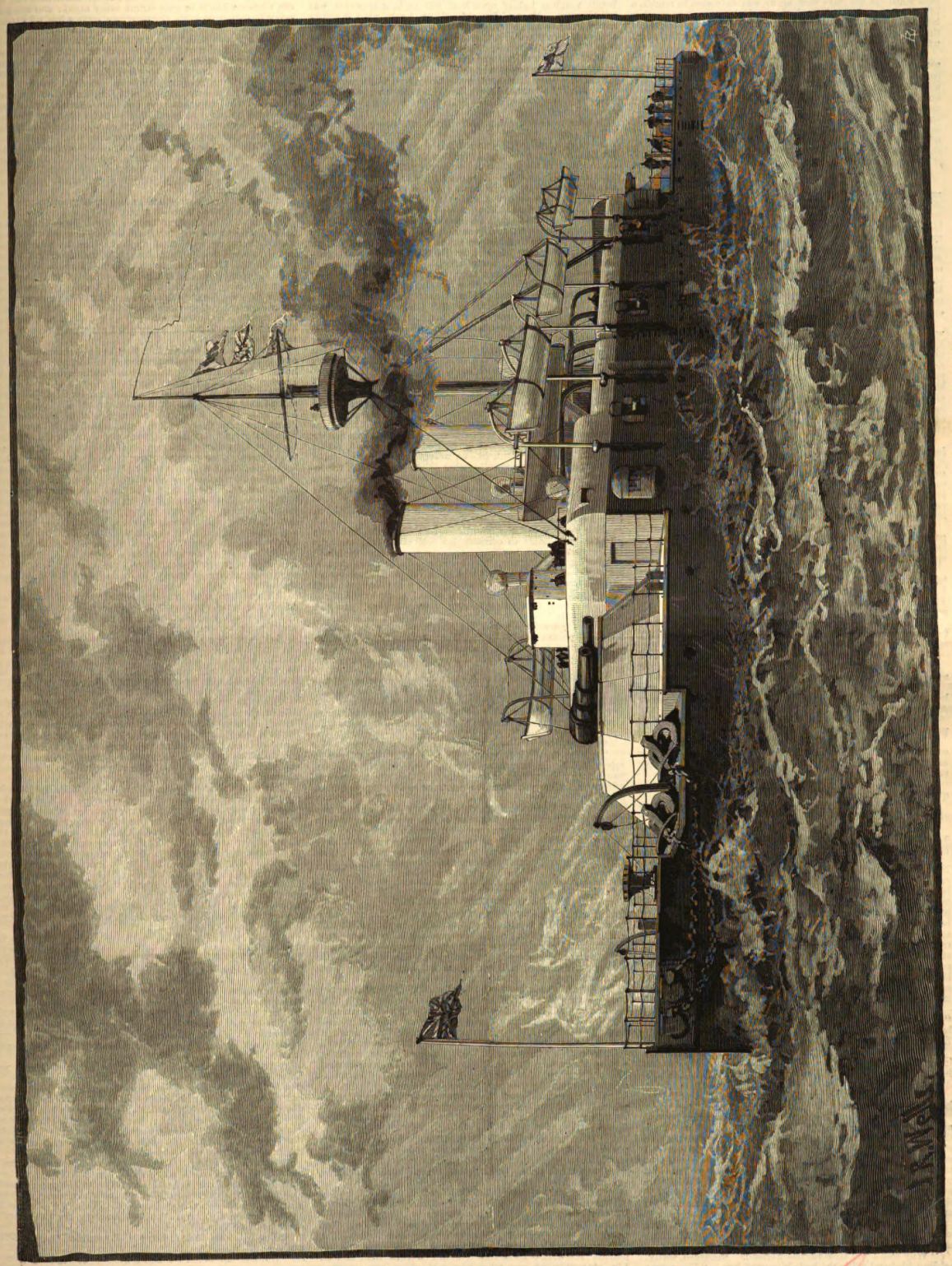
Clare flushed a little when she saw the scraps of paper fluttering away in the breeze; but she answered tranquilly enough: "That was not what I said; but it doesn't much signify. You will be able to write and receive what letters you please in future, for I shall never ask to see them again." And, so saying, she left him.

There was one letter which it was incumbent upon Adrian to write that day, and he was at first inclined to make it a very rude one. When, however, he remembered that his correspondent would infallibly detect the cause of his ill-humour, and be amused by it, he changed his mind and dispatched a short note thanking Lady St. Austell for her kind invitation, which he regretted that he was not able to accept, and merely remarking, casually, "I must have given you some false impression as to my being bored at Polruth. If I am a prisoner here, I am a very willing one." He added a few commonplaces, by way of showing that he was too indifferent to Lady St. Austell's insinuations to be offended by them, and flattered himself that he had conveyed a snub as delicately and effectually as the case permitted.

Snubbing a woman who has involved you in domestic broils is not, however, of much more practical use than killing a wasp after it has stung you, and Adrian knew that his wife would not have been contented with the delicacy of this snub, even if she had been informed of it. Her position was a perfectly intelligible one. He had only to promise that he would drop Lady St. Austell's acquaintance and all past transgressions should be blotted out. But this was what he did not choose to do. He thought that he understood the nature of women, and that concessions seldom move them towards generosity. Supposing that he made the renunciation demanded of him now, other renunciations would assuredly be demanded of him before long, and the end of it would be that his wife would become what Lady St. Austell had called her, his jailer—a very kind jailer, no doubt, still, a jailer. He judged it best, therefore, to submit to present discomfort, and trusted vaguely that in process of time Clare would "come round."

Of course, she did nothing of the kind; of course, every day that Adrian remained estranged from her and was apparently resigned to the estrangement lessened the probability of her doing so; of course, also, the said estrangement was more easily consented to than concealed. It ended by becoming apparent even to Mrs. Irvine; and she, good soul, was far from sharing Heriot's conviction of the futility of interference. She attacked both the young people in turn with inquiries as to what was the matter, would not take "Nothing" for an answer, and gave them and herself a world of bother before it dawned upon her that she had much better hold her tongue.

All this rendered residence at Cardrew far from pleasant to Adrian, who, nevertheless, did not suffer as much as Clare. He partly forgot the contrariness of things when he was at work, and justified Mr. Wilbraham's appreciation of the



NEW SHIPS OF THE BRITISH NAVY: H.M.S. COLLINGWOOD, STEEL ARMOUR-PLATED BARBETTE SHIP, 9150 TONS, TEN GUNS.

artistic temperament by putting a good deal of his sorrowful experience into picturesque language for the subsequent delectation of the public. And then, in the month of September, he obtained what he could not but regard as a happy release. Under other circumstances, he would have unhesitatingly declined an invitation to go to some friends in Warwickshire for a few days' shooting; but now he jumped at it; and he made himself so agreeable to his entertainers that when the few days were up he was entreated to remain a little longer; after which, he was asked to go on to another house, and thence to a third; so that the few days lengthened themselves out into six weeks, and it seemed hardly worth while to return to Cornwall at all.

Clare joined him in London early in November. He had some faint hope that by this time she might have "come round," but was speedily undeceived. She had looked the situation in the face, had determined upon her line of action, and had no thought of swerving from it. Since it was her destiny to be such a wife as Adrian had described in print—such a wife as, by all accounts, many women were condemned to be in these evil days, she would accept what she could not avoid without the scandal of an open separation. Henceforth, she would do as others did, and ignore her husband's flirtations, if it pleased him to indulge in any. What she would not submit to was the insult of a pretended love.

She was not insulted in that way. Habit heals most hurts, and Adrian was becoming accustomed to the changed order of his life. So long as there were no rows, domesticity was at least endurable—especially when you didn't have too much of it. Plenty of his friends of both sexes had returned to London, and were very glad to see him again. Many a pleasant afternoon and evening did he spend among them, and many a little dinner did he organise, to be followed by an adjournment to one of the theatres. Clare entertained them when he chose to invite them to his house, but seldom accompanied him when he went to theirs. She found plays tedious, she said, and he took her at her word. She had been of a different opinion once; but then that was a whole year ago.

He was walking down Bond-street one afternoon when he was stopped by a footman, who muttered something; and looking in the direction from which the man had come, he was aware of a certain smart victoria which he had not expected to see in London at that season of the year. The lady who was seated in it, wrapped in sables, the value of which would have kept a whole street-full of her husband's tenantry from cold and hunger through the winter months, held out a little gloved hand to him, saying—"Where are you going this dismal afternoon? Come home with me, and I will give you a cup of tea."

And so presently Adrian was in the carriage, and progressing rapidly towards Grosvenor-square.

Lady St. Austell confined her observations to harmless generalities on the way; but when she and her guest were seated before the fire, with the tea-table between them, she leant forward and said, gently: "Why were you so angry with me for asking you to come to us in Scotland? An invitation isn't generally considered an affront."

Adrian sighed. He was not going to let her know what good cause for anger she had given him; but after a moment he answered: "You put your invitation in a way that would have affronted a good many people."

Lady St. Austell laughed a little. "You didn't like my taking it for granted that you must be bored at Polruth. Well, I apologise. You were not bored—you couldn't be bored. And have you remained on at Polruth ever since I heard from you?"

"Not quite ever since," answered Adrian. "I went away towards the end of the time to get a little shooting, and then I stayed about with different friends for a few weeks."

"By yourself?"

"My wife was not with me. Of course, she wanted to see as much of her own family as she could."

"Very natural and creditable on her part. What sort of houses have you been staying in?—and whom did you meet? Any pretty people?"

"Pretty? Well, yes, I suppose some of them were rather pretty. I really didn't notice particularly."

"Oh, nonsense! Don't tell me that Mrs. Vidal hasn't catechised you about them. I am sure she knows exactly how many of them were pretty, and exactly how pretty the pretty ones were."

"Indeed she doesn't. She has never asked me a single question about them."

"Really! Well, I am more inquisitive. Tell me who they all were, if you please."

Adrian smiled and complied with her request, running over a string of names, which she interrupted by an impatient gesture.

"That will do: I never heard of any of them in my life. Now I am going to ask you a question which will make you cross. No; on second thoughts, I won't ask the question, because you have unintentionally answered it already. I will make an assertion instead. You and Mrs. Vidal have been having a slight difference of opinion. Will you think me very horrid if I say that I am not sorry for it? I knew that it must come some day, and I am rejoiced that you have had the courage to stand up for yourself. Since you were going to pay visits, you might have come to me; but never mind that. The great thing is that you have declared your independence. I have no doubt that Mrs. Vidal has many charming qualities, and I have always been the first to admit that she has a charming face; but"——

"If it's quite the same thing to you," broke in Adrian; "I'd rather not discuss her. Won't you tell me how you have been spending the autumn, and what brings you to London?"

"That won't take long. After we left Scotland, we were in Hertfordshire for a time, and then we went to Newmarket for the Cambridgeshire. I suppose you know that Lord St. Austell's horse won."

"Yes, I saw it in the papers," answered Adrian. "I hope he made a pot of money."

"I can't say; but I should think he did; for he was amiability itself for some days after the race. Now he has departed for Paris with some other young fellows of his own standing, and I believe he talks of going on to Monaco. I only hope he will; because then I shall not be wanted to entertain people before Christmas; and I do so hate the country at this time of year! If I can manage it, I shall stay where I am until he comes back to England. And perhaps," she added, with a smile, "you will sometimes look in upon me in my loneliness."

He said he would. Lady St. Austell had a way of talking to him which put him upon good terms with himself, and he had no longer any reason for wishing to avoid her.

"Why won't you treat me like a friend?" she asked, softly, holding his hand while she bade him good-bye. "You might do worse than tell me your troubles. I have had a great deal of experience, and, above all, I am a woman. I think I could give you some good advice, if you would let me."

The upshot of this interview was that it was succeeded by several others, in the course of which Adrian was persuaded to open his heart in some degree to this friendly sympathiser. He only half trusted her; but a confidant of any kind was a boon to him, and Lady St. Austell showed a great power of participation in his feelings. As for advice, it must be confessed that she had not much of that to offer. On the other hand, she had plenty of compassion at his service. Of the institution of marriage she spoke with pathetic eloquence. A careless observer might have thought that Lady St. Austell's bonds weighed lightly upon her; but such, it appeared, was not the case. Ah, no! She, like others, knew what it was to marry in haste and repent at leisure. That was why she was able to feel so deeply for those who had made a similar mistake. To be linked to an uncongenial fellow-captive, without hope of escape, was bad enough; but how much worse did it become when—as so often happened—you met too late the one person who could have made you happy, and whom you, perhaps, might have made happy, had the Fates been propitious! There were tears—real tears—in Lady St. Austell's eyes while she discoursed thus.

Adrian was not much to blame if he understood himself to be the person alluded to in these plaintive murmurings, because that was precisely what he was meant to understand; but he is as open to as much blame as the reader may please to adjudge to him for finding the discovery rather agreeable than otherwise. He was not in the least in love with Lady St. Austell; but a little sentimentality was what he had never yet been able to help enjoying, and this woman was past mistress of the art of flirtation. The truth—if Adrian had only known it—was that she had taken his measure. In the beginning of their acquaintance she had been a little bit afraid of him. Her knowledge of mankind had, up to that time, been derived from observation of a class to which he did not belong—a class composed of younger sons, Guardsmen, budding politicians, and the like—and she had not been sure whether the author of "Satiety" might not be rather too clear-sighted a person to be imposed upon by the cajoleries that pleased those simple folk; but having now discovered that he was quite as great a fool as the rest of them, she felt her feet upon firm ground, and brought all her accustomed arts to bear upon him. She had quite discarded the flippant manner which characterised her at ordinary times; she had soft modulations in her voice which were calculated to reach the toughest heart; and she always took care to sit with her back to the light.

It may be hoped that the result of so much painstaking endeavour proved satisfactory to Lady St. Austell; but whether it did or not, there was one humble member of her household to whom Mr. Vidal's frequent appearances in Grosvenor-square were a source of pure delight. One evening, as Adrian was descending the staircase, the baize door alluded to in a former chapter was suddenly flung open, and the figure of Susan Bowman, erect and silent, like an avenging apparition, barred his passage. He was not altogether taken by surprise, for he had often thought that some such episode would occur sooner or later; and he was able to say quite calmly and good-humouredly:

"Well, Susan, how are you? I am glad to find that you have dropped into such a good situation."

This was rather a disappointment to Susan, who had been at some little pains to contrive her *coup de théâtre*, and who had expected that her faithless lover would turn pale and stagger back in dismay. So she returned, with considerable acrimony—"Oh, you knew I was here, did you? Some people have plenty of cheek! I suppose it never came into your head that, living in this house and seeing what goes on in it, I might have something interesting to say to your wife about you and her Ladyship."

Adrian immediately put his finger and thumb into his waistcoat pocket; and if he had known how very near he was, for a moment, to having his face slapped, he would probably have thought twice before committing himself to that suggestive action.

But Susan remembered that various domestics were lurking in the hall below, and put a curb upon the promptings of nature. "I want to speak to you," she said, rapidly and in a low voice. 'Meet me to-morrow afternoon by the Round Pound in Kensington Gardens at four o'clock sharp. Do you understand?"

"Really, Susan"——

"Really, Mr. Vidal, you'll do as I tell you, or you'll repent it. No; I'm not to be bought off this time. Keep your money in your pocket, and don't be late to-morrow afternoon, unless you want to drive me to do what you'll be sorry for."

It seemed to Adrian that he had better yield. Susan was rather alarming with her vague menaces; it was wiser to keep friends with her than to quarrel with her; and at four o'clock on a winter's afternoon it is so dark that one may meet anybody in Kensington Gardens without appreciable risk. So he said, "Very well, then," and went his way pensively.

CHAPTER XXV.

DE WYNT UPON MARRIAGE.

One of the first visitors whom Clare received after her return home was Mr. De Wynt; and it was with sincere regret that she informed him that Miss Vidal would not be in London that autumn. "I asked her to come to us, and at first she seemed quite inclined to accept; but now it appears that she has changed her mind, and I am afraid we shan't see her again before the spring."

De Wynt shook his head ruefully. "I've heard from her, too," he remarked. "Of course you've seen her book, 'The Islands of the Blest.' Awfully clever; don't you think so?"

"Well, I don't know," said Clare, who was not pleased with her sister-in-law. "Travels don't interest me much, as a rule. Next year, I suppose, we shall have a companion volume, with a representation on the cover of Georgina driving a team of reindeer, and an aurora borealis in the background. Did she tell you that she proposes to spend this winter in driving through the north of Norway and Sweden?"

"Yes; she mentioned it. I knew she would be off somewhere. I told you so, if you remember."

"How ridiculous it is of her!" exclaimed Clare, impatiently.

"Oh, I shouldn't call it ridiculous. I think it's very plucky of her, you know. From a selfish point of view, I should be very glad if she would give up globe-trotting; but then it wouldn't do to tell her so. It's no business of mine, you see."

"No business of yours, Mr. De Wynt?"

The little man laughed. "Well, Mrs. Vidal, I think you know what my hopes—if I may venture to call them hopes—are. I haven't made much secret of them, anyhow. You think me faint-hearted; but you make a mistake. I'm nothing of the kind, and I would ask her to be my wife to-morrow, if I didn't know that it would be worse than useless. I've often thought over what you said about my asserting myself; but I am convinced that the time hasn't come for me to do that with any chance of success."

"It seems to me that you have just as good a chance now as you will have next year; and Georgina herself once told me that she could never respect a man who didn't make her obey him," said Clare, diplomatically suppressing a portion of the statement referred to.

"Ah, that's because she takes an altogether wrong view of marriage. According to my notion, there ought not to be any question of commanding or obeying on either side."

"The marriage service," observed Clare, "makes a woman promise to love, honour, and obey her husband."

"Yes; but she can't love him if he beats her, and she can't honour him if he gets drunk every night; and as a good many husbands do both, the marriage service has no business to make people promise what they may find it impossible to perform. As to Miss Vidal, my idea is that she ought to be allowed plenty of rope. In process of time she is sure to get tired of a wandering life; and then, don't you see, she may very likely say to herself, 'I have had about enough of this; and there's De Wynt ready and waiting. He isn't much to look at, and he isn't overburdened with brains, but he's a good-natured little beggar, and he has been constant for a fairish number of years.' At least, that's what I hope for."

"You seem to have thought it all out in a very dispassionate and unromantic way," Clare remarked.

"Well, yes; I'm afraid I am rather unromantic; but then I flatter myself that I have a good deal of what you might call 'staying power' in me, and that always tells in the long run. It's a family gift. My old uncle has it in a remarkable degree."

"Has your uncle grown old while waiting for somebody to marry him?" asked Clare.

"Oh, no; it takes another form with him—the form of living. He is nearer eighty than seventy now, but he can do a day's shooting as well as anybody, and he told me last month, when I was down at his place, that I needn't hope to succeed him for another twenty years. I think that was a little bit of swagger, though, put on to annoy me. Not that I want to hurry him; only, of course, I shall be a good deal better off when he goes aloft; and a man with a decent property does feel rather more confidence in making an offer of marriage than a Government clerk. But I mustn't bore you any more, Mrs. Vidal; it's very good of you to have listened to me so long."

Clare, however, assured him that he did not bore her at all, and that she was greatly interested in his prospects. "I haven't many things to interest me nowadays—I mean, in London," she added, with a sigh.

So Mr. De Wynt, whose admiration for Mrs. Vidal was second only to the admiration which he felt for her sister-in-law, grew to be as steady a frequenter of the house in Alexandra-gardens as he had been earlier in the year. He soon discovered that things were not going quite smoothly there, and, by dint of making use of his eyes and ears, arrived at a tolerably clear understanding of the facts; after which it became his chief object to divert Mrs. Vidal's thoughts from her grievances. He was himself a very simple, honest, and clean-living little fellow; but he had seen too much of the world to be greatly scandalised or indignant at Vidal's supposed infidelity He only thought, as Lord St. Austell had done, that the man had shocking bad taste, and so dismissed him from his mind. But that Mrs. Vidal should be made unhappy gave him greater concern, and he immediately set his brains to work to devise consolations for her. His strategy was of a very transparent kind; but she lent herself to it, accepting, not ungratefully, his well-meant efforts to cheer her up.

"There are some rather good pictures at the French Artists this year, they say," he remarked one afternoon; "I wish you would take me to see them, Mrs. Vidal. And, Vidal, you'll come too, won't you?"

Adrian answered that he would, with pleasure; but when the next morning came, he told Clare that he was afraid he could hardly manage it. "You see, I have a lot of things to do, and I can't well sacrifice a whole afternoon. But I am sure De Wynt will be delighted to look after you, and I'll join you at the gallery if I can."

Clare said "Very well." She never inquired now how Adrian spent his time; but he was accustomed to speak of himself as being very busy, and latterly he had taken to lunching at his club, so that she did not often see him between the hours of breakfast and dinner. She supposed that he was a good deal at the office of the *Anglo-Saxon*, and had hardly expected that he would be able, as he said, to "sacrifice a whole afternoon" to her.

Nor was she much surprised when he failed to keep his appointment at the picture-gallery. She and De Wynt walked conscientiously round, with their catalogues in their hands, examining the works of art, in which, perhaps, neither of them felt any absorbing interest, and after having accomplished this duty, sat down and waited until it became evident that waiting any longer would be useless. Then Clare said that she would be glad of a little exercise, and that if Mr. De Wynt wouldn't mind walking as far as Park-lane with her, she would take a hansom for the rest of the way. It was no great favour to ask; for she knew that De Wynt never wearied of company in which he could freely ventilate his dreams of future bliss; and indeed he embarked upon the familiar theme as soon as they were out in the street.

"I wish we had Miss Vidal with us," he began. "She is a first-rate judge of a picture, and she would have told us what to admire, and why to admire it. You can always depend upon her, don't you know. If she begins to talk about a subject, you may be sure she understands it, and if she doesn't know anything about it, she'll say so like a shot. I think I never met anyone so perfectly honest as she is."

Clare made the perfunctory murmur of approbation which she knew was expected of her. She had heard this eulogium pronounced a dozen or so of times already, and one can't always work oneself up to enthusiasm over the virtues of one's friends.

"And genuine honesty isn't such a common thing, you know," De Wynt went on. "Look at me, for instance. I don't think I'm more of an impostor than my neighbours; but I shouldn't like to admit that I was utterly ignorant about art; though if I know a Meissonier from a Bouguereau, it's about as much as I do. A humble individual like myself can't afford such luxuries as absolute candour. In fact, I don't see how one could get on in society at all without being rather a humbug in some ways."

"That is just what I think," agreed Clare, with more animation; "and that is why I don't like society."

"Yes; but if one does like society—as I confess that I do—and if one wants to be liked by society in return, it isn't possible to be quite so outspoken as Miss Vidal. I admire her honesty immensely; but naturally it must get her into trouble every now and then."

"You will have to cure her of it," remarked Clare, with a smile.

"Oh, no," answered De Wynt, quite seriously; "I should never attempt that. If I ever have the good luck to be her husband, I know very well that she will cause me some moments of intense anguish by telling my friends plainly what she thinks of them, and so on; but that is not the sort of thing that I should ask her to give up. One mustn't try to alter people's natures. My notion of marriage, as I was

saying to you the other day, is that there ought to be a good deal of give and take about it. It isn't fair that one of two people should be always dictating to the other; and I am persuaded that the real reason why so many couples who should be the best of friends don't get on is that they won't agree to differ upon certain points."

"You allow that each side has a right to make conditions, though."

"Certainly; only they should be as few as possible, and they should be made beforehand. And, do you know, Mrs. Vidal, I think that, even if the conditions were not always observed very strictly, it would be just as well to take no notice. If people really care for each other, they can afford to overlook occasional breaches of contract, don't you think so? Anyhow, it 's better to do that than to be at loggerheads. Now I know a man—as good a fellow as ever stepped, and his wife is charming in every way; only, unfortunately, they don't quite hit it off, so that they are anything but happy together. And I believe it is all because he did something that offended her long ago. Perhaps he was rather too attentive to another woman, or it may have gone beyond a little attention—I don't know. At all events, he would be only too thankful to make friends again: and so, I fancy, would she. But she chooses to stand upon her dignity; and so—there it is."

Clare had no difficulty in guessing to whom these observations were intended to apply; but she was not offended: indeed it was hardly possible to be offended with so ingenuous a moralist. "I have no doubt," said she, "that nine men out of ten would agree with you as to what the injured person's conduct ought to be in that particular case; but supposing that it had been the lady who had received a little attention—or something that had gone beyond a little attention—from another man?"

"Ah, that 's complicating the question unnecessarily. All I meant to say was that it is wisest to shut your eyes to the defects of those whom you love and who love you, and when you can't do that any longer—well, to forgive them."

"And how many times is one to forgive?"

"Seventy times seven, Mrs. Vidal," answered the little man, stoutly. But the moderation of his nature compelled him to add, under his breath, "Though I must say that 's rather a large order. Twelves in four hundred and ninety—h'm! once a month for upwards of forty years. No; I should hope one wouldn't be required to forgive upon such a very extensive scale as that."

But Clare did not notice this muttered recantation. Her companion's reply had taken her somewhat aback, and had caused her to ask herself whether, after all, she was justified in insisting upon what she still considered to be her right. And did it matter very much whether she was justified or not? Secretly, she had hoped all along that Adrian would give in, just as he had hoped that she would do so; and it had not been without dismay that she had observed how perfectly well able he was to enjoy life without giving in. Almost she felt inclined to withdraw what she had said at Cardrew, to be reconciled with her husband, and to throw herself upon his generosity, which surely would not fail her.

Thus, revolving many thoughts in her mind, she walked on: while De Wynt, who had resumed his discourse, held forth to inattentive ears.

(To be continued.)

THE CHURCH.

The Archbishop of Canterbury has appointed June 30 and July 1 for the annual Diocesan Conference at Lambeth Palace.

The Bishop of Peterborough is recovering from his recent illness. His Lordship has been able to leave his bed.

The Rev. H. Frank Johnson, Rector of Chelmsford, has accepted the appointment of Archdeacon of Essex, rendered vacant by the death of the late Ven. J. G. Le M. Carey.

A Reuter's telegram from Capetown says that the Bishops designated by the Church Council of Natal to elect and consecrate a Bishop to succeed the late Dr. Colenso have refused to comply with the request.

The ancient Church of St. Michael, at Farnley, Yorkshire, is being rebuilt, at a cost of about £4000, towards which Mr. Pawson, of Farnley, and the Farnley Ironworks Company have each contributed £1000.

Earl Brownlow will preside at a meeting of the clergy and laity of the counties of Lincoln and Nottingham, to be held next Monday in the Consistory Court of Lincoln Minster, to consider the subject of raising a fitting memorial to the late Bishop Wordsworth.

On Monday the Old Chain Bible, carefully renovated, which had been placed in Canterbury Cathedral in the days of Henry VIII., was replaced by the Bishop of Dover on what is known as Cranmer's Desk, its original position. The Dean of Canterbury and Archdeacon Harrison also spoke.

On the occasion of their annual visitations, the Bishop of Ely and the Archdeacon of Gloucester both called attention to the serious reduction in the incomes of the clergy, in consequence of the depreciation of landed property, and suggested various remedies. The latter urges the extension of the power of the clergy to lease their glebes to ninety-nine years, so as to promote peasant farming.

At a county meeting at Truro on Tuesday, it was announced that the ladies of Cornwall had raised £14,000 for the internal fittings of the new cathedral. The Bishop, who presided, said that at a time when some were beginning to show a cowardly, craven spirit as to the future of the Church, this effort of the women of Cornwall was one for devout thankfulness.

A memorial window to the late Sir Charles Wyville Thomson, of the Challenger Expedition, has been unveiled in St. Michael's Church, Linlithgow.—The south transept of St. Mary's, Boltons, Kensington, has received two very fine two-light Munich stained-glass windows. The subjects represented are, "Ruth gleaning in the fields of Boaz," and "Christ blessing little Children," respectively. There windows, as well as the other two already in the church, are the works of Messrs. Mayer and Co.

On Sunday morning the Archdeacon of Middlesex inducted the Rev. W. R. Trench, Canon of Liverpool, and nephew of the ex-Archbishop of Dublin, to the valuable living of All Saints', Kensington Park.—The Bishop of Southwell has presented the living of the parish church of St. Michael and All Angels, Derby, to the Rev. Harry Roger Rolfe, lately assistant priest of Staveley, Derbyshire.—The Very Rev. H. B. Bromby, of Jesus College, Cambridge, who was Dean of Hobart Town, Tasmania, from 1876 to 1884, has been nominated to the important living of St. John's, Bethnal-green, void by the resignation of the Rev. Hugh Hulcatt. The Vicar-designate is son of the Right Rev. Dr. Bromby, Bishop of Tasmania from 1864 to 1882.

Lord Shaftesbury suggests that £5000 should be raised to provide new premises for the Young Men's Christian Association at Bournemouth, as a memorial of the late Earl Cairns.

BIRTHS.

On the 11th inst., Lady Margaret Ormsby Gore, of a son.

On the 2nd inst., at 54, Pembroke-road, Dublin, the wife of W. Lloyd, Esq., J.P., of Rockville, county Roscommon, Captain 5th Battalion Connaught Rangers, of a son and heir.

MARRIAGES.

On the 9th inst., at St. Mark's, Lewisham, by the Rev. R. Rhodes Bristow, Vicar of St. Stephen's, Lewisham, assisted by the Rev. S. Cattley Baker, Vicar of Usk, Mon., uncle of the bride, George Alexander, youngest son of Major Thompson, late Royal Artillery, of St. John's, Kent, to Anna Maria Frances, only child of Mr. Brackstone Baker, of Belmont Park, Lee, Kent.

On the 10th inst., at St. Andrew's Church, Ham, Francis, second son of Spencer Charrington, Esq., of Hunsdon House, Herts, to Alice Maud, eldest daughter of the late Walter Leith, Esq., and Mrs. Walter Leith, of the Manor House, Ham, Surrey.

On the 14th inst, at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, Archibald Henry Hamilton, Barrister-at-law, J.P. for county Meath, to Mary A. (née Parry), widow of James Archbold Pears-Archbold, Esq., of Shotley Lodge, county Durham, and Cleckemin, Northumberland.

DEATHS.

On the 10th ult., Rebecca Thielcke (née Piercy), formerly of Oxfordshire, England, a resident of Chicago, U.S., for thirty years, in her 84th year, widow of Henry Daniel Thielcke. Edinburgh and Portobello papers please copy.

On the 12th inst., at Greenhill, Weymouth, William Johnson Smith, M.D., aged 72.

On the 9th inst., at her residence, 26, Queen's-gate-terrace, S.W., Emily Theophila, Viscountess Ashbrook, widow of the fourth Viscount Ashbrook, and daughter of Sir Thomas Theophilus Metcalfe, first Baronet, in her 95th year.

On the 11th inst., at St. Mary's Isle, the Earl of Selkirk, in his 76th year.

On the 10th inst., at Drayton House, Thrapstone, unexpectedly, Lady Edith Wyndham Quin, third daughter of the late Earl of Dunraven.

On the 11th inst., at 34, Prince's-gate, Dowager Lady Cremorne.

*** *The charge for the insertion of Births, Marriages, and Deaths, is Five Shillings for each announcement.*

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	FAUST.	Prison scene.
5th ,,	HERODIADE.	selection.
6th ,,	FAVORITE.	selection.
	AIDA.	Third Act.
7th ,,	LAKME.	selection.
8th ,,	LE BARBIER.	selection.
9th ,,	HAMLET.	Third and Fourth Act.
10th ,,	LA TRAVIATA.	Fourth Act.
11th ,,	FAUST.	Garden Scene.
12th ,,	LE SIGURD.	Brunhilde's Dream.
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TICKETS and every information at the Brighton Company's West-End General Offices, 26, Regent-circus, Piccadilly, and 8, Grand Hotel Buildings; Hay's Agency, Cornhill; Cook's, Ludgate-circus; also at the Victoria and London Bridge Stations.
(By order) J. P. KNIGHT, General Manager.

THE SILENT MEMBER.

Seldom in our history has a declaration of war appeared more imminent than it was on the Ninth of April, when the House of Commons, reassembling after the Easter recess, found itself face to face with an event most grave and threatening. The House is at its best at national crises, such as that which was unquestionably brought about by the news of General Komaroff's sudden attack upon the Afghan position near Penjdeh. Extremely disquieting though the tidings were—witness the public excitement in the streets, and the marked depreciation of Russian and other stocks at Capel-court—the House took things quietly. No Minister, no member, lost his head. Under this reserve, however, foreigners should know there was not an iota of flinching; but, on the contrary, an amount of calm determination and firm courage which would, perhaps, have been surprising to those unacquainted with the English character.

This fine temper animated each weighty Ministerial statement of the Premier. Clearly, in reply to Sir Stafford Northcote, did Mr. Gladstone place all the official information before the House. The Prime Minister, who wore a flower in his button-hole, as is usual with him on important occasions, placed himself at the outset in accord with the prevailing sentiment by referring to the conflict as a "very grave occurrence," in respect to which the Government would "carefully keep in mind both what is due to our engagements to the Ameer of Afghanistan and to ourselves as representing the British Crown." He then read the Russian version of the untoward episode, acknowledging that the Russians had attacked the Afghans, and defeated them "after a gallant fight," but excusing the assault on the ground of provocation by "acts of hostility on the part of the Afghans," the Russians adding that they afterwards retired to their "previous positions," that was to "the left bank of the Khushk," and stating that English officers directed the Afghans without taking any part in the actual engagement on the 30th of March. Then followed the Premier's recital of the pith of Sir Peter Lumsden's telegrams, which asserted that Captain Yate on the 29th of March met the Chief of the Russian Staff, and was assured by him that no notice of the "as-you-were" arrangement of March 17 had been received at the Russian Camp; and which later stated that on the 30th the Russians "had attacked and defeated the Afghans, and had occupied Penjdeh," the British officers being "neutral in the engagement." In the face of these facts, it was not unnatural that the Opposition should receive with derisive laughter the message read by Mr. Gladstone from our Ambassador at St. Petersburg:—

The Minister for Foreign Affairs expresses his earnest hope, and that of the Emperor, that this unhappy incident may not prevent the continuation of the negotiations—(laughter)—and he also reports a statement of M. De Giers that the Russians retired to their previous positions and did not occupy Penjdeh.

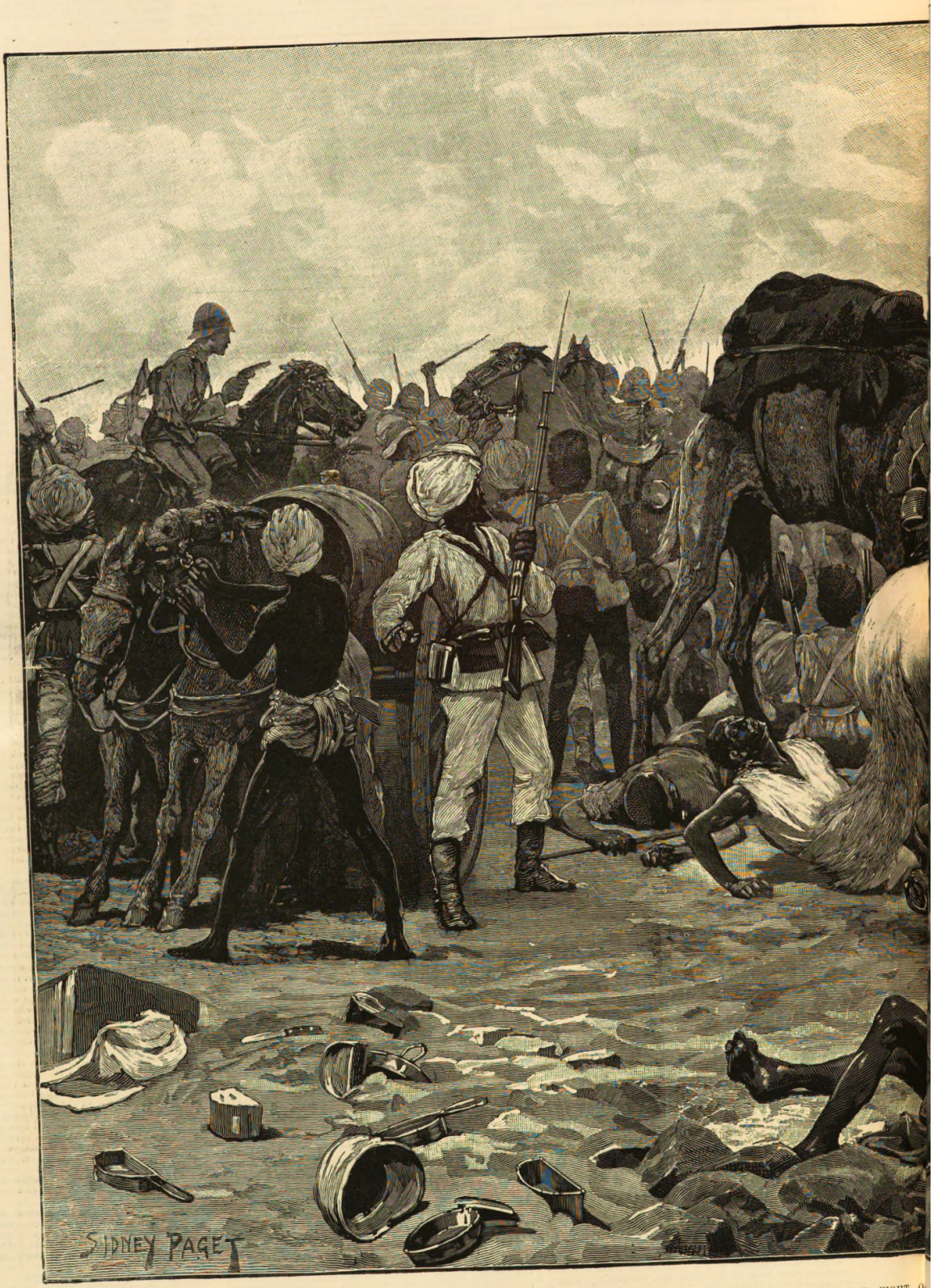
Although the subsequent message from Sir Peter Lumsden, communicated to the House by Mr. Gladstone after midnight, showing that the Afghans had prior to the combat taken up positions at Ak Tepe and near Pul-i-Khisti, may have allayed public excitement somewhat—the shiftiness of the Russians in this "painful matter" quite warrants the English Government to continue their energetic preparations for war. It is in the power of Russia to end the dispute which fills Europe with foreboding by forthwith sending their laggard Commissioner to negotiate and amicably settle the frontier question with Major-General Sir Peter Lumsden, who has been kept waiting for so suspiciously long a period upon the debatable ground. Until faith is kept in this straightforward way, England will go on arming, so as to be ready for any emergency.

Every other question—the Redistribution of Seats Bill and each measure before Parliament—pales almost into insignificance before this Russian difficulty. True, when the House of Lords met for the first time since the Easter Holidays on Monday, Earl Granville paid a tribute of respect to the memory of the late Earl Cairns, and read a letter written by the Lord Chancellor from a house of mourning in praise of the high character and commanding ability of his great contemporary; while the Marquis of Salisbury feelingly lamented the loss of his friend and colleague, and was followed by Lord Coleridge, who delivered a honeyed panegyric on the virtues of the ex-Lord Chancellor, whose death has occasioned a sad void in the Upper Chamber. But very soon the Afghan embroilment became uppermost. The noble Marquis the Leader of the Opposition questioned Lord Granville as to the truth of the reports that the Russians were advancing along the Murghab, and were actually at Herat. The Secretary for Foreign Affairs had "no reason whatever to believe in the truth of the rumours," and had only to announce the receipt from the Russian Ambassador of General Komaroff's statement "as to the causes of the lamentable conflict." On Tuesday, Earl Granville prevailed upon Lord Salisbury to agree without comment to the Message of the Queen calling out the Militia and the Reserves, and significantly added, "It will be satisfactory to your Lordships to know that the measures taken under this proclamation will entirely meet all the requirements which have been made by the Indian Government."

Loud cheers betokened the pleasure with which the House of Commons on Monday heard Mr. Gladstone's statement, in connection with the "deplorable incident . . . of the gravest misfortune," that the communications of Lord Dufferin with the Ameer at Rawul Pindi had been "*both full and entirely satisfactory.*" As to General Komaroff's official account of the origin of the encounter, that had been referred to Sir Peter Lumsden, whose narrative had differed considerably from that of the Russian Commander. The Address in reply to her Majesty's Message calling out the Reserves was, on the motion of the Marquis of Hartington, sanctioned; but not before a debate had taken place on this amendment of Mr. Labouchere:—"And at the same time expressing a hope that the available forces of her Majesty would be speedily strengthened by the prompt withdrawal of our troops from the Soudan." This was negatived by a majority of 109—148 against 39 votes. Lord Randolph Churchill, who made his first speech since his return from India, voted with Mr. Labouchere in the minority. The noble Lord, who looks all the better for his trip, upon his reappearance on Thursday week was warmly greeted by Sir Stafford Northcote and the prominent members of the Opposition, and also received the friendly congratulations of Mr. Gladstone.

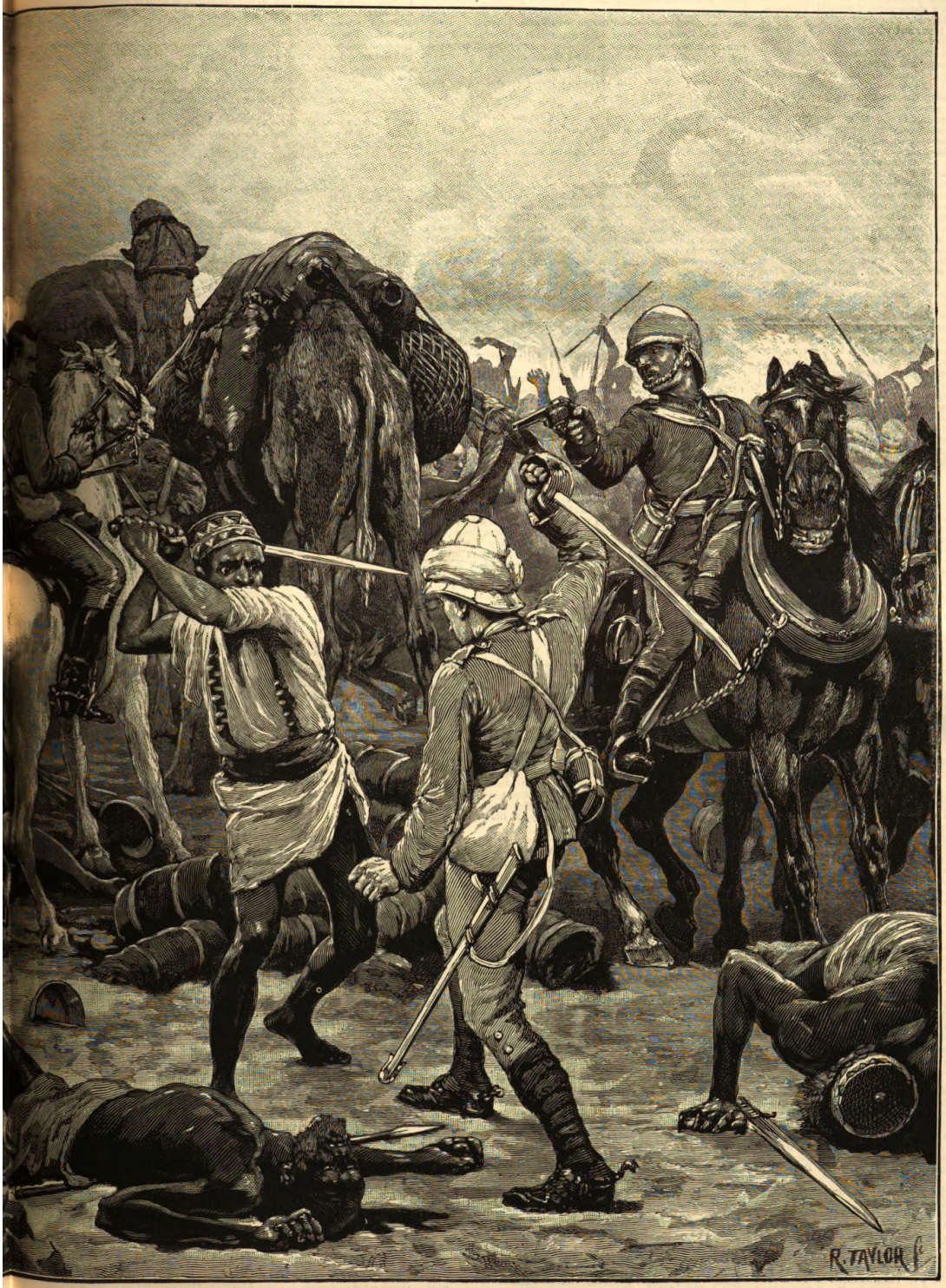
As the week wore on, the prospect became less warlike. But it is the intention of the Government to move for a Vote of Credit on account of the necessary preparations for war next week; the Budget being fixed for the Thursday. This year, at least, the Chancellor of the Exchequer's lot will not be a "happy one, happy one."

At the reception of the Prince and Princess of Wales and Prince Albert Victor Edward at Kingstown, Dublin Bay, on Wednesday week, the pier was roofed overhead, by order of the Board of Works, with the well-known "Willesden paper"; and the same material was used for the shelter provided at the laying of the first stone of the Art Museum in Dublin.



THE WAR IN THE SOUDAN: THE FIGHT O

FROM A SKETCH BY MR. WALTER PAGET, OUR



OF SUNDAY, MARCH 22, AT McNEILL'S ZEREBA.
SPECIAL ARTIST WITH GENERAL GRAHAM'S FORCE.

PARISIAN SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

(From our own Correspondent.)

Paris, Tuesday, April 14.

Parliament, after having been introduced to the new Ministry, and after having voted one hundred and fifty millions for the Tonquin expedition, has adjourned until May 4. The post of President of the Chamber having become vacant by M. Brisson's acceptance of the Premiership, M. Floquet was elected in his place after a sharp contest with M. Fallières, the Opportunist candidate. M. Floquet is famous for his broad-brimmed hats, his luxuriant and turbulent locks, and for having cried "Vive la Pologne!" when the Czar visited the Palais de Justice at Paris in 1867. M. Floquet is also famous for his firm Republican sentiments and for having never consented to defend an unjust cause. During the Empire M. Floquet pleaded brilliantly in all the political *causes célèbres*; on Sept. 4, 1870, he proclaimed the Republic at the Hôtel de Ville; in 1871 he was elected member of the National Assembly; in 1872 he became President of the Municipal Council of Paris; in 1876 he was elected Deputy for Paris, and since then he has sat on the extreme left of the Chamber, and affirmed his ardent Republicanism on every possible occasion. It is interesting to notice at the present moment the efforts made by the Opportunists to keep the control of affairs in their hands, and the efforts made by M. Ferry to rehabilitate himself with a view to returning to power. The Opportunists certainly regret their hastiness in overthrowing M. Ferry, just on the eve of the general elections. M. Brisson announces that these elections will take place freely and loyally, but it is doubtful whether that promise will be fulfilled: the Opportunists still compose the majority in the Chamber, and if M. Brisson attempts to resist their wishes, there is no reason why they should not overthrow him before the elections take place. Where there are so many parties as there are at present in France, and where those parties are not agreed as to the form of government, it is difficult, if not impossible, for the Parliamentary system to work smoothly and give satisfactory results.

Thanks to the armistice in China and to the Parliamentary vacations, the political world is quiet. There is, however, once more talk of the expulsion of the Orleans and Bonapartist Princes. M. Brisson is understood to be a partisan of special laws against these poor Princes, which laws are to be voted before the next general elections. It appears, too, that the Ferry Ministry is to be avenged of the disgrace of its fall by the disgrace of the officers who commanded under its direction in Tonquin. General Brière de l'Isle is to be relieved of his command in chief, and placed under a new Commander-in-Chief, General De Courcy, while General Négrier is to be recalled to France. Meanwhile, M. Ferry has gone to travel in Spain, and to forget all the complications in which he played so curious a rôle.

The new Hôtel de Ville was inaugurated last Saturday, when a grand ball was given for the benefit of the poor of Paris and the wounded soldiers in Tonquin. The municipal palace was, it is true, officially inaugurated in 1882, but it was not nearly finished, although it had already cost twenty-six millions of francs. Even now it is not finished, and most of the interior decoration for the fête of Saturday was provisional. However, by the aid of tapestries, a profusion of plants and flowers, and floods of light, the effect was made very brilliant, and the thousands of people who witnessed the fête, both from the inside and from the outside, seemed well satisfied. On Saturday some fourteen thousand persons went to the ball; on Sunday and Monday more than sixty-nine thousand persons paid 50 centimes each to visit the Hôtel de Ville after the fête. The credit of the organisation of this colossal ball in all its thousand details is due to M. Alphand, the General Director of the Public Works of Paris, a man who remains in office, in spite of all political changes, and who is really, perhaps, the only man in France who cannot be replaced.

The sale of the contents of the late Gustave Doré's studio began last week, in much better conditions than were generally anticipated. The first two days' sales produced a total of 122,871f. The immense oil-painting, "The Death of Orpheus," was bought for 2400f., and I hear that it is the intention of the purchaser to cut up the canvas and retail it in pieces after having the stamp of the sale affixed to each fragment. The highest price paid was 6200f. for an oil-picture called "The Eagle"; Scotch oil-landscape, 3700f.; Swiss oil-landscape, 3200f.; four drawings for the "Ancient Mariner," 1600f.; eleven drawings for "Macbeth," 2685f.; thirty pieces of sculpture brought in all the small sum of 11,230f. There were many English and American buyers present, and it was remarked that the French Government was not represented, and nothing was bought on its behalf.

A new feature of the Paris Salon this year will be a tombola, the prizes of which will be pictures in the exhibition. 150,000 tickets will be issued, and there will be 137 prizes, varying in value from 500f. to 5000f.

M. Emile Ollivier, the ex-Minister of the Empire, will be a candidate at the forthcoming elections. M. Ollivier will deliver shortly a series of lectures, in which he will prove that all the Monarchical parties are dead, and that the Republic is henceforward imperishable in France. He will offer himself for election as a Socialist Republican. T. C.

The fiftieth birthday of the King of the Belgians was celebrated on the 9th inst. in Brussels with great ceremony. Telegrams were received by the King from every part of Europe. The ceremonies began at ten a.m. by a Te Deum in the cathedral, celebrated by the Primate. Thanksgiving services took place at the same hour in the Protestant and Jewish places of worship. The chief feature of the festivities was a review of the Civic Guards of Brussels and the suburbs, and part of the army. Twenty-five thousand men were present, Civic Guards and military in equal numbers. King Leopold, the Crown Prince of Austria, and Prince Philip and the Count of Flanders and a brilliant Staff were present. The display was spoiled by the incessant rain. The festivities closed on the 10th with a garden party in the splendid conservatories of the palace at Laeken. Three thousand persons were invited. The Crown Prince and Princess of Austria and the Prince and Princess of Saxe-Coburg left Brussels in the evening.

On the 8th inst. the Emperor of Germany entertained at dinner the Turkish Ambassador Extraordinary, Veli Riza Pasha, together with Said Pasha and the Staff of the Turkish Embassy here. Prince Bismarck has returned with his family from Schönhausen, and after a short stay in Berlin proceeds to Friedrichsruhe for the summer. The Chancellor has repeatedly expressed great satisfaction at the national present of Schönhausen. Now that Prince Bismarck possesses this property, he has become one of the wealthiest landowners in Prussia, his income derived from his properties being valued at 360,000 marks.

The King of Denmark on the 8th inst. completed his sixty-seventh year. In the forenoon he held a Levée in his palace, where many deputations waited upon him with their congratulations. For the first time during King Christian's reign, the Speaker did not congratulate him in the name of the Folkething. In the afternoon the Crown Prince gave a dinner at his palace.

The King and Queen of Sweden were received at Constantinople on the 9th inst. by the Sultan, with great pomp and cordiality, and were present next day at the religious ceremony of the Selamlik. At the conclusion of the ceremony, a large body of troops defiled before the King and the Sultan. Prince Charles of Sweden, who has been suffering from typhus fever, is now convalescent, and King Oscar left on Tuesday for Stockholm, staying en route at Bucharest and Vienna. The Queen remains at Constantinople with Prince Charles.

The Greek Court goes to-day (Saturday) to Corfu, and will remain there for six weeks.—The new line of railway between Athens and Corinth was opened on Wednesday.

The Easter week festivities and amusements at St. Petersburg closed on the 12th inst., and the Imperial family has returned to Gatschina.

Mr. Richard Grant White, a well-known American journalist and author, died at New York on the 8th inst.

Sir Charles Tupper, the High Commissioner for Canada, has received a telegram from the Hon. John Norquay, the Premier of the Local Government of Manitoba, stating that the Legislature has passed a resolution to the effect that the House desires to place on record the fact that there is not the slightest disturbance in any part of Manitoba; that the trouble is confined to remote districts of the North-West Territory, more than one hundred miles to the north-west of the settled portions of Manitoba, and that any persons contemplating going to that province this spring can do so in the most perfect security.—The Governor-General has sent a message to the Dominion Parliament asking for a vote of £150,000 to defray the cost of repressing the rebellion in the North-West.

Information received in New York from La Libertad states that the bases of peace were accepted on Tuesday by San Salvador and Guatemala. Hostilities in Central America have now ceased.

The Agent-General for Queensland has been informed that the Hon. Berkeley Basil Moreton, a brother of the Earl of Ducie, has accepted the portfolio of Postmaster-General in Queensland.

The Ameer of Afghanistan has taken leave of the Viceroy of India to return to Cabul, apparently well satisfied with the negotiations at Rawul Pindi. His cousin and mortal enemy, Ayoub Khan, formerly ruling at Herat, has been put under arrest at Teheran by the Shah of Persia.

FASHIONABLE MARRIAGES.

The marriage of the Rev. Archibald Campbell with the Hon. Helen Brodrick, second daughter of Viscount Midleton, was solemnised on Tuesday at St. Nicholas' Church, Peperharrow, Surrey. Owing to recent family losses, none but the nearest relatives were present. The bride wore a dress of duchesse satin, the skirt trimmed with flounces of Brussels lace, caught up with satin ribbon, and bunch of orange-blossoms, deep ruche round the bottom of the skirt, the train and body of duchesse satin, with front laced over Brussels lace—and with knot of orange-blossoms—veil fastened with diamond star, gift of bridegroom; diamond and pearl spray, gift of Duke of Buckingham; and diamond sprays, gifts of Countess of Wemyss and Mr. and Mrs. Pinckard, with natural orange-blossom. Round her neck she wore pearl and diamond pendant, gift of her father and mother. The bridesmaids—the Hons. Edith, Albinia, and Marian Brodrick, Miss Mary Macneal, the Hon. Caroline Bruce, and Miss Gaussen—wore dresses of nun's cloth trimmed with biscuit-coloured lace, caught up into festoons at the side by knots of cream-coloured satin ribbon. The best man was the Rev. H. R. Johnson. The bride and bridegroom left in the afternoon for Cowdray Park, the seat of the Earl of Egmont, the bride's going-away dress being of grey cashmere trimmed with plush, and bonnet with steel-beaded front and aigrette to match.

The marriage of Miss Godfrey, daughter of General and Mrs. Lowther Balfour, and the Hon. Rollo Russell, son of the late Earl Russell, will take place at St. Augustine's Church, Queen's-gate, next Tuesday morning, the 21st inst.

The *Morning Post* states that a marriage has been arranged, and will shortly take place, between Henri, third son of the late Vicomte De Satgé de St. Jean Château de Castelnau, Pyrenées Orientales, France, and Emily Frances, second daughter of the Hon. Mrs. Henry Ashley, of Stratton Manor, Dorchester.

Professor Tyndall began a course of five lectures at the Royal Institution last Tuesday on "Natural Forces and Energies."

The tenant farmers on the Devonshire estates of the Duke of Bedford have been informed of his Grace's intention to remit at the forthcoming audit 50 per cent of their half-year's rent, due to Lady Day last.

The Prince of Wales, the Duke of Edinburgh, Count Münster, and the Consul-General of the German Empire, have allowed their names to appear as patrons of an instrumental and vocal concert, which will be held on May 6 in Prince's Hall, Piccadilly, in aid of the funds of the German Teachers' Association.

Professor Arminius Vambéry, the celebrated Central Asian traveller, and learned Professor at the Buda-Pesth University, will visit England at the end of the present month for the purpose of giving some lectures on the Central Asian question. One of these will be given before the Indian section of the Society of Arts.

A public hall, a present to the town of Hatfield from the Marquis of Salisbury, was opened by Lord Robert Cecil on the 10th. The hall is a handsome large building in the Queen Anne style, of red brick, with moulded terra-cotta ornaments. A portion has been fitted up and let as a restaurant, while another part has been converted into a Conservative club. In the remaining portion are two reading-rooms and a billiard-room, which are to be public, while a hall above is for entertainments.

The organ of St. Pancras' Church was built in 1856. Considerable interest attaches to it from the fact of its being the late Mr. Henry Smart's organ at the time of his death, and that on which his unrivalled powers of extemporisation were last displayed. Hitherto it has been in a very imperfect and unfinished state, but within the last year, through the exertions of the Vicar (the Rev. Canon Spence) and his parishioners, it has been entirely reconstructed and completed, so as to render it an organ of the largest size and power, with every modern improvement and appliance. The work has been done by Messrs. Gray and Davison, the original builders, the total cost being about £2200. There was a dedication service on Wednesday, and there will be another next Sunday (to-morrow).—A magnificent organ, one of the largest parish church organs in the country, was opened in Beverley Minster on Tuesday, when a sermon was preached by the Archbishop of York. The instrument, which was built in 1767, has been reconstructed at a cost of £2500. It contains sixty-six stops and 3534 pipes.

THE COURT.

The Queen is deriving much enjoyment from her stay at Aix-les-Bains. Her Majesty takes one or two drives daily, Princess Beatrice nearly always accompanying her; and she went on the 8th inst. to the Castle of Bourdeau, a hunting-box of the old Counts of Savoy, built in the eleventh century, and commanding a beautiful view of the Lake of Bourget, from the terrace 900 feet above the water's edge. The Queen has telegraphed to New York the expression of her sympathy with Mrs. Grant, and inquired as to the condition of her husband. Princess Beatrice, attended by Major Edwards, visited Geneva on the 9th. The Queen took a drive to Moulin de Prime, and to the beautiful cascade of Gresy, where, seventy-two years ago, the Baroness De Broc, sister of Madame Ney, perished, in her twenty-fifth year, before the eyes of Queen Hortense. On the 10th the Queen and Princess Beatrice, in the morning, drove to Mouay. In the afternoon her Majesty, attended by Lady Churchill, drove to the Château de la Serraz, the excursion occupying three hours. Last Saturday morning the Queen and Princess Beatrice drove to Marlioz Park, where the Queen drove in her pony carriage, while the Princess walked. In the afternoon the Queen and Princess Beatrice, attended by the Dowager Marchioness of Ely, Lady Churchill, Lord Carlingford, and Sir Henry Ponsonby, drove to Grandport, whence they crossed the lake to Abbaye Hautecombe, in a steamer, returning in the evening. Princess Beatrice accepted a bouquet from Madame Berthier, the widow of her former doctor. The Queen and Princess Beatrice, and several members of the Royal household, attended Divine service on Sunday morning at the English church, the Rev. D. L. M'Anally, secretary of the Colonial and Continental Church Society, officiating. Her Majesty and the Princess, attended by Lady Churchill, drove out in the afternoon. On Monday morning the Queen, attended by Lady Churchill, went for a drive; while Princess Beatrice, accompanied by Mademoiselle De Norèle, walked. In the afternoon her Majesty and the Princess, attended by the Marchioness of Ely, drove out. This being the eve of Princess Beatrice's birthday, there was a display of fireworks and illuminations at Tresserve. The Queen and Princess Beatrice went for a short drive on Tuesday morning. In the afternoon her Majesty and the Princess, attended by Lady Churchill, drove out for three hours and a half. This being Princess Beatrice's birthday, the streets were decorated with bunting, and the church bells were rung. The band of the 4th Dragoons, who are stationed at Chambéry, played in the gardens of the Villa Mottet. The Princess and Lady Churchill accepted bouquets presented by the officers of the guard and by deputations from the English and Australian visitors who are staying at the Hôtel Blanc. In the evening the municipal authorities gave a garden fête. The grounds of the Casino were illuminated, and a display of fireworks and a concert took place. Her Majesty and the Princess witnessed the pyrotechnic exhibition from the balcony of the villa. The weather in the morning was very fine. At Windsor, also, the twenty-eighth anniversary of the birth of her Royal Highness was observed with the honours usually paid to members of the Royal family on such an occasion. The bells of St. George's Chapel, Windsor Castle, and St. John's Church rang out merrily, and Royal salutes were fired in the Long Walk facing the castle. Her Majesty the Queen, with Princess Beatrice, attended by the Royal suite, after visiting Darmstadt, will leave for England on May 1, and, according to present arrangements, will arrive at Windsor Castle on the 2nd.

The first chapter of the Royal visit to Ireland—the week's sojourn at Dublin of the Prince and Princess of Wales, accompanied by Prince Albert Victor—closed most pleasantly, as shown by the narrative given at page 412 of the week's doings; but a new one opened rather untowardly. The Prince, with the Princess and Prince Albert Victor, left Dublin on Monday by train for Lord Listowel's seat at Convamore. At Mallow, where the train stopped for an address to be presented to their Royal Highnesses, Mr. O'Brien, M.P., assisted by Mr. Deasy, M.P., Mr. J. O'Connor, M.P., and Mr. Harrington, M.P., had organised a hostile demonstration; but the railway authorities caused the platform to be cleared. When the Nationalists were turned out of the station they awaited the arrival of the Royal train and groaned, their bands playing "God Save Ireland"; but the noise was scarcely heard within the station, where the Prince and Princess had a very warm greeting. After an address had been presented, their Royal Highnesses continued their journey to Convamore. The Prince and Princess of Wales left Lord Listowel's seat on Tuesday morning, and proceeded on a short visit to the Marquis of Waterford, at Curraghmore. At the stations through which the Royal train passed, their Royal Highnesses had a respectful welcome. At Lismore, the Prince was presented with an address, signed by many of the working classes in the surrounding counties, asking from his Royal Highness the same interest in their behalf as he bestowed upon the artisans of England. In the afternoon the Prince and Princess returned to Convamore; proceeding on Wednesday to Cork, where great preparations had been made for their reception, and where they met with an enthusiastic reception, the strains of "God Save Ireland" mingling with those of the National Anthem, although a riotous mob paraded the streets on Tuesday night, smashing windows and tearing down decorations, until they were dispersed by the police. The Lord Lieutenant and Countess Spencer left Dublin on Wednesday morning for Killarney, to be in readiness to receive the Prince and Princess on their arrival on the following day. At the opening of the Synod of the Church of Ireland on Tuesday in Dublin, it was unanimously decided to present an address of cordial welcome to the Prince and Princess.

Prince George of Wales has joined the Excellent, at Portsmouth, on board of which ship he is to go through a course of study in gunnery and torpedo practice.

The Duke of Buccleuch has become president of the newly formed Dumfries Centre of the St. John Ambulance Association.

The Law Courts were reopened on Tuesday, the first day of the Easter sittings.

The International Sanitary Conference will begin its labours in Rome on May 1.

The Earl of Aberdeen will preside at the fifteenth annual general meeting of the Cabdrivers' Benevolent Association to be held at St. James's Hall next Thursday evening, the 23rd inst.

Wishing to testify his great admiration and esteem for the late General Gordon, the King of the Belgians has subscribed £100 to the memorial fund, which now amounts to £15,000.

Mr. Alderman R. N. Fowler was on Tuesday selected by a large majority of the Livery of the City to succeed the late Mr. Alderman Nottage as Lord Mayor. The choice lay between Mr. Fowler and Mr. Alderman Cotton.

The Princess of Wales has forwarded from Marlborough House a picture of considerable value, by Mr. Benjamin Franklin, for the ward of the Princess Alice Memorial Hospital, at Eastbourne, in which medical institution the Royal family has taken great interest since it was opened by her Royal Highness and the Prince of Wales some years ago.

THE WAR IN THE SOUDAN.

Mr. Walter Paget, our Special Artist with the army of General Sir Gerald Graham at Souakim, contributes to this week's publication a Sketch of the fighting on Sunday, March 22, at the zereba, or three connected zerebas, occupied by the troops under command of Brigadier-General Sir John McNeill, consisting of the Indian contingent, the Berkshire Regiment, and detachments of Royal Marines and Royal Engineers, with some of the Naval Brigade. The Arabs made their attack on the zereba about half-past one o'clock that day. From a private letter written by Mr. Walter Paget, the following passages are extracted:—

"The arms had been piled; most of the men were 150 yards away, cutting down bushes to make the zereba; others were sitting at their dinner; and the camp-followers and drivers were far apart from the troops, tending their horses and mules; when suddenly, there was a shout, 'Run to your arms, men!' and the Haddendowas came rushing down upon us. The confusion that ensued is quite indescribable; and I cannot understand, even now, how the soldiers rallied as they did. You should have seen the Berkshire Regiment and the Marines at the beginning of that fight. Their behaviour was magnificent; it was entirely owing to them that any of us came off alive. At the moment the rush was made, I was just inside the entrance to the zereba, sketching a Gardner battery which was being mounted. I ran out to where my horse was tied up to a cart, fifty yards away. I could see the Haddendowas rushing through the bushes right before me. I just managed to cut the horse loose, and tear back into the zereba, with the Arabs close at my heels. Then the firing began; and, for about five minutes, the sides of the zereba were like a sheet of flame, while a storm of bullets swept over the ground outside. It killed, by scores, the poor wretched camp-followers and others running to the zereba, who were too late to get in; but our soldiers were obliged to shoot; for the Arabs were close upon us. It was a pitiful sight to see those poor fellows trying to get shelter, and falling dead under the hail of shot, while the Haddendowas were leaping among the fugitives, at the same time, spearing and stabbing them, utterly regardless of the volleys fired from the zereba. But my attention was soon diverted from what was going on outside, when the Arabs got into the zereba and began a hand-to-hand conflict. Just in front of me, a transport-driver and a Haddendowa were in fierce combat, the Arab with a frightful-looking sword, and the driver with his sabre—slash, slash, slash, like two men at a regular prize-fight in a little ring of their own. I made a sketch of them on the spot, as I sat on my horse; but the Arab was killed a minute or two afterwards, and the driver was also killed. My sketch of the scene in general can only give a faint idea of what it was like; you must have the frightful din, and the dire confusion, and the sickening smell of blood, to know the reality of such a fight. Wounded men seem to swarm around you, with all manner of ghastly hurts, and simply *covered* in blood; the poor wretches crawl up to you, and point to their mouths for water. I emptied my own water-bottle for them, and then cut away the bottles from some dead soldiers, to give a drink to many poor beggars. You are perhaps wondering whether I killed anybody. No, and I don't intend to; I had some of the enemy within a yard of me, and had my finger on the trigger ready, but I always waited for somebody else to kill them. The fight did not last more than twenty minutes, and we were all glad when the Arabs were cleared out of the zereba, and that the soldiers had behaved so splendidly. We felt safe; and, when we could look about us, we got the wounded men attended to, and the place put in order a bit. Then we went out looking for the poor wretches outside, of whom very many were brought in; and we got in the unhurt transport animals; but most of the animals were killed; they were lying dead in heaps.

"I slept in the zereba that night, and came in (to Souakim) with the baggage and wounded next morning. All along the route home, there were dead bodies of fellows who had been cut off; who had run for their lives, without anything in their hands to defend themselves with, and had been overtaken and killed. In one place, there were half-a-dozen together, who had evidently got back to back, and had made a fight of it; they lay dead on the top of each other.

"War is a horrible, ghastly business; especially this sort of thing. Why, in front of the zereba, there were *little boys*, about ten years old, lying there with their spears in their hands; and *women* too, one quite a young, handsome girl, of about eighteen or twenty. Is it not horrible? I think the Arabs always send a certain number of women and children with the troops, as sacrifices to the gods, to win victory. I can tell you, it makes one pretty sick to see young girls lying about with half-a-dozen bullet-holes through them."

The other subjects of our Special Artist's Sketches are "Difficulties of Transport" and "A Halt on the March." There have been no incidents during the past week that seem worth mentioning as recent news of the war in the Soudan. On Wednesday week, the Coldstream Guards and the New South Wales contingent advanced to Handoub, twelve miles from Souakim, preceded by a body of cavalry, who acted as scouts. General Graham joined the troops later. Handoub was found to be deserted, but a few of the enemy were seen at a distance. The troops formed two small and one large zereba at Handoub, where the Coldstreams and Australians will remain. The Scots Guards have also proceeded to Handoub, and other troops will follow. A quantity of water slightly brackish, was found at Handoub. It is believed that it is not intended to carry the railway much farther than Handoub for the present.

The Royal Horticultural Society held a show of spring flowers and fruit on Tuesday in their Conservatory at South Kensington.

Before a large audience, at the Society of Arts, on Tuesday night, Mr. H. H. Johnston read an interesting paper descriptive of his adventurous journey to Kilima-njaro, in Eastern Equatorial Africa, and urging that in this rich region lay an excellent field for the employment of English capital.

The offer of Mr. Joseph Crosland, local banker and manufacturer, to give £5000 in aid of the foundation of a new library for Huddersfield not having been accepted by the Corporation, who also declined the offer of Sir John Ramsden to give, rent free, a suite of rooms for ten years for the same purpose, Mr. Crosland has given £1000 to the Huddersfield Infirmary, expressing a wish that it should be used in establishing a children's ward, which is greatly needed at that institution.

The Drapers' Company have given £25, and the Mitchell Trustees a third donation of £50, to the East London Union for Advanced Education, Stepney Centre.—The West London School of Art has lately received a grant of £100 from the Clothworkers' Company towards the general funds. This school has been very useful in promoting the study of technical design, one student having obtained the only gold medal awarded in London in the National Competition, and another the £30 prize for design offered by the Goldsmiths' Company in competition with the whole country.

OBITUARY.

THE EARL OF SELKIRK.

The Right Hon. Dunbar James Douglas, sixth Earl of Selkirk and Baron Daer and Shortcleuch, in the Peerage of Scotland, Lord Lieutenant of the Stewartry of Kirkcudbright, a representative Peer and Keeper of the Great Seal of Scotland, died on the 11th inst. He was born April 22, 1809, the only son of Thomas, fifth Earl, by Jane, his wife, daughter of James Wedderburn Colvile, of Ochiltree, and was educated at Eton, and at Christ Church, Oxon, where he graduated First Class Mathematics in 1830. He succeeded his father April 8, 1820, and married, June 29, 1878, Cecely Louisa, daughter of Sir Philip De Malpas Egerton, of Egerton and Oulton, but had no issue. The earldom of Selkirk had peculiar limitations, and it would seem that, under the new patent, dated Oct. 6, 1688, it now devolves on the Duke of Hamilton.

THE LORD CHANCELLOR OF IRELAND.

The Right Hon. Sir Edward Sullivan, Bart., of Garryduff, county Cork, LL.D., Lord Chancellor of Ireland, died suddenly, at his residence in Fitzwilliam-place, Dublin, on the 13th inst. A great lawyer, a wise and upright politician, an able and elegant speaker, Lord Chancellor Sullivan leaves a void it is wellnigh impossible to fill. The universal grief caused by his death evidences the respect and veneration and affectionate regard in which he was held. He was born in Mallow, July 10, 1822, the eldest son of the late Mr. Edward Sullivan, of that town, and received his education at Middleton School, county Cork, and Trinity College, Dublin, where he had a brilliant University career. In 1848, he was called to the Bar; in 1858, obtained a silk gown; in 1860, was appointed Serjeant; and in 1861, Law Adviser. From 1865 to 1866 he held office as Solicitor-General for Ireland; as Attorney-General, 1868-70; as Master of the Rolls, 1870 to 1883; and as Lord Chancellor from the last-named year to the period of his deeply-lamented decease. A baronetcy was conferred on him, Dec. 29, 1881. Sir Edward sat in Parliament for Mallow, 1865 to 1870. He married, Sept. 24, 1850, Bessie Josephine, daughter of Mr. Robert Bailey, of Cork, and leaves surviving issue, three sons and one daughter. The eldest son, now Sir Edward Sullivan, second Baronet, barrister-at-law, was born Feb. 27, 1852.

THE COUNTESS OF SELBORNE.

Laura, Countess of Selborne, died on the 10th inst., at 30, Portland-place. Her Ladyship was born March 17, 1821, the second daughter of William, eighth Earl Waldegrave, and was married, Feb. 2, 1848, to Roundell Palmer, the distinguished lawyer, now Lord Selborne, Lord Chancellor of England, by whom she leaves one son, Viscount Wolmer, and four daughters.

THE LORD MAYOR.

Mr. Alderman George Swan Nottage, Lord Mayor of London, died last Saturday morning, after a brief illness, from pleurisy, following a chill taken at Brighton on Easter Sunday. The unexpected event caused a deep feeling of sorrow in the City, where his Lordship, who had every prospect of a brilliant and successful mayoralty, was very popular. Telegrams of condolence were sent to the Lady Mayoress by the Prince and Princess of Wales and other members of the Royal family; and the Courts of Aldermen and Common Council and the Commissioners of Sewers passed resolutions of condolence with the family. Allusion to the sad event was made last Sunday by Canon Liddon at St. Paul's Cathedral, and by the preachers at most of the City churches. Lord Mayor Nottage was sixty-two years of age. He was elected Alderman of the Cordwainer Ward in November, 1875, and served the office of Sheriff in 1877. He was a member of the Carpenters' Company, and when elected Lord Mayor occupied the office of Master. For many years the deceased was engaged in the iron business of his uncle, Mr. R. W. Kennard, late member for Newport; and he founded the London Stereoscopic and Photographic Company. In politics he was a Liberal, and he was a member of the Church of England. He was appointed a magistrate for Middlesex in January last; and only last week was decorated with a Servian order by the Minister of that country. His last public appearance was on Tuesday week, when he presented the Easter gifts to the Bluecoat boys. On the suggestion of the Court of Common Council, and with the sanction of Dean Church, it has been resolved that the remains of the late Lord Mayor shall be interred in the crypt of St. Paul's Cathedral, the funeral, which is fixed for to-day (Saturday), being of a public character.

SIR G. R. SARTORIUS.

Admiral of the Fleet Sir George Rose Sartorius, G.C.B., Count De Penhatirme in Portugal, Grand Cross of St. Bento d'Avis, Grand Cross of the Tower and Sword, and a Portuguese Vice-Admiral, whose death is just announced, was born in 1790, the son of Colonel J. C. Sartorius, H.E.I.C.S. He entered the Royal Navy in 1801, and attained the rank of Admiral of the Fleet in 1869; was present at the battle of Trafalgar, and commanded H.M. ship Slaney at the surrender of the Emperor Napoleon I. In 1833 he assumed the command of Don Pedro's fleet, and was nominated Vice-Admiral in the Portuguese Navy. He was Naval A.D.C. to the Queen, 1846 to 1849. He married, 1839, Sophia, daughter of Mr. John Lamb.

MR. WEGUELIN.

Mr. Thomas Mathias Weguelin, J.P., late M.P. for Wolverhampton, died on the 5th inst., at 44, Grosvenor-gardens, aged seventy-six. He was youngest son of the late Mr. William A. Weguelin, of Weymouth-street, and was long connected with commercial pursuits as a Russian merchant in London, filling at one time the office of Governor of the Bank of England. From 1857 to 1859 he represented as a Liberal Southampton in Parliament, and from 1861 to 1880 Wolverhampton. He married, first, Charlotte, daughter of Mr. A. H. Paulett Thomson; and secondly, Catherine, daughter of Mr. Charles Hammersley. Mr. Weguelin's son, Christopher, sat in Parliament for Youghal.

GENERAL LANDERS.

General John Edmonstoune Landers, late of the Bengal Infantry, died on the 6th inst., aged eighty-two. He entered the Army in 1820, and attained the rank of General in 1877. When Major he commanded the Bhopal contingent in an engagement with the insurgents.

HON. E. H. PRIMROSE.

Colonel the Hon. Everard Henry Primrose, whose death in the Soudan has caused so much regret, was born Sept. 8, 1843, the second son of the late Lord Dalmeny, by Catherine, his wife (now Duchess of Cleveland), daughter of the fourth Earl Stanhope. In consequence of Lord Dalmeny predeceasing his father, Colonel Primrose, on his brother, the present Earl of Rosebery, succeeding to the family honours, was given a Patent of Precedence. He entered the Army in 1868, and became Major of his regiment, the Grenadier Guards, in 1883. He passed the Staff College in 1875, and served as Brigade-Major in the Home District from 1876 to 1878. He then became Military Attaché at Vienna, and resigned last September in order to accompany Lord Wolseley on special service in Egypt.

MR. PATESHALL, OF ALLENSMORE.

Evan Pateshall, of Allensmore Court, county Hereford, J.P. and D.L., died on the 9th inst., at his seat near Hereford. He was born 1817, the fourth son of Mr. David Thomas, of Welfield, High Sheriff, county Radnor, 1829. In 1874 he was elected M.P. for the city of Hereford, which he represented as a Conservative until 1878. He married, May 24, 1842, Anne Elizabeth, only child of Mr. William Lechmere, afterwards Pateshall, of Hereford, and assumed by Royal license, in 1854, the name and arms of Pateshall, in compliance with the testamentary injunction of Mr. Edmund Burnam Pateshall, of Allensmore Court.

MR. EDEN, OF BEAMISH PARK.

Mr. John Eden, of Beamish Park, in the county of Durham, J.P. and D.L., High Sheriff, 1849, died on the 4th inst., at 15, Wilton-crescent, in his ninety-first year. He was second son of the late Mr. Henry Methold, by Dorothea, his wife, elder daughter of Sir John Eden, Bart., M.P., and assumed by Royal license, 1844, the surname and arms of Eden, having succeeded to Beamish Park at the death of his uncle, Mr. Morton John Davison, in 1841.

We have also to record the deaths of—

Mr. Frederick Field, F.R.S., formerly Professor of Chemistry at St. Mary's Hospital and the London Institution.

Mr. Michael Aylmer, of Courtown, in the county of Kildare, J.P., a descendant of the ancient family of Aylmer, on the 4th inst., aged sixty-four.

Colonel C. E. Harvey, Royal Engineers, on the 6th inst., aged fifty-one. He was Second Commandant of the School of Military Engineering.

The Rev. Henry Perceval, Rector of Elmley Lovett, in the county of Worcester, third son of the Right Hon. Spencer Perceval, Prime Minister, on the 1st inst., at Hill End, Salwarpe, in his eighty-sixth year.

Lieutenant-Colonel Richard Hasell Thursby, late Coldstream Guards, on the 5th inst., aged forty-eight, youngest son of the Rev. William Thursby, of Ormerod House, in the county of Lancaster.

The Hon. Lady Duncan, widow of Captain the Hon. Sir Henry Duncan, R.N., K.C.H., C.B. (brother of the first Earl of Camperdown), at Pau, on the 7th inst. She was a daughter of Captain Coutts-Crawford, R.N., and was left a widow in 1835.

The Rev. William Blackley, M.A., late Vicar of Stanton-upon-Hine-heath, at Garforth House, Upper Sydenham, aged eighty-seven. He was author of some religious works, and edited the diplomatic correspondence of the Right Hon. Richard Hill.

Mary, Dowager Lady Ruthven, widow of James, fifth Lord Ruthven, and daughter of Walter Campbell, of Schawfield and Islay, by Mary, his second wife, daughter of Mr. William Nisbet, of Dirleton, on the 5th inst., at Winton Castle, Pencaitland. She was married Dec. 20, 1813, but had no issue.

Edith, Viscountess Parker, wife of the eldest son of the Earl of Macclesfield, and daughter of Mr. Frederick Paul Harford, of Down Place, Windsor, on the 4th inst. She married, first, Mr. Thomas Rumbold Richardson, 1st Life Guards; and secondly, 1878, Viscount Parker.

Emily Theophila, Viscountess Ashbrook, widow of the fourth Viscount Ashbrook, daughter of Sir Thomas Metcalfe, Bart., and mother of Charlotte Augusta, second wife of George, sixth Duke of Marlborough, on the 9th inst., in her ninety-fifth year.

The Hon. Lady Lynch-Blosse (Elizabeth), eldest daughter of William Conyngham, Lord Plunket, Lord Chancellor of Ireland, and widow of the Rev. Sir Francis Lynch-Blosse, ninth Baronet, of Castle Carra, on the 3rd inst., at 22, Clyde-road, Dublin, in her eighty-sixth year. Her eldest son is the present Sir Robert Lynch-Blosse, Bart.

Anne Elizabeth Emily, Dowager Lady Cremorne, on the 11th inst., at her residence at Prince's-gate, at an advanced age. Her Ladyship was the third daughter of Mr. John and Lady Anne Whaley, and married, March 10, 1815, Richard Thomas, second Lord Cremorne, by whom she had issue three sons, of whom the present Earl of Dartrey is the last survivor.

ART NOTES.

The National Gallery has been enriched by the addition of fourteen new pictures: it receives this generous gift under the will of the late Mrs Elizabeth Vaughan.

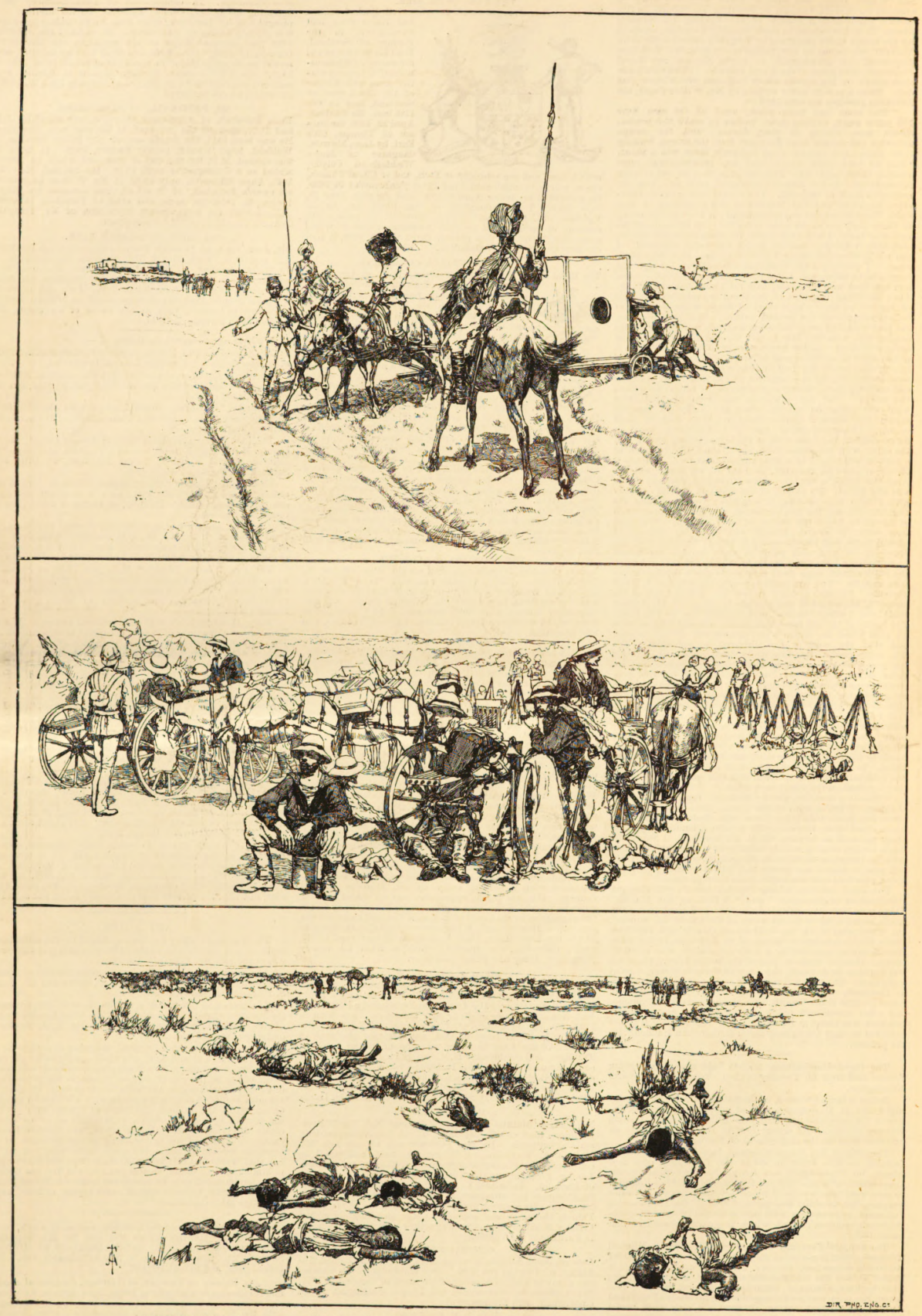
At a special assembly of the Incorporated Society of British Artists held on the 10th inst., Mr. J. C. Gotch and Mr. James S. Hill were elected members.

The travelling studentship, of the value of £50, given by the Painters' Company to a student of the West London School of Art, has been awarded this year to Mr. E. J. Taylor, a designer of stained glass.

Messrs. Hollender and Cremetti, referring to notices in our Issues for March 21 and April 4 of their exhibition of pictures in the Hanover Gallery, New Bond-street, write as follows:—"We beg to inform you (1) that we guarantee the authenticity of every picture hung on the walls of our gallery; (2) that the Hanover Gallery has been reopened with the special purpose of exhibiting the highest specimens of foreign art; (3) that the picture by Courbet, which your critic seems to doubt, comes direct from M. Georges Petit, the famous French expert, who assisted his Government in the purchase of the Courbets for the Louvre. We quite agree with you in the fact that Monsieur Pillet is a great authority; and if you apply to him he will, no doubt, answer you that our firm has been of long enough standing to be considered to have sufficient knowledge to discern between originals and copies, at least, as far as foreign art is concerned."

On Tuesday afternoon the foundation-stone of a new workhouse for the Holborn Union was laid by Mr. Benjamin Garrod, the chairman of the Holborn Guardians, at Mitcham, Surrey. The new workhouse is to accommodate 1000 able-bodied poor, and to cost £60,000.

Lady Brassey on Tuesday, at Hastings, distributed medals and certificates to a number of ladies, local firemen, fishermen, and members of the police and volunteer corps, in connection with the St. John Ambulance Association. Since the formation of the centre, 118 men and 235 women have obtained awards.



1. Difficulties of transport. 2. A halt on the march. 3. Outside the zereba on the morning after the fight of Sunday, March 22.

THE WAR IN THE SOUDAN.—FACSIMILES OF SKETCHES IN THE NEIGHBOURHOOD OF SOUAKIM BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. WALTER PAGET.



Stanford's Geogr. Establ. London

MAP OF AFGHANISTAN AND THE ADJACENT TERRITORIES OF RUSSIAN TURKESTAN, PERSIA, AND INDIA.

MUSIC.

THE CARL ROSA OPERA COMPANY.

The performances of operas in English at Drury-Lane Theatre (which began on Easter Monday) are pursuing a successful career. Since our last week's notice, "Carmen" has been more than once repeated, with the strong cast already commented on, including the fine performances of Madame Marie Roze in the title-character. "Faust," the English version of "Lucia di Lammermoor," and Balfe's "Bohemian Girl," have been given during the past week, with Madame Georgina Burns's meritorious performances as Margaret, Lucy, and Arline; and the effective singing of Mr. Maas as Faust and Edgar; Mr. B. Davies having been the Thaddeus in "The Bohemian Girl." The co-operation on different occasions of Misses J. Yorke and M. Burton, Mr. B. McGuckin, Mr. Snazelle, Mr. Ludwig, Mr. L. Crotty, Mr. C. Lyall, and Mr. B. Foote, contributed largely to that general efficiency which characterises the performances of this company. The orchestral and choral details are excellently rendered, and the stage management gives admirable proof of the special skill of Mr. Augustus Harris in that department. The ballet action, under the experienced direction of Madame Katti Lanner, is another commendable feature in the arrangements. The operas are ably conducted by Mr. Randegger and Mr. Goossens in alternation.

The English version of "Il Trovatore" was given on Monday, when the characters of Leonora and Manrico were, respectively, very effectively sustained by Madame Marie Roze and Mr. Maas; the cast having also included the efficient performances of Miss J. York as Azucena, and Mr. Ludwig as the Count di Luna. Mr. Randegger conducted.

The principal event of the season is the production of "Nadeshda," the new opera composed expressly for the Carl Rosa Opera Company by Mr. A. Goring Thomas, whose "Esmeralda," brought out by Mr. Rosa (also at Drury-Lane Theatre) in 1883, proved so eminently successful. "Nadeshda" was announced for Thursday last, and of course cannot be noticed by us until next week. The cast included Madame Valleria in the title-character, and Miss J. Yorke, Mr. B. McGuckin, and Mr. L. Crotty in other parts.

This (Saturday) afternoon the twenty-ninth series of Crystal Palace concerts will come to a close—to be followed, on April 25, by the usual supplementary concert for the benefit of Mr. Manns, the conductor. The recent programmes have not offered anything calling for very special comment. At the eighteenth concert Berlioz's "Harold" symphony was finely performed, the important viola obbligato well played by Mr. Krause; the Festival Procession music from Goldmark's opera "The Queen of Sheba" was given for the first time, and Madame Jessie Morrison made a favourable impression as solo pianist; Mr. E. Lloyd having been the vocalist. At last week's concert, M. Adolf Fischer played with great success a well-written and effective concerto for the violoncello, composed by M. Saint-Saëns, and was also heard in smaller pieces; and Madame Hughes-Paltzer was very successful in her vocal performances, in which she displayed a voice of considerable power and compass and much dramatic expression. For this week's closing concert of the series an interesting novelty is announced—the first performance in England of Berlioz's "Te Deum," a very elaborate work, in which three choirs, orchestra, and organ are employed.

Señor Sarasate is to give the first of four grand concerts this (Saturday) afternoon at St. James's Hall.

At the sixth National Concert to be held at the Royal Albert Hall next Thursday evening (St. George's Day) Madame Christine Nilsson and Mr. Sims Reeves will sing the duet "Parigi o cara"; and Mr. Sims Reeves will also sing "The Message," by Blumenthal, and "The Death of Nelson," by desire. The other vocalists announced are Miss Patti Winter, Miss Hope Glenn, Mr. Edward Lloyd, Mr. Santley, and Signor Foli.

The concert of the late Madame Sainton-Dolby's Vocal Academy, announced for April 24, will take place then at Prince's Hall. The second part of the programme will be appropriated to music composed by the deceased lady, and Mr E. Lloyd will co-operate in this.

The appearance of a new singer, Mdlle. Grazia Riani, at one of M. Rivière's concerts in Her Majesty's Theatre, was warmly welcomed. She is gifted with a fine clear powerful voice, of the timbre known as dramatic soprano; and her rendering of the "Ave Maria" of Gounod, notwithstanding the nervousness invariably attending a first appearance, was almost faultless; her voice in the last passage ringing out clear above the orchestra. She was enthusiastically encored. In the second part of the concert she gave "To love, to love," by Lord Henry Somerset, with exquisite finish. With care and perseverance, Mdlle. Riani may make a brilliant career on the lyric stage.

In connection with the Musical Division of the International Inventions Exhibition, the Executive Council have decided to organise a series of choral and brass band competitions. Entries for the choral competitions were received up to the 15th instant, and may be sent in for the brass band competitions up to May 1. Conditions and forms of application can be obtained on application to the Secretary of the Exhibition, South Kensington, London, S.W. The competitions will take place in September, and arrangements have been made with the railway companies for special fares and facilities to competitors from any part of the country.

The far-famed Richter Concerts will open a new series of nine evening performances at St. James's Hall on April 27, previous to which the orchestra and its distinguished conductor will make a provincial tour, from April 20 to April 25 inclusive: Nottingham, Liverpool, Leeds, Manchester, Sheffield, and Oxford being the towns to be visited. An enthusiastic reception may be anticipated in each of these places.

We have already given an outline of the arrangements for the Hereford Musical Festival, the solo singers engaged for which are Mesdames Albani, Patey, and Enriquez; Mr. Lloyd, Mr. Santley, and Mr. Brereton. As before stated, the performances take place on Sept. 8, 9, 10, and 11.

THE HANDEL FESTIVAL.

The arrangements for this important event at the Crystal Palace are now in a very forward state, engagements having already been completed with the following solo vocalists:—Madame Albani, Madame Valleria, Madame Patey, Madame Trebelli, Miss A. Marriott, Madame Suter, Mr. E. Lloyd, Mr. Maas, Mr. Santley, Signor Foli, Mr. F. King, Mr. B. Foote, and Mr. Bridson. The orchestra and chorus will be on the same grand scale as heretofore, numbering nearly four thousand executants. The plan of former festivals will be adhered to; and with reason, as no better representative scheme could be devised. There will be a grand public rehearsal on Friday, June 19, the first Festival day proper being on the following Monday, when "The Messiah" will be performed. On Wednesday, June 24, selections from the secular and sacred works of Handel will be given, and on Friday, June 26, the Festival will close with the finest of his choral works, "Israel in Egypt." The approaching celebration will be given twelve months in advance of its prescribed triennial recurrence, the reason being that this year is the bi-centenary of Handel's birth; a sufficient justification for this departure from precedent, as it offers the grandest possible artistic tribute to his memory. Mr. Manns will be the conductor, as on the last occasion, in 1883, when he suddenly replaced Sir Michael Costa, whose serious illness (soon after terminating fatally) prevented him from occupying the post which he had so worthily filled since the origin of these Festivals in 1857. The great success of Mr. Manns in the arduous task, which he undertook at very short notice, rendered his reappointment this year a foregone conclusion.

ABOUT BOOKS.

Books are my dearest friends. I seem to know them better than my aunts and cousins, and a great deal better than the men I dine with daily at the club. At times, the intimacy between us is so great, so affectionate, that I forget the love is all on one side, and that the companions on my shelves speak to me and enchant me without knowing it. It is hard not to be able to tell the writers what they have done and are still doing, how much pain they have soothed, how much sadness relieved, how much strength supplied,—hard that one cannot have a talk over it all with them, so that although they have left us, many of them long ages ago, they may still hear of their triumphs. I should like to summon those I love best by name—the dear authors whose books I put under my pillow when a child, and those not less dear who are my daily companions now. It often happens that they are the same, and yet changed, too, as I am, and loved with a larger love.

The intimacy does not become less as one grows old. In London streets, in country rambles, on the deck of a steamer, as well as in the happy silence of the library, the people of the past as they live and move in books occupy my attention more than the good neighbours living in the same village. And it matters not whether these people were once breathing men and women, or are creatures of the imagination. I like to remember what Pope or Swift said, what Dr. Johnson said, what Scott and Lamb and Coleridge said and did on their passage through this world. I like to connect the little incidents of my own life with words uttered and things that have happened long ago. It prevents a man from feeling a mere unit, shows him his kinship with the race, and, I venture to think, enlarges his humanity. But, as I was saying, the imaginative folk who fill the pages of poets and novelists, are just as real to me as the clergyman who steps in to afternoon tea, or the benevolent old lady who calls upon me so frequently for a contribution to her little schemes of charity. Miss Piper is a most excellent old maid, but I like Miss Bates better; the Rev. Stenton Stornway is a gentleman and a Christian, but I shall never be so familiar with him as I am with Mr. Gilfil, with Dr. Primrose, and with that delightful fool, Mr. Collins. My library is peopled with friends of this kind, and with some that are dearer still. Looking up from the desk, my eye rests on Shakspeare and Scott; on Thackeray, Dickens, and George Eliot; on Chaucer, Spenser, and Jeremy Taylor; on Tennyson and Browning; on Goldsmith and Burns: and yet there are chance acquaintances who would persuade me that I am lonely and want society. The truth is—and being just now in a frank humour it may as well be confessed—there are moments when I think I live too much in society. These great authors are not a little exacting. Men like Shakspeare and Scott are not satisfied with a bow and a good-bye. And the more the friendship grows the more do they seem to claim, so that with such associates to detain him one is in danger of neglecting the duties known in Parliament as "urgent private affairs." No; I sometimes think I must banish these dear comrades and go into retirement—I mean into the world. How shall I do it? If I travel, be sure the choicest of these friends will go with me. My pockets will be as capacious as Porson's; and as John Gilpin carried a bottle on each side to make his balance even, I shall weigh a Keats and Shelley against a Coleridge and Wordsworth. If I devote myself to business matters, and exchange Horace for a day-book and ledger, I may find, as the poet found long ago, that though you drive out Nature forcibly, she will inevitably have her own way and come back again.

So I hold to my books still, and deem the air of a library the most exhilarating upon earth. When disinclined to read—and there are times when our choicest pleasures pall—I like to see the volumes on the shelves, and to scan their dresses. It may be necessary perhaps to have what Southey called a "ragged regiment" for frequent use, but the man who, unforced by poverty, allows his books to go shabbily is scarcely to be trusted. To dress himself well and to let a fine edition of Dante or of Molière stand shivering in the nakedness of paper, or with the pretence of clothing afforded by cloth, is to give indications of a corrupt nature. Such a man will be shunned by the bibliophile. Who knows but that with a disposition so evil he may not beat his wife and starve his daughter? I admit that there are cases in which the book lover does well to keep a precious volume in its original garment—"an Elzevir in its paper wrapper may be worth more than the same tome in morocco stamped with Longepierre's fleece of gold"; but such instances are too rare to be quoted in excuse by the man who buys books and neglects them.

I say "buys books," for there is a lower depth to which a reader may sink in these days. Instead of spending a fair share of his income on books—say, half as much as he spends on his butcher or wine merchant—he is too often content with subscribing two or three guineas a year to the London Library, to Mudie's, or the Grosvenor. I leave him alone; he is beneath my criticism, probably would despise it.

Let me not be misunderstood. If I fail to comprehend the feelings of the man who is content to have his books carted to him, perhaps chosen for him weekly, I can sympathise to some extent with the man who says boldly that he does not care for books at all. Everyone is not born with the same tastes. "Nature," says Thackeray, "makes folk differently. Some love books and tea, and some like burgundy and a gallop across country." There are healthy souls who prefer action to study, and wisely: there are men and women to whom Nature is all sufficing: there are artists who live for painting, soldiers, like the noble hero we have just lost, who live for duty: happily, all the world is not cast in the same mould: a dull world it would be if this were so.

Chacun à son goût. I hope my taste is neither a selfish nor a useless one. I can testify that though it made me poor at first, and keeps me so, it has all my life long yielded infinite delight.

J. D.

The Illustrations published last week of the industrial employment of Afreedi and other convict prisoners in the jail at Peshawur, and of the manufacture of druggets and carpets, and of the cloth and silk markets in that town of the Punjaub frontier, were furnished by a series of photographs, comprising many other scenes and incidents of life at Peshawur, for which we are indebted to Lieutenant-Colonel A. G. Owen, of the 19th Bengal Lancers, and of the Bengal Staff Corps.

CITY ECHOES.

Wednesday, April 15.

The Russian defeat of the Afghans has put the whole subject of peace or war in an entirely new position. On the first arrival of the news, war was regarded as inevitable; and a panic ensued upon the Stock Exchange such as had not been seen since the declaration of war between France and Germany. But there has since been some recovery; diplomacy still continuing as though a peaceful decision were yet attainable. The fall on the week is, however, still very considerable; and it is not likely to be wholly made good until peace is really reassured. As a rule, our people act as though war were inevitable; while the Continental operators are still pledged to the belief that war will not result. Consequently, the tendency here is to sell more than can be delivered; and, on the Continent, it is to buy more than can be paid for. This explains the experience at the settlement which closes in London to-day. Principal stocks have been scarce in many cases, and in some instances sellers have paid heavily for delaying the completion of their transactions. The Money Market remains very strong, with low rates and large unemployed balances. Commercially, certain interests are being benefited by the prospect of war, more particularly in connection with the preparation to move goods whose transit would be affected by the outbreak of hostilities. The advance in the price of wheat will be very welcome to many interests.

For a long time past, copper-mining shares have been steadily going down in market estimation, the low prices ruling for the metal making it perfectly clear that reduced dividends, if nothing worse, would be the result. This expectation has been verified by the dividend announcements of the Tharsis Sulphur and Copper Company, Mason and Barry, and the Rio Tinto Company, three of the best-known undertakings carrying on operations in Spain. The first-named company pays 20 per cent for the past year, a satisfactory return enough, but comparing with 27½ per cent per annum for the two previous years. On Mason and Barry shares 8 per cent is to be paid for the past year, as against 12½ per cent per annum for some time previous, while the Rio Tinto Company's dividend is to be 8 per cent, contrasted with 14 per cent per annum for the three previous years. The above results are the more interesting from the fact that they represent the first year's operations since the expiration of the working agreement between the undertakings referred to. Under this arrangement, the output at the mines was limited to certain proportions, so as not to unduly depress the metal market, and it would appear that a continuance of the arrangement would have been to the interest of all concerned.

The affairs of the Rio de Janeiro Gas Company, Limited, have attracted more than ordinary attention of late, owing to the unfortunate difference between the company and the Government, particulars of which have from time to time appeared in this column. So far, however, the shareholders have had no reason to complain as to the lucrative character of their investment, 10 per cent dividends having been regularly paid for many years, including the year just ended. In their report, to be submitted on the 24th instant, the directors state that two tenders have been presented by Brazilians for lighting the City of Rio, and that they have also heard that another tender has been sent from Paris, but they are in possession of no particulars as yet.

Attention has already been directed in this column to the reduction in the Chicago, Milwaukee, and St. Paul Railroad dividend. From a circular since issued by the directors it appears that the earnings of the line for the year were quite sufficient for the payment of the usual 7 per cent, and that the lowering of the rate was due to the fact that the company has a floating debt of 3,500,000 dollars, which, in the opinion of the directors, should be liquidated before a return to a higher distribution takes place. No reference is, however, made as to any sum having been devoted to this purpose out of the past year's revenue.

The Grand Trunk Railway report is now out. It is a powerful statement, and almost every question raised during the recent period of anxiety is met as satisfactorily as circumstances will permit. But there is no possible qualification for this staring fact, that the year 1885 began with a debit balance of £31,435, all reserves and special sources of revenue being exhausted, while the gross traffic income to date is £107,430 less than in the corresponding fourteen weeks of 1884. Speculators are, however, buying the stocks.

A telegram from Brussels says that a convention has been signed by the London, Chatham, and Dover Railway Company, by which the company undertake to reconstruct the pier at Queenborough, with the view of establishing a day service by the Flushing route to the Continent. Nothing is said as to the amount of the capital necessary; but it can hardly be much in proportion to the important object to be attained.

T. S.

President Cleveland has appointed Mr. Russell to be Consul at Liverpool.

A meeting of the Victoria Institute took place on Monday evening, when a paper on "Human Responsibility" was read.

Mr. F. Talfourd presided on Monday evening, at Exeter Hall, over the annual tea and public meeting held in connection with the Metropolitan Open-Air Temperance Mission and Advocates' League.

Messrs. W. H. Allen and Co. have issued a new edition of "London in 1885," by Mr. Herbert Fry, illustrated by eighteen bird's-eye views of the principal streets. This well-known and useful guide to the metropolis has been revised and corrected to the latest date.

At the meeting of the Royal Geographical Society on Monday evening, it was announced that the gold medals had been awarded to Mr. Joseph Thomson for his services in East Central Africa, and to Mr. H. E. O'Neill for his thirteen journeys of exploration along the coast and in the interior of Mozambique.

In a general order, the Duke of Cambridge, Field Marshal Commanding-in-Chief, expresses the opinion that the Easter Monday Volunteer manœuvres at Brighton were admirably conducted; and Major-General Feilding, in his official report on the Easter Monday Volunteer manœuvres at Dover, remarks that the various regiments did their work very much to his satisfaction.

The thirty-second report of the Charity Commission, issued on Monday, refers to the proceedings of the Select Committee of the House of Commons on charitable trusts. The result of that inquiry, says the report, has fully justified the expectation that it would have the effect of dispelling the misapprehensions which have been so widely and so mischievously entertained as to the law by which charities are regulated, and as to the practice which has been adopted by courts of equity, and by the Board in giving effect to its provisions. The Select Committee, in their report to the House of Commons, expressed their approval of the past administration of the Charitable Trusts Acts, and their opinion that the powers and duties conferred upon the commissioners may safely be enlarged.

THE ADVANTAGES OF DULNESS.

I am myself a dull man. So, at least, my friends tell me, and I do not care to dispute their opinion. The truth is, the reputation for dulness has been of great service to me in life. When I was young, a cousin, with whom I was on the best of terms, kindly told me one day that the young ladies of her acquaintance generally considered me a bore. She said this for my good, and out of pure affection. It was thoughtful of her, and I profited by the information. A brilliant young man is liable to waste much time in female society; it distracts his mind, and, if he is fool enough to fall in love, probably ruins his prospects. He has other temptations. If he can sing and dance, talk easy nonsense, and make himself amusing, Fashion marks him for her own. He is wanted at balls, at picnics, at lawn-tennis parties, at picture galleries, at concerts. He is expected to have opinions on the events of the day, to know men and books, to be familiar with the latest witticisms, and yet to be sufficiently serious to appreciate Mr. Oscar Wilde. He must dress well, too, and make what is called a figure in society, and is forced to spend money without having much time to make it.

I escape all these dangers and annoyances by being dull. I may sit now in any little back parlour from Christmas to Whitsuntide without a single invitation to dinner, just as twenty years ago I sat here without being once asked to a dance, or to a ball. Day succeeds day with the steadiest monotony, and what I resolved to do when my cousin so considerately gave me a character, I am doing still. Do you ask me what it is? Making money. This a labour not incompatible with dulness, a quality of mind, or a deficiency of mind (which is it?), eminently fitted for the steadiness of purpose required. It is your dull men who make fortunes, and who keep them when they are made. They stick to their desks in all weathers, and don't run out larking in the streets directly they have made a good bargain. That is what the men and women of genius do. They get money sometimes by accident, but they spend it—they spend it. There is that George Eliot, whom people talk about. She, I am told, received £7000 for a novel, and then, instead of sitting down and writing another the next morning, flies off to the Continent, and scatters her sovereigns more freely than I spend sixpences. Pity she was not dull. With all her success, I like my books better than hers. There is a ledger in Mincing-lane which I find far more amusing than her novels—but then, you know, I am a dull man. By-the-way, a wit of the last century, of whom I chanced to hear—I think his name was Addison—says somewhere that if ordinary abilities unfit a man for studies of a higher nature he may be "perfectly well turned" for trade and commerce. I think so, too, if he is not too scrupulous. To be successful in business, and yet strictly honest, needs more ability than a dull man is blessed with. Genius, so far as I can ascertain, generally means failure. Sir Walter Scott—the biggest man, I suppose, of this century—lost his fortune by it, and then his life. Genius has killed a score of poets, too, who, had they been dull men, might have been living to this day; and of former times the same story is told. Bacon failed, Essex and Raleigh failed, for they lost their heads; so did Sir Thomas More; so did Strafford; so did Laud, who ought to have known better, for he was not without a vein of dulness. Bunyan, having nothing but piety and genius to commend him, was shut up in prison. Defoe, who wrote "Robinson Crusoe"—the only story I ever read through—stood in the pillory. Goldsmith, another story-teller, died in debt. Collins went mad. Chatterton committed suicide. Cowper lived and died in despair; and as far as I can make out, after studying a Biographical Dictionary for a whole hour, genius makes a man miserable in life, and leaves him poor in death. Poets, artists, musicians, don't understand affairs; they dream when they ought to act, and never know that they are dreaming. How nervous and excitable they are, and how absurdly sensitive to the least word of blame!

Now, I am not sensitive. People may say what they like about me, but I do not heed it, since it is enough for me that I am known in the City as a "warm" man. And to show you that I am not sensitive, I will relate something that occurred last week. I have a nephew who is, unfortunately, a bit of a genius. He writes poetry, I am told, or quotes it. Well, we had a quarrel. This clever young man tried to convince me that I ought to do more for a poor relative, when I allow her half a crown a week already, and some day, I suppose, shall have to pay for her funeral. Well, this nephew, being a clever man, has strong feelings, and his face flushed up as he denounced my cruelty to a sister (he should have said she was a half-sister, but let that pass), while on the contrary, having first resolved to close my purse-strings, I kept my temper. The youth was not content with boarding me at Mincing-lane, the seat of my triumphs. He wrote an angry letter the next day, saying that he should give my sister 10s. weekly out of his small income, having found out that it is not wealth but good sense and right feeling that make a man charitable. It seems to me, he added in his wrath, that a couplet written by the great poet Dryden specially applies to you—

> The midwife laid her hands on his thick skull
> With this prophetic blessing: Be thou dull.

Here was a slap in the face from a young upstart of twenty! but, being a dull man, I did not resent it; and, having previously dropped his name from my will, could afford to smile at the affront. I cannot respect a person who flies into a passion; if it be a sign of wit, then I thank Heaven that I was born a dullard.

I could say a great deal more about the advantages of dulness, but I do not understand what is called composition, and much prefer double entry. Indeed, I find it so hard to express myself that I am afraid of being as dull in print as I am elsewhere, and were it not for the lively interest I feel in the subject, I could not write at all. My heart is in it. It is your dull men who rule the world through their purses, which are generally full. I like them when they can talk of nothing but the Funds; I love them when they drive a good bargain; I respect them when they outwit persons who are considered brilliant; and when, above all, I see a successful piece of legislative dulness, my heart leaps up responsive. A man does so enjoy the success of his relatives when it does not interfere with his own:—

A fellow-feeling makes one wondrous kind.

So strongly am I conscious of this, that I never meet a dull man without being ready to give him my blessing if he is poor, and my money on safe security if he is rich.

Before closing this paper, let me, at the risk of repetition, enumerate some of the advantages of dulness. A dull young fellow does not fall desperately in love with the first beautiful girl he sees, does not lie awake at night thinking of her, is not mad enough to marry her offhand. Not he. He sleeps over the matter, thinks over it, and makes careful inquiries about her prospects. Then, he is not ambitious to gain knowledge, to learn languages, to visit foreign countries, to paint pictures, or to write for the newspapers. There is no fear from him of any wild escapade. He is in no danger of making a runaway match, like Lord Eldon, or of enlisting as a common soldier, which I have heard the poet Coleridge did. He may be a fool, but he keeps his folly at home; he may be somewhat of a knave, but he will not publish his rascality to the world, like Tom Jones and Charles Surface. Mind, I have no personal knowledge of these gentlemen, but have been always told they were scapegraces, and the reverse of dull. Then, your dull man is never much elated or much depressed. He has no strong feelings, and bears with equanimity the worst blows of fortune. (Excuse me a moment while I read a telegram. . . . What! How? The whole affair a swindle—the company smashed up—the secretary absconded, and the liability unlimited! Then I am ruined, irretrievably ruined, not a chance for me any more in this world! What astounding folly! And my nephew warned me, too, that the concern was a bubble. Could I think he understood business better than I did? Verily, there is no fool like a dull fool, after all.)

THEODORE TEAPE.

Baron Ferdinand De Rothschild has consented to preside at the anniversary festival of the Metropolitan Free Hospital at Willis's Rooms on May 21.

We need only refer to our Map of Afghanistan and the adjacent territories of Persia (Khorassan), Russian Turkestan (with Bokhara), the Punjaub and Quetta, of which so much has been said in this Journal. Good maps of these countries, suitable for the present occasion, have just been brought out specially by Messrs. Stanford, Charing-cross; George Philip and Son, Fleet-street; and W. and A. Keith Johnston, Warwick-lane.

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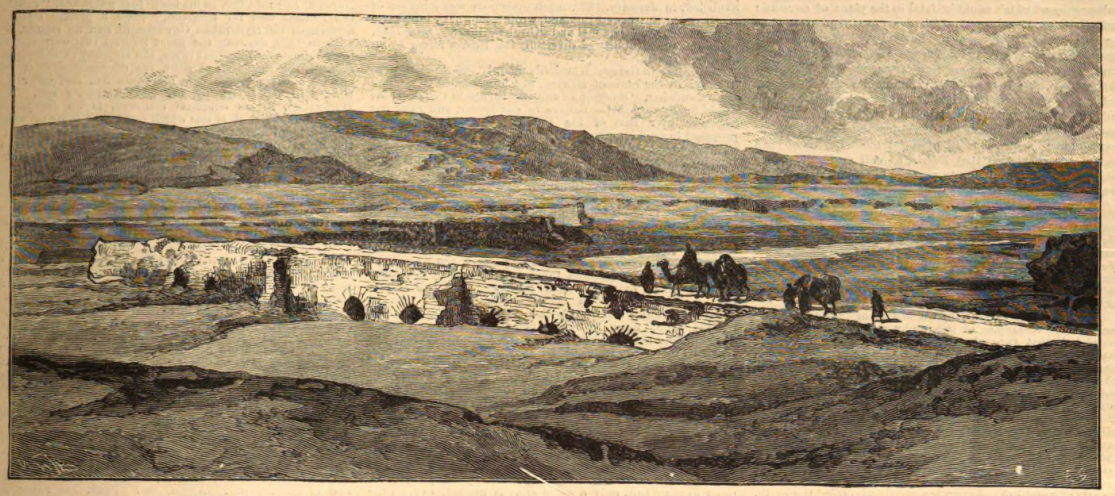
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The Afghan Boundary



THE KUSHK VALLEY FROM PUL-I-KHISTI, LOOKING SOUTH.
FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. WILLIAM SIMPSON.



JUNCTION OF THE MURGHAB AND KUSHK RIVERS, AK-TAPA IN THE DISTANCE.
FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. WILLIAM SIMPSON.

RUSSIA AND ENGLAND IN ASIA.

The violent outrage perpetrated by the Russian military commanders, General Komaroff, Governor of the Trans-Caspian Provinces, and Colonel Alikhanoff (formerly Ali Khan, a Circassian Mohammedan), Governor of Merv, has excited just indignation in England. It looks very much like a wanton breach of faith and a gross insult. In spite of all the moral and political wisdom available for the guidance of statesmen, on either side, this deplorable incident may be the spark to kindle a vast conflagration, a war of tremendous proportions between the two great European nations which possess mighty Empires in the Continent of Asia. We would not, and dare not, at such a critical moment, write and print one sentence that might seem calculated to inflame the passions of either nation to hostility against the other. We dread and detest the prospect of such a war, not merely because it would certainly bring upon our own country, even if victorious, a huge addition to the public debt, and to our taxation for a long series of years, and would certainly cause the loss of many thousand valuable English lives, with life-long sorrow to widows and bereavement of orphans among us—not merely because it would also cause to India, for whose welfare England is responsible, financial embarrassment which might be fatal to the plans of economic and administrative benefit which are now in progress—but for the general interests of humanity. We feel concerned for the credit and influence of that general movement of civilisation, proceeding from modern European Christendom, which is at length finding its way into Asia, and which promises, if it be not untimely checked by the ambition of military conquest and by the vices of Imperial despotism, to afford the means of raising the Asiatic races of mankind to a higher standard of social life. Let us at once declare our conviction that Russia, as well as England, has evidently a genuine mission to perform in the improvement of the condition of Asia. We doubt not that Russia is capable, if her policy were rightly directed, of effecting a great amount of good in those parts of the immense continent which lie within the proper scope of her natural advance to the East. We believe, indeed, that she has actually done some good in several Asiatic countries, and among some of the populations. We consider that no event could be happier, no settlement could open a fairer prospect, than a just and secure mutual understanding between Russia and Great Britain, especially with reference to the treatment of Central Asia.

It is abundantly shown by the history of the past, and by the accurate researches of geography and ethnology recently completed, that Central Asia is a region abounding in the natural resources, as well in the race qualities of its human inhabitants, as the physical conditions of soil, climate, and internal water-privileges by lakes and rivers and inland seas, which have furnished in old times, and might again be made to supply, the materials of a rich and various civilisation. It was the ancient and primitive seat, if there be any reliance upon the undesigned testimony of cognate words, proving an original community of language—it was the birth-place and cradle of the progenitors of all the civilised nations of Europe, and of those which in ancient Persia and India, before the commencement of recorded history, learnt the arts of social life. They were people who tilled the earth, built houses and towns, chose rulers, devised and obeyed laws for the public welfare, adopted customs and manners of refined intercourse, invented religious and philosophical systems, formed regular governments, and raised armies for national defence. These were the works of the Aryans, the "Ploughmen," the husbandmen or settled cultivators of land, whose valour, industry, and wealth no doubt excited the wonder and the envy of Semitic pastoral tribes wandering over the grassy steppes with their flocks and herds and tents, as many Asiatic nations do to this day, apparently with no disposition to emulate the improvements of the more settled communities. It seems pretty well agreed that the quarter in which the Aryan race, the ancestors of the most advanced and cultivated portion of mankind, including the Greeks and Romans, all the modern nations of Celtic, Teutonic, Gothic, and Slavonic breed in Europe and America, the ancient Persians, and the Brahmin race in Upper India, began to live a collective life, was in Central Asia, between the Paropamisus range and the Oxus, and thence down towards the Caspian Sea. This region was one of the Old Worlds of prehistoric civilisation, though it has, by ages of oppression and spoliation, been cruelly stripped of cultivation and of population, and by the neglect of irrigation, which the land requires, has been reduced in many parts to a barren desert. With peace and good government, with security for personal liberty and for property, with agricultural enterprise and industry, and with the access of foreign commerce, these countries of Central Asia might once more be brought into a flourishing condition. The adjacent parts of Khorassan and Afghanistan must be included in this estimate; and it will be a disgrace to Christian Europe if some political arrangement cannot be made, without a fierce and profligate war between two Great Powers, for defining the mode in which European influence shall be applied to develop their resources.

This is, we believe, the real essence of the question of Central Asia; and not, as some ingenious political speculators have imagined, any considerable danger of Russian interference with India. There are few, indeed, at the present day, among those correctly acquainted with our Indian Empire, who believe it would ever be possible for Russia, by a direct invasion and conquest, to deprive us of that dominion. The defensive strength of India, concentrated and employed as it would be in British hands, and supported by the land and sea forces of Great Britain, which are within three weeks of Bombay and Kurrachee, would certainly be enough to repel such an invasion, supposing the enemy to reach the plains of the Punjaub. Nor do we expect to hear much more, after the proofs lately given of the loyalty of the Native Princes, of the Nizam, of Scindia and Holkar, of the Sikh Chiefs, and of the rulers of Cashmere and Nepaul, about the supposed facility of Russian intrigue among either the subjects or feudatories of our Indian Empire for the overthrow of British supremacy, which they feel to be a safeguard instead of a burden. The idea that, because an Afghan dynasty once reigned in India, above three centuries and a half ago, before the Mogul Empire, or because the Afghans broke into the Punjaub again, for a brief period, and got hold of the Rohilla country, shortly before the English conquest of Bengal, India could now be disturbed by the mere name of the Afghans, and either terrorised or seduced to surrender to Russia, is a wild fancy indeed. We do not approve of the wars against Afghanistan under the Indian Governments of Lord Auckland and of Lord Lytton; both were unjust and needless, and were attended by some disastrous incidents; but, in either case, the general result was finally such as must have inspired every man of our Native Army, and every class of the population in India, with a conviction that the Afghans were not a Power to be feared. Being also the nearest neighbour to India, it is but natural that Afghanistan should be the most hated of all Asiatic States; and we may be sure that, if ever Russia were to enter India hand-in-hand with the rapacious Afghans, as Nadir Shah of Persia did in 1739, the effect would be to arouse a more desperate resistance.

In short, we can perceive no grounds whatever in the calculation of probable results, for assuming that Russian aggression in Afghanistan is prompted by the ulterior design of subverting the British Empire in India. There is a spirit of hostility, we fear, still rife in the minds of Russian military officials in Central Asia. There are individual Russians, like the late General Skobeleff and others, who have openly advocated plans for the invasion of India, at times when Russia seemed about to be engaged in war with Great Britain upon the question of Turkey in Europe. These utterances are not those of Russian statesmen; and their value, as essays on a purely military problem, is about equal to that of the famous "Battle of Dorking." The authors are never tired of telling us that Alexander the Great of Macedon, Mahmoud of Ghuzni, Genghis Khan and Tamerlane the Tartars, Sultan Baber, and Nadir Shah, actually marched into India by way of Afghanistan. Well, the first of those conquerors, Alexander, soon had to take himself away by a different route, having got but half-way across the Punjaub; and the last, Nadir Shah, after pillaging Delhi, found it expedient to return. General Skobeleff, in January, 1877, when everybody was thinking of war between Russia and England, wrote somewhat to the same effect as Generals Duhamel and Khruleff, in 1854 and 1855, upon the practicability of diverting the British forces by an attack on India.

According to General Khruleff's plan, 30,000 Russians were to march by the route of Meshed, in Khorassan, to Herat, and on to Candahar, "sending an embassy thence to Cabul, which would finally dispose the natives in our favour, and raise our influence over that of the English." General Duhamel proposed to send infantry, artillery, and ammunition over the Caspian, and to Asterabad, to be joined by a cavalry force travelling overland from Circassia through Persia; this army would advance through Khorassan to Afghanistan. "Comparatively easy," says Duhamel, "would be the march through half-civilised Persia, which is already so bound by treaties that it is incapable of any serious resistance, and is, moreover, threatened from all sides, especially from Circassia, and so rendered powerless. What more then remains to be desired? Any active co-operation on the part of the Persians involves active co-operation on the part of the Afghans," (we do not at all understand this,) "on account of the active hostility which exists between the two; and this is just the *sine qua non* of an attack upon India." General Duhamel certainly reckoned without his host. The Russians, by his plan, were to make friends with the Afghans at Cabul, and then to advance, with the Afghans, through the Khyber Pass to the Indus, which they would cross at Attock, and move on to capture Lahore and Delhi. "The choice of this route would create a rebellion in the very heart of England's possessions, and cause all the Mohammedan tribes to rise against her. In this direction lies, for the Afghans, the most tempting prospect of booty and acquisition of territory. Should this be the means of winning over the Sikhs, so much the better; but the Afghan alliance is of the greatest importance. This once accomplished, all is won; for we do not invade India with a view to making conquests, but to overthrow the English rule, or at least to weaken English power. In order to effect this, only a small army is needed, to form the kernel of the invasion, around which all the conquered tribes would cluster, and which might be gradually reduced as a general rising caused the attacking forces to increase." These suggestions and predictions of the Russian General in 1854 only prove his utter ignorance both of India and of Afghanistan. He imagined that, with a small Russian force just to lead the way, and to be afterwards reduced, since Russia would not care about occupying India herself, the Afghans would easily conquer India, and would be heartily welcomed and supported by all sections of the native population.

General Skobeleff, in 1877, was not much better informed; in fact, he knew nothing at all about India, and very few Russians do. "Everyone has declared"—"it is said by everyone who has studied the question"—are the accustomed phrases by which speculative projectors, military or political, disguise their want of accurate knowledge. Skobeleff was cock-sure that "the position of the English in India is so precarious, than an approach to the frontier would be enough to raise a rebellion." He therefore proposed, if war should break out between Russia and England, as was then expected, to dispatch a mission to Cabul and form at Samarcand a column of ten battalions of infantry, fourteen "sotnias" of Cossack horse, and forty guns, making a total of ten or twelve thousand men, which "should positively be the minimum of our aggressive force." Shere Ali, then Ameer of Cabul, was to be drawn into a Russian alliance, and the Mission was "to open relations with the disaffected natives of India." The column of Russian troops was to be pushed through Bamian to Cabul, and to be kept waiting there until the native rebellion in India should be organised, while measures would be taken also "to organise masses of Asiatic cavalry, which, to a cry of 'blood and booty,' might be launched into India, as the vanguard, thus renewing the times of Timour!" Skobeleff went on to say, "The further operations of the Russian column from Cabul" (the ten or twelve thousand Russians) "cannot be sketched in this plan of campaign (!). *At best*, the operations might terminate in the presence of the Russian banners at Benares; *at worst*, the column might retire (?) with honour to Herat, meeting a force dispatched from the Caucasus, which should consist of several battalions, with six guns to every thousand men." Only fancy this handful of Russians, with Skobeleff himself in command, retreating through the Khyber Pass, if they could escape being all slain or made prisoners by the Bengal Army in the Punjaub! The audacious projector of this campaign might well say that, "the enterprise would be a risky one; but *if* we were successful, we should entirely demolish the British Empire in India." He would have it understood among the troops, before crossing the Hindoo Koosh, "that every man must feel that he had come to Afghanistan to conquer or die; let each man know that the Emperer required even his death;" and then, he adds, "We should not be reproached for leaving our standards in the hands of the enemy, if not a single Russian warrior remained alive beyond the Hindoo Koosh." Such was the wild, fantastic, almost insane scheme of the famous General Skobeleff, which has been held up as a bugbear to frighten Englishmen with the fear of losing India. So much for the attack.

On the other hand, we are deliberately of opinion that the defensive military capabilities of India under British Imperial administration, and associated with the maritime ascendancy of Great Britain, exceed those of any Empire that ever yet existed in the East. They are so great, because they are so compact, so favoured by the peninsular situation of India, and by its wonderful barrier of mountains to the north—in these respects singularly like Italy when the Romans were a warlike and ruling nation—and because the immense population of India, the cities, the railways, the seaports, and the trade, supply incalculable resources and facilities of military defence. There is no single Power, no possible combination of allied Powers, that could wrest India from our hands against the will of the native population. We think no more of what Napoleon I. said about it, or what he put into the crazy head of the Emperor Paul, than we do of the apocryphal "Will of Peter the Great," who died, by-the-way, some years before the victories of Clive laid the first stone of the structure of British Empire in India. It is not worthy of us—it betrays a want of faith in the undegenerate virtues of our nation, and in the ability and efforts, on the whole successful, of British administrators of India to make their rule serviceable and acceptable, which is to make it secure—that any of us should think it likely to be supplanted by Russia.

While upon this topic, we have the pleasure of quoting a high Native authority, the present Minister of the most important Mohammedan State in India, who expresses in a recent letter the sentiments with which British rule is regarded by his countrymen. The State of Hyderabad, containing nearly ten millions of people, under the Government of the Nizam, has been so wisely and faithfully administered by a great Native statesman, the late Sir Salar Jung, during thirty years, that its internal prosperity will bear comparison with the best-managed provinces under the immediate administration of British officials. Mr. William Digby, secretary to the National Liberal Club, in his book just published, "India for the Indians and for England," gives a precise statistical account of the Hyderabad Government and its results, from 1853 to 1882, showing the great reforms that were effected, the remission of vexatious taxes, the economy in collection of revenue, the reduction of debt, the encouragement of agriculture and trade, the care for education, and other good work still continued by the late Minister's son. Now, Hyderabad, in its domestic concerns, is an independent Native State, and it is one which remains of those originated by the Mogul Empire superseded by the British Empire; so that the spontaneous testimony of its rulers in favour of the British Empire, as generally beneficial to India, cannot be suspected of undue partiality or servility; yet here is Mehdi Ali, Political and Financial Secretary to the Nizam's Government, writing a few days since, with the utmost enthusiasm, denouncing "Russian despotism and Russian corruption," and declaring that all India, but especially the Mussulman part of India, will fight most eagerly on the British side.

"But the Russian theorists say," writes Mehdi Ali, "that India is sighing under the yoke of an alien conqueror, and will welcome us as deliverers. Is this true? Again I say, No! At what stage of the world's history has there been a free and united India? Was it when the Aryans poured in crowds over the Hindoo Koosh, settled in the fertile valley of the Ganges, spread towards the south, and made subject every aboriginal race that came across their path? Was it when every Hindoo kingdom was fighting against the other? Was it when the Mohammedan armies, under the Caliph's Generals, subdued the north? Was it when there were at least a dozen independent Mohammedan kingdoms, with as many Hindoo Rajs? Was it when the Afghans took Delhi, or when the Tartars founded a dynasty? And, finally, was it free and united when the Mogul Aurungzebe subdued every Prince, whether Hindoo or Mohammedan, from Peshawur to Cape Comorin, or after Aurungzebe's death, when the Mogul Empire fell to pieces? Was India free and united when ravaged by the hordes of Gholam Khader, of the Mahratta Peishwas, and of Nadir Shah? Again, No! India has never been free until the British appeared on the scene, and she did not know what peace meant until she heard of the *Pax Britannica*. Are the English more alien to the people of India than Afghan Sultans or than Mogul Emperors? For seven hundred years the States of India fought against the alien rulers, whose main policy was bloodshed and rapine. It is only during the last eighty years that we have enjoyed peace, because our present rulers have left us nothing more to fight for. *English peace we know, and English justice and civilisation.* Can, then, anyone for a moment think that we shall welcome Russian despotism and Russian corruption? It is said that the Native States are dissatisfied, and the people discontented. Are there any grounds for these statements? No doubt there are many who have grievances. Mysore would like to have her tribute reduced; Hyderabad would like to get back the Berars; Scindia would like to have the fort of Gwalior restored; Travancore would like to have two more guns added to her salute; the educated Baboos and B.A.'s would like to have more appointments thrown open to them. All this is, no doubt, true; but does the ventilation of these grievances mean disloyalty and discontent? Again, No! What are these grievances compared with what the princes and the peoples have had to suffer for centuries before the British rule? In former times a conqueror made a desert, and called it peace. Death was often the punishment for defence against an unprovoked attack. The nephew assassinated his uncle; the son poisoned his father and murdered his brothers; a faithful servant was rewarded by fine, imprisonment, and often death. No one put forward a grievance unless he had an army to back it up with. As for the people, they were silent, for protest meant further oppression. It is because the people of India have learnt to put faith in *British justice* that now so many complaints are heard. They have learnt that courts of justice are independent, that a British Judge does not hesitate to give an award against the Government if the latter is in the wrong; that the higher official is ready to hear an appeal against the order of his subordinate, and that British justice is no respecter of persons, and gives the lowest subject the opportunity of appealing to the Court of the Empress. This is the reason why they now come forward with confidence. Their complaints are proofs rather of loyalty than of disloyalty. Of course, in an empire so large as India it is impossible that all can be satisfied. Even British officials are human, and *humanum est errare*. The British as a nation are just; but still there are individuals who commit injustice. In the name, therefore, of my fellow-subjects, I protest against an expression of grievances being considered a sign of disloyalty. I have, I think, answered the question as to whether the natives of India wish for Russia."

This does not look at all like an opening for Russian intrigue or Russian conquest; nor could any such projects against India find much encouragement in the eagerness of all the native Princes, Mussulman, Hindoo, and Sikh, to put their troops at the disposal of Lord Dufferin for the expected war on the Afghan frontier. Scindia of Gwalior, and Holkar of Indore, the descendants and namesakes of the once powerful Mahratta Chiefs, hasten to meet the Viceroy at a railway station passing their dominions, to make this offer in the most unqualified terms; the Nizam is as ready to send his contingent to Afghanistan as he was to the Soudan; the Maharajah of Mysore, the Ranee of Bhopal, the Maharajah of Cashmere, the independent state of Nepaul, with its hundred thousand Ghoorkas, the Rajpoot provinces of Oodeypore, Jeypore, and Jodhpore, and the Punjaub Rajahs of Jheend, Puttiala, and Kapurthulla, are pressing their services on the

British Government. We are quite aware that their armies, though in the aggregate nominally large, consist mainly of undrilled and ill-armed militia, liable to serve by the feudal tenure of their land, and chiefly useful as rural police; but then, while they cannot at present be dangerous to the Indian Empire, they are capable of being converted, with a superior equipment and a short training, into an immense and thoroughly efficient regular military force. This is, after all, merely a question of arithmetic; the population of India under direct British rule is nearly two hundred millions, and that of all the Native States of India amounts to fifty-five millions; we may usually reckon, at the rate of European armies raised by conscription, one man in a hundred of the population to be in military service. India is thus capable of raising, if it were required, and if the rulers of India were so disposed, above two millions and a half of soldiers. We should be very sorry to contemplate such a state of affairs, but it would not be worse, simply as a draught on the population for army purposes, than some of the Continental nations of Europe have endured. There is France, with less than thirty-eight millions of people, keeping half a million under the colours in time of peace; there are Germany and Italy, more or less on a corresponding scale; there is Russia, with 780,000 soldiers "on the peace footing," and 2,300,000 on the war footing, out of a hundred million subjects. For a defensive emergency, therefore, the enormous Indian population, including many races of the finest fighting qualities, could put in actual array, upon the soil of India, an army greater than the whole nominal army of Russia, and ten times greater than Russia could ever send into the field. The equipment, armament, transport, and maintenance of armies must always be a question of money, vastly to the disadvantage of an invader coming a distance of several thousand miles; and the defence of India with England for the paymaster, in case of need, would probably cost less than the attack, the expense of which Russia could never think of incurring.

For these reasons, which Russian statesmen must long have been accustomed to consider, the idea of an invasion of India, in any case, may be dismissed as chimerical. It is not more likely now than it was half a century ago. Some politicians, however, who do not think Russia could possibly make a conquest of India, and who believe that the greater part of the natives of India would not accept Russian rule, still apprehend that it is the intention of Russia to set on foot in Afghanistan, if she can get there, secret agencies for promoting sedition in India, and for stirring up local or tribal insurrections, and perhaps corrupting the allegiance of the native army. This is to be done, they suspect, not in order to procure the establishment of the Czar's dominion in India, but to provide means of giving occasional trouble and annoyance to England, of distracting her attention from European diplomacy, or checking and punishing her when she thwarts Russian designs on Constantinople and in the Levant. It is a very curious theory of political motives, but examples may be found without going out of Europe, which can hardly be supposed to encourage Russian statecraft in any hope of influencing British foreign policy by a contrivance of that kind. If Russia were mistress of Herat, or even of Candahar and Cabul, she would be no nearer to a commanding position over the British dominion of India, by mere juxtaposition of territories, than she is with regard to Prussia and Austria. No conditions of close neighbourhood, and opportunity of tampering with the allegiance of alien subjects, can be imagined more objectionable, or more formidable for mischief, than the relative positions of the three great Empires of Eastern Europe. The partition of Poland gave each of them a slice of Polish territory and a segment of the Polish nation to govern; Prussia has her Posen, and Austria her Galicia, while Russia has the bulk of the ancient Polish kingdom. But this has not prevented Austria from again and again opposing Russia on the Eastern Question, and it has not rendered German policy subservient to that of St. Petersburg. It is incredible, therefore, that any Russian Minister or Emperor should indulge the hope of being able to control the European policy of a British Government by setting on his agents to procure a revolt of the hill tribes on the Punjaub frontier, the Wuziris, the Afreedis, the Yuzufzais, and others, who have had to be periodically chastised by a small military expedition from time to time. We do indeed remember that it was once imputed to Russia, some thirty or forty years ago, that she knew too much about the origin of a certain insurrection of the peasantry in Galicia; but that was perhaps a calumny; at any rate, it did not deter Austria from holding the Danubian Provinces against her during the Crimean War.

These arguments have not been adduced in extenuation of the conduct of Russia towards Afghanistan, which we deem wholly unjustifiable and intolerable; but in order to deprecate anything like alarmist passion or panic. India is not directly or indirectly attacked, and is certainly not endangered; but Afghanistan, which is a State intimately allied with India, and which it is our interest and our duty, as guardians of India, to defend, is grievously wronged, and stands in imminent peril. This is a Central Asian question, rather than a properly Indian question; and a survey of the conditions of Central Asia, with an adequate estimate of their importance to the world in general, and of the part that England should take in making the best of them, may be useful at the present crisis. We often hear the city or the district of Herat called "the Key of India." It is not so—very far from it; but Herat is the Key of Central Asia; and we do not think it ought to be in Russian hands. The reader will form his own opinion about this from a brief survey of the progress of Russian conquests in Asia, with a view of their probable aim and destination; and from some description of the geographical situation of Herat and the surrounding countries, with a notice of the historical evidences of its importance as a centre of commerce and an instrument of power.

Peter the Great, if we may go back to him, in the year 1713, just after his wars with Charles XII. of Sweden, was visited by a Turkoman chief, who told him that gold sand was to be found in the Amoo Darya, the river which was anciently called the Oxus. The same informant told Peter that this river had formerly flowed into the Caspian, but that the Khan of Khiva had artificially changed its course, and had made it flow into the Aral Sea. This story inflamed Peter's ambitious imagination with a desire to bring back the gold-bearing river to the Caspian, where it would be within reach of the Russians. He sent an expedition of several thousand men, under Prince Bekovitch, to visit Khiva and Bokhara, cities famous and wealthy in the heyday of the Turkish mediæval kingdoms of Central Asia; and to see what could be done with the Oxus. They were also to find a road to India, if possible, and to visit the Grand Mogul at Delhi. The expedition crossed the Caspian in boats, landing on the eastern shore, and marched to Khiva, arriving there in August, 1717. The Khan seemed at first doubtful about the intentions of the Russians; but soon, finding them bent on conquest, showed fight, and Bekovitch, with all his men, perished in the conflict and massacre. This was the first Russian adventure in Central Asia. Several attempts were made by individual Russian travellers, in 1731, in 1741, and in 1793, the last time by an oculist whom Catherine II. sent to cure a Khivan Prince of ophthalmia; and reports of the existence of gold-mines and silver-mines tempted the cupidity of the Russian Court. It is not unlikely that these notions were originated by a misunderstanding of the name "Zarafshan," or "Gold-dispenser," given to one of the streams tributary to the Oxus, above Bokhara, on account of its fertilising effect in the irrigation of the soil. The Russian Emperor Paul, who was really a sort of madman, sent a force under Count Orloff to Khiva in the year 1801, but the news of the assassination of the Czar induced Orloff to return. In 1819, Captain Mouravieff was dispatched from the army of the Caucasus to examine the eastern coast of the Caspian, and to select a site there for the construction of a fort. He went on to Khiva, where he was imprisoned by order of the Khan, and was detained seven weeks. On his return to Russia, Mouravieff gave an account of his travels, relating the barbarous and tyrannical conduct of the Khan, and the cruel treatment of other Russian captives in Khiva. He pointed out, moreover, that Khiva stood in the way of the advance of Russian commerce to Bokhara and to "Northern India." From this period—say the year 1820—began the persistent attempts of the Russian Empire to acquire possession of the countries extending due eastward of the Caspian—namely, the Turkish Khanates of Khiva, Khokand, and Bokhara, collectively termed the region of Turkestan, watered mainly by the two great rivers, the Sir-Darya (the ancient Jaxartes) and the Amoo-Darya or Jihun (the ancient Hydaspes), which fall into the Sea of Aral.

The whole region, including the deserts of the Kizil-Kum (Red Sand) and the Kara-Kum (Black Sand), which occupy the southern and western parts, has an extent of 1400 miles from the Caspian to the source of the Oxus in the Pamir plateau—the Bam-i-Dunya, or "Roof of the World," which connects the Himalayas and Hindoo Koosh mountain ranges with the Tian-Shan range to the north. It is geographically and historically distinct from Siberia, the conquest of which by Russia was achieved long before, and which has not been concerned in the transactions here related. The entire surface of the land slopes very gently westward down to the Caspian, the level of which sea is 85 feet below that of the Mediterranean; but the Oxus and the Sir-Darya, instead of reaching the Caspian, turn their course northwards and pour their waters into the Aral, which is 245 feet higher in level than the Caspian. It is considered probable that, in former ages, these two rivers united by a channel which can partly be traced, and then formed one grand river flowing westward to the Caspian. If that were the case, it must have traversed the Kara-Kum, which country would not then be a desert, but may have been fertile and populous; and the Murghab and Heri-Rud (or Tejend), flowing from the mountains above Herat, would be tributaries of the Oxus. A great change of physical conditions has apparently taken place in the south-west part of this region, along the Atak or northern boundary of Khorassan, and to the north of Herat; it has become a desolate and sterile wilderness, with a few oases, such as Merv, where one of the rivers above mentioned, by artificial means, is made to dispose beneficially of most of its remaining water. The Turkomans, of various tribes, who are not to be confounded with the proper Turks of the Usbeg family, inhabit the Kara-Kum oases, and are the last people that have come under Russian dominion. The settled and civilised people of Bokhara, Samarcand, Ferghana or Khokand, and Khiva, are chiefly Usbeg Turks, but mixed with Tajiks of the old Persian or Iranian race. These countries attained in the Middle Ages a high degree of civilisation, of the Mohammedan type, and the cities just named were rich and stately, though now sadly decayed. It is pleasanter to describe cities and cultivated districts than dreary deserts. Bokhara was the most powerful Turkish capital; its vast bazaar shows the great amount of former traffic, in which the products of China and India were exchanged for those of Europe, forwarded usually by Italian merchants, and conveyed through Aleppo, Bagdad, Southern Persia, and Herat. The situation of Bokhara, in a fertile district watered by the "Gold-dispenser" Zarafshan, was exceedingly propitious to agriculture, fields of grain, cotton plantations, and orchards or gardens yielding a variety of fruit. The city, which has now about 70,000 inhabitants, may have had 200,000 or more. Its noble mosques, colleges of Mussulman learning, and other public institutions, were renowned in the Eastern world; but its glory became diminished by the rise of Samarcand, the Tartar capital, which has also, by its own irrigation works, robbed Bokhara of some of the wealth-producing water of the bounteous Zarafshan. In the city of Samarcand, now a favoured town reviving under Russian rule, are found some of the grandest architectural monuments of Islam, the mosque of the Shah-Zindeh and several great colleges, besides the citadel and palace of the old Ameers. Tashkend, however, the present head-quarters of the official administration, is a much larger city, with a population of 100,000, including five thousand Russians; and there is also the town of Khokand, formerly the residence of a sovereign Khan, in the province of the Sir-Darya. Descending the Oxus to near the Sea of Aral, we arrive at the Khivan oasis, which first attracted Russian ambition, and which is a sort of Little Egypt, consisting of the delta of that large river, a space of 5500 square miles, intersected by numerous canals for irrigation, with dams, aqueducts, and other such works, designed of old by the Sultans of Khaream. The city itself is by no means splendid; it is surrounded by a mud wall four miles in circumference, and there is an inner town, with another wall for its defence as a citadel, the Khan's palace, and religious and official buildings. Khiva is about four hundred miles distance from the Caspian; and, being the weakest and the most accessible of the independent Turkish States, naturally fell a prey to Russian conquest before the others.

It must be admitted, however, that Russia had some provocation. The atrociously bad government of the Khivan Khans had become the greatest nuisance to the Russian provinces of Orenburg and Astrakhan, at the north of the Caspian, or at least to the Kirghiz Tartar people under a Russian protectorate dwelling between the Caspian and the Aral. Khiva had become a mere slave-market, to which the Turkoman kidnappers and man-stealers, far more cruel than those of the African Soudan, yearly brought for sale thousands of Russian and Persian subjects, while they plundered every caravan of trade or travel setting forth eastward from the Caspian shore. It was not likely that Russia, with the Volga and the port of Astrakhan, since Peter the Great's time, forming her main outlet to Asia, would for ever be content to endure such an obnoxious neighbour. No other European nation, under similar circumstances, would have shown much greater patience. For the detailed narrative of events from 1820 to 1873, when Khiva was finally reduced to subjection, our readers may be referred to a very opportune publication, a new volume by Mr. Sutherland Edwards, called "Russian Projects against India" (Remington and Co., publishers), which is a good piece of historical work, though we do not recognise the propriety of its title, seeing that Khiva and India are a thousand miles apart. It does contain, however, those paper schemes of invading India, which were so flimsy and frivolous. We learn from this book that in 1822, when many Turkoman tribes acknowledged the authority of the Khan of Khiva, "the kidnapping of Russians from the frontier increased tenfold; piracy on the Caspian, moreover, took serious proportions, and inflicted great injury on the Russian fishermen; the Russian caravans, escorted by considerable detachments, were pillaged as before," of which remarkable instances are mentioned. "*Every year some two hundred Russians were captured on the Caspian and sold in the Khivan market:* a special fund was held in trust for their ransom." In 1826, the Khan of Khiva proposed to send an envoy to St. Petersburg, and was told that it could only be permitted on two conditions; that he should indemnify the Russian traders for the robbery of their caravans; "and secondly, that all the Russian prisoners detained in Khiva should be sent back, and that all traffic in slaves should for the future be prohibited. These conditions were not agreed to by the Khan, and the envoy was sent back to Khiva." In 1830, to quote an official report of that date, "at Khiva, according to reliable information, there were more than two thousand Russians in bondage. Russian prisoners were sold at the Khivan bazaars; and the traffic was participated in, not only by the highest Khivan officials, but likewise by Khivan traders who visited Russia every year, and who, when frequenting the Khirghiz encampments for purposes of trade, incited the Kirghizes to make prisoners, buying them up beforehand and giving money in advance. Although the Orenburg Frontier Commission had at its disposal a sum of 3000 roubles for the redemption of Russian prisoners, it was only able to procure the liberation of a very small number, as sentence of death was awarded at Khiva to any one who consented to sell his slave in order that he might be restored to his native country." ("Russian Projects against India," page 51.) We read further how the Russians held in slavery, if they were caught in an attempt to escape, had their noses and ears cut off, and for a second attempt were punished with torture and death. We wonder how long England would tolerate the continual treatment in this manner of Englishmen captured by a barbarian kingdom on the opposite shore of the Channel or the North Sea?

It was in March, 1839, after many remonstrances, warnings, and threats, that the Russian Government resolved upon an expedition against Khiva. It was not intended to annex that territory to the Czar's dominions, but to replace the existing Khan by a trustworthy ruler, who would give security and freedom to Russian subjects trading there. We cannot but regret that it should have been thought necessary, upon such an occasion, to counteract the possibility of English mercantile agents supplying the Khivans and Kirghizes with arms and ammunition. Commercial rivalry between the two nations in Central Asia had become rather active in the preceding years, and it is apt to give rise to political intrigue. Other English travellers, of a higher and more responsible character, visited Bokhara and Khiva; the names of the Rev. Dr. Wolff, whose mission was for the relief of some persecuted Jews, of Captain Abbott and Captain Shakspear, who aided in procuring the release of Russian captives at Khiva, and of Colonels Stoddart and Captain Conolly, who were put to death by the Ameer of Bokhara, will be remembered. There was a strong disposition in England, at the time of the first Afghan War, on account of the Russian intrigues at Cabul, to regard with extreme jealousy the movement against Khiva. The expedition, nevertheless, started from Orenburg, under the command of General Perofski, in October, 1840, consisting of 5325 men, with twenty-two guns, rockets, pontoons, and mining implements, the stores carried by 10,000 camels; but the campaign, which ended in the following April, was a rather disastrous failure, though with no defeat in battle and with very little fighting. The winter proved very severe, and the deep snow on the steppes, with the storms and extreme cold, made it difficult to march, killed most of the camels, and caused great sickness and mortality among the troops, who had not been well selected. They got only about half-way to Khiva. Many years passed before anything more was done in that direction. In the meantime, British diplomacy had been at work, in 1844, to procure from Russia an engagement or understanding that the three Khanates of Central Asia, Khiva, Bokhara, and Khokand, should be left independent, "as a neutral zone interposed between the two Empires, so as to preserve them from dangerous contact." This idea of "a neutral zone," wider or narrower, in Central Asia, has been entertained by our Foreign Office until a very recent period. No one seems inclined to lay much stress upon the necessity of creating or preserving "a neutral zone" between great Empires on the Continent of Europe; the frontiers of Russia, Germany, and Austria lie close together, and so do, in part, those of Germany and France. In Asia, moreover, the territory doomed to serve as "a neutral zone," if it happens to be overrun with Turkoman marauders, and its established rule be a flagrant example of corruption and imbecility, like those of Khiva and Bokhara, can hardly answer the ends of peace. The "neutral zone," in this case, was more than twelve hundred miles wide, and seems a pretty large slice of the earth's surface to give up to perpetual anarchy, to unrestrained cruelty and rapacity of the worst kind, for the political convenience of European diplomatists. Conventions and memorandums, formal promises, or simple professions and declarations of intentions, present or contingent, may be all very well, and it is right that they should be observed, when they are made; but if they forbid a responsible Power to do, in any case, that which may perhaps become its duty, then one would say that it was wrong of the other party to exact such promises. In the month of June, 1873, the Russians captured the town of Khiva; and Mr. Macgahan, the *Daily News* Correspondent, who was there, wrote as follows:—"As to the good done by the Russians in Central Asia, the Persian and other slaves hailed with delight the approach of the Russians; for the emancipation of the slaves has always followed the occupation of any place in Central Asia by the Russians." In like manner, with reference to Bokhara, we must agree with Mr. Sutherland Edwards that no reader of Vambéry's shocking account of the hideous cruelties formerly practised there can regret that the Russians have put down such barbarities. With regard also to the Akhal Turkomans and the Tekke Turkomans on the border of Khorassan, have we not the testimony of our Special Artist, Mr. Simpson, throughout his journey from Persia to Herat, that he everywhere saw proofs and heard reports of the terrible havoc yearly perpetrated by those banditti, and was assured that only the Russian conquest of the adjacent territory had put a stop to it? It is conceivable that circumstances might occur in which "a neutral zone" would be more honoured in the breach than in the observance.

The particulars of occasion, agents, and instruments by which the Russian Government became supreme over the whole of Turkestan, are not an edifying history, from a moral and humane point of view. Soldiering against barbarians, in most countries and in most ages, is sometimes dirty as well as bloody work—intriguing, cheating, and bribing is still dirtier; and we should be glad to cut out some chapters of the early history of English conquests in India, and perhaps of later achievements or attempts in Africa and elsewhere. It takes a good deal of all sorts to create a great military empire, which may nevertheless be subsequently administered, by wise, just, and diligent rulers like those we now have in India, for the real benefit of mankind. Putting aside, however, a

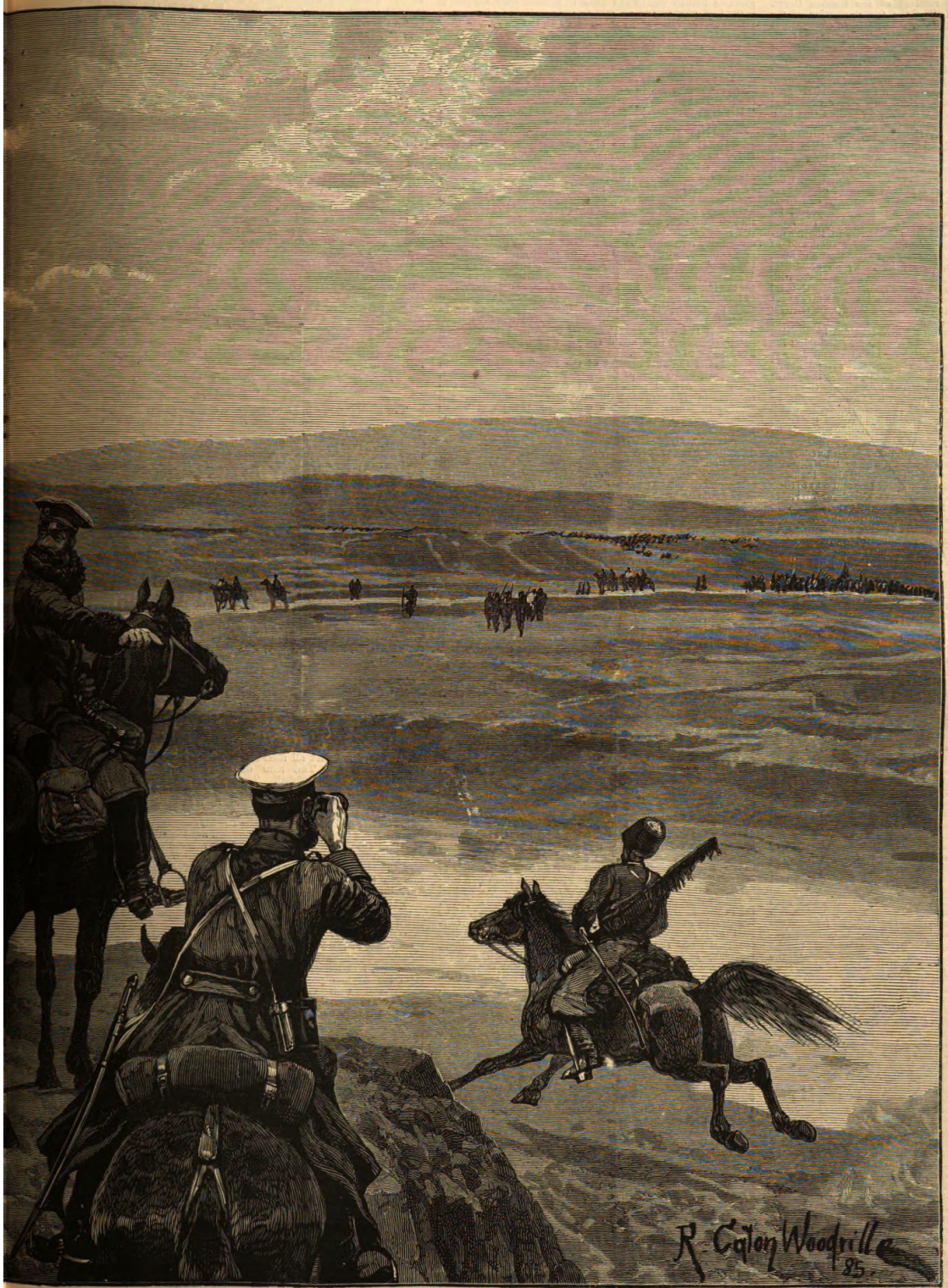
THE AFGHAN BO



VIEW OF PUL-I-KHISTI, THE "BRIDGE OF BRICK," WHERE THE RUS

FROM A SKETCH B. OUR SPEC

DARY QUESTION.



SIANS ATTACKED THE AFGHAN OUTPOSTS, AK-TAPA IN THE DISTANCE.

AL ARTIST, MR. WILLIAM SIMPSON.

large amount of diplomatic meddling, remonstrating, and promising or "understanding," for some thirty years of political vanity, the bare facts are these. In 1858, General Ignatieff was sent on a special mission to Khiva and Bokhara, and on his return was appointed Director of the Asiatic Department in the Foreign Office at St. Petersburg. Envoys from both Khanates were received at the Russian Court. Demands were made, including the free navigation of the Oxus, to which the Khivan Government refused consent, but that of Bokhara was more amenable. The state of those countries seemed not to be in the way of improvement; if there were fewer Russians held in slavery, there were many thousands of Persians, and the inevitable conflict was only postponed. In 1872, when European diplomacy was fully occupied with anxieties following the war between France and Germany, the Russian Government determined on another expedition to Khiva. Acts of hostility had the year before this been committed by the Khivans against the Russian military detachment at Krasnovodsk on the Caspian shore; and the excuse which the Khan made was, that the Russians had been mistaken for Persians. He then sent an envoy, who was told that he could not have access to the Emperor of Russia until all the Russian captives in Khiva were released, and until the Khan explained in writing the insolent treatment of the preceding Russian Mission. No explanation, apology, or redress was given; and in March, 1873, all being prepared, an advance was made of three forces simultaneously from the Caucasus, from Orenburg, and from Tashkend in the north-east part of Turkestan, to be united under command of General Kauffmann, forming an army of twelve thousand men, with fifty-four guns and other artillery. By an accidental failure to come up to time, the enterprise was achieved with only a portion of this; the Orenburg column, under General Vereffkin, joined by that from the Caucasus, reached Khiva about the first day of June, while the Turkestan column, with General Kauffmann, Commander-in-Chief, was on the other side of the Oxus. The terrified Khan of Khiva sent out his Russian captives, prisoners, and slaves, and begged for peace; but the city had to be taken. Vereffkin made his attack on June 9, after waiting some days for Kauffmann, and several hours' fighting took place on the canals and walls, and at the gates; next day, General Kauffmann arrived to find that the Khan had fled, and the town had surrendered. It was occupied by the Russian troops, and a treaty of peace was made, by which the Khanate of Khiva, restricted to the left bank of the Oxus, was to be a dependency of the Russian Empire ruled by its own Khan; a sum of nearly £300,000 was to be paid as indemnity for the Russian expenses, and all Khivan territory on the right bank of the Oxus was to be ceded to Russia, which handed it over to the Khan of Bokhara. Thirty thousand Persian, Tartar, and other slaves were set free and sent to their homes, and the Khiva slave-market was closed for ever. It was not, altogether, a bad piece of work, but it was very wrong to have promised not to do it. The promise, however, was not to *annex* Khiva; and Russia therefore contented herself with compelling the Khan to conduct his government as a vassal, assisted or controlled by a council formed of Khivan dignitaries and Russian officers; the Khan has since then requested to exchange his sovereignty for a pension. The Khan of Bokhara has been persuaded to accept a dependent position.

The north-eastern part of Turkestan, beyond the Sir-Darya or Jaxartes, together with the adjacent Siberian province of Semipalatinsk, was in 1867 detached from the Orenburg government, and was constituted a separate province, with its capital at Tashkend. This measure, which was the actual commencement of Russian dominion in Central Asia, met with no political objection, because that country does not lie at all in the road to India. Khokand, which is still further to the east, was in 1858 at war with the Ameer of Bokhara, and he asked the Russians to interfere, which they did ultimately by suppressing the Khanate of Khokand, as it had done some mischief to the neighbouring Russian province, like Khiva, by harbouring a host of robbers. The Khan of Khokand was at first merely reduced to submission and salutary control; but in 1875, his two sons raised a rebellion, and he was deposed and driven from his capital, taking refuge at Orenburg, whereupon the Russians put down the revolt, and annexed the territory, now called Ferghana, to the Russian dominions. The Bokhara Sovereign, whose treachery and cruelty were notorious, in 1868 became openly hostile, and raised the standard of a "Jihad" or Mussulman Holy War against the nations of Christendom. He was defeated by General Kauffmann, who captured the city of Samarcand, took possession of the fertile valley of Zarafshan, and brought down the Khan of Bokhara to the position of a vassal of the Russian Empire.

So far, Russia had only had to deal with the Turkish and other semi-civilised inhabitants of the old Khanates, who are not a warlike race, but effete, cowardly, and lazy, and were ruled by contemptible monarchs. It was very different when Russia was obliged to undertake the task of taming the plundering, man-hunting, merciless Turkomans of the Kara-Kum Desert, whose perpetual yearly raids for pillage and for procuring slaves had so long made desolate the borders of Persia. There are several families of these; we shall only mention a few of the principal of them. The Yomuts are a very large family; they live principally to the east of the Caspian, from which they extend to near Khiva. The Goklans are also numerous, and their aouls, or collections of tents, are along the Gurgan river, on the Persian frontier; some of this tribe acknowledge the sovereignity of the Shah. The Tekkes are classed under three heads—the Merv Tekkes, who dwell near or about Merv; the Akhal Tekkes, who were the tribe which defended Geok Tepe, and were conquered at last by Skobeleff; and the Ata Tekkes, another branch of this tribe, on the Persian frontier: their aouls are near to a range of hills which separate Khorassan from the desert. This range is called Atak, which is said to mean "on the Border." We are told by our Special Artist, Mr. Simpson, who has lately gained much acquaintance with some of these wild folk, that in the language of the Turkomans, "khalk" is the word used for a tribe; a subdivision of the khalk is the "taife," or horde; and the horde is formed of "tires," which may be something like the clan, or family. Their government is of the primitive patriarchal form, all matters being left to the decision of the "Ak-Sakkals," which term means the "white-beards," or the elders. "It may be supposed that their laws would be of a very loose nature, and liable to many changes, but 'Deb,' or custom, is the great authority with them; it is the guide which rules their conduct, and is the basis of whatever law and order there may chance to be in Turkestan. The Turkomans are Sonni Mohammedans, and have the moral code of the Koran as a guide. They are religious according to their own views on that subject; and a strange aspect of this existed in the old raiding days, examples of which might be given as having taken place in other parts of the world. When a raid was about to start, the Mollahs were in attendance, and pronounced a blessing, wishing it, in the name of Allah, victory and success, and that it might return with ample spoil and a multitude of slaves. The law of the Koran is that no Mohammedan can hold another in slavery. Kaffirs, or unbelievers, may be made slaves. This being the case, some have supposed that the Sonni Turkoman considered the Shiah Persian as no better than a Kaffir, and worthy only to be a slave. But it is easy to suppose that Deb, or custom, combined with self-interest, had a stronger hold on the Turkoman mind than the teaching of the Koran."

Now, some of our English philanthropists have recently been disposed to sanction a hasty, profitless, and not very glorious British war in the Soudan, because they suppose it is the best way to put an end to the practice of kidnapping people and carrying them off to be sold into slavery. If they had studied the history of Sir Samuel Baker's and General Gordon's rule in the Soudan in Ismail Pasha's reign, they would be aware that this horrible system was originated and maintained by the connection with Egypt as a great slave-market; and precisely in the same manner, the great Asiatic slave-markets of Khiva and Bokhara used to encourage the raiding Turkomans to perpetrate cruelties of a similar kind. "Russian aggression"—"Russian encroachment"—Russian conquest, more than justified, in our opinion, by the position of Russia in Asia, has absolutely put an end to all those enormities; and when we are called upon to feel very angry because Geok Tepe and Merv, dens of the worst of robbers, the stealers of men, women, and children, have been captured by Russian arms, what becomes of our own justification, or of General Gordon's, for the doings which we approve in the Soudan? The storming of Geok Tepe, in 1881, seems to have been, like the storming of Badajos, a terrible act of war, though Skobeleff, a chivalrous soldier, endeavoured to check the rage of his Cossacks, infuriated by a most fierce and sanguinary resistance. The capture of Merv, by sheer trickery and cunning, with a mere show of force and scarcely any bloodshed, was achieved little more than a twelvemonth ago. We must positively decline to entertain sentiments of regard for the independence of the Akhal and Tekke Turkomans, and of indignation at their being deprived of it; because we know that they were, as communities, the plague and terror of Central Asia for hundreds of miles around their villanous nests. If the Sarik Turkomans on the Murghab deserve a better character, it is but a few years or months since they have begun to deserve it.

What is the real amount of the Russian acquisitions in Turkestan, which some of us grudge? A big dismal space on the map. A total population of 6,332,000, including two millions in Bokhara not directly ruled by Russians, and 700,000 in Khiva, and half a million of Akhal and Tekke Turkomans, the wildest race in Asia. A trade monopoly with Russian exports of £1,327,142 to the whole of Asia, in return for cotton, silk, wool, and cattle. A native Asiatic army reckoned at 30,000 on the peace footing, and 80,000 on the war footing. A revenue from Turkestan of £450,000, with an expenditure of £1,400,000 yearly, making an annual deficit of £950,000. It is pretty much what England would gain by annexing the Soudan; though private speculators, contractors, land-jobbers, railway-jobbers, and concoctors of bubble companies might put something in their pockets! What folly is this territorial ambition!

We have brought our historical review down to the "complication" which arose last year from the nearness of Merv to the undefined frontier of the Afghan territories. We consider that, until the question of an actual encroachment on the recognised or reputed Afghan frontier had arisen, there was nothing done by Russia, in the matters above related, which ought to be resisted or resented by the English nation. Afghanistan has become our own affair by the distinct pledges that we have given, and wisely given, to the Ameer of Cabul, that we will defend his territories, comprising Herat as well as Cabul and Candahar, against foreign attack. The Afghans are a very troublesome nation for him to rule; but it is for our interest, as concerned in India, that they should be united under a single firm and competent ruler of their own princely dynasty; it is for their own good, and for the good of some two millions of other races dwelling in the plains of southern and western Afghanistan, whom we hope to see restored, by a less barbarous system of government, to the benefits of civilisation. While Abdurrahman and his legitimate successors continue loyal and true to their engagements with British India, we mean to stand by him, not meddling with internal factions in his country, but holding the shield of Britannia—ay, the British bayonet as well as the sword of India—in front of Afghanistan, at the very "Gates of Herat," in case of attack by another Great Power. Our readers have been abundantly instructed, by the interesting letters and descriptive notes, as well as by the accurate Sketches, of Mr. William Simpson, who has travelled and laboured with Sir Peter Lumsden's Boundary Commission since last September; and they may also have read his letters in the *Daily News*. These sources of information we know to be trustworthy; and we rely more upon them, from our confidence in the writer, not only as the most truthful of Special Artists, but as an experienced traveller and a careful inquirer, than upon anything else yet published on the subject. The topography of the country north of Herat, between the Heri-Rud and Murghab rivers, the nationality of its present occupants, and the local evidences of its former condition, especially in the remains of numerous thriving towns which must have been connected with the once great commercial city to the south of the neighbouring hills—these appear to be most important elements of the controversy now going on. Mr. Lessar, the Russian official geographer and semi-official diplomatist, who has been endeavouring to convince us in London that Penjdeh and Maruchak, Ak Tapa and Pul-i-Khisti, never belonged to Herat, and must not be supposed to belong to Afghanistan, is sufficiently confuted by Mr. Simpson's Sketches. For there is no doubt whatever that only Herat, the magnificent and wealthy capital of ancient Khorassan, and the prosperous mart of traffic from all parts of Central Asia in the splendid times of the Turkish kingdoms there, could have been the metropolis of such a thriving district as it was on the banks of the Murghab and the Kushk, when for many miles, along the great road to regal Bokhara, towns were built and inhabited, bridges and aqueducts were erected, forts and garrisons commanded the approach to Herat. The assertion that such a country as Badghis must formerly have been—cultivated with admirable industry by its works of irrigation, certainly then populous, and filled with the monuments still remaining of a fair degree of Oriental civilisation—belongs to the Desert and the Turkomans, the most recently conquered subjects of Russia, is an affront to commonsense. We gave some account of Herat, compiled from several travellers' books, and partly from Colonel Malleson's brilliant sketch of its history, in the Number of our Journal published a fortnight ago. It is a city which European visitors are rarely permitted to examine, but its present decayed and squalid condition does not hide the proofs of its supremacy in the past, which is enough for our argument upon this occasion. It is to be hoped that the Russian Government will not be so misguided as to conceive the design of extending its conquests to Herat, seeing that the price of that acquisition, at this moment or at any future time, is nothing less than war with Great Britain.

As for Russian military and political officials on the frontier, there is no assurance that they may not, like persons intrusted with similar functions by other European Governments, prove capable of that kind of folly. It is scarcely necessary here to recite the alarming incidents of the last two months, the proceedings of General Komaroff and Colonel Alikhanoff, in defiance of international rights, of a formal agreement between their Government and ours, and of the courtesies due to foreign officers invested with proper authority; and their conduct in forcing a quarrel upon the Afghans, and causing useless bloodshed without the excuse of war, merits the severest reprobation. On Thursday, last week, the news of this unprovoked act of hostility, as we believe it was, committed on the 30th ult. at Pul-i-Khisti, close to Ak-Tapa, at the junction of the Kushk and the Murghab, arrived in London. It was received here with feelings which have been vehemently expressed in some quarters; but we prefer not to augment the flow of angry declamation, and we trust that the Emperor Alexander III. and his chief Minister, M. De Giers, of whom Lord Dufferin cherished the best possible opinion, will soon disavow, reprove, and redress such a wrongful and disgraceful act. Some apology and compensation should be made to the Ameer, with a proper expression of regret addressed to the Government of our Queen, whose Commissioners were insulted by this wanton breach of the peace in their presence; they have indeed been ill-treated by the failure of the Russian Commissioners to meet them for the joint work appointed. The Russian troops should at once be withdrawn from all the positions which they have no right to occupy; and the work of the Boundary Commission should be peacefully taken up and properly completed; or else the Russian Government should ask permission to withdraw from this undertaking, if it finds any serious difficulties in the way, and let a frontier be settled by impartial arbitration upon the reports of official surveyors on both sides. We earnestly hope that it may not even now be too late to obtain reasonable satisfaction, if the Russian Government at St. Petersburg has no unjust intentions of taking, by force or by fraud, that which nowise belongs to Russia. There is a verse in the Bible, "Cursed is he that removeth his neighbour's land-mark."

The following telegraphic despatches contain the news referred to:—

From the British Afghan Boundary Commissioner, Sir Peter Lumsden.

GULRAN, April 3.

The Russians, making a pretext of a change in the position of the Afghan outposts, attacked the Afghans at Penjdeh on March 30, and drove them out.

The Afghans fought stubbornly, but the day was wet and their muzzle-loaders were ineffective.

Two companies defended one position till every man was killed.

The Afghans retreated in perfect order to Meruchak, and no pursuit was made.

The Sariks remained neutral, but plundered the Afghan camp.

The Russian loss is said to have been great.

The British officers remained till the Afghans had effected their retreat, and then joined General Lumsden's camp.

The Russian Account of the Affair.

ST. PETERSBURG, April 9.

General Komaroff attacked the fortified position of the Afghans on both banks of the Kushk river on the 30th ult.

An engagement ensued, and the Afghans, whose force consisted of 4000 men with eight guns, were defeated and dispersed with the loss of about 500 killed, the whole of their artillery, two standards, the entire camp, with the park of artillery and provisions.

ST. PETERSBURG, April 9 (11.10 a.m.).

The *Official Messenger* this morning publishes the following:—

"General Komaroff reports that, in consequence of the provocative and manifestly hostile proceedings of the Afghans, he was compelled on the 30th ult. to attack their fortified positions on both banks of the Kushk river. The Afghan detachment, numbering 4000 men, with eight guns, was defeated and dispersed with the loss of 500 killed, two standards, their whole camp, and all their artillery and provisions. The Russians had one Turkoman officer killed and Colonel Nakchitch slightly wounded. Three subaltern officers were wounded. Of the Cossacks and Turkoman soldiers ten were killed and twenty-nine wounded. When the fighting was over, General Komaroff returned across the Kushk river to his former position. When some British officers, who were eye-witnesses of the engagement, but had not taken part in it, saw that the Afghans were beaten, they asked the Russians for protection; but unfortunately the convoy which was immediately dispatched by General Komaroff was unable to overtake the Afghan cavalry, who, in their flight, had carried away the British officers with them."

The *Official Messenger* of St. Petersburg on Sunday published a telegram from General Komaroff to the Minister of War, dated Dash-Kepri, April 1, in which General Komaroff says:—

"On the 25th ult. our detachment approached Dash-Kepri on our side of the Kushk river. When near the bridge I saw an intrenchment occupied by the Afghans. In order to avoid a conflict, I stationed my troops at a distance of five versts from the Afghan position. On the 26th ult. negotiations commenced with Captain Yate. When the Afghans were convinced that we had no intention of attacking them, they daily drew nearer to our camp. On the 27th, they dispatched against our company intrusted with covering a reconnoitring party, three companies with one gun and some cavalry. Their audacity and arrogance went on increasing little by little until the following day, when they occupied the height which commanded the left flank of our camp. They commenced to throw up intrenchments, established a cavalry post to the rear of our line, and placed a picket at gunshot distance from our ford. On the 29th, I sent to the commander of the Afghan detachment an energetic summons, giving him till the evening to evacuate the left bank of the Kushk and the right bank of the Murghab as far as the mouth of the Kushk. I received a reply from him that, acting upon the advice of the English, he refused to retire behind the Kushk. I then sent him a private letter, couched in amicable terms. On the 30th ult., in order to support my demand, I marched with my detachment against the Afghan position, still counting on a pacific issue of the difficulty, but the fire of the Afghan artillery and the attack of their cavalry compelled me to accept the combat, the results of which are already known."

Mr. Gladstone stated in the House of Commons, on Friday, that our Government were informed by Sir Peter Lumsden, on the 29th, that the Russians were drawn up in force almost within range of the Afghan position, though the Afghans had neither attacked nor advanced, and though Penjdeh was perfectly quiet. The Russians attempted to pass forcibly through the Afghan pickets. Captain Yate met the Chief of the Russian Staff, who told him that they had received no orders to refrain from advancing, which had been promised to our Government on the 17th; and they would give no assurance not to attack without previous notice, but claimed a right to turn out the Afghan posts whenever they might inconvenience the Russians. The attack made on the 30th, says Mr. Gladstone, "bears the appearance of an unprovoked aggression."

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THE AFGHAN BOUNDARY QUESTION.



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FROM A SKETCH BY CAPTAIN PEACOCKE, R.E.



HILLMEN TRAVELLING THROUGH THE BOLAN PASS.
FROM A SKETCH BY LIEUTENANT GONNE, R.A.

THE ROYAL VISIT TO IRELAND.



THE DRAWINGROOM AT DUBLIN CASTLE.

THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES IN IRELAND.

The arrival of their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales and Prince Albert Victor Edward of Wales in Dublin, on Wednesday last week, has been rather briefly narrated in a part of our last week's impression; and some fuller account of this gratifying event must now be given in connection with the Illustrations that appear in our present Number. Their Royal Highnesses, as already stated, left London on the Tuesday evening by special train, and arrived soon after midnight at Holyhead, where they went at once on board the Royal yacht Osborne, which at half-past five on Wednesday morning steamed off to cross the Irish Channel, and reached Kingstown, Dublin Bay, at eleven o'clock. The passage across St. George's Channel was quite calm, though a north-easterly breeze prevailed. The passage was more than half accomplished before their Royal Highnesses appeared on deck; but they found the prospect so bright as to tempt them to frequent appearances from the saloon, and they preferred at length to remain above. Howth Head was sighted not long after breakfast. The weather was clear, and the sun occasionally lighted up the green promontories and the Wicklow mountains. When Dublin Bay was entered and Kingstown had been sighted, the tall masts and long hulls of the Channel Squadron soon appeared in view, gaily dressed from bulwark to peak with bunting. The vessels in the harbour were likewise decked out with gay banners, which showed in company with the flags of the public and other buildings, which are conspicuous when viewed from the sea. On approaching the Channel Squadron, the Royal visitors were greeted with the strains of the "National Anthem," while the seamen manned the yards, and a salute came booming over the water from the guns of the Belleisle, the guard-ship lying in the harbour. The speed of the Osborne was slackened as she passed the stately squadron, consisting of the Achilles, Northumberland, Sultan, Minotaur, and Agincourt, and steamed round the eastern breakwater and came in sight of the Carlisle Pier, which projects in the centre of the harbour. An immense crowd, most of whom had travelled from Dublin earlier in the morning, had assembled on the pier and the esplanades, and as the Osborne entered the harbour, a hearty cheer gave the Royal visitors an earnest of the kind reception which awaited them.

The Lord Lieutenant, Earl Spencer, with Countess Spencer and suite, were waiting on the jetty to go on board the Osborne. His Excellency was escorted by a brilliant military cavalcade, and amongst the officials who accompanied him to Kingstown were General Sir Thomas Steele, Commander of the Forces in Ireland; Colonel Stevenson, Deputy Adjutant-General; Colonel Buchanan, Deputy Quartermaster-General; Colonel Boyle, Military Secretary; and Major Stopford, Aide-de-Camp. A guard of honour of the Highland Light Infantry, 200 strong, had preceded the Viceregal party to Kingstown, and a detachment of the Royal Artillery had been told off to fire a salute at the East Pier as the Prince and Princess and their son landed. Precisely at ten minutes to twelve, the Lord Lieutenant arrived at the Carlisle Pier, off which the Osborne was lying; and his Excellency, with the Countess and suite, at once went on board the yacht to welcome the Royal visitors. The greeting between the Viceroy and his illustrious guests was witnessed by thousands of persons, whose incessant cheers and waving of hats and handkerchiefs testified to the cordiality of their greeting.

It had been arranged that the Lord Lieutenant and the Countess should precede the Prince and Princess of Wales to Dublin, in order to receive them at the Castle, and the whole party therefore landed, the Royal Artillery firing a salute from the East Pier. The Princess of Wales was escorted to the station by Earl Spencer, and the Countess by his Royal Highness, who expressed his gratification at the warmth of his reception and the kindly feeling which had been shown by the people of Kingstown. At the station, the Lord Lieutenant took temporary leave of the Royal party, and departed for Dublin. In the brief interval before the starting of the second special train, the Princess was presented with a magnificent bouquet by Miss Watson, the daughter of the managing director of the City of Dublin Steam-Packet Company. The Prince was then presented by Mr. W. R. J. Murphy, chairman of the Kingstown Town Commissioners, with an address of hearty welcome, expressing a fervent hope "that affectionate devotion to their common Sovereign and to the members of the Royal family may ever unite the people of Ireland in the closest friendship with those of every other portion of her Majesty's dominions." His Royal Highness handed Mr. Murphy a written reply; and the Royal party, amidst the loud cheers of the crowd, who also, in response to calls, gave special cheers for Prince Albert Victor, then entered the special train, which at once steamed off for Dublin, the visitors being heartily greeted at several of the stations through which the train passed. The Westland-row terminus was reached at a quarter to one o'clock, and their Royal Highnesses were welcomed by a large assemblage, which had been admitted by ticket to the prettily decorated station. An escort of two hundred men was in waiting outside, furnished by the 18th Hussars, the 16th Lancers, and the 1st Battalion of the Northumberland Fusiliers, and the streets along the route taken by the procession were lined by the Grenadier Guards, the Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry, the 18th Hussars and 16th Lancers, the Highland Light Infantry, the King's Own Borderers, and detachments of the Commissariat and Transport Corps. Before their Royal Highnesses left the station, the Prince was presented with an address by Mr. Wigham, the Honorary Secretary of the Chamber of Commerce, on behalf of an influential Committee representing a vast number of the Dublin citizens.

This address of welcome contained a suggestion "that it would be a great gratification to her Majesty's loyal subjects in Ireland if a permanent Royal residence should be established in our country, and if some members of the Royal family should see fit to make their home amongst us for some part of every year." There was a reference also to the Royal Commission of Inquiry on the dwellings of the working classes, which was about to hold its sittings in Dublin, and the Prince was asked to give it his assistance. His Royal Highness, in reply to the address, said:—

"On behalf of the Princess of Wales and myself, I thank you heartily for the address you have read to me, and I am very grateful to the citizens of Dublin, who, through you, have welcomed me to their city. It gives the Princess and myself much gratification once more to visit a country where we have received so much kindness, and I regret the length of the interval which has elapsed since we last were in Ireland. I fully appreciate your sentiments of loyalty to the Throne and Constitution, and I will take care to communicate to the Queen your expressions of devotion and attachment to her Majesty. It will give me much pleasure to renew my acquaintance with Dublin, and see the results of the civic and private enterprise to which you refer. The furtherance of the welfare of all classes of the realm is an object which is dear to me, and I trust that the efforts of the Commission of which I am a member will tend to the improvement of the dwellings of those who contribute by their labour to the prosperity of our great towns, and will thus add to their public utility as citizens as well as to their private and domestic happiness. I hope to visit many parts of Ireland, and to see much of the work as well as share in some of the amusements of the Irish people. The kindness with which you have greeted me encourages me to look forward with pleasure to my visit to a country where courtesy and hospitality have ever been the characteristics of the people."

The Royal party were then escorted to their carriages, amidst continued cheering from the people in the station, which was taken up immediately by the crowd outside as soon as the Prince and Princess made their appearance. Traffic in the streets had been temporarily suspended, and the imposing procession at once formed was seen to the best advantage by the crowds who lined the streets. The route taken was through Lincoln-place, Nassau-street, Grafton-street, College-green, Dame-street, and Cork-hill to the Castle. The crowd was densest at College-green, and it was here, significantly enough, that the loyal demonstrations were most pronounced. The Princess of Wales was, as might be expected from Irish gallantry, honoured with peculiar tokens of interest. Her Royal Highness appeared to be in the best of health and spirits, and, as well as the Prince and son, repeatedly acknowledged the cheers of the crowd. The scene was one which few who were present will soon forget. The brilliant escort, the richly adorned Royal carriage, drawn by four magnificent horses, the wealth and variety of the decorations, the kindly demonstrations of the crowd in the streets, and of the people who occupied the windows of the houses and many of the shop windows, made up a picture which could not but leave a permanent record upon the minds of the spectators.

The procession arrived at the Castle about half-past one, and the Royal guests were there received by the Earl and Countess Spencer, and conducted to the State apartments, which had been refurnished and redecorated for their use. Lunch was served shortly after the arrival, and between three and four o'clock they left for the Cattle Show of the Royal Dublin Society, held in the spacious grounds at Ball's Bridge. The Prince and Princess, with an imposing escort, arrived at the grounds, having, all the way from the Castle, been saluted by the people with quite as much cordiality as they were on their entry two hours before. The Princess of Wales wore a dark green poplin of Irish manufacture, trimmed with Irish lace, a bonnet of the same shade, with feather and shamrocks, and a jacket of velvet, trimmed with fur to match. Their Royal Highnesses' reception in the Show-yard was overwhelming in its enthusiasm. The Grand Stand was filled with the fashionable people of Dublin, every seat having been engaged beforehand. A portion of the Grand Stand had been specially set apart for the Royal party, and their carriages were driven round the ground used in the jumping competitions of the hunters. Their Royal Highnesses remained at the Show about an hour and a half, and after a brief inspection of the Dog Show they re-entered their carriages for return to the Castle, the route taken this time being through Elgin-road, Clyde-road, Upper and Lower Leeson streets, Stephen's green, East and North Dawson, Nassau, and Grafton streets, College-green, and Dame-street. The Castle was reached at half-past five, and this concluded the public programme of the first day.

On Thursday, the second day of their Royal Highnesses in Dublin, the Prince with his son personally examined some of the dwellings of the poor in Dublin, and in the afternoon held a Levée at the Castle.

His Royal Highness, with Prince Albert Victor, Mr. Knollys (private secretary), and Captain Hammond, left the Castle about eleven o'clock in a close carriage, which was driven down Ship-street to Golden-lane, a locality which has for years enjoyed the reputation of being the worst hot-bed of misery and vice in Dublin. The Princes entered one of the most uninviting of the large dilapidated houses now crowded with lodgers of the poorest class, and went over the floors, speaking kindly to the inmates, who received his attentions with gratitude. Their Royal Highnesses were next taken through Canon-place and Deane-street to the Coombe, in order to inspect several blocks of artisans' dwellings erected in Reginald-square, by the Dublin Artisans' Dwellings Company, a Corporation formed in 1876, with Sir A. Guinness (Lord Ardilaun) as chairman, for the purpose of providing better accommodation for the working classes. The Prince expressed his approval of the arrangements made, which, indeed, seemed perfect, and expressed the hope that many more such dwellings might be erected. His Royal Highness questioned several inmates of the house with respect to the amount of rent they paid and the wages they earned. The Princes next drove to the Royal Hospital at Kilmainham, where they were received by Sir Thomas Steele, Commander of the Forces in Ireland, who gave orders that the Pensioners should parade in the Hospital grounds. Their Royal Highnesses returned through Island Bridge-road and along the southern quays to the Castle, which was reached a few minutes before one o'clock.

The Levée held by the Prince of Wales on behalf of her Majesty commenced at two o'clock. It was very largely attended, and included nearly all the leading aristocracy of Ireland, with many of the English nobility. The gentlemen were first ushered into St. Patrick's Hall, whence they were called into the Throne-Room and duly presented to his Royal Highness. The spectacle presented in the hall, owing to the variety of the dresses worn by the military and naval officers, Deputy Lieutenants, Church dignitaries, and Judges, was very brilliant. The hall has been newly decorated, and one of its most conspicuous features is the display of the banners of the Knights of St. Patrick.

The Prince of Wales, accompanied by Prince Albert Victor, entered the Throne-Room at two o'clock. In attendance on his Royal Highness were Lord Suffield, K.C.B.; Lieutenant-General Sir Dighton M. Probyn, K.C.S.I.; Mr. Andrew Pepys Corkerell; Colonel Christopher Teesdale, C.B.; and Colonel Arthur Ellis, C.S.I.; Colonel Kingscote, and Mr. Francis Knollys. The Sword of State was borne by the Right Hon. H. Campbell-Bannerman, Chief Secretary for Ireland. The number of gentlemen present was over 2000, and the presentations to the Prince were about 1500. The Lord Lieutenant was present at the Levée, attended by Sir Bernard Burke, Ulster King of Arms; Mr. Courtenay Boyle, Private Secretary; the Earl of Fingall, State Steward; Colonel Caulfield, Comptroller; the Hon. Gaston T. Monsell, Gentleman Usher; Colonel Dease, Chamberlain; the Very Rev. H. H. Dickinson, Dean of the Chapel Royal; Colonel Forster, Master of the Horse; the Hon. Edmund Boyle, Colonel Donaldson, and Mr. John R. Dasent, Gentlemen in Waiting; and the other members of the Viceregal Household.

The Princess of Wales, attended by Earl and Countess Spencer, drove to the Alexandra College, at Earlsfort-terrace, an institution for the education of women, founded nineteen years ago, and, as its name implies, under the patronage of her Royal Highness. The Princess was received by the members of the council, the secretary of the college, the Rev. W. Graves, and the Dean of the Chapel Royal.

The Princess held her Drawingroom at Dublin Castle, when St. Patrick's Hall presented a magnificent sight, with its fluted Corinthian pillars and newly-decorated walls and ceiling, filled as it was with the beauty of Ireland in the most bewitching of costumes, which had kept the milliners of Dublin hard at work for weeks. The crushing and waiting were willingly endured. The Princess of Wales was in a dress of cream satin duchesse, trimmed with gold and silver embroidery, embroidered with gold and silver shamrocks, the constant wearing of which Irish emblem is most popular. Never did her Royal Highness look more charming. Countess Spencer wore a train of azure-blue duchesse satin, on silver ground, embroidered with large bouquets of silver lily, and lined with the richest satin, and her tiara, stomacher, and rivière of diamonds. Lady Osborne was in a train of the richest dark-grey velvet, the Countess of Kingston in sapphire broché velvet, the Countess of Fingall in a Court train of the richest cream brocatelle; the Marchioness of Ormonde was in grey, a colour much affected by married ladies; and the Countess of Meath looked very handsome in violet velvet, but Mrs. Findlater's gold and white dress was the admiration of the sex. The number of the Irish aristocracy and gentry present was enormous, and one would not have imagined the times were bad. There was a large contingent from England, a sudden anxiety to visit Dublin having been developed on the part of English relatives and friends. The presentations of ladies were to the number of between eight hundred and a thousand.

On Friday, at noon, the Prince of Wales, accompanied by the Princess and Albert Victor, and by Lord and Lady Spencer, received various addresses presented to him in St. Patrick's Hall. They were from the Archbishops and Bishops, the Royal Irish Academy, the Dublin Chamber of Commerce, the Royal Irish Agricultural Society, the magistrates of the county of Kilkenny, the Presbytery of Dublin, the Incorporated Law Society, the Royal Horticultural Society (headed by the Duke of Leinster), the Hibernian Academy of Arts, the Methodist Church in Ireland, the Grand Master and Brethren of the Masonic body, and the Academy of Medicine. After the presentation of the addresses, which occupied about three quarters of an hour, his Royal Highness acknowledged them in a suitable reply.

The business of Friday afternoon was laying the foundation-stone of the new buildings for the Science and Art Museum and Library, in the courtyard at Leinster Lawn, and a visit to the Royal University of Ireland, in Earlsfort-terrace, where honorary degrees were conferred on their Royal Highnesses. The latter was a very interesting occasion; the Prince and Princess were received by the Chancellor, the Duke of Abercorn, and the Vice-Chancellor, Lord Emly. Their Royal Highnesses were conducted to their robing-rooms, where the Princess was robed by Miss Isabella Mulvany, a bachelor of arts, and another young lady who, in addition to a bachelorship of arts, has also obtained a degree in music. Dr. Meredith robed the Prince of Wales. Their Royal Highnesses were then conducted to the hall; the Prince of Wales wore the robe of a Doctor, and the Princess never looked more beautiful than when wearing her academic robe, which was made of white silk with pink silk facings. The cap is of black velvet, lined with sky-blue silk, and trimmed with a broad band of gold lace, and has a gold tassel. The Senate of the University were present, and it was formally announced that the Senate had resolved to confer the degree of Doctor of Laws, *honoris causâ*, upon his Royal Highness Albert Edward Prince of Wales, and also the degree of Doctor of Music, *honoris causâ*, upon her Royal Highness Alexandra Princess of Wales, and that their Royal Highnesses had been graciously pleased to intimate that they would accept those degrees. The Chancellor then read and presented to his Royal Highness the address from the University, after which the name of his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales was announced, and the Chancellor conferred upon him the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws. The honorary degree of Doctor of Music was conferred on the Princess of Wales with similar ceremony, amidst renewed and prolonged cheering.

A State ball was held in the evening at the Castle, which was largely attended. The Prince and Princess of Wales accompanied by Earl and Countess Spencer, and attended by their suite, entered St. Patrick's Hall, the Prince wearing the uniform of a field officer. Her Royal Highness wore a dress of bronze velvet draped in gold embroidery and embossed with shamrocks, and a train of the same fabric lined with gold satin and bordered with marabout feathers. The ball opened with a quadrille, in which the Prince danced with Countess Spencer, the Lord Lieutenant dancing with her Royal Highness.

On Saturday their Royal Highnesses went to see the port and docks of Dublin; and the Princess, with a little ceremony, gave her own name, "Alexandra," to the large tidal basin heretofore known as the North Wall. It was "christened" by dashing a suspended bottle of champagne against the edge of the quay, which the Princess did by pulling a cord. They afterwards visited Trinity College, Dublin, where an address was presented by the Vice-Chancellor, the Right Hon. J. T. Ball. At a later hour, the Royal party paid a visit to the Industrial School at Artane. This establishment is under the direction of the Society of Christian Brothers, and is intended to provide homes for boys between nine and sixteen, who have lost one or both parents. About 750 lads are here instructed in trades, handicrafts, and professions. In the evening, there was a State dinner at the Castle.

Their Royal Highnesses attended Divine service at the Chapel Royal on Sunday. On Monday, the last day of their sojourn in Dublin, the Prince of Wales presented new colours to the Cornwall Regiment. The Prince and Princess of Wales, with their son, left Dublin on Monday for Convamore, the seat of Lord Listowel, in the county of Cork. Later particulars will be found briefly reported in another part of this Paper.

Sir. F. Napier Broome, Governor of Western Australia, distributes the certificates awarded by the examiners to the students in the Crystal Palace Company's School of Practical Engineering, in the lecture-room of the school, to-day.

The Earl of Airlie, who is serving in the Soudan on Lord Wolseley's Staff, has instructed his factor to issue a circular to his agricultural tenants intimating that, owing to the present depression, he is to allow an abatement of 20 per cent from the half-year's rent payable at Whit Sunday next.

The weight of fish delivered at Billingsgate last month was 10,645 tons, of which 7767 tons were brought by land, and 2878 tons by water. The officers of the Fishmongers' Company seized at and near Billingsgate, and on board boats lying off that place, 23½ tons of fish as unfit for human food. Among the fish seized were cockles, cod, herrings (twelve tons), lobsters, mussels, oysters, perch, periwinkles, plaice, salmon, shrimps, sprats, and whiting. The fish condemned at Columbia Market, in March, weighed one and a quarter tons, and at Farringdon Fish Market four hundredweight.

SIR HENRY TAYLOR'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY.*

The autobiography of an eminent man is a form of literature which is universally attractive. And such a narrative is doubly interesting when it is the work of a contemporary, and refers on almost every page to men and women with whom, by name at least, all readers are familiar. Sir Henry Taylor is now in his eighty-fifth year, and his greatest work, "Philip Van Artevelde," has been before the world for half a century. He has lived to gain all that makes old age desirable—honour, love, and troops of friends; and has shown how possible it is, while dignifying official life, to win delight and fame in that poetic life which has been dearer to him still. In a necessarily brief notice like this we can but touch on a few characteristic points of a narrative which abounds with suggestive topics and with interesting details.

The boy's education seems to have been strangely neglected; he was never sent either to a public school or college, and up to the age of twenty-three, with the exception of a year spent at sea, he was allowed to dream or to study at his own will. His father, who was a farmer, and a man of large acquirements, lived chiefly among books, and the future poet, having the run of a fairly good library, acquired no doubt a large amount of miscellaneous knowledge. He relates that in those early years he was languid and lazy, lounging a good deal of time away in the stables, whilst his favourite place of reading was nestling among the hay in the hay-loft. At Witton-le-Wear, in Durham, the county of his birth, some years of early manhood were spent, and here he studied or read for some hours daily, and wrote verses "in more or less abundance." The ambitious youth, too, sent an article to the *Quarterly* on "Moore's Irish Melodies," which was accepted by Gifford. At this time, Taylor had an attack of the Byron fever; but his poetical constitution was uninjured by it. Possibly, his loyalty to Wordsworth in later years did injure him by limiting his range as a poet. His creed, to judge from these volumes, is a narrow one. There are no signs that he loved the earlier poets, with the exception of Shakspeare; nor that he had any appreciation of Dryden or the literature of the eighteenth century. Indeed, the only poet of whom Sir Henry writes with enthusiasm is his friend Mr. Aubrey de Vere; and, whatever may have been his acquaintance with foreign poetry, it does not seem to have exercised any influence on his genius.

At twenty-three, the young poet left his home for London, hoping, like so many other ambitious youths, to earn his bread by literature. He called on Gifford, who was then in a dying state, but gave a friendly welcome to his new contributor. Literature, however, was not to be his means of livelihood. Taylor brought an introduction to Dr. Holland (afterwards Sir Henry), breakfasted with him once or twice, and was then told, to his infinite surprise, that the Doctor had been in communication with the Under-Secretary of State for the Colonial Department, and, to quote the writer's words, that "'if my engagements would allow of it,' it was proposed that I should be appointed to a clerkship in that office, with a salary of £350 at once, which it was expected would shortly be increased to £600—the increase did in fact take place within twelve months—and which would ultimately rise to £900. It was abundantly plain to me that 'my engagements would allow of it.'" For forty-eight years Sir Henry served the State, and might, had his ambition been equal to his merit, have attained a high position. He was offered the Governorship of Upper Canada and the Under-Secretaryship of State, but declined both posts. Whatever ambition he did possess was in the direction of poetry, not of politics; and the fact that for many years Sir Henry never read the newspapers, shows his indifference to public affairs outside his own department.

There is no scandal in these volumes, neither is there any idle gossip. Of course, when the writer comes across wits like Rogers, Whately, and Sydney Smith, he has witticisms of theirs to record; but, for the most part, his pages are more thoughtful than amusing. He confesses that he never cared much for scenery; that he knows little of art; his travels, though he went to Italy for health's sake, and once or twice to Holland with Southey, seem to have been extremely limited; and it would appear that, next to poetry, Sir Henry has found in friendship the greatest pleasure of his life. Although he did not marry till he was forty, he loved the society of women and children; and, as a friend said, with a dash of exaggeration, liked *any* woman better than *any* man. On one occasion, Taylor met Garibaldi under Alfred Tennyson's roof, and wrote a poem confessing that the charms of a beautiful girl who was there at the time occupied him more than either of the two great men. Here are, by-the-way, some pleasant reminiscences of the Poet Laureate, who spoke once of Jane Austen as next to Shakspeare, and thanked God that he knew nothing of her, "and that there were no letters preserved, either of Shakspeare's or of Jane Austen's; that they had not been ripped open like pigs." Unfortunately, this can no longer be said of the author of "Emma." Many a pleasant hour was spent at Farringford, "the most beautifully situated house" Taylor ever beheld, and it is interesting to think of him as the associate of Southey and Wordsworth in the first half of the century and of Tennyson in the second. More frequent were his visits to the Grange and to Lady Ashburton, whose society, not always to his wife's content, Carlyle enjoyed so much. "With Lady Ashburton's death" Sir Henry writes, "my social life may be said to have come to an end. On looking back to it, I think all that was worth having in it came to me through her." A reviewer of this "Autobiography," with space at his command, might readily fill two or three columns with advantage to his readers. The choice of material is ample, and there seems no reason, save the want of room, why one subject should be mentioned and another left unnoticed. These volumes may not satisfy, nor are they intended to satisfy, public curiosity, but they will richly reward the labour of perusal. We hope, too, they will send the reader to the works which have justly given to Sir Henry Taylor a great although not a wide reputation. One virtue his dramas possess of special value in these days of confused poetical utterance. The poet knows what he wishes to say, and says it so that the reader cannot mistake the meaning.

* Autobiography of Sir Henry Taylor, 1800–1875. 2 vols., Longmans.

A conference, in which landowners, farmers, and hop-growers took part, was held in Canterbury last Saturday, on the use of beer in the harvest-field. A resolution in favour of paying for all harvest labour entirely in cash was adopted.

Princess Christian gave a concert on Wednesday evening, at St. Mark's School, Windsor, in aid of the funds of the National Aid Society. The artists included the members of the Windsor and Eton Amateur Orchestral Society and others.

The Prince of Wales has accepted the invitation of the board of management of the National Hospital for the Paralysed and Epileptic, Queen-square, Bloomsbury, to open their new building during the month of June next. The new hospital, of which the west block forms a memorial to the late Duke of Albany, has been erected at a cost of nearly £80,000, of which all but a balance of £6500 is provided.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All communications relating to this department of the Paper should be addressed to the Editor, and have the word "Chess" written on the envelope.

H W D (London).—We can recommend Cook's "Synopsis of the Chess Openings," but the English edition is out of print. The American reprint can be obtained from Messrs. Robert Clarke and Co., Cincinnati, U.S.A.

J J M (Weymouth).—You are again confounding the two anonymous problems one with the other. The one to which you refer was published on Feb. 14 last, not the 21st. After 1. B to Q 3rd, should Black adopt the famous move you suggest, 1. K takes B, White mates forthwith by 2. R to Q Kt sq.

C G (Ipswich).—Thanks; the problem shall be examined.

J S (Inverness).—The last is neat, and it shall be well overhauled before publication. Better luck, we trust, next time.

W A (Old Romney).—Thanks for your note, but we had already heard from numerous sources of the misplacement of the Knight.

O M (Copenhagen).—The copies referred to have been duly dispatched to you.

E L G (Blackwater).—Your solutions were acknowledged last week.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEMS Nos. 2129, 2130, 2131, and of J. JESPERSEN'S, received from J S Lovan (Blackburn, atal); of No. 2132, from Herman J Colenbrander (Lower Tugela, Natal); of Nos. 2124 and 2125, from John Flaxman (Warrnambool); of No. 2125, from Rev. Sir Secundrabad); of No. 2128 (as amended), from H H C (Salisbury), J K (south Hampstead), F West, T G (Ware), Laura Greaves (Shelton), Pievna, W David, F Marshall, T Sinclair, Clement Fawcett, G A A Walker, J Dudley (Wexford), G C Bruton, R H Brooks, Emile Frau (of No. 2 39, from Pievna, T G (Ware), L E C B, W John Beechey, G A A Walker, W David, E L G; of No. 2140, from D McCoy, J T W, R H Brooks, Emmo (Darlington), Jumbo, Richard Murphy (Wexford), F West, Pievna, T G (Ware), E Lowden, Tamen, John Hodgson, W P R (Swansea), W David, L E C B, and Emile Frau; of E. WALTER'S PROBLEM, from J T W, R H Brooks, Emmo (Darlington), T G (Ware); of G. HUME'S PROBLEM, from Jumbo, and T G (Ware).

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2141 received from Jupiter Junior, C W Milsom, A Harper, W Biddle, A L Ory, Nicholson (Hecla), C A L Bull, F Ferris, E Casella (Paris), M Wardell, L L Greenway, G Szymoni, Rev. W Anderson (Old Romney), J Hall, Tamen, J E M F. Hereward, A J Lake, Dominican, A W Scrutton, Ben Nevis, E Elsbury, C Darrad, George Joicey, Edward Redpath, Clement Fawcett, F P Pott, E A Adams, T Sinclair, G A A Walker, L Wyman, Otto Fulder (Ghent), D W Kell, H Blacklock, R L Southwell, S Lowndes, G S Oldfield, G W Law, L Sharswood, Shadforth, F West, E E H, E Lowden, R H Brooks, W P R (Swansea), R Inverooll, Alpha, An Old Hand, W David, Julia Short, E T Ward (Folkestone), W Collins, W B (Clifton), Lex, Lesbman, Penfold, Emmo (Darlington), Raymond, John Hodgson, F Marshall, A C Hunt, L Falcon (Antwerp), M O'Halloran, W Hillier, Coltheath, L E C B, Laura Greaves, Richard Murphy, J K (south Hampstead), J T W, E L G, W W Hunter, A M Porter, Emile Frau, Ernest Sharswood, and H Lucas.

NOTE.—Our readers will please note that in M. Rabock's Problem the White Knight described as at K Kt 4th, should be at K B 4th.

SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEMS.

No. 2133.

WHITE.	BLACK.
1. Q to K Kt 3rd	Any move
2. Mates accordingly.	

No. 2139.

1. B to K Kt 8th	K moves
2. Q to R 2nd	Any move
3. Mates accordingly.	

No. 2140.

1. B to Q 3rd	K to B 4th
2. Q to Q 6th (ch)	Any move
3. B or Kt mates	

Variations obvious.

M. BENE'S PROBLEM.

WHITE.	BLACK.
1. R to K B 6th	Any move
2. Mates accordingly.	

G. HUME'S PROBLEM.

1. R to Kt 8th	R to Q B 4th
2. R to R 8th	K takes Kt
3. R takes P.	Mate.

E. WALTER'S PROBLEM.

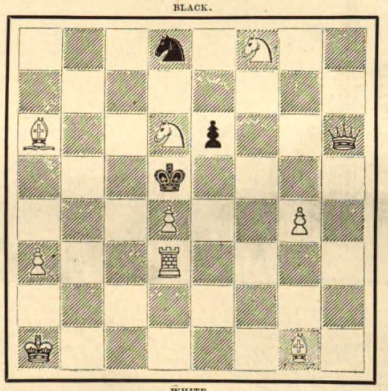
1. Q to R 3rd	P takes P
2. B takes R (ch)	P takes B
3. Q to B 8th.	Mate.

The variations should present no difficulty to the student.

PROBLEM No. 2143.

By J. W. ABBOTT.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in two moves.

Played at the Victoria Chess Club, Melbourne, between Messrs. FISHER and BLACKBURNE. The notes appended are by the latter, and were originally contributed to the *Australasian*.

(*Centre Gambit.*)

WHITE (Mr. F.)	BLACK (Mr. B.)	WHITE (Mr. F.)	BLACK (Mr. B.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	17. B to K 2nd	B to Q 6th
2. P to Q 4th	P takes P	18. B to B 3rd	Kt takes B
3. Q takes P	Kt to Q B 3rd	19. Kt takes Kt	R to K 7th (ch)
4. Q to K 3rd	P to K Kt 3rd	20. K to Kt 3rd	B to K 5th
5. Kt to Q B 3rd	B to Kt 2nd	21. P to K R 4th	
6. Kt to Q 5th		The only move to prevent the advance of the K Kt P.	

The Knight is useless here, and the move in the text is therefore a loss of valuable time. 6. B to B 2nd, preparatory to castling on the Queen's side, would have been preferable.

6.	P to Q 3rd	21.	R to K sq
7. B to Q 3rd	K Kt to K 2nd	It would, perhaps, have been more prudent to have first moved P to K R 4th.	
8. P to K B 4th	Castles	22. P to R 6th	P takes P
9. P to B 3rd	P to B 4th	23. R takes P	B to K B 3rd
10. Kt takes Kt (ch)	Q takes Kt	24. P to B 5th	R to Kt sq (ch)
11. P takes P	Q B takes P	25. B to Kt 5th	B takes B
12. B to B 4th (ch)	K to R sq	26. Kt takes B	B t kes B P
13. Kt to B 3rd	Q R to K sq	27. R to K B sq	B to Kt 3rd
		28. R to B 7th	

Black has now the better position, and White is almost compelled to exclange Queens. If he play 14. K to B 2nd, the reply is 14. Q to B 3rd, with an overwhelming attack.

Mere desperation; but there is nothing better. Had he played 28. R to R 6th, Black could win easily by 28. B to K 5th.

14. Q takes Q	R takes Q (ch)	28.	R (Kt sq) to K sq
15. K to B 2nd	B to K 5th	29. R takes Q B P	B take R
16. Kt to Kt 5th	Kt to K 4th	30. R takes P (ch)	K to Kt sq
		31. R takes B	R (Kq) to K 4th, and White resigned.

Before leaving Melbourne, Mr. Blackburne, on Feb. 7, gave a farewell exhibition, playing on the occasion twenty members of the Victoria Chess Club, simultaneously. He won eighteen and drew two, the unconquerable competitors being Messrs. Simpson and Crewe. Mr. Blackburne has since visited Warrnambool, en route for Sydney, and there played a large number of games under the same conditions, and with his usual success.

A neat Problem, by KARL FIALA, from the *Sestoror*, of Prague:—

White: K at K 8th, Q at Q sq., Kts at Q B 3rd and Q 3rd, Pawns at Q Kt 3rd and Q R 5th. (Six pieces.)

Black: K at Q 5th, Pawn at K 4th. (Two pieces.)

White to play, and mate in three moves.

An influential meeting was held at Shrewsbury last Saturday with respect to the future of Shrewsbury races, when a committee for forming a new company and negotiating the necessary leases was appointed.

Under the auspices of the Social Democratic Federation, about 1000 persons met on the Thames Embankment last Sunday, and marched in procession to Hyde Park, where a demonstration was held to demand the immediate prosecution of public works, and the restriction of the daily working hours to eight.

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated May 25, 1873) of Joseph Hilaire Geneviève, Marquis de Preaulx, formerly of No. 89, Rue du Faubourg St. Honoré, Paris, but late of the Château de Pouancé, Maine and Loire, France, who died on Dec. 3 last, at Nantes, was proved in London on the 20th ult. by Alphonse Vincent Victor Dubourg, the sole executor, the value of the personal estate in England amounting to over £70,000. The testator leaves the usufruct of all his property to his wife, for life; and, subject thereto, he leaves various estates to his cousin Charles Louis Alain de Rohan-Chabot, Prince de Leon, and to his god-daughter, Mdlle. Agnes Josephine Marie de Rohan-Chabot; and an estate to his cousin Count Gaston de Preaulx; 400,000f. to his cousin Charlotte de Preaulx; 100,000f. to Viscount Charles de Preaulx; 50,000f. to Antoinette de Preaulx; 25,000f. to the Church Corporation of Pouancé, to provide a salary for an almoner to say a daily mass at the Chapelle of the Château de Pouancé; 10,000f. to the Charity Fund of Pouancé; and many other legacies. He appoints the said Prince de Leon and the said Mdlle. de Rohan-Chabot his universal legatees.

The will and two codicils of Mr. Henry Turner, late of Lisson-grove, and 71, Finchley-road, Hampstead, who died on Jan. 3 last, was proved on the 4th ult. by Mrs. Sarah Turner, the widow, and Henry John Turner, the son, two of the executors, the personal estate amounting to above £95,000. The testator, after specific legacies to his wife and certain of his children, leaves the residue of his estate upon trust for the benefit of his wife and children. The will contains a power for the executors and trustees to make any arrangement they may consider fitting and reasonable with reference to his business, and to allow any capital to remain therein for such time and on such conditions as they shall think fit.

The will (dated June 16, 1879), with a codicil (dated Sept. 10, 1884), of Mr. John Christopher Augustus Voelcker, late of No. 39, Argyll-road, Kensington, analytical chemist and Doctor of Philosophy, who died on Dec. 5 last, was proved on the 13th inst. by Mrs. Susannah Voelcker, the widow, and John Augustus Voelcker, the son, two of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £84,000. The testator bequeaths £200 to the British and Foreign Bible Society; £100 each to the London Baptist Missionary Society, University College Hospital, and the German Hospital, Dalston; his horses, carriages, furniture, pictures, plate effects, wine and consumable stores, and £500, to his wife; the library of books at his residence and at his laboratory, specimens, apparatus, articles in use, and the tenancy of his laboratory to his said son; and £200 to Thomas Howard, his principal assistant at Salisbury-square, if in his service at his death. The residue of his real and personal estate is to be held, upon trust, to pay the income to his wife, for life, and then for all his children, in equal shares.

The will (dated Aug. 5, 1865), with a codicil (dated Feb. 17, 1882), of Mrs. Margaret Lloyd, late of No. 11, Queen's Gate-terrace, who died on Dec. 21 last, was proved on the 19th ult. by the Countess Elizabeth Anne Guidoboni Visconti, the daughter, and John Meurice Edward Lloyd, the nephew, two of the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £53,000. The testatrix makes some bequests of jewellery, plate, and ornamental china to her daughters; and the residue of her personal estate she leaves, upon trust, for her daughters, Mrs. Margaret Maria Attye, the Countess Guidoboni Visconti, Marian Lloyd, Augusta Jessie Lloyd, and Edith Lloyd, and the children of her deceased daughter, Mrs. Bellerina Alice Gosling.

The will (dated March 14, 1879), with a codicil (dated Oct. 19, 1883), of Mr. Francis Alexander Sydenham Locke, of the firm of Messrs. Locke, Tugwell, and Meek, of the Devizes and Wiltshire Bank, late of Rowdeford, Bromham, Wilts, who died on Jan. 7 last, was proved on the 18th ult. by Thomas Abdy Fellowes and Joseph Jackson, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £50,000. With the exception of legacies to his indoor servants, the testator leaves all his property, real and personal, to, or upon trust for, his daughter, Mrs. Katharine Selina Morant, her husband, Colonel Horatio Harbord Morant, and their children.

The will (dated July 13, 1883), with two codicils (dated May 21 and July 30, 1884), of Mr. Charles Lawrence, late of No. 71, Lothian-road, Camberwell New-road, who died on Feb. 26 last, was proved on the 19th ult. by Edmund Lawrence and Jesse Lawrence, the sons, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £34,000. The testator makes specific gifts of freehold and leasehold houses, and of Metropolitan stock, to children; and the residue of his real and personal estate he leaves to all his ten children.

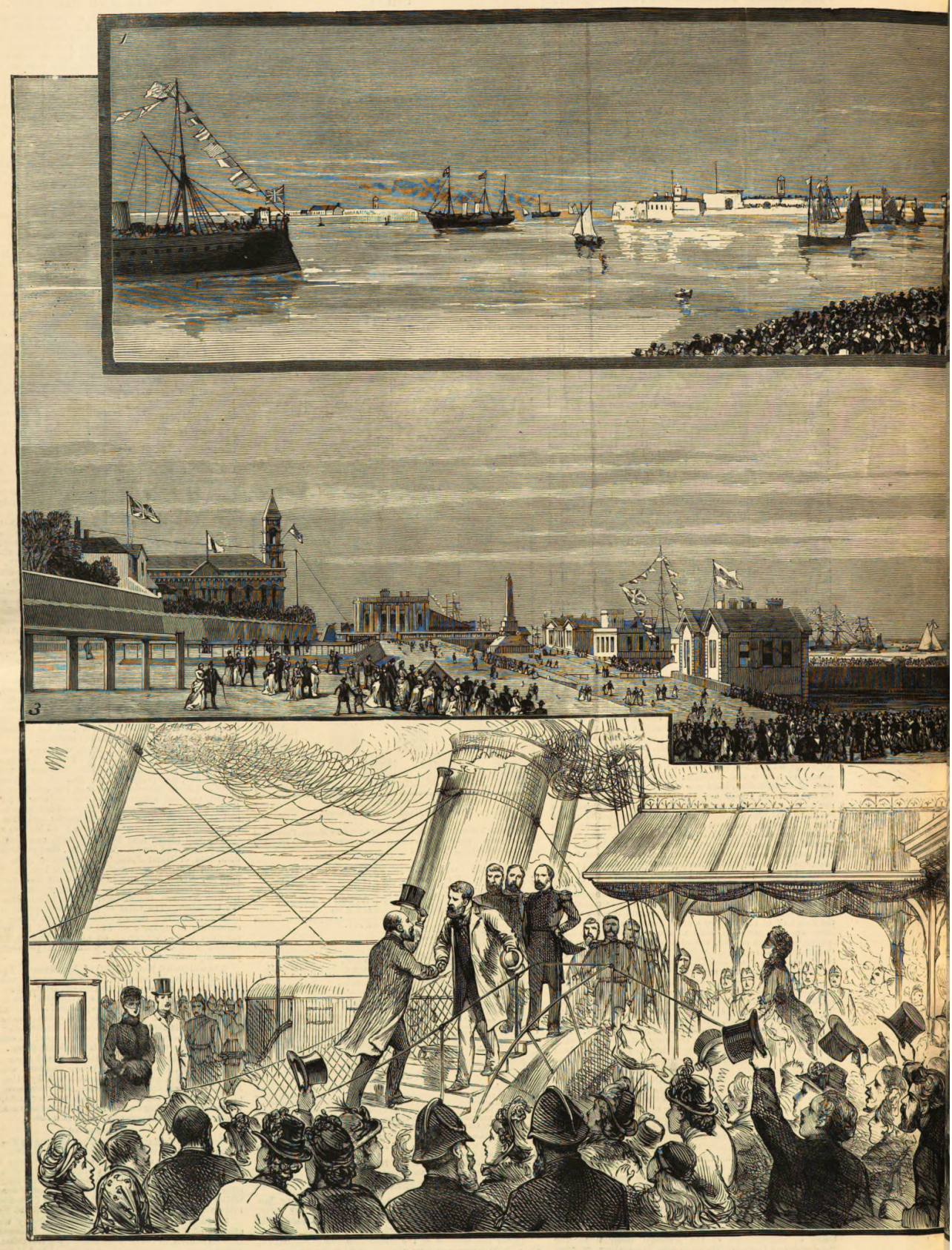
The will (dated Aug. 20, 1864), with two codicils (dated Sept. 9, 1880, and Jan. 9, 1885), of Mr. George Gunnell Newman, late of Hurst Place, Bexley, and of Nos. 75 and 76, Cornhill, solicitor, who died on Jan. 24 last, at Ennismore-gardens, Kensington, was proved on the 2nd inst. by Mrs. Frances Josephine Newman, the widow, the Rev. Francis Browne Newman, the brother, and Cecil Clare Marston Dale, the executors. The value of the personal estate amounts to over £27,000; this is exclusive of various sums of money, amounting to upwards of £25,000, settled by him, at his marriage and subsequently, on his wife and children. The testator gives, devises, and bequeaths all his property, real and personal, to his wife.

The will (dated Nov. 5, 1884) of Mr. Richard Trott Fisher, late of No. 30, Eaton-place, Belgrave-square, who died on Feb. 19 last, was proved on the 12th ult. by the Rev. Frederick Horatio Fisher, the nephew, the sole executor, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £24,000. The testator bequeaths £3000 to each of his late wife's nieces, Frances Augusta Martin and Edith Philadelphia Martin; and numerous legacies to other of his late wife's nieces and to others. The residue of his property he gives to his said nephew.

The will (dated Nov. 28, 1884) of Mrs. Esther Benetfink, late of No. 21, Pembury-road, Lower Clapton, who died on Dec. 11 last, was proved on the 18th ult. by Miss Elizabeth Leng, the sister, and George Evans, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £24,000. The testatrix, after giving some legacies, leaves the residue of her estate, both real and personal, to her said sister.

Her Majesty's staghounds finished hunting on the 10th inst. in the East Berks country, the meet being held at the Royal Hotel, Ascot. The deer, enlarged a short ride from Bracknell, gave an excellent run in the Wokingham, Warren House, and East Hampstead districts, the going for the first half hour and after the check, although the weather proved showery, being rather fast. The Royal Hunt dinner to the Berkshire farmers takes place on Thursday, April 30, at Maidenhead Townhall.

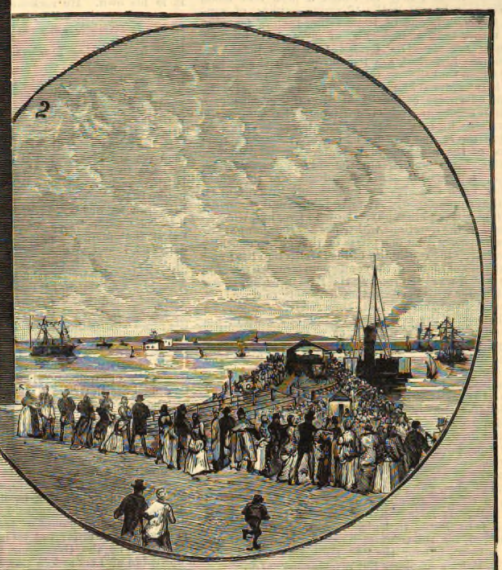
Sir John Lubbock was present on Thursday week at the opening of a Free Library and Museum at Shrewsbury, and gave an address in which he enlarged upon the value of books, and the resources which that Institution placed at the disposal of the labouring and mechanic classes. The buildings, which were formerly the Shrewsbury Grammar School, were declared open by the Mayor, and speeches were delivered by the Earl of Bradford and the Bishop of Lichfield.

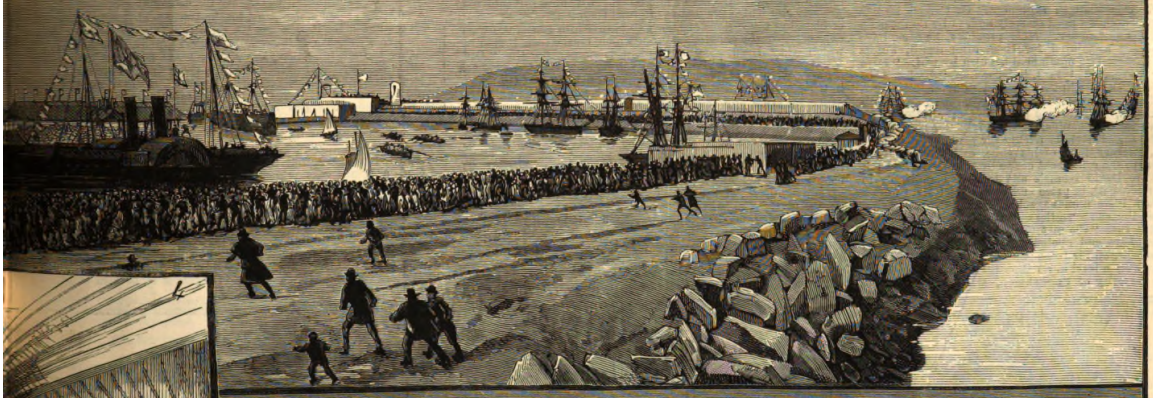


1. THE ROYAL YACHT ENTERING KINGSTOWN HARBOU... 2. THE LANDING PIER. 3. GENERAL VIEW OF KING

THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS











…GDOWN.

4. THE LORD LIEUTENANT RECEIVING THE ROYAL VISITORS.

5. THE FLAG-SHIP BELLEISLE.

OF WALES IN IRELAND.

NEW BOOKS.

If the reader be in search of amusement for an idle hour he may be advised not to take up Mr. Walter Pater's two new volumes, *Marius the Epicurean; His Sensations and Ideas* (Macmillan and Co.). Marius is a fictitious character, but he cannot be said, like the creations of our great novelists, to possess what, with some license, may be called a flesh and blood existence. He is a being, as the titlepage implies, of sensations, and the book is one of ideas rather than of facts, of suggestions rather than of incidents, of philosophic musing, not of definite action. The figures that pass before us, although some are historical, are for the most part shadows, the voices to which we listen are echoes; but in both we discern much which is interpreted in our own lives. The entire absence of humour, of adventure, of love-making, in this account of a young man is in accordance with the visionary character of the book, and explains its sombreness. Marius, who is supposed to have lived in the second century of our era, was for a time in the service of the philosophic Emperor Marcus Aurelius. He has wealth at his command, and the culture characteristic of the period; but neither the outward glory of the world nor the higher fame to which an ambitious youth might be attracted by the acquaintance of men like Lucian and Apuleius, allures him from divine philosophy. How to live, and what to live for—these are the questions which absorb the thoughts of Marius. How he passes from one phase of thought to another, yet without breaking the continuity of his intellectual life; and how, in the progress of his mind, the young man is drawn towards the new faith which was then moving the Roman world, is described by Mr. Pater with his accustomed felicity of style. It was after perfection Marius had been striving when he worshipped beauty, "the perfection of but one part of his whole nature—his capacities, namely, of feeling, of receiving exquisite physical impressions, of an imaginative sympathy, but still a true perfection of those capacities"; and it was the desire after a larger perfection which animated him at last. The road traversed by Mr. Pater is not always a plain one. He who runs over it hastily may not be able to read the sign-posts; but the slower plodding student will be well rewarded. Scenes of the most delicate colouring frequently arrest the attention; and if the writer does not succeed in moving the heart (and the reader is conscious of no regret when Marius dies), he enlarges the range of thought and gladdens us with images of beauty. The way in which the author links that far-off time with our own, and shows how the riddles of that age are by no means solved in this, might almost lead us to fancy that he had lived in both. It is impossible, however, to describe a flavour; and it is its flavour that gives a charm to this book—not for all, indeed, for the volumes have scarcely an element of popularity in them, but for the "fit audience" who listen willingly to Mr. Pater's scholarly but mystic utterances.

This is the age of newspaper and magazine utterances, and whether readers agree or not with the opinions expressed in *Writings by the Way*, by John Campbell Smith, M.A., Advocate (Blackwood and Sons), they will allow that the author's trumpet has no uncertain sound. Some of the "writings" were originally delivered in the form of lectures, and these are the most successful; for Mr. Campbell Smith is, perhaps, stronger in rhetoric than in argument. Of Carlyle he is a hero-worshipper, and, we need scarcely add, is by no means a worshipper of his biographer. Most prophets, he says, have an *advocatus diaboli* appointed for them after death, but it would appear that Carlyle nominated his own by will. "Does the growling dyspeptic tyrant," he asks, "disclosed in Froude's 'Life of Carlyle,' present you with much more than a caricature of the man whose benevolence burns so fiercely in 'Sartor Resartus'?" Then we read that of all the wives that ever fell to men of genius, Mrs. Carlyle was somewhere about the best; that Carlyle is among the greatest, if not the very greatest, literary man of his time, and that the only writings known to the critic that are so little tiresome and not less profound are David Hume's and Sir W. Hamilton's in prose, and Byron's both in prose and verse. But Mr. Smith's rhetoric grows a little unmanageable when, after observing that there was the same restless discontent in Byron and Carlyle, he adds that "the material" in Byron "eddies and laughs, and scorches and abolishes, in the stanzas of 'Don Juan.'" In a paper on Sir Isaac Newton, the attempt is made to place his fame on a level lower than that generally awarded him. To the majority of Englishmen, Mr. Smith observes, Newton's name suggests no definite idea of any kind. "The cultivation of physical science will never secure the highest honours of human intellect, because it does not call forth the highest powers of human intellect. Patience and good eyes are the requisites of that sort of business; accident, one condition of success." And again, we read:—"Of one opinion only do we almost approve in the estimate of Newton's character, and it is his own. He reckoned himself a common man, with uncommon patience." Mr. Smith praises Newton's modesty, which is strange, since in his estimate of the philosopher there is an apparent want of that virtue. On the other hand, the writer's eulogium of Burns is carried to an unjustifiable excess. To praise his genius too highly would be difficult; but, in spite of many fine qualities, the moral character of that great poet merits more blame than pity. Remembering his connection with Jean Armour, with Clarinda, with his Highland Mary, and the date of that triple connection; recollecting, too, how Burns exhausted one of the finest intellects the world ever saw in what, were any ordinary man concerned, we should call coarse dissipation, how is it possible to agree with Mr. Smith that he fought his life's battle bravely and well and conquered, that—"though he fell before noon, he fell as heroes fall"? Burns's own estimate of his character was more truthful. "Thoughtless folly laid him low," he said, "and stained his name." It is a vulgar notion that genius is a full excuse for all moral aberrations, a notion that has done infinite mischief in the world; and in entertaining it, instead of showing our love for Burns, we do injustice to his manly honesty and freedom from cant. A eulogistic notice of the great Scotch philosopher, Sir William Hamilton, will be read with interest. Of his "Dissertations" it is said that no book in the English language of the same size contains so much condensed thought and condensed learning; and "for candour, sincerity, and red-hot logical power" Hamilton is "unsurpassed." We may add that a goodly portion of the volume consists of "Biographical Notices" of well-known Scotch lawyers. Whatever Mr. Campbell Smith writes is eminently readable.

The post of Assistant Director of the Grosvenor Gallery, occupied by Mr. J. Comyns Carr, has obviously suggested to him the majority of the *Papers on Art* (Macmillan, 1885) of which this volume of pleasant reading is composed. The winter exhibitions at that gallery seldom displayed anything more valuable to art students than the drawings by the old masters, which form the subject of Mr. Comyns Carr's first paper. It may, however, be doubted whether, now that the collection is again dispersed, it is possible to follow in memory the development of technical method from Leonardo da Vinci downwards; but we cannot forget that it was to the exhibition at the Grosvenor Gallery that we owe a juster knowledge of Leonardo's powers. His finished pictures are few in number, and for the most part hopelessly damaged; so that without the drawings lent by her Majesty, Malcolm of Poltalloch, and others, we should fail to do justice to the artist, who was pre-eminent among his fellows in subtle analysis of the human face as the mirror of the mind. In like manner, we owed to Mr. Mitchell and Mr. Russell those Raphael, Pinturrichio, and Signorelli drawings which gave a keener insight than could be otherwise obtained into the processes by which the artists attained their marvellous powers of blending the various elements of beauty into graceful forms expressive of the religious fervour which marked the period in which they lived. In a word, this paper on the "Old Masters" gives a rapid and excellent summary of the guiding principles which influenced the Schools of Italy and Germany in the fifteenth century; and if Mr. Carr would but somewhat prune his style and avoid the temptations of a facile pen, he would offer a practical handbook to both artists and amateurs. Reynolds and Gainsborough, whose works have recently been brought together at the Grosvenor Gallery, in like manner furnish the author with texts for two papers. In speaking of the former, Mr. Carr brings out very clearly Reynolds' love of beauty in the abstract—his constant desire to discover it in all his surroundings, and the fascination exercised by children over his genius. "The art which we profess," said Reynolds at the close of his career, "has beauty for its object, and this it is our business to discover and express; but the beauty of which we are in quest is general and intellectual—it is an idea that subsists only in the mind; the sight never beheld it, nor has the hand expressed it; it is an idea residing in the breast of the artist which he is always labouring to impart, and which he dies at last without imparting." With regard to Gainsborough, Mr. Carr thinks that his farewell words to his great contemporary were the keynote of his artist life. "Gainsborough was content with Vandyck, and with his narrower ambition he escaped the sort of failure that his rival was forced to confess." Of the other two papers—one on Rossetti's influence on Art, and the other on James Barry—we speak with more hesitation, for Mr. Carr tells us more of the influence of contemporary influences on Rossetti than of the painter on his contemporaries or of the lessons he has impressed upon his students; whilst, in the lecture on James Barry, we are told more of Mantegna than of the curious rugged English artist and his attempts to revive "le grand art," of which Sir James Thornhill had been the last exponent in England. Barry's cartoons at the Society of Arts, in John-street, show him to have been an artist who had strong convictions; and the story of his quarrel with the Royal Academy—from which he was expelled—would have formed an instructive episode in the history of English art which Mr. Carr might with advantage have revived.

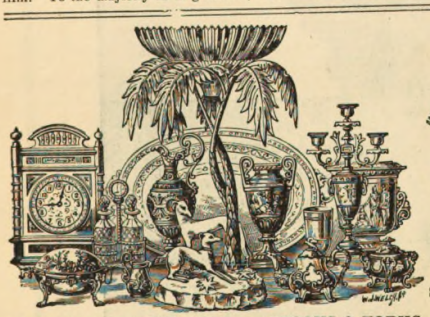
Nothing beyond a "hors d'œuvre," or "pot-boiler," to use a more homely term, is to be expected by readers who take up *Matt:* by Robert Buchanan (Chatto and Windus), though the volume contains some notable specimens of the author's powers as a dramatic, descriptive, conversational, imaginative, and humorous writer. But the tale is very slight, and its purport is soon told. A young artist, familiar with the paint-brush, takes it into his light head to go rolling about the country in a caravan—that is to say, about the island of Anglesea, where he falls in with a gentleman, who is morally a villain, with a vulgar man, who is a scoundrel and a wrecker withal, and with a very original young woman, who is a sort of ward under the joint care of the gentlemanly villain and the vulgar scoundrel, by whom jointly, if not equally, she is kept out of a very handsome inheritance. She has her likeness taken, gratis of course, by the young painter, unless kissing is to be considered payment; and what with taking likenesses and kissing and the conversation that would necessarily ensue, the young painter and the young girl get their hearts transplanted, in a manner, into one another's bosoms. Something must come of it, evidently; and by way of helping the something to come, the young painter, assisted by the usual lawyer and the inevitable detective, is instrumental in obtaining for the young woman, transformed into a young lady, justice and the restitution of her rights. That is about all the story, whereof the interest lies chiefly in the manner of telling it; and for due appreciation of that manner the book itself must be consulted.

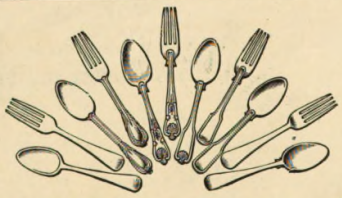
We learn from the *Solicitors' Journal* that through the death of Earl Cairns there is now not a single law lord in receipt of a pension as an ex-Lord Chancellor, a state of things unprecedented for nearly sixty years.

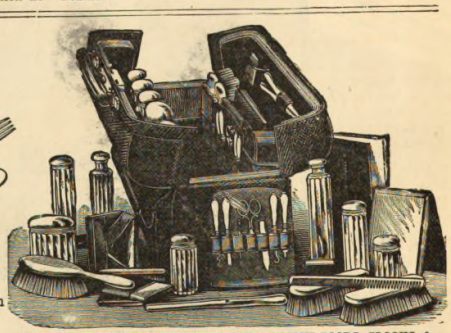
The unveiling of the monument, erected by subscription in honour of the late Robert Moffat, D.D., missionary to South Africa, will take place at Ormiston, East Lothian, to-day (Saturday), the 18th inst., Sir William Muir, Principal of the University of Edinburgh, performing the ceremony.

A meeting of ladies, convened by the Duchess of Buccleuch at the request of the Princess of Wales, was held in Edinburgh last week, to form a sub-committee for Edinburgh of her Royal Highness's branch of the National Aid Society. The Countess of Aberdeen presided, and the Duchess of Buccleuch explained the objects of the society. A resolution was adopted forming a large committee, the Duchess of Buccleuch being elected president. Miss Harrison, daughter of the Lord Provost, was appointed treasurer, and Miss Neaves, secretary.

The Conference of the National Union of Elementary Teachers was resumed and concluded at Norwich on the 9th inst. It was resolved that, in the opinion of the Conference, a Minister of Education should be immediately appointed, who should have charge of elementary and secondary education in the United Kingdom, and who should be responsible to Parliament for all Parliamentary grants for educational purposes. It was also resolved that the Merit Grant had failed to fulfil the purpose for which it was intended, had increased over-pressure, and should be abolished, and that a fixed increase in the grant for average attendance should be substituted for it. Next year's conference is to be held at Bradford.







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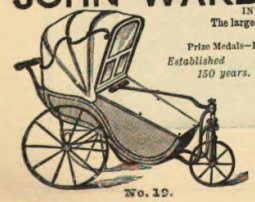
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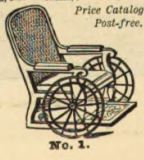
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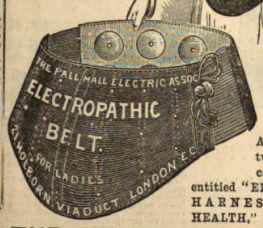
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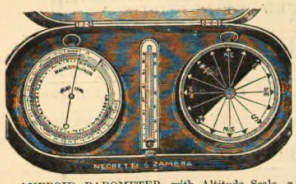
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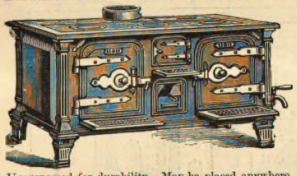


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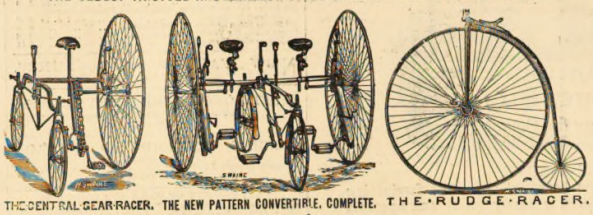
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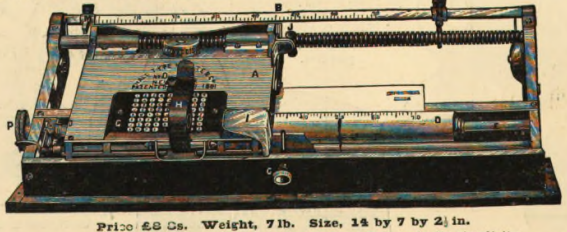
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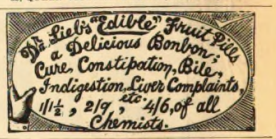
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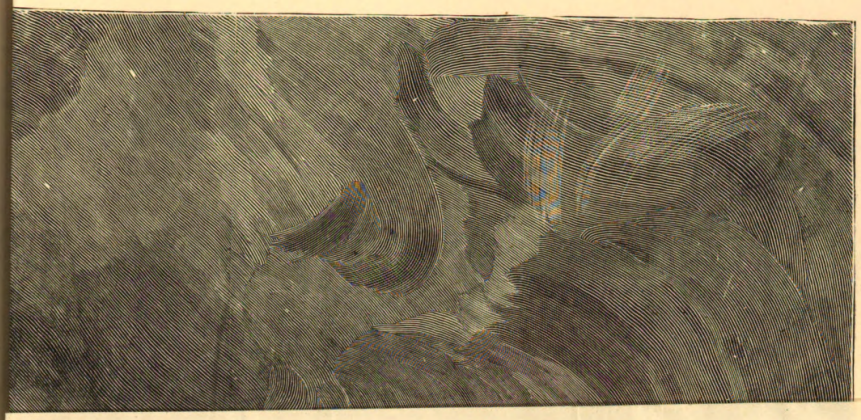
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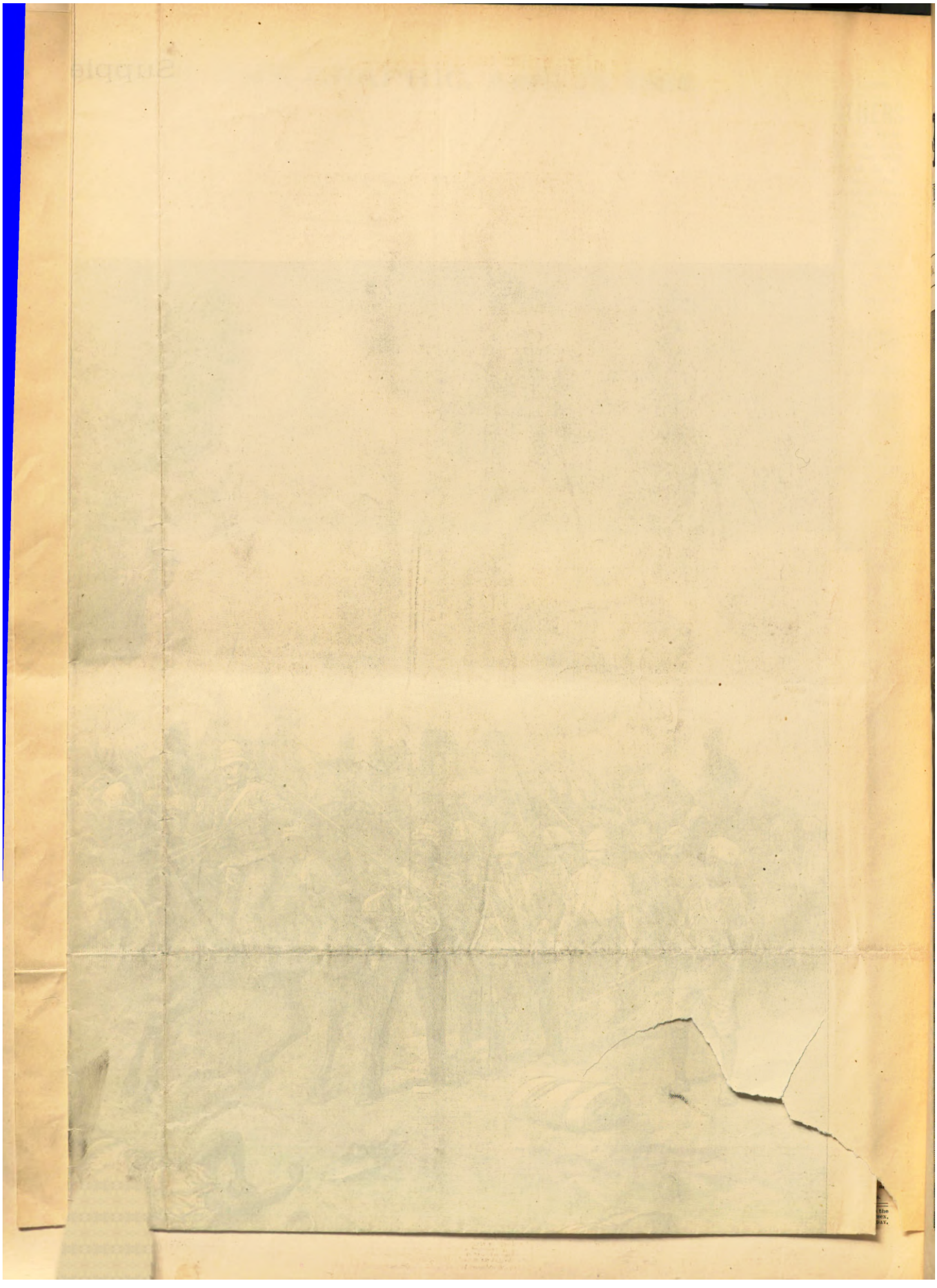
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RUSSIAN WAR PREPARATIONS: COSSACK ARTILLERY ON THE MARCH.

OUR NOTE-BOOK

With the Craven Meeting, which is the earliest of the seven (sometimes six, and occasionally eight) meetings at Newmarket, and which commenced on Tuesday, horse-racing may be said to be in full blast, though it is seldom nowadays that any of the "crack" three-year-olds opens a series of successes at that meeting. Their best opportunity is generally the Biennial, for three-year-olds (won this year by Gracchus, who won a race last year, but was not placed for the Dewhurst Plate, and who is engaged in the Derby, but not in the Two Thousand); as a rule, however, the future winner of the Derby is beaten (should he run) for that race (dating from 1859), as was the case with Caractacus (1862), Blue Gown (1868), Favonius (1871), George Frederick (1874), and Silvio (not so much as placed in 1877, when the awful weather was supposed to have "put him off"). On the other hand, the winner of the Biennial has frequently won one or more of the great races afterwards in the same year: The Ranger (Grand Prix de Paris, 1863), Ceylon (Grand Prix de Paris, 1866), Vauban (Two Thousand, 1867), The Earl (Grand Prix de Paris, 1868), and Pero Gomez (St. Leger, 1869). The Craven is the youngest of the seven regular meetings at Newmarket, though it is the earliest of the season; it dates from 1771, a remarkable epoch in the history of horse-racing, for then was introduced the Craven Stakes, the first public race in which two-year-olds were admitted to run, though there had been a match or two between two-year-olds or a two-year-old and an older horse as early as 1769, and perhaps earlier.

"Look here upon this picture and on this." The first is a highly-coloured sketch in the newspapers of a "splendid cotton crop in Egypt," so splendid that a testimonial of some sort is to be presented to the gentleman whose "system of irrigation" is supposed to have brought about so satisfactory a result. The second is a portrait of the "Egyptian bondholder," who sees that, notwithstanding the "splendid cotton crop," or "prospects of a splendid cotton crop," his "Coupon No. 17" of the Preference Stock is not only to be reduced in value, as usual, by the more than usual income tax, but is to be still further depreciated by a deduction of "five per cent, as per Decree." The powers that be might just as well have diminished the interest once for all to four and three quarters instead of five per cent. It is all very fine to say that the tax will be taken off and the sum raised thereby will be repaid if it be found that the tax was not or will not be required; but when was such a discovery ever made, before or since the days of Columbus? Taxes of some kind, such as the window tax or another, may be removed; but an income tax, never. Witness the income tax, *par excellence:* that was to have been temporary, but it seems likely to exist, in an aggravated form too, up to the date of the millennium. Oh! dear.

Musicians, exclusive of Handel, Mozart, Beethoven, and their peers (if their peers exist, or ever existed), appear to be slowly progressing towards immortality. Mr. S. S. Stratton, it is said, has calculated, or has made out a "bill of mortality" from which somebody else has calculated, that the average age at which members of the "musical profession" are in the habit of dying rose from fifty-nine years and five months in 1882 to fifty-nine years and six months in 1883, and to sixty-one years and two months in 1884. Even at this rate, it will be long before most of them begin to live for ever.

The East London Postal and Telegraph Employés may be accounted fortunate. They possess a literary institute, which numbers more than 600 members, and in connection with it a library at nearly every post office where messengers are employed in a district covering an area of fifty square miles. The institute, moreover, has classes for purposes of education, and its members have also a swimming club, a cricket club, and an athletic club. The value of such an institution is, we are glad to see, fully recognised by the permanent secretary of the General Post Office, who says, truly enough, that what we want in these days is more brains and more bone. The admirable example offered by this healthy East London institute will, it is to be hoped, be followed not only in other metropolitan districts but also in the provincial towns. There is no class of men that does its duty more effectively than the servants of the Post Office; and it is scarcely necessary to say, for it holds good in all departments of labour, that by increasing the health and happiness of the men employed, we add to the value of their services.

The sight of a good man struggling with adversity is said to be a spectacle for the gods; what then shall be said as to the sight of a good man (at billiards), like Mr. John Roberts, jun., the Champion, struggling with the spot-stroke against him? This is a sight for both gods and men; and it was to be seen last week, when Mr. J. North, with permission to play "the spot," proved too much by 645 out of 12,000 for the Champion, confined as he was to "all-round" play. The most remarkable thing about the game was that the Champion had four successive chances at the same, or very nearly the same, cannon (not a very difficult one—for him) and missed every time, each time "fluking" a "double." One would have thought that there is no conceivable cannon which the Champion would not make once out of four tries. In fact, he must have been out of form; as was to be inferred also from the frequency with which he "missed cue" and left the balls touching. The question of playing "spot barred" against "spot in" requires adjustment. As at present played between a John Roberts, jun., and a North, to give the "spot in" is ridiculously heavy handicapping. It stands to reason that, to put two players upon level terms, the chances of making the biggest break of the whole series at any point of the game ought not to be always in favour of the player who receives odds; but even the Champion has never yet made, and nobody probably ever will make, as big a break "all round" as a North, or a Peall, or a Mitchell, or another can make, time after time, "spot in." Averages are all very well, and the Champion has before now won by averages a game such as that lately played (12,000 up) between him and Mr. North: still the chances were always in favour of Mr. North's making the bigger break at any point of the game. It seems as if, in a game of "spot barred" against "spot in," the player who is allowed "spot in" ought to be debarred from playing "all round" more than a certain number of strokes (to get "position"), just as the "all round" player is debarred from making more than two "spot strokes" at the most. When Mr. North can make 132 off the red alone at the "all round" game, and more than 600 at the "spot," whilst Mr. Roberts has never made more than about 350 "all round," some idea of the enormous advantage Mr. North has, when he is allowed both "spot in" and "all round" to any extent, may be readily formed. However, Mr. Roberts is so wonderful with the cue, that he may some day make a cool thousand "all round," and astonish both "the natives" and the foreigners.

The "reason why" is often difficult to find, and not always satisfactory when discovered. Naval men are wondering what reason can possibly be found for arming the steel despatch-vessel, Mercury, with ten of the old-fashioned muzzle-loading 64-pound guns, and dispatching her in this condition to the China station. Everybody who ought to know says that there are plenty of guns for the Navy, and everybody acquainted with the superiority of breech over muzzle-loaders fondly imagined that the latter had all been improved out of existence.

It is said that to some of the Portsmouth Dockyard officials is due the credit of inventing what will be the most powerful vessel in the world, though by no means the most expensive. She is to be a combination of fast cruiser and torpedo-boat with a 120-ton gun forward, six heavy breech-loaders astern, six machine-guns, and six torpedo-tubes to enable her torpedoes to be fired in every direction at once. If the Admiralty is only graciously pleased to smile on the designs, she will be built by contract and put in hand forthwith. The sponsors of such a vessel might not inaptly name her "Mischief."

Perhaps the most splendid memorial ever raised to departed worth is the Cathedral, School, and Bishop's Palace erected on Long Island, in remembrance of the late Alexander T. Stewart, sometimes called the "dry-goods' Prince," by his widow. The buildings were begun in 1876, and Mrs. Stewart met Bishop Littlejohn and the clergy of his diocese on the 8th inst. for the purpose of opening them. The Cathedral is pure Gothic, with a spire 207 ft. in height, a magnificent organ worked by steam and electricity, with 158 stops, and there is a peal of thirteen bells in the tower, all of which can be played on by the organist at his ordinary post. The floors are of variegated marble, the woodwork of the richest dark mahogany, and the columns and capitals of bronze. The great features, however, are the hundred and fifty beautiful stained windows which tell the Bible story from beginning to end—those of the nave, transepts, and choir being specially devoted to the Incarnation. The mausoleum, in which there is space for two coffins, those of Mr. Stewart and his wife, is lit by thirteen lancet windows, on which are depicted the scenes of the Resurrection and succeeding days. The cathedral school will accommodate 250 resident and the same number of non-resident pupils, and the palace contains thirty-five rooms, and is furnished throughout in modern taste. The whole group of buildings is surrounded by a park and pleasure-grounds of seventy acres.

Goethe's grandson, Walter, who lived in what was formerly the poet's house at Weimar, died on the 16th inst., at the age of sixty-eight. He was the last male descendant of a family in which, throughout four generations, there was never more than one son, and was a distinguished musician, one of Mendelssohn's favourite pupils. He owned a great many hitherto unpublished works and fragments by his illustrious progenitor, and guarded them as though they had been Crown jewels. It is said that these MSS. will now be given to the world.

There is in Cleveland, Ohio, a School of Applied Science, founded by the late Mr. Leonard Case and bearing his name, to which he also bequeathed 2,500,000 dols. His executor, Mr. Levi Kerr, was drowned when on a pleasure trip a few weeks ago, and it was found that his will left something like 1,200,000 dols. to an only sister, with reversion to the Case School of Applied Science; but the news only came to the poor lady when she was at the point of death, and the educational institution was able to realise its wealth at once.

Speculum is dead—died suddenly, it is said, in his box the other day. And who or what was Speculum? A great race-horse, and a greater sire of race-horses; for, though he did not win any of the "classic" races, he at three years of age won the City and Suburban, ran third for Blue Gown's Derby, and won the Goodwood Cup and Brighton Cup, and he was the sire of Sefton (winner of the City and Suburban and the Derby in 1878), of Rosebery (the first horse that ever won both Cesarewitch and Cambridgeshire, which races he won in the same year, 1876), of Kaleidoscope, Lucy Glitters (second to Thebais for the Oaks), Narcissa (who defeated Geheimniss for the Fern Hill Stakes), and a whole host of winners. Speculum was just twenty years old. His life is said to have been insured for ten thousand pounds; but this is quite incredible, as the premium required for an insurance of that amount would have been prodigious.

In a "Note" about Temple Bar last week, a totally wrong quotation was given by some strange accident on the writer's part (as "J. S. M." kindly pointed out): it should have been, of course, "Forsitan et nostrum nomen miscebitur illis."

The Queen has always been remarkably fond of Honiton lace, and has from time to time purchased a great deal for the trousseaux of her daughters. Some very beautiful patterns have been ordered for Princess Beatrice; but it would be difficult for any manufacturer of this delicate fabric to produce a richer grouping of roses than in the Honiton point Princess Louis of Battenberg wore at her wedding.

Southern California is regarded in the United States as the wine country of the future; and so magnificently does the vine flourish in its fertile soil that vast districts have been planted, especially in the San Gabriel valley. The rapid development of vine culture is shown by the fact that in 1848 there were only 200,000 stocks in all California; in 1862 they had increased to 9,500,000, and, according to the latest computation, there are 64,000,000.

The proverbial selfishness of mankind has sometimes been held up for reprobation, just as if women had never been known to exhibit any tendency of the same sort. Over and over again has a man practically bound his widow down not to marry a second time under penalty of losing every penny of her income, and the enjoyment of whatever property he might choose to leave her; but a woman's will, recently proved, is probably unique in this respect, as the departed spouse has exactly turned the tables, and left her husband a handsome fortune on precisely these conditions. It is to be hoped that her example may not be widely followed, for the situation thus created is even more undignified for a man than for a woman. Surely some of our playwrights will take advantage of the incident, and present us with something thrilling in the way of drama.

When Mr. Brewster Darley, of Aldby Park, or Buttercramb, near York, had a present made to him of an Arabian horse which his brother had bought abroad for "a very moderate sum," in the reign of Queen Anne, he little thought, probably, that the animal would some day bid fair to be regarded as the ancestor, in the direct male line, of all the best race-horses not only in England but in the whole civilised world, whose best race-horses are all of English origin. It seems, however, as if the family of Darley's Arabian, which are already in the proportion of about three to one, if not more, compared with the two other great "strains," in the direct male line, would at some future time absorb those of the Byerley's Turk and Godolphin's Arabian altogether; so that the unique marvel will be seen of one horse becoming, as it were, an *ex-post-facto* equine Adam, the father of all living thoroughbreds (bar pure Arabs) of any account, in the direct male line, whether on the sire's or the dam's side. At present, however, there are descendants enough of Melbourne to keep the memory of Godolphin's Arabian (more correctly Barb) green, and of Gladiator, to say nothing of Bay Middleton and others, to do the like service for Captain Byerley's charger.

Nearly two years ago a meeting was held at the Mansion House with the object of forming Residential Clubs for young men in London. This object was strongly commended by many persons interested in the welfare of young men, and also by a committee of the London Diocesan Conference. A building has now been opened which will be self-supporting, and will provide, to use the words of the prospectus, "the advantages of a comfortable home, combined with those of a club, for young men engaged as students or in professional and commercial pursuits. The terms are moderate, the advantages numerous, and the exchange of a stuffy London lodging for a residence that unites the special enjoyments of a club with the comforts of a home will be great indeed. The Hampden Residential Club is the first building of the kind erected in the Metropolis, but it needs no prophetic power to say that it will not be the last.

Many of the most notable London landmarks have recently disappeared or found fresh localities. Metropolitan improvements, widening of streets, and extending thoroughfares are no respecters of old architecture or interesting relics. The Lion of Trafalgar-square is in the country, the Duke of Wellington's statue is at Aldershott, and Temple Bar is to be relegated to a new home in the Temple. Everyone recollects these, but until last week nobody knew, and apparently nobody cared, what had become of what Sir William Chambers described as "one of the finest pieces of architecture in Europe," the famous colonnade of Burlington House. In the House of Commons, Sir H. Maxwell elicited an admission that the stones had been carted away as rubbish, and were lying piecemeal and neglected in the river mud at Battersea. Here, indeed, is a "sermon in stones." While new public buildings are springing up around, built on Old Gothic and Early Italian patterns, the genuine article itself is disregarded and forgotten. Let us hope that some suitable place may soon be found for what Horace Walpole wrote of as seeming to be one of those edifices that are raised by genii in the night-time.

It is gratifying to note that the statements made to the effect that children employed in circuses were constantly ill-treated has been authoritatively denied. However much a performance may interest us, all the pleasure would go if we thought that the youngsters who took part in it had been trained by the whip. Acrobats have to learn their business, and to begin early in life, so the custom is to apprentice them to a circus proprietor, who teaches them their trade. Certainly it was beyond belief that men stood round a ring with long whips to chastise a nervous youth or one who could not or would not do what was required of him. Of course, if such had been the case, boys would have complained to their parents, who would have taken steps against the offenders. Performing animals, like children, have to be taught by kindness, and it is not likely that people who have passed their lives training unwieldy elephants to ride tricycles, or coaxing horses into walking on tight-ropes, would have recourse to cruel measures with their own species.

It is pleasant to find real though unostentatious worth appreciated by general society, as it has been in the case of the Duke and Duchess of Connaught in India. Military men recognise his Royal Highness as a true soldier; and all sorts and conditions of women recognise his little German wife as a genuine, warm-hearted, loyal lady, whom to know is to love and admire for her sterling qualities.

Culture for the sake of making our lives brighter was the theme of Mr. Goschen's address at Manchester last Saturday. The mere acquisition of knowledge does not necessarily make a man happier; but in the pursuit of it he may gain an infinite amount of pleasure. Englishmen are proverbially prone to melancholy and ennui, and one of the best remedies for these complaints is a variety of pursuits. Of the culture that puts money into the pocket there is no lack in England. Its advantages, to use a copy-book phrase, are obvious to the meanest capacity. On the other hand, the culture that bears no immediate fruit is apt to be despised in a commercial country. Will it pay? what is the good of it?—are, however, questions which no man will ask who is blessed with a generous nature. If the shortness of life and the length of art prevent his exploring vast regions of knowledge, he will dig his little plot with delight, and discover that every foot of progress yields a new joy. Truly did Mr. Goschen say that in this realm the supply is limitless, and that it is a field where there is no need of talking of Malthusian doctrines.

The Russian General Komaroff, of whom we have lately heard so much on the borders of Afghanistan, is the youngest of three brothers, all of whom have distinguished themselves in their country's service. The eldest suffered defeat with his troops, during the Russo-Turkish war, at Zévin, near Kars, and was killed; and the second was brilliantly successful with his detachment at the siege of Atarhan, in Asiatic Turkey, during the same struggle. General Komaroff is a corpulent little man, about fifty years of age, and much beloved by his troops, whom he keeps, nevertheless, in a high state of discipline. In 1881 he was made chief of the Caucasian mountaineers, and stationed at Tiflis for a year and a half. One of his daughters was his constant companion in the military excursions he made from time to time among the mountains. Thence he was transferred to the Trans-Caspian regions in place of General Kerberg, and he has governed those important territories for the last twenty months, regarding the occupation and preservation of the great northern route to India as his special mission.

"Accidents to "strong men," "tight-rope dancers" and jugglers are happily not of frequent occurrence; but a very serious mishap is reported from Newcastle. At the circus there, the Cannon King, who performed the extraordinary feat of catching a heavy cannon-ball fired from a small howitzer, missed the projectile, and it struck him on the head, wounding him severely. The performance was at once stopped, which reflects great credit on the taste of the manager and the audience. Things were different when, some years ago, at Aston Park, Birmingham, the Female Blondin fell from her rope and was killed. Then the spectators continued their holiday-making as though nothing had occurred. It will be recollected that her Majesty was so shocked at the brutality of such behaviour that she wrote a letter on the subject.

Considering the extraordinary increase in School Board accommodation that has been provided within the last few years, it is passing strange to hear that all the six schools in the Hackney district are so full that they cannot admit even one single additional boy. Yet that it is so was asserted by a man who came before the sitting magistrate at Worship-street on the 21st, saying that it was not his fault that his child was not at school, and yet the School Board might come down upon him at any moment as a defaulter. The Hackney district is immensely populous; but either the application is a test case, or people who have hitherto paid fair terms at private schools for the education of their boys are taking advantage of the very superior one given at the Board Schools, and thereby saving their money and benefiting their offspring.

The annual report of the Canadian Minister of Agriculture states that the large number of pure-bred cattle imported to the Dominion during the last five years has already created a perceptible improvement in Canadian herds, and cattle shippers generally are beginning to realise its consequent value. Reference is made to the successful establishment of a number of cattle ranches in the North-West, upon which there are now some 60,000 head, all doing well. Very superior breeds of stock have been taken in—shorthorns, Hereford, and polled Angus—and as the ranches are in a favourable position for the transport of stock by the Canadian Pacific Railway, there seems to be no reasonable doubt of assured success. There has also been a favourable beginning of sheep-ranching in the Canadian North-West.

The effects of the existing depression of trade are clearly shown in the thirty-fourth annual report of the Amalgamated Society of Engineers, recently issued. The monthly returns of members out of work increased from 1893 in January, 1884, to 4090 in December last. This was chiefly attributable to the collapse in the ship-building trade, which made a difference to the labour market of £7,500,000. Other countries, however, are in a worse condition than our own, the depression having been universal. The report states that the total number of branches is now 430, as compared with 424 in 1883. The total membership at the close of 1884 was 50,681, being an increase of only 263 on the previous year. The income for last year was the largest in the history of the society, and reached the large total of £157,484, showing an increase over the previous year of £22,835. This was due to a special levy during the year; and it is pointed out that, even with its increased income, the society has been unable to keep up with its expenditure, which amounted to £172,841, or £48,117 more than was spent in the previous year. A considerable proportion of this outlay had been expended in out-of-work support, which had absorbed £59,056. Sick benefit absorbed £27,977, and superannuation £30,519; while special strike expenditure had been very heavy. The total expenditure during the year amounted to £15,537 more than was obtained, but, deducting this from the previous balance of £178,125, the society has still left an accumulated fund of £162,768.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

The disappointment caused by the failure of Westland Marston's play at the Vaudeville—a theatre that should never stray very far away from farce has been amply satisfied by the success of "Open House," the last complete play written by that favourite author Henry James Byron. It was not actually the last comedy on which Byron was engaged, for a half-finished work was secured by Mr. Toole, which will be completed and arranged for stage representation by Mr. J. Ashby Sterry. I only hope it will turn out as amusing a work as "Open House," which, in many respects, is the best comedy Byron has ever written. It has not, perhaps, the sustained story or the mingled comic and pathetic interest to be found in "Our Boys," but if Byron had followed to its legitimate conclusion the train of thought to be found as the basis of "Open House," he would have left behind him an English comedy worthy of the name. The character of Jack Alabaster, to begin with, is infinitely superior as a creation to anything the same author has given us. Byron's characters are, as a rule, clever sketches. This is a well-drawn and well-painted portrait. A more amiable humbug and unassuming liar never stepped upon the stage. He is a consummate scoundrel, but a guileless one. His ignorance of veracity is positively amusing and instructive. He is one of those amiable, selfish rascals who consider they confer a benefit on society by imposing on the innocent and the hospitable. He has a ready excuse for every trick of which he is guilty; and if after all he has not saved his friend's life from drowning, or justified his unwarrantable intrusion, he flatters himself that he has been a very amusing companion during his sojourn at the "Open House"; and here he is not very far from the mark. In fact, Jack Alabaster is a capital touch of genuine comedy, reminding one of an "Old Master" in the comic gallery of painting, and quite distinct from the modern familiar and insolent school of art. The spirit of the character is excellently understood by Mr. Thomas Thorne, and it is interpreted by him with rare skill. He understands the man, and relishes his eccentricities. There is no effort in the actor's art, and he speaks Byron's clever lines with far more point and pungency than the majority of the company, who have had no such opportunity of studying the manner and method of the author's style of wit. It is no small compliment to Mr. Thorne when we seem to hear Byron speaking behind the actor's mask. I alluded just now to an idea of old comedy suggesting itself to the mind during a study of this particular play; and by that I mean that here and there we get the raciness, the pungency, and the full flavour of true comedy spirit. It is just the difference between rare old port and wishy-washy cheap claret. This may be fancy, but I detected it again and again not only in Jack Alabaster, who I am sure will live as a comedy creation, but in the characters also so excellently rendered by Mr. William Farren and Miss Kate Phillips, two of the very best sound comedians on the English stage. It is a treat to get these two together, to watch their expression—in fact, to do what we can so seldom do in comedy, study their art. I am told that art is a hateful word, and that people do not understand it. It vexes them to be reminded of their deficiency in this respect, but if the younger generation want to see how two artists can raise comedy to the level of an art, let them watch carefully the scenes in which Mr. Farren and Miss Phillips are engaged. A sympathy exists between them. They understand their audience, and can do what they like with it. Mr. Farren estimates the value of each separate chuckle; Miss Phillips feels the effect of that marvellously comic solidity of countenance. She is longing to laugh, but she keeps as grave as a judge. What a treat it would be if, with the aid of such comedians, some of the old plays could be revived. We ought to see Congreve's "Love for Love" at the Vaudeville when the first opportunity offers; and possibly Mr. Thorne may feel inclined to give a series of matinées devoted to old plays, not necessarily good because they are old, but impossible to inspire any interest unless they are well acted, which is a very different thing. The company is a capital one, it must be remembered. Mrs. Canninge is now the acknowledged duenna of comedy, Miss Cissy Grahame is attractive enough for the sentimental interest, and Miss Cavalier returns to London even a better actress than she was when playing a long engagement at Mr. Toole's theatre some time back. She is earnest, clever, and forcible. Mr. Crauford, Mr. Yorke Stephens, and Mr. Wheatman, fill important places in the well-balanced cast of a clever play. Dozens of Mr. Byron's jokes have already been quoted; but it is only fair to say that dozens more remain unrecorded. "Open House" is a healthy, honest, and amusing play.

The drama called "Heartless," at the Olympic, is unworthy of serious consideration. In that she has been wholly misrepresented on the stage, Ouida is very much to be pitied. In fact, the play gives a very unfair and prejudiced view of a novel that has many admirers. If it be true that the adapter, availing himself of a flaw in the law of copyright, has laid violent hands on the novel "Puck" and appropriated the outlines of the existing story, then Ouida has very serious grounds for complaint against him. Technically speaking, it may be permissible to dramatise another man's work, but it is an ungenerous act to make such a hash of the drama that it eventually reacts against the reputation of the novel. There are, no doubt, very strong dramatic points in both novel and play; but they are frittered away by an inexperienced workman in stage craft. The story is not worth entering into; but though Miss Florence Wade worked desperately hard to secure success, and Mr. Kyrle Bellew played a mad-scene with vigour, it is to be feared that the fortunes of the Olympic will not be improved by this particular work.

The return of Mr. Henry Irving and the whole of the Lyceum company is one of the most welcome announcements of the summer theatrical season. And the popular manager returns with his head full of schemes for the ultimate advantage and comfort of the playgoing public. Scarcely had Mr. Irving arrived in London before he announced that he had made arrangements by which every seat in the house could be booked beforehand, whether in the topmost gallery or the most distant recesses of the pit. The occupants of pit and gallery are the most loyal of playgoers, but they have justly complained of the weary hours they have had to wait in the wet and cold to see a popular play or player. That difficulty has been at once removed; and the simple trouble of taking a journey to Wellington-street, Strand, will secure for the whole evening whatever seat is decided on as the most convenient. Women can now go comfortably into the pit without fear of accident or danger; and if it be true that there is a "rowdy element" ever anxious to fight to the front, this disagreeable feature of a first night will be wholly removed. The next important revival at the Lyceum will be "Olivia," the charming version of Goldsmith's "Vicar of Wakefield," written by Mr. W. G. Wills, who has, I believe, altered his play to suit the Lyceum stage; but before that, we shall see a series of Lyceum revivals. Best of all, and first of all, will be "Hamlet," in which play Mr. Irving will be welcomed back home again on Saturday week.

Miss Ethel Herbert, a young actress of graceful presence, and who has played in the provinces in the companies of Barry Sullivan and Madame Modjeska, was ill-advised in her selection of the part of Camille in the old American version of "La Dame aux Camélias," in which to appear at a matinée at the Prince's Theatre. She does not understand the psychology of the work, or the temperament of the heroine of Dumas, and she has yet to learn how to manage her voice and to give emphasis to her sentences. But, strange to say, elocution is the very last thing that young actors and actresses think about. It is not enough to look well and to dress well in order to act. The disappointment of awakening from a dream of ambition is, no doubt, very sad; but it is inevitable.

C. S.

"THE MAGISTRATE" AT THE COURT THEATRE.

It would be uncharitable to suppose that Mr. Pinero, in pursuit of dramatic subjects from life in town, had ever been "run in," and heavily fined in the morning with judicial severity by an inflexible magistrate at Marlborough-street. But if such a thing had happened, Mr. Pinero secured his revenge by producing his irresistibly funny farcical comedy of "The Magistrate" at the Court Theatre. Therein the adroit author involves Mr. Posket, the highly proper magistrate of the Mulberry-street Police Court, in such a network of suspicion and apparent disgrace that he finds himself after closing hours supping in a Soho restaurant, is ignominously driven, in company with his scapegrace stepson, Cis, to seek a hiding-place when the police invade the hotel, dives hastily under a table, only to find his wife, innocently driven by an unfortunate combination of circumstances to find refuge in the same place, evades arrest by a hasty flight and a panic-stricken run half over the West-End, and finally lands in a most dilapidated condition at Mulberry-street to pass judgment on other erring mortals, among them being Mrs. Posket and her sister, and a peppery Indian Colonel. All these diverting entanglements are brought about through the fast habits of Mrs. Posket's precocious son Cis, a lad whom she has been led to underage some four or five years in order that she herself might appear younger in the eyes of her fond husband. Avowedly but fourteen, Cis is in reality nineteen or twenty, and a few years older in experience. Thus, he falls in love with his music-teacher, induces Mr. Posket to bet and to accompany him to the said hotel, whereto Mrs. Posket has also to fly to prevail upon Colonel Lukyn not to betray the secret of her age. In the character-group from "The Magistrate" Mr. Arthur Cecil will be recognised as the luckless Mr. Posket, and Mr. John Clayton in the similarly good part of the inflammatory Indian Colonel. Equally well portrayed are lively young Mr. Eversfield as Cis; Mrs. John Wood as Mrs. Posket, and Miss Marion Terry as her sister with an insatiable appetite: Miss Norreys as Beatie Tomlinson, the sweetheart of Cis; Mr. Kerr in the naturally played rôle of a blasé military swell; and Mr. Gilbert Trent as Mr. Warmington, who ably helps the droll scene in the shamefaced magistrate's room at Mulberry-street.

On the West side of Canmore, in the Canadian Rocky Mountains, two sulphur springs have been discovered a short distance from Banff station, on the main line of the Canadian Pacific Railway. The temperature of the water in one of the springs is 73 deg. and in the other 200 deg. The latter one, on the mountain side, is 200 ft. above the level of the valley. Its medicinal properties are very great, and all the people in that district of the country seem to be going to the spring to bathe in it. It is thought that these springs will equal the hot springs of Arkansas.

Mr. George Augustus Sala, who has gone on a lecturing tour to Australia, arrived at Sydney from San Francisco on March 12. On his way thither he called at Honolulu, and made King Kalakaua a present of pictures, which had been intrusted to his charge for his Majesty by Baroness Burdett-Coutts. Mr. Sala's first lecture was to be delivered at Melbourne. The subject he had chosen was "Russia." We hope soon to have—indeed had hoped to receive ere this—from Mr. Sala some "Echoes," the absence of which from our pages must have been observed and regretted. His journeyings will afford abundant topics for his racy and picturesque pen.

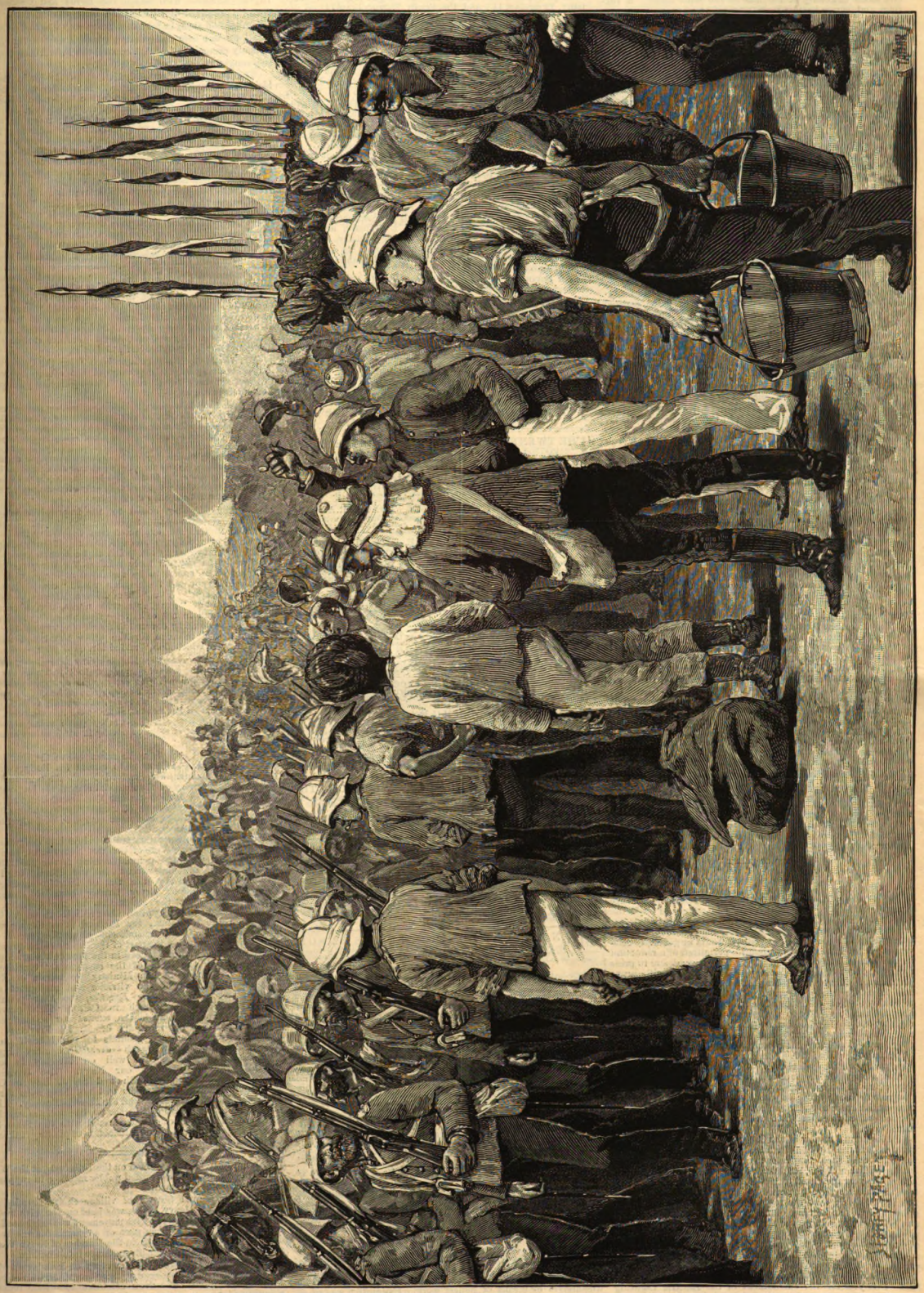
The war preparations in the dockyards and military centres continue with increased activity, and an order has been issued from the War Office directing the mobilisation of the Army Reserve.—The *Times* understands that the price to be paid by the Government for the armour-clad to be built by the Thames Ironworks is £601,000, and that ordered from Sir William Armstrong and Co. £604,000. The engines for both are to be supplied by Messrs. Humphrys and Co., who constructed the engines for the Polyphemus. A lower tender for these armour-clads was made by a firm of acknowledged repute and capacity, and it would be interesting to learn the reason for departing from the usual custom by accepting the higher tenders. The price to be paid for the belted cruisers was £215,000 each for the one to be built by Earl's Shipbuilding Company and the two by Messrs. Napier, of Govan, and £224,000 each for the two by Palmer's Company, of Jarrow.

Indian affairs formed the chief topic of three speeches on Tuesday. Lord Salisbury was present at a great Conservative gathering at Wrexham, which was attended by the leading members of the party in North Wales. Having opened a Conservative Club in the High-street, the noble Lord received an address, in reply to which he contrasted the condition of the country now with what it was when Mr. Gladstone took office. His foreign policy had been a failure, and what was to be a European concert had simply meant that every nation was more or less against us. To stay the advance of Russia was the point which everyone who had the interests of the Empire at heart should aim at. Our hold of India had been rudely shaken during the past five years, and if we did not emphatically reassert our position against Russia, that splendid empire which our fathers had established would crumble away.—Speaking at the house dinner of the City Liberal Club, the Marquis of Ripon hoped that when quiet times returned to India the question of the defence of that country would be considered by the Government. He also thought a united military command and administration advisable there.—Mr. Arthur Arnold, M.P., addressing a meeting in the West Islington division, in support of the candidature of Mr. R. Chamberlain, said that as he had witnessed Russian rule in Asia, he would state his opinions on the present situation. He condemned the views of the "forward" school, saying that if travelling professors and ex-ministers to Persia had been our accepted guides, India would long ago have been made bankrupt by an occupation of a frontier far into Central Asia, which it could not defend. The advocates of the last Afghan war had done much to embitter the minds of the Afghans against us; but the Ameer, who seemed to be worthy of confidence, had grasped the facts of the case. He was perfectly aware that the security of his dominions depended on his holding Herat, and any attempt by the Russians to advance thither would bring upon them implacable war from the whole of the Ameer's subjects in alliance with this country.



1. Miss Marion Terry as Mrs. Posket's sister. 2. Bullamy (Mr. F. Cape). 3. Restaurant-keeper. 4. The Swell (Mr. F. Kerr). 5. The Indian Colonel (Mr. John Clayton).
6. Cis's Sweetheart (Miss Norreys). 7, 8, 9, 10. Policeman, Col. Lukyn, Chief Clerk (Mr. G. Trent), and Mr. Posket (Mr. Arthur Cecil), at Mulberry-street Police Court.
11, 12. Mrs. Posket (Mrs. John Wood) and her sister. 13. Cis (Mr. Eversfield). 14. Cis and Mr. Posket.

SKETCHES FROM "THE MAGISTRATE" AT THE COURT THEATRE.



THE WAR IN THE SOUDAN: AUSTRALIAN (NEW SOUTH WALES) INFANTRY MARCHING INTO CAMP AT SUAKIM.
FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. WALTER PAGET.

THE COURT.

The Queen has been much benefited by her visit to Aix-les-Bains. On Thursday week her Majesty, Princess Beatrice, the Ladies Ely and Churchill, General Ponsonby, and Major Edwards left by special train at half-past two for Annecy, twenty miles off, beautifully situated at the foot of the hills and at the extremity of the lake of the same name. A carriage and horses having been sent on in advance, the Queen on arrival drove direct through the town and visited the château and the quaint waterways of the old place, and embarked on a steamer round the lake. Her Majesty and the Princess sketched several pretty villages on the shore. The weather was fine and the excursion pleasant. They were back at Aix at seven. In the evening Dr. Petit, the Mayor of Aix, had the honour of being presented to the Queen. Yesterday week in the morning the Queen and Princess Beatrice, attended by Lady Churchill, drove out. The Princess afterwards walked with Mdlle. De Norèle. Lady Whalley lunched with the Queen. In the afternoon her Majesty received the Colonel of the Guard and Dr. Wakefield. The Queen and Princess Beatrice, attended by the Marchioness of Ely, subsequently went for a drive. Dr. Wakefield and Mr. Louis Darchy and Miss Darchy, of New South Wales, had the honour of being presented to the Queen in the afternoon. Sir John Walsham and Mr. Frederick S. Clarke, dined at Villa Mottet last night, and had the honour of being subsequently received by her Majesty. Last Saturday morning the Queen and Princess Beatrice drove out, and later on the Princess took a walk, attended by Mdlle. De Norèle. In the afternoon her Majesty and the Princess, attended by the Dowager Marchioness of Ely, made an excursion to Chambotte, the drive there and back occupying three hours and a half. M. Pavy, Curé of Aix-les-Bains, had the honour of being presented to the Queen. On Sunday morning the Queen and Princess Beatrice were present at Divine service at the English church at Aix-les-Bains. The Rev. D. Lancaster M'Anally officiated, assisted by the Rev. T. A. Sneath. The Comtesse D'Esclaibes, Dr. Bertier, father of the Dr. Bertier who attended Princess Beatrice at Aix two years ago, had the honour of being presented to the Queen. On Monday morning the Queen and Princess Beatrice, attended by Lady Churchill, walked, and afterwards drove out. In the afternoon her Majesty and the Princess, attended by the Marchioness of Ely, went for a drive. On Tuesday morning the Queen and Princess Beatrice, attended by Lady Churchill, drove out. The Princess, attended by Mdlle. Norèle, afterwards walked. In the afternoon her Majesty and the Princess, attended by the Marchioness of Ely, went for a drive. The Queen and Princess Beatrice have presented Dr. Wakefield with their photographs. The Queen was to leave Aix-les-Bains on Wednesday at three o'clock, passing through Geneva at five. At Fribourg there would be one hour for dinner at eight. Bâle would be reached at midnight, and Darmstadt on Thursday morning.

We are authorised to state that a Drawingroom will be held at Buckingham Palace during the week beginning May 10. The precise date will be announced later.

The visit to Ireland of the Prince and Princess of Wales, with Prince Albert Victor, is chronicled at page 436. Ten thousand Sunday-school children, with banners inscribed with the names of their respective parishes, and all wearing rosettes of the Danish colours, assembled at half-past ten on Tuesday morning outside the Viceregal Lodge for the purpose of presenting the Princess of Wales with an album address, splendidly illuminated. Her Royal Highness replied in a few words, and the Prince also spoke. The children cheered lustily, and sang the National Anthem.

The Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh dined with Lord and Lady Wimborne at Hamilton House, Arlington-street, last Saturday, the party including the Austro-Hungarian Ambassador and Countess Karolyi, the Earl and Countess of Lathom and Lady Florence Wilbraham, the Earl of Euston; Theresa, Countess of Shrewsbury; Viscount and Viscountess Hood and the Hon. Miss Hood, Lord Nevill, Lady Sarah S. Churchill, Lady Randolph S. Churchill, Lady Borthwick; the Right Hon. James Lowther, M.P.; the Hon. Fitzroy Stewart, the Hon. William and Mrs. Gerard, General Bateman, Mr. Stanley, Mr. Du Cane, Lady Emma Osborne and Captain the Hon. D. Monson, in waiting on their Royal Highnesses. Later, Lady Wimborne had an evening party to meet the Royal guests. On Tuesday evening the Duke was present in the House of Lords, and the Duchess visited the Vaudeville Theatre.

The Duke and Duchess of Connaught left Meerut last Saturday for Simla, where they remain for a week before returning to Meerut. His Royal Highness will then take four months' leave and proceed to England with the Duchess, but will return to India at any moment on his services being required with the Army. The projected visit of their Royal Highnesses to Egypt and Constantinople has been abandoned.

CITY ECHOES.

Wednesday, April 22.

Money is still accumulating with us, and to in some measure meet the difficulty of securing a sufficient margin of profit the Discount Houses have reduced the interest they allow for deposits by ½ per cent. The Bank rate remains at 3½; but as barely 2¼ can be got on the best bills, it would be generally convenient if the state of foreign politics permitted of a reduction in the official standard to 3. But there is no desire to press upon the Bank of England a step which might speedily prove premature. Money and trade just now wait upon diplomacy, and, it may be added, is very nearly tired of so waiting. Up to Friday last, expectations of an arrangement with Russia had preponderated, greatly to the advantage of prices, but more recently the feeling has been the other way. Consols began on Saturday morning at 97, and business was done at 97¼, but they have since been falling continuously, and at the moment of writing the price is 95. Russian and many other securities have correspondingly declined.

According to a telegram received at the Grand Trunk Railway office in London from the manager in Montreal, some progress is being made in the effort to bring to a close the competitive rates in American railways. Pending negotiations, the recognised rates on Eastbound traffic are to be maintained until June.

In its annual review of the Canadian loan companies which issue debentures in Great Britain, the *Canadian Gazette* shows the number of such companies to remain at twenty-one; that, by the addition of 435,148 dols., the aggregate paid-up capital has in the year increased to 15,501,478 dols.; that the deposits and debentures have increased 2,310,000 dols., and are now 29,113,000 dols.; that the reserve funds amount to 4,672,018 dols., which is an increase of 285,842 dols.; that the dividends are, with one exception, the same as for the previous year, the range being from 6 to 13 per cent; and that, in consequence of these favourable conditions, the market value of the shares of these companies has been comparatively unaffected by the prevailing depreciation of Stock Exchange securities.

The Board of Trade have decided not to promote any legislation this year for the amendment of the Electric Lighting Act. The time was when an announcement of this nature would have had an instant and marked effect upon the prices of gas stocks, but any fears of the electric light competing injuriously with gas, at any rate for the present, have quite died out. The depression in trade does not, by-the-way, appear to affect the profits of gas undertakings, the Commercial Company's dividend for the second half of last year being 13½ per cent per annum, compared with 12¾ for the same period of 1883; that of the Gas Light and Coke Company, 12 against 11; and the South Metropolitan 14½ on the A stock, against 14½. The last distribution by the Imperial Continental Gas Association was, however, 10, compared with 12; but the capital in the interim was increased from £2,800,000 to £3,500,000.

Owing to the continued interruption to the cable service with South Africa, a meeting of merchants and others interested in the trade with that country has been held, at which resolutions were passed suggesting to the Eastern Telegraph Company that a repairing-ship ought to be provided, so that communication might be kept up by steamer pending repairs; expressing the opinion that a second line, viâ the West Coast of Africa, was imperatively required; and that a memorial should be sent to Lord Derby on the subject.

Brazilian railways are on a similar footing with our Indian lines, inasmuch as both receive a guarantee from the respective Governments, and both are liable to be purchased at the expiration of certain periods. The policy of the Indian Government in this respect has been already treated of, and it appears that the Brazilian Government is following much the same course, the Recife and Saõ Francisco (Pernambuco) Railway Company, Limited, having received a despatch about the purchase of the line. The result of the transfer, if it take place, will be that the stockholders receive such an amount of Brazilian Government stock as will yield the same as is now obtained under the guarantee.

An important advance has taken place in Virginia Bonds in connection with the decision of the United States Supreme Court that the coupons must be accepted in payment of State taxes.

The President of the Republic of Mexico speaks hopefully in his "speech" of the prospect of a settlement of the National Debt.

T. S.

MARRIAGE.

On the 18th inst., at St. Peter's Church, Newcastle-on-Tyne, by the Rev. Canon Raines, M.A., Vicar, James Whaley, of 13, Leazes-terrace, Newcastle, to Anne, daughter of Joseph Peal, of 6, Saville-row, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

*** *The charge for the insertion of Births, Marriages, and Deaths, is Five Shillings for each announcement.*

THE TWENTY-FIRST ANNUAL EXHIBITION of OIL PAINTINGS by Artists of the British and Foreign Schools is now open at THOMAS McLEAN'S GALLERY, 7, Haymarket. Admission, including Catalogue, 1s.

THE VALE OF TEARS.—DORÉ'S Last Great PICTURE, completed a few days before he died, NOW on VIEW at the DORÉ GALLERY, 35, New Bond-street, with his other great pictures. Ten to Six Daily. 1s.

ANNO DOMINI, by EDWIN LONG, R.A.—This great Work is NOW ON VIEW, together with other important works, at the GALLERIES, 168, New Bond-street. Ten to Six. Admission, 1s.

THE PRINCE'S THEATRE.—Mrs. LANGTRY. Sole Proprietor, Mr. EDGAR BRUCE. Season under the direction of Mr. HENRY E. ABBEY. EVERY EVENING, at 8.30, the successful Play, in four acts, adapted from Sardou's "Nos Intimes," by R. C. Stephenson and Clement Scott, entitled PERIL. Characters by Mr. Coghlan, Mr. H. Beerbohm Tree, Mr. Everill, Mr. Carne, Mr. Crisp, Mr. Weathersby, Mr. Grattan, Mr. Thornbury; Mrs. Arthur Stirling, Miss Annie Rose, Miss Dacre, and Mrs. LANGTRY. Doors open at Eight. PERIL at 8.30. Carriages at Eleven. Box-Office open daily from Eleven till Five. No fees. Telephone 3705. Matinée of PERIL, SATURDAY, APRIL 25, at 2.15. Doors open at 1.45. Carriages at Five.—THE PRINCE'S THEATRE, Coventry-street, W.

PRINCESS'S THEATRE.—Lessee and Manager, Mr. WILSON BARRETT. EVERY EVENING, at 7.30, THE SILVER KING, (by Henry A. Jones and Henry Herman). Produced under the sole direction of Mr. Wilson Barrett. Characters by Messrs. Wilson Barrett, Willard, Speakman, Cooper, Doone, Walton, Huntley, Fulton, Bernage, Gurth, De Solla, Foss, &c., and George Barrett; Mesdames Cowell, Huntley, Dickens, Cook, &c., and Miss Eastlake. Doors open at Seven. Box-Office, 9.30 to Five. No fees. Prices: Private Boxes, one to nine guineas; Stalls, 10s.; Dress Circle, 6s.; Upper Boxes, 3s. Business Manager, Mr. J. H. Cobbe.

ST. JAMES'S HALL, PICCADILLY. EVERY NIGHT at EIGHT. MONDAYS, WEDNESDAYS, and SATURDAYS, THREE and EIGHT. THE MOORE AND BURGESS MINSTRELS' New Entertainment, produced for the first time on Easter Monday, proved a Signal and most Complete Triumph. Every member from beginning to end of the new programme has been honoured with the most flattering marks of approval of the vast audiences, which filled the St. James's Great Hall to its utmost capacity. Mr. W. P. SWEATNAM, the distinguished American comedian and humourist, will appear in conjunction with the already unrivalled body of comedians attached to this Company. No fees of any description. Tickets and places can be obtained at Austin's Office, St. James's Hall. Doors open, 2.30 and 7.30.

ST. JAMES'S HALL.—LAST WEEK OF THE PRESENT ENGAGEMENT of that distinguished American comedian, Mr. W. P. SWEATNAM, whose success has been without parallel since the advent of the late Edward L. Sothern at the Haymarket Theatre in "Lord Dundreary." See what the "Times," "Standard," "Post," "Advertiser," "Daily News," "Chronicle," "Illustrated News," "Lloyd's Weekly News," "Era," and "News of World," say of MR. SWEATNAM'S MARVELLOUS HUMOUR AND ABILITY AS A COMEDIAN

JAPAN IN LONDON.

UNDER ROYAL PATRONAGE. ALBERT-GATE, HYDE PARK (Near Top of Sloane-street). SPECIAL ATTRACTIONS. 250,000 persons have already visited TANNAKER'S JAPANESE VILLAGE. Fresh Arrivals from Japan. Five Streets of Houses constructed and peopled by the Japanese, who may be seen engaged at their various occupations as in their own country. Daily, Eleven a.m. to Ten p.m.; 1s.; Children, 6d. WEDNESDAYS, 2s. 6d.; Children, 1s. Japanese Entertainments at Twelve, Three, and Eight (free). MILITARY BAND.

MONTE CARLO.—SUMMER SEASON. The series of the Extraordinary Musical Entertainments having terminated with the Winter Season, the usual Concerts, directed by Mr. Romeo-Accursi, will be continued daily until further notice.

SEA-BATHING AT MONACO. Villas and Private Houses and Apartments for every taste, and at every price. The beach, like that of Trouville, is covered with the softest sand, and at the Grand Hotel des Bains comfortable apartments, with board, for families can be had at reasonable prices.

BRIGHTON.—Frequent Trains from Victoria and London Bridge. Also Trains in connection from Kensington and Liverpool-street. Return Tickets, London to Brighton, available for eight days. Weekly, Fortnightly, and Monthly Tickets, at Cheap Rates. Available to travel by all Trains between London and Brighton. Cheap First-Class Day Tickets to Brighton every Weekday, from Victoria 10.0 a.m., fare 12s. 6d., including Pullman Car. Cheap Half-Guinea First-Class Day Tickets to Brighton every Saturday from Victoria and London Bridge, admitting to the Grand Aquarium and Royal Pavilion. Cheap First-Class Day Tickets to Brighton every Sunday from Victoria at 10.45 a.m. and 12.50 p.m., fare 10s. Pullman Drawing-room Cars between Victoria and Brighton. Through Bookings to Brighton from principal Stations on the Railways in the Northern and Midland Districts.

PARIS.—SHORTEST, CHEAPEST ROUTE. Viâ NEWHAVEN, DIEPPE, and ROUEN. Cheap Express Service Week-days and Sundays. From Victoria 7.50 p.m., and London Bridge 8.0 p.m. Fares—Single, 34s., 25s., 18s.; Return, 65s., 48s., 32s. Powerful Paddle steamers, with excellent Cabins, &c. Trains run alongside steamers at Newhaven and Dieppe. SOUTH OF FRANCE, ITALY, SWITZERLAND, &c.—Tourists' Tickets are issued, enabling the holder to visit all the principal places of interest.

TICKETS and every information at the Brighton Company's West-End General Offices, 28, Regent-circus, Piccadilly, and 7, Grand Hotel Buildings; Hay's Agency, Cornhill; Cook's, Ludgate-circus; also at the Victoria and London Bridge Stations. (By order) J. P. KNIGHT, General Manager.

Another breakfast was given on Tuesday morning to unemployed dock labourers at the East-End. Mr. G. Russell, M.P., who defrayed the cost on this occasion, addressed the men, stating that the object of those engaged in the movement was to assist those who were endeavouring to help themselves by means of honest work. Emigration was what they should chiefly look to as the remedy for the surplus labour which existed.

THE SILENT MEMBER.

Without being an alarmist, one may safely conclude that, when the Government take the extreme step of asking Parliament for a War vote of Eleven Millions, we are possibly "within a measurable distance" of the outbreak of hostilities. In the calmness with which the Lords and Commons on Tuesday received the intimation that the Ministry felt it incumbent on them to take this grave step was to be detected that quiet but firm self-reliance which has won for England so many campaigns, and has created the British Empire, never so strongly consolidated as it is to-day.

The Prime Minister and Earl Granville made virtually identical statements on Tuesday. It is under these circumstances only necessary to refer to the important Ministerial declarations in the Commons. In the first place, Mr. Gladstone corrected a report circulated in the morning, and to which Sir Henry Drummond-Wolff gave currency in the House. Interrogated as to whether there was any foundation for the rumour that Germany, France, and Austria had counselled Turkey to close the Dardanelles in case of hostilities between this country and Russia, the Premier replied that "no information has been received at the Foreign Office either from Turkey or from any of the Governments named in the question to any such effect." On this point, I may remark that the adoption of a very different course is not unlikely to ensue from the friendly relations at present existing between the Foreign Office and Musurus Pasha and Hussan Fehmi Pasha, the special plenipotentiary of the Porte.

Mr. Gladstone then referred to the circumstantial despatch from Major-General Sir Peter Lumsden, contradicting on many points the report of the Russian General Komaroff as to the engagement of March 30. The Premier designated it "the painful incident of the attack near Penjdeh"; and emphatically asserted that the despatch would "serve to show how seriously Sir Peter Lumsden has been at issue with General Komaroff on important points connected with that attack." The telegram of General Lumsden certainly bears out the Prime Minister's description of it.

Mr. Gladstone elicited cheers both from the Conservatives and Liberals by an early passage of the speech he read in introducing the Vote of Credit. This significant passage may be quoted verbatim:—

> We have found it necessary to review our military position, not with reference to the Soudan only, but with reference to the general condition of public affairs and to all possible demands upon the military resources of the Empire. *We feel that it is necessary at the present moment, in our judgment, to hold all these resources as far as possible, and including the forces in the Soudan, available for service wherever they may be required* (Conservative cheers). In these circumstances, the vote for which we are now asking does not include any provision of money for further offensive operations in the Soudan or for military preparations with a view to an early advance upon Khartoum. (Cheers from the Radicals below the gangway.)

The Prime Minister added to the impressiveness of the foregoing statement by repeating the weighty sentence printed in italics. He explained that the Wady Halfa Railway would be completed, and the Sonakim Railway completed for the present as far as the point to be occupied during the summer by the military force retained for the protection of Sonakim. The troops to be mobilised at home, with those released in Egypt and the Soudan, would "constitute a complete army corps." The Vote of Eleven Millions would also defray the cost of "guns, submarine mines, and defences, in addition to and in aid of naval preparations." Four and a half millions would be devoted to the Soudan expenditure, and six and a half millions for the other naval and military charges. "In conclusion," added Mr. Gladstone—

> I can only say that we are sensible of the gravity of the proposal which we now make under a deep sense of our responsibility to the Crown and to the Empire (Conservative Cheers). While we count with confidence on the liberality and patriotism of Parliament for meeting every just demand, our course, it is perhaps hardly necessary for me to say, will continue to be in all our relations with foreign Powers what, as far as our intentions went, it has been already—that is to say, to obtain by pacific means a just and honourable settlement of every controversy in which we are or may be involved (Cheers).

The Vote of Credit is to be submitted to the House next Monday, and Mr. Childers is to unfold his Budget on the following Thursday. Sir Stafford Northcote regretted this delay in the delivery of the financial statement, but confined his objections to a protest against Parliament being asked to spend money and give votes of credit "for operations in the Soudan without a fuller and more complete statement of the policy of the Government."

Every other Parliamentary subject sinks into insignificance beside the momentous Vote of Credit. Noteworthy, however, in connection with the general arming is the Australasian Confederation Bill introduced in the House of Lords by the Earl of Derby, the ties of kinship binding the Colonies to England never having been so strong as they are now. At the solicitation of the Premier, the House passed the Egyptian Loan Bill through Committee on the 16th inst., Sir Richard Cross having withdrawn his Suez Canal amendment. But the likelihood of harmonious working on the part of the International Financial Board of Control is faint indeed in the face of the attitude of Russia, and in the teeth of the suspicious "touchiness" shown by the new French Ministry by reason of Nubar Pasha's suppression of the vitriolic and malignant anti-English paper, *Le Bosphore Egyptien*, too long permitted to be published in French in Cairo. This provoked suppression has been made the excuse for so unfriendly a communication on the part of M. De Freycinet that Lord Granville has good grounds to put himself on his guard against any French designs against Egypt. Altogether, the House did well on Monday to weigh carefully the condition of our Navy. The serviceable criticism of Mr. W. H. Smith and Sir J. Hay in Committee on the Naval Estimates will not have been thrown away upon Lord Northbrook and Sir Thomas Brassey. I have only to add that, undaunted by the warlike notes around him, Sir Charles Dilke has calmly persevered with the Seats Bill, and on Tuesday night had the satisfaction of piloting it through Committee.

Archdeacon Farrar presided on the 16th inst., at the Whitfield Tabernacle, over a crowded public meeting in support of the early closing movement.

The fifth annual festival of village choirs, founded and conducted by Mr. Henry Leslie, was held on the 17th inst. in the Powis Hall, Oswestry. This movement was originated five years ago by Mr. Leslie as part of a scheme for the better cultivation of the art of music in the Marches of North Wales, and as been extended under his guidance into Cheshire.

The Victoria Institute held a meeting on Monday evening, when the Rev. R. Collins read a paper on "Characteristics of Primitive Religions," and drew attention to several remarkable coincidences in religions which at first sight seemed to have nothing in common. It was announced that Dr. J. L. Porter would read the next paper, on Egypt.

MUSIC.

CARL ROSA OPERA COMPANY, DRURY-LANE THEATRE.

"Nadeshda," the new opera composed by Mr. A. Goring Thomas, was produced—according to promise—by the Carl Rosa Company at Drury-Lane Theatre on the Thursday evening last week, and therefore too late for notice by us until now. The book is by Mr. Julian Sturgis, who has laid the scene in Russia, near Moscow, in the year 1760. The plot is of serious character, the chief incidents turning on the love of two brothers, Voldemar and Ivan, for the same serf-girl, Nadeshda—the first-named character having become the master of the girl by the cession to him of the estate of his mother, the Princess Natalia. Voldemar, in his elation at taking possession of the estate, promises to grant his brother whatever gift he may ask on the morrow of their arrival. Ivan avows his love for Nadeshda, and his brother at once emancipates her, so as to put the bestowal of her out of his power. The fury of Ivan leads to his expulsion from the castle. He seeks the Princess, and informs her that Voldemar loves a serf and the honour of the house is in danger. The Princess endeavours to have the girl removed by force, and subjected to the punishment of the knout. Nadeshda flies in search of Voldemar, by whom she is saved; having been previously solicited by Ivan to fly with him. He follows her, and is encountered by Ostap, a serf (in love with Nadeshda), whose jealousy, and resentment for a blow received from Ivan, cause him to stab his rival in revenge and himself in despair. The Princess has obtained a Royal decree for the exile and impoverishment of anyone whose name shall be inserted by her in the document. This she has threatened, ineffectually, to make use of against Voldemar, unless he resigns Nadeshda: but the sight of the dying Ivan softens the Princess's wrath, and she tears up the deed, the curtain falling on her prayers for forgiveness. The book of "Nadeshda" is of a melodramatic kind, and is perhaps of too uniformly sombre a tone; but it offers some dramatic situations and opportunities for musical effects which the composer has turned to good account. Mr. Thomas's music possesses a flowing vein of melody, alternately bright and tender; his orchestration is rich and varied; and he has a strong feeling for dramatic effect, as evidenced in several of the most striking stage situations. In the first act, the most notable pieces are the opening chorus of rejoicing, with intersperséd solo passages—a well-sustained movement—and Nadeshda's air "O river." The second act is the most important division of the work. The love-duet for Nadeshda and Voldemar is full of genuine sentiment, as is the following air for him, "Now is the hour." The choral writing in welcome of the new lord of the estate is animated and characteristic. Some very spirited and tuneful ballet-music comes with good contrast to the prevailing sombre tone of the dramatic interest. The piquant and varied rhythms here employed are happily associated with some excellent dance action, in which Mdlle. Luna is a prominent feature, the introduction of quaint old Russian dances being skilfully employed. Nadeshda's air, "As when the snowdrift," is a charming piece of graceful sentiment, which was admirably sung and enthusiastically encored. An effective quartet with chorus, a declamatory song for Ivan, and some very dramatic concerted music close the second act. Act three is preceded by a very spirited orchestral prelude (which was encored), and opens with a chorus of serfs (returning from labour) in which there is much plaintive charm. Another love-duet occurs in this act, "Dear love of mine," for Nadeshda and Voldemar, a very melodious and expressive piece. The Princess has a solo which well reflects her imperious character; and some effective concerted music, accompanying the escape of Nadeshda and the assassination of Ivan, complete the third act. A well-written chorus, for two choirs, opens the last act, which comprises an impassioned scene between the Princess, Nadeshda, and Voldemar, an effective duet for the two former, and some dramatic music constituting the finale. The performance was excellent throughout. Madame Valleria obtained a great success by her fine singing as Nadeshda, alike in the brilliant and in the sentimental portions of the music. Mr. B. McGuckin, as Voldemar, sustained the second most important character with great effect, both dramatically and vocally. Miss Josephine Yorke imparted full importance to the character of the Princess, whose music she declaimed well. Mr. L. Crotty gave an excellent representation of the vengeful Ivan, and sang artistically; and Mr. Burgon contributed to the general efficiency of the cast by his performance as the savage Ostap. The orchestra and chorus were thoroughly satisfactory, the scenery and costumes excellent; and the stage management, under the skilful direction of Mr. Augustus Harris, was such as Drury-Lane Theatre has become justly renowned for. The performance, ably conducted by Mr. Randegger, was received with genuine applause throughout; and there can be no doubt that "Nadeshda" is a genuine success. It was announced for repetition on Tuesday and Saturday this week.

Several familiar works were repeated last week, Saturday afternoon having been appropriated to Fidelio, with Madame Marie Roze as Leonora, Mr. B. McGuckin as Florestan, and other characters well filled, also as before. Mr. Randegger conducted. In the evening Sir J. Benedict's most successful opera, "The Lily of Killarney," was given with the same cast as heretofore, including Madame Georgina Burns as Eily O'Connor, and Mr. B. Davies as Hardress Cregan. Mr. Goossens was the conductor. This week has been entirely devoted to repetitions of operas recently given.

The closing Crystal Palace Saturday afternoon concert last week brought forward the grand "Te Deum" of Berlioz, produced under his direction at Paris in 1855, not revived in its entirety until 1883, at Bordeaux, and unheard in England until Saturday last. The work is written for three choirs, a grand orchestra, and organ; requiring exceptionally large numbers for its execution according to the published score. Some diminution of these numbers is, however, justified by Berlioz's note to the work. As given on Saturday, it quite realised its impressiveness and grandeur. Of the six movements, the opening and closing portions are the finest, particularly the latter, "Judex Crederis," which is a magnificent piece of music, justifying its composer's expressed estimate of it as being, "without doubt, my greatest creation." An orchestral march was appended to the service music, written by Berlioz "pour la Présentation des Drapeaux." Saturday's performance of the "Te Deum" (conducted by Mr. Manns) was generally excellent. An augmented orchestra, the Crystal Palace choir, and a chorus of boys' voices, co-operated efficiently; the tenor solo, "Te ergo," was well sung by Mr. H. Kearton, and Mr. A. J. Eyre played the prominent and important organ part with great skill. The other items of the programme call for no comment. The supplemental concert, for the benefit of Mr. Manns, takes place this (Saturday) afternoon.

Señor Sarasate, the eminent Spanish violinist, gave the first of four concerts at St. James's Hall last Saturday afternoon, when he played Max Bruch's second concerto, and smaller pieces of his own composition and by Reinecke and St.-Saëns, with his well-known rare executive skill. The concert comprised orchestral performances, conducted by Mr. Cusins. The second concert takes place next Saturday.

The South London Choral Association—conducted by Mr. L. C. Venables—gave a concert at St. James's Hall on Tuesday evening, when a dramatic cantata was produced, entitled "The Last Sigh of the Moor," composed by Mr. C. Thane. The book is founded on the incident of the surrender of Granada by Boabdil el Chiko to the Spaniards, as related by Washington Irving in his "Tales of the Alhambra." The characters in the cantata are:—The Moorish King, his mother, his wife, and a Moorish Elder. The music comprises several solo pieces and choruses, these last being generally the most effective, especially the prayer of the Spaniards. Of the pieces for solo voices that for Zoraida (Boabdil's wife), beginning "Not alone," was perhaps the best. It, as well as the other music of the character, was finely declaimed by Miss Griswold, as was the music of the second female character, by Miss Hilda Wilson. Mr. Iver McKay sang well as Boabdil, and Mr. B. Pierpoint gave the passages of the Elder with good effect. There was an excellent orchestra, led by Mr. Carrodus; and the choruses were generally well sung by the members of the association. The second part of the concert was miscellaneous.

The fourth Philharmonic concert of the present season included the first performance of a new symphony, composed for the society by Herr Anton Dvorák. Of this we must speak next week.

The sixth of Mr. W. Carter's Grand National Concerts at the Royal Albert Hall, last Thursday evening, offered many attractions, including the co-operation of Madame Christine Nilsson and Mr. Sims Reeves.

The Royal Academy of Music gave a students' orchestral concert at St. James's Hall yesterday (Friday) afternoon.

The concert announced by the late Madame Sainton-Dolby was, according to her express wish, not put off. It was to take place at Prince's Hall yesterday (Friday) evening.

A series of twelve lectures on the history of music was announced to be begun by Dr. Helbig at Langham Hall last Thursday evening.

The excellent Richter Concerts will begin a new season (the eleventh) at St. James's Hall next Monday evening with an interesting and varied programme.

The competition for the Lady Goldsmid Scholarship at the Royal Academy of Music took place on Monday. There were fourteen candidates, and the scholarship was awarded to Ethel M. Boyce.

Mr. Arthur Howell, double-bass player and vocalist, died last week. He was the eldest son of the late Mr. James Howell, principal contra-bass at the Opera for many years. Mr. Howell was married to Madame Rose Hersee. He was for some time stage manager to the Carl Rosa Opera Company, but resigned that post to accompany his wife on an Australian tour. On his return Mr. Arthur Howell resumed his orchestral duties, which were interrupted only by his last illness.

The death is announced of Wilhelm Normann, husband of the eminent violinist, Madame Normann-Néruda. He was born at Stockholm, Aug. 28, 1831, and studied under Lindblad, and also at the Leipsic Conservatory under Schumann. He became Professor of Composition at the Stockholm Conservatory, and conductor to the Court. Herr Normann's compositions consist chiefly of piano and chamber works; but he wrote also a symphony, and an oratorio, "The Kings of Israel."

The Chester Triennial Festival will be held on July 22, 23, and 24. The performances in the Cathedral will consist of Gounod's "Redemption" on the first day; a motet by Bach, an organ concerto by Handel, Dr. J. C. Bridge's new oratorio, "Daniel," and Rossini's "Stabat Mater" on the second day; Mendelssohn's "St. Paul" on the third day, and Handel's "Messiah" in the evening. There will be miscellaneous concerts, in the Music-Hall, on Wednesday and Thursday evenings. The solo vocalists engaged are—Misses Anna Williams, M. Davies, and H. Wilson, Madame Patey, Mr. E. Lloyd, Mr. Maas, Mr. Santley, and Mr. Brereton. Dr. J. C. Bridge will be the conductor. The band and chorus will number about three hundred performers, Herr Straus being the leading violinist. There is every prospect of a successful festival.

PARISIAN SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

(From our own Correspondent.)

Paris, Tuesday, April 21.

Paris has had during the past week one of its favourite distractions, a fine crime, *un beau crime*. A young man cut the throat of an old lady, Madame Cornet, whose service he had just entered in the capacity of man-servant. The old lady lived in the Rue de Sèze; the windows of her rooms on the first floor are visible from the Boulevard de la Madeleine; the crime was consummated in the night, and the criminal escaped with what money he could steal. Naturally, the details of this assassination have thrown all other events into the shade. It is not the crime itself or the victim which seems to interest the Parisians, it is the manner in which the crime was executed, and the person of the criminal. In the present case, this unhealthy curiosity reaches its highest point because the author of the crime, Marchandon, who has been tracked and arrested, is no ordinary scoundrel. He reminds the novel-reader of Vautrin or Rocambole. He lived in a pretty villa at Compiègne, with a woman, who passed as his wife. This lady went regularly to church, and slept in black satin sheets. M. Marchandon was looked upon as an elegant young man, interested in sporting matters as becomes a gentleman, professing Royalist opinions in politics, receiving good society, on intimate terms with a Legitimist gentleman who edits the Conservative paper at Compiègne, and he was even spoken of as a candidate for the Municipal Council of Compiègne. The man, it appears, is a professional thief, who has already been in the hands of the police. He admits having taken part in the robbery of the Rue de Sèze, but lays the crime of the murder at the door of one Anatole, whose address he regrets to be unable to communicate to the police. The coolness and self-possession of Marchandon are delighting the journalists, who fill columns with traits of character of this interesting scamp.

How is it, people are asking, that crimes of violence go on increasing in Paris? Is it because M. Grévy is an enemy of capital punishment? Is it because materialism is triumphing? Is it because science has not yet given a reasonable explanation of the inequality of men, and because the old religious sanction of inequality, with its promise of future compensation, has lost its hold now that criticism tends to affirm earthly happiness as the ideal of existence? Is it simply because preventive legislation is needed? This latter suggestion leads to the remark that a law on *récidivistes*, or habitual criminals, has been prepared, but the Chamber has not found time to vote, and will not vote it this Session. Why? Because it might interfere with the elections. The habitual criminals, it appears, form an important body; their custom supports a large number of wine-shops and cafés; and if Paris were sadlenly skimmed of its criminal scum there would be much discontent amongst the *marchands de vin*, whose friendship, it will be remembered, Gambetta thought it worth his while to court. The reason is strange, it is true, and calculated to disgust one with politics. But what can one say about politics after all? Imagine that the Ministerial newspapers, and even a grave organ like *Le Temps*, find no epithets laudatory enough for two acts of the new Cabinet, which are mere acts of police. At last, we have a firm and strong Government, they say, a Government which has a noble consciousness of its mission, &c. The two acts in question are the tearing down of some posters. This glorious Ministry, by-the-way, is by no means solid, and nobody would be astonished if it fell before the elections. The Union Républicaine group regrets the fall of Ferry, and his rehabilitation is not impossible.

A new ironclad, the Formidable, was launched at Lorient last week. It is the biggest ship in the French Navy, and the dearest, having cost 20,000,000f. It is 340 feet long and 68 feet broad; its armour-plates vary in thickness from 4 to 21 inches; it carries twelve 5-inch bore cannons, and three 14-inch in barbette turrets, each cannon weighing seventy-four tons; it is armed also with eight Hotchkiss revolver-guns; its engines and twin screw will, it is feared, not give more than fifteen knots; its water-draught is 26 feet. The Formidable has been nine years on the stocks, it will take another year to fit her, and the first time she comes into action she might be blown up by a little torpedo-boat that would cost, say, £2000! The French have two other ironclads, the Hoche and the Brennus, on the stocks, still bigger than the Formidable, and destined to cost each 25,000,000f.; but these are probably the last big ironclads which will be built, the modifications of naval warfare requiring now some new type of bombarding-vessel.

New picture exhibitions are still being opened. At the Ecole des Beaux-Arts we have a second exhibition of "Portraits of the Century," which promises to be as successful as the first exhibition of portraits held in 1882. The artists represented begin with David, Gros, Gérard, Prudhon, and Vigée-Lebrun, and come down to Henner, Bonnat, and Caroline Duran. It is a most interesting exhibition. At the Galérie Sedelmayer, M. James Tissot exhibits a selection of his works and a new series of fifteen pictures of Parisiennes in various manifestations. These fifteen pictures, etched by the artist and commented upon by Daudet, Ohnet, Claretie, Coppée, and other eminent writers, are to form a £50 volume under the title of "La Femme à Paris." The title is too ambitious and the publication has scarcely an artistic *raison d'être*; however, individually, each picture and each etching has considerable interest.

T. C.

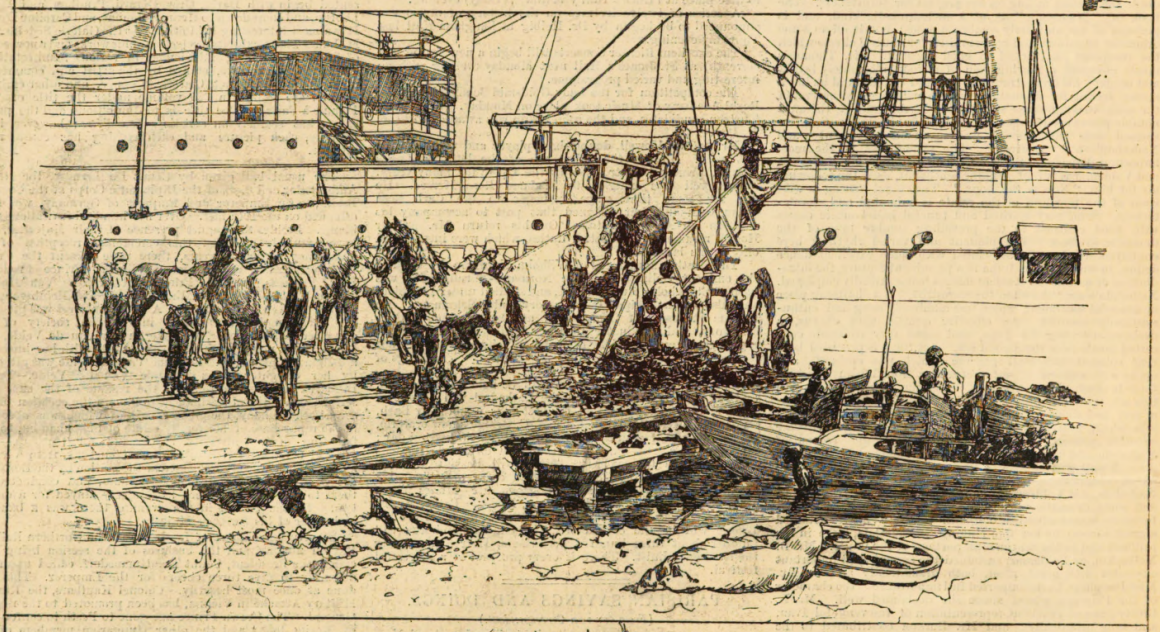
The usual ball given by Count De Launay, the Italian Ambassador and *doyen* of the Diplomatic Corps at the Court of Berlin, to the Emperor and Empress of Germany, was fully attended on the 16th inst. Over five hundred invitations were issued. Besides the august presence of their Majesties, who have regularly attended this ceremonial reception of his Excellency for many years, there were present the Crown Princess, Prince and Princess Wilhelm, Prince Frederick Karl, Princess Victoria, Prince and Princess Von Hohenzollern, Prince Hohenlohe, the Duke of Saxe-Meiningen, and all the foreign Ambassadors. A family interest was given to the occasion by the *rentrée* into Berlin society of the daughter of the House, Madame Arthur Van de Velde, who has been for many years absent in London with her husband, a Belgian diplomatist. Madame Van de Velde was attended by her daughter, Miss Yolande Van de Velde.—Prince Bismarck has resolved to apply the residue of the sum subscribed as a national testimonial to him on the occasion of his seventieth birthday, the greater part of which was absorbed in the repurchase of his family estate of Schönhausen, to the founding of a University scholarship for teachers.—The King of Sweden arrived at Berlin on Tuesday, from Vienna, and was most warmly welcomed at the station by the Emperor, the Crown Prince, and Prince William, and conducted by them to the Schloss, where his Majesty stayed for a day or two. In the Palace in the evening there was a banquet in honour of his Swedish Majesty.

The Austrian House of Lords passed the Northern Railway Bill on Monday, and the business of the session being thus ended the President, Count Trauttmansdorf, called upon the assembly to give three cheers for the Emperor. This was done at once most heartily.—Colonel Kaulbars, the Russian Military Attaché in Vienna, has been promoted to the rank of General.—The Crown Prince has gone to Pesth to confer with M. Moritz Jokay and the other Hungarian members of the Literary Commission engaged in preparing the great encyclopædic work on Austria and Hungary.—King Oscar of Sweden arrived at Vienna last Saturday. The Emperor went to receive his august visitor at the station, where a guard of honour with a band had been drawn up. The Swedish Minister, M. Von Ackerman, the Turkish Ambassador, Sadoullah Pasha, and several other personages were present at the reception. When the King, wearing the ribbon of the Order of St. Stephen, arrived, the Emperor hastened to meet him, and both Monarchs shook hands most heartily. The Emperor inquired after the health of the sick Prince Charles. The two then drove together to the house of the Swedish Minister, where the King has taken up his abode. The Emperor remained for some minutes in the apartments of the King, whose return visit he shortly after received. On Sunday a grand dinner was given at Schönbrunn, in honour of the King, who had previously exchanged visits with the members of the Imperial family, and with the Ministers Counts Kalnoky and Taaffe. King Oscar spent Monday morning in visiting the Houses of Parliament and several of the artistic and scientific institutions of Vienna. In the afternoon his Majesty paid his farewell visits, and at five o'clock dined with the Archduke Albert. In the evening the King started for Berlin. His Majesty has presented the insignia of the Order of the Seraphim to Archduke Louis Victor.—Last Saturday, at Buda-Pesth, was celebrated, with great solemnity, the marriage of the daughter of the Minister-President, Von Tisza, Mdlle. Paula Von Tisza, with Baron Bela Radvanszky, in the Reformed Church. The Hungarian aristocracy and bureaucracy and the Parliamentary world were very numerously represented at the ceremony, which was performed by Bishop Szasz.—The Austrian Reichsrath was prorogued by a speech from the Throne on Wednesday.—The town of Wischnitz, which has 6000 inhabitants, has been burning for several days. One hundred and fifty houses have been destroyed, 600 families are homeless, and two persons have been killed.

A musical entertainment, under the direction of Miss Amy Foster, given last week at the Brompton Hospital for Consumption, was warmly appreciated by the inmates.

At the Glasgow Town Council on Monday the Lord Provost handed gold medals to Chief Constable M'Call and Superintendents Boyd and Donald for their clever apprehension of ten dynamitards, convicted of exploding the Glasgow gasometer. The Corporation offered £500 reward; £300 was given to an informer, £100 to a constable, and the remainder to other persons. The money for the gold medals was voted by the Glasgow Corporation.







A gang of coolies on the Souakim Railway Works. Australian (New South Wales) Artillery landing their horses, March 31. An unexpected pleasure: ladies of the medical nursing staff in our mess tent.

THE WAR IN THE SOUDAN: FACSIMILES OF SKETCHES AT SOUAKIM, BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. WALTER PAGET.



THE WAR IN THE SOUDAN: DESTRUCTION OF TRANSPORT NEAR SUAKIM.
SKETCH BY MR. WALTER PAGET, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST WITH SIR GERALD GRAHAM'S ARMY.

THE WAR IN THE SOUDAN.

Our Special Artist, Mr. Walter Paget, with the army of General Sir Gerald Graham at Souakim, furnishes several Illustrations of the military movements in that neighbourhood. The loss of hundreds of camels, mules, and other beasts of burden, killed in the attack on Sir John McNeill's zereba on Sunday, the 22nd ult., occasioned great inconvenience for want of means of transport. The scene of destruction of those useful animals is shown in one of our Artist's Sketches. Other Illustrations are those of the arrival of the New South Wales contingent, which landed on the 29th ult. from the steamer Iberia at Quarantine Island. They were met by General Ewart, commanding the line of communications, with his aide-de-camp. The Iberia was hailed by the sailors of the transports and other vessels in the harbour with cheers, to which the Australians heartily responded. The Colonial troops consisted of twenty-eight officers, 500 privates, thirty-three men of the Ambulance Corps, and thirty of the Artillery, Colonel Richardson commanding the whole. All the infantry wore scarlet tunics and white helmets, with black valises, and carried converted rifles of Henry's patent. The artillery had repeating carbines. The contingent drew up in line two deep on the shore of the island, and was eagerly scanned by the crowd, which occupied all the points of vantage on the piles of commissariat stores. Headed by the fife and drum bands of the East Surrey Regiment and the King's (Shropshire Light Infantry), the Australians marched over the causeway to the camp. The whole route was lined with a mixed gathering, Indians of the Native Contingent, privates of English regiments, Arabs of the town, camel-drivers, sailors, camp-followers, and Greeks, assembled to witness the arrival of the new-comers. It was with hearty enthusiasm that the English soldiers in camp greeted the Australian volunteers. The officers rode out to see the column, the passing camel convoys were halted, and the pickets and guards turned out. Sir Gerald Graham met the Australians, and introduced himself. Colonel Richardson accompanied the column, which, on arriving at the outskirts of the camp, formed line and gave a general salute. Sir Gerald Graham then rode down the line, front and rear, of the contingent, which afterwards formed three sides of a square, while the General made the following speech:—"Colonel Richardson, Officers, and Soldiers of New South Wales,—In the name of the force which I have the honour to command, I give you a hearty welcome. You are our comrades in arms, who will share the perils, toils, and, I hope, glories of this expedition. I am proud to command such a force. You belong to an Empire on which the sun never sets, and every English heart beats with the glorious spirit which knits it into one Empire. We honour the feeling which led you to leave your pleasant homes and war against the Desert and its savage inhabitants. You are soldiers as well as Englishmen, and will cheerfully submit to the privations and severe discipline necessary for the safety of an army in the field. The eyes of our common country, of the whole English world, are on you. I am sure you will do credit to the splendid colony which sent out, and the race to which you belong." Three hearty cheers were given for the Queen, and three for the General. The line was then reformed, and the troops marched off to the quarters prepared for them. The remainder of the New South Wales Contingent, with the battery of field-guns and horses, arrived by the steam-ship Australasian on the next day. We give an Illustration of the departure of these colonial troops from Sydney, New South Wales, in the presence of the Governor, Lord Augustus Loftus, the Hon. W. B. Dalley, acting Prime Minister, and an enthusiastic assembly of the townspeople of Sydney.

General Graham's force has passed from the occupation of making long marches, engaging in sanguinary skirmishes, and escorting convoys through the bush, to that of protecting the construction of the railway. Locomotives now run from the port to zereba No. 1, six miles from Souakim, and the line is thence being slowly but steadily pushed forward to Handoub, four miles further. At Handoub are the Coldstreams, the Scots Guards, the Australians, some Mounted Infantry, two guns, and the 5th Lancers. The heights near the zereba at Handoub are fortified; and there is abundance of water to be found eighteen inches below the surface of the ground. The quality is, however, said to be brackish. A portion of the Berkshire Regiment occupy post No. 1, and the Shropshire and East Surrey guard the head of the line, which is completed to one mile and a half beyond No. 1 blockhouse. A battalion with cavalry *en vedette* protects the constructing party: the battalion first detached for that duty was the Grenadiers. The main camp, containing the Berkshires and Marines, is at the western redoubt, two miles from the town, and there are troops also in Souakim itself, and the outlying works. The health of the troops is wonderfully good, considering the heat of the climate and all the toil they have gone through. According to Sir Gerald Graham's last despatch the sick were only four per cent. The ladies of the Medical Nursing Staff, indeed, are ready for any work that may be imposed upon them in the tending of sick or wounded. The attitude of the enemy is singularly peaceful. None can be now seen hanging about; the road through the bush from Handoub to Souakim is safe, and the officers are amusing themselves by shooting sand-grouse. Even the advanced troops are now free from the harassing long-range fire in which till quite lately the Arabs used to indulge, especially at night. A later incident in the campaign was an expedition last week by the mounted infantry from Handoub through the hills beyond Hasheen to Deberet. The result was the capture without resistance of forty men, women, and children, evidently on their way to join Osman Digna, together with twelve camels and five hundred sheep. A further advance has been made westward, extending to Tambuk, which was reached on Sunday last by General Graham's forces, and is now held by the Scots Guards and a company of the Royal Engineers, with two guns. Tambuk will be fortified as an advanced post, while Otao, in the "wady" or valley to the north-east of that place, is held by the Coldstream Guards and Mounted Infantry. Sir Gerald Graham, in his despatch of last Sunday evening, says, "The position at both places is strong, and there are no signs of the enemy. The health of the troops is excellent. The water supply at Otao is abundant, and of fair quality; it does not taste brackish, but I will get an analysis. At Tambuk only six hundred gallons a day can at present be got from wells, but engineers think the supply may be improved. It is, however, five feet lower than was found last year. Boring is stopped by rock at ten feet. The country presents no obstacles for a railway beyond dry water-courses. Near Tambuk is a deep water-course, with bank over twenty feet high; the bed of valley is flat, covered with loose rock and bush, bounded by basalt and granite hills; occasional high rocks appear in the bed of the valley, which the railway can wind round. Beyond Tambuk the line enters the hills, and for twenty miles there is no water."

The Arabs in the country north of Souakim, hearing of the reverses suffered by Osman Digna, and fearing to be cut off by the British advance, have moved southwards. A party of four hundred of them, on Monday, passed to the west of the position at Tambuk, to rejoin the force at Tamanieb, and the whole district to the north of Souakim is now quite clear of them.

From Dongola it is reported that the thermometer registered 112 degrees in the shade on Monday. A correspondent whom we have before mentioned, W. S. Perry, a private in the 1st Life Guards, who volunteered for the Camel Corps in Lord Wolseley's army, sends us two Sketches of his comrades building huts, at a place called Hafir, on the Nile. These huts are constructed of matting, stretched over a light framework of bamboo poles; he calls them rather humorously "charming semi-detached villas" and "eligible summer residences." It is probable that they will soon be "to let," for the army on the Upper Nile is likely to be recalled, since the idea of an advance to Khartoum seems now to be quite abandoned.

One of our Artist's Sketches represents a gang of Indian "coolies" at work on the line of railway now under construction from Souakim to the hill country inland, a line which will now probably *not* be extended to Berber. A brief description of the country through which Messrs. Lucas and Aird, the contractors, are making this railway will be of interest at the present time. The line starts from Souakim at the wells, three kilomètres inland, which supply the town with water. Behind are the town and the sea; before and around stretches a smooth and level plain covered with gravel and small blocks of stone. In front extends a range of hills, closing in the whole western horizon. For fifteen kilomètres the path lies over the gravel plain, with small acacia-bushes scattered here and there; then it passes a high spur, the first of the "foothills," and reaches Bir Handoub—the wells of Handoub—a watering-place in a rocky waste littered with the débris of many caravans. Eight kilomètres further, over a gravelly level, more and more encircled by hills, bring the line to Wady Otao; and here the mountains are entered. On either side appear steep crags; in front are ridges rising about 400 mètres, with sharp slopes and rugged lines. The wady is a mere boulder bed, with sandy loam in the wider parts, which maintains a few small thorn-trees. Ten kilomètres onward, Wady Sinkat opens, walled in by high and broken hills, but not quite destitute of vegetation, though there is sometimes no rain here for two years. Eight kilomètres further on, this wady narrows to a defile, and twelve more carry the track to a point where the valley has its greatest elevation, of about 1000 ft. Here is the highland fortress of Sinkat, of painful memory, where Tewfik Bey lost his life and the lives of his men. The road now descends a little into Wady Mareg—the Crooked Vale—where the hills widen out for about ten kilomètres, to close in again, and then to wind among hill-spurs, confused peaks and ridges and bare mountain sides, to the mouth of Wady Ahmed. This is seventy-six kilomètres from Souakim, or nearly fifty miles. It is a broad gravelly "strath," with blocks of trap and porphyry lying about, and a few trees dotting the hollows, where sometimes even a little doura is grown. The road continues plain and easy here for twenty kilomètres, till a sudden steep pass, piercing a high ridge, leads from Wady Ahmed to Wady Haratree. There is at this point a long avenue of sont-trees or acacias, and passing through them five kilomètres brings us to a broad and barren upland, with some burned herbage and dragon-trees. Beyond that plain lies Bir Salalant, 119 kilomètres from Souakim, with two large wells. Again, the "foothills" shut in the path, which passes by Wady Habal, a treeless glen, strewn with vast blocks of trap, and leading into the Wady Kokreb. It is fourteen kilomètres through this valley; but the road then emerges from the hills, and goes over level hard ground, past detached rocks and granite knolls, through the Wady Yumga to the oasis of Ariab. The distance from Ariab to Berber is a hundred and ten miles, through a level country, but a stony desert with hardly any water for most of that distance. It appears, however, from the statements of Mr. Gladstone and Lord Granville in Parliament on Tuesday, that the railway will be made only up to those positions, on the hills near Souakim, which are to be occupied by the garrison troops in the hot season, for the sake of their health.

We have engraved the Portraits of three gallant officers whose deaths are to be lamented—namely, Viscount Avonmore (the Right Hon. Barry Nugent Yelverton), who was a Lieutenant of the 1st battalion of the Hampshire Regiment, and had passed the Royal Military College at Sandhurst; Brevet Lieutenant-Colonel A. E. Arengo Cross, of the Gordon Highlanders; and Lieutenant Alexander T. F. Edwards, of the 2nd battalion 18th Royal Irish, the same regiment in which his father, the late General C. A. Edwards, C.B., had served twenty-six years. Lieutenant Edwards, who was in the twenty-fourth year of his age, was in India as a probationer for the Staff Corps, when he volunteered to join the 28th Bombay Native Infantry for the Soudan Expedition. He received his mortal wound on the 22nd ult., in the conflict at the zereba, and died next day.

In London last week 2617 births and 1703 deaths were registered. Allowing for increase of population, the births were 101, and the deaths were 111, below the average numbers in the corresponding weeks of the last ten years. The deaths included 41 from smallpox, 92 from measles, 21 from diphtheria, 46 from whooping-cough, 7 from dysentery, and from diseases of the respiratory organs 449.

The Mayor of Cambridge presided on Tuesday at the annual election of inmates of the Eastern Counties Asylum for Idiots, and there was afterwards a public meeting in the Guildhall, at which the Vice-Chancellor presided. The speakers included the High Sheriff, the Mayor, the Master of Christ's, the Master of Peterhouse, Admiral Luard, Colonel Rowley, Rev. Dr. Campion, Dr. Fawcett, Mr. Charles Balls, and Mr. Swann Hurrell. It was decided to raise a fund of a thousand guineas in the University, town, and county, for the purpose of establishing a "Cambridgeshire Ward" in the new building of the institution at Colchester. The High Sheriff (Mr. Carberry Evans) gave fifty guineas towards this object, and several other promises were announced.

In the Upper House of the Convocation of York on Tuesday, the Bishop of Manchester moved a resolution for considering and defining what should be the relations between the Bishops and any branch of the Church Army which might be established. The Bishop of Manchester contended that some such movement was necessary, inasmuch as the existing agencies of the Church did not effectually reach the great mass of the people. The proposal met with general approval, and, on the suggestion of the Archbishop, a committee of the whole House was formed to consider the question. The Bishop of Ripon moved a resolution with the object of establishing clerical pension funds, which, after discussion, was adopted. The Archbishop next moved a resolution affirming the desirability of securing uniformity of practice with reference to the consecration of burial-grounds, and detailed a scheme of his own whereby the cost of consecration might be reduced from £15 to £3. In the Lower House, the Rev. Canon Ware presented a petition from the clergy of the diocese of Carlisle, expressing regret at the legal proceedings instituted against the Incumbent of St. Margaret's, Liverpool. The members then discussed the question of lay agency in the Church.

OBITUARY.

MAJOR-GENERAL RIGBY.

Major-General Christopher Palmer Rigby, F.R.G.S., H.M. Consul at Zanzibar, died on the 14th inst., at his residence in Portland-place. He entered the Bombay Army in 1836; in 1843 was appointed Assistant in the Deccan Revenue Survey; in 1847, Bheel Agent in Khandish; in 1854, President of the Military and Civil Examination Committee of the Presidency; and in 1856, Superintendent of Bazaars and police magistrate at Poona. He was subsequently employed on the Staff in Persia; finally, in 1858, he became Agent for the East India Company at Zanzibar, and shortly afterwards H.M. Consul in that place.

GENERAL WELLS.

General Samuel Wells, C.B., died at Oak Villa, St. Mary Church, Torquay, on the 8th inst., aged seventy-seven. He entered the Army in 1825, served at the recapture of Port Natal in 1842 (being mentioned in despatches), and commanded the 1st Battalion, 23rd Regiment, during the Indian Mutiny, for which he was thanked by the Governor-General in Council and given medal with two clasps. In 1858 he was created a C.B., and in 1882 became full General. He married Ellen, daughter of Captain Williams, R.N.

MR. JUSTICE PRING.

Mr. Justice Ratcliffe Pring, Puisne Judge of the Supreme Court of Queensland, whose death is just announced, was born in 1825, the second son of Mr. Thomas Pring, of Crediton, Devon. In 1849 he was called to the Bar, and shortly after, migrating to Sydney, practised in New South Wales. Subsequently, he became Crown Prosecutor of the Moreton Bay district, and fixed his residence in Brisbane, being eventually, in 1880, constituted Puisne Judge of Queensland. He had been made a member of the Legislative Council there in 1862, and was returned to the Queensland Parliament six times. He held on several occasions the Office of Attorney-General.

THE DEAN OF LINCOLN.

The Very Rev. J. W. Blakesley, Dean of Lincoln, died at his residence, Lincoln, in his seventy-seventh year. He was educated at St. Paul's School, and Trinity College, Cambridge; was Fellow of his College, and also Select Preacher in 1840 and 1843, and in 1845 took the College living of Ware, Hertfordshire. Lord Palmerston, in 1863, made him Canon Residentiary of Canterbury; and, on the death of Dean Jeremie, in 1872, Mr. Gladstone nominated him to the Deanery of Lincoln. He was the author of "A Life of Aristotle" and "Herodotus," and was a contributor to the *Quarterly* and *Edinburgh Reviews*.

MR. ANSDELL.

Mr. Richard Ansdell, the well-known animal painter, died on the 20th inst., at his residence, Farnborough, Hants, from bronchitis, after three days' illness. He was seventy years of age. He was a native of Liverpool, and was educated at the Bluecoat School there. He was elected a Royal Academician in 1870. The deceased first distinguished himself by the painting of animals and sports of the field, with occasionally an outdoor historical subject. The earliest pictures he exhibited at the Royal Academy (1840) were "Grouse-Shooting" and "A Galloway Farm." In 1846 Mr. Ansdell sent to the Academy the celebrated picture, "The Stag at Bay," and the following year appeared its companion, "The Combat." In 1856 and 1857 Mr. Ansdell visited Spain, and in the province of Seville sketched a number of subjects that afterwards became well known.

We have also to record the deaths of—

Lady Edith Wyndham Quin, third daughter of the late Earl of Dunraven and Mount Earl, K.P., on the 10th inst., at Drayton House, Thrapstone, aged thirty-nine.

Mr. Edward William Selby Lowndes, J.P., fifth son of the late Mr. Selby Lowndes, of Whaddon Hall, M.P. for Bucks, on the 13th inst., at The Lodge, Winslow, Bucks, aged seventy-one.

The Dowager Lady Slade, widow of Sir Frederick Slade, Bart., and sister of the fifth Lord Vaux of Harrowden, at Brighton, on the 15th inst., at the advanced age of eighty-three.

Margaret Williams, Dowager Lady Marling, widow of Sir Samuel Stevens Marling, Bart., and daughter of Mr. William Bentley Cartwright, of Devizes, on the 13th inst., at Stanley Park, Stroud.

General Freeman Murray, formerly Governor of Bermuda, on the 14th inst., at Florence, aged eighty. He married, 1832, Catherine Elizabeth, youngest daughter of the Hon. Charles Lawrence Dundas, which lady died in 1876.

Mr. Arthur Giles Giles-Puller, M.A., F.R.G.S., of Youngsbury, Herts, J.P., barrister-at-law, on the 31st ult., at Dunham, Quebec, aged fifty-seven. He was grandson of Sir Christopher Puller, Chief Justice at Calcutta.

Lieut.-General Reginald Edward Knatchbull, R.A., late Bengal Artillery, youngest son of Sir Edward Knatchbull, eighth Baronet, of Mersham Hatch, Kent, on the 12th inst., at his residence, Claremount Court, St. Heliers, Jersey, in his seventy-third year.

The Metropolitan Board of Works have agreed to lend the London School Board a further sum of £200,000 for providing or enlarging schoolhouses.

The Lord Mayor presided on Tuesday evening, at the Albion Tavern, over the seventy-eighth annual festival dinner given in connection with the City of London Truss Society, when subscriptions were announced to the amount of £520.

On the opening day of the Craven Meeting the Duke of St. Albans won the Trial Stakes with Bellona, Mr. Adrian the Twenty-Seventh Biennial with Gracchus, Mr. C. Blanton the Double Trial Plate with Assignation, Colonel Heywood the Crawfurd Plate with Ordovix, Mr. J. Brodie the Light-Weight Selling Plate with Grey Parrot, Lord Hartington the Bushes Handicap with Sir Kenneth, and Mr. G. Arden the Visitors' Plate with Glen Albyn.

The Dutch Shipwrecked Mariners' Society have awarded a medal and diploma to Arthur Naylor and Thomas Smith, members of the crew of the smack Lord Wolseley, of Grimsby, for their gallantry in rescuing the survivors of the crew of the Dutch lugger Maartjie, for Vlaardingen, under most perilous and distressing circumstances. The Dutch Society supplemented the awards by a money grant to each member of the crew of the Lord Wolseley. The rewards have been distributed by the Mayor of Grimsby.

The arrangements for the Military Concert at the Hôtel Métropole on Monday, May 18, are completed. The directors of the hotel have placed the whole of their resources at the disposal of Lady Jane Taylor and her committee, and the concert promises to be one of the most brilliant entertainments of the season. The list of lady patronesses, which comprises a large number of the most influential members of society, will be published in a few days, together with all other particulars. The concert will be for the joint benefit of the Egyptian War Fund (patron H.M. the Queen) and the Princess of Wales Branch of the National Aid Society.

THE AFGHAN FRONTIER DISPUTE.

The controversy which is still going on between our own Government and that of Russia concerning the outrageous act of violence perpetrated by the Russian military authorities on the 30th ult., in their "unprovoked attack" on the Afghan garrison on the Kushk river, continues to excite public feeling in both nations, and has become the theme of comment all over Europe. We gave last week the contradictory official accounts of this deplorable affair, which had been received by telegraph, in London and at St. Petersburg, respectively from General Sir Peter Lumsden, the British Commissioner for surveying and defining the Afghan boundary, who was not present upon the occasion, but who relied upon the information of Captain Yate, and from General Komaroff, the Russian military Commander and Governor of the Trans-Caspian Provinces, who was personally in command of the force which made the attack. Our Government lost no time in transmitting to its own Commissioner, by telegraph, the account given by the Russian General; and, in reply to it, the following telegram from Sir Peter Lumsden was presented to Parliament on Tuesday:—

SIR P. LUMSDEN TO EARL GRANVILLE.

Tirpul, April 17, 1885.

Your Lordship's telegram of 13th.

General Komaroff's account of the attack on Penjdeh is considered incorrect:—

1. General Komaroff says:—"On March 25 one detachment approached Tash Kepri, on our bank of the Kushk." Reply: Tash Kepri is Turki for Pul-i-Khisti. General Komaroff's claim to either bank of the Kushk is untenable. The left bank of the Kushk had always been held by Afghans, and was never in Russian occupation. On Feb. 20 the Russians located an outpost of twenty-five Yulatan Turkomans at Kizil-Tapa, a mound one mile north of Pul-i-Khisti, and about same distance from nearest point of the Kushk River, and from its junction with the Murghab. This had always remained extreme limit of Russian advance within their line of vedettes. The Russian cavalry detachment alluded to did advance against Pul-i-Khisti on 25th, but retired before reaching that place when warned by Afghan Commander, as on Feb. 20.

2. General Komaroff states:—"Near the bridge I found an intrenchment occupied by Afghans." Reply: This position was occupied by Afghans previous to General Komaroff's advance, and to the agreement mentioned in your Lordship's telegram of March 17.

3. General Komaroff says:—"In order to avoid a conflict, I placed my troops five versts from Afghan position." Reply: This can only refer to main body, as Russian troops were in Kizil-Tapa, which is one mile from Afghan position, and the Russian vedettes were considerably in advance of that.

4. General Komaroff says that:—"When the Afghans had convinced themselves that we had no intention of attacking them, they began each day to come nearer to our camp." Reply: So far from the Afghans being convinced of General Komaroff's innocent intentions, the continued and irritating daily attempts to excite hostility convinced the Afghans of the Russian determination to provoke a conflict, and induced what appeared to them the military necessity of extending their defensive position.

5. General Komaroff states:—"On March 27 Afghans sent against one company, which was charged with covering a reconnaissance, three companies, with a cannon and some cavalry." Reply: A reconnaissance in force itself meant a hostile intention. A Russian company meant 250 men—more than equivalent to three Afghan companies, aggregating 295 men. On 27th two bodies of Russian troops simultaneously advanced; Colonel Alikhanoff, with cavalry, pushed past Pul-i-Khisti, and Russian infantry penetrated the right flank of Afghan position on right bank of Murghab. Colonel Alikhanoff only retired when intercepted by Afghan cavalry, some four miles in rear of Afghan position; and the Russian infantry only when the Afghan Commander drew up three companies and warned the Russian officer that if he advanced further he would be fired upon.

General Komaroff's Chief of the Staff, at the interview of 29th, called Colonel Alikhanoff's advance merely a pleasure trip, but was informed that the Afghan Commander viewed it in the most serious light.

6. General Komaroff states:—"Afghan audacity and arrogance increased by degrees." Reply: It may have been so, but, if so, it was entirely caused by Russian action, as the Afghans did all they could to avoid collision, and it was solely owing to their patience and forbearance during two months of incessant irritation that peace has been preserved so long. The Afghan Commander's courteous reply of 29th to General Komaroff's ultimatum proves his wish, to the last, to avoid conflict.

7. General Komaroff says:—"On 28th Afghans occupied a height which commanded left flank of our camp; began to throw up intrenchments there, to establish a post of cavalry behind our line, and placed a picket at gun-shot distance from our ford." Reply: It was the case that the Afghan Commander did on 28th, after the occurrence of the hostile reconnaissance on 27th, place a post of observation on the hills on the right bank of the Murghab, to give notice of any like fresh Russian advance on that flank, but this post was withdrawn the next day.

8. General Komaroff says:—"On 29th I sent to Afghan Commander an energetic summons, &c., and I received an answer that by the advice of the English he refused to retire across the Kushk." Reply: The fact itself is reported to me to be totally incorrect, and nowhere in the Afghan Commander's reply is any such statement. On the contrary, the wording is distinct. "I have duly received your letter regarding the withdrawal of certain pickets. As I had received orders from the Governor of Herat to consult Captain Yate, who has been deputed to Penjdeh by Sir Peter Lumsden, in such matters, I showed him your letter. Captain Yate afterwards had an interview with Colonel Zakrchewski, and informed me of the conversation which had taken place between them. Be it known to you that I must loyally obey the orders I have received from his Highness the Ameer. I can in no way do anything contrary to the orders of my Sovereign. Of course, in matter of detail, such as alterations in position of advanced pickets and vedettes posted in front of the troops, I am prepared to come to an arrangement with you with a view to the avoidance of any risk of conflict."

9. General Komaroff says:—"I again addressed a private letter couched in friendly terms." Reply: The letter in question was never seen by any officers of the Commission, but Captain De Lassoe was told that a letter had been received a few hours before the Russian attack on 30th. I have now called on the Sipeh Salar (the Afghan commander) for copy of second letter.

10. General Komaroff states:—"On 30th, to support my demands, I marched with my detachment against the Afghan position, counting still on a pacific result, but artillery fire and cavalry attack compelled me to accept combat." Reply: Russians advanced to attack of Afghan position, and of course the Afghans were obliged to defend themselves. Certainly the engagement was not commenced by artillery fire, as stated by General Komaroff, as infantry firing was heard continually several minutes before the first gun.

We leave the reply of Sir Peter Lumsden to the statements of General Komaroff without further comment than to express our confidence in the exactness of the accounts furnished by British officers upon such an occasion, and in the judgment of Sir Peter Lumsden upon the value of the evidence brought before him upon these questions of fact. Our Special Artist, Mr. Simpson, had left the British Commissioner's party several weeks before, on his return to England, travelling home through Persia, by way of Asterabad to the Caspian, which he crossed to Baku, and there first learnt the news of this conflict between the Russians and the Afghans. It is to be hoped that the Russian Government, upon further inquiry and better information of the facts, will not refuse to make a due apology, and some compensation to the Ameer of Afghanistan, for the injury which has been done by rash and unscrupulous action on the part of its military officials in that distant region of Central Asia. The immediate superior of General Komaroff is a more exalted personage, Prince Dondoukoff-Korsakoff, "Governor of the Caucasus and Supreme Chief of the Trans-Caspian Region," who was the political organiser of Bulgaria, at Rutschuk, after the death of Prince Tcherkatski, during the Russian war against Turkey in 1878. He has now set out from Tiflis for Askabad, where General Komaroff is usually located, and will probably report to the Government at St. Petersburg upon the actual situation of affairs.

It is stated that, after the occupation of Penjdeh, where the Russian military authorities established "a provisional government," no further advance was made by them up the river Murghab. The Sarik Turkomans, who live in huts in the neighbourhood of Penjdeh and Merouchak, pursued the retreating Afghans for some distance towards Herat, and burnt the abandoned camp of the British Commissioners at Bala Murghab. General Komaroff has returned to Surakhs, and Colonel Alikhanoff, the Governor of Merv, to Yulatan, outside the disputed territory; but the Russian troops, or some portion of them, remain in the positions which they have seized. Sir Peter Lumsden and the other members of the British Commission have withdrawn to Tirpul, on the Heri-Rud just above Kuhsan, near the Persian frontier, and sixty miles from the city of Herat.

THE LATE SIR GEORGE SARTORIUS.

An obituary notice has mentioned the death of the veteran Admiral of the Fleet, in his ninety-fifth year, having been born in 1790. He was the eldest son of Colonel John Conrad Sartorius, Engineers, of the East India Company's Service. He entered the Royal Navy in June, 1801, serving as midshipman of the Tonnant at the battle of Trafalgar. After the battle he was placed with Lieutenant James Stewart on board one of the Spanish seventy-fours taken on that occasion. He served in the boats at the taking of Ischia and Procida with the destruction of two gun-boats, at the capture of a French privateer of ten guns and 100 men, and a ship of four guns and seventeen men, and was employed at the defence of Cadiz in 1810 and 1811. For his services on that occasion he was promoted to the rank of Commander. He attained post rank in 1814, when he commanded the Slaney, twenty-one guns, and was present at the surrender of Napoleon Bonaparte to Captain Maitland of the Bellerophon, and brought despatches home with the news for the British Government. His name was honourably mentioned in the *Gazette* three times for his gallant services during the French war. Afterwards he was employed in the Mediterranean and on the home station. In 1842 he received the public thanks of the President and Congress of the United States, when, as captain of H.M.S. Malabar, he rendered assistance to the United States steam-frigate Missouri, which was destroyed by fire in the Bay of Gibraltar. Sir George was a naval aide-de-camp to the Queen from 1846 to 1849, and acted for some time as commander-in-chief on the Irish station. He received the honour of Knighthood in 1841, was made a Knight Commander of the Order of the Bath in 1865, and a Grand Cross of the Order in 1880, and had received the naval war medal for Trafalgar. His commission as Rear-Admiral bore date May 9, 1849; Vice-Admiral, Jan. 31, 1856; Admiral, Feb. 11, 1861; and Admiral of the Fleet, July 3, 1869. Sir George married, in 1839, a daughter of the late Mr. John Lamb.

The Portrait is from a photograph by the London Stereoscopic Company.

Mr. Henry Irving and Miss Ellen Terry arrived at Euston Station on the 16th inst., on their return from their recent tour in the United States.

The séances of prestidigitation and mesmerism given by M. Verbeck, with the assistance of Mdlle. De Marguerite, at Prince's Hall, Piccadilly, are marked by the production of several novelties, all well received by the spectators.

We are asked to state that a sum of money having been privately provided to found a medical scholarship at King's College in memory of the late Dr. Rabbeth, the whole of the fund subscribed will be devoted to the founding of two cots, one in each of the hospitals with which he was connected.

A new type-writer exceedingly simple to work and handy to carry, the ingenious invention of a clever London journalist, Mr. E. Peacock, was exhibited on Wednesday at the Canadian Agency, 446, Strand. It is named the "Dial Type-Writer," and resembles a mariner's compass. Worked by a handle, the "Dial" is adapted both for Commercial and Press work, and it has the advantage of printing a number of copies at once.

Princess Christian, who was accompanied by Prince Christian, distributed on Tuesday the prizes and certificates to the successful candidates of the St. John Ambulance Class for Ladies at the Polytechnic Institute, Regent-street. Her Royal Highness also presented the medal awarded by the Order of St. John of Jerusalem to Inspector Double for, saving the life of a poor woman at King's-cross station at the risk of his own.

The annual meeting in connection with the Birmingham Agricultural Exhibition Society was held at the Queen's Hotel, Birmingham, on the 16th inst., under the presidency of the Mayor. From the annual report it was shown that the society was in a flourishing condition, and that the Prince of Wales had accepted the presidency of the society for the ensuing year. The committee of the society will make exceptional preparations for the reception of his Royal Highness in Birmingham on the occasion of his visit, which will be in the first week of December.

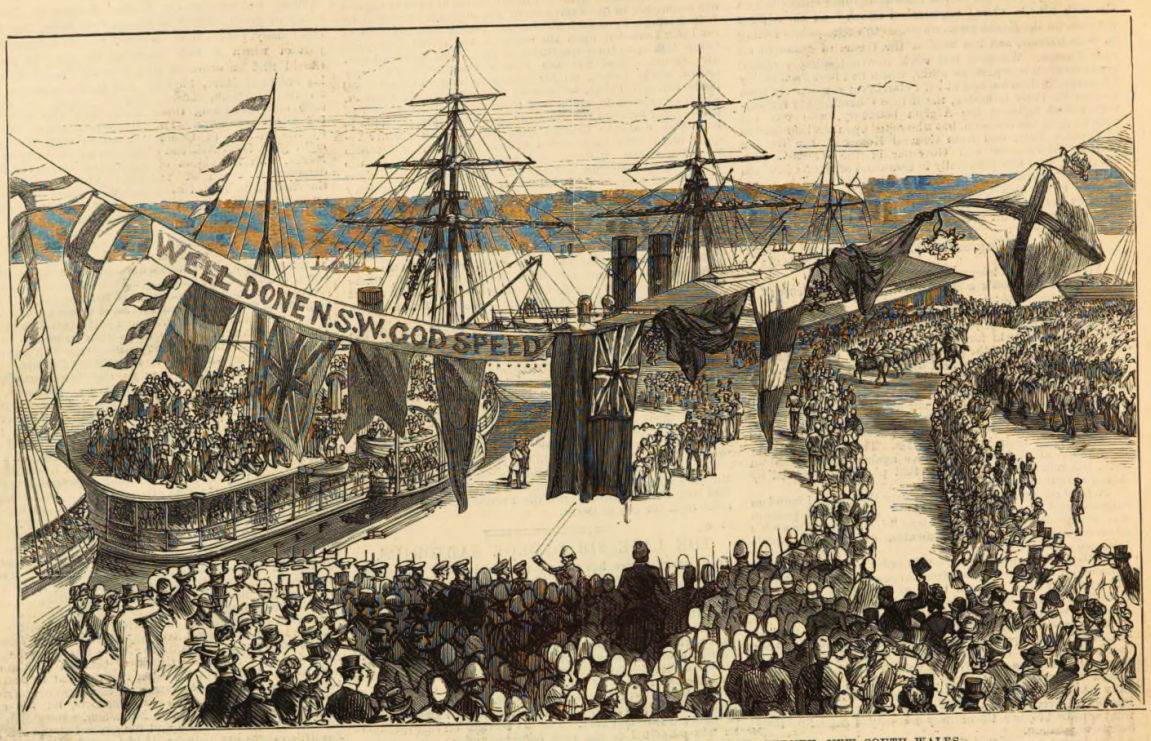
The Rev. Canon Fremantle presided on the 16th inst., at the Westminster Palace Hotel, over a conference called by the International Arbitration and Peace Association to consider the possibilities of a peaceful settlement of the difficulties that had arisen on the Afghan frontier question, when it was unanimously resolved that any difference which might arise between the Russian and British Governments during the negotiations ought to be referred to the good offices of a friendly Power for arbitration, before appealing to arms; and that it was desirable that the Russian and Afghan forces should at once be withdrawn from the disputed territory.

RUSSIAN FORCES ON THE AFGHAN FRONTIER.

Military statistics of the Russian Empire in Central Asia being of great interest at the present crisis, the *Times* and other daily papers have obtained precise information, some part of which is here extracted for our own readers. It should first be observed that General Komaroff has under his orders at Merv, Sarakhs, and in the advanced positions on the Murghab, Kushk, and Heri-Rud, not more than 6000 men, including those Turkomans who have assumed the Russian uniform. The force was raised to this number by the advance of General Komaroff with 2000 men and eight guns from Askabad at the end of February or early in March, with the object of reinforcing Colonel Alikhanoff's detachment south of Yulatan. The Russian forces on the Kushk include two mounted Cossack batteries with sixteen steel Krupp guns, two light field Krupp batteries, and two three-pounder mountain batteries with eight bronze muzzle-loading guns. This makes a total of forty guns, or about eight per 1000 men. The main corps musters 6000 men, of which 4700 are combatants. The reserve of General Komaroff's army in Turcomania and the neighbouring provinces consists of the following: Four battalions of Chasseurs, seventeen battalions of infantry of the Line, three battalions of garrison troops, forty-six sotnias of Cossacks, five field batteries; two mountain batteries, and half a battalion of sappers. The total strength of the corps thus amounts to 15,400 infantry, 5470 horsemen, 1280 artillerymen with seventy-four guns, and 318 sappers; together 22,468 combatants. There is no question that, so far as men go, that force could be raised to 50,000 in two months, provided the garrisons of the Caucasus were reinforced and sent across the Caspian. If Russia undertakes this adventure she will have no scruple in violating Persian soil, and the more direct route through Meshed and Kushan will be used for the purpose of rapidly placing troops at Herat. Assuming, therefore, that Russia does her utmost, we may expect that General Komaroff would, on receiving permission and learning that fresh troops were reaching Askabad, make an attempt with his 5000 men to seize Herat by a *coup de main*, and, as the fortifications are dilapidated, he might possibly succeed, provided he got over the Ardewan or the Baba Pass without any serious loss or obstruction. But Russia is not dependent on the army of the Caucasus alone in the event of her deciding to attempt a serious invasion of Afghanistan. There is the army in the Turkestan province — that of Central Asia, which has recently been increased, until it has been raised to nearly 70,000 men, including the Cossack colonies in Zarafshan and on the Naryn. The position of the Russian troops in Central Asia may be described as follows: — On the Oxus itself there is, in the Amou Darya district, which formed part of Khiva, a garrison of between 4000 and 5000 men, and one battalion has been recently sent to Merv from this quarter. The main forces of the Russian garrison in Turkestan are collected in two districts, on the east in Ferghana, and on the west in Zarafshan. Marghilan is the head-quarters on one side and Samarcand on the other. In Zarafshan there are between 12,000 and 15,000 men, and in Ferghana there are about 12,000 more. It is from these two corps, which would in time be reinforced from Tashkend and the line of the Sir Darya, and ultimately from Orenburg and West Siberia, that the force would be drawn for any aggressive measures in the region of the upper Oxus. In May, 1878, General Kaufmann formed at three places what were called "advanced expeditionary detachments," and with these troops, had war ensued with England, as then seemed not impossible, it was proposed to assist the Afghans, and organize the means of resisting the English invasion of Cabul. The Treaty of Berlin and other circumstances prevented General Kaufmann's plans having any practical results.

In 1878 the Zarafshan garrison placed 10,000 men, with thirty-two guns, at Jam, on the extreme southern Russian frontier, under the command of General Trotzki. The Ferghana garrison, under General Abramoff, supplied 1500 men and ten guns and rockets for the purpose of an exploring expedition to the Pamir plateau. A third force of 1500 men and four guns was to be dispatched from Petro-Alexandrovsk to Charjui, but this will in future be included in the Russian operations on the Murghab. General Kouropatkin has proved the complete feasibility of moving small bodies of troops up the Oxus and across the desert to Merv. But for any large expedition the Turkestan army would not be employed in the direction of either Charjui or Merv. As in 1878, so now in 1885, the principal Russian force in Turkestan would be collected at Jam, whence it would march south to the Oxus, crossing that river at the Kilif or the Chuchka ferries, immediately north of Balkh. From Jam to the Oxus there is a choice of two routes, but the longer of these is preferable, on account of there being water for the greater portion of the way. This road passes through Gusar and Shirabad, where a certain amount of supplies may be expected, and the distance is about 160 miles. Balkh itself is between thirty and forty miles south of the Oxus, so that when the Russians have concentrated at Jam, which will not be until next month, they will have a march of 200 miles, or a fortnight at a very rapid rate of marching, including the crossing of a river, before they reach the Ameer's chief position north of the Hindoo Koosh. It is probable that a portion of the Russian force would cross the stream at the Kilif ferry, a few miles lower down than Chuchka, for at Kilif there is a convenient passage over the Oxus. The river at this point narrows to the extent of 167 fathoms, which circumstance would place the Afghan bank within the range of Russian guns. Moreover, steamers can easily reach Kilif. The passage over the river can be performed in Bokhara boats. Although Kilif in itself is not a point of great importance, it is surrounded by cultivated fields and vegetable gardens. If Russia decides to march her troops across Bokhara, it must be remembered that she requires no fresh authority to do so, nor will she be violating any of the Ameer's rights. The treaty of 1869 with Mozuffir Eddin gave Russia authority to occupy Charjui, Karshi, or Kermina, whenever she deemed such a step to be necessary.

The Turkestan army in its present state could, therefore, place 15,000 troops on the Oxus about the same time that the army of the Caucasus could put 20,000 men on the Heri-Rud. But it must be remembered that one of the Ameer's strongest and most efficient garrisons is stationed north of the Hindoo Koosh, and that there are at least 20,000 Afghan troops between Shiborghan and Badakshan. This army could be strongly reinforced, in good time, by a portion of the Cabul garrison, and, should the Ameer desire it, an efficient defence of the passages of the Oxus could be organised. There is every reason to believe that, with very little assistance from us, the approaches to Cabul from the Oxus and Balkh through Bamian could be made practically impassable by the Russian army. The distances are still very considerable, Balkh being 200 miles from Bamian, and Bamian itself 100 more from Cabul, and the difficulties of the Bamian or any of the other passes leading from Afghan Turkestan into Kohistan far exceed those of the Khyber or the other passes between India and Afghanistan.



THE WAR IN THE SOUDAN: DEPARTURE OF THE AUSTRALIAN CONTINGENT FROM SYDNEY, NEW SOUTH WALES.



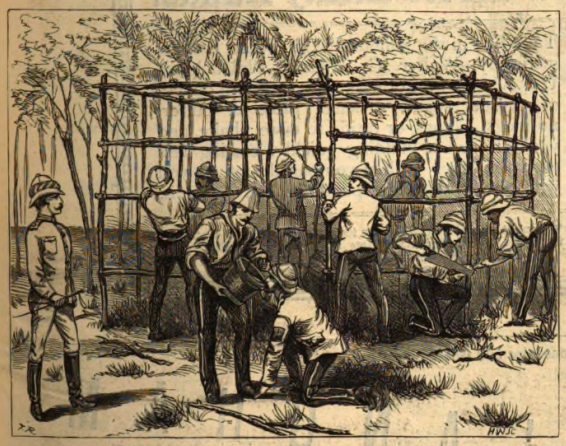
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THE LATE EARL CAIRNS,
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THE LATE LIEUTENANT A. F. T. EDWARDS,
18th (ROYAL IRISH) REGIMENT, KILLED IN THE SOUDAN.

THE LATE EARL CAIRNS.

In the House of Lords last week, the political leaders of both parties, Earl Granville and the Marquis of Salisbury, followed by Lord Coleridge, the Lord Chief Justice, united their expression of regret at the death of this eminent member of their House and of the legal profession. The Right Hon. Hugh M'Calmont Cairns, Earl Cairns was born in 1819, of an Ulster family, was educated at Trinity College, Dublin, was called to the Bar in 1844, entered Parliament in 1852, became Solicitor-General in 1858, Attorney-General in 1866, and in the same year attained a seat on the judicial Bench; in 1868 became Lord Chancellor, having been previously raised to the Peerage, and in 1878, under the last Conservative Ministry, was further elevated to the rank of an Earl. His future renown, when the political contentions of the day shall be forgotten, will chiefly rest upon the good work he has accomplished in the improvement of the judicial system and procedure, and in the amendment of the law affecting real property. While still a Lord Justice of Appeal, in 1867, he was placed at the head of the Judicature Commission, which produced the first instalment of its report. In 1869 a Supplementary Commission, including most of the old Commissioners, with Lord Hatherley, then Lord Chancellor, at their head, was issued to complete the labours of the first, and chiefly to consider what reforms could be introduced in the judicial system with regard to County Courts and other inferior tribunals. From the report of a majority of the Commissioners, Lord Cairns, with several of his colleagues, dissented, on the ground that the scheme did not make sufficient provision for frequent sittings of the Superior Courts in the most populous districts of the country, such as Lancashire and Yorkshire. The recommendations of the majority of the Commissioners were not successful; and the first of the Judicature Acts, which was passed in 1873, dealt mainly with the recommendations of the first Commission, over which Lord Cairns had presided in 1868 and 1869. Another subject to which he applied himself was the law of real estate. In 1859 a bill was introduced by Lord Cairns, then Solicitor-General, for the registration of titles and for facilitating the transfer of land. In 1862 Lord Westbury, who then occupied the woolsack, succeeded in carrying a bill on the same subject through Parliament; but his measure was based upon principles very different from those advocated by Lord Cairns. On taking the seals for the first time in 1868, Lord Cairns procured the appointment of a Commission to inquire into the practical working of this Act, and the report proved unfavourable. Further legislation on the subject was deferred by another Ministerial change. Lord Selborne was prevented by a similar event in 1873 from carrying through Parliament a bill which embodied the report of the Commissioners, and was based on the same lines as the first bill introduced by Sir Hugh Cairns, when Solicitor-General, in 1859. It thus fell, after all, to the lot of the Conservative Lord Chancellor, in 1875, to pass the measure which his predecessor had prepared upon the model constructed by himself seventeen years before. The Land Titles and Transfer Act of 1875 was a step in the right direction. The Real Property Vendors and Purchasers' Act, which Lord Cairns successfully introduced in 1874, may prove the more beneficial, taken in conjunction with the Real Property Limitation Act. The last-mentioned statute effected an important alteration in real property law; and by shortening in certain cases the time of legal prescription, might do much towards diminishing the temptations to expensive litigation. The principle that the interests of the suitor are absolutely paramount to those of any professional class, was at the bottom of every legal reform of which Lord Cairns was the author. The Settled Estates Act, brought in and passed by Lord Cairns since he has been out of office, is a most beneficial measure. Lord Cairns was one of the originators of the new systematised machinery of law reporting; and he bestowed much thought and labour on plans for improving the institutions for the professional education of barristers. He was a man of great intellectual powers, well applied to the public service.

The Portrait is from a photograph by Mr. A. Bassano, of Bond-street.

"SLEEPING INNOCENCE."

The recumbent figure of a fine canine youngster, one of that noble breed which takes its name from the monastic Hospice on the Alpine Pass of St. Bernard, where these dogs have often done good service to humanity in aiding the search for poor travellers lost in the snow, makes a picture of "sleeping innocence" that every true lover of animals will thoroughly approve. It is expressive of unconscious abandonment to the luxury of complete repose, which is perhaps only to be seen in the stage of infancy, either in human life or in that of those we call inferior creatures, and which is always very touching to behold, but which one would rather not disturb with a touch. "Let sleeping dogs lie" is a wise old proverb, the usual application of which, indeed, refers to some possible danger in rousing them to hostile action; but this harmless puppy, whose "innocence" is expressly warranted, should be left, from pure sympathy, to enjoy his slumber to the full. The Artist has been careful to study and delineate correctly the points of form characteristic of the St. Bernard race, which connoisseurs are sure to appreciate, and which, in the mature growth of the animal, seldom fail to be admired.

The twenty-eighth annual assault-at-arms of the Honourable Artillery Company took place on Wednesday, at the drill-hall in the City-road.

The Sportsman's Exhibition, including a large variety of appliances used in every branch of sport and pastime, has been held at the Agricultural Hall.

The Board of Trade have awarded a piece of plate to Captain Paul François Lescalles, of the French barque Leopold and Marie, of Bordeaux, in acknowledgment of his humanity and kindness to the shipwrecked crew of the British ship Cowden Law, which was abandoned on fire at sea on Jan. 19 last. The crew of the Cowden Law were ten days on board the Leopold and Marie. They were treated with the greatest kindness, but the master declined to receive anything for their subsistence.

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For every one hundred pounds of such debentures a new debenture will be issued for the same amount, bearing interest at the rate of 4 per cent per annum for seven years, from April 15, 1885, to April 15, 1892, when it will be converted into £107 New Zealand Four per Cent Consolidated Stock, inscribed at the Bank of England, which will rank pari passu with the Four per Cent Consolidated Stock already created and issued, and redeemable at par on Nov. 1, 1929.

Applications for conversion will be received up to April 30 next, inclusive.

The interest upon the new debentures will be payable by coupons in the same manner as upon the Consol Debentures, viz., Jan. 15, April 15, July 15, and Oct. 15, at the Bank of England, the first coupon being for the dividend due July 15 next.

Consol Debentures, from which the coupon due April 15 next must be detached, may be deposited at the Chief Cashier's Office, Bank of England, for exchange on or after Wednesday, the 15th inst. They must bear all coupons subsequent to that due April 15 next, and must be left three clear days for examination. Receipts will be given for the debentures deposited, and the new debentures will be issued in exchange as soon after as possible.

The usual annual drawing for redemption of the Consols will take place on Tuesday, March 31; debentures deposited before that date will not be affected by the drawing. Holders of Consol Debentures drawn for redemption, in respect of which no application for conversion has been made, will be allowed to receive, in exchange for each Consol debenture, a new debenture as above, upon payment of the sum of £4 per cent, provided application be made before April 15 next.

By the Act 40 and 41 Vict., ch. 29, the revenues of the colony of New Zealand alone will be liable in respect of the stock and the dividends thereon; and the Consolidated Fund of the United Kingdom, and the Commissioners of her Majesty's Treasury, will not be directly or indirectly liable or responsible for the payment of the stock or of the dividends thereon, or for any matter relating thereto.

Bank of England, March 6, 1885.

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DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S CHLORODYNE.—The Right Hon. Earl Russell communicated to the College of Physicians and J. T. Davenport that he had received information to the effect that the only remedy of service in cholera was Chlorodyne.—See "Lancet," Dec. 31, 1853.

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This preparation has never been known to fail in restoring the hair to its natural colour and gloss in from eight to twelve days.
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THE MEXICAN HAIR RENEWER.

WHAT BEAUTIFIES THE HAIR?

What gives luxuriance to each tress,
And pleases each one's fancies?
What adds a charm of perfect grace,
And Nature's gift enhances?
What gives a bright and beauteous gloss,
And what says each reviewer?
"That quite successful is the use
Of 'THE MEXICAN HAIR RENEWER!'"

What gives luxuriance to each tress,
And makes it bright and glowing?
What keeps it free from dandruff, too,
And healthy in its growing?
What does such wonders? Ask the press,
And what says each reviewer?
"That none can equal or approach
'THE MEXICAN HAIR RENEWER!'"

What gives luxuriance to each tress,
Like some bright halo beaming?
What makes the hair a perfect mass
Of splendid ringlets teeming?
What gives profusion in excess?
Why, what says each reviewer?
"The choicest preparation is
'THE MEXICAN HAIR RENEWER!'"

What gives luxuriance to each tress,
And makes it so delightful?
Because to speak the honest truth
Is only just and rightful.
What say the people and the press,
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Would you have luxuriant hair,
Beautiful, and rich, and rare;
Would you have it soft and bright,
And attractive to the sight?
This you really can produce
If you put in constant use
THE MEXICAN HAIR RENEWER.

The hair it strengthens and preserves,
And thus a double purpose serves;
It beautifies—improves it, too,
And gives it a most charming hue,
And thus in each essential way;
It public favour gains each day—
THE MEXICAN HAIR RENEWER.

If a single thread of hair
Of a grey ish tint is there,
This "Renewer" will restore
All its colour as before,
And thus it is that vast renown
Does daily now its virtues crown—
THE MEXICAN HAIR RENEWER.

No matter whether faded grey,
Or falling like the leaves away,
It will renew the human hair,
And make it like itself appear.
It will revive it, beautify,
And every ardent wish supply—
THE MEXICAN HAIR RENEWER.

THE MEXICAN HAIR RENEWER.

The constitution of the person and the condition of the scalp have much to do with the length of time it requires for new hair to grow; also thin or thick hair will depend much upon the vital force remaining in the hair glands. New hairs are first seen to start around the margin of the bald spots near the permanent hair, and extending upwards until the spots are covered more or less thickly with fine short hair. Excessive brushing should be guarded against as soon as the small hairs make their appearance; but the scalp may be sponged with rain water to advantage occasionally. The scalp may be pressed and moved on the bone by the finger ends, which quickens the circulation and softens the spots which have remained long bald. On applying this hair-dressing it enlivens the scalp, and in cases where the hair begins to fall a few applications will arrest it, and the new growth presents the luxuriance and colour of youth. It may be relied on as the best hair-dressing known for restoring grey or faded hair to its original colour without dyeing it, producing the colour within the substance of the hair, imparting a peculiar vitality to the roots, preventing the hair from falling, keeping the head cool, clean, and free from dandruff, causing new hairs to grow, unless the hair-glands are entirely decayed. THE MEXICAN HAIR RENEWER makes the hair soft, glossy, and luxuriant.

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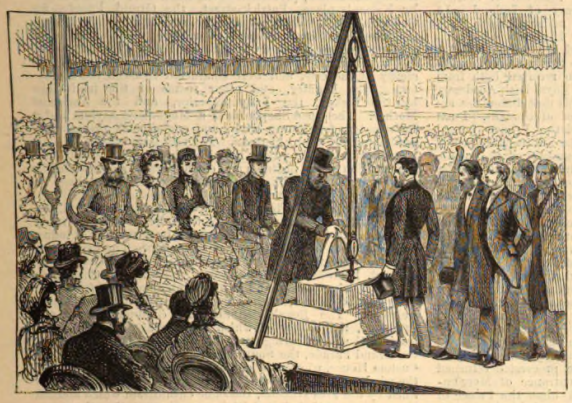
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CARTER'S COLOGNE OIL FOR THE HAIR
Should be in every Nursery, now it is guaranteed perfectly harmless, and made from the purest ingredients.
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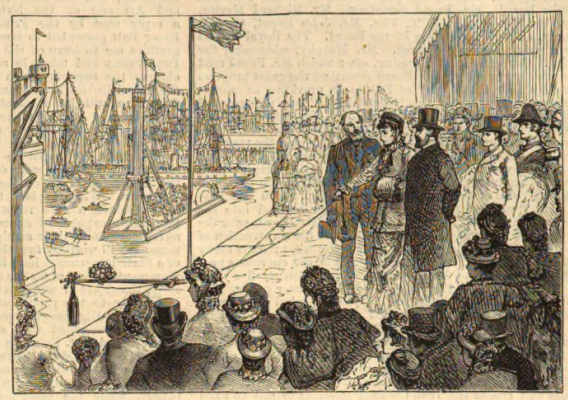
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Royal Visit to Ireland

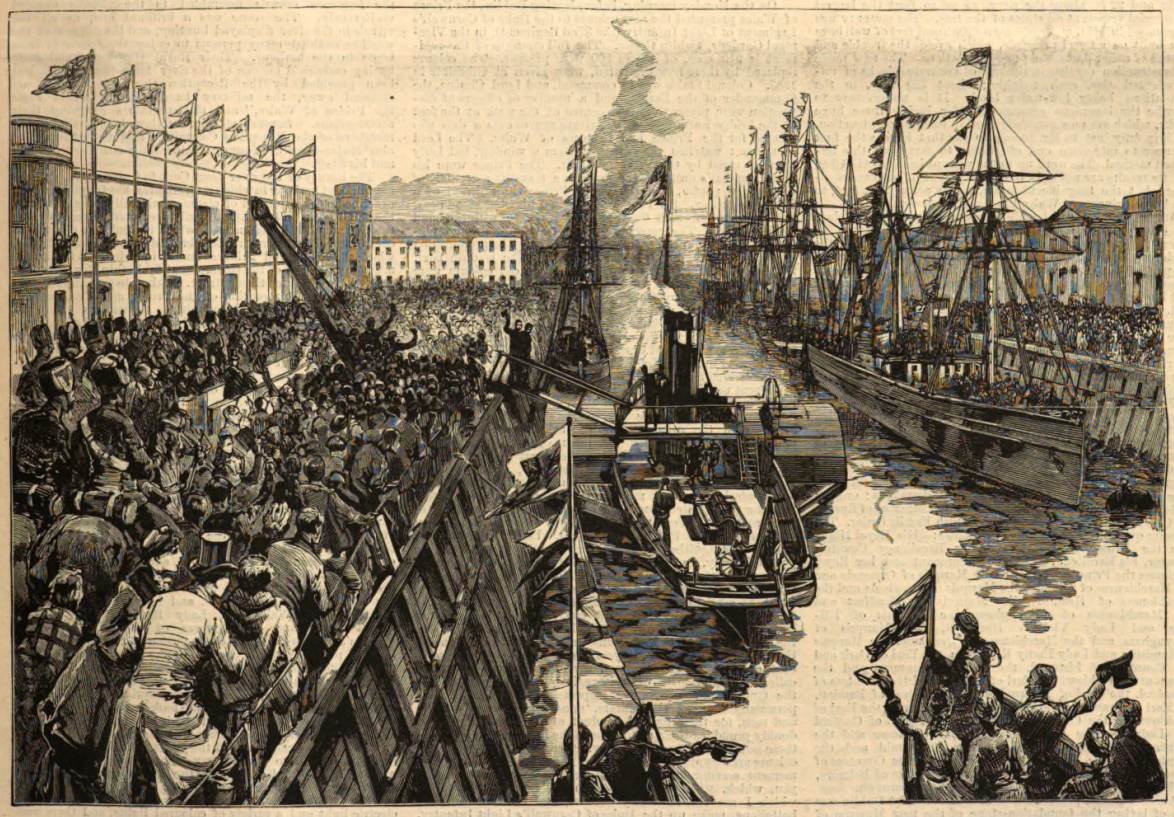
CEAD MILE FAILTHE



THE PRINCE OF WALES LAYING FOUNDATION-STONE OF MUSEUM, DUBLIN.



THE PRINCESS OF WALES NAMING THE "ALEXANDRA" BASIN, DUBLIN.



THE ROYAL PARTY AT CORK GOING ON BOARD THE STEAMER FOR QUEENSTOWN.

THE ROYAL VISIT TO IRELAND.

The Prince and Princess of Wales, and their son, Prince Albert Victor Edward of Wales, have returned to Dublin after spending a week in the south of Ireland, where they were the guests of the Earl and Countess of Listowel, at Convamore, near Mallow; and of Earl and Countess Spencer, occupying Lord Kenmare's house near Killarney. Their Royal Highnesses, on Wednesday week, visited the city of Cork, and went down the river to Queenstown. It was on Monday week that they left Dublin for this southern tour, and our series of Illustrations must be resumed with those of two or three incidents of the preceding week at Dublin, following the events that were described and illustrated in the last Number of this Journal.

One of these was the inspection by their Royal Highnesses, on the Saturday, of the large dock at Dublin which has hitherto been known as the North Wall Extension, but which, having been christened by the Princess of Wales with her own name, will henceforth bear the more distinguished title of the Alexandra Basin. A spacious dais was constructed, over which a pavilion was erected, and two handsome antique chairs were provided for the Royal visitors. The pavilion was crowded by ladies and gentlemen long before the arrival of the Prince and Princess, who were received by Mr. Michael Murphy (chairman of the Port and Docks Board), Mr. Proud (secretary), Mr. Richard Martin, Mr. W. Watson, Mr. J. T. Pim, Mr. John Bagot, Captain Hardy, and other members of the Board. The Royal visitors were enthusiastically cheered. Mr. Murphy, addressing the Prince, thanked them for coming, after which Mr. Proud read the address, in which the Board described the great progress recently made in the port of Dublin in providing accommodation for shipping of the largest class. They also pointed out that since the last visit of their Royal Highnesses, the two most important bridges which span the Liffey had been reconstructed and an additional bridge built, by which the means of communication between the north and south sides of the city had been greatly increased. The Prince read a suitable reply; their Royal Highnesses then advanced to the front of the dais, and inspected one of the huge concrete blocks, which was suspended from floating shears ready to be lowered into the water. Mr. B. B. Stoney, engineer of the Board, gave the Prince and Princess a brief explanation of the construction of the quay wall, which, as an engineering work, presents many features of interest. He pointed out that the enormous progress in the trade of Dublin during the last twenty-five years having necessitated the provision of deep-water quays, that important work was commenced in 1864 by rebuilding nearly 700 ft. in length of the east end of the North Wall quay, so as to allow vessels drawing 17 ft. to lie afloat alongside at low water. But the most important improvements of this kind were not commenced till 1870, since which date 6500 ft. of the quay have either been rebuilt or constructed where no quays existed before, so as to give depths of from 15 ft. to 24 ft. at low water and enable the Irish Channel steamers to sail at fixed hours independently of the tide, as well as allow the larger class of oversea vessels which now frequent the port to lie always afloat. It was found necessary, however, to provide additional deep-water accommodation to suit the oversea trade, which had increased more than fourfold in the space of twenty years; and accordingly it was determined to extend the North Wall and construct a large tidal basin with 24 ft. at low water inside and 22 ft. along the river, so as to float the largest commercial vessels at all states of the tide. The masonry was commenced in 1871, and since then 4500 lineal feet of wall have been built on a novel principle, which avoids the trouble and expense of coffer dams, and pumping stations. The new mode of construction consists in the use of concrete blocks of unprecedented size, each weighing about 350 tons, in the foundations below low-water level. It is unnecessary to describe the ingenious arrangement for laying these huge blocks, which are now generally used in harbour construction, but it is only just to Mr. Stoney to say that he was the first engineer to introduce and effectively to carry out this improved method. The work up to the present has cost £180,000, and its results are not only the great extent of quayage mentioned, but the magnificent basin, ninety acres in extent, to which the Princess of Wales has given her name.

When Mr. Stoney had made these explanations to the Prince and Princess, the great block of concrete was lowered into the water, in order to give an opportunity of observing the machinery at work, and then the Princess of Wales performed her part of the ceremony by naming the basin. A bottle of champagne was suspended over the basin in such a manner that by the pulling of a cord it would be smashed against the wall. Her Royal Highness having broken the bottle, said, "I name this the Alexandra Basin." Hereupon loud cheers were raised by the assembly, and a Royal salute of twenty-one guns, fired from the Pigeon House Fort at the opposite side of the river, marked the completion of this interesting ceremony. The Royal party then left, the military band in attendance playing "God Bless the Prince of Wales."

The State ball at Dublin Castle, on the Friday evening, brought a thousand ladies and gentlemen together in St. Patrick's Hall and the suite of State apartments connected with it. The Princess of Wales wore a dress of cream satin duchesse trimmed with gold and silver embroidery, veiled in lisse embroidered with gold and silver shamrocks, corsage to correspond; head-dress, a tiara of diamonds; ornaments, pearls and diamonds; orders: Victoria and Albert, the Crown of India, St. Catherine of Russia, the Order of the Red Cross and the Danish Family Order. The opening quadrille was arranged as follows:—His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales and her Excellency Countess Spencer, his Excellency the Lord Lieutenant and her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales, the Marquis of Ormonde and the Marchioness of Kildare, the Marquis of Drogheda and the Marchioness of Headfort, the Marquis of Headfort and the Marchioness of Conyngham, the Marquis of Kildare and Lady Victoria Hamilton, the Marquis of Conyngham and the Marchioness of Ormonde, the Marquis of Hamilton and Lady Emily Kingscote, the Earl of Cork and the Countess of Listowel, the Earl of Kenmare and the Countess of Wicklow, the Earl of Bandon and the Countess of Longford, the Earl of Listowel and the Countess of Bandon, the Earl of Granard and the Countess of Kenmare, the Earl of Wicklow and the Countess of Carysfort, the Earl of Gosford and Lady Maurice Fitzgerald, the Earl of Rosse and the Countess of Gosford, Lord Maurice Fitzgerald and the Countess of Rosse, the Earl of Carysfort and the Countess of Kilmorey, the Earl of Kilmorey and the Countess of Belmore, the Earl of Belmore and the Countess of Lanesborough.

Another public proceeding of much interest at Dublin was that of laying the foundation-stone of the new Museum of Science and Art in connection with South Kensington. Elaborate preparations had been made for it, and the grounds at each side of Leinster House, which is to be the central building, were adorned with gay flags and fitted up with stands, from which the entry of the Royal party and the ceremonial itself could be seen. A guard of honour, contributed by the Cornwall Regiment, with their band, was stationed on Leinster-lawn, opening upon Merrion-square, through which the Royal party entered. On alighting from the carriage they were received by the Visitors of the Museum, the Trustees of the National Library, and the Commissioners of Public Works. The Director of the Science and Art Museum, Professor V. Ball, F.R.S., was presented to the Prince, and their Royal Highnesses were conducted through Leinster House, while the National Anthem was played by the band of the Cornwall Regiment. As the Princess passed through the hall, a bouquet was presented to her by the students of the Metropolitan School of Art. On reaching the dais their Royal Highnesses and their Excellencies were conducted to chairs of State which had been prepared for them. When the procession was observed coming from Leinster House, the whole assemblage filling the amphitheatre rose simultaneously and received the Royal party with the enthusiasm with which they had been greeted before. The Lord Lieutenant and Countess Spencer were also greeted with the same cordiality. The Director of the Science and Art Museum then read a statement of its objects and aims. Lieutenant-General Sankey, C.B., Chairman of the Board of Public Works, handed to his Royal Highness the coins and inscriptions to be deposited under the foundation-stone. After which the architects, Messrs. Deane, were presented to the Prince by Viscount Powerscourt, K.P. Mr. Deane then handed the trowel to his Royal Highness, who, with due ceremony, laid the first stone of the Museum of Science and Art and of the National Library of Ireland. In a reply read by the Prince to the address which Professor Ball presented to him, his Royal Highness said: "It gratifies me to learn of the action which the Science and Art Department had taken in reference to this museum, and to observe the support which that action received both from the Royal Dublin Society and from the Royal Irish Academy. It is by a united movement such as this that difficulties are overcome and success made possible of attainment. I am glad to think that the two great societies I have named have combined to smooth the way for an institute which will, I trust, be useful to a large number of the people of Ireland. I hope some day to see in full working order the institution of which the first stone has been laid this afternoon. When this is so, the magnificent collections, which have obtained a wide reputation, will be open to a public thoroughly capable of appreciating their merit and deriving advantages from their amalgamation under one roof. The museum will worthily face the great library, where the efforts of a State Department have been successfully combined with a movement originated by the citizens, and supported out of the rates, the object of which is to give free facilities for reading and study to the people of this metropolis." The speech of his Royal Highness was received with much applause. The ceremony concluded with a flourish of trumpets, and the bands played "St. Patrick's Day." The Councils of the Royal Dublin Society and the Royal Irish Academy were then presented to his Royal Highness; and the procession returned through Leinster House to the east entrance of Merrion-square, while the band played "God bless the Prince of Wales" and the band of the Hibernian School the Danish National Anthem. The bouquet was presented to the Princess by Miss Douglass, a pupil of the School of Art, who obtained the Art Scholarship at South Kensington. It was supported by a handsome holder, subscribed for and made in Dublin from an old Irish design in bog oak, with gold and silver mounting.

On the Monday morning, before leaving Dublin, the Prince of Wales presented the new colours to the Duke of Cornwall's Regiment of Light Infantry (the 32nd Regiment), in the Viceregal Gardens, Dublin Castle. The full strength of the regiment is 940 men, of whom 800 were present. The colours replaced by those now presented, were given at Gibraltar in 1865. Colonel Stabb was in command, and Lord Clarina, the Commander of the Forces, and a number of officers of distinction were present. In the centre of the walk at the foot of the bridge leading from the private apartments a dais was erected for the Prince and Princess of Wales. The Lord Lieutenant watched the ceremony from a window, but Lady Spencer stood by the Princess's side. The Prince wore his Field Marshal's uniform, the Princess a travelling costume of olive-green poplin, and the young Prince the uniform of a Naval Volunteer. Sir Thomas Steele and his Staff stood near, and the troops formed three sides of a square, with the band in the centre. The ceremony was a private affair and picturesque, as such presentations always are. The presentation of colours to a regiment, whoever may take the leading part, is suggestive and highly interesting. The old colours were borne past the ranks of the regiment, the band playing "Should auld acquaintance be forgot," and the new colours were then advanced, the consecration prayers being read by the Rev. Mr. Sadleir, Head Chaplain of her Majesty's Forces in Ireland. At the close, the Prince handed the colours to the officers appointed to receive them. The regiment having been formed up, the officers standing in front, his Royal Highness addressed them as follows:—"I consider it a high honour to present new colours to a regiment which, ever since it was raised in 1704, has had as brilliant a record of services in the field as any regiment in her Majesty's service. You first served with the great Duke of Marlborough in Flanders and then in America. Dettingen is the first name inscribed on your colours. In the great Peninsular War you especially distinguished yourselves, and suffered heavy losses at Corunna and Salamanca. At Quatre Bras and Waterloo you lost more than any other corps engaged, and the gallant Sir Thomas Picton was killed at the head of your regiment. Your next service was in India, where you took part in the Punjaub campaign. Later, in 1857, you greatly distinguished yourselves in the suppression of the Indian Mutiny, and gallantly held the presidency of Lucknow during its defence from June till November. You were on that occasion commanded by Brigadier-General Inglis, who for those services was created Major-General and a Knight Commander of the Bath, whilst you received the honour of being made light infantry. You, Colonel Stabb, are, I believe, the only officer of the regiment present who served during the mutiny. When, some years ago, I visited the remains of the Residency of Lucknow, my attention was especially called to the service of this regiment. On your return the Queen and my father inspected the regiment, and personally thanked the officers, non-commissioned officers, and men, for their gallant conduct at Lucknow; and I feel doubly proud, as their son, to have the honour of presenting these new colours to you to-day. The latest records on your colours are Egypt and Tel-el-Kebir. A second battalion, at this moment serving in the Soudan, has recently been added to you, which, with the Royal Cornwall Rangers Militia, of which I am the Honorary Colonel, and the two volunteer battalions, make up the Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry. From the title I bear, I am specially proud to be thus connected with this fine regiment." A brief reply from Colonel Stabb closed the proceedings, and the regiment was marched to barracks.

At Cork, on Wednesday, their Royal Highnesses were received by the Earl of Bandon and the members of the City and County Reception Committee, and Lord Bandon presented loyal addresses from that body and from the city and county magistrates. The Royal visitors were conducted to the School of Art, which has recently been enlarged. The streets were crowded, and the windows of the houses were full of spectators. The decorations were abundant; in King-street, a wide thoroughfare close to the railway station, and in Patrick-street the way was spanned by lines of flags, emblems, and mottoes, which had a striking effect. As their Royal Highnesses passed, hearty and repeated cheers were given. At the School of Art the Prince and Princess were received by the managers of the school, and went through various rooms in the new building. In reply to the address presented on behalf of the Cork Municipal Schools of Science, Art, and Music, the Prince of Wales said:—"Your School of Art is well calculated to carry out those principles for the furtherance of which my lamented father succeeded in the inauguration of a system of scientific and artistic education, and for the promotion of which I have myself done all that has lain within my power. I congratulate you from my heart on the patriotic munificence which has prompted the founder of this school to bestow his generous aid on a series of institutions so useful to the youth and manhood of your city. It will be a fitting recognition of his liberality that this building shall hereafter be called by the name which you have very properly selected for it, the Crawford Municipal School of Art." His Royal Highness then formally declared the school open, and the Royal party, leaving the school, proceeded to the Good Shepherds' Convent by Nelson's-place, Patrick-street, the Grand Parade, St. George's-street, Wellington Bridge, and the Female Prison, amidst repeated expressions of popular regard. Their Royal Highnesses were received at the convent by the Most Rev. Dr. Delany, Roman Catholic Bishop of Cork, and many of the clergy of the city, and were conducted through the dormitories, the laundry, and other rooms of the institution by the Bishop, the Lady Superior, and the Assistant Mother. The Good Shepherds is a Magdalene Asylum and a Reformatory for Young Girls, and contains at present 170 adults and 130 young persons. The visit lasted about half an hour, and on leaving, their Royal Highnesses expressed their gratification at the neatness and cleanliness which prevailed in every part of the establishment, and the admirable manner in which it appears to be conducted.

The Royal party afterwards proceeded to the Cathedral, the interior of which was filled by the clergy of the united diocese of Cork, Cloyne, and Ross, and by a number of ladies and gentlemen who had tickets of admission. The Prince and Princess were received at the cathedral by Dr. Gregg (the Bishop), Dean Madden, Archdeacon Archdale, and Chancellor Webster, who presented an illuminated address from the clergy of the diocese, bidding their Royal Highnesses a hearty welcome. The Royal visitors were conducted over the cathedral, the beauty of which they greatly admired. On leaving, the Royal cortége proceeded by Great George's-street, the Grand Parade, the South Mall, and Lapp's Bridge to the Custom House, where they embarked for Queenstown. During the whole of the route, a considerable portion of which was lined by the 11th Hussars, the same enthusiasm which marked the progress of their Royal Highnesses through the other parts of the city was again displayed. The Grand Parade and South Mall were gay with banners and bunting of every description and alive with people, and in the South Mall there were some very effective decorations displayed. At the Custom House there was a guard of honour of the Suffolk Regiment, who presented arms on the arrival of the Prince and Princess, while the immense crowds assembled in the vicinity cheered vociferously. The scene was a brilliant one, as all the vessels in the river displayed bunting, and the fineness of the weather enabled many persons to enjoy the spectacle from boats in the harbour. Their Royal Highnesses and suite having embarked on one of the river steam-boats, which had been provided by the Reception Committee, the vessel steamed away, the military band playing "God Bless the Prince of Wales," and the spectators renewing their acclamations. Several steamers followed, containing the members of the Reception Committee and their friends, as also Major-General Young, commanding the Cork district, and his staff.

The beauty of the river from Cork to Queenstown, and the magnificent harbour in which it terminates, has frequently been described. The number of steamers all fully freighted, and the small boats and yachts all gaily decorated, formed a scene the charm and attractiveness of which it would be difficult to overpraise. The steamer made a brief delay at Passage Docks, where the Prince and Princess landed in order that the Prince might lay the keel of the Government tank-ship, for which the docks have obtained the contract. Elaborate preparations had been made for the reception of the Prince and Princess, and numerous spectators were admitted to witness the ceremony. The Princess was presented on landing by Lady Arnott with a bouquet of flowers, and the ceremony of laying the keel having been gone through, the Royal party re-embarked and continued their progress to Queenstown. Three men-of-war in the harbour, the Minotaur, the Revenge, and the Northumberland, were gaily decked, and as the steamer came in and took up its position at the quay of the Island of Haulbowline, a naval and military station, the bluejackets manned the yards and a Royal salute was fired. Loud cheers also burst from the people assembled in great crowds on the island, and these were repeated as the Prince and Princess landed and were conducted along a carpeted covered way to the room in which the banquet was given by the citizens of Cork. This apartment was adorned in a most artistic manner, the ceiling and the walls being draped with red and white calico, and an immense variety of flags and banners being displayed. Great bunches of flowers hung down from the ceiling over all the tables, and these bore vases of flowering and foliage plants. The number of guests present was close on 500, and when the Prince and Princess entered the room the entire assemblage rose and cheered enthusiastically. The Earl of Bandon sat at the centre of the head table, and had on his right hand the Prince of Wales and Lady Bandon, while Prince Albert Victor and the Princess of Wales sat on Lord Bandon's left hand. At the conclusion of the banquet, Lord Bandon proposed "The health of the Queen," and afterwards "The health of the Prince and Princess of Wales." Both toasts were received with the utmost enthusiasm, a naval band placed in a gallery playing the appropriate airs. The Prince of Wales responded to the toast, and took leave of the company; the Royal party were conducted to their boat amidst loud cheers, and, as the vessel steamed from the quay, a salute was fired and the sailors again manned the yards. Their Royal Highnesses proceeded to Queenstown, where they were presented with an illuminated address by the Reception Committee of Queenstown. At night the ships of the Channel Squadron and the guard-ship at Queenstown were illuminated with the electric light and a variety of coloured lights, and there was a grand display of fireworks; the merchant-ships and the yachts in port also made effective displays.

The Prince and Princess of Wales must have thoroughly appreciated the quiet and repose which they enjoyed on Thursday at Convamore, after the bustle and excitement of their reception at Cork and Queenstown. It is satisfactory to be

able to state that their Royal Highnesses were heartily welcomed by all the respectable inhabitants of Cork, and that the attempt at a counter demonstration, on their crossing "Parnell Bridge," proved an utter failure. The voices of the malcontents were drowned by the cheers of the loyal spectators, and those who took part in these discreditable scenes were, speaking generally, of the lowest class. The Cork Reception Committee are delighted at the response made to their appeal, and we are informed that the Prince has expressed himself highly pleased with his visit to Cork, and satisfied with the cordial reception given to him and to the Princess.

At Killarney their Royal Highnesses were greeted with the heartiest welcome by all classes of the people, and enjoyed two days of fine bright weather in exploring the romantic lake and mountain scenery of that neighbourhood. They returned to Dublin on Monday last, taking leave of their host and hostess, Earl and Countess Spencer. The people of Killarney bade them a respectful farewell. Addresses were presented at Tralee, but a number of people outside the station manifested a hostile spirit by hooting at the Royal party. Bands of Nationalists assembled at Abbeyfeale and Newcastle West, playing Irish national airs and waving pieces of black calico from poles and sticks, accompanying the demonstration with shouts and groans. Isolated parties of peasantry at other places also waved black flags and other emblems of displeasure. The reception accorded to the Prince and Princess at Limerick, however, overshadowed these unfavourable displays. Four thousand persons gathered in the station to welcome the Royal party, and the scene was one of great enthusiasm. Five addresses were presented, and in a general reply the Prince of Wales expressed regret that he could not visit other portions of Ireland, but promised to seize an opportunity of extending his acquaintance with the country and with Limerick. The Royal party then proceeded to Dublin. On Tuesday they visited Punchestown races, and they were to proceed to Belfast on board the Royal yacht Osborne. They were also to visit Derry, and to be the guests of the Duke of Abercorn at Baronscourt, at the end of this week. Further Illustrations will appear in our next.

THE NATIONAL AID SOCIETY.

Sir Robert Loyd-Lindsay, chairman of the National Society for Aid to the Sick and Wounded in War, has received a report from Mr. Kennett Barrington, the society's commissioner for the Red Sea district. This report is dated April 1, and tells in detail what has been done by the society in aid of the sick and wounded at Quarantine Island, which lies in the harbour off the town of Souakim, and in the neighbourhood.

The officers of the society were having a busy time, and the work was progressing most favourably. With regard to the medical staff, Professor Ogston arrived by the Ganges on March 15, and was attached to the first bearer company, under Surgeon-Major Wilson. He was actively employed in the field at Hasheen on March 20, and had since rendered valuable assistance in several serious operations. He was to start on April 2 on the Tamai expedition. Surgeons Piggott and Lake also arrived by the Ganges on the 15th, and were attached to the ship's staff, in which capacity they were actively engaged in attendance on the wounded. Afterwards, they were attached to the Base Hospital at H Redoubt, which is on the mainland, in a straight line between the town of Souakim and the Sandbag Redoubt. The energy and skill they displayed on board the Ganges were thoroughly appreciated by Principal Medical Officer Gibbon. Dr. Squire was also attached to the Base Hospital. Surgeon Newby had but just arrived.

It has already been stated that the Sisters sent out by the society have done good work in nursing the wounded, and the report states that both doctors and patients welcomed their arrival most cordially.

The loss of so many transport animals in the attack on the zereba on March 22 seriously affected the work of the society, and the report contains an account of what the officers of the society have done to conquer this difficulty. Much inconvenience was also found in transferring the sick and wounded from the piers to the hospital-ships, until Mr. Barrington purchased a steam-launch brought out in the steam-ship Iberia. The launch was to be called the Princess, in honour of the President of the Ladies' Branch of the National Aid Society.

The report deals with several other matters, such as the supply of necessaries for the sick, such as milk and ice, with the distribution and receipt of stores, and with financial matters.

Appended to the report is a list of the things required by the officers of the society, among which may be mentioned four cases of eau de Cologne, an aneroid thermometer, a hygrometer, with wet and dry bulb, three gazogenes of the largest size, 250 yards of antiseptic carbolized gauze, gauze bandages, 3 in. and 5 in., a hundred of each, and 20 yards of pink mackintosh.

A concert took place last week at St. Mark's School, Windsor, for the benefit of the National Aid Society (Princess Christian's Branch, for Windsor and neighbourhood). Princess Christian played several duets with Mr. Walter Parratt, of St. George's Chapel. Over £300 has already been collected in aid of the fund. Amongst the subscribers is the Queen, who has given £50 in stationery and other materials.

Lady Audrey Buller was among the speakers at a meeting held at Exeter yesterday week in support of the National Aid Society, and was warmly cheered on expressing the deep interest which she, as the daughter of a sailor and the wife of a soldier, felt in the work. She heartily thanked the ladies of Devon for the manner in which they had helped the work, £600 having been collected. The Earl of Devon and Sir Thomas Acland took part in the proceedings.

Under the patronage of the Duchess of Albany and Princess Frederica, two representations of Mr. John Farmer's opera, "Cinderella," will be given by an amateur company at the Albany Hall, Kingston-on-Thames, next Thursday, April 30, and Friday, May 1, in support of the funds of the National Aid Society. Miss José Sherrington will fill the title rôle, Mr. G. H. Betjemann is to be the stage manager, and Mr. Orton Bradley the conductor. Tickets can be obtained at Messrs. Novello, Ewer, and Co.'s, 1, Berners-street, Oxford-street.

The National Aid Society are receiving newspapers for dispatch to the Soudan for the use of the troops, and any parcels may be sent to Mr. R. W. Coulcher, No. 50, Chancery-lane, W.C., who forwards them on the Monday and Thursday of each week.

In consequence of the unsettled state of foreign affairs, the Council of the National Rifle Association has decided not to send a team to Creedmoor this year.

A Civil List pension of £100 per annum has been awarded to Edward Scott Docker, Deputy Inspector-General of Hospitals, in recognition of his discovery of the uses of ipecacuanha in the treatment of dysentery, and of his services towards her Majesty's forces.

THE CHURCH.

The Bishop of London will hold the first confirmation in his new diocese at St. Alban's, Holborn, on May 17.

Within the last eight years, £40,000 has been spent upon Lichfield Cathedral.

The next anniversary festival of the Friends of the Clergy Corporation will be held at Willis's Rooms next Wednesday, the 29th inst., when the chair will be taken by the Duke of Northumberland, the president of the society.

The Archbishop of Canterbury has appointed Tuesday in Whitsun week (May 26) for the consecration of the Rev. W. Thornhill Webber as Bishop of Brisbane. The ceremony will take place at St. Paul's Cathedral.

The Bishop of London has intimated to Bishop Titcomb that he has confirmed him in the appointment of Bishop-Coadjutor for the Supervision of British Chaplaincies in Northern and Central Europe. Dr. Titcomb held the same office under the late Bishop Jackson.

The Archbishop of Canterbury has given his award in the Peterborough Cathedral controversy. He advises the appointment by the Dean and Chapter and Restoration Committee of an executive of seventeen to decide the question, failing which, his Grace recommends the first plan of rebuilding the tower as originally provided for be adhered to.

Dr. King, the Bishop-Elect of Lincoln, has expressed his intention of selling, if possible, the episcopal palace of Riseholme, and building a suitable residence for himself and his successors on the site of the old palace, under the shadow of the Cathedral. For the present, the new Bishop will reside in the city of Lincoln.

Earl Beauchamp on Saturday last laid the foundation-stone of the Church of St. Anselm, at Coventry Park, Streatham. The service was conducted by the Rev. J. R. Nicholl, Rector of Streatham, assisted by the Vicar-Designate, the Rev. F. A. S. Reid, and others. The new church is to cost £10,000; but for the present only the chancel is to be completed, at an estimated cost of £4000.

The Archbishop of York has presented the Rev. D. Speck, Rector of St. Crux, York, to the Vicarage of Langtoft-cum-Cottam, near Driffield, East Yorkshire. The living is of the annual value of £530, and is vacant through the death of the Rev. E. Trueman.—Sir Henry Ingilby, Bart., has appointed the Rev. W. T. Travis, graduate of Clare College, Cambridge, and Private Chaplain to the Earl of Scarborough, to the living of Ripley, Yorkshire.—The Rev. Andrew Johnston Hunter, chaplain, Luton, Herts, has been presented to the living of Mettishall, in Norfolk, by Gonville and Caius College.

The Temple Church, London, has lately been enriched by a fine stained-glass window of three lights, as a memorial to the last acting Master in Chancery, Mr. Charles Beavan. The window, though light, is rich in colour, and was executed by Ward and Hughes, of Frith-street, Soho-square.—Two Munich stained-glass windows have been placed in Newbattle church, Dalkeith, in memory of the late Mrs. Craig, the artists being Messrs. Mayer and Co.—Bishop Wilkinson and his family have presented to the church of Walsham-le-Willows a painted window, from the studio of Mr. Taylor, of Berners-street, in memory of their mother, forming a companion to one they recently erected to their father.

A meeting of the clergy and laity of the counties of Lincoln and Nottingham was held on Monday in the Consistory Court of Lincoln Cathedral, for the purpose of considering the subject of a memorial to the late Bishop Wordsworth. Lord Brownlow presided, and among the speakers were Lord Manvers, the Bishop of Nottingham, the Ven. Archdeacon Kaye, Mr. E. Heneage, M.P., the Ven. Archdeacon Maltby, Sir Hickman Bacon, the Rev. Canon Hole, Sir C. H. J. Anderson, Mr. C. C. Sibthorp, the Rev. Canon Perry, and the Rev. Sub-Dean Clements. It was unanimously resolved to provide a memorial to the late Bishop in the form of a recumbent effigy, to be placed in the cathedral.

The new Church of St. Clement, East Dulwich, was opened on Sunday, under license of the Bishop of Rochester, with a solemn service of dedication. Owing to the Bishop's illness, the consecration has had to be postponed, but the Bishop hopes to be able to consecrate the new building on Whit-Sunday. The church has been provided mainly by the liberality of Mr. Francis Peek, who contributed £8500 to the building fund, for the accommodation of a newly-populated district in the parish of St. John, Dulwich; and mission services have for some time been held in a temporary iron church in the poorest part of the district. About £700 was raised in the neighbourhood for the site, and several handsome gifts have been made by other friends. The church has been erected in the Early English style.

The Archbishop of York presided on the 16th inst. at a conference for the newly constituted Archdeaconry of Sheffield. His Grace quoted statistics showing the remarkable growth of Church work in the Archdeaconry during the last twenty-one years, and proceeded to consider various public questions affecting the Church, expressing his feeling that little legislation in its interests was to be hoped for. It would be vain to attempt to ask a House of Commons constituted like the present one, or as the next one would probably be, to take up any comprehensive work of Church legislation. On the other hand, they had much of what might be called protection against legislation; and he urged them to consider rather the good things which they possessed, the liberty which they had, and remember that the best of all protests against disestablishment proposals would be steady and useful work.

At the Winchester Diocesan Conference, which opened at the County Hall, Winchester, on the 16th inst., the Bishop, in his inaugural address, having referred to the removal of clerical and lay members, and to the efforts which had been made to provide for the spiritual needs of Portsmouth, spoke on the working of the Dilapidations Act, which, though it pressed heavily in very many cases, was really necessary, as before it came into operation neglect to repair the parsonage houses had caused a great loss of property to the Church. His Lordship also touched on the disestablishment question, saying that if the bill—which was promoted principally by the secularists—ever was passed, it would cause a greater revolution in society than had ever taken place. It was the poor man's Church; and if the measure ever became law, the poor man, who now could go to his church free, would have to pay to support whatever place of worship he attended. In the afternoon Mr. Sclater-Booth read a paper "On Church Defence."

The Incorporated Society for promoting the Enlargement, Building, and Repairing of Churches and Chapels held its usual monthly meeting, the first at its new offices, 2, Dean's-yard, Westminster, on the 16th inst. The Ven. Archdeacon Harrison presided. Grants of money were made in aid of the following objects, viz.:—Compton All Saints, in the parish of Leek, Staffs, £250; rebuilding St. John's Church, Morvil, near Fishguard, Pembroke, £50; enlarging or otherwise improving the accommodation in the churches at Little Bromley, near Manningtree, Essex, £50; Calthorpe St. Thomas, near Rugby, £35; South Darley, St. Mary, near Matlock, Derby, £25; Glarewm St. David, near Builth, £30; Heybridge, St. Andrew, near Maldon, Essex, £30; Llanrawel, St. Sawyl, near Llandilo, Carmarthen, £35; Puncknoll, St. Mary, near Bridport, £40; Sheerness, Holy Trinity, £60; and Llanybyther, St. Peter, Carmarthen, £40 in lieu of a former grant of £25. Grants were also made from the Special Mission Buildings Fund towards building mission churches at Tilcynon, in the parish of St. Fagan, Aberdare, £20; and Llanfair in the parish of Cwmamman, Carmarthen, £50. The following grants for works completed were also paid towards building St. Philip's, Hull, £300; rebuilding on a new site Christ Church, Northam, near Southampton, £250; enlarging St. Andrew's, Halstead, Essex, £30; St. Silas, Pentonville, Middlesex, £20; and Milton-street, Maidstone Mission Building, £25. The society likewise accepted the trust of sums of money as repair funds for Ore church, Sussex, and Norton Green Mission Building, Freshwater, Isle of Wight.

YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION.

The fortieth annual meeting of the Young Men's Christian Association was held on the 16th inst., at Exeter Hall—Mr. G. Williams, the treasurer, presiding. A letter from the Earl of Shaftesbury, who was to have taken the chair, was read. Lord Shaftesbury said he was far from well, a fact which he deeply regretted, as it deprived him of the opportunity which he had much desired of showing his respect for the conductors of the association, and his interest in the welfare of the young men. He regretted also that his enforced absence would prevent him from saying a few words concerning a great and good man, in whom they had lost a dear friend—Earl Cairns. The report mentioned the deep obligation of the association to Mr. Cameron Churchill, who had brought its affairs from a position of financial uncertainty to the state of a surplus on the past year's working, the receipts having been £8801, and the expenditure £8640. At the commencement of the year there was a loan owing to the bankers of £2000, which had all been paid off save £300. The committee appealed for help to pay off the mortgage debt of £8000, the interest of which was nearly £400 per annum. The Bible classes, lectures, social gatherings, foreign missions, and educational classes had all been attended by an increased number of members, the new departure made by the delivery of commercial lectures having excited a considerable degree of interest. The adoption of the report, on the motion of the Marquis of Ailsa, having been carried, the chairman referred to the international work of the association throughout the world, and to the letter of welcome sent to them by the Emperor of Germany when the conference of members of the association was held in Germany. A resolution was carried expressing the regret of the meeting at the indisposition of the Earl of Shaftesbury, and addresses were delivered by Canon Fleming, the Rev. J. Clifford, and the Rev. Professor Elmslie, the subject chosen being "The Spiritual, Intellectual, and Business Temptations of Young Men."

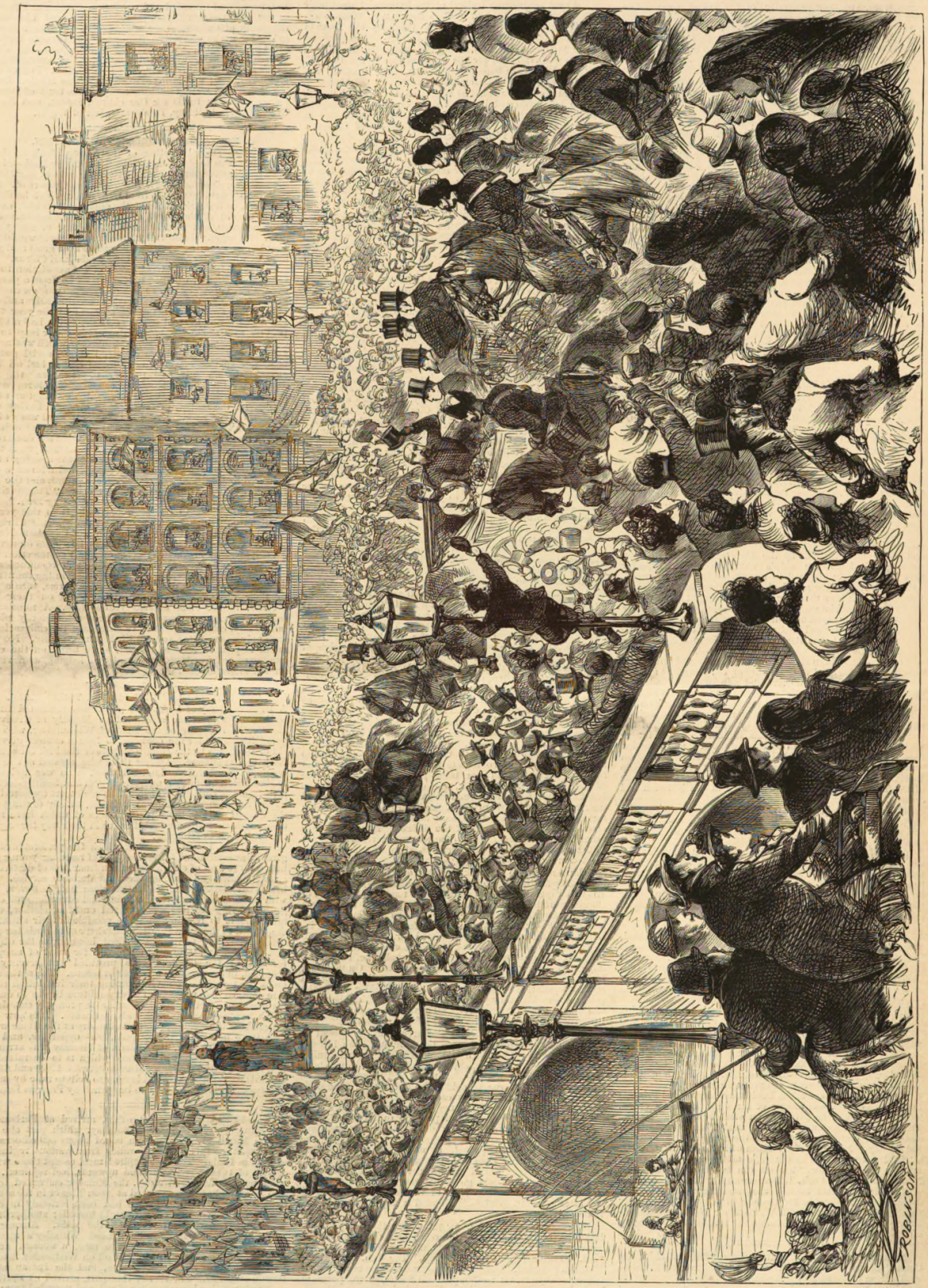
In connection with the projected emigration this year of members of British branches of the Young Men's Christian Association, steps have been taken in the Canadian North-West to ensure their proper reception and location on arrival. An employment bureau has been opened in connection with the Manitoba branch of the association, and communication established with leading farmers and others in the country to secure employment for the young men on farms, with a view to their ultimately taking up homesteads on their own account, at the close of one year's work. A number of intending emigrants have already been satisfactorily placed in this way, care being taken to encourage the emigration of such only as are fitted to farm life in a new colony. No premium is paid to farmers, a small wage being on the other hand expected, in addition to board and lodging, as a return for work done on the farm.

THE PRINCESS LOUISE HOME FOR YOUNG GIRLS.

A large company of ladies and gentlemen interested in the welfare of this Home assembled on Monday at Grosvenor House, the residence of the Duke of Westminster, who had permitted its use for the occasion, to hear a concert given in aid of the funds by the Jubilee Singers of the Fisk University, Nashville, Tennessee. Among those who assisted at the proceedings was Princess Louise herself, who was welcomed to the concert-room by a number of trim and healthy-looking girls from the Home at Wanstead. The concert consisted of a happy selection of the negro melodies, mostly dealing with the days of slavery, their performances of which have made these dark-skinned minstrels famous in their way throughout the greater part of Europe.

The Home, for the benefit of which the performance was given, was established for the purpose of rescuing young girls between the ages of eleven and fifteen from lives of destitution or degradation and training them for domestic service. The beneficent work of the institution does not, however, stop with the completion of their training and education, for every girl on leaving receives a substantial outfit of clothes, while inducements to remain as long as possible in their situations are offered to them afterwards in the shape of rewards for good conduct and long service. Excellent, however, as the objects of the home are, it seems to languish for want of support, for out of the hundred beds provided but seventy are occupied, in consequence of deficient means. The authorities go on the principle of never allowing their institution to get into debt, so that whenever the expenditure begins to outrun the means of meeting it, the former is promptly cut down, which implies impairing its wider influence. It is now considered that the establishment of a laundry at the Home would help it to be almost, if not quite, self-supporting, and this being the jubilee year, the concert of Monday was arranged in order to give a start to the fund which is to be raised for that purpose. The money required is between £2000 and £3000, and this money it is proposed further to help to raise by means of a bazaar, which is shortly to be opened by Princess Louise.

The Malabar, Indian troop-ship, arrived at Portsmouth last Saturday afternoon from Bombay, which port she had left on March 21. She had on board about 500 officers and men, most of them being invalids from various regiments serving in India. The time-expired men, except those with a service of twenty-two years and upwards, had rejoined. At Suez, where she stayed a day, the Malabar embarked forty-two men who had been wounded at Abou Klea or in the attacks near Souakim. Some of these had been seriously injured. One of the men had as many as eight wounds; another had a wound of remarkable severity on the neck. Among the passengers was Major Swaine, Lord Wolseley's military secretary. During the passage two men, a woman, and a child died. The Malabar was paid off on Wednesday into the first division of the steam reserve, and the Indian stores remain on board. The Iberia, transport, arrived at Spithead on Sunday with a large number of sick and wounded from the Soudan. As, however, the jetties at the dockyard were occupied, and the invalids could not be forwarded to their destination, it was determined to detain the ship at Spithead till next morning.



THE ROYAL VISIT TO IRELAND: THE ROYAL PARTY PASSING OVER "PARNELL BRIDGE," CORK.



THE ROYAL VISIT TO IRELAND: STATE BALL AT ST. PATRICK'S HALL, DUBLIN CASTLE.

THE SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS.

The summer exhibition of this old-established society gives fresh and fuller evidence of its recent regeneration. Constituted as it avowedly is to offer a start to young artists, its exhibitions must always include a large proportion of rough and crude art; but there is now sufficient variety to make them attractive to the public as well as to the dealers. The President, Mr. John Burr, sets a good example with his "Peep into the Future" (296), a timid peasant girl who has come to learn her fortune of the village fortune-teller. The old woman, cards in hand, is leaning over the cottage-door, keenly eyeing the girl, who is sheepishly looking down, whilst she holds up the corner of her apron, as a shield against the old crone's pointed questionings. Mr. Gotch, the newly elected member, is hardly up to the level of some of his recent works in "A Fancy Portrait" (441), a model being arranged by the artist. The subject is not happily chosen, the painting somewhat coarse. On the other hand, such works as Mr. John White's "Fisherman's Daughter" (24), Mr. Rowland Holyoake's "Wandering Minstrel" (131), a scene in a village tap-room; Mr. Jacomb Hood's "Bunch of Blue Ribbons" (257), a full-length figure of a cavalier seated, display a rare combination of both strength and grace. Mr. W. Bromley's "Noughts and Crosses" (175) is a crowded village-school scene, conceived in the spirit of Wilkie and carried out with the dexterity of T. Webster. Among the landscapes also some are very far above the average, and many which smell more of the fields and the fresh air than of the studio and the lamp. Amongst such may be named Mr. H. Hollingdale's "Thames Back-water" (21), Mr. Aubrey Hunt's "Lagoons of Venice" (224) and the "Fishing Quarter of the Venetian Fishermen" (289), both giving a fresh grey rendering of Italian sky and water; Mr. C. W. Wyllie's "Essex Marshes" (394), loading a hay-boat; and Mr. Leslie Thomson's "Pool of Harbour" (385), a bit of dreamy evening landscape, very typical of the place and in strong contrast with the same artist's bright Kentish landscape "Near Rye" (443).

But among the principal attractions of this year's exhibition of the British artists must be reckoned the foreigners whom they have admitted with such ready fraternity. The teaching, too, of Mr. Whistler, who is not only very strongly represented, but has called into existence a number of promising pupils, must not be lost sight of. Mr. Whistler's principal work is a portrait of the violinist, Señor Sarasate, which the artist is pleased to call an Arrangement in Black (350). The musician is represented at full length, in evening dress, facing the spectator, and in the act of drawing his magic bow. The lines of his face as well as his pose have been seized with marvellous talent; and in such a work as this Mr. Whistler reveals to what heights he might attain if only he would always take pains. There are at least half a dozen other little Studies, Reveries, or what not from the same hand, all testifying to a refined imagination and an impatient hand. Of these, a Note in Grey (234) and Grey and Brown (244), studies of Dutch scenery, are those which attract us the most amongst his oil sketches, although they are scarcely so delicate in treatment as the Studies in Yellow and Silver (621), Red and Silver (635), and Grey and Silver (626), which Mr. Whistler has fantastically associated with Havre, Dordrecht, and London respectively. In Mr. Mortimer Mempes, who sends only one oil work, "Weary" (43), but half a dozen little Spanish water colours, Mr. Whistler has a pupil or imitator who does credit to his teacher. Gifted with much of his master's perception of atmospheric effect, he is at present more careful of defining the outline of his subjects; and for this his two courtyards (669 and 680) and his slight reminiscences of Seville (667) and Toledo (681) will gain him much attention. Mr. Harper Pennington is another of the school of Mr. Whistler, and his "White Girl" (40), and still more the companion-work (51), show him as one of the rising American artists who have studied with such good results in Paris. His portrait of "Mrs. Cornwallis West" (238) is something more than graceful, and displays powers of a very high order. Mr. W. T. Dannat is another Parisian American (not to be confounded with his namesake), who sends three very distinctive works—a "Spanish Peasant" (46) at work on some old brass pot, a study of an Old Man (474), and a Still Life subject (239). All are painted with remarkable strength and solid work, qualities which are also to be found in his countryman W. L. Picknell's "Stormy Day" (213), in which the gleam of sunlight from behind the storm-cloud is truthfully depicted.

There are many other works to which we should willingly refer if space permitted; but we must content ourselves with merely mentioning a few—such as Mr. Gow's "Summer Evening" (120), Mr. Boyle's "Old Ferry" (293), Mr. Gordon's "Gold Fish" (365), Miss Flora Reid's "Poor Little Victim" (397), Mr. A. B. Donaldson's "Delft" (460), in which the water is excellent, and Miss E. Armstrong's "Antoinette" (444). Mr. Alfred East's "Autumn Review" (451), Miss C. Wood's "Ptarmigan" (453), Miss Jane Dealy's "Care" (462), Mr. S. De Bréanski's "Blowing a Gale" (477), Mr. T. B. Hardy's "Dutch Herring Fleet" (552), Mr. Wyke Bayliss's interiors, especially those of "Lierre Cathedral" (586); and amongst flower-pieces, Miss Edith Lawrence's "Scarlet Poppy" (473) and Mr. Clifton Lin's "Narcissus" (288), which for faithful yet poetic rendering of Nature may compete with anything in the Gallery.

There is more boldness than originality in the intention announced by the managers of the Crystal Palace to provide accommodation for such pictures as, having escaped absolute condemnation from the jury of Academicians and Associates, are yet unable to find place on the walls of Burlington House. In France, a *salon des réfusés* was of common occurrence before the present building—which formed part of the first Exposition of 1855—offered space to all aspirants worthy of recognition. In this country, the need of some such key to the taste or fastidiousness of the Hanging Committee is far more necessary, for practically this small body, selected by hazard, has in its power to make or to mar many a young artist. In the present year, for instance, eleven thousand works are said to have been sent in for approval; and on the merits of these the whole body of Academicians and Associates had the right and power to express an opinion. Not one third succeeded in passing this ordeal, whilst of these a fair proportion were accepted only under reserve. But of the four thousand pictures, &c., thus accepted there is space for scarcely more than two thousand in the rooms of Burlington House, and it is in the selection of these that the delicate duties of the Hanging Committee chiefly consist. None but full-blown Academicians are permitted to form part of it—their process is secret, and their decision irrevocable. They have only one law which they are called upon to obey—to hang in the best places their own works and those of their brother Academicians, and to find room on the line for the works of the Associates. The remainder of the space is generously given up to outsiders; but how the selection is made from a number of works, all presumably of more than average merit, no one can tell. The Directors of the Crystal Palace propose to let some light in upon the methods of the Hanging Committee, and they now offer to accept and convey to Sydenham, free of cost and without further question, all works which have passed the open vote of the whole body, but have failed to find grace in the eyes of the irresponsible Committee of Five—who, with Venetian secrecy, finally decide as to what shall be shown to the public with the official sanction of the Royal Academy.

At the St. James's Gallery (King-street, St. James's), where Mr. Mendoza has brought together a bright little collection of works—mostly of the cabinet size—by British and foreign artists, the chief objects of attraction will be Mr. S. E. Waller's "'Twixt Love and Duty," designed as a companion work to "The Day of Reckoning," which has acquired very considerable popularity. Mr. Waller has, on this occasion, gone back some few steps in the life of his hero and heroine, and, in this picture, represents the elopement with which they open their married life. The horses are standing at the park gate, the groom is busily tightening the girth of the one on which the young and half-reluctant girl is about to mount. The figures of the chief actors are less satisfactory than the rendering of the horses; but the scene, with its view of the avenue to the old house, is well composed, and lends itself admirably to engraving and photography. Three of the sketches made by the late Hans Makart for the cavalcade which greeted the Emperor and Empress of Austria on the occasion of their silver wedding, have a certain interest; but they must not be judged by the severe rules applicable to more finished works. The portrait (self-executed) of the painter, habited as Rembrandt, riding beside the Fine-Arts Car, will recall to those who saw the procession one of its most interesting features—of which the most striking part were reproduced at the time in this Journal. Among other works in Mr. Mendoza's Gallery, Mr. James Webb's charming bits of English river and coast scenery, Mr. J. B. Burgess's and Mr. Yeend King's finished studies of female heads deserve notice. Mr. Alex. H. Burr's "Saying Grace," a child with a dog at table, shows to far greater advantage as a picture, on account of its delicate colouring, than when reproduced in our Christmas Number; and Mr. Sealey's "Peace or War," two fox-terriers, is an animated study of dog-life. Simonetti's "Gate of the Château," Gianetti's "Biondina," and Paoletti's "Afternoon Amusement," are among the best of the foreign works.

Messrs. Hogarth and Sons have on view, in their small gallery (96, Mount-street, Grosvenor-square), a collection of water-colour drawings and sketches by R. P. Bonington, which will furnish a rare treat for all lovers of true art. It has been truly said by an eminent French critic that England has abandoned to France too easily her claim to one of her most gifted sons, and allows without a protest Bonington's works to be classified in the Louvre catalogue among those of French artists. Richard Parkes Bonington was born near Nottingham in 1801, and at the age of fifteen went to Paris, where he first studied in the atelier of Gross and in the Louvre Gallery. He soon afterwards began to exhibit at the Salon, and, in 1824, gained the gold medal—a similar distinction being awarded in the same year to his countryman John Constable. Bonington was the intimate associate of the leading French artists of his day, and especially of Paul Huet, the landscape painter, whose delicacy of colour and grace of touch are plainly revealed in the collection now brought together. In 1828 he suddenly returned to London, and died obscurely in Pentonville before reaching his twenty-seventh birthday. The sketches in Messrs. Hogarth's Gallery afford abundant evidence of the versatility of Bonington's style. He can give the wonderful effects of a "Sea Mist and Ground Swell" (7) with as much truth as the rich shades of a "Mountain Sunset" (30). He is as much at home on the banks of the Thames in the "Old Red House at Battersea" (55) and in an almost Turner-like rendering of "Old London Bridge" (42) as on the "Kentish Coast" (17), or at "Amsterdam" (32) and "Dort" (41). It is in his sea pieces and coast scenes that he is most successful, never descending to tricks or devices to obtain his object, but relying upon the resources of an art which was essentially pure and simple, he achieved results which few have surpassed.

Messrs. Hollender and Cremetti do not allow the grass to grow under their feet; and, in quick succession to their winter exhibition, have again filled the Hanover Gallery with a variety of works of various foreign schools by masters either now living or recently deceased. Amongst the most important are—"A Rainy Day in Flanders" (28), by J. H. L. De Haas, two groups of girls and cattle, painted with very remarkable vigour and feeling; P. Van der Velden's "Poor Widow" (75), a cottage scene; L. Weldon Hawkin's "Geese" (77), a girl in an orchard, recalling at once Millet and Bastien Le Page; and "A Tempest" (113), by Courbet, one of the most characteristic and impressive works by this scarcely appreciated artist. When we mention that there are also two good specimens of Meissonier's work—a portrait of "A French Senator" (147) and the "Solitary Journey" (89), a horseman on a dreary heath—both painted in the artist's earlier vein; F. J. Millet's "Old Wall" (189), one of his typical works; a brilliant Alma Tadema, "In the Days of Constantine" (81); besides works by Corot, Daubigny, Diaz, and other celebrities, we have said enough to show that a visit to the Hanover Gallery will amply reward those who care for foreign art. We must not, however, omit to notice the very clever Soudanese collection by M. R. De Bellot—a series of heads and portraits, including one of the Mahdi himself, which, if not actually painted from life, was reproduced from studies made in the country. The face is by no means an unattractive one, and is certainly quite devoid of ferocity; but there is a decided look of astuteness, if not of cunning, in the cold, hard eyes of the "False Prophet." He is represented holding a large rosary of amber beads, and dressed in a somewhat gaudy costume, in no way conveying the idea of a man devoted only to wielding the sword of Islam.

The annual meeting of the Art Union of Ireland was held on the 17th inst., in the Royal Hibernian Academy, Dublin, when the distribution of prizes took place. The Lord Lieutenant won the first prize in the drawing, and there were thirty others, Mr. Gibson, M.P., being amongst the winners. The report stated that 433 new subscribers or more than half the entire number, had been registered, during the year. Lord Powerscourt gave the opening address, and congratulated the Academy on its prosperity. The sales of works of art appeared to be increasing both in number and importance, and the general standard of merit in the students had been decidedly higher of late years. The works exhibited kept up a very high standard, and a most praiseworthy course had been adopted of admitting a number of inmates of public institutions as free pupils. One of their pupils, Mr. Moonan, had for the first time gained the first place among art scholars in Antwerp. He referred to the industry of Irish students at Continental art schools, and felt certain it would enable Irish artists to raise the standard of excellence here in rivalry with the paintings of any other land. His Lordship then alluded to the progress made towards the erection of the Museum of Science and Art, and referred with great hope to the development of art in Ireland.

We regret to have to announce the death on 11th instant, at Falmouth, of Mr. J. G. Philp, who, for many years, has occupied a prominent place amongst English water-colour artists. Mr. Philp was heartily attached to his native county, Cornwall; and it may be said that he was instrumental in making its beauties—especially those of its rocky shores, known and appreciated by his spirited and sympathetic work. To the Exhibition of the New Society of Painters in Water Colours—now the Royal Institute—of which he was a member, he was a regular contributor up to the close of his life.

HISTORICAL PORTRAIT EXHIBITION IN PARIS.

There was a large attendance on Monday at the opening of the Historical Portrait Exhibition, at Paris, of which the *Times'* Correspondent gives the following account:—Nothing is more striking than the portrait, by an unknown painter, of Napoleon's mother, side by side with one of her sons, the resemblance being unmistakable. A shudder is caused by the sight of "Fieschi's Head," painted by Bracassa "the day after his execution," and signed with blood from his wounds. The "Death of Marat," by David, is equally striking. All the French dynasties since the Revolution are represented. The Orleans line is recalled by a picture of the Duchesse d'Orléans, with the Duc d'Orléans and the Duc d'Aumale; the Second Empire by a horseback portrait of Napoleon III.; the Republic, by Dufaure and Gambetta; the Left Centre, by M. Léon Say; the Royalists, by the Duc De Broglie; and the Opportunists, by M. Proust, who personifies their artistic capacities. The English School is admirably illustrated by Gainsborough (portrait of an unknown lady), Sir Thomas Lawrence's "Lady Ellenborough," and by Reynolds' "Lady Harcourt," "Lafayette," and "Mrs. Parker." There is also a portrait by George Romney. Madame Récamier, by Gros; Napoleon and the Princesse De Broglie, by Ingrès; Beaumarchais and Napoleon, by Greuze; Louis Philippe and his sons, by Horace Vernet; and the Princesse De Beauvan by Fragonard, will attract much notice. Among other deceased painters represented are Chardin, Courbet, Couture (portrait of Michelet), Cot, Delacroix, Paul Delaroche, Duplessis, Flandrin, Géricault, Guérin, Angélique Kauffmann, Madame Lebrun, E. Manet, Prudhon, Ary Scheffer and Henry Scheffer. Among living artists are MM. Cabanel, Paul Baudry, Béraud, Bonnat, Carolus Duran, Duez, Tantin Latour, Gervex, Hébert, Henner, Lefebvre, and Meissonier. The exhibition has been excellently organised and arranged by M. De Rothan, the well-known diplomatic author, the Vicomte d'Haussonville, and the Comte De Vogüé.

The Goldsmiths' Company have given a donation of £10 to the Bethnal-green Free Library.

Messrs. Allsopp and Co. have become guarantors to the Indian and Colonial Exhibition at South Kensington next year for the amount of £2000.

A large number of steamers arrived at Liverpool last week with live stock and fresh meat on board from America and Canadian ports. The arrivals amounted to 1771 cattle, 504 sheep, and 13,086 quarters of beef, and 2425 carcases of mutton.

The Royal Botanic Society have on view in their garden in Regent's Park their annual show of azaleas and rhododendrons. The plants shown are the more delicate kinds, requiring protection from the frost, and are therefore kept under glass.

A handsome new school and master's house was opened on April 16 in the parish of Upton, near Chester, built by Colonel Humberston and his sisters. The Duke and Duchess of Westminster and the gentry of the neighbourhood took part in the proceedings.

The Skinners' Company have voted one hundred guineas towards the funds of the Metropolitan Public Gardens Association, to assist them in carrying out their work of improving and throwing open to the public, for their use and enjoyment, disused burial-grounds and neglected gardens in London.

The monument erected in the village of Ormiston, East Lothian, as a memorial to the late Dr. Moffat, who laboured as a missionary in Africa more than half a century, was unveiled last Saturday by Sir William Muir, Principal of Edinburgh University.

The new premises of the Royal Colonial Institute in Northumberland-avenue will be ready for occupation in June next. A sum of nearly £4000 has been subscribed to the building fund by public bodies and persons interested in the colonies. This amount includes twenty-eight contributions of £100 each, many of which came from Australia. The Council desire to relieve the building from debt before it is opened.

The Easter scholarships at Uppingham School have been awarded as follows:—F. R. Earp, from the Rev. W. Vale-Bagshawe, the Lower School, Uppingham; J. R. Gaussen, from Mr. E. Gossing, Cornwall-road, London; and H. E. G. Wylie, from Mr. A. M. Curteis, Hillside, Godalming, were recommended for scholarships of £30 each. The scholarships of £50 were not awarded.

The remains of the late Lord Mayor Nottage were placed in St. Paul's Cathedral last Saturday after a very impressive service, at which a large congregation attended. The present Lord Mayor and Sheriffs went in their state coaches, accompanied by a procession of City officials, and all the way from the Mansion House the streets were densely thronged by spectators. The coffin, which was covered with flowers, was placed on a catafalque beneath the dome until the conclusion of the service, when it was removed to the crypt.

At Owens College, Manchester, on Saturday last, Mr. Goschen, M.P., addressed a meeting of delegates from Trades Unions, Working Men's Clubs, and other bodies in connection with a conference promoted by the Working Men's Clubs Association. The conference was called to consider a scheme for providing lectures for working men, and the right hon. gentleman urged the importance in this respect of the London Society for the Extension of University Teaching, and pointed out the value of intellectual culture to the working classes.

Primrose Day, in memory of the late Lord Beaconsfield, was celebrated last Saturday in London and throughout the country even more generally than on any former occasion. On Sunday, the anniversary of his Lordship's death, a wreath of primroses sent by the Queen was placed on his grave at Hughenden. Lord John Manners presided on Saturday evening over a Primrose League banquet, in St. James's Hall, at which upwards of 600 gentlemen were present. The toast of the evening, "The Primrose League," was proposed by Lord Randolph Churchill. Viscount Bury, Sir H. Hoare, M.P., Mr. Sclater-Booth, M.P., and other well-known Conservatives also spoke to toasts.

The council of the Social Science Association have unanimously passed a resolution to the effect that—in prospect of a general election in the month of November—it is undesirable to hold a congress during the present year. They have therefore been reluctantly compelled to decline the invitation received from the city of Bath to meet there in the forthcoming autumn, but they have expressed a hope that the invitation from that city may be renewed for the year 1886. It has, however, been referred to the executive committee for consideration and report whether a conference of a more limited nature should not be organised in London on some special subject or subjects to which it may be considered desirable to call attention.

NEW BOOKS.

Mention has already been made in these columns of two or three art-handbooks originally published in French, but recently made known to English readers through the medium of translations. Foremost amongst these is M. Ernest Chesneau's "English School of Painting"; and of scarcely less value are M. Wauter's "Flemish School" and M. Mathias Duval's "Artistic Anatomy." These works form part of a very admirable series now being published in Paris under the auspices of the Ecole des Beaux-Arts. It is very much to be regretted that with the resources at the command of the trustees of the British Museum, or of the Directors of the South Kensington Museum, something has not been produced more didactic than the bare catalogues of the former, or more popular than the expensive and practically useless handbooks of the latter. Our French neighbours are in such respects far in advance of us in the art of popularising art instruction, and the French Academy, the highest literary authority of the country, has recognised the services of the Bibliothèque de l'Enseignement des Beaux-Arts (in which the above-named works first appeared) by awarding to its publisher, M. A. Quantin, the much-coveted "couronne" for services rendered to education. Among the most recent volumes of this series, that on *La Mythologie Comparée de la Grèce*, by M. Max Collignon, deserves especial notice. In a certain sense, this work is the necessary sequel to his "Archéologie Grecque," one of the first volumes of the series, in which the author briefly but lucidly sketched the history of the development of Greek art, illustrating each period by drawings of its most remarkable monuments. In his later volume M. Collignon traces the various phases through which the principal mythological types passed before they became fixed by artistic tradition. The earliest form under which any Hellenic divinity is known to us, is perhaps the figure represented on the Myra coin, supposed to be the Mother of the Gods among the branches of a cedar-tree, suggesting a remote period in which the tree itself was held sacred, or was the object of direct devotion. From this point onwards, the tendency of the Greek mind was to associate human figures as types with abstract ideas, as may be traced in the vase-painting of early times. Abstract ideas, such as Sleep and Death, were early represented by sensible forms. Later, symbolism began to play a part, and we find Fate, Justice, Injustice, and the like translated into human shapes. Once, however, the types and attributes of the gods fixed by general consent, the infinite resources of the Greek mind were brought into play, and long after the sculptor's art had ceased to be exclusively religious, it retained traces of its mythological origin. It is the history of their development which M. Collignon has described with great charm of style. He puts before the readers the result of the arduous labours of the principal German and French writers on the subject; and, by the aid of numerous excellently executed illustrations, he offers a most fascinating as well as a most instructive volume. It must always, we suppose, remain an enigma how a volume of this literary value, enriched with upwards of 130 admirable reproductions of Greek statues, printed in excellent type and solidly bound, can be sold to the public for less than four shillings.

We are glad to see that Messrs. Bell and Sons have at length included in their famous Aldine edition of the poets *The Poetical Works of Samuel Taylor Coleridge. Edited, with Introduction and Notes, by T. Ashe, B.A.* 2 vols. The series, it is scarcely necessary to say, contains no volumes more conspicuous for all the finer attributes of poetry. It is remarkable that one of the greatest poets of this century should have done his best work two years before the century commenced. Coleridge's poetical life was a short one, and the eventful year of that life was 1797-8. In the autumn of the former year he wrote "The Ancient Mariner," and before that season came round again he had composed the first part of "Christabel," "Lewti," "France; an Ode," "Fears in Solitude," "Kubla Khan," and "The Three Graves." "Love," a supremely beautiful lyric, was printed in 1799, but may have been written during the period which Mr. Pater justly calls his *annus mirabilis*. Coleridge has been dead for half a century, and it is possible that some of our readers, living under the sunshine of more recent poets, may be unfamiliar with his witchery. They cannot but feel it if they will take these volumes with them into the woods or fields and read the choicest passages aloud. Thus and thus only will they be able to appreciate Coleridge's entrancing melody and the wealth of his imagination. As a poet, he is unlike any of his contemporaries, and his profound admiration of Wordsworth has left few traces in his verse. In richness of colouring and daintiness of fancy he has perhaps more affinity with Keats; but he has his special place in the temple of fame, and a noble place it is. Poetry is but one gift among many possessed by this "myriad-minded" man. As a thinker, he has influenced some of the most powerful minds of the century; as a critic, especially of the noble art he loved, he is unsurpassed for subtlety and depth. The sad story of Coleridge's life has yet to be told at length. Mr. Traill's brief narrative in "English Men of Letters" makes the reader anxious to learn more; Mr. Ashe's elaborate introduction describing the events of the poet's life will not satisfy curiosity. The writer, by-the-way, is singularly unjust to Southey, and many of his exclamatory remarks appear to be uncalled for. Here are two instances: Southey writes "The tidings of his (Coleridge's) death would come upon me more like a stroke of lightning than any evil I have ever yet endured." To think of that! is Mr. Ashe's comment on the statement. "Coleridge and I," writes Southey, "are the best companions possible in almost all moods of mind." *Almost!* the editor exclaims.

It is the little rift within the lute.

To those who know how noble and generous Southey was, what burdens he bore for others, what duties he fulfilled, comment is here superfluous. Every editor has his method, and apart from the remarks on Southey, the little familiarities in which Mr. Ashe indulges, and such comments as "Coleridge is not perfect. His bane was egotism and self-consciousness," and "Coleridge when crossed had the petulance of a spoilt child," will amuse rather than offend. Enough that with great labour Mr. Ashe has produced a carefully accurate edition of a poet whose verse, slight as to quantity, is assuredly priceless in value.

The Dawn of Day (3 vols., J. and R. Maxwell), by the author of "Thy Name is Truth," is a novel with a purpose. Inspired by a strong sympathetic feeling for the poverty of the labouring class, and more especially for the working artisan and those toilers herded together in towns and cities, the author lays bare, with a powerful hand, the wrongs and the sufferings which that class but too often undergo. The grievances of the poor against the rich, which in many cases are greatly magnified, and in some are wholly imaginary, are largely dwelt upon. One misfortune, no doubt, is that in large towns the poor are crowded together, and poverty is laid away by itself: the rich landlords know nothing of their tenants; and a great deal of misery, undeserved in many instances and in all cases heartrending, is concealed from the eyes of those who could and would relieve it. The fact seems almost forgotten that there is a large section of the human race, who, far from despising the poor, spend their money, energy—nay, more, their lives, in working for or amongst them. One burning question of the day is thus characterised—that it should be possible for an idle fool to be a millionaire, and an industrious artisan a pauper, or very near it. But it is ignored that much of the idle fool's inheritance goes to ameliorate the condition of the poor. The many betwixts and betweens preventing the consumer receiving direct from the producer is a crying evil not touched on in these pages, although the tirade against landlords would have been more truthfully and effectively directed against these middle men. As a fact, although the disadvantages of the landlord system are always placed in glaring relief, its advantages are rarely, if ever, fairly realised or correctly stated. At the same time, the evil of the great poverty of the masses is pressing, and calls for instant relief. This evil "The Dawn of Day" brings prominently forward, and so far carries out a mission, which would have been still further fulfilled had the views expressed with regard to its redress been less extreme. The author, with commendable rapidity, takes the reader at once into the action of the story, and without delay the threads of the loom play into one another, and the web is woven with workman-like skill. So admirable is the construction of the novel, that it is the more to be regretted that in many instances the pages are marred by vulgarisms, strained metaphors, and a phraseology which, aiming at originality, is only far-fetched, ridiculous, or involved. The oculist, when sitting in his easy-chair "reclines his fine figure in its soft curves"; on another occasion, "lines of thought stood out prominently on his face, under the rays from the silver disc of the goddess above," the democratic shoemaker has a "corrugated face," Charlie Abbott is a "blue-blooded aristocrat" with "fine blue orbs," and when Mrs. Lurt weeps, her "ocular sluice-gates give way before a crystal flood." A nineteen-inch corset is not a refined or poetical way of expressing a waist, nor can a wardrobe be the proud possessor of an "inner consciousness" out of which "evening garbs are evolved!" The account of the want of grief on Sir Blake Harman's death is too flippant, the love scenes are good, the description of the Quaker family charming, and throughout the book the noble ministry, which is woman's highest mission, is portrayed faithfully in its beauty, energy, and untiring zeal.

The smoke of London has many sins to answer for, one of them, and not the least, being that it prevents the growth of roses in our suburban gardens. The loveliest of flowers, however, lives and blooms still in the pages of the poets, and in *Ros Rosarum ex Horto Poetarum* (Elliot Stock) "E. V. B." has undertaken to gather "Dew of the ever-living Rose from the Poets' Gardens of many lands." The collection is very complete, we had almost said too complete, for in several instances the passages chosen can be scarcely said to relate to the rose, although the name of the flower appears in them. The epistle "To the Gentle Reader," quaintly and fantastically written, has some pleasant talk about roses, and fitly introduces us into a lovely poetical garden full of scent and colour. And the rose-gatherer has not been satisfied with collecting her flowers from all familiar sources, ancient and modern, but has managed to obtain some fresh specimens from living poets. Here, for example, are some lines of Lord Tennyson's, hitherto unpublished:—

> The night with sudden odour reel'd,
> The southern stars a music peal'd,
> Warm beams across the meadow stole;
> For Love flew over grove and field,
> Said, "Open, Rosebud, open! Yield
> Thy fragrant soul!"

Unfortunately, as "E. V. B." reminds us, many of the roses fashionable in these days of rose shows have not a fragrant soul, and are remarkable only for colour and form.

Before revision, which does not appear to have been at all required, could be completed, and before publication was an accomplished fact, the contents of the handsome volume entitled *Sport:* by W. Bromley Davenport, M.P. (Chapman and Hall), had been added suddenly by a very melancholy occurrence to the list of works which are called post-humous. The pages are so full of life, vigour, and sense of enjoyment, that there is the greater difficulty in realising the truth, in understanding that the writer will write no more. This consideration, however, will enhance rather than diminish the intrinsic interest of the book, which is profusely illustrated by Lieutenant-General Henry Hope Crealocke, C.B., C.M.G., who, being evidently an accomplished draughtsman, though he does sometimes seem to take a little liberty with a horse's off fore-leg (see p. 11, especially), has ably and finely fulfilled the task which "he began out of regard for an old friend, and which he has completed as a tribute to his memory." The subjects treated of in the volume, and treated of in the "light and pleasant" style of articles contributed to a popular magazine, are fox-hunting, salmon-fishing, covert-shooting, and deer-stalking. Whether experienced sportsmen will derive more than satisfaction and amusement from the volume it is for them to decide after due perusal, but it is quite certain that many persons who talk and write about sport, without being themselves in any sense sportsmen, will find the essays a very useful corrective on some points and very instructive generally. The tone, moreover, is delightfully fresh and exhilarating, the spirit of a true sportsman pervading the whole. There are some very hard things said about "humanitarians" and the state of affairs they are likely to produce, if they have their way, in course of time; but it is quite clear that he who said the hard things was himself humane enough at bottom, and everybody's sympathy must, or ought to be, roused by the few simple words in which he has told how even he, a keen fox-hunter, could not find it in his heart to betray the skulking-place of the "beaten" fox that he had been pursuing when it looked up at him with pleading eye. Of course, the question of sport and its cruelty is a very difficult one to deal with; and certainly cannot be dealt with here. On the other hand, sport, as this book will prove, is a joyous thing, even to read about, and has a great deal that is wholesome and manly about it. The author inserted some very good anecdotes among his own original remarks; and it is scarcely necessary to add that he introduced a little political sentiment and struck a few hard blows at the Government.

The sixth course of Cantor Lectures at the Society of Arts was begun on Monday, the subject being "Photography and the Spectroscope," by C. W. De W. Abney. R.E., F.R.S.

At the Synod in Dublin last week the Dean of the Chapel Royal presented the seventh annual report of the Church of Ireland Temperance Society. It stated that the society has now 625 branches in active operation, showing an increase of twenty during the year, and altogether some 90,000 members have been enrolled since the society was started.

A meeting of shareholders in the London, Brighton, and South Coast, the South Eastern, and the London, Chatham, and Dover Railways was held last week, at the Guildhall Tavern, to consider the relations of the three undertakings to each other, when it was decided that an amalgamation or working agreement was most desirable.

THE STRENGTH OF THE ARMY.

A Bluebook was issued on Monday containing a preliminary return of the British Army for the year 1884. The return has been prepared, in anticipation of the general annual return, by the Commander-in-Chief, for the information of the Secretary of State for War.

The total effective strength of all ranks of the British Army last year was, on Jan. 1, 181,227. For the first six months of the year the number did not vary greatly. On July 1 it was 181,580, and on the 1st of every succeeding month it had somewhat increased, until on Dec. 1 it had reached 188,216, giving an average for the twelve months of 183,004. The principal arms that go to make up this total are:—Household Cavalry, 1301; Cavalry of the Line, 15,607; Horse Artillery, 4276; Artillery, 27,451; Engineers, 5573; Foot Guards, 5852; Infantry of the Line, 115,245; Colonial Corps, 2348. Of these 183,004 of all ranks, 7097 were commissioned officers, 623 warrant officers, 12,186 sergeants or farriers, 3302 were trumpeters, drummers, or buglers, and 159,796 rank and file.

More than one half of the Army were in 1884 employed abroad. Thus while on an average 62,165 men of all ranks were stationed in England, 29,424 in Ireland, and only 3400 in Scotland, making a total of 89,994 for the United Kingdom, no fewer than 93,010 were on service abroad. By Jan. 1, 1885, the numbers had risen to 188,657, and of these 87,999 were stationed at home, 15,269 in Egypt, 26,013 in the Colonies, and 57,928 in the East Indies. The rest were on passage from one station to another.

Table 7 gives the average strength of the Army for every year since 1865. In the first of these twenty years it was 208,877, and on Jan. 1 in that year the number was as high as 213,968. The strength has never been reached since. The average gradually sank until 1870, when the number was 180,444, and after some fluctuations it reached the highest point it had attained in the last decade in 1878, when, owing to the mobilisation of the First Class Army and Militia Reserves, the average number was 200,758. On Jan. 1 of last year the number was less by nearly 9000.

Other interesting details are given in the book. The recruits who joined the Regular Army in the year 1884 were 35,653 from all sources, a far larger number than in any year since 1870. Of these 22,399 were under twenty years of age: 11,126 were under 5 ft. 5 in. in height; and 11,161 were over 5 ft. 7 in. As many as 3140 were under 33 in. round the chest, 9181 were under 34 in., 11,934 under 35 in. and 11,238 over that measurement. The total number of desertion was 4478, but as 1568 rejoined the ranks, the net loss was 2910. The net loss from this cause in twenty years has been 53,749. The total number of men transferred from the Regular Army to the First Class Army Reserve was 11,199, less than half the number in 1883, when it was 23,529. The Army Reserve numbered 39,286 in Class I. and 7731 in Class II. on Jan. 1 of this year.

There were 7128 courts-martial held in connection with 10,040 offences, of which the commonest were making away with necessaries, desertion, and absence without leave. There were no offences in relation to the enemy, none under the head of mutiny, and no sentence of death was passed. In 13,075 cases fines were inflicted for drunkenness. On the other hand, 1491 men were in possession of good-conduct medals, and 22,957 of good-conduct badges at the beginning of this year.

A census of the 84,263 men who were serving at home on that date was taken, both to test their nationalities and their religious denominations. The English numbered 62,712, the Scotch 7003, and the Irish 13,439. As to religions, more than two thirds profess to belong to the Church of England, which claims 56,993 worshippers, while 16,260 were Roman Catholics, 6640 Presbyterians, and 3788 Wesleyans.

The general annual return of the Reserve and Auxiliary Forces shows that there was a total of 387,314 made up from the two classes of Army Reserve, as already mentioned, 39,286 and 7738 respectively; 113,787 Militia, 11,488 Yeomanry, and 215,015 Volunteers. This number falls short by 61,750 of the establishment, which is set down at 449,064.

NEWFOUNDLAND.

At a meeting of the Royal Colonial Institute held at the Westminster Palace Hotel last week—the Marquis of Lorne in the chair—a paper, entitled "Newfoundland, our Oldest Colony," was read by the Hon. Mr. Justice Pinsent.

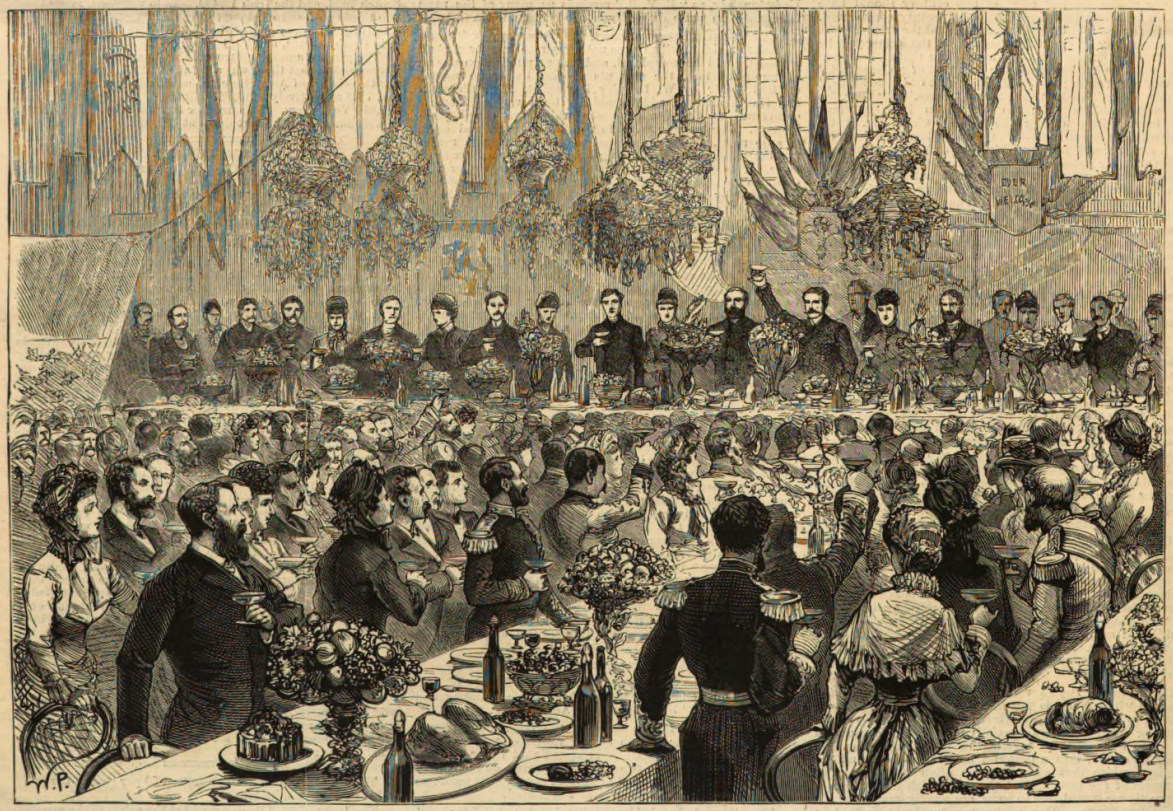
The paper gave elaborate historical details of the discovery and colonisation of Newfoundland, which rejoiced in the appellation of being the "most ancient and loyal colony" of the British Crown. The lecturer said that he was at a loss to account for the fact that it was so little known or appreciated by the Mother-country. Its fisheries were very ancient and were still most productive. In 1881 the seal fishery resulted in the capture of 447,903 seals, of the estimated value of 957,760 dols.; and the total annual value of the various fisheries now amounted to upwards of £1,600,000. For many years in the history of the Colony immigration had been discouraged, and it was therefore not surprising that the agricultural produce of the country was not great, while the native minerals were utterly neglected. Without advising any great scheme for immigration, he contended that there were excellent opportunities for settlers with small capital; and, in conclusion, he maintained that while England held her possessions in North America, she could not dispense with Newfoundland, the outpost of America, the key of the St. Lawrence, and the head-quarters of ocean telegraphy. In proposing a vote of thanks to the lecturer, the Marquis of Lorne said he had visited the colony, and had taken great interest in it. Knowing the value of its fisheries, especially the seal fishery, he could well understand why some enterprising countrymen of his had left the neighbourhood of the Dee for the shores of Newfoundland, and if the present agricultural depression continued he (the noble Marquis) would feel inclined to follow their example. There could be no doubt that the shortening of the route between Europe and America by means of a railway across the island would be esteemed a great boon by many travellers, and would be of advantage to the colony. The resources of Newfoundland were capable of great development, and the colony possessed considerable attractions for tourists, especially the western shore, still, unfortunately, known as the French shore. It was intolerable that any foreign nation should be allowed to claim any rights over the land of an English colony, except the privilege of using the shore for mending their nets; and sooner or later the claims that had been set up through misinterpretation must be put an end to.

The Duke of Bedford has remitted 50 per cent of the rents to his Cambridgeshire tenants.

The Duke of St. Albans presented the prizes to the successful scholars at the Nottingham High School on the 16th inst.; and the annual distribution of prizes to boys of Alleyn's School, with an accompaniment of speeches and glee-singing by the youthful recipients, took place in the large hall of Dulwich College.



THE ROYAL VISIT TO IRELAND: THE PRINCE OF WALES PRESENTING NEW COLOURS TO THE 32ND REGIMENT IN THE CASTLE GARDENS, DUBLIN.



THE ROYAL VISIT TO IRELAND: LORD BANDON PROPOSING THE QUEEN'S HEALTH AT QUEENSTOWN.



DRAWN BY F. BARNARD.

"Kiss me, Adrian," she whispered. "Kiss me once!—for the sake of old days."

ADRIAN VIDAL.

BY W. E. NORRIS,

AUTHOR OF "MDLLE. DE MERSAC," "MATRIMONY," "THIRLBY HALL," &c.

CHAPTER XXVI.

PRESUMPTIVE EVIDENCE.

It is obvious that the most direct route from the Gallery of French Artists to the cab-stand near Apsley House is viâ Pall-mall, Waterloo-place, and Piccadilly; but when people are deep in an interesting conversation, they are apt to follow their noses, and it must be presumed that De Wynt's nose, moving in sympathy with his mind, had led him to approach the desired end by a circuitous path. From the starting-point of Georgina's idiosyncrasies he had to make his way round through general reflections upon the philosophy of marriage to the particular instance of the lady who stood upon her dignity, and thence to the bearing of this sad case upon that of Mr. and Mrs. Vidal; and so, being absorbed in the working out of his mental proposition, he crossed Regent-circus, headed up the Quadrant, involved himself in intricacies in the neighbourhood of Vigo-street, and did not pick himself up, so to speak, until he was on the other side of Bond-street, by which time he had propounded the startling theory of the four hundred and ninety pardons above mentioned, and was able to think of shaping a straight course for home.

Thus it was that Clare awoke from the dreams engendered by her relenting mood to find herself at the corner of Grosvenor-square, and within sight of a mansion which she had little reason to love. She glanced at it, as she might have glanced at the slough of a serpent, little imagining that it was no longer untenanted, and as she looked, the doors were flung back and somebody, running down the steps, walked swiftly away westwards, his umbrella under his arm and his head bent, as though in thought. It was Adrian, who had just escaped from Miss Susan Bowman, and who assuredly would not have been congratulating himself upon that, had he known what a singularly inopportune moment he had chosen for making his exit. But, happily for his peace of mind, he did not look over his shoulder as he hurried away; and the shades of evening soon hid him from the gaze of two astonished pedestrians who were following him at a respectful distance. Both of them had recognised him, but neither thought it advisable to mention the fact. De Wynt, feeling that the good effect of his homily must be neutralised by this unexpected apparition, stopped short in the middle of a sentence, and Clare, after walking some little distance without speaking, said, somewhat constrainedly, "I must not take you any further, Mr. De Wynt. If you will stop a hansom for me, I think I will say good-bye now."

The well-balanced mind is, of course, no more affected by knowledge which is conveyed to it through the medium of sight than by such as reaches it through hearing; but a well-balanced mind is not a very common possession, and many people who can read a minute account of some hideous railway accident without the smallest discomfort, turn sick if they happen to see a single individual break his leg. Clare, for her part, found that it was one thing to accept her husband's weakness for flirtation as an abstract fact and quite another to catch him *in flagrante delicto*; and as the hansom bore her homewards, her thoughts about him were very bitter. Forgive?—well, yes; she could forgive perhaps; but she certainly could not tell him so; she could not consent to share his affections with Lady St. Austell. There was no doubt in her mind now—or at all events only a remnant of doubt, which she refused to recognise—that his relations with that wicked woman had, as De Wynt would have phrased it, "gone beyond a little attention." What was Lady St. Austell doing in London in November?—and why had Adrian concealed the fact that she was there? Why had he lied, saying that he would go to the picture-gallery that afternoon, when he never could have intended to do anything of the kind? If this were not strong presumptive evidence of guilt, what could be? Poor Clare felt a wild longing to escape from the choking atmosphere of deceit by which she was surrounded, to leave the man who had betrayed her, and to hide herself somewhere where he should never be able to find her again. She thought it would be almost impossible to maintain the demeanour of cold politeness which she had kept up so long, now that she knew what it was that caused Adrian to leave home early in the morning and remain away until night. If her baby had lived it would have been different. Then she would have borne everything for the child's sake: but for whose sake was she to submit to neglect and insult now?

But this despairing phase of feeling passed away. In spite of all her indignation, she knew that Adrian had as yet given her no ostensible excuse for refusing to live with him any longer; and something—it may have been the aforementioned remnant of doubt—enabled her to enter the drawing-room before dinner with a face only a little graver and paler than usual.

Adrian was already dressed, and was standing before the fire, reading the evening paper. He wore the cheerful aspect of one who does not know that he has been found out. "I was sorry I couldn't pick you up at the gallery this afternoon," he said, "but I knew De Wynt would look after you. It was all right, I suppose?"

"Perfectly right," answered Clare, marvelling at his duplicity; "I never expected you to come."

"Well, I fully intended to do so; but, somehow, the time slipped away, and then it was too late. I hope you enjoyed it."

Clare took up the newspaper which he had laid down and made no reply; but this did not arouse Adrian's suspicions.

Of late it had become a habit of hers to leave a good many of his remarks unanswered. Presently he volunteered the information that he had seen Pilkington in the course of the afternoon, and that Pilkington was in a great stew about the *Anglo-Saxon*, which was not fulfilling his expectations.

"He says I'm the only man on his staff who isn't perpetually getting him into hot water, and that if the public won't understand the theory of individual responsibility for signed articles he shall throw the thing up."

Clare only looked up from her paper for an instant to say, "Really?"

It was rather irritating. Lady St. Austell, to whom he had given the same intelligence an hour or two before, had seen at once how important it was, in the interest of contemporary literature, that Mr. Pilkington should be restrained from carrying out his threat. But contemporary literature seemed to have lost its charms for Clare. Adrian doubted whether she was even reading the serial story by him which was then appearing in the *Cosmopolitan Magazine*, and she never asked any questions about the novel which he had on hand.

Not much conversation passed between them during dinner. By an unlucky mischance, the cook had upset the salt-cellar into the soup, and a calamity of that kind is what no man, however good-tempered, can allow to pass without comment. Adrian did not behave at all badly about it; but he sent a sarcastic message to the kitchen, and Clare showed by her absolute silence that she took the rebuke as addressed to herself. That, again, was rather irritating. As soon as the melancholy repast was over, Adrian said he had work to do and retired to his study; while Clare, left alone in the drawing-room, stitched mechanically at her embroidery until it was time to go to bed.

Going to bed did not mean going to sleep. She tossed and turned half the night through, wondering how long this kind of life would last—how long she would be able to endure it; and when at length she fell into a feverish doze, she dreamt that she saw Adrian kneeling at Lady St. Austell's feet, that Lord St. Austell, surveying the couple through his eye-glass, was laughing ecstatically, and that De Wynt was saying to her, "Very sorry for you, Mrs. Vidal; but you've brought it upon yourself, you know. You ought to have taken my advice and forgiven him before it was too late."

The consequence was that she had a splitting headache in the morning, and felt justified in sending a message down stairs to say that she didn't want any breakfast, but would take a cup of tea and some dry toast in her bed-room. Upon the tray which was presently brought to her lay a letter; and no sooner had she seen the handwriting than she recognised it as that of the anonymous correspondent to whom she was indebted for some of the most miserable hours that she had ever spent. She tore open the envelope with trembling fingers; and this was what her unknown informant had to say to her:—

"You have been warned once that your husband is deceiving you; but perhaps you think his word is more to be trusted than a stranger's. Well, seeing is believing. If you want to know a little more about him, go to the Round Pond in Kensington Gardens to-morrow afternoon and walk among the trees on the north side till you have seen enough to satisfy you."

CHAPTER XXVII.

PROOF POSITIVE.

Only those who have been long under the influence of a fixed idea, can realise how difficult it is to bid farewell to hope. Susan Bowman ought, of course, to have perceived that her one chance of inducing Adrian to marry her was to strike while the iron was hot and get the ceremony concluded before his brief passion burnt itself out. She had not done this, because, for one thing, she had not felt perfectly sure of his pecuniary independence, and for another, because Heriot had succeeded in convincing her that Mr. Vidal would never be dragged to the altar so long as he had coat-tails to be clung to and a friend to cling to them. She had, however, the heroic quality of not knowing when she was beaten. What she had related of herself in St. James's Park was true, ridiculous as it may appear to the reader, and ridiculous as it did appear to the man she had hoped to win. The obstacles in the way of her marriage were, as had been pointed out to her, inferiority of birth and education. She set herself to work to render these less conspicuous by cultivating refinement and reading such books as she could afford to buy. She employed means which perhaps would not have borne close scrutiny to obtain a nursery governess's place; she had vague intentions of rising from that position to a somewhat higher one, of presenting herself to Adrian in the light of an equal, and calling upon him to redeem his promises.

The announcement of his marriage in the papers fell upon her, therefore, like a thunderbolt out of a clear sky; she felt that all her labour had been in vain, that she had been basely deceived, and that revenge became her well. Her imagination not being a very fertile one, the only vengeance that at first suggested itself to her was of the dagger and bowl order; and this, in view of the existing state of the criminal law, seemed likely to prove as uncomfortable for avenger as for victim. Besides, she did not care about slaying Adrian. What she wanted do was to make him suffer; and we have seen how circumstances put it into her power to play the part of Nemesis. Her employer's garrulity kept her pretty well informed as to Mr. Vidal's domestic affairs. She knew that his wife was jealous; she also knew that some cause for jealousy existed; though precisely how much she had not been able to determine by a careful study of the letters which Lady St. Austell was too apt to leave lying in accessible places. These, it is true, were interesting and amusing reading: they gave a clue to the tone of modern society, and showed to what imprudent lengths young gentlemen of the Johnny Spencer type will commit themselves upon paper; but unluckily there was not one amongst them that bore Mr. Vidal's signature; and so Susan, who was growing tired of watching the progress of events, resolved to jog Time's elbow and create a few little events on her own score.

It was with a countenance expressive of joyous anticipation that she set forth to keep her tryst in Kensington Gardens; and a cheering reflection it was to her that in the course of a few hours' time, if all went well, Adrian would be in the midst of a domestic tempest such as he had not yet been called upon to encounter, that he would assuredly involve himself in a network of falsehood, and that the end of it would most likely be a temporary separation, and a more or less public scandal.

Adrian was approaching the same spot at a more leisurely pace and with considerably less exultation. He was not much afraid of anything that Susan might say or do, and he had put twenty pounds in his pocket, in case ten should not be enough; but these open-air meetings were not to his taste, nor did he like the prospect of the reproaches which he took it for granted would be hurled at his head before the inevitable demand for cash came. "I'm not going to do this kind of thing again," he muttered; "and so I shall tell her. After all, what does it signify? Let her come to Alexandra-gardens and kick up a row, if she chooses. I would have given a good deal to prevent her from doing that a year ago; but now I suppose it would make very little difference."

He sighed heavily, thinking that the world was rapidly becoming a dismal place of abode, and so reached his rendezvous in a frame of mind half petulant, half dejected. Looking warily about him in search of the person whom he had come to meet, he was much astonished to recognise in a solitary figure, separated from him by the breadth of the pond, not Susan but Lady St. Austell, and his astonishment was increased when her Ladyship, after making him a slight but unmistakeable sign to follow her, walked slowly away in the direction of the trees. He caught her up presently, and, taking off his hat, said, "Lady St. Austell, what has brought you to this damp place?"

The lady addressed lifted her veil and disclosed the features of Miss Bowman.

"It isn't Lady St. Austell," she answered, meekly; "it's only me."

"Oh, it's you!" said Adrian, with some irritation. "And why have you dressed yourself up in your mistress's clothes, if I may ask?"

"Call me a thief," returned Susan, in a low, sad voice; "I shouldn't be in the least surprised at your calling me anything. These are my own clothes, though. Her Ladyship was kind enough to give them to me a few days ago, and I put them on because—because I thought perhaps you would like to see me looking nice. But of course you don't care about that now; I'm only a troublesome woman whom you'd be glad to be rid of. You won't have long to wait, maybe. I often think it would be easy enough to walk down to the river some night and have an end of it all." And here Susan heaved a sigh so profound that Lady St. Austell's dress, which, indeed, was somewhat too tight for the comfort of either its late or its present wearer, gave forth a warning crack.

"If there is one thing that I hate more than being rude to a woman," said Adrian, quite unmoved by these pathetic words, "it is beating about the bush on a cold, raw afternoon, instead of coming to the point. Therefore, Susan, you must try to forgive me if I say that we shall get on a great deal better without humbug. Tell me what you want of me, and you shall have it, so long as it is anything in reason."

Susan turned away her head, as if to conceal her emotion. "Do you think it is kind or just to talk to me like that?" she asked, with a little tremor in her voice. "Have I ever done you an injury? Some people might say that it was you who had injured me."

"I am sorry if I spoke unkindly, Susan," answered Adrian, with a twinge of compunction; "but you must remember that you addressed me in a very different tone yesterday, and that I am only here because you threatened me."

"Yes; only because I threatened you. You wouldn't have come if I had asked you to do it as a favour to me. Well, well!—times are changed. Once you would have been glad enough to meet me anywhere; and now you say, 'Tell me what you want, and let me go.' Suppose I wanted nothing, except to see you and talk to you again, and to walk a little way with you, as we used to walk when we were younger and happier than we are now?"

"I'm afraid I can't suppose that," replied Adrian, who found this reproachful tenderness even more disagreeable than the rating which he had dreaded.

"Can't you? And yet that is all I ask of you, Adrian. Come, let us walk up and down under the trees for half an hour, and I will try to forget how miserable you have made me. You can spare me half an hour, perhaps. It isn't a great deal of time to give to a girl whom you once wished to spend your life with."

She passed her arm through his, and led him across the damp grass and the fallen yellow leaves. The night was closing in fast, and a chilly fog was rising, through which the figures of the passers-by, hurrying along the broad gravel path, loomed dim and ghost-like.

"It looks dreary enough; one wouldn't think it had ever been spring-time here. But the trees are happier than I am: they don't remember what they have lost," remarked the melancholy Susan, unconsciously plagiarising from a poet of whom she had never heard.

Adrian was thoroughly uncomfortable. He didn't like being held by the arm, he didn't like being called by his Christian name, and he had a shrewd suspicion that he had not been brought there for purely sentimental purposes. Yet he hardly saw his way to escape. "I think," said he at length, "that, considering all things, we might very well consent to let by-gones be by-gones. The last time that I walked with you, you gave me to understand that all you wished for was to be revenged upon me."

Susan shook her head sadly. "There's no need for that now. I have been revenged without doing anything to revenge myself. I know you are no more happy than I am. You regret your marriage now that it is too late."

"You are drawing upon your imagination," said Adrian, coldly; and he made an effort to free his arm, which, however, Susan only gripped more tightly.

"No, indeed," she replied. "I know a great many things—more than you suspect, perhaps. I know, for instance, that you don't really care for her Ladyship, and that you only pretend to flirt with her because you want to forget how unhappy you are at home."

"I don't wish to hurt your feelings," returned Adrian; "but you must excuse my telling you that speeches of that kind are very offensive to me."

"The truth often is offensive," remarked Susan sententiously. "Ah, Adrian!" she added, with more warmth, clasping her hands round his arm as she spoke, and looking up into his face, "the real truth is that you have never loved either of these women as you loved me once."

This was more than the unfortunate man could stand. "Really, Susan," he said, shaking her off somewhat roughly, "you had better understand the real truth yourself, once for all. It is true that when I was a boy, I did for a short time fancy that I was in love with you; but the fancy didn't last long, and when once it was gone, no power on earth could ever have brought it back again. If you knew how the recollection of that time humiliates and disgusts me, you would not be so eager to remind me of it."

Susan had a gusty temper, which got the upper hand of her sometimes when she herself least expected it. It came whirling forth now, and caused her to exclaim, impetuously, "You brute!—you miserable coward! I'll make you smart for those words before I've done with you!"

Adrian raised his eyebrows, and smiled ever so slightly. It appeared to him that the moment at which pecuniary compensation might be tendered with propriety was not far distant. "And in what particular way, Susan," he asked, with the utmost suavity, "do you propose to make me smart?"

It had been no part of Susan's plan to quarrel with the sinner whom she desired to reward according to his iniquities. "You make me say things that I don't want to say," she complained. "Of course you know that I could give you trouble, if I liked. I could write a few lines to your mother-in-law, Mrs. Irvine, or I could have five minutes' conversation with your wife, or I could drop a hint to his Lordship, who isn't a pleasant man when he's angered, they say. But why should I hurt you? Hurting you wouldn't make you love me again, and neither hurting you nor leaving you alone will get a kind word out of you, it seems."

"I don't want to seem unkind, Susan," answered Adrian; "but I must make you understand, if I can, that it is a mistake for us to exchange kind words—or any words. I don't see what more I can say than that I am heartily sorry for having wronged you in the past—if I did wrong you."

"*If* you did!"

"Well, let us say that I did. But what reparation can I make now? I know it looks a little insulting to produce one's purse; still money *is* a useful thing you know; and I am sure I shall be only too glad"——

His somewhat halting speech was interrupted in a singular manner. Without the slightest warning, Susan abruptly flung her arms round his neck and held up her face close to his. "Kiss me, Adrian," she whispered. "Kiss me once!—for the sake of old days!"

What would the respected reader have done in this trying situation? The humble writer is bound to confess that he would have done what Adrian did and complied with the request which of all conceivable requests is the least easy to refuse. Adrian, then, bestowed a modest salute upon Susan's forehead; having done which, he endeavoured gently to disengage himself, but without success. Susan, regardless of the passers-by, clung to him with fond, inarticulate murmurs, and he was beginning to think that he would have done better to hold her at arm's-length, when he was released with a suddenness which threw him off his balance and caused him to stagger backwards in an undignified manner, while Susan, turning away from him, resumed the slow march which her access of tenderness had arrested.

It has just been said that she was regardless of the passers-by, and so the alarmed Adrian imagined that she was; but in reality that was exactly what she was not. For five or ten minutes she had been keeping an anxious eye on the forms that flitted to and fro through the mist a few yards away, and when among these she discerned that of a tall, slight young lady whose gait seemed less purpose-like than her neighbours', she deemed it advisable to precipitate a crisis to which she had been leading up from the outset. There was thus a slight want of artistic finish in the way that Susan carried out her task, and this she regretted; but when it is remembered that she had to reach a given point in her dialogue at a moment which could not be accurately determined beforehand, it will be allowed that she acquitted herself with a fair measure of credit. She had manœuvred so as to place Adrian with his back to the path; looking over his shoulder, she saw the lady for whose benefit she was acting start, clasp her hands together nervously, stand still for a moment, and then hurry away into the gathering gloom; after which, with a comfortable conviction that Mrs. Vidal had seen enough, she released Adrian in the manner described.

For it has to be confessed that the spectator of the scene was no other than Mrs. Vidal. Many people—most people, perhaps—will be disposed to think that it is a little beneath the dignity of a gentleman or a lady to act upon information conveyed anonymously: if so, Clare's own opinion coincided with that of the majority. She made no excuses for herself, and none shall be made for her. She went to the Round Pond, as she had been told to do; she walked slowly along the path, looking among the trees for the couple whom she expected to discover, and she saw—as she fully believed—Adrian fondly embracing Lady St. Austell. The improbability of Lady St. Austell's preferring to be embraced in the comparative publicity of Kensington Gardens, when she had a comfortable and private boudoir of her own in which to indulge in such pleasures, did not strike her; nor would it have made very much difference if it had. For there could be no question as to the fact that Adrian was the embracer whom his wife had seen; and whether the embraced person were A or B was perhaps not a matter of primary importance. Clare, as she hastened homewards, felt that the limits of her endurance had been reached.

Meanwhile, the culprit, little imagining into what a pitfall he had stepped by yielding to an amiable wish to make things pleasant, was rather surprised at the coolness which came over Susan's manner after her late demonstration.

"Well," she remarked, in a curt, business-like tone, "I won't keep you away from home any longer. Your wife may be wondering what has become of you, you know. We may as well say good-bye now."

"Good-bye, Susan," said Adrian, not unkindly. "I can see that you think me rather hard-hearted; but there's no help for that, I'm afraid. You won't ask me to meet you again in this way, will you?"

"Probably not," answered Susan, drily.

"There really is no use in it, you see. And now, I hope you'll accept a small present—I thought it possible that you might want a little help"— and he deprecatingly produced four five-pound notes.

"Sir," said Susan, "your generosity to me I shall never forget. Hand over the money."

He complied wonderingly. The woman's changes of tone were so frequent and abrupt that he began to think her intellect must be a trifle deranged; and she perceived his suspicions with much amusement. Her natural histrionic talent being but slight, she had had considerable difficulty in playing her part, and the sense that she was now free to indulge in any conduct that might seem good to her filled her with exultation.

"Twenty pounds!" said she, examining the notes. "Were you really so much afraid of me as that? Now, a common person like me ought to consider herself rich with twenty pounds in her pocket, oughtn't she?"

"I don't know," answered Adrian, still somewhat puzzled.

"Oh yes; it's wealth, I assure you. I have seen the day when twenty pence would have been welcome. With all this money, I can afford to treat myself to a luxury; and a luxury I will have. What do you think I'm going to do with your kind present?"

"I don't know," said Adrain again.

"Why, I'm going to give the whole of it away in charity; I am, indeed. I'm going to give it to a deserving person. More than that, I'm going to add to it the sum of eight pound ten out of my own purse."

She took her purse from her pocket, as she spoke, and counted out the amount mentioned, which, together with the notes, she placed in Adrian's hands. "There!" said she; "you're the deserving person; and oh, *what* a deserving person you are, to be sure! Don't thank me, I beg! It's a privilege to do anything for such a kind friend as you have been to me."

"What on earth do you mean?" asked Adrian.

"Only that I like to pay my debts; and I have been owing you eight pound ten since the beginning of the year. I don't know whether we're quite quits yet; but we're as near it as we shall get, I expect. Good-bye to you; and before we part, let me tell you a secret. I'd rather die of hunger in a ditch than spend a sixpence of your money!"

Susan's face, as she uttered these last words, was not agreeable to look upon. She turned on her heel, without waiting for a rejoinder; and in truth Adrian had none ready.

(To be continued.)

AMONG THE HILLS.

Five hundred feet already above the level of the sea, and that without moving from the doorstep; and in front a long beautiful sweep of hills, to the top of which we feel bound to climb, if only to see what is on the other side. The air is full of bell-ringing; first from the tiny church in the valley, and then from the square old tower on our right; and as the keen north-easter comes roaring down the one or two clefts in the range before us, we seem to hear the sound of bells brought to us from that other side, about which there cannot help being a certain sense of mystery, because of the barrier between us and it.

Notwithstanding the wind, the garden is full of flowers; graceful daffodils nod to each other, and intimate that they know all sorts of things that they could tell an' they would; on one side purple blooms and masses of white violets perfume the air, and on the other quantities of white stonecrop appear clinging to everything and peering out of every crevice of the high red wall that divides us from the passers-by along the high road: wall-flowers of course are present too - bowing hither and thither, and looking about eagerly at the world; while the flowering currant has put out his coarsely-scented ugly red blossoms gaily, and appears to mock at the trees, that are far too prudent at present to do more than show us that they are only waiting, like all the rest of us, for brighter days to put out their beauties and to begin to enjoy life. The sun, however, is out and up and shining, and as we commence our climb up the Worcestershire beacon—the object of our walk—we see, as we rest at intervals, that he is doing his work, and inviting the leaves and flowers to come out and see how beautiful the world is; and as we climb higher and higher, and the rollicking breeze skirmishes round us, darting round this or that point or taking us unexpectedly in the rear, we are impelled to admiration of weather that, cold and cheerless enough without sunshine, is bright and shining and glittering indeed when the sun comes out, and takes his own particular part in the battle between the seasons. Pausing here on the rough narrow road, it were almost possible to believe we were in Switzerland—so sharp is the ascent, so dangerous-looking the incline on the left-hand. Far, far below us lies the town—so foreign-looking, so clean, so steep, with its curious houses built in tiers, in such a manner that it appears to us that the higher inhabitants must look down their neighbours' chimneys, even if they are not curiously inclined; with the lovely old church standing up, like some gallant protector, in its midst; and lower still, the wide stretch of country laid out in squares, like some child's toy, and divided here and there by a bright silver flash, that we know is the Severn, making its way to the Bristol Channel, which we shall see presently, when we reach the top. Above the town, nearer to us, are pine-trees and larches, just tipped with pale-green tassels; and as we climb, we watch the rooks sailing about, hanging mysteriously in mid-air, now dipping, now floating, now gliding along, until we envy them their wings, and appreciate more than ever the grace and beauty inseparable from a bird's flight.

It is curious, too, as we climb, to see figures, as it appears to us above our heads, stuck on to the sides of the hill. The road is made in a series of sharp cuts, each point disappearing as it seems to a climber into hidden space; and as people above us reach their destination and disappear, it causes us a dizzy feeling that we are ashamed to confess to among our English hills, but that makes us shut our eyes for awhile and stand still, until we recover our balance and are able to proceed.

Surely, surely here, then, we are in the very home of the winds! The great north wind roars and rushes by us; the east wind takes up the tale and disputes with us every inch of his territory; and as we arrive, breathless and gasping, and seek refuge for a moment within the walls of the beacon, we are fain to confess ourselves vanquished, and cry for mercy to the rough tempests that have made the place their own. But when we can open our eyes and look around us we have no words to express all we feel. The tourists have vanished, and we are quite alone, some fifteen hundred feet above the sea. We have half a kingdom below our feet; and we seem taken suddenly and quietly straight to Nature's true and kindly heart, for we have conquered the hills, and we look right down into that hidden other side. Straightway the procession of seasons begins to glide by us. It is spring, we know—quite early spring; the yellow gorse is only just beginning to assert itself; yonder white sheet is pear-blossom just out; and below, the "snow of the mountain," in the pretty local name for the stonecrop, is pushing out of every crevice, even in the streets of the town itself. The bells have given place to the musical cry of the tiny lamb, to the deeper-toned voice of the unswering sheep; the mournful call of the peewit meets our ears; and over all a lark has sprung up, and, hanging in mid-air, is flooding the sky with its delicious, generous, never-ending stream of melody; while every now and then a sunbeam lights up the river, or falls quivering into another paler speck of water that we know quite well is soon to be the sea.

Then Spring grows older; the gnarled and mis-shapen trees, each one now conspicuous for its great bunch of mistletoe, burst into flower; the air is heavy with sweet odours, and merry with the humming of bees; the silent distant forests, where at present the larch looks conspicuous in pale emerald against the other denizens of the wood, are all in leaf, and then, again, Autumn walks the world; the golden, scarletrusset apples cluster under the foliage; the whole marvellous varied riches contained beneath autumn's mantle are displayed; and the scent of the fruit, and the voices of the gatherers, rise even to us as we wait there, dreaming our dreams among the hills. Then Winter strides by—we can feel his icy breath; he gathers up each last pitiful morsel of life, and keeps high revel here, with his attendant slaves, Frost and Snow. Then, he has the hills all to himself. The sheep are below, safe in the fold. No one comes here to dispute his reign; and silence, darkness, and rough tempests hold high revel, darting down now and then into the town, blustering and threatening, breaking here a tree, or there a chimney-pot, and finally retiring, laughing at the mischief they could do, if only they would.

But as evening begins to fall, we are back in the pale early dawn of a late spring, and once more look around us. Over the hills comes drifting a curious mysterious darkness: the sea has gone; the river glitters no more; the Cotswolds have disappeared entirely; the wind has died away; there is only a muttering of a tempest a long way off; the darkness seems nearer; we remember we have a sharp walk home—and then suddenly across the distant blackness comes a brilliant sharp something; then another. In an instant every secret of the Cotswolds is ours: we see tiny places we should never have perceived had it not been for the lightning, and we are almost tempted to linger still; but the tempest seems to travel faster and faster across those miles of different counties, and we only reach home as a sharp storm of hail, thunder, and lightning, throws itself on us, and makes us feel thankful we are in safety. Then, as the darkness leaves us, we watch it drift along quicker and quicker, until it, too, reaches the other side, that has its secrets from us no longer, and that has so much to show anyone who stays for just a little while among the Malvern Hills.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All communications relating to this department of the Paper should be addressed to the Editor, and have the word "Chess" written on the envelope.

C E T (Clifton).—Very neat indeed. Have you seen our No. 2140?

G G (Sittingbourne).—Thanks for the information. Obviously the correct move is Q to K 3rd.

W A (Old Romney).—We have not a complete set of the *Westminster Papers*; indeed, we have not a complete volume.

W B (Stratford).—The last amendments of your problem shall be examined.

Swansea.—The position shall be re-examined.

P B (Kingscliffe).—(1.) Capturing *en passant* is the peculiar privilege of a Pawn, and only a Pawn can be so captured. (2.) There may be two or more Queens, Bishops, Rooks, and Knights on the board at the same time. (3.) Your adversary in the case set forth was as ignorant of the rules of the game as you appear to be. Write to Messrs. Jaques, of Hatton-garden, London, for a copy of their sixpenny handbook.

W W (Eltham).—Your first problem was probably like your last, incorrect. Suppose White plays 1. R to K 3rd, how do you propose to prevent mate in two more moves?

Clare.—There are two monthly periodicals devoted to chess, the *British Chess Magazine* and the *Chess Monthly*, and both can be obtained through any bookseller.

Correct Solutions of Problem No. 2138 received from Pierce Jones, Edwin Smith; of No. 2139 from Emile Frau, F E Gibbins (Tiflis); of No. 2140 from Carl Stepan, Pierce Jones, R Worters, J K (South Hampstead), E L G; of No. 2141 from William Davis, Carl Stepan, D McCoy, Rev. T S Curtis, Rev. T Stevens, J A Schmucke, B H C (Salisbury), Jumbo, S J Hall, Plevna, W Penton, Edwin Smith, E Langley, R Worters, G Utrera's Problem from Edwin Smith; of E Walker's Problem from R Worters; M. Rabock's Problem from Rev. W Anderson (Old Romney); of the Fenner Problem from B H C (Salisbury), T Sinclair, and R Worters (Canterbury).

Correct Solutions of Problem No. 2142 received from L Wyman, Ledbmar Penfold, A W Scrutton, H E Capron, Henry Brougham Pope, Clare, E M Thorold (Bridlington), Plevna, S Bullen, W E Schecle (Newcastle-on-Tyne), T G (Ware), J P Langley, A W Sentance, Lex, C Oswald, W J Knight, John Hodgson (Maidstone), H Blacklock, A Karberg (Hamburg), Nerina, H Z (Manchester), Polyphemus, J T W, G S Oldfield, E F de Haan (Antwerp), H Wardell, Aaron Harper, A M Porter, H Lucas, J C Kirshaw (Worthing), J Hall, Fanny H Levy (Edmonton), A J Spiers, Hereward, A Wigmore, E Dalia Parisi, J E M P, T Fewster Wilkinson (Lincoln), Ben Nevis, Rev. T S Curtis, M O'Halloran, J A Schmucke, L L Greenaway, H Revee, B H C (Salisbury), Rev. W Anderson (Old Romney), E W Diver, An Old Hand, L Sharswood, Ernest Sharswood, G W Law, W Biddle, George Gouge, J K (South Hampstead), B L Southwell, G Huskisson, George Joicey, Clement Fawcett, W Vernon Arnold, T Sinclair, A C Hunt, W Lewis, A J Lake, Emile Frau, A T Alexander, E I. G, S J Hall, Richard Murphy (Wexford), Jumbo, James Pilkington, E Elsbury, Jupiter Junior, A M Colborne, S Lowndes, E Ridpath, Horace, John Thomas (Owm Avon), W F R (Swansea), E E H, Columbia, Otto Fulder (Ghent), N S Harris, W G H, Pierce Jones, E Louden, A P Guy, W Penton, A H Taylor, William Davis, L E C B, F West, W B (Clifford), Shadforth, A Nonnely, F F, Julia Short, C S Cole, Rev. Henry D Nicholson, Crane Alford, A W Rogers (Shipham Rectory), E T Ward, Hermit, T C D C, A L Ory, B R Wood, R Tweddell, D W Keil, A Chapman, E J Cobbett (Savage Club), Emden (Darlington), F B Webb, Rev. Winfield Cooper, J C V Durell (Wellington College), H Worters, and D McCoy.

SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEMS.

No. 2141.

WHITE.	BLACK.
1. Kt to Q 4th	K takes Kt
2. B to K 2nd	K moves
3. R mates.	

Herr J. Rabock's Problem.

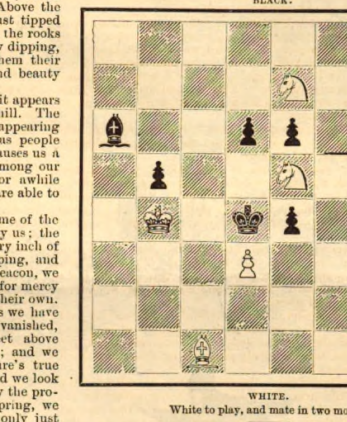
WHITE.	BLACK.
1. Q to K R 8th	Kt to Kt 3rd
2. Q to Q B 8th	Any move
3. Kt mates.	

Note.—If Black play 1. K to Kt 5th, or 1. P to Q 4th, or 1. P to Kt 5th, White continues with 2. Kt to Q 3rd (ch); if 1. K to Q 3rd, then Q to K B 8th (ch); if 1. P to Q 3rd, then 2. Kt to K 6th (ch); mating in each case on the third move.

PROBLEM No. 2144.

By B. G. Laws.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in two moves.

Played by correspondence between Mr. Ormond, of Newcastle-on-Tyne and Masters Haarbleicher and Heckseher, of the Giggleswick School Chess Club.

(*French Opening.*)

WHITE (The Allies).	BLACK (Mr. O.)	WHITE (The Allies).	BLACK (Mr. O.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 3rd	16. B to B 4th	Q to B 3rd
2. P to Q 4th	P to Q 4th	17. R to K 3rd	Q R to Q sq
3. P takes P	P takes P	18. B to K 5th	P takes P
4. Kt to K B 3rd	Kt to K B 3rd	19. R to K Kt 3rd	P to B 3rd
5. B to Q 3rd	P to K R 3rd	20. B to B 4th	P to Kt 4th
		21. Q R to B sq	K to R 2nd
The usual move here is 5. B to Q 3rd, but Mr. Ormond observes that he adopted the move in the text in order to throw his young friends on their own resources. They seem, for lads of sixteen, to have been more than equal to the occasion.		22. B to Q 2nd	Q to Q 4th
		23. R to Q R 3rd	Q to Kt 2nd
		24. Q to B 2nd (ch)	K to Kt 2nd
		25. R to K Kt 3rd	P to K B 4th
6. Castles	B to Q 3rd	26. P to Q Kt 3rd	B to B 5th
7. Kt to K 5th	Kt to B 3rd	27. R to K B 3rd	P to Q 4th
8. Kt takes Kt	P takes Kt	28. R to B 3rd	P takes R
9. P to Q B 4th	P to B 4th	29. B takes P (ch)	K to B 2nd
10. R to K sq (ch)	B to K 3rd	30. R to K sq	Q to B 3rd
11. Kt to B 3rd	Castles		
12. Kt to Kt 5th	P takes B P	An extraordinary oversight to occur in a game played by correspondence. 30. B to K 5th would have foiled the attack, and Black would have emerged from the melée with a winning advantage.	
13. B to K 4th	Kt takes B		
14. R takes Kt	Q to Q 2nd		
15. Kt takes B	Q takes Kt	31. Q to R 7th.	Mate.

The thirty-third annual dinner of the City of London Chess Club was held at the Salutation Tavern, Newgate-street, on the evening of Tuesday, the 14th inst. The Rev. J. J. Scargill presided on the occasion, supported by Messrs. Gastineau and Pilkington as croupiers. After a merry family of Caissa's sons had enjoyed an excellent dinner, well served, the president proposed the usual loyal toasts, which were, we need hardly say, received with due honours. The toasts which followed were "The Prosperity of the Club," "The Honorary Secretary," proposed by Mr. Manning, and responded to by Mr. George Adamson in a speech characterised by that gentleman's usual practical good sense and good humour. "The Vice-Presidents and the Committee" was the next toast, the Rev. Mr. Sumner, who proposed it, coupling it with the names of Mr. Pilkington and Mr. Block. Mr. Pilkington then proposed the health of the honorary members, gracefully referring to each in rotation. The names of Baron Kolisch and Mr. Blackburne were received with a roar of cheering which satisfied those gentlemen's friends of the esteem in which they are held by the City chessplayers. The toast was coupled with the name of Dr. Zuckertort, who, in responding, observed that, although he made no noisy claim to be a better chessplayer than anyone else in the world, he should, when the occasion arose, do his best to prove that he was not second to anyone either. Mr. Cutler then proposed the "Chess Press," coupling the toast with the names of Messrs. Duffy, MacDonnell, and Hoffer. All three gentlemen responded, Mr. Duffy congratulating himself and his fellow-labourers on the cordial feeling that now exists between the makers and writers of chess history. Mr. Hoffer seized the occasion to give some interesting information of the progress of the British Chess Association; and Mr. MacDonnell, well furnished with "quips and cranks," as is usual with him, "kept the table in a roar" during a too brief speech. The next toast was the health of Mr. B. G. Laws, the winner of the first prize in the Winter Handicap, proposed by Mr. Block, and the health of the chairman, proposed by Mr. Gastineau, brought the proceedings to a conclusion. The several toasts were, in the intervals, enlivened by songs and recitations. Mr. James Hall presided at the pianoforte, and among the vocalists were Mr. Pizzi (whose point that "Little fools will play too much, and great ones not at all," was fully appreciated), and Messrs. Bridges, Woolley, Knowles, and H. F. Gastineau. Of the recitations, Mr. C. G. Cutler's delivery of a "Lay of Ancient Chessplayers," evoking much laughter and applause, was the most successful effort of the evening.

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated Dec. 24, 1852), with a codicil (dated Sept. 12, 1884), of Lady Georgiana Charlotte Fullerton, late of Ayrfield, Bournemouth, who died on Jan. 19 last, was proved on the 21st ult. by Alexander George Fullerton, the husband, and acting executor, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £12,000. The testatrix leaves certain sums of £10,000 and £6000 in settlement, and the residue of her real and personal estate to her son, Granville William Fullerton; but if he should die under the age of twenty-one years—which event has happened—then to her husband. The deceased was sister to Earl Granville.

The will (dated Dec. 11, 1884) of Dame Emma Bruce De Koetteritz, late of Florence, who died at Baden-Baden, on Feb. 18 last, was proved in London on the 30th ult. by John Eliot Pringle, the nephew, and James Curtis Leman, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £60,000. The testatrix bequeaths £5000, upon trust, for Mrs. Elizabeth Bruce, the wife of her nephew for life, and at her death for four of their children; and other legacies. The residue of her property she leaves, upon trust, for her husband, Le Chevalier Colonel Bernard Ernest Jules De Koetteritz, for life, *or until he shall marry again*; then she bequeaths £5000 to her said nephew John Eliot Pringle; £3000 to her great-nephew and godson, Arthur Pringle; £7000 to her nephew Reginald Pringle; £4000 to her niece, Nellie Plaountine; and some other legacies. The ultimate residue she gives to her said nephews, John Eliot and Reginald Pringle.

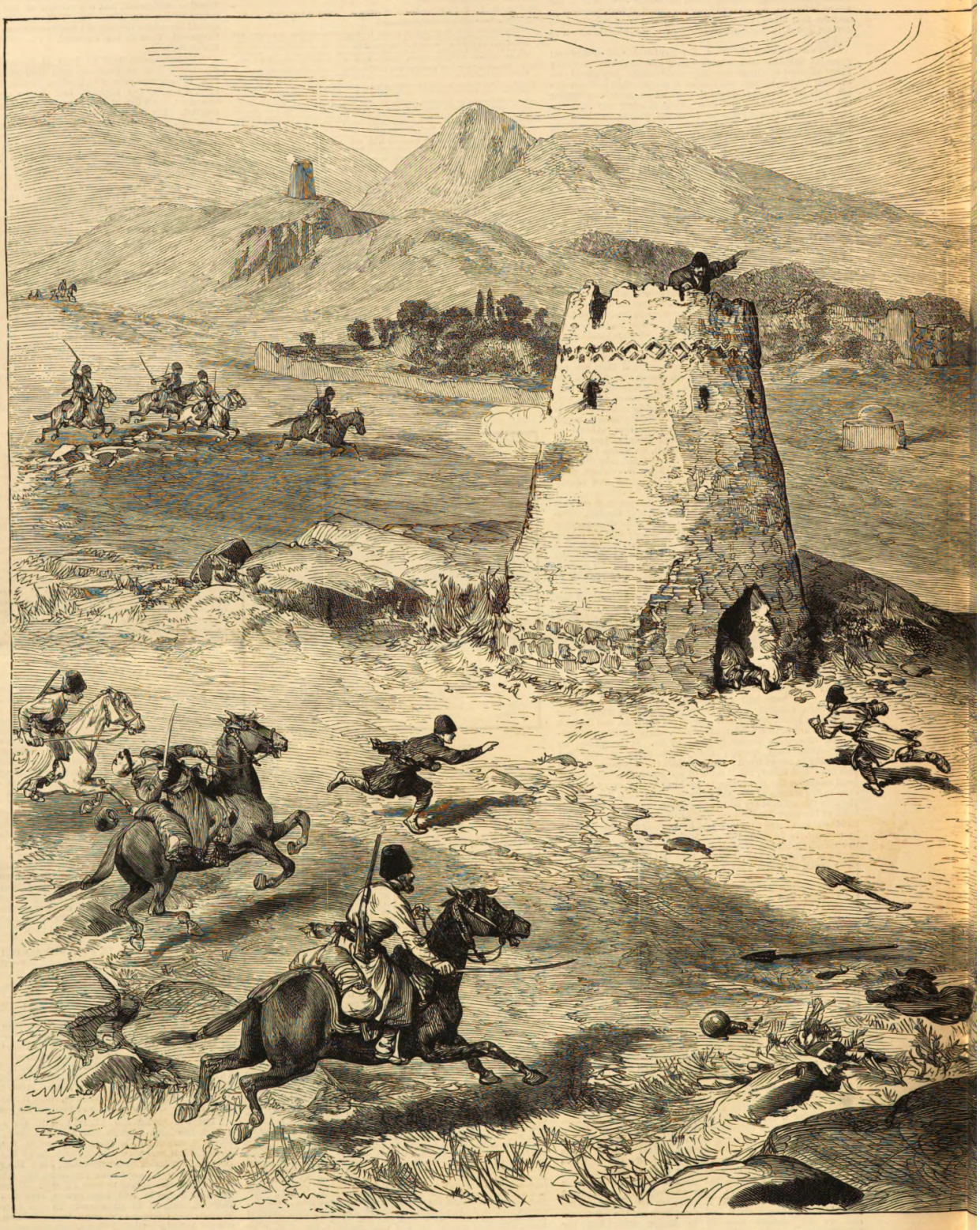
The will (dated Nov. 16, 1878), with three codicils (dated Nov. 16, 1878, and March 16 and Nov. 10, 1882), of Mr. William Whitfield, late of No. 17, Gracechurch-street, merchant, and of No. 21, Langham-place, who died on the 7th ult., was proved on the 1st inst. by George Whitfield, the acting executor, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £247,000. The testator gives the furniture, pictures, plate, and effects at his principal residence to his cousin, the said George Whitfield; a farm in the province of Quebec to the said George Whitfield, for life, and then to his eldest son; a piece of land at Barbadoes to his cousin, Mrs. Jane Duguid Whitfield; £10,000, upon trust, for his brother, George Whitfield, for life; £7000, upon trust, for Ann Betteridge, for life; and numerous other legacies and annuities. The residue of his real and personal estate, including his property in Barbadoes, is to be held, upon trusts, for accumulation until the youngest child of his said cousin, George Whitfield, by the said Jane Duguid Whitfield, attains twenty-one, and then for all their children.

The will (dated Dec. 4, 1882) of Mr. James Bury Capel, late of No. 5, Throgmorton-street, and of North Cray Place, Kent, who died on Feb. 2 last, at Brighton, was proved on the 9th inst. by Frank Charles Capel and Charles Cecil Capel, the sons, Hugh Frederick Drummond, and Arthur Carnegy Capel, the nephew, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £237,000. The testator bequeaths £1000, all his wines and consumable stores, and all his household furniture, pictures, plate, jewellery, effects, horses and carriages, to his wife, Mrs. Georgina Capel; but any of such articles and effects which she does not dispose of in her lifetime are to go at her death to his son Charles Cecil; £20,000 to his said son, Charles Cecil; £5000 to his brother, Arthur Risdon Capel, and £1000 to each of his children: £500 each to his executors Mr. Drummond and Mr. A. C. Capel; and £200 each to Walter Suggars and David Windsor, if in his service at his decease. The residue of his real and personal estate is to be held, upon trust, for his wife, for life; at her death, he leaves one moiety to his son Charles Cecil; £50,000 out of the other moiety to his son Frank Charles, and the remainder of the last-named moiety, upon trust, for his son Frank Charles, for life, then for his son Charles Cecil, for life, then for his said brother, Arthur Risdon, for life, and then for his said brother's children.

The will (dated July 12, 1881) of Mr. John Francis Campbell, of Islay, late of Niddry Lodge, Campden-hill, Kensington, barrister-at-law, who died on Feb. 17 last, at Cannes, was proved on the 1st inst., by the Duke of Argyll, K.G., Mrs. Katharine Isabella Campbell, and Henry Vincent Wing, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £52,000. The testator gives certain books and manuscripts relating to Celtic and other matters to the Advocates' Library, Edinburgh, on condition that they are kept together and made available for the use of Gaelic scholars and others; all his real leasehold and heritable estate, except Niddry Lodge and his freehold property at Chale, Isle of Wight, to his half-brother, Walter Douglas Somerset Campbell; and some annuities and legacies. The residue of his real and personal estate is to be held, upon trust, for his stepmother, Mrs. Katharine Isabella Campbell, for life; at her death he leaves the pictures, prints, and busts at Niddry Lodge, including two statues lent to Earl Granville, to the Duke of Argyll, or in case of his previous death to his heir in possession of Inverary Castle, as it is his wish that these family relics should go back to the county from which they came, and be in the possession of "my chief or his successors." As to the ultimate residue of his property, two sixths are to go to his said half-brother, and one sixth to each of his four half-sisters.

The will (dated June 18, 1863), with a codicil (dated July 19, 1869), of Mr. Robert Augustus Aspinall, formerly of Motcomb-street, Belgrave-square, but late of No. 15, Queensberry-place, Cromwell-road, who died on Jan. 5 last, was proved on the 19th ult. by John Ireland Blackburne, M.P., and Henry George Allen, Q.C., M.P., the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £50,000. The testator bequeaths £500 and all his household furniture and effects to his wife, Mrs. Mary Isabella Maria Aspinall; he also bequeaths £5000, upon trust, for her, for life or widowhood, in addition to the amount she receives under their settlement; £100 to each of his executors; and the residue of his property to his children. In default of children, he leaves £5000 to his sister, Miss Betty Aspinall; £2000 to his brother, John; £1000 to his nephew, William; and the ultimate residue, upon further trust, for his wife, for life or widowhood, and then for his said sister.

The will (dated Nov. 17, 1874), with three codicils (dated Jan. 2, 1880, and April 28 and Nov. 24, 1882), of Mr. James Burchell, late of No. 34, Gordon-square, St. Pancras, who died on Dec. 3 last, was proved on the 20th ult. by William Burchell, the son, Frederick Lacy Robinson, John Henry Hortin, and William Henry Cousins, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £33,000. The testator gives a freehold house in Red Lion-square, and also one in High Holborn, subject to an annuity to his sister, to his son William; and legacies and annuities to children, brothers, and others. As to the residue of his real and personal estate, including his freehold property in Clerkenwell, he leaves three twelfths, upon trust, for his son James, for life, and then for his children; three twelfths, upon trust, for his son William, for life, and then for his wife and daughters in succession; three twelfths, upon trust, for his daughter Mrs. Julia Mary Kennedy, for life, and then for her children; and three twelfths, upon trust, for the three daughters of his daughter Mrs. Hollins.



PAST DAYS ON THE PERSIAN BORDER.—A TU

SKETCH BY MR. WILLIAM SIMPSON, OUR SPECIAL AR



URKOMAN RAID: THE TOWER OF REFUGE.

IST WITH THE AFGHAN BOUNDARY COMMISSION.

THE RUSSIAN CRISIS.

It is difficult to prophesy what may be the ultimate effect upon the Indian Empire of the rash act of General Komaroff on the 30th ult. The lives of 900 Afghans, as compared to the maintenance of peace between two such powerful countries as Great Britain and Russia, may indeed appear of very trifling value; nevertheless, we must remember that 900 Afghans have been killed for apparently no other reason than that they assumed (according to General Komaroff's report) "a provocative and manifestly hostile attitude." The statement is naive in the extreme, and reminds one of the American's excuse for shooting a friend of his at a bar: "I guess I shot him in self-defence, 'cause I saw him put his hand in his pocket for his six-shooter to blaze at me with."

Having demonstrated to the complete satisfaction of all concerned the weakness of the Afghans, General Komaroff is awaiting the instructions of his Government, or, as some maintain, the arrival of reinforcements. In the meantime, 900 Afghans lie strewn around Penjdeh, and the Ameer Abdurrahman will be expected by his subjects to show cause why an insult of so "provocative and manifestly hostile" a nature shall remain unavenged. The mothers and wives and sisters of those 900 are probably, at the moment we are going to press, sending up their prayers to Heaven for vengeance. What value are Oriental nations likely to place in our alliance, what respect may we hope to receive from our Indian fellow-subjects, what chance have we of retaining our ancient and much-abused prestige, if we allow allies of ours to be shot down in cold blood at the will and pleasure of any dashing foreign officer yearning for distinction? I am inclined to think that, if this "regrettable incident," as the Emperor of Russia calls it, is allowed to pass over without apology or reparation of any kind, our moral influence in India will pass away also. This is not a question of British interests, it is a question of the lives of our friends and allies. As was stated in a previous Number of the *Illustrated London News*, "we would not, and dare not, write and print one single sentence that might seem calculated to inflame the passions of either nation to hostility;" at the same time, it is a solemn duty, as a mouthpiece of public opinion, to formally protest against the indifference which seems to be shown in high places both here and at St. Petersburg to the lives of fellow-beings, who have done nothing more criminal than assume a "provocative and manifestly hostile attitude." Had General Komaroff told his Government that the "regrettable incident" had arisen from a desire on his part to test the efficiency of his arms and ammunition, the explanation would not have been more puerile. We must remember that the eyes of 250,000,000 natives of Asia are gazing on us, awaiting the result of the "regrettable incident," with amused curiosity, perhaps, more than interest, and wondering whether the English Sahib is going to salaam to the White Eagle or not. We must remember that our Continental neighbours are looking on also with amused curiosity; and we must not forget that if to these two elements—the population of Asia and Europe—we prove ourselves incapable of defending our national honour and protecting our friends, British interests, which are perhaps not involved at present, will cease to exist in the future. Nor should we leave out of account that wider and Greater Britain, of whose loyalty to the old country we have recently received such striking proofs, but who will scarcely consent to remain under our flag when that flag has become a disgrace and a by-word among nations. If we are really anxious for an honourable extrication from our present dilemma, we should not be content with proclaiming to the wondering world that we are making war preparations, that the B battery of Horse Artillery has received orders to hold itself in readiness for immediate service abroad, and that a torpedo-boat has been commissioned for the Baltic. We should act. We are told that 25,000 men could be massed in Quetta at three weeks' notice. They should be massed at once. While we are telling all the world that we shall be able to send a handful of troops against the Russians a month after war is declared, Russia is coolly concentrating 120,000 men in Central Asia. Our diplomatic negotiations, our terrible manifestoes, frighten nobody; they only serve to give Russia time to concentrate her forces. I am firmly of opinion that the more decided the attitude we assume, the stronger the forces we muster, the better will be our chances of peace—and of an honourable peace.

Russia has much to weigh before going to war. She runs many risks in opposing us. Perhaps the first consideration is that of strength. We know that Russia, when the reserves are called out, can muster (on paper) three million strong. With this army she has to protect an area of nearly nine million square miles. We, on the other hand, have only our Indian frontier to protect by our land forces; the Navy will do the rest. These land forces, nominally, do not exceed 500,000 men; as a matter of fact, they could be raised to almost any desired numbers, and we should have no difficulty in massing a force of 100,000 fully equipped troops on the Afghan frontier, to be reinforced by a second army of 100,000 men on the commencement of hostilities. It is by adopting measures like these that peace may be maintained, and our objects gained more promptly than by telling everybody that we do not intend to mobilise more than 50,000 men. Russia, on the other hand, would not be able to get more than 100,000 men, at most, as far as Herat, and it would take her an enormously long time to transport this large mass of troops to the Desert and maintain it there; besides, even this number would be materially weakened by the necessity of leaving forces to guard the railway, which would have to be built, and convoy the provisions.

Another consideration which Russia would have to face, is the all-important one of finance. Where is the money to come from? say some. Russia is already practically bankrupt, and a big war now might possibly ruin her. It might, of course, have the opposite effect, and stimulate Russian internal industry and agriculture to its utmost. In the event of the war being popular, we must also remember that Russia is rich in sunk capital. Her nobility, her churches and religious houses, her merchants, possess fabulous quantities of jewellery and gems, and these, of course, at the beck of the omnipotent Tsar, would be poured into the Imperial treasury. Besides, for internal purposes, a paper currency would answer the purposes of a circulating medium, just as it did in America. We are, therefore, not inclined to attach the importance to the financial aspect of the question which the English public seems to give it. In this respect, General Skobeleff's view was, perhaps, correct.

But the really weak point of Russia's armour is her uncertainty of the loyalty of her own subjects. The large majority of these can, no doubt, be absolutely relied on, but who are the minority that should be distrusted? This is the question. Who and where are the Nihilists? It is quite impossible to say how and when the determined social agitation known to us as Nihilism will break out into an open revolt. In our opinion, there is but little to dread from the towns, because they are few; from the country, because its inhabitants are scattered. The dangerous place is the army, the very place that should be the safest. Where would Russia be if the army should mutiny? It would not be the first time that autocrats have been betrayed by the very engines with which they have maintained themselves; and mutinies among the troops have occurred in Russia before. Latest advices would seem to show that the Nihilists are fully alive to the importance of gaining over the army, and that they have not been entirely unsuccessful in their labours.

This, then, is the point. England has everything to lose by retreating before Russia, and nothing to fear by confronting her. Russia has everything to gain by fighting us; but it is a gambler's stake on hazard, for she may crumble entirely to dust under the combined influence of English arms, internal disorders, bankruptcy, and destitution.

We should not therefore risk our reputation, our moral influence in Asia, our prestige all over the world, for fear of Russia. By taking up a firm and upright position we are more likely to attain our objects and preserve peace than if we lead Russia to believe that we are either too weak or too cowardly to oppose her.

E. A. Brayley Hodgetts.

THE HILL TRIBES OF INDIA.

A delightfully interesting personal narrative, intermixed with characteristic fresh anecdotes of native life on the eastern borders of India, and of administrative official business in the management of primitive races of people, is entitled by its author, with humorous modesty, *A Fly on the Wheel* (published by W. H. Allen and Co.). "How I Helped to Govern India," which is the second part of the title, sufficiently explains the first part; and Lieutenant-Colonel Thomas Herbert Lewin, formerly Superintendent of Hill Tribes in the highland districts above Chittagong, seems to be a first-rate example of those virtues and abilities by which the Indian Civil Service performs its wonderful and beneficent work, to the admiration of all who know what it really is and does. His earliest Indian experience was military, going out in 1857 as a young cadet from Addiscombe, and landing in Bengal just in time, as he relates, to see a sharp bit of warfare in the Sepoy Mutiny War, at the defence of Cawnpore, at the siege of Lucknow, and in the pursuit of Tantia Topee. In 1862, Lieutenant Lewin was appointed District Superintendent of Police at Hazaribagh, among the Sonthals; whence he was transferred, after a year or two, to Noacolly, in the labyrinth of waters and marshy islets at the outlets of the Ganges; but was soon removed again to Chittagong, near the head of the Gulf of Bengal, opposite Calcutta, and dwelt in the hill country of that district till after the Lushai campaign of 1872. The best portions of this volume narrate his adventures and dealings, mostly friendly, and we believe always faithful and useful, with different native tribes who are extremely unlike the Hindoos of the mere cultivated Indian provinces. The Sonthals, inhabiting some tracts of Upper Bengal are a fine, manly race, and the author of this book has a manifest liking for them; but he had the gift of quickly making himself at home with simple folk, ignorant barbarians of brave and honest nature, and of winning their confidence, and even their affection, as well as their respect. The tokens of such mutual sentiments of goodwill are agreeably abundant throughout the volume, which is full of the liveliest incidents, told with great spirit and humour, illustrative of the habits and customs, the ideas and feelings, of the very original people among whom he lived on familiar terms as a patron and protector. A convenient map of the eastern coast, from the Tipperah district down to the port of Akyab, including Chittagong and Arracan, with the rivers and mountain ranges inland to the frontier of Burmah, helps the reader to follow Captain Lewin's frequent excursions in different directions up and down there, to find Chandraguna and Rangamati, successively places of his official residence on the Karnaphuli river; the several abodes of neighbouring chieftains, the Mong Rajah, the Bohmong, the Ranee Kalindi, and Rutton Poia, with whom he had to negotiate; the whereabouts of the Shendus and of the Lushais, predatory highlanders whom it was necessary at length to chastise for their raids in the British tea-plantations of Cachar. He made very laborious journeys, usually on foot, with one or two attendants, to explore the almost unknown topography of the wild region behind the Indian settlements on that shore, and was more than once in peril of his life, being severely wounded by a Shendu assassin, and shot at upon other occasions. The courage, and the energy and determination, with which he proceeded in arresting malefactors and checking mischievous practices, deserved probably more notice from his official superiors at Calcutta than they received for some time; but his services as political officer with General Brownlow, commanding in 1872 the southern wing of the force dispatched against the Lushais, from Demagree into the country of the Sylu and Howlong clans, were publicly acknowledged. It was due to his personal influence with the natives, and to his patience, tact, and sagacity, that the captive British subjects, including the little English girl, Mary Winchester, a child of six years, were safely released, and that the marauders were brought to submit without completely destroying their villages and dispersing their tribes. Captain Lewin had pleasanter relations, of course, with the people under his immediate rule, the Mughs, Chakmas, Bunjoghis, and others, mostly of Arracan race, kindred to the Burmese, and of the Buddhist religion. He studied their language, history, institutions, and local mythology, to very good profit, and it is worth while to learn what he tells us about them. Hunting adventures with tigers, elephants, and other grand game of the forests of South-Eastern Asia, will also be found in this book, for which which Colonel Lewin merits the best thanks of his readers, and as large a number of them as will accept any book of the kind.

A meeting of descendants of Huguenots settled in the United Kingdom was held last evening at the Criterion Restaurant, and a Huguenot Society was formed, with Sir. H. Austen Layard as president.

Owing to the death of his brother in the Soudan, the Earl of Rosebery is unable to preside at the anniversary dinner of the Royal Literary Fund, on Wednesday, May 6. The chair will therefore be filled by Lord John Manners, M.P.

The School Board for London reassembled on the 16th inst. after the Easter recess. An ineffectual attempt was made by the Rev. G. M. Murphy to induce the Board to present a petition to Parliament in favour of educational endowments, landed property, and ecclesiastical revenues being to some extent made available towards the reduction of the education rate. The Board agreed that a peripatetic plan of teaching mechanics should be tried in Olga-street school and in about twenty of the neighbouring schools in Hackney and the Tower Hamlets.—A bluebook contains some statistics compiled by the Education Department respecting school boards and school attendance committees. From the tables given it appears that, of the total population of England and Wales (Census 1881), 25,974,439, the proportion under school boards was 16,153,855, and under school attendance committees 9,820,584. The jurisdiction of school boards, exclusive of the metropolis, extends over 144 boroughs and 2823 civil parishes; whilst 109 boroughs, 73 urban sanitary districts, and 579 unions are educationally governed by school attendance committees.

A TURKOMAN RAID.

The readers of the *Illustrated London News* during the past six months have had the opportunity of learning much of the actual condition of those countries of Central Asia, bordering on the line of the Russian advance from the Caspian to Afghanistan, which are immediately affected by the extension of military conquests in that direction. Mr. Simpson, our Special Artist with the British Afghan Boundary Commission, in his long journey from Teheran through the northern parts of Persia and Khorassan to the banks of the Heri-Rud and of the Murghab, north of Herat, continually found the evidences of immense mischief done for many years past by the incessant raids of the marauding Turkomans, whom Russia has effectually subdued. Among his Sketches early published in this Journal were those of Lasgird, a singular "town of refuge," scarcely a hundred miles eastward of Teheran, built expressly to afford occasional shelter to the unhappy peasantry of Northern Persia at the sudden approach of those merciless depredators, manslayers, and kidnappers for the Turkistan slave-markets. A circular fortress of high walls, constructed of hard dried mud, with one low doorway, which could be closed by a stone door and strongly barricaded, and with projecting round bastions and loopholes and battlements for the defenders' musketry, contained interior galleries and platforms, one above another, with hundreds of cells for the accommodation of families gathered from the surrounding country, while their cattle and stores of grain, and their little store of household property, might lie secure at the basement. Similar structures are to be seen in other places along the Border, in some instances with outworks, detached round towers, by the fire from which the enemy's approach could perhaps be arrested for a little while, giving time for those in the main fortress to collect themselves and prepare for its defence.

Mr. Simpson has made personal inquiries in many localities, and obtained a correct acquaintance with the state of things which existed not many years ago, while he has visited some of the Turkoman tribes now inhabiting the country between Merv and Herat, whose former marauding propensities have recently been checked. Our large Engraving is from a Sketch designed by him to illustrate, with complete accuracy in the details of scenery and costume, one of those fierce attacks by the wild horsemen of the Kara-Kum Desert, baffled here, apparently, by the "Tower of Refuge," which were of yearly occurrence, at one point or another, over the entire region. The last of the terrified fugitives, running for their lives from the fields where they have been labouring, or from their village homes beyond, are speeding to the still open door of the fortress; while in the tower outside a few brave men, directed by the chief, who waves his hand and shouts from the roof, begin to fire upon the Turkomans as they gallop up the hill, so as to gain a few minutes for their friends seeking refuge in the main citadel. There is another tower on the rock in the background, the elevated position of which must have commanded a distant view of the coming enemy. The stone cisterns or wells, for use when the stream dries up in summer, the small gardens inclosed with low fences, and two or three small structures looking like tombs or Moslem shrines, are such as may be found about a collection of native dwellings. The usual dress of the Turkomans consists of loose trousers, boots for riding on horseback, and wide-sleeved gowns, with a woollen or cotton scarf tied as a girdle round the waist, and with a "kalpak" or head-dress of sheepskin, the wool outside. A horseman generally does not sit straight, but obliquely, with his left shoulder turned to the rear, and is apt to stand in his stirrups at full gallop. The bridle, and the straps on the horse's neck, are embroidered or ornamented with silver scales and cornelians; the weapons are a musket or rifle slung behind the shoulder, a sabre, and a pistol or two stuck in the girdle.

Captain H. Spalding, in his book on "Khiva and Turkestan," published in 1874, gives a minute account of these people and their habits, and of the manner in which they were, at that time, accustomed to conduct their plundering and kidnapping expeditions. "A week rarely passes," he says, "without a troop of Turkomans equipping themselves for an incursion, or their return from one, and rarely do they return without booty. The hardest lot is that of the Persians, whom the Yomuds, Salors, and Tekkes carry off; the Turkomans take them in such numbers every year, that the price of a Persian slave in the bazaar of Khiva does not exceed twenty-five roubles, or £4 sterling. Still worse is the condition of the captured Persians who fail to find purchasers in Khiva, or whom the Turkomans keep for their own convenience, as slaves in their *aouls*, for the severest labours. They hamstring those whom they employ as shepherds, to prevent their flight. It is difficult to credit the extent of the cruelty exercised by the Turkomans on their Persian captives. The Persian is much to be pitied who finds himself exposed to the nocturnal attack of these marauders; rags, which scarcely cover his body, are at once substituted for his garments; his hands and feet are loaded with chains, which gall him severely at the slightest movement; and, in the course of several days and weeks, he gets nothing but the worst of food. At night, to prevent any attempt at flight, they place an iron collar round the neck of the prisoner, and fasten it to a block by a chain, which makes every motion known by its rattling. During Vambéry's stay at Gumush Tepe, a night never passed without fire-arms being discharged from the seashore, announcing the return of pirate vessels with their plunder. It was rare to find a Turkoman tent where there were not two or three Persians loaded with chains." Forty thousand of these captives were in Khiva when the Russians came. We will add no further reflections, but merely quote the observation made by Captain Spalding, eleven years ago, upon the Russian expedition to Khiva:—"The success of the expedition will prove a blessing to the whole of Central Asia. One of the first consequences of the fall of Khiva has been the liberation of those Persian captives whose cruel fate is described in these pages, and the abolition of slavery in its chief stronghold. These facts alone should make us join in applauding the triumph of Russia."

The Hon. H. W. Petre has resigned the mastership of the Essex pack of staghounds, which has for about twenty years gone under his name. Mr. Petre is to be presented with a testimonial by members of the Hunt.

A largely attended public meeting, over which the Lord Mayor presided, was held at the Cannon-street Hotel on the 16th inst., at which resolutions were carried that the meeting viewed with deep concern and anxiety the present state of the Navy, and pressing on the Government the necessity of taking immediate steps to provide such additional ships, guns, and men as shall afford the security which our Empire and commerce require; and that the meeting was convinced that, in any financial scheme necessary in the public interests, the Government would have the hearty co-operation of all classes. The principal speakers were Mr. W. H. Smith, M.P., Mr. W. E. Forster, M.P., Admiral Sir J. D. Hay, M.P., and Sir E. Reed, M.P.

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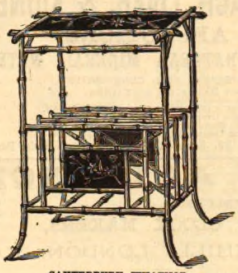
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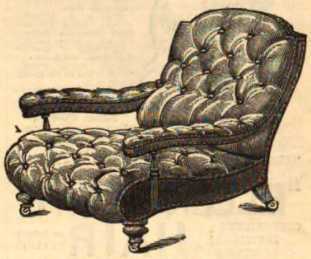
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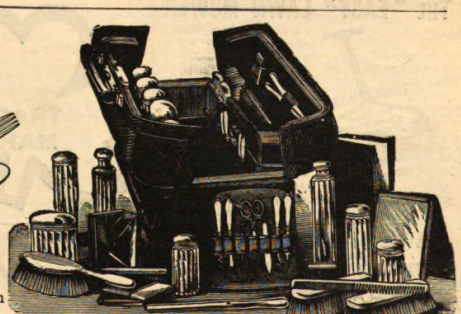
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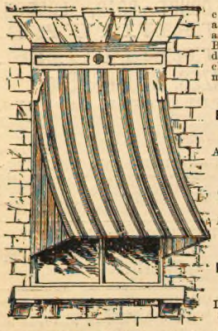
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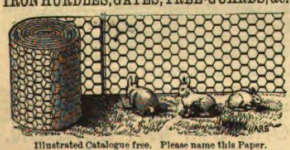
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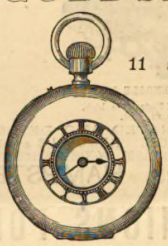
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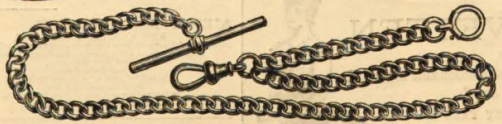
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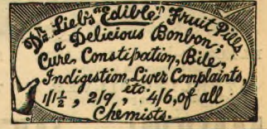
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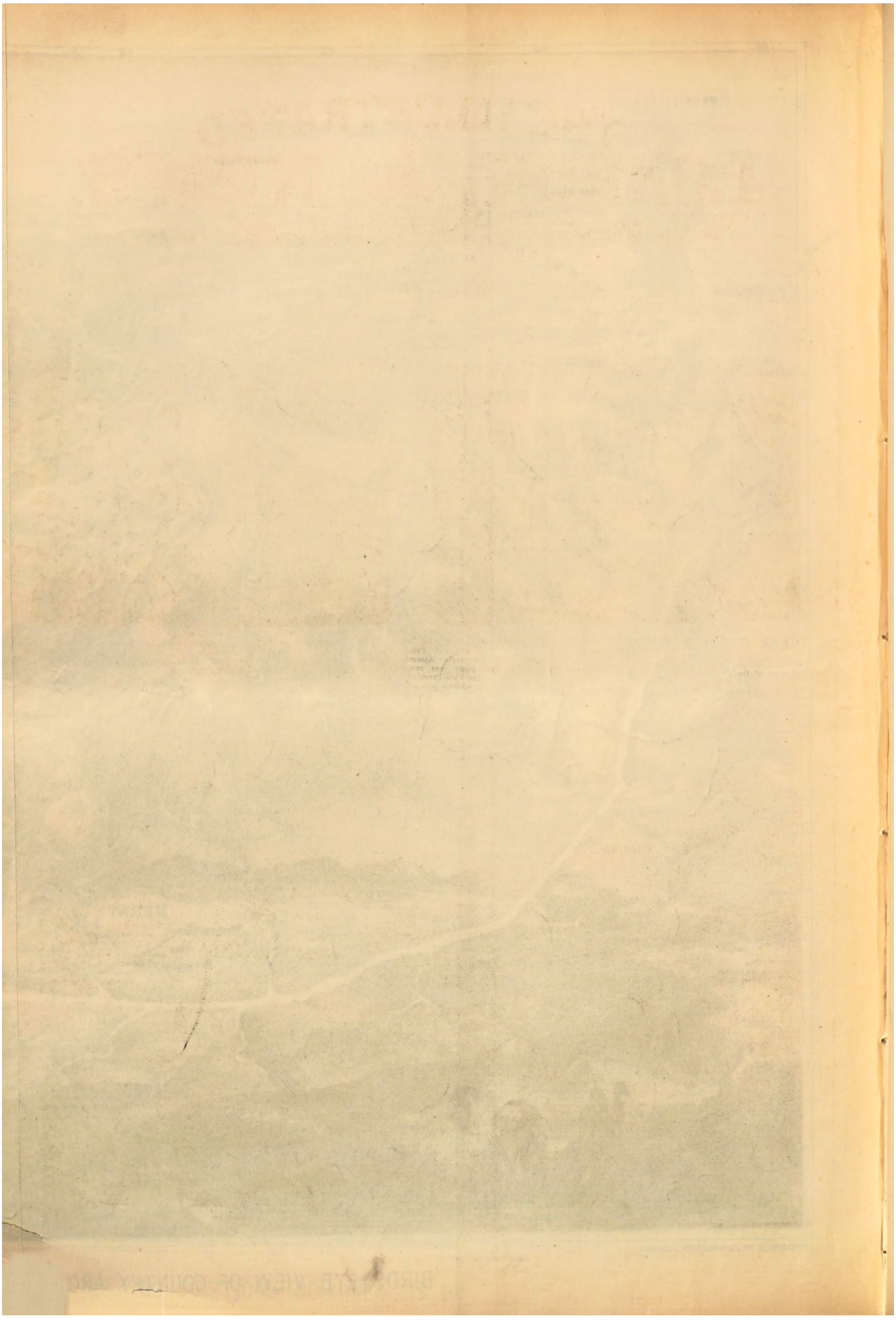
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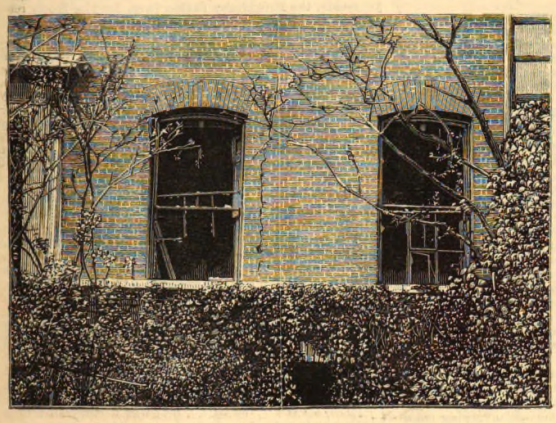


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WINDOWS OF MR. SWAINSON'S ROOM OVERLOOKING GARDEN ADJACENT TO THE HORSE-GUARDS' PARADE.



REMAINS OF BOOK-SHELVES, AND DESK AT WHICH MR. SWAINSON WAS SITTING.

EFFECTS OF THE EXPLOSION AT THE ADMIRALTY.—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN FOR GOVERNMENT.

Young Prisoners of War.



THE WAR IN THE SOUDAN: THE BATTLE OF HASHEEN.
FROM A SKETCH BY DR. CUNINGHAM, SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT OF THE "LANCET."

OUR NOTE-BOOK

When Mr. Palgrave published his "Golden Treasury of Songs and Lyrics" in 1861, he dedicated the volume to the Poet Laureate, and on stating in the preface that the collection did not include living authors, he expressed a hope that by other hands and in days far distant poems by Tennyson, Lowell, and others would be inserted in his Treasury. Happily, that day has not yet arrived; but Mr. Palgrave has this week proved his admiration of Lord Tennyson's poetry in a way that must be alike satisfactory to poet and to critic. "Lyrical Poems by Alfred, Lord Tennyson, selected and annotated by Francis Turner Palgrave," is an announcement that will be read with interest by all lovers of lyric poetry. His poems have been known to the public for more than half a century, and time and familiarity have in no wise lessened their charm. It is as a singer that the name of Tennyson will live in the literature of his country; and a volume of such a poet's best lyrics must contain "infinite riches in a little room." By-the-way, considering what a consummate master of rhythm Lord Tennyson has become, it is curious to read the statement made by Coleridge fifty-two years ago on the Laureate's earliest volumes. "There are some things of a good deal of beauty in what I have seen. The misfortune is that he has begun to write verses without very well understanding what metre is."

Love, says Thomas Hood, may haunt the grave of love, and watch the mould in vain; but this useless occupation will be gone if Sir Spencer Wells carries his darling scheme of cremation. No doubt it has much to commend it. A city churchyard is the most melancholy place in existence, and we have discovered of late years that it is also one of the most unhealthy. On the other hand, a country churchyard has its poetical aspects, and if cremation had been in vogue in Gray's time we should never have had his "Elegy." Sentiment and poetry, however, need not be wholly banished by cremation. "He that hath the ashes of his friend," says Sir Thomas Browne, "hath an everlasting treasure"; and this fine old writer gives also the following quaint reason for preferring fire to interment: "To be knaved out of our graves, to have our skulls made drinking-bowls, and our bones turned into pipes to delight and sport our enemies are tragical abominations escaped in burning burials."

Nomenclature is not the least curious of the many curious things connected with horse-racing. The same name is bestowed over and over again, either from poverty of invention or from inadvertence, or by mere accident, or perhaps as a good omen; and, like Cremorne, Zephyr, Little Duck, and many another, is both applicable and applied to either sex indifferently, though the mythic Zephyr, who was the sire of the two horses Xanthos and Balios that belonged to Achilles, would probably have considered himself libelled by the little liberty which has been taken with his masculine name. Paradox, the observed of all observers this season, has had at least two predecessors of the same name and of his own sex—Paradox, son of Merlin and Penelope's sister (Pawn), foaled in 1827, and Paradox, son of Phlegon and Clelia, foaled in 1859. Of them the latter ran no fewer than ten times at two years of age; but only won once (the Little John Stakes at Nottingham), and eight times at three years and won once (a Handicap Sweepstakes at Newmarket); and the former, a "terribly high-bred" animal, belonging to the very successful Duke of Grafton, ran many times at two, three, and four years of age, for the Clearwell Stakes, for the Criterion Stakes, for the Oatland Stakes, and so on; but was not a competitor either for the Two Thousand or for the Derby, and only won a few inferior races. This Paradox, son of Merlin, became the property, it would seem, of Prince Demidoff and went to Florence first and afterwards to France, where he remained (till he was sold) as a stud-horse, but did not greatly "illustrate" himself as a sire. Perhaps his namesake of this season may be destined to take away the reproach.

The ex-Presidents of the United States retire very quietly into private life when their term of office is over. President Arthur has resumed his connection as counsel with the firm of Knevals and Ransom, his former partners, and began practice once more on April 15.

French hostesses, ever on the *qui vive* for something new, have introduced several Tonquinese dishes into their *menus* for state occasions. One of these is *Pilow Turc*, a curious amalgamation of cooked rice and fowl, tossed in butter and served with tomato sauce. Another is *Dolmas de riz*, tiny croquettes, each wrapped in a fresh vine-leaf, and fried in olive oil; and a third is *Artichauts à la Russe*, formed by stuffing the centres of artichokes with rich forcemeat, and serving them cold in olive oil. The proper garniture of this dish is fresh olive-leaves.

Diplomatists have been very much surprised at the appointment of Count Paul Andreevitch Schouvaloff as Ambassador from the Court of St. Petersburg to Berlin. He is a distinguished soldier, and has seen a great deal of service, having been in the Caucasian and Crimean wars, in the Polish insurrection of 1863, and the Turco-Russian campaign, in the closing conflict of which, the battle of Philippopolis, he took a prominent part. He is well known in Berlin, and is a personal favourite with the Emperor William, so that the appointment is probably one of the best that could possibly be made. His brother, Count Peter Schouvaloff, who has filled the post of Russian Ambassador in London, had so much influence over the late Czar that he was familarly called Peter IV., the last Peter who sat on the throne of all the Russias having been the third of his name. The Schouvaloffs belong to a very ancient family, and it is said that they are all born with the gifts of brains and beauty, and the art of *savoir faire*.

The Italian Derby, which was run at Rome about a fortnight ago, for the second time since its institution, has set people talking as if horse-racing in English fashion (quite different from that of the "barberi") were an entirely new thing in Italy. But it was in vogue at Florence a long while ago, though of course it was not of much account; there was a Florence Jockey Club in existence at a comparatively early date; there was a movement to found a Società Ippica Toscana in 1868; and some readers may be "surprised to learn" that Florence was the place where the famous Sir Joseph Hawley, who won the Derby four times and "belonged to" Teddington, Beadsman, Musjid, Blue Gown, Fitz-Roland, Rosicrucian, Green Sleeves, Madame Eglentine, Miami, and a "galaxy of talent," began his horse-racing career.

Apparently, even attorneys are human; that is to say that, with all their knowledge of the law, they cannot refrain from libel. An attorney of Bedford has been sentenced to a month's imprisonment for libelling another attorney of Bedford. Surely, an attorney ought to be able to slander his neighbour and yet keep clear of legal consequences, else what is the good of legal education, training, and experience? That diamond should cut diamond, that attorney should libel attorney at all—this, perhaps, is the strangest part of the phenomenon. Augur will libel augur next.

A "Pupil of Eight Years' Standing" at Epsom College offers some rectifications of a paragraph relating to that establishment which appeared in our Issue of April 18, and we willingly make room for the gentleman's emendations. In the first place, he says, the number of foundationers is fifty, and not forty-five. He very truly observes that ten masters, ten prefects, ten sub-prefects, and two sergeants, always on the move, are enough to maintain order among the pupils; and says that the reason why no candidates pass the Oxford and Cambridge Local Examinations is that none are ever sent in; adding, that one fellow went up last year to the Oxford School Board exam., and *passed*, and that five out of six passed the first M.B. of London University last year. He also points out that nine assistant masters always dine with the boys, the head master dining with those who live in his own house; and pays a well-deserved tribute to that gentleman's scholarship. That Dr. West is a ripe scholar and a fine specimen of an English gentleman is well known by all who have ever been brought into contact with him.

The Municipal Council of Antwerp do not intend the visitors to come to its Exposition to be fleeced by the greed of hotel and lodging-house keepers. Visits of inspection have been paid, details summarised, and an office opened at the Hôtel de Ville to which travellers only have to drive on their arrival. They will find every particular in the books, and can choose accommodation varying from 1s. 3d. to 10s. per day, according to their means. The Council has gone still further by converting the building formerly called the Royal Athenæum into a popular hotel, where five hundred persons can live at the moderate price of one franc a day. The hotel-keepers are not loud in their praises of the authorities, but their action is very wise; for though Antwerp has always been a busy city, her future will be greater than her past, as in a very short time she will be found to have developed into one of the largest ports for merchant shipping in Europe.

The painter of the "Roll-Call" would surely have been a proud and happy woman if she had stood in Antwerp Cathedral the other day while one of her compatriots gazed at Rubens' "Descent from the Cross." He looked long and fixedly, and at last turned away, saying to his companion: "Wonderful! Worthy of Miss Thompson!"

Society, and especially musical society, will miss the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh, if they break up their homes in England and retire to Germany, as is said to be likely if war breaks out between Great Britain and Russia. Such a step would, however, be perfectly natural; for a woman, however high her rank, cannot be expected to steel her heart against her own kith and kin; and a more painful position than that of the Duchess of Edinburgh in this country, if the two nations go to war, can hardly be imagined.

It has been thought in some quarters that the new Albert Palace at Battersea might perhaps prove a rival to the Sydenham edifice, which Mr. Ruskin so emphatically declares "not a Palace, nor of Crystal." But in reality there is room enough for both; and, however much the new one may prosper, English men and women are faithful to their old loves, and will never cease to regard the old Palace, which commands so vast a view of pretty country on all sides, with feelings of affection. Was it not there that Joe and Jane, from Hoxton, spent their wedding day? And did not Edwin make a point of taking Angelina down to the flower shows during their courtship? And when Pater and Mater familias take the youngsters down to Sydenham on a firework night, some shreds of romance still hang about the old place and linger in their hearts, and they cannot invest a new locality with the same associations.

The two great races for this week were the Great Metropolitan Stakes (on Tuesday) and the City and Suburban Handicap (on Wednesday); but neither of those races is wont to project a shadow significant of coming events, so far as the chief three-year-old contests are concerned, although St. Albans, winner of the Great Metropolitan, won the St. Leger also in 1860; Virago, winner both of the Great Metropolitan and of the City and Suburban, won the One Thousand also in 1854; and Sefton, winner of the City and Suburban, won the Derby also in 1878. Caractacus, moreover, ran second for the Great Metropolitan in 1862 just before he won his sensational Derby; and for the City and Suburban the famous American horse, Foxhall, ran second just before he began to win his wonderful series of successes at three years of age. As a rule, however, neither of the great spring handicaps at Epsom gives much of a "line" for the "classic" races of the year.

The attire of some of the ladies at the private view of the Grosvenor Gallery was of the fearful and wonderful order. Those saloons have always been the rendezvous of the æsthetes, and grey greens and green browns were in full force, with a sprinkling of old pinks, new golds, and every variety of drabs. Mrs. Langtry, who can wear what she pleases, had a resplendent green butterfly in her black bonnet; and Mrs. Oscar Wilde, who is also pretty enough to set her own fashions, had just borrowed one from Kate Greenaway. It was rather a loss to the community that Mrs. Bernard Beere wore the hue of woe, but she looked remarkably well in it.

How Darley's Arabian preponderates over the two other "primitive sires" take what follows as the proof. Up to the close of the Newmarket Craven Meeting the most notable races were the Lincolnshire Handicap (won by Bendigo), the Leicestershire Handicap (won by Whitelock), the Spencer Plate (won by Cairo), the Great Northamptonshire Stakes (won by Marmora), the Newmarket Biennial for three-year-olds (won by Gracchus), the Crawfurd Plate (won by Ordovix), the Column Stakes (won by the son of Hampton and Red Rag), the Babraham Plate (won by Macheath), the Biennial for four-year-olds (won by Zadig), the Craven Stakes (won by Esterling), the Newmarket Handicap (won by Pizarro), the Friday Plate for three-year-olds (won by Glimmer), and for two-year-olds, the Brocklesby Stakes (won by The Bard), the Lincoln Cup (won by Assignation), the Molyneux Stakes (won by The Bard), the Sefton Park Plate (won by Queen Joanna), the Little John Plate (won by Esher), the Zetland Stakes (won by Moonstruck), the Althorp Park Stakes and the Ascot Plate (both won by The Bard), the Double Trial Plate at Newmarket (won by Assignation), the Two-Year-Old Plate (won by the daughter of Ethelred and Cerise), and the 200-sovs. Plate (won by Luc); and, with the exceptions of Macheath and Assignation, who acknowledge Byerley's Turk for their "first parent," all the winners mentioned trace back in the direct male line to Darley's Arabian.

The quaint and pretty fashion of dancing round the maypole is more familiar to Londoners from seeing the festivities reproduced in pantomime and in comic opera than from witnessing them participated in by buxom, cherry-checked mild-maids and boisterous cow-boys. Yet the maypoles nearest to the metropolis used to be the best attended, and, according to the old authorities, afforded the most sportive entertainments. The one that stood the longest near to London was near Kennington-green, at the back of the houses at the south corner of the Workhouse lane leading from the Vauxhall-road and Elizabeth-place. The site was then vacant, and the maypole used to be placed in the field facing the old Black Prince public-house. It was removed as far back as 1795, when the ground was required for building purposes. Jack o' the Green, too, was a different fellow to what he is now, even down to twenty years ago, when he walked about adorned with a floral wreath, and carrying a long walking-stick, which he whisked about in the course of his rustic dance.

It seems curious that wealthy connoisseurs of the most artistic classes of china and works of art do not care to collect Wedgwood ware. Yet such is the case, and a sale of this beautiful English pottery at Christie's last week failed to realise anything like a satisfactory result. There seems to be little reason for the disregard into which it has fallen, and it can only be accounted for by the fact that crazes after any special articles or any special colours are usually only of a fleeting character. There is such a lot of Wedgwood china, and the modern reproductions at the famous pottery are almost as artistic as the originals, many of which were designed by Flaxman, while those representing classical bas-reliefs were copied from ancient models from Herculaneum, lent by Sir William Hamilton to Josiah Wedgwood. Of course, these have been standing patterns ever since 1759, when the factory commenced to turn out the celebrated ware; and as there is a continuous flow on the market, the pottery of a hundred and twenty years ago is little more sought after than that of the present day. Nevertheless, we should like to see native artistic pottery meet with more encouragement at the hands of those who set the fashions in bric-à-braccircles.

The French Government having taken the Hotel of the Prince Chimay, in Paris, for the purpose of extending l'Ecole des Beaux-Arts, his Highness disposed by auction of his collection of pictures and articles of virtù. The gem which attracted amateurs from all parts of Europe was Greuze's celebrated picture, "La Dormeuse." Although only 21 inches in height by 18 in breadth, it realised 3600 guineas. Small pictures have lately fetched much larger prices, in proportion to their size, than big ones. And no wonder. Few people have room for gigantic canvases, however worthy; while a place can always be found for a little treasure. Let modern painters who aspire to posthumous honours take the hint.

The coming Aylesbury and Rickmansworth Railway, with its branch to Chesham and *détour* in the direction of Amersham, will open up some of the loveliest country in South Bucks. The county has hitherto been practically unknown, as it is merely skirted on its borders by the North and Great Western lines of rail, and its centre is as slow and primitive as if the iron horse were a thing unknown. When the Chiltern Hills, with their hanging beech woods, are accessible, artists will, indeed, have fresh fields and pastures new open to them, and we may expect to see some very novel and vigorous landscapes in our exhibitions. Buckinghamshire has no prominent rivers or picturesque streams, but fir and beech trees mingle as they do on the broken ground at the foot of the Alps, and it is as rich in wild flowers as the lower slopes of the Jura.

What if it should turn out that the "explosive" which cost poor Mr. Swainson so dear was merely a "sample" submitted for the inspection of "my Lords," long forgotten, and left to itself until it "went off" by one of those accidents that will happen in the best regulated Admiralties, without any malice prepense on the part either of "dynamitards" or aggrieved officials? Such an idea, wild as it may be, has been entertained.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

The one hundred and sixteenth exhibition of the Royal Academy, which opens on Monday next, will be chiefly recollected for the increase in the number rather than for the quality of the works exhibited. By this, we do not mean that the general average falls below that of many of its immediate predecessors, but that the additional wall-space is not accompanied by any very remarkable display of that genius which we had been led to imagine was waiting for an opportunity to assert itself. The principal change in the arrangement of the rooms, by means of which Sir Frederick Leighton's promises have been fulfilled, is the opening out of what is known as Gallery II. of two new rooms especially devoted to water colours, engravings, &c., and the extension of oil pictures over the two rooms thus gained. Whether this is an altogether unmixed benefit, the public will have to pronounce upon. They have now no less than eleven galleries—including the sculpture—through which to work, before arriving at that happy oasis of solitude which we venture to prophesy the Water-Colour Room will become, unless it be used as an annexe to the refreshment department, of which it almost seems to form an element. But the question which naturally arises is—To what purpose are water colours included in the exhibitions at Burlington House? Its governing body recognises no distinction, however eminent, in this branch of painting. David Cox, P. De Wint, Copley Fielding, William Hunt, are a few among many names, which may be cited as being found in the first ranks of English art, yet never acknowledged by the Royal Academy or admitted to take a place in their ranks; although no such exclusiveness was contemplated or imposed by the original foundation. For different reasons, we think that the exhibition of architectural drawings might far more advantageously take place at the institution especially devoted to that art. It is true that among the Royal Academicians architects find a few places; but it is not, let us hope, on the strength of their paper designs, but upon their practical achievements, that they are elected. It is, however, by no means with the view of obtaining still further wall-room for oil paintings that we raise this objection to the admittance of water-colour drawings, &c., to Burlington House; for a very casual survey of this year's exhibition is sufficient to show that for the present, at least, the space is sufficient for the demand, provided that among the rejected or unhung works none are of higher merit than those for which room has been found. Moreover, we are still more strongly of opinion that it is not by indefinitely increasing accommodation, but by restricting privileges, that the best impetus will be given to art in this country.

On the present occasion, we cannot do more than glance generally at the contents of the galleries, reserving for the future any particular remarks on the special qualities of the works exhibited. The places of honour in the large gallery are this year assigned to Mr. Millais and Mr. Tadema. "The Ruling Passion" (212) represents an ornithologist lying on a sofa, covered by a blanket, and explaining to a group of eagerly listening children the beauties of a stuffed bird, which he holds in his hand. The wistful, curious faces of the children are full of life and expressiveness, and their attitudes charmingly simple and naive. The ornithologist himself, which is a capital, if somewhat free, portrait of Mr. Millais' brother-Academician, Mr. T. O. Barlow, the engraver, gives scope for a display of that ease of posture which Mr. Millais catches with far greater sympathy than he displays for dignity or formality. Another work by Mr. Millais, "The Orphans" (859), is a charming little girl in a white dress, carrying a rabbit in her apron. It is a work which belongs to the series of children's portraits on which he has been occupied for some time past, and is very much sweeter than most of its predecessors. But, amongst the portrait-painters of the year, Mr. Herkomer will gain increased reputation by "Miss Katharine Grant" (360), dressed in white, on a very light background. In finish and delicacy—qualities which have not hitherto been the distinctive marks of Mr. Herkomer's talent—this work will vie with any in the rooms. Mr. Alma Tadema's "Piano" (276) represents the philosopher on a marble seat, and recalls somewhat the "Sappho" of two years ago. All that marvellous fidelity of execution and careful study of archæology which distinguish Mr. Tadema's work are to be found in the accessories of the work, whilst the colours are more subdued than usual. In the face of the Greek philosopher, as in that of each of his Sicilian auditors, male and female, there is evidence of a persistent desire to reproduce the types which have been handed down to us; but whilst showing himself a faithful interpreter of the past, Mr. Alma Tadema does not forget that he is an artist of the present, and throws into his canvas a sense of living actuality. To him also must be in a measure credited the success of his follower, Mr. Waterhouse, whose "St. Eulalia" (503) is one of the most striking works by the younger men. Mr. Orchardson's "Salon of Madame Récamier" (172) will be one of the chief centres of attraction, uniting as it does literary interest to artistic merit. Far richer in tone than anything he has of late attempted, this work is almost entirely free from that "acidity" of colour with which Mr. Orchardson has been so frequently reproached. The deep crimson curtain contrasts admirably with the white and gold of the room, and whilst maintaining a high tone throughout the canvas, in no degree eclipses the importance of the characters. Of these, Madame Récamier, the "sphinx" of the Empire, is the most important and the most graceful figure, reclining on an ottoman, and holding in conversation a group of statesmen, littérateurs, and soldiers, who occupy one side of the large canvas. Amongst these are to be distinguished Talleyrand and Metternich, Sieyès and Bernadotte, and a host of others; whilst in the centre of a group on the left is Madame Récamier's literary rival, Madame De Staël, who, for the peace of mind of some of her contemporaries, was "so consolingly plain."

Of the other works which in a cursory glance most strike the eye may be mentioned the President's frieze, "Music" (344), a companion work to "The Dance," already exhibited—a picture with a score of figures, delightful in colour, but scarcely successful in pose; Mr. Frank Holl's portrait of "Lord Dufferin" (219), a full-length standing figure in a fur coat; Mr. Hook's "The weary sun hath made a golden set" (240), conceived in a very different spirit to the majority of the artist's works. The sea is glistening with innumerable colours, under a sky flecked with many-coloured clouds, through which the sun's light is glancing. The spot chosen is on the Cornish coast, looking towards the Land's End; and the skill with which the orange and purple tints of an autumn evening on that shore have been caught is very remarkable. Mr. Brett has likewise been practising his magic art in neighbouring seas, and his "Norman Archipelago" (1106), in the full blaze of a mid-day sun, will be accounted one of his most successful achievements. Over the scarcely rippled sea a few fisher-boats are lazily drifting in the tideway—the only objects giving any sense of movement, for the water seems to have scarcely energy enough to ripple over the sea-weed covered rocks which break the foreground. In the distance rise Herm, Brichon, and Guernsey, breaking through a sea-mist which obscures the lower shores.

THE GROSVENOR GALLERY.

It may be thought by some that the present year's exhibition shows a falling off in interest from some of its predecessors; but if it displays few remarkable works—and although Mr. Burne Jones is altogether unrepresented—the general average is a fair one. The place of honour is honestly earned by Mr. W. B. Richmond's "Audience of an Athens Theatre" (69), a large canvas containing upwards of fifty figures, upon all of whom careful elaboration has been bestowed. The audience is supposed to be watching the performance of the "Agamemnon" of Æschylus, and to have had its feelings roused to fever pitch by the speech in which Clytemnestra declares how she carried out her dreadful oath. In the centre of the group is the Archon performing his principal function as constitutional ruler of Athens, in attending the theatre. On either side of him stands a young priest of Dionysos in leopard skins, but beyond there is nothing to indicate his office or position. The elders, ranged on the marble benches in dignified attitudes, are wrapt in deepest attention, their richly-coloured robes—saffron and red—giving picturesqueness to the scene. In the back rows a few women are seen, rather, however, as attendants than as spectators. Beyond the theatre, which is in the open air, but covered with a yellow veil, one sees the Acropolis, and in the farther distance the blue mountains which look on Marathon. It is with this part of the picture that we are disposed to be least content; the deep blue of the sky above the theatre, where it is visible under the veil, contrasts too strongly with the same sky as seen more obliquely between the pillars of the theatre; whilst the absolutely shapeless blue mountains, without form or substance, have a look of uncompleted work. In spite, however, of these drawbacks, the picture is a very remarkable one, and will give an additional cause of regret to the Royal Academy that this painter persistently holds himself aloof from its exhibitions and declines to accept its advances. Mr. Richmond's other works comprise portraits of "Miss M. Burne Jones" (10), of an old lady with silver hair (110), dressed in black, very stately and noble looking; of "Mrs. Waters" (113), in a low-toned red brocade dress; of "Lady Loyd-Lindsay" (174), who, in spite of her grey hair, has a smooth brow and a young face—a portrait full of grace and quiet dignity; of "Mr. Andrew Lang" (191), in brown velveteen coat, looking somewhat wan and sad, and wanting in that keen glance which the original possesses, but nevertheless a very masterful performance; and one of "Miss Freshfield" (309), dressed all in white, displaying those delicate refinements of shadow which Mr. Richmond uses with so much effect.

Mr. Millais exhibits two portraits—one of his niece, "Miss Margaret Millais" (56), a fair-haired girl in a white frock, and one of "Mr. Gladstone" (54), in his red gown as D.C.L. (Oxon). The face, either intentionally or not, is far softer in expression, especially about the mouth and chin, than in the previous portrait of the Premier by the same artist; and somehow it seems to lack something of the character of the man who has exercised so remarkable an influence over his contemporaries. As a work of art, however, Mr. Millais' work cannot compare with Mr. Frank Holl's portrait of the late "Lord Overstone" (33), which is the best picture of the room for brilliancy, transparency, and colouring. Lord Overstone is represented in his wheel chair, in a black velvet coat and cap—the ideal of a venerable old man, who faces the close of life with serenity. If, however, any should be disposed to find a want of stern simplicity in the work, they have only to turn to the adjoining work of the same artist, the "Portrait of Mr. William T. Palmer" (28) where a quiet gentleman in a plain frock-coat is rendered with simple strength. Between these two specimens of realistic art is hung Mr. G. Watts' "Love and Life" (30), of which the replica has excited so much furore in the United States. The idea is expressed by two young figures scaling the heights of time or duty, Love helping on Life and making the hardest road pleasant—the roughest ways smooth. In none of his recent works has Mr. Watts succeeded better in showing how great he is as a colourist, and how defective as an anatomist. The limbs of both of the figures are painfully attenuated, regardless alike of classic proportions and natural development, whilst the trunk of the body of the mortal being is framed upon a model which can scarcely have drawn the breath of life. On the other hand, in the figure of Love, Mr. Watts has succeeded in gracefully combining the adjunct of wings with arm-bearing shoulders—no small achievement, as both artist and sculptor well know; and on the iridescent feathers of these wings he has expended his art with a result which is almost marvellous. Mr. Watts has another ideal work, "Ararat" (172), of which the chief characteristic is the varying depths of the blue sky against which the mountain top stands out. In "Life and Love," the foreground is made up of studies of rocks, painted with much detail—the more distant hills being lost in blue, whilst all above the cloud-flecked sky is lighted up with innumerable colours. In the "Ararat" the one colour prevails, and a comparison between the two works reveals the artist's power and sense of beauty. He contributes also two excellent portraits, one of "Mrs. F. Myers," under a canopy of dark leaves—a bright face and a gorgeous costume—and one of the late "Lord Hobart" (344), painted in a more serious tone and full of dignity; and one of "Miss Rachel Gurney" (62), a lovely figure in a black dress leaning against a wall, her hands folded behind her.

There are two portraits of "Mr. Robert Browning," one in his doctor's robes (6), by his son, Mr. R. B. Browning, and consequently challenging comparison with Mr. Millais's portrait of "Mr. Gladstone," and showing, but too clearly, the impassable gulf which lies between the artist and the craftsman; the other, by Mr. R. Lehmann (127), very simple and quiet, carefully painted, but a somewhat prosaic likeness of the poet.

Amongst the other portraits which will attract attention, mention should be made of those by Mr. Herkomer, of which that of "Mr. Sandbach" (197), a quiet, grey-headed old gentleman, is the best, though that of Mr. Villiers Stamford, the composer of "Savonarola," is the most ambitious; of Mr. Sargent's portrait of "Mrs. Mason" (31), full-length in black dress, with much transparent muslin—very clever, but hard and stiff; of Mr. P. R. Morris's "Miss Serjeantson" (51), a young girl in black and white, well planted on her feet, but otherwise uninteresting, whilst it occupies a space which might have been better occupied by the same artist's "Portrait in Silver Tones" (236), recalling some of his earlier work; of Mr. C. E. Hallé's portraits of his father (209) and of "Mrs. Douglas Labalmondière" (193), in neither of which does he seem to have seized more than a surface likeness of the originals. It is difficult to say whether Mr. Herbert Schmalz's figures—"Edmée" (52), "Denise" (86), and the like—should be ranked amongst the portraits. They are rather full-length studies, harmonious in colour, and executed with remarkable skill, but not altogether without a taint of affectation. In his portrait of "Lady Walsingham" (64) the attention to lace and frills reduces the value of the work as a portrait to a minimum, and suggests more the idea of a coloured photograph than of a work in which the painter's power has been allowed to dominate over the milliner's skill, and that Mr. Schmalz is capable of better work may be seen in the "Souvenir de Blankenberghe" (235), artificial and imitative as it is.

We must not conclude this first notice of the Grosvenor without alluding to Mr. Alma Tadema. He is represented by two portraits: one of "Dr. Epps" (1), seated by the bedside of a patient, painted with great minuteness—the black coat, red beard, and even the hand holding the watch being reckoned with carefully in filling up a canvas in which the white bed occupies so much space; the other, which pleases us far more, that of "Mr. Francis Powell" (58), looking as if it had been dashed off at the spur of the moment, and carrying with it the first fresh impressions of the artist. Mr. Alma Tadema also sends two of his carefully executed Roman archæological works, "Who is It?" (57), a group of three girls on a marble terrace, one of whom is looking over the wall; and the other, "Expectation" (81), a single figure of a girl watching the arrival of her lover from across the blue bay, on the smooth face of which the brown sail of his boat is to be seen; in the distance the white town—of which every house seems to have been painted separately—is glistening in the sun; whilst over the edge of the marble terrace the pink flowers of the oleander are climbing, and shedding warmth upon the scene.

We reserve for a future occasion our remarks on the remaining works.

THE WAR IN THE SOUDAN.

Our Special Artist, Mr. Walter Paget, accompanying the army of Lieutenant-General Sir Gerald Graham in the operations around Souakim, was with the force marching to Tamai, in the first days of April, and sends us Sketches of a few incidents which he then witnessed. General Graham took with him nearly all his troops, leaving the New South Wales Artillery, the 17th Bengal Infantry, and small detachments of every regiment, to guard the camp at Souakim, on Thursday, the 2nd ult.; and, in the evening of that day, his force occupied Teselah Hill and other heights overlooking Tamai. Early next morning, two columns advanced to that place; the one under command of General Fremantle consisted of Lancers, Hussars, Mounted Infantry, General Hudson's Indian Horse, four guns of the Horse Artillery, six Gardners and two mountain guns, the Grenadiers, the Coldstreams, the Scots Guards, and the Australians. The other body of troops was under the command of General Sir John McNeill, comprising a detachment of the Berkshire Regiment, the East Surrey and the Shropshire Regiments. The entire infantry force numbered 6500. A zereba was formed in the course of the march, and, in order to lessen the work of the scouts, it was decided to inflate the balloon, the gas being carried in tubes compressed into seventy-five volumes. The officers of the Royal Engineers in charge of the balloon are Major Temple and Lieutenant Mackenzie. The balloon is made of gold-beaters' skin, is 23 ft. in diameter, contains 7000 ft. cubic of gas, and its total weight is 90 lb. It is attached by a rope 200 ft. long to a waggon or any other convenient holdfast; one of the officers goes up in the car, and thence commands a very extensive view. Messages are sent up and down, written on small pieces of paper attached to the rope by a sliding loop. The gas is brought from England, having been manufactured at Chatham, and the balloon can remain aloft during nine hours. The force above mentioned, on the 3rd ult., occupied Tamai, after a slight resistance on the part of the enemy. The Arabs made themselves scarce, and the infantry returned to rest at McNeill's zereba, the cavalry going back to Souakim. The British loss during the operations was one man killed and six wounded, amongst the latter two Australians. The Arab encampment or collection of huts at Tamai was set on fire before the troops left it; but a correspondent says that it was scarcely worth a lucifer-match. A Soudani village is the most abjectly poverty-stricken collection of dog-holes in the universe. A tiny inclosure of sticks and coarse matting, with a hole inside for fire-place, perhaps an "angareeb," or bed, and a couple of flat stones for grinding corn—such is the description of an ordinarily comfortable dwelling in Tamai. Osman Digma's own house was not a whit better than the others. As the Arabs appear to have taken good care to send away all their cattle and portable property to the hills, the burning of their village will not do them much harm; they may regard it as a symbol of their defeat, and that is all."

We are indebted to Dr. Cuningham, of the Medical Staff, who has been acting as special correspondent of the *Lancet*, for a Sketch of the battle of Hasheen, fought on March 20, some Illustrations of which, by our Special Artist, were published on the 11th inst. This Sketch, taken from a different point of view, shows the square formed by the British troops, assailed on all sides by thousands of Arabs, who poured down from the surrounding hills; to the left, on a rising ground above the road to Tamai, are the Naval Brigade with their guns, and some of the Royal Marines; the village of Hasheen is seen lying at the base of two hills in the background, towards the right of the view. In the foreground are some of the Royal Engineers and other troops who had been at work constructing a new intrenched position and zereba, and were interrupted by the enemy's attack. The advancing bodies of the enemy were repeatedly charged by the 5th Regiment of Lancers and the 20th Hussars, as well as by the Bengal Cavalry, but rallied afterwards with great courage, and were finally repulsed by the infantry formed in square. Among the foremost combatants on this occasion, as in the attack made on the zereba two days later, on Sunday, the 22nd, were young boys, who fought as bravely as any of the men. Two of them were made prisoners, and a photograph was taken of them, which is copied in the corner of our Engraving.

It has been officially announced that the greater portion of the Souakim column is about to be withdrawn and brought to Cairo. The autumn campaign in the Soudan will be abandoned. The troops will return as soon as the Nile again begins to rise. A garrison will, however, in all probability be left at Dongola, Wady Halfa, and Korosko. The health of the British troops on the Nile remains good. They have nearly finished building their mud huts, and the hospital huts have been in use some time. Great difficulty is experienced in getting sufficient wood and mats for roofing. The weather is very hot, the maximum temperature by day being about 110 deg.; but the nights are cool. Lord Wolseley was expected to arrive at Souakim this week to superintend the final arrangements there. The railway is not to be constructed beyond Otao. Scattered bands of Arabs here and there continue to annoy the British convoys, but no important action has recently taken place.

The Board of Trinity College, Dublin, at their meeting last Saturday, decided to submit the names of the Marquis of Waterford, the Earl of Milltown, and the Earl of Rosse to the Senate of the University of Dublin, which is to select a Chancellor of the University in room of the late Lord Cairns.

ROYAL SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS.

In a society constituted on a limited though not exclusive basis it is always easy to forecast the general character of the year's exhibition. Members before their election have already acquired a distinctive style; and it is only natural that they should be content with conditions which have found acceptance with the public, and have established their claims to distinction; and with limited wall-space at their disposal, it must happen that certain peculiarities must seem constant qualities. But it can scarcely be said that the exhibitions of the "Old Society" are ever monotonous: each year some members show distinctive qualities or superior excellence, and this year is no exception to the general rule. Sir John Gilbert, the President, for instance, forsakes military pageants and the noise of battle to give us an almost Salvator-like landscape, "Banditti Gambling" (151), in which the figures play a very subordinate part. The gnarled trees, with their rich foliage, the lights glinting through the wood, the purple hills in the background, form a landscape all the more attractive as it differs so widely from its surroundings. Mr. Carl Haag, in addition to two Arab heads—"Ali Ben Osman" (6), and a "Soudanese Beauty" (40)—painted with consummate power and skill, sends a bustling scene of the "Bab el Mahkamah" (161), the gate of justice at Jerusalem, through which a bound captive is being hurried into prison. The lights falling from above are reflected on the rich coloured cloaks of the jailers and others, and in the gloom of the doorway on either side stands a grim soldier in chain armour. Mr. Stacy Mark's "Favourite Author" (154) is another gem of the exhibition—a priest in undress, seated at a table immersed in a book. There is here no straining after effect, no forced humour or facile trick. The artist relies solely upon the excellence of his work and the reality of his subject. The picture might have been painted three hundred years ago; it would have been as equally true to life as it will be three hundred years hence. Mr. Du Maurier, who is also ambitious in this line, can scarcely be considered as successful. His full-length portrait of a lady with a violin, to which he gives the title of "A Young Face, an Old Tune" (176), is rather wanting in life. Her yellow skirt, with brown bodice and train, are very admirably painted; her surroundings are delicate and harmonious: but the figure does not live as Mr. Marks' old bookworm in his grey serge frock and black thread stockings. In Mr. E. K. Johnson's companion works, "Saturday" (174) and "Sunday" (96), there is no little simple grace—a plainly dressed country girl doing her shopping in the one, and on her way to church in the other picture. Better still, however, is Mr. Henry Wallis's "Bruges Girl Going to Market" (140) in her black *faille* and lace cap, painted with Flemish accuracy and finish. Mr. Albert Moore has three figure-pieces, of which the most important is "A Yellow Room" (232), a nude figure, excellently drawn, standing against a rich yellow background. His draped figures are but slightly distinguishable from his previous works except by their names, "Oranges" (286) being a girl in a rich orange-coloured dress, and "Lanterns" (294), one in light green amongst a number of paper lanterns, from which no light apparently falls. Miss Constance Phillott's "Last Stitches" (57) is the best of her



BANDITTI.—SIR JOHN GILBERT, R.A.



THEIR OWN FIRESIDE.—BASIL BRADLEY.



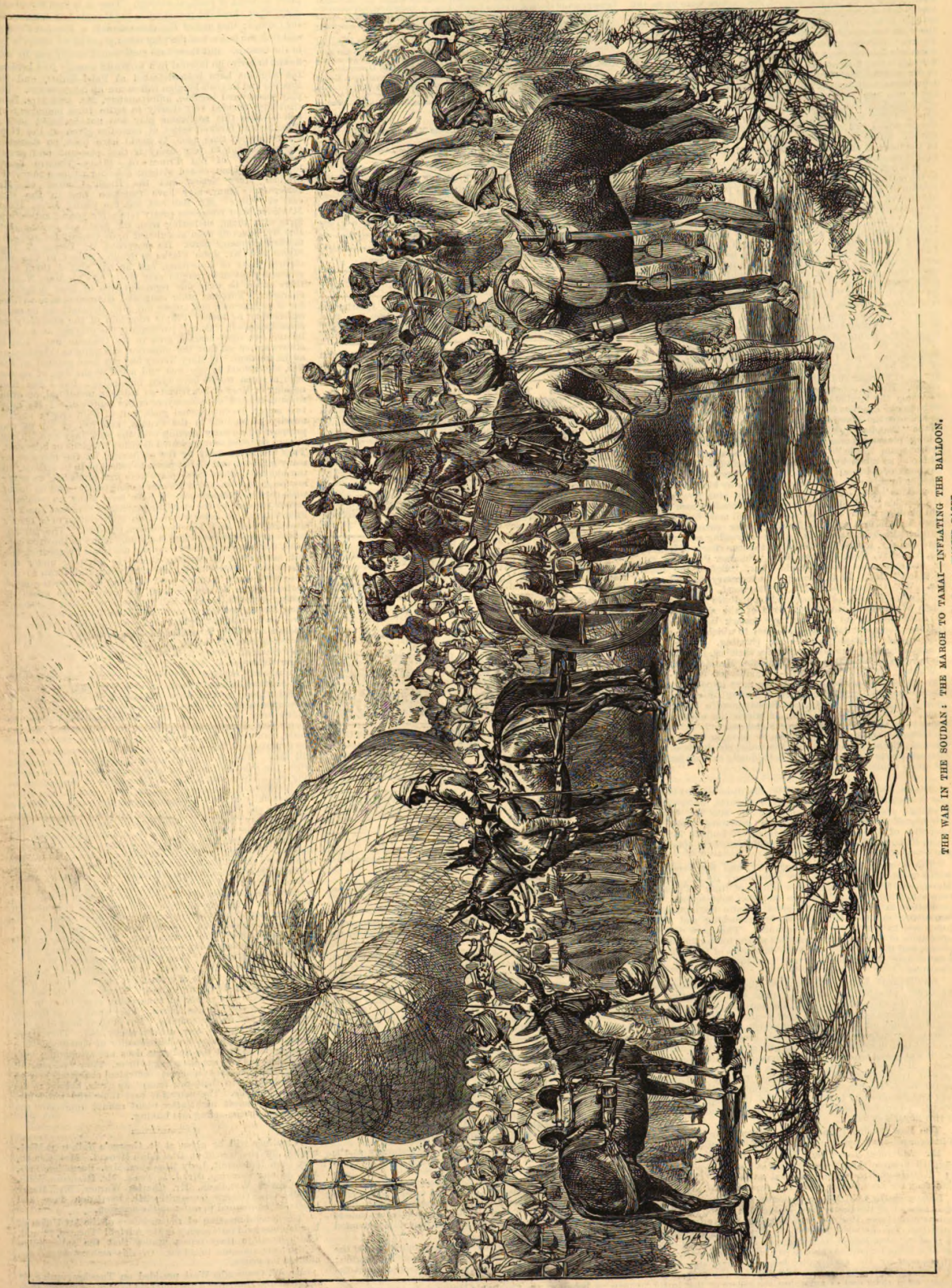
THE GAY MUSKETEER.—BASIL BRADLEY.



HELPING HANDS.—NORMAN TAYLER.



A FAVOURITE AUTHOR.—H. S. MARKS, R.A.



THE WAR IN THE SOUDAN: THE MARCH TO TAMAI—INFLATING THE BALLOON.
FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. WALTER PAGET.

decorative figures, and Mr. Arthur Hopkins' "Daphne" (141) of his rustic maidens with classic names. Prominent among the genre pictures is Mr. Charles Gregory's "Smuggler" (31): a wounded man, about whom his companions seem very indifferent, is lying on a coil of ropes behind a boat, whilst his wife leans over him full of anxiety and fear. If the rest of the picture were up to the level of this group, it would deserve great praise; but the artist's powers or interest seem to have failed him before the work was completed. Similarly, Mr. H. Glindoni's "Love Philtre" (67), in spite of the care with which the old alchemist's laboratory is worked up, is a disappointing work; the lady's face tells no tale—whether the philtre be for herself or for another, and that of the old man suggests only contemptuous indifference, either for his own wares or for those who use them. Mrs. Allingham's "Lessons," on the other hand, is complete and carefully composed. The light from the open window is streaming into the schoolroom where the governess and her two pupils are cheerily facing the day's duties. There is a charming grace as well as expressiveness in the faces of all three, and the pose of the girl reciting her task is excellent.

It is out of doors, however, that water-colour artists show to the most advantage; and between the limits of the intense realism of Mr. Birket Foster's "Dipping Place" (91) and the idealism of Mr. Francis Powell's "Sunlit Waters" (30) and "Opalescent Sea" (254), or Mrs. M. Lofthouse's "Pembroke Castle" (234), there are plenty of works to admire. Mr. Herbert Marshall, for example, who has made his art-home among London streets, is very strong in the view of "St. Paul's, Looking up Ludgate-hill" (129), before the disfigurement of the street by the railway viaduct, just as autumn evening is closing in, and gaslight and daylight are struggling for pre-eminence, and in "Piccadilly-circus" (111) by night. At "South Shields," too (117), and at "Newcastle" (227) he is equally at his ease, and manages to throw into his work the sense of busy movement, and at the same time to lift from the scene its more sordid elements. Mr. Thorne Waite, on the other hand, is the painter of quiet nooks and peaceful pastorals. His "Village in the Marsh" (167), with downs rising in the distance, is a spot far from the busy strife of men; and of such he gives half a dozen examples under various conditions of weather and light, but all breathing the same air of repose. His old colleague, Mr. Collingwood Smith, is another to whom the Southdowns are familiar sketching grounds—although he is not so faithful to his native county, but wanders at will over the Simplon to the "Lagoons of Venice" (20)—to the "Claudian Aqueduct" (124), back to Hampshire again, taking pleasant notes by the way. Mr. George Boyce's "Brougham Castle" (103) will, we think, disappoint his admirers as much by its fantastic colouring, as by a certain hardness of outline; but Mr. Albert Goodwin will charm equally by his grey "Clovelly" (85), as by his "Delectable Mountains" (92), covered with patches of pink flowers; and Mr. North's "Mill Stream" (44), with its tender green foliage and plashing water, will establish him still more firmly in his place in the first rank of English water colourists. Mr. Cuthbert Rigby's "Seascale" (1) is interesting as a study of sand and sky, but he fails to analyse the true effects of light as Mr. Alfred W. Hunt has done in his "Summer Paradise" (5), or his still more characteristic work, "Before the Blaze of Noon" (18). It is, perhaps, unnecessary to add that Mr. W. Callow, Mr. W. Collingwood, Mr. Charles Davidson, Mr. J. P. Jackson, contribute their usual quota of excellent work, but none of the specimens are so distinctive as to call for any remark beyond saying that they fully maintain the high level to which these artists have raised English water-colour painting. Miss Clara Montalba has also a number of Venice sketches, in which the white or grey skies and water predominate. Mr. Henry Moore's "Waiting for the Tide" (214)—a number of fishing-boats high and dry upon the beach—is the most important of his four works, and displays a greater variety of colour than usual with him; and Mr. Oswald Brierly gives a lively scene from "A Whale Chase" (185), of which the chief defect seems to be the dirtiness of both sky and sea.

Here we break off, not because we have in any way exhausted all the good works on the walls, but because want of space precludes our referring individually to a majority of the works exhibited.

Messrs. Christie, Manson, and Woods disposed last Saturday of a choice collection of modern pictures, water-colour drawings, and sculpture, formed by the late Mr. George Schotel, of Brixton. The collection contained some fine examples of J. L. Gérôme, Carl Haag, J. Linnell, sen., T. Faed, R.A., and Turner, for which good prices were obtained; the whole collection realising £15,300.

The growing taste for photography, and the ease with which amateurs can obtain very satisfactory results, justify Messrs. Marion in issuing a new edition of their "Practical Guide to Photography" (Marion and Co., Soho-square). It is written in plain language, gives definite instruction to beginners, and tells adepts how, by retouching and other processes, to give finish to their works. The more delicate operations of printing with sensitised paper, toning and fixing prints, and the means by which the difficulties of printing and toning may be surmounted, are explained with care and clearness.

Sir Thomas Jones, President of the Royal Hibernian Academy, presided last Saturday night at a distribution of prizes to the successful students, and gave an address, in the course of which he said that if they desired to win fame they ought to bend all their energies towards the great arena of artists, the Metropolis of the British Empire. It might be thought that in saying this he was giving unpatriotic advice; but it was sound advice. Did they imagine that the names of Barry, Mulready, Danby, Sir Martin Shee, Foley, and the present Irish director of the National Gallery in London, would be as familiar as household words if these eminent men had remained in Ireland? One of these had been President, and another might have been President had he chosen, of the Royal Academy.

The East London Industrial Exhibition at the Drill-Hall, Whitechapel-road, will be opened next Monday afternoon.

Mr. Alderman Isaacs and Mr. Alderman Gray having declined to serve the office of Sheriff at the election in June, Mr. Alderman Evans has consented to serve. The senior Alderman for Lord Mayor is Mr. Alderman Staples.

Last week the Lord Mayor opened an attractive bazaar and art exhibition at the Vestry-hall, Haverstock-hill, in aid of the Hampstead Home Hospital and Nursing Institution. This institution was founded in 1882, its object being to combine the medical advantage of a hospital with the privacy and comfort of a home for patients able to pay, wholly or in part. An address read by Mr. Owthwaite, hon. secretary, stated that 174 patients had been treated. It was for the purpose of paying off a debt and of enlarging the sphere of that institution that the bazaar and art exhibition was organised. The meeting was addressed by the Lord Mayor, Sir H. Holland, M.P., Alderman and Sheriff Whitehead, and other gentlemen, in advocacy of the claims of the institution.

MARRIAGES.

On the 23rd ult., at Naples, by the Rev. Henry Barff, James Henry, eldest son of John N. Robin, Esq., of Naples, to Giulietta Caroline Gertrude, elder daughter of B. Straub, Esq., of Ulm, Wurtemburg.

On the 16th ult., at Hardwicke, Aylesbury, by the Rector, the Rev. W. Bigg-Wither, assisted by the Rev. Newton B. Young, Rector of Tilbrook, and Rural Dean, Deputy Surgeon-General Theobald Ringer, late 7th Bengal Cavalry, son of the late William Ringer, Esq., of Laugharne, Carmarthenshire, to Frederica Adela, eldest daughter of the Rev. Henry Iden, Great Alne, Alcester, Warwickshire, and formerly Curate of Hardwicke-cum-Weedon.

On the 21st ult., at St. Peter's Church, Bournemouth, by the Rev. Forbes Winslow, Rector of St. Paul's, St. Leonards-on-Sea, assisted by the Rev. G. Stopford Ram, Vicar, James, son of H. Downing, Esq., of Stratford-on-Avon, to Emma, eldest daughter of the late W. D. Elliot, of Demerara.

On the 21st ult., at 264, St. Vincent-street, Glasgow, by the Rev. Henry Gibson, M.A., Genapp, father of the bridegroom, assisted by the Rev. John Barclay, West Kirk, Greenock, the Rev. James D. W. Gibson, B.D., Carmichael, Lanarkshire, to Jessie Blackburn, daughter of the late James Craig, jun.

DEATH.

On the 23rd ult., at Grand Canary, Thomas Miller, Esq., aged 80 years. (By telegraph.)

*** The charge for the insertion of Births, Marriages, and Deaths, is Five Shillings for each announcement.*

INTERNATIONAL INVENTIONS EXHIBITION, 1885.
Patron.—H.M. the QUEEN.
President.—H.R.H. the PRINCE OF WALES, K.G.
Division I., Inventions. Division II., Music.
WILL BE OPENED by H.R.H. the PRINCE OF WALES on MONDAY, MAY 4, at Noon.
Admission to Opening Ceremony up till Two p.m., by season ticket only; after Two o'clock by payment of Half-a-crown.
On and after TUESDAY, MAY 5, Admission to the Exhibition 1s., every Week-day, except Wednesday, when it is 2s. 6d.
EVENING FÊTES. Illuminated Fountains, and Gardens Lighted every evening by many thousands of Electrical Glow Lamps.
INTERNATIONAL INVENTIONS EXHIBITION, 1885.

LYCEUM.—Sole Lessee, Mr. Henry Irving.

LYCEUM.—TO-DAY (SATURDAY), at a Quarter to Eight, HAMLET—Hamlet, Mr. Henry Irving; Ophelia, Miss Ellen Terry. Six performances. Saturday, May 9, "Louis XI." Monday, May 11, "The Merchant of Venice." Five performances. Saturday, May 16, "The Belle." Box-Office (Mr. J. Hurst), open daily, Ten to Five.

LYCEUM.—PIT and GALLERY.—Booking-Office open daily in pit-passage, Lyceum, from Eight in the morning until Six in the evening. Seats can be booked one week in advance only by personal applicat.on and not by letter.—LYCEUM.

PRINCESS'S THEATRE.—Lessee and Manager, Mr. WILSON BARRETT. EVERY EVENING, at 7.30, THE SILVER KING, (by Henry A. Jones and Henry Herman). Produced under the sole direction of Mr. Wilson Barrett. Characters by Messrs. Wilson Barrett, Willard, Speakman, Cooper, Doone, Meadows, Ormsby, Huntley, Fulton, Bernage, Gurth, De Solla, Foss, &c., and George Barrett; Mesdames Ormsby, Huntley, Dickens, Cook, &c., and Miss Eastlake. Doors open at Seven. Box-Office, 9.30 to Five. No fees. Prices: Private Boxes, one to nine guineas; Stalls, 10s.; Dress Circle, 6s.; Upper Boxes, 3s. Business Manager, Mr. J. H. Cobbe.

THE PRINCE'S THEATRE.—Mrs. LANGTRY. Sole Proprietor, Mr. EDGAR BRUCE. Season under the direction of Mr. HENRY E. ABBEY. EVERY EVENING, at 8.15, the successful Play, in four acts, adapted from Sardou's "Nos Intimes," by R. C. Stephenson and Clement Scott, entitled PERIL. Characters by Mr. Coghlan, Mr. H. Beerbohm Tree, Mr. Everill, Mr. Carne, Mr. Crisp, Mr. Weatherby, Mr. Gratton, Mr. Thornbury; Mrs. Arthur Stirling, Miss Annie Rose, Miss Darcy, and MRS. LANGTRY. Doors open at Quarter to Eight; PERIL at a Quarter-Past Eight. Carriages at Eleven. Box-Office open daily from Eleven till Five. No fees. Telephone 3766. Matinée of PERIL, SATURDAY NEXT, at a Quarter-Past Two. Doors open at a Quarter to Two. Carriages at Five.—THE PRINCE'S THEATRE, Coventry-street, W.

ST. JAMES'S HALL.
THE MOORE and BURGESS MINSTRELS'
NEW and ATTRACTIVE ENTERTAINMENT.
EVERY NIGHT at EIGHT.
MONDAY, WEDNESDAY, and SATURDAY, THREE and EIGHT. Fauteuils, 5s.; Stalls, 3s.; Area, 2s.; Gallery, 1s. No fees of any description. Tickets and places can be secured at Austin's Office, St. James's Hall, from 9.30 till 6.30.

JAPAN IN LONDON.
UNDER ROYAL PATRONAGE.
ALBERT-GATE, HYDE PARK (Near Top of Sloane-street).
SPECIAL ATTRACTIONS.
300,000 persons have already visited
TANNAKER'S JAPANESE VILLAGE. Fresh Arrivals from Japan. Five Streets of Houses and Shops constructed and peopled by the Japanese, who may be seen engaged at their various occupations as in their own country. Daily, Eleven a.m. to Ten p.m.; Children, 6d. WEDNESDAYS, 2s. 6d.; Children, 1s. Japanese Entertainments at Twelve, Three, and Eight (free). MILITARY BAND.

THE TWENTY-FIRST ANNUAL EXHIBITION of OIL PAINTINGS by Artists of the British and Foreign Schools is now open at THOMAS McLEAN'S GALLERY, 7, Haymarket. Admission, including Catalogue, 1s.

THE VALE OF TEARS.—DORÉ'S Last Great PICTURE, completed a few days before he died, NOW on VIEW at the DORÉ GALLERY, 35, New Bond-street, with his other great pictures. Ten to Six Daily. 1s.

ANNO DOMINI, by EDWIN LONG, R.A.—This great Work is NOW ON VIEW, together with other important works, at the GALLERIES, 168, New Bond-street. Ten to Six. Admission, 1s.

THE QUEEN AND LORD BEACONSFIELD.
The great Historic Picture of HER MAJESTY GIVING AUDIENCE TO LORD BEACONSFIELD AT OSBORNE. Painted by Mr. Wirgman from studies made by him at Osborne.—168, New Bond-street. Admission, 1s.

MONTE CARLO.—SUMMER SEASON.
The series of the Extraordinary Musical Entertainments having terminated with the Winter Season, the usual Concerts, directed by Mr. Rosco-Accursi, will be continued daily until further notice.
SEA-BATHING AT MONACO.
Villas and Private Houses and Apartments for every taste, and at every price. The beach, like that of Trouville, is covered with the softest sand, and at the Grand Hotel des Bains comfortable apartments, with board, for families can be had at reasonable prices.

Viscount Lewisham opened, last Saturday, the new public baths at Ladywell, Lewisham, which have been erected by the Commissioners at a cost of £9000.

The mail-steamer Duke of Westminster, Captain Waterman, has sailed for Queensland with the following emigrants and bounty passengers—viz., 207 single men, 103 single women, and married couples and children equal to 108 adults.

The seventh annual Italian ball (evening and fancy dress), under the patronage of Mr. H. Burnley Heath, Consul-General of Italy, for the benefit of the Italian Benevolent Society and French Hospital, will take place at the Freemasons' Hall on Tuesday, the 12th inst. Tickets may be obtained at the Italian Consulate, 31, Old Jewry, and at the Freemasons' Tavern.

Steamers arrived at Liverpool during the past week with live stock and fresh meat on board from American and Canadian ports; making the total arrivals for the week 2614 cattle, 9730 quarters of beef, and 2060 carcases of mutton—which figures, in comparison with those of the preceding week, show a somewhat large increase in the imports of live stock, but a decrease in the shipments of fresh meat.

Mr. Sydney Buxton, M.P., presided last Saturday at the second annual general meeting in connection with the Committee of Managers of London Board Schools. Sir John Lubbock, M.P., in the course of some observations, expressed his opinion that the inhabitants of London owed the managers of elementary schools a deep debt of gratitude for the zeal and unselfishness with which they devoted much valuable time to the very important functions they had patriotically consented to undertake.

A fancy market was held on Thursday and Friday at the National Industrial Home for Crippled Boys at Kensington; a concert is announced to be given to-day (Saturday) at the Townhall, Kensington, by the South Kensington Ladies' Choir, on behalf of the Children's Hospital, Paddington; and a floral calendar bazaar on behalf of Mrs. Hilton's Crèche, Infant Infirmary, Orphan, Convalescent, and Training Homes, is to be held at Cannon-street Hotel this (Saturday) afternoon, and on Monday and Tuesday next.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

It was surely a mistake to suppose that Robertson's comedy, called "Ours," was revived at the Haymarket Theatre as a catchpenny method of increasing public excitement during a grave moment of political anxiety. True it is that the play is dated at or about the period when the Guards left London for the Crimea; that one of the characters is a Russian Prince; and that the last act of the play takes place in an officer's hut in the Crimea. But these bare facts would surely not be sufficient to revive an interest in a favourite comedy just because the Afghans have been defeated at Pul-i-Khisti, and the Russian and English Foreign Offices are at loggerheads. The play was revived because, unfortunately, Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft have decided very shortly to retire from management, and because this particular play was not included in the Robertsonian farewell series of comedies given at the Haymarket a short time ago. It would have been, no doubt, a disappointment to very many if that pleasant and pretty volume full of old Prince-of-Wales-Theatre recollections had been closed without showing us once more the original Mary Netley and the Hugh Chalcot of Mr. Bancroft. Many may have forgotten that in the first cast of "Ours" Mr. Bancroft was the young lover, Hugh M'Alister, who composes pretty verses for young ladies, and flirts with them, sheltering from the rain, *sub tegmine fagi*. But Mr. Bancroft soon abandoned light comedy for strongly marked character parts. He succeeded Mr. Dewar as Tom Stylus and Mr. John Clarke as Hugh Chalcot in the two earliest plays of Robertson, and he has played them with renewed point and strength ever since. As for Mary Netley, there could be only one representative of that delightful character. This and other congenial characters were written for Mrs. Bancroft, and no one but Mrs. Bancroft can be quite satisfactory in them. People complain of the absurdity of several scenes in "Ours," particularly the playing at soldiers by the two light-hearted girls in the Crimean hut. But it always struck me that the objection was quite as extravagant as the incident. If Mary Netley had not been painted as she was, understood as she was, and acted as she was, of course such a scene would have been impossible; but I can find nothing in Mary or her friend so babyish, unnatural, or even so hard-hearted, as some severe critics represent. I see only two merry unconventional girls, full of high spirits at the novelty of landing in the Crimea, and full of joy at the prospect of an early meeting with the men they love. They are not sketched or represented as either frivolous or inhuman. They are borne away by the excitement of the moment, as many girls are, and do not pause to reflect or to be serious. In the old days, when these plays were first produced, we never saw these blemishes that are now so constantly—and no doubt with reason—pointed out. I have seen many an audience moved to tears by the exquisite playing of Sergeant Jones by Fred Younge, an actor who had an appreciation of a tender situation such as I have never seen equalled. The parting between Sergeant Jones and the young ladies in the drawing-room, the sense of military duty and discipline overbearing the full heart that is swelling almost to bursting under the affectionate fellow's tunic, and that wonderful throb in the voice with which Younge used to bring up before the mind a whole future of despair with the words, "the missus is waiting down-stairs in the hall for me now"—that was something like acting, was it not? Robertson's plays would never have lived a week if they had not been understood. Where are the tears now when Sergeant Jones says anything? Not a single eye can squeeze out one, for the pathos is not even suggested. I don't think in the old days we regarded Lady Shendryn as a vulgar, uncongenial, irrational woman, who tries to be comic at her husband's expense; or Sir Alexander as a mixture of boor and martinet, whose utterances with "my lady" that once caused a laugh now produce a shudder. It was the fashion, once upon a time, to love Blanche Haye and to admire her soldier lover, Angus. But alas! the romance has gone, the poetry has disappeared. Nothing, no bad acting in the world, can crush the emotion that uprises at the scene of the departure of the soldiers. No time or circumstance can kill that. The most jaded audience awakes to enthusiasm when the soldiers march and the bands play and the cheers ring out. There may be less of the passion of desperation in the last hurried embrace of Angus; there may be less truth and humanity in the heart-wrung cry of the love-lorn Blanche Haye, as she falls fainting on the ground as the regiment marches away; but the incident remains the most stirring and pathetic in the whole range of drama, because it is effected wholly on its dramatic merits and without the aid of scenic illusion. Nothing can deprive Robertson of the credit of that one scene. Lydia Footes and Harry Montagues do not appear on the stage every day in the week, and it is true that the younger school has not had the advantage of getting in touch of that wonderful enthusiasm that was part and parcel of Robertson's nature: but it may be fairly asked whether the most modern school of acting has the appreciation, the mere sympathy for what is both funny and touching that the young folk had in Robertson's time? I fairly think not. Natural acting, as it is called, requires something more than committing many words to memory, and gabbling them off without appearing to understand them. Point-making, when unduly emphasised, belongs to the most artificial style of acting, but playing without point at all results in desperate dulness. Every actor and actress ought to have the power of influencing every mind in the theatre to a greater or less degree. They speak words that are to be heard and understood also. But in these later days it is the voice only that we hear, *vox et præterea nihil*. They speak words, but they present no individuality of character. The consequence is that the audience does not sympathise with them, and ends with not attending to them. They "personate" no one but themselves; and their individual characters may be very interesting to their own immediate circle, but not to the playgoing public. The marvel is that those who watch Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft night after night cannot appreciate the difference between acting and talking. C. S.

A matinée will be given at St. George's Hall, next Wednesday, for the benefit of Miss Edith Heraud. Mrs. Kendal, Mrs. Dion Boucicault, Lady Monckton, Mrs. Beerbohm Tree, Mrs. Aylmer Gowring, Mr. J. L. Toole, Mr. Hermann Vezin, Mr. Charles Wyndham, Mr. Charles Warner, Mr. Henry Neville, Mr. George Grossmith, Mr. Beerbohm Tree, and others have promised to assist on the occasion.

The general meeting of the members of the Art Union of London was held on Tuesday in the Adelphi Theatre, Strand. The council in their report stated that the subscription of the year amounts to £8786. Of this amount £2265 was allotted for prizes.

Mr. W. Cornwallis West presided on Tuesday evening, at the Memorial Hall, over a meeting held to urge the introduction of the intermediate Education Bill for Wales, when several gentlemen interested in the cause of education in the Principality insisted that the measure ought to be at once passed, or at any rate laid on the table of the House of Commons, so that it might be seen and discussed.

MUSIC.

The Carl Rosa Opera Company, at Drury-Lane Theatre, have given, since our last notice repetitions of works recently commented on. Mr. A. Goring Thomas's new opera, "Nadeshda" (fully noticed by us last week), has been repeated several times with a success similar to that of its first production. The next specialty will be the first performance in London of the English version of M. Massenet's "Manon," as brought out by Mr. Rosa last January at the Court Theatre, Liverpool. The London cast will include Madame Marie Roze in the title-character, and Mr. B. McGuckin as the Chevalier des Grieux. Some changes, including a new scena for Manon, have been made specially for Mr. Rosa's company by the composer. The opera is to be produced here on May 7. For this (Saturday) evening, the first and only performance this season of Mr. Goring Thomas's "Esmeralda" is announced.

The Philharmonic Society's concert of last week—the fourth of the seventy-third season—brought forward a new symphony, expressly written for the society by the eminent composer, Herr Anton Dvorák, who conducted its performance. The work consists of four divisions, "Allegro Maestoso," "Andante sostenuto e molto tranquillo," "Scherzo" (with trio), and final "Allegro." The opening and closing movements (both in D minor) are distinguished by great vigour and impulsive romanticism, offering some fine climaxes, and a strong reflection of the Sclavonic nationality of the composer. The slow movement is in a flowing and melodious style that contrasts well with the more demonstrative tone of the first and final divisions. The scherzo has much strongly marked rhythmical character, relieved by the graceful trio. The symphony and its composer were enthusiastically received. Other familiar works—skilfully directed by Sir Arthur Sullivan, conductor to the society—made up a varied programme, of which we need only specify Weber's pianoforte "Concertstück," brilliantly played by Mdlle. Kleeberg; the beautiful duet "How sweet the moonlight" (from Sir A. Sullivan's "Kenilworth"), expressively sung by Miss M. Etherington and Mr. E. Lloyd; and Walther's "Preislied," rendered by Mr. Lloyd.

The benefit concert of Mr. Manns, at the Crystal Palace, last Saturday afternoon, formed the usual pendent to the series of Saturday concerts, the twenty-ninth season of which closed on the previous Saturday, when Berlioz's "Te Deum" was produced, for the first time in England, as noticed by us last week. The concert now referred to included the "Verwandlung's-musik" and the closing scene from the first act of Wagner's "Parsifal," the last stage work of the composer, which has already been commented on. The orchestral features of the extracts were well rendered on Saturday, as were the incidental vocal passages by Mr. Watkin Mills; but in some instances the chorus (especially the choir of boys) might have been better. Mdlle. Pauline Cramer (from the Munich Opera) made a very favourable impression by her dramatic singing in the soprano solo from Weber's "Oberon," as did Mdlle. Kleeberg in her performance of Mozart's Pianoforte Concerto in D minor. Signor Foli and Mr. E. Lloyd contributed to the vocal programme, and Mr. J. Dunn played a violin fantasia by Ernst with skilful execution. Mr. Manns received the usual warm greeting on the completion of another period of his occupancy of the office of conductor. The summer season will be inaugurated this (Saturday) afternoon by a grand concert, which will include a performance of Mendelssohn's "Hymn of Praise," with the co-operation of a chorus numbering about six hundred voices.

Mr. William Carter's sixth grand national concert—in celebration of St. George's Day—was a great success. Madame Christine Nilsson, Mr. Sims Reeves, and other eminent artists, contributed effective performances.

Herr Peiniger, a skilful violinist, gave the first of three recitals at Prince's Hall on Tuesday afternoon.

Señor Sarasate's second orchestral concert takes place at St. James's Hall this (Saturday) afternoon; and in the evening the Royal Amateur Orchestral Society will give the third concert of the thirteenth season at the Royal Albert Hall; and the Musical Artists' Society will give the thirty-sixth performance of new compositions at Willis's Rooms.

The students' orchestral concert of the Royal Academy of Music, which took place yesterday (Friday) week at St. James's Hall, gave good proofs of the efficient course of study pursued there, in instrumental and vocal performance, and in composition. Several commendable new works were produced, and the soloists in pianoforte and violin pieces displayed highly cultivated skill. Mr. W. Shakespeare conducted ably.

The evening concert of the Vocal Academy of the late Madame Sainton-Dolby took place notwithstanding her decease, as specially requested by herself. It was held at Prince's Hall, yesterday (Friday) week, and included a performance of her cantata, "Florimel," a graceful composition for female solos and chorus. The music is especially vocal in its flowing melody, and was very well rendered, the soloists having been Misses F. Moody, Hyde, and A. Foster. The second part of the programme consisted, by desire of the students, entirely of music by the deceased composer; and included a pleasing song, "Ladylove," from her cantata, "Thalassa," excellently sung by Mr. E. Lloyd. Several students, besides those above named, contributed efficient performances. M. Sainton conducted.

The famous Richter Concerts entered on their eleventh season at St. James's Hall last Monday evening, when very fine orchestral performances were given of Wagner's overture to "Tannhäuser," Schubert's uncompleted symphony in B minor, Liszt's fourth Hungarian rhapsody, the prelude to Wagner's "Parsifal," and Beethoven's seventh symphony (in A). Herr Richter was enthusiastically welcomed on his reappearance.

A concert of vocal and instrumental music was given on Tuesday evening by the Merchant Taylors' School Choral and Orchestral Societies; and on the same evening Miss Edith Brand gave a concert for her pupils at The Abbey, Campden-hill-road, Kensington, by permission of Mrs. William Abbott. Mr. Ernest Kiver's concert of chamber music was given on Wednesday evening at Prince's Hall, Piccadilly. Madame Jenny Viard-Louis gave at Prince's Hall on Thursday the first of her third series of Beethoven's works; and Miss Synge's pianoforte recital takes place this (Saturday) afternoon at Prince's Hall. Mdlle. Lilas Spontini gives her matinée musicale next Monday at Messrs. Collard's Concert-Rooms; and Mr. W. Nicholl's concert takes place next Friday evening at Steinway Hall. Signor Romano will give his annual concert on Monday morning, the 11th inst., at Messrs. Collard's Pianoforte and Concert Rooms, 16, Grosvenor-street. Signor L. Denza's annual concert is fixed for Saturday evening, May 16, at Prince's Hall. He will be assisted by Signor Raimo's drawing-room orchestra, and by several eminent singers.

Mr. W. H. Holmes—distinguished as a pianist, and the oldest professor at the Royal Academy of Music—died last week at an advanced age. He entered as a student on the opening of the Academy, in 1822, and was the instructor of many eminent musicians.

THE COUNTRY AROUND HERAT.

Our Extra Supplement is a Bird's-Eye View of the north-western border region of Afghanistan for some two hundred miles around Herat, including the territory of Badghis, between the Heri-Rud and the Murghab rivers, with the Kushk river joining the latter near Pul-i-Khisti and Ak Tapa, where the conflict between the Russians and Afghans took place on March 30; and Penjdeh and Maruchak will be seen on the banks of the Murghab at a short distance. The boundary line claimed by Russia, which is marked on our Engraving by a line of small crosses, would appropriate those positions to the Russian dominion; it would bend southward from the Zulfikar Pass to Ak Robat, thence running to Chaman-i-Bed and eastward to Bala Murghab, the site of Sir Peter Lumsden's winter camp. The road from Herat to Maimana and to the other provinces of Afghan Turkestan, which are of great political importance to the Ameer's sovereignty, passes eastward from Bala Murghab. This is probably the most serious matter of consideration with regard to the limitation of Afghan territory on the Kushk and Murghab, where there is no population of Afghan race. The hill-ranges immediately north of Herat can be crossed by several not very difficult passes; and it would be still more easy for an invader to approach Herat from the Persian territory, crossing the Heri-Rud at the Tirpul bridge, just above Kuhsan. The amount of Russian forces actually disposable for an attack on Herat within the next few weeks may depend on the condition of the Russian line of railway in the Trans-Caspian. All we know is that this line is certainly being made at the present moment from Kizil Arvat to Askabad, and a 2 ft. 4 in. gauge railway, or more correctly steam tramway, connects Mikhailovsk, near Krasnovodsk, with Bami or with Beurma. From Kizil Arvat to Askabad is 161 miles, from Askabad to Sarakhs 171 miles, and from Sarakhs to Herat 202 miles. These are the new Russian advantages acquired since 1881 for the conduct of another campaign beyond Askabad, and possibly for an advance to Herat.

EXPLOSION AT THE ADMIRALTY.

On Thursday week, a few minutes before eleven in the morning, the Admiralty Office in Whitehall was the scene of an explosion caused by some apparatus maliciously placed in one of the rooms; and we regret to say that severe personal injuries were inflicted on a gentleman officially employed there. The room in which it occurred overlooks a small inclosed garden facing the open space of the Horse Guards Parade, St. James's Park. This apartment was occupied by Mr. Swainson, Assistant Permanent Under-Secretary of the Admiralty. It is about 15 ft. by 13 ft., and 12 ft. in height, lighted by two large windows. In common with the arrangements at other official buildings, special precautions had been taken of late to guard the Admiralty. The spacious quadrangle facing Whitehall was duly watched and patrolled; detectives stood in the entrance-hall, and at points along the corridors and staircases. There are but two ways of approaching Mr. Swainson's room; either by the passage leading from the central hall, or from the garden door on the Parade. The garden door was supposed to be kept locked, and there was a policeman on his beat. In spite of these precautions, some person must have contrived to get access to Mr. Swainson's room. That gentleman came to the office, as usual, at a quarter past ten in the morning, entered through the Whitehall quadrangle, and passed through the front entrance-hall to his own room. Half an hour afterwards, the sound of an explosion was heard, and from the shattered windows of the room, at the back of the building, a volume of dust and smoke poured forth. A policeman and some of the officials hastened to Mr. Swainson's room, and found that gentleman lying in a corner, quite insensible, and bleeding from severe cuts on the head and hands; his hair and beard were singed, and were full of dust, fragments of plaster, and splinters of wood and glass. The interior of the room was a complete wreck. The two windows were blown out; a swing door communicating with a staircase was wrenched from its hinges and hurled against the balustrade of the staircase and broken up; the ceiling was torn, and great strips of the wall laid bare. Scraps of lath and plaster hung down over the mass of rubbish which covered the floor. Strong office furniture dislodged from its place was damaged and broken, but not altogether destroyed. A book-case which was fixed between the two windows had been wrenched from the wall, and its contents scattered. Immediately above the line of the book-case was a large disruption of plaster from the wall, of irregular oval form, about 2½ feet by 2 feet. From this it would appear that the exploding apparatus had been placed on the book-shelves, and that the first flash took a lateral direction, not, as in the action of dynamite, a vertical direction. Neither the ceiling immediately above, nor the floor beneath, which rests on vaulted arches, showed any such effect of vertical explosive force as in other instances where dynamite was employed. The floor was covered several inches thick with broken plaster, glass, and general débris. Judging from the force that must have been exercised on the furniture, doors, and windows, it is wonderful that Mr. Swainson, who was sitting at the desk close to the book-case, should have escaped with his life. The room was seen and minutely examined by Colonel Majendie, Inspector of Explosives, and Mr. Dupré. After their visit a photograph was taken of the scene, exactly as it appeared when the full effects of the outrage were known. The external damage was slight. Not more than a score of windows of the other offices and rooms of the Admiralty were broken. It is thought probable that the explosive material was gun-cotton, in some way connected with gunpowder, and ignited by a short-time fuse. Fragments of a gallipot, and of a small iron pot, have been found among the rubbish in the room. Mr. Swainson, who had suffered a severe concussion of the brain, regained consciousness after some hours, but can remember nothing that happened immediately before the explosion. It is hoped that he will completely recover from the injuries which he has sustained.

Mr. W. A. Hutchings has been appointed Superintendent of the Metropolitan Fire Brigade, consequent on the retirement of Mr. Richard H. Gatehouse, after thirty-four years' active and creditable service.

Mr. Charles Beal has been appointed a Registrar of the Supreme Court of Judicature, in succession of the late Mr. Teesdale, and the vacancy caused by Mr. Beal's appointment has been filled up by the appointment of Mr. Bloxam as a Clerk to the Chancery Registrars.

The first party of little girls sent out by the Church Society for Providing Homes for Waifs and Strays has left Liverpool for Quebec in the Polynesia. They proceed, in charge of the Rev. J. Bridger, to the society's home at Sherbrooke, and thence they will be distributed amongst settlers and others as suitable homes are found for them. This branch of the society's work is managed by two committees, the English one presided over by the Bishop of Bedford and that in Canada by the Bishop of Quebec.

THE SILENT MEMBER.

The great speech of Mr. Gladstone on Monday has been the theme of general admiration, not only in Parliament, in the Press, and all over the country, but likewise throughout Europe. It was an oration worthy a high-principled and courageous British Minister. It roused the House to enthusiasm. It warned Russia that England was thoroughly in earnest, and would not endure much longer the delays and prevarications of Russian statecraft in regard to the settlement of the disputed Afghan frontier line violated by General Komaroff.

Mr. Gladstone, who was a little late in taking his seat on the Treasury bench next the Marquis of Hartington on Monday afternoon, looked hale and erect, and, as is usual with him when he has to make an important speech, wore a flower in his button-hole—a brilliant red one on this occasion. Prior to the arrival of the Prime Minister, the House had learned with satisfaction from Lord Edmund Fitzmaurice that, with respect to the suspension at Cairo of the French journal, the *Bosphore Egyptien*, her Majesty's Government were "on the point of coming to an arrangement on this question satisfactory to France, Egypt, and themselves." It was in easy, conversational tones that the Premier informed the House that General Sir Peter Lumsden had desired Mr. Stephen to leave for London in order to convey to Lord Granville "a map and detailed despatch of all the circumstances connected with the Russian attack on the Afghans at Penjdeh." Mr. Gladstone quietly waved aside an inconvenient interrogation addressed to him by the irrepressible Mr. Ashmead Bartlett from his place next the infinitesimal "Fourth Party," which was quite jubilant again, by-the-way, at the return of the bronzed head and front of its offending, Lord Randolph Churchill. Parenthetically, apropos of the special mission of Mr. Stephen to the Foreign Secretary, it may be remarked that Mr. William Simpson, lately the Special Artist of the *Illustrated London News*, with Sir Peter Lumsden, is on his way home, and would probably be in a position to give the Government useful information concerning the topography of the debated frontier, and respecting the Russian and Afghan movements antecedent to the "unhappy incident" at Penjdeh.

The Government, for reasons of "high policy," deemed it advisable to lump together the vote for the Soudan and that for the War preparations. Not so Mr. Arthur O'Connor, who, when Mr. Gladstone moved that the House should go into Committee on the vote, rose to introduce a resolution affirming it to be desirable to divide the two votes. Though the amendment was seconded by Sir Henry Holland, and supported by Mr. W. H. Smith and others, it was not generally approved, and was negatived by a majority of 43—229 against 186 votes; a result greeted with cheers and counter-cheers.

The House was then, so to speak, cleared for action. Sir Arthur Otway took the chair in place of the Speaker, and made known that the question before the Committee was the Vote of Credit for Eleven Millions. Mr. Gladstone was not long before he gave eloquent proof that there was really no need for the opening apology for his hoarseness. Clear and trenchant was the speech in which he solicited the grant of the £11,000,000—six millions and a half for "special preparations," and four and a half millions for the Soudan expenses, or for "another purpose." Cheered with remarkable heartiness were the chief points. Ministerialists uttered their "Hear, hears," with lively emphasis when Mr. Gladstone made an interruption on the part of Lord Randolph Churchill the peg on which to hang a vivacious but hardly judicious criticism on the preceding Government's Vote of Credit in 1878—when, it will be remembered, the Russians were almost at the gates of Constantinople. The historical reminiscences got rid of, the termination of the Soudan war was justified, and Mr. Gladstone was warmly cheered when he came to "the proposition that it is a paramount duty incumbent upon us of holding our forces in the Soudan available for service wherever the call of duty and honour may take them in the service of the British Empire." In support of the "national and imperial policy," which he advocated with a vehemence worthy of Lord Beaconsfield himself, the Premier said the Government had laboured and continue to labour "for an honourable settlement by pacific means," but demonstrated that it was indispensably necessary to prepare for any eventuality—i.e., war with Russia. Citing our obligations to protect Afghanistan against invasion, the Prime Minister lucidly recounted the sinister occurrences on the Afghan frontier—the "woeful engagement of the 30th of March" following the "solemn covenant" of March 16 to maintain the statu quô. In a most impressive peroration, Mr. Gladstone concluded:—

> We know that the attack was a Russian attack; we know that the Afghans suffered in life, in spirit, and in repute; we know that a blow was struck at the credit and authority of a Sovereign, our protected ally, who had committed no offence. All I say, Sir, is that we cannot, in that state of things, close this book and say—We will look into it no more. We must do our best to have right done in the matter. Under these circumstances, there is a case for preparation, and I hope that the House will feel with me, after what I have said about the necessity we are under of holding Soudanese funds available for services elsewhere—I hope the House will not press upon us a demand for time, which can have no other effect than that of propagating here and elsewhere a belief that there is some indecision in the mind of Parliament—(loud cheers); whereas I believe that with one heart, and one soul, and one purpose only, while reserving the absolute liberty of judging the conduct of the Government and visiting them with its consequences, they will go forward to perform and meet the demands of justice and the calls of honour, and will, subject only to justice and to honour, labour for the purposes of peace (Loud and general cheers).

Spellbound, as it were, by the masterful eloquence of Mr. Gladstone, the House unanimously agreed to the Vote of Credit, and enthusiastically cheered the Prime Minister. Compared with this momentous Parliament episode, all other subjects paled their ineffectual fires, till the night came for the Chancellor of the Exchequer to unfold his Budget—a statement which must be reviewed next week.

The Lord Mayor presided at the annual meeting of the British and Foreign School Society, held on Tuesday in the Mansion House.

Mr. Bright has written intimating his acceptance of the invitation of the Liberal Council of the Central Division of Birmingham to become their candidate at the next election.

The Bishop of London and the Lord Mayor have become Vice Presidents of the British Asylum for Deaf and Dumb Females at Lower Clapton.

The New Times coach, which is put upon the road and horsed by Mr. W. Shoolbred, began its thirteenth season on Thursday week, running from Piccadilly to the Angel Hotel at Guildford. This coach will run daily to Guildford and back (Sundays excepted) until the end of August.

A number of gentlemen assembled at the new Albert Exhibition Palace at Battersea last Saturday for the purpose of inspecting the building, which will be opened early in May. After luncheon, which was presided over by Sir R. W. Carden, M.P., an organ recital was given.

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It beautifies the teeth and gums.
It arrests the decay of the teeth.
It acts as a detergent after smoking.
It renders the gums hard and healthy.
It neutralises the offensive secretions of the mouth.
It imparts to the breath a fragrance purely aromatic and pleasant.
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FLORILINE.
For the TEETH and BREATH.

Sweet as the ambrosial air,
With its perfume rich and rare;
Sweet as violets at the morn,
Which the emerald nooks adorn;
Sweet as rosebuds bursting forth
From the richly-laden earth,
Is the "FRAGRANT FLORILINE."

The teeth it makes a pearly white,
So pure and lovely to the sight;
The gums assume a rosy hue,
The breath is sweet as violets blue;
While scented as the flowers of May,
Which cast their sweetness from each spray,
Is the "FRAGRANT FLORILINE."

Sure, some fairy with its hand
Cast around its mystic wand,
And produced from fairy's bower
Scented perfumes from each flower;
For in this liquid gem we trace—
All that can beauty add and grace—
Such is the "FRAGRANT FLORILINE."

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For the TEETH and BREATH.
Is the best liquid dentifrice in the world; it thoroughly cleanses partially decayed teeth from all parasites or living "animalculæ," leaving them pearly white, imparting a delightful fragrance to the breath. Price 2s. 6d. per Bottle. The Fragrant Floriline removes instantly all odours arising from a foul stomach or tobacco smoke.
For children and adults whose teeth show marks of decay its advantages are paramount. The "Floriline" should be thoroughly brushed into all the cavities; no one need fear using it too often or too much at a time. Among the ingredients being soda, honey, spirits of wine, borax, and extracts from sweet herbs and plants, it forms not only the very best dentifrice for cleansing ever discovered, but one that is perfectly delicious to the taste and as harmless as sherry. The taste is so pleasing that, instead of taking up the toothbrush with dislike, as is often the case, children will on no account omit to use the "Floriline" regularly each morning if only left to their own choice. Children cannot be taught the use of the toothbrush too young; early neglect invariably produces premature decay of the teeth. "Floriline" is sold by all Chemists and Perfumers throughout the world, at 2s. 6d. per Bottle.

FLORILINE.
For the TEETH and BREATH

If teeth are white and beautiful,
It keeps them so intact;
If they're discoloured in the least,
It brings their whiteness back;
And by its use no bad good effects
Are daily to be seen;
Thus hence it is that general praise
Greets "FRAGRANT FLORILINE!"

One trial proves conclusive quite,
That by its constant use
The very best effects arise
That science can produce.
It is the talk of every one,
An all-absorbing theme;
Whilst general now becomes the use
Of "FRAGRANT FLORILINE."

It makes the breath as sweet as flowers,
The teeth a pearly white;
The gums it hardens, and it gives
Sensations of delight.
All vile secretions it removes,
However long they've been;
The enamel, too, it will preserve.
The "FRAGRANT FLORILINE."

FLORILINE.
For the TEETH and BREATH.
It may or may not be generally known that microscopical examinations have proved that animal or vegetable parasites gather, unobserved by the naked eye, upon the teeth and gums of at least nine persons in every ten; any individual may soon satisfy himself in this matter by placing a powerful microscope over a partially-decayed tooth, when the living animalculæ will be found to reside in a partially-decayed cheese more than anything else we can compare it to. We may also state that the FRAGRANT FLORILINE is the only remedy yet discovered able perfectly to free the teeth and gums from these parasites without the slightest injury to the teeth or the most tender gums.
Read this.—From the "Weekly Times," March 26, 1871.—"There are so many toilet articles which obtain all their celebrity from being constantly and extensively advertised that it makes it necessary when anything new and good is introduced to the public that special attention should be called to it. The most delightful and effective toilet article for cleansing and beautifying the teeth that we in a long experience have ever used is the new Fragrant Floriline. It is quite a pleasure to use it, and its properties of imparting a fragrance to the breath and giving a pearly whiteness to the teeth make it still more valuable. Of all the numerous nostrums for cleaning the teeth which from time to time have been fashionable and popular, nothing to be compared with the Floriline has hitherto been produced, whether considered as a beautifier or a valuable cleanser and preserver of the teeth and gums."
From the "Young Ladies' Journal."—"An agreeable dentifrice is always a luxury. As one of the most agreeable may be reckoned Floriline. It cleanses the teeth and imparts a pleasant odour to the breath. It has been analysed by several eminent professors of chemistry, and they concur in their testimony to its excellence. We are frequently asked to recommend a dentifrice to our readers; therefore we cannot do better than advise them to try the Fragrant Floriline."

FLORILINE.
For the TEETH and BREATH.

I have heard a strange statement, dear Fanny, to-day,
That the reason that teeth do decay
Is traced to some objects that form in the gums,
And eat them in time quite away.
Animalcules, they say, are engendered—that is,
If the mouth is not wholesome and clean;
And I also have heard to preserve them the best
Is the fragrant, the sweet "FLORILINE!"

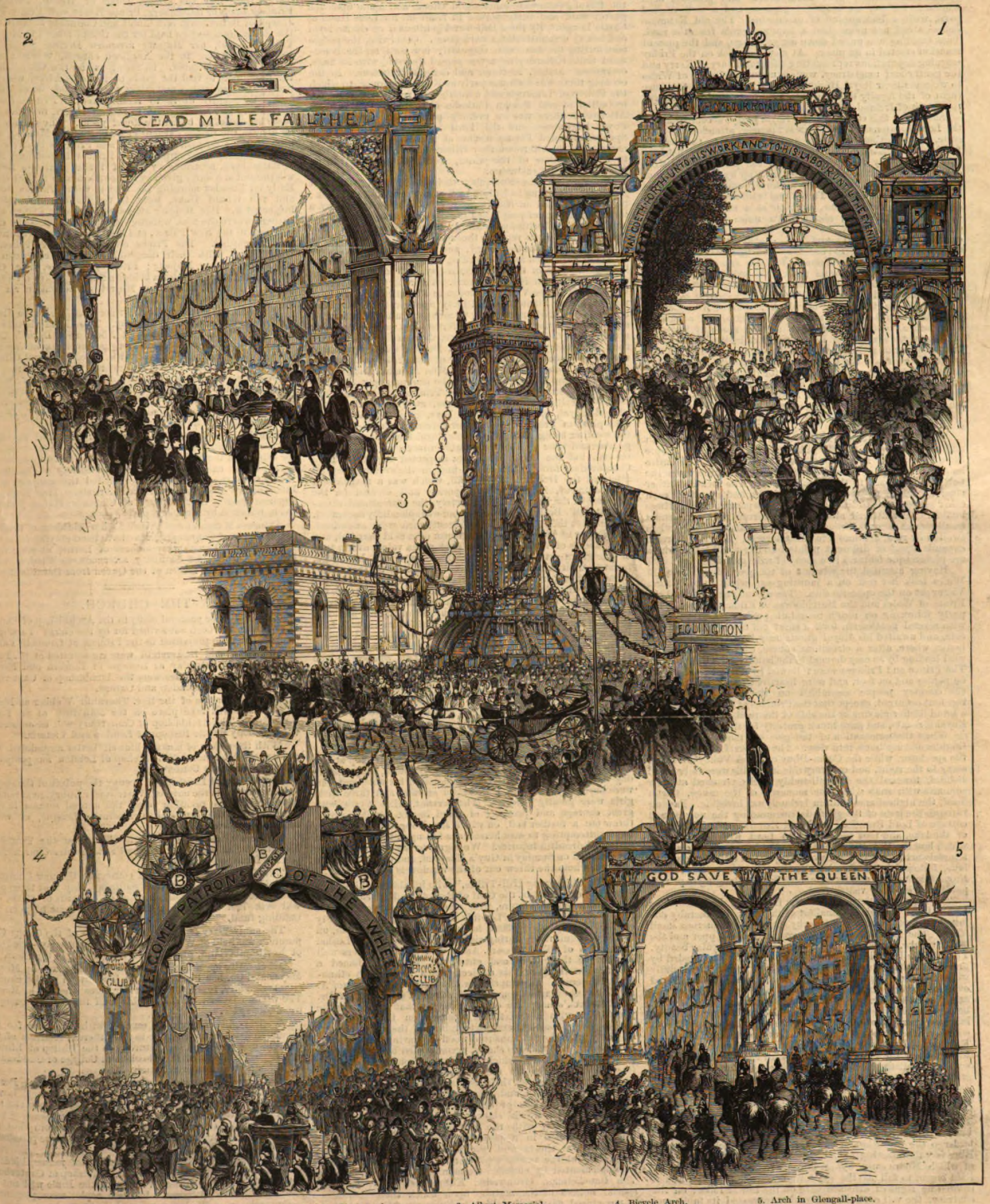
Oh, yes! it is true that secretions will cause
Living objects to form on your teeth,
And certainly and silently do they gnaw on
In cavities made underneath;
But a certain preservative has now been found
To keep your mouth wholesome and clean;
And you're perfectly right, for your teeth to preserve,
There's nothing like sweet "FLORILINE!"

'Tis nice and refreshing, and pleasant to use,
And no danger its use can attend;
For clever physicians and dentists as well
Their uniform praises now blend.
They say it's the best preparation that's known,
And evident proofs have they seen,
That nothing can equal the virtues that dwell
In the fragrant, the sweet "FLORILINE!"

FLORILINE.
For the TEETH and BREATH.
The "Christian World" of March 17, 1871, says, with respect to Floriline:—"Floriline bids fair to become a household word in England, and one of peculiarly pleasant meaning. It would be difficult to conceive a more efficacious and agreeable preparation for the teeth. Those who once begin to use it will certainly never willingly give it up."
Dr. G. H. Jones, of 37, Great Russell-street, London, Surgeon-Dentist and Doctor of Dental Surgery, F.R.M.S., F.R.S.I., F.R.G.S., F.S.A., &c., in his pamphlet, "Painless Dentistry," says:—
"I consider 'Fragrant Floriline' is, without exception, an excellent preparation for the teeth and gums."
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Royal Visit to Ireland

CEAD MILE FAILTHE



1. Mechanics' Arch. 2. Arch in York-road. 3. Albert Memorial. 4. Bicycle Arch. 5. Arch in Glengall-place.

RECEPTION OF THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES AT BELFAST: FESTIVE ARCHES AND DECORATIONS.

THE ROYAL VISIT TO IRELAND.

The Prince and Princess of Wales and Prince Albert Victor Edward of Wales, during their sojourn with Earl and Countess Spencer at Killarney, on Friday and Saturday, the 17th and 18th ult., enjoyed pleasant excursions amidst the romantic scenery of that neighbourhood. They were staying at Killarney House, the mansion of the Earl and Countess of Kenmare, who had permitted Lord and Lady Spencer to act as host and hostess upon this occasion, but who remained with the Royal party. The celebrated Lakes of Killarney are three in number—the Upper Lake; the Middle, Muckross or Torc Lake; and the Lower Lake, or Lough Laune. The last is much the largest, being nine miles long by four and a half miles broad. Tourists know the excursion from Killarney town through the Gap of Dunloe, and home through the three lakes. The road journey is fourteen, and the passage of the lakes twelve, Irish miles.

Killarney House, a large building of red brick, designed in a mixture of the Gothic and Tudor styles, stands on the Lower Lake, Lough Laune, half a mile from the water. It is a handsome edifice, with broad courts and pleasant oriel windows, looking on beautiful gardens and a well-wooded park, with a background of mountains. The old Kenmare House stood not more than a hundred yards from the road. That building was pulled down six years ago, and the present mansion erected in its place. At eleven o'clock on the Friday morning deputations representing the grand jury of Kerry and the gentry and magistracy, waited upon the Prince of Wales to welcome their Royal Highnesses to Killarney, and to assure them of the loyalty of the Queen's subjects in this portion of the South of Ireland.

Soon after this ceremony, the Royal party, accompanied by the Lord Lieutenant and Countess Spencer, attended by their suite, entered their carriages and proceeded to the Gap of Dunloe. The Earl of Kenmare, the Marchioness of Kildare, and Lady Emily Kingscote were of the party. They were escorted as far as the entrance to the Gap by a small body of the 11th Hussars, in undress uniform, under command of Lieutenant Warburton. The Royal visitors drove through Lord Kenmare's demesne, and on at a smart pace to the entrance to the Gap, about seven miles from the town of Killarney. Here, at Kate Kearney's cottage, the escort was dismissed, and the Royal party proceeded over a rugged road to the Gap cottages, where there is a house, kept by Mrs. French, for the sale of articles of marqueterie, of arbutus and other Irish woods, and bog-oak ornaments. Their Royal Highnesses entered the cottage, and, having examined Mrs. French's stock, selected a beautiful round table, in the centre of which Muckross Abbey is represented, a card-table of similar description, and a number of brooches, bracelets, and other articles made of bog-oak. All the members of the Royal party did Mrs. French the honour of writing their names in her visiting-book. At this point of the route the Royal carriage was sent back, and a couple of jaunting-cars were ready for the conveyance of the Princess of Wales, Countess Spencer, and other ladies, to the point near Lord Brandon's cottage on the upper lake, where Lord Kenmare's barge was awaiting them. The Princess, however, preferred walking until a great part of the Gap had been traversed.

The Gap of Dunloe is a wild, deep glen running due north and south between the Macgillicuddy Reeks and the Purple Mountain, which is a shoulder of the Toomies. The entire length of the pass is between four and five miles from the northern entrance to the Black Valley. The rocks, at either side, are high, rugged, and precipitous, and approach each other so closely as to leave but a narrow space between. Huge boulders lie scattered alongside the narrow pathway; and a small stream courses through the valley, which at times, when swollen by rain, becomes a foaming torrent. This little stream expands itself at different points into five small lakes, which are picturesque features in a scene of wild grandeur.

Having attained the summit of the pass, the Princess of Wales took her seat on a jaunting-car, while Prince Albert Victor sat on the opposite side. The second car contained the Prince of Wales and the Marchioness of Kildare, others of the party following on rough mountain ponies. Earl Spencer, with several gentlemen, took a short cut down the mountain side, and awaited his Royal guests near the National School-house, where, after a circuitous course, they reached a better road leading by an easy descent to the banks of the Upper Lake. The Prince and Princess were followed by a number of people on ponies and on foot, and were heartily cheered by groups of the country people assembled on the hills. No special incident occurred, except that the Princess of Wales, observing a blind fiddler playing at the side of the road, called one of the Royal servants, and gave him a gratuity for the poor musician.

When the termination of the pass was reached, a scene of singular beauty burst into view. The Upper Lake lay before the spectator, while the Coom-Dhuv or Black Valley stretched away to the right, and on every side lofty hills were to be seen. Behind, towered the Macgillicuddy Reeks, streaked at their summits with snow; but the monarch of the range, Carun Tual, the highest mountain in Ireland, was invisible. Passing through the gate of the grounds surrounding the now ruined cottage of Lord Brandon, the Royal visitors reached the banks of the lake, and took their seats in Lord Kenmare's barge, which had the Royal standard hoisted at her stern. Rowed by ten stalwart oarsmen, the Royal barge sped quickly down the lake, followed by another barge containing the suite of their Royal Highnesses, and by numerous boats belonging to private persons or hired by visitors.

The lakes of Killarney have been frequently described. The Upper Lake, though the smallest of the three, is generally admired on account of its wild rocky shores and numerous small islets. The Long Range, which connects the Upper and the Middle Lake, presents a variety of scenes of singular beauty. The Middle Lake is a spacious sheet of water surrounded by grand mountains of varied outline, and having splendidly wooded banks. The Lower Lake, Lough Laune, has scattered over its surface about thirty islands of every variety of size and form, the principal being Innisfallen and Ross Islands, both celebrated in song and story. Before leaving the upper lake the party landed on a rocky promontory called Derrycunihy, where they lunched in a cottage belonging to Lord Kenmare. In passing through the Long Range, the barge was stopped for a few minutes to hear the echoes repeat, with great distinctness airs played by a bugler who acted as guide to a party of visitors from the Railway Hotel.

At the end of the Middle Lake is the old weir. Some of the boats were able to shoot the harmless rapid under the ancient bridge. The Royal barge was too heavily freighted. The gentlemen got out and walked round, leaving the Princess, Lady Spencer, Lady Kildare, and Lady Emily Kingscote to undergo the sensation of the narrow, swift, broken channel. Here is "the Meeting of the Waters" not that of Wicklow, of which Moore sang, but an imaginary junction of the lakes. Rain began to fall as the expedition arrived thus far, and it showed no signs of discontinuing on the Lower Lake; on the contrary, the veil over the mountains increased its folds, and the boats, instead of calling at Glena, as was intended, went straight to Lord Kenmare's landing-place at Killarney.

On the Saturday, the weather being fine, the Royal tourists took up the programme where it was dropped on Friday, rowing to Glena to luncheon. Lord Kenmare has a cottage ornée on the shore of the bay, and the luncheon was there served. The Princess of Wales expressed her admiration of the fine combination of mountain, lake, bay, and wood which makes Glena one of the most charming places of the district. Just opposite is Brickeen Island, connected by a bridge with the Muckross peninsula. The expedition was again in motion. The three boats, pulled by Lord Kenmare's men—the eight-oared barge flying the Royal standard, leading the way—made across to Castle Lough Bay. The ivy-clad ruins of the castle stand at the end of a natural causeway of turf, and over its ancient trees and evergreens the union-jack waved freely. The ruins of Muckross Abbey are the chief attraction at this place. The Royal visitors lingered long in their admiration of the well-preserved and beautiful cloisters, whose graceful arches inclose the romantically placed quadrangle, with its venerable yew-tree casting shadows beneath.

On this day, as on Friday, the excursion was of a private nature. A number of persons assembled at Dinas, while the Royal guests were lunching at Glena, and again upon the gravel walk and turfy border in front of the Lake Hotel at Castle Lough. By these ladies and gentlemen of course loyal and hearty demonstrations were given. Otherwise, the people seen during the drive were singularly few until on the homeward route Killarney town was passed through, with its flags, evergreens, arches, mottoes, and delighted citizens. In the evening there was a dinner party at Kenmare House, to which the Bishop of Limerick and a number of resident gentlemen, including several Roman Catholic clergymen, were invited. Afterwards there was an evening party. On Sunday their Royal Highnesses and the Lord Lieutenant and Countess Spencer attended Divine service at Killarney parish church, and during the afternoon they visited Ross Castle, but, owing to the roughness of the water, were not able to take an intended boating excursion.

On Monday (the 20th ult.) their Royal Highnesses left Killarney, returning to Dublin by way of Tralee and Limerick; they were greeted on the journey, at both those towns, by a large assemblage of people at the railway station, and by some of the local authorities presenting addresses of welcome. The Prince of Wales, in reply to the addresses of the Chamber of Commerce, magistrates, clergy, and others at Limerick, said he would have been much gratified, if it had been possible, to have seen more of that important city, and to gain a better acquaintance with its institutions. Their Royal Highnesses went to stay at the Viceregal Lodge in Phœnix Park, Dublin, with the Lord Lieutenant and Lady Spencer, until Thursday morning. On the Tuesday they were at the Punchestown races, near Naas, but the weather was unfortunately very bad, raining nearly all day. Before going there, they received an address from the Sunday-school children of Dublin, who assembled in the cricket-ground to the number of ten or eleven thousand. A hundred young girls, headed by Miss Plunket, daughter of the Archbishop of Dublin, formed the leading party, and presented a basket of flowers to the Princess of Wales. The Rev. W. Tristram read the address, and the Dean of the Chapel Royal, on behalf of the boys, presented an ormolu card-plate to Prince Albert Victor Edward. On Wednesday, the weather being still rainy, their Royal Highnesses did not go a second time to the Punchestown races, as they had intended, but the Prince of Wales inspected the Royal Irish Constabulary force in the Park; and in the evening they all attended the Dublin Citizens' Ball, which was a magnificent entertainment, in the vast temporary hall erected on the premises of the Royal Dublin Society, the agricultural show-yard at Ball's Bridge. The ball-room was splendidly decorated. Four or five thousand ladies and gentlemen were assembled. The Prince of Wales wore the uniform of a field marshal, and the Princess of Wales wore a dress of green velvet over a jupe of pale green satin and silver gauze draped with Irish lace, fastened with bouquets of shamrock and lilies of the valley. Countess Spencer wore a rich white satin dress, with tablier embroidered in pearls. Shortly after the arrival of the Royal party, dancing was commenced, the Royal quadrille being formed as follows:—The Princess of Wales and Mr. Richard Martin (chairman of the Citizens' Committee); Mrs. Edward Cecil Guinness and the Prince of Wales; Countess Spencer and Mr. E. C. Guinness (High Sheriff of the county of Dublin); Mrs. Richard Martin and Earl Spencer. The Duchess of Manchester danced with Prince Albert Victor Edward. Their Royal Highnesses went next day to Belfast.

An influential conference was held at the Mansion House on Tuesday, under the presidency of the Lord Mayor, to advocate more economical administration by the London School Board.

By a fire which occurred in an oil and colour shop at the corner of Gravel-lane and Union-street, Borough, early yesterday week, the proprietor, Mr. H. Chandler, his wife, and son, were burnt to death, and a domestic servant and three little girls were greatly injured. The servant, Alice Ayres, with great courage and presence of mind in the terrible crisis, threw out a feather bed, on which she dropped the children; but in attempting to save herself she fell upon the ground and sustained dreadful injuries. We regret to say that this heroic woman died on Sunday in Guy's Hospital, and one of the three children whom she threw out of the window is also dead.

"The Chittagong Hill-Tribes," who inhabit the highlands above the east coast of the Gulf of Bengal, and are subjects of the British Indian Empire, were spoken of last week in our review of Colonel T. H. Lewin's entertaining book, "A Fly on the Wheel," that officer having resided among them, on the Karnaphuli river, during eight years preceding the Lushai Expedition of 1872. Messrs. Asher and Co., publishers well known for their taste and enterprise, have just issued a beautiful work upon this subject, which is of great ethnological interest. It comprises a translation, by Professor A. H. Keane, the learned compiler of Stanford's "Asia," of Dr. Emil Riebeck's narrative of a journey in that country in the year 1882, with his scientific treatises on the ethnology, anthropology, zoology, and meteorology of the entire region; all finely printed, with numerous wood-engravings interspersed in the text, on loose folio sheets, accompanied by some twenty plates, on cardboard, which represent in photo-lithography (two of the plates are richly coloured) the various types of the native races, their costumes, dwellings, utensils, weapons, ornaments, and other properties, and the skulls of some rare species of animals. There is also a map, carefully drawn, which shows the labyrinth of hill and mountain ranges, with the altitudes duly marked. The whole is inclosed in a portfolio of convenient form, out of which the sheets and plates can be taken separately for perusal at the reader's pleasure. Dr. Riebeck's account is supplemented by eminent German scientific men, Herren Von Danckelman, Grünwedel, Kühn, and Virchow, with special notices of the matters upon which their authority is recognised as standing high in European estimation; but justice is done to the useful works of Colonel Lewin, Dr. W. W. Hunter, and other Englishmen who have written upon the hill tribes of Eastern Bengal and of the Burmese frontier.

THE COURT.

Queen Victoria is in excellent health. Her Majesty and Princess Beatrice, accompanied by their suite, arrived at Darmstadt on the morning of Thursday week, and were received at the railway station by the members of the Grand Ducal family. It is officially announced that they very greatly enjoyed their visit to Aix-les-Bains, and that every possible mark of attention and respect was shown to them. Next morning the Queen, Princess Beatrice, and the Grand Duke of Hesse drove out, and again in the afternoon for two hours. The weather was so warm and fine that her Majesty was able to read and deal with her telegrams in the open air. Last Saturday the Queen and Princess Beatrice were present at the confirmation of Prince Ernest Louis, the Hereditary Grand Duke of Hesse. Her Majesty also attended the christening of the infant child of Princess Louis of Battenberg, and was one of the sponsors. On Sunday morning her Majesty and the Princess lunched with Prince Alexander of Hesse and the Princess of Battenberg, where they met the Grand Duke of Hesse, Prince and Princess Louis of Battenberg, Prince Henry and Prince Francis Joseph of Battenberg, and Count and Countess Erbach. After the communion service held for the Grand Ducal family in the Palace Chapel, her Majesty attended Divine service, with Princess Beatrice, in the Anglican church, where the Rev. King Commin officiated. In the afternoon the Queen drove to the Rosenhöhe to visit the grave of Princess Alice, which had been decorated with numberless wreaths and floral crosses; and subsequently drove to Kranichstein. Prince Louis of Battenberg left for England in the afternoon, in order to resume his duties on board the Royal yacht. The Queen spent an hour in the Palace gardens at Darmstadt on Monday morning. In the afternoon her Majesty and Princess Beatrice drove to Ludwigshöhe, accompanied by Princes Ernest and Henry of Battenberg, returning by way of Traisa. Princess Beatrice was present at a soirée given by Prince Alexander in the evening. Early on Tuesday morning the Queen, with Princess Beatrice and the Grand Duke, went to the Catholic Church and inspected it. Her Majesty afterwards drove to Prince Emil's garden, where she took walking exercise. At noon the Queen returned to the New Palace, and worked at her correspondence in the garden. The Prince and Princess of Hohenlohe-Langenburg, with their daughter, visited the Queen and lunched with her Majesty; Princess Beatrice, the Grand Duke, and Princess Victoria being present. At five o'clock the Queen's visitors left, and her Majesty drove out in an open carriage in the neighbourhood.

The visit of the Prince and Princess of Wales to Ireland was brought to a close on Monday. The Royal visitors took leave of the Duke and Duchess of Abercorn at Baron's Court, and proceeded first to Carrickfergus, receiving addresses at Omagh, Dungannon, and Cookstown. The Prince and Princess, with Prince Albert Victor, afterwards went to Larne, and embarked on the Royal yacht Osborne for Stranraer, whence they returned to London. On arriving at Euston Station on Tuesday morning, their Royal Highnesses were enthusiastically welcomed by a large assemblage. The Prince of Wales was present at the Epsom Spring Meeting on Tuesday.

The Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh visited the Royal Institute of Painters in Water Colours on Thursday week. In the afternoon the Duke and Duchess and Princess Louise paid a visit to the exhibition of the Royal Society of Painters in Water Colours. Princess Louise visited the galleries of the Incorporated Society of British Artists. The Duke and Duchess gave a dinner party at Clarence House yesterday week, followed by a musical party.

Princess Margaret and Prince Arthur, children of the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, who have been staying for a week with Princess Louise (Marchioness of Lorne) at Kensington Palace, returned last Saturday afternoon to Windsor, where they will await the return of the Queen from Darmstadt.

THE CHURCH.

The crozier (or pastoral staff) to the Archbishop of Canterbury, which has been subscribed for by the clergy of the archdiocese, has been presented to the Primate at Lambeth Palace.

Drs. King and Bickersteth were consecrated at St. Paul's Cathedral last Saturday as Bishops of Lincoln and Exeter. The consecrating prelates were the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishops of London and Oxford.

The consecration of the Rev. Thornhill Webber as Bishop of Brisbane will take place on the 26th inst. at St. Paul's Cathedral. The Archbishop of Canterbury will be assisted in the ceremony by the Bishops of London and Victoria.

With the object of making himself better acquainted with the wants of the diocese, the Bishop of London has postponed the usual Diocesan Conference.

The Bishop of London will occupy the pulpit at the special evening service in the nave of Westminster Abbey, next Sunday (to-morrow), the occasion being the annual sermon in connection with the National Temperance League, of which society he is president.

Princess Christian opened the bazaar at the Townhall, Kensington, in aid of St. Matthew's Bayswater Church Completion Fund, on Tuesday.

The Bishop of London will consecrate the new Church of All Saints', Tuffnell Park, next Saturday, May 9, at three p.m. The church has been built at a cost of upwards of £5000, and will seat 720. There is a debt of £500 remaining on the building fund.

The anniversary festival of the Friends of the Clergy Corporation was held at Willis's Rooms on Wednesday—the Duke of Northumberland, president of the society, in the chair.

An effective specimen of Munich stained glass by Messrs. Mayer and Co. has been placed in Twigworth parish church, Gloucestershire, representing our Lord preaching on the Mount. The window consists of three lights, and the subject occupies the whole space.

A silver-gilt communion service, with furniture for the communion-table appropriate to the different festivals of the Church, was presented last Saturday to the Bishop of Lincoln by the past students of the Theological College of Cuddesdon, of which he was formerly Principal.

At a largely-attended meeting of the Chapter and Restoration Committee of Peterborough Cathedral Tower, it was resolved—"That the opinion of the Archbishop upon the two plans submitted to him be accepted, without reference of that question to the executive committee, and therefore that the present contract for rebuilding the central tower be proceeded with at once."

Both Houses of Canterbury Convocation reassembled on Tuesday. In the Upper House, the Archbishop of Canterbury announced that the Revised Version of the Bible will not be published till the 19th inst.; but two copies were presented to Convocation on Wednesday.

Sir Tatton Sykes, Bart., has given a handsome cross, 16 ft. high, which has been erected in the churchyard at Kirby Grindalythe, East Yorkshire.

CITY ECHOES.

Wednesday, April 29.

This week opened with an important rise in Consols and most other securities dependent upon the course of foreign affairs, but Monday had not closed when fresh telegrams of a disturbing character were published. It was said that a fresh conflict had arisen on the Afghan frontier, and it was at once concluded that there was renewed danger of war being thus precipitated. The relapse in prices was nearly equal to the advance which had taken place in the early part of the day. The effect of these violent fluctuations on the first day of the settlement was important, and rumours of probable failures were generally current. Meanwhile, money is accumulating in London. This is the natural result of the distrust which prevails amongst the investing and commercial classes. Fear of war causes both to avoid new ventures, and hence the return of British capital. But the Bank of England can scarcely reduce the rate further until peace is secured. On Saturday it was nearly impossible to lend money from day to day at any price. There is, however not equal depression in the bill market, though 2⅝ is the best rate that can be quoted for bills of three months.

The Local Government Board have made a return to Parliament as to the metropolitan water companies, which should have the careful consideration of all concerned in the great monopolies which oppress the householder in London. This return shows that while in the past ten years the houses supplied have increased by no less than 32½ per cent, such additional custom to the companies has not led to a reduced charge to the customer, but has been accompanied by a very large increase, the growth in water rents in that time being as much as 58¾ per cent. It would be some answer to this if householders could be shown to be now using more water; but of the eight companies, six are now supplying less water to each house than they did before this increase of charge per house. Another form of answer would be that the cost of supplying water had increased; but the evidence is of another sort, as the profits to the companies have so greatly increased that the dividends paid to holders of water stocks have risen from 25 to 50 per cent, and at the same time very large amounts of stock have been allotted at considerably under the market price. It seems, therefore, a reasonable conclusion that the consumers have not been allowed to in any way participate in the advantages which have of late years accrued to the water companies, while it is obvious that such a monopoly can only be tolerable as long as it is equitably administered.

As reference has been made here to the Grand Trunk dividend statement having been unaccompanied by the material qualification that as much as £66,000 had been taken from net revenue to meet renewal charges of the half-year, it is just to say that at the meeting of stockholders on Monday the president explained that the board did not themselves know of the deduction until the receipt of the postal particulars, about twelve days after the dividend had been announced. They regretted the omission of the information by their manager, and had instructed him to in future include such points in his dividend telegram. In the opinion of the Board the main cause of the present unfortunate position of the company is the disorder prevailing in the posting arrangements with the several American allies, and the president is about to proceed to Canada and the States at once, to see what he can do towards restoring these posts to satisfactory bases.

According to a telegram from Ottawa, the Canadian Pacific Railway is to be completed by Aug. 25 next. It is presumed that this information is given in reply to inquiries in view of possible difficulties in regard to Afghanistan and the Suez Canal. But to Canada the present Indian and half-breed revolt makes it scarcely less important that the projected branch lines should be proceeded with.

An active correspondence has been carried on recently in connection with the proposed formation of a company to buy land in large quantities with the object of re-selling it in small plots of between one to thirty or forty acres, on a system of deferred payments, extending over a term of years. The scheme has received definite shape, and a meeting has been held for the purpose of taking preliminary steps in the matter.

Like its partners in the Atlantic cable business, the Direct United States Cable Company is to pay a reduced dividend—3s. per share as against 5s.

The shareholders of the General Credit and United Discount Companies have agreed to the proposed plan of amalgamation.

T. S.

The Hammersmith Suspension Bridge has been closed, and the wooden temporary bridge constructed on the west side of it is open for traffic.

A Treasury warrant contains provisions for the conveyance by post of parcels between the United Kingdom and British India. The warrant comes into operation on July 1.

Admiral Sir. A. Cooper-Key, has received at the Admiralty a deputation of East Coast fishermen, who, through Mr. E. Birkbeck, M.P., complained of the mischief done to their nets and gear by Belgian fishermen. Assurance was given that the Admiralty would give the matter its very serious consideration.

At length the mystery surrounding the fate of the Rev. Merton Smith, Vicar of Plympton, has been cleared up, his body having been found in the Pyrenees, where he disappeared nearly two years ago. He was touring in the Pyrenees with a friend, and left his hotel for a morning walk. He was not seen afterwards, and a most anxious search, stimulated by the offer of a reward of £500, failed to recover any trace of him.

A proposal to amalgamate the London Society for Teaching and Training the Blind in Industrial Occupations at St. John's-wood with the Royal Normal College of Music for the Blind at Norwood has been before Vice-Chancellor Bacon, who decided that neither the necessity for an amalgamation nor the expediency has been shown to exist. The Court had not the power to sanction the alteration, and if it had, his Lordship said he would not do it.

Mr. William Alfred Gibbs has published a "Knapsack Edition" of his stirring poem entitled "The Battle of the Standard," and in a preface to it refers in suitable terms to the enormous importance of the Volunteer movement as our second grand line of defence, and indignantly complains that such a splendid force should not be provided with the proper equipments for taking the field. The book is published in a neat form by Messrs. Rydal and Co., of Paternoster-row.

Lord Brabazon opened the disused burial-ground of St. Mary's, Paddington-green, as a public ornamental garden last week. The ground is nearly three and a half acres in extent; the cost of conversion has been about £2000, and the work has been carried out at the instance of the Paddington Vestry, which bears one half, and the Metropolitan Board of Works the other half of the expense.—The Metropolitan Public Gardens Association, which has a fund in hand for giving work to the unemployed labourers of the metropolis, is at present converting into public gardens five squares and one burial-ground, all situated in the poorest districts, and on these works seventy "unemployed" workmen are engaged.

PARISIAN SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

(From our own Correspondent.)

Paris, Tuesday, April 28.

Three Senatorial elections which took place on Sunday attracted much attention in the political world on account of the great hopes of success which the reactionaries had formed on the strength of a few recent victories in the elections of Counsellors-General. Once more the reactionaries will have to adjourn their hopes, for in the elections of Sunday they were utterly defeated. In the Gironde, a Republican, M. Caduc, was elected by 774 votes against 476 obtained by the Duc Decazes; in the Deux-Sèvres, M. Bergeon, Republican, obtained a majority of 66 votes over the Bonapartist candidate; in the Basses-Pyrénées, M. Plantié, Republican, scored 579 votes against 431 obtained by General Bourbaki. In all three cases the reactionary candidates were chosen men, either having great notoriety or great influence in the department. Furthermore, in all three elections the different parties hostile to the Republic united together: in the Gironde, the Bonapartists voted for the Duc Decazes; and in the Basses-Pyrénées, the Royalists voted for General Bourbaki.

M. Ferdinand De Lesseps, the great piercer of isthmuses, was received at the French Academy last Thursday. His short speech was not remarkable, but the reply of M. Renan was one of those literary treats of which Paris seems to have the privilege. M. Renan's speech was patriotic, political, philosophical, and, above all, literary. The orator regretted that the French system of a Mussulman dynasty in Egypt had not been carried out. Such a dynasty, Mussulman in appearance, but really without fanaticism, and ready to recognise the superiority of the West, would have given civilisation command of all the Eastern Soudan, and have prevented those dangerous cyclones which Central Africa will produce periodically since it has imprudently been allowed to become Mussulman. The French system would have allowed the careful surveillance of the mosque of El-Hazar, the centre of Mussulman propagandism in Africa. "Isolated and given up to fetishism," said M. Renan, "the Soudanian races do not amount to much; but converted to Islam they become centres of intense fanaticism. For want of foresight, Europe has allowed the formation west of the Nile of an Arabia far more dangerous than the real Arabia." There are a dozen passages to quote out of this speech; but, for want of space, we must content ourselves with a few lines about that great battle-field of the future, the Suez Canal, for which M. De Lesseps is responsible. "What can we do," said M. Renan, "but inclose the lists where the blind masses come into collision? What can we do but favour in their effort towards existence all these obscure things which groan, weep, and suffer before they come into being? No deception shall stop us; we will be incorrigible. The King of Abyssinia said of you: 'Lesseps, who is of the tribe of light. . . .' We are all of that tribe. It is a rule in the army always to march towards the cannon, on whichever side it may be heard. For us it is a law to march towards the light, though often we do not know whither it is leading us."

Although we are on the eve of the opening of the vast annual exhibition of the Salon, new picture shows still continue to invite attention. The latest is that of paintings, water-colours, and drawings by the great German artist, Adolf Menzel, just opened in the Rue des Tuileries. As a painter, Menzel was almost unknown in France, and as an illustrator, he was only known to a few artists and amateurs by his grand work on Frederick the Great, certainly one of the most marvellous resuscitations of an epoch ever made. To judge from this present exhibition and from the impression made on the artists and on the public, Menzel's oil painting will not stand comparison with French work; but some of his water colours are marvels, and his drawings and illustrations entitle him to rank even above the great French national painter, the much-lauded Meissonier. Without exaggeration, Menzel is one of the most wonderful draughtsmen of ancient or modern times.

M. Léon Henzey, Curator of Antiques at the Louvre, has been elected free member of the Académie des Beaux-Arts to succeed M. Du Sommerard. Baron Alphonse De Rothschild, whose candidature created so much excitement and controversy, came out second, there being in all five candidates.

A posthumous opera in three acts, by Victor Massé, was produced with great success at the Opéra Comique on Saturday. The libretto is taken from a beautiful story by Théophile Gautier, called "Une Nuit de Cléopâtre," and the subject furnishes a pretext for sumptuous scenery and dresses and a reconstitution of Egyptian civilisation, which will enable the Opéra Comique to vie with the two Parisian theatres where people are marvelling at the reconstitution of Rome and Byzantium in "Messalina" and "Théodora." The music of "Une Nuit de Cléopâtre" is charming and full of melody. The leading rôles are played by Madame Marie Heilbron and M. Talazac.

Regnier, the eminent actor of the Comédie Française, died yesterday, at the age of seventy-eight. Regnier made his début at the Comédie Française in 1831. He had been professor at the Conservatoire since 1854, and almost all the French actors or actresses of the day have profited either by his private or his public lessons.

T. C.

The Princess Hilda of Nassau was on Sunday evening betrothed to the Hereditary Grand Duke Frederick William of Baden, grandson of the German Emperor. The betrothal took place privately at the palace of the Prince of Nassau in Vienna. The bridegroom, who is twenty-eight, is major *à la suite* in the 1st Regiment of Footguards, and the bride is the daughter of a former Duke of Nassau.

The Lower House of the Hungarian Diet, after several days' debate, has passed, by 219 against 133 votes, the bill for the reform of the Upper House in the terms agreed upon by that assembly.

On Tuesday the Belgian Chamber of Representatives unanimously adopted the bill authorising King Leopold II. to accept the title of Sovereign of the Congo Free State.

M. Tricoupis, the Greek Premier, has tendered his resignation.

There has been an avalanche in the eastern part of Iceland, destroying fifteen houses and killing twenty-four persons.

Mr. Phelps, the newly-appointed United States Minister to England, will, it is expected, sail for Europe in the Elbe on the 6th inst.

According to Reuter despatches from Ottawa, the massacre at Frog Lake is confirmed, the Indians having shot ten helpless whites and beaten two priests to death. At Fort Pitt the police drove back the Indians, killing and wounding several of them, after which they went down river to Battleford in a scow. The rails will be completely laid and the Canadian Pacific Railway be available for through traffic on Aug. 25 next. Uninterrupted railway communication will then exist between Halifax, Nova Scotia, and the Pacific coast entirely through British territory.

News has been received from Java that the largest and most active of the volcanoes in that island is in eruption.

OBITUARY.

SIR WILLIAM LEESON.

Sir William Edward Leeson, Genealogist of the Order of St. Patrick, died on the 21st ult., at Caen, Normandy, in his eighty-fifth year. He was the youngest son of the Hon. Robert Leeson, by Grace, his wife, daughter of Mr. Michael Head, and was grandson of Joseph, first Earl of Milltown. After holding for some time a commission in the Army, he was appointed, in 1835, Chamberlain to the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. From 1838 to 1841 he was Usher of the Black Rod, and from 1841 to the hour of his death held the sinecure office of Genealogist to the Order of St. Patrick, an office now abolished. In 1838 he received the honour of knighthood. Sir William married, first, 1826, Louisa Araminta, daughter of Colonel T. B. Daly Sewell; and secondly, 1853, Julia, daughter of Captain Edwin Richards, R.N., of Rivington House, county Cavan. By the former (who died in 1851) he had three sons and three daughters, and by the latter (who died 1879) two sons and one daughter.

GENERAL MACAN.

General Henry Macan, C.B., whose death, in his eighty-first year, is just announced, entered the Bombay Army in 1821, and attained the rank of General in 1877. He served with distinction in India, was on the staff in the Scinde and Afghan campaign 1840-1, and commanded a brigade during the Indian Mutiny. For his services at the assault and capture of Kotah, he was awarded a medal and made a C.B.

SURGEON-GENERAL INNES.

Surgeon-General Francis William Innes, M.D., C.B., died at 2, Lyndhurst-road, Hampstead, on the 23rd inst. He was born in 1812, the son of the Rev. George Innes, of Cullen, N.B., and educated at the University of Edinburgh, where he took the degree of M.D. in 1836. In the following year he entered the medical department of the Army, and in 1871 became Surgeon-General. During the Indian Mutiny his services were acknowledged by the thanks of the Governor-General and by a medal with two clasps. The decoration of C.B. was conferred on him in 1860. Dr. Innes married a daughter of Mr. John Barclay, of Calcot, Elgin.

MR. H. HALFORD VAUGHAN.

Mr. Henry Halford Vaughan, formerly Fellow of Oriel College, and subsequently Professor of Modern History at Oxford, died on the 19th ult., at Upton Castle, Pembrokeshire. After receiving his education under Dr. Arnold at Rugby, where his name headed the long list of exhibitioners in the palmiest days of that great school, he graduated first class at Christ Church, Oxford, in 1833. He retired, however, at an early period from the profession of the law, and disappointed the hopes of a brilliant career. He was younger son of the Right Hon. Sir John Vaughan, D.C.L., a Judge of the Common Pleas, by Augusta, his wife, second daughter of Henry Lord St. John, and was nephew of Sir Henry (Vaughan) Halford, Bart., the famous physician.

We have also to record the deaths of—

Thomas Neville Ussher, formerly H.M. Chargé-d'Affaires and Consul-General at Hayti, on the 18th ult., at Guernsey. He was eldest son of Rear-Admiral Sir Thomas Ussher.

Mr. Alfred Kingston, Assistant Keeper of the Public Records, distinguished in literary and antiquarian circles, and Honorary Secretary of the Camden Society, on the 23rd inst.

Mr. Robert Anderson, A.R.S.A., well known as an engraver, and subsequently as a water-colour artist, on the 24th ult., aged forty-three.

Lady Selina Dent, daughter of the eleventh Earl of Huntingdon, and widow of Rear-Admiral Charles Dent, on the 22nd ult., in her seventy-eighth year.

Mr. Alan Bagot, F.S.A., the inventor of several apparatus for saving life and preventing accidents in mines, as well as the author of some scientific works, aged twenty-eight.

The Hon. Mrs. Hamilton (Margaret Frances Florence), second daughter of Henry Augustus, thirteenth Viscount Dillon, and widow of Mr. William John Hamilton, M.P., on the 19th ult., at Florence.

Mr. J. D'Aguilar Samuda, the well-known shipbuilder, aged seventy-two. Mr. Samuda, who was born in 1813, represented Tavistock from 1865 to 1868, and sat for the Tower Hamlets from 1868 till the dissolution of the last Parliament.

Miss Mary Barbara Hales, of Hales Place, Canterbury, a lady well-known in Roman Catholic circles, on the 18th ult., aged forty-nine, at Sarre Court, near Ramsgate. She was daughter of Sir Edward Hales, Bart., and inherited the Hales Place estate at the death of her father.

Sarah Philadelphia, Dowager Lady Worsley, widow of Sir William Worsley, Bart., of Hovingham, mother of the present Baronet, and fourth daughter of Sir George Cayley, sixth Baronet, of Brompton, Yorkshire, on the 23rd ult., at Scarborough, aged eighty-two.

Mr. William Pinhorn, Paymaster-in-Chief, R.N., in his sixty-seventh year. He was Paymaster of her Majesty's ship Modeste during all the operations in China in 1841-2, and served in the Crimean Campaign, receiving the Crimean and Turkish medals, and the Fifth Class of the Order of the Medjidieh.

The Company of Drapers have given fifty guineas, and the Company of Merchant Taylors five guineas, to the funds of the Homes for Working Boys in London.

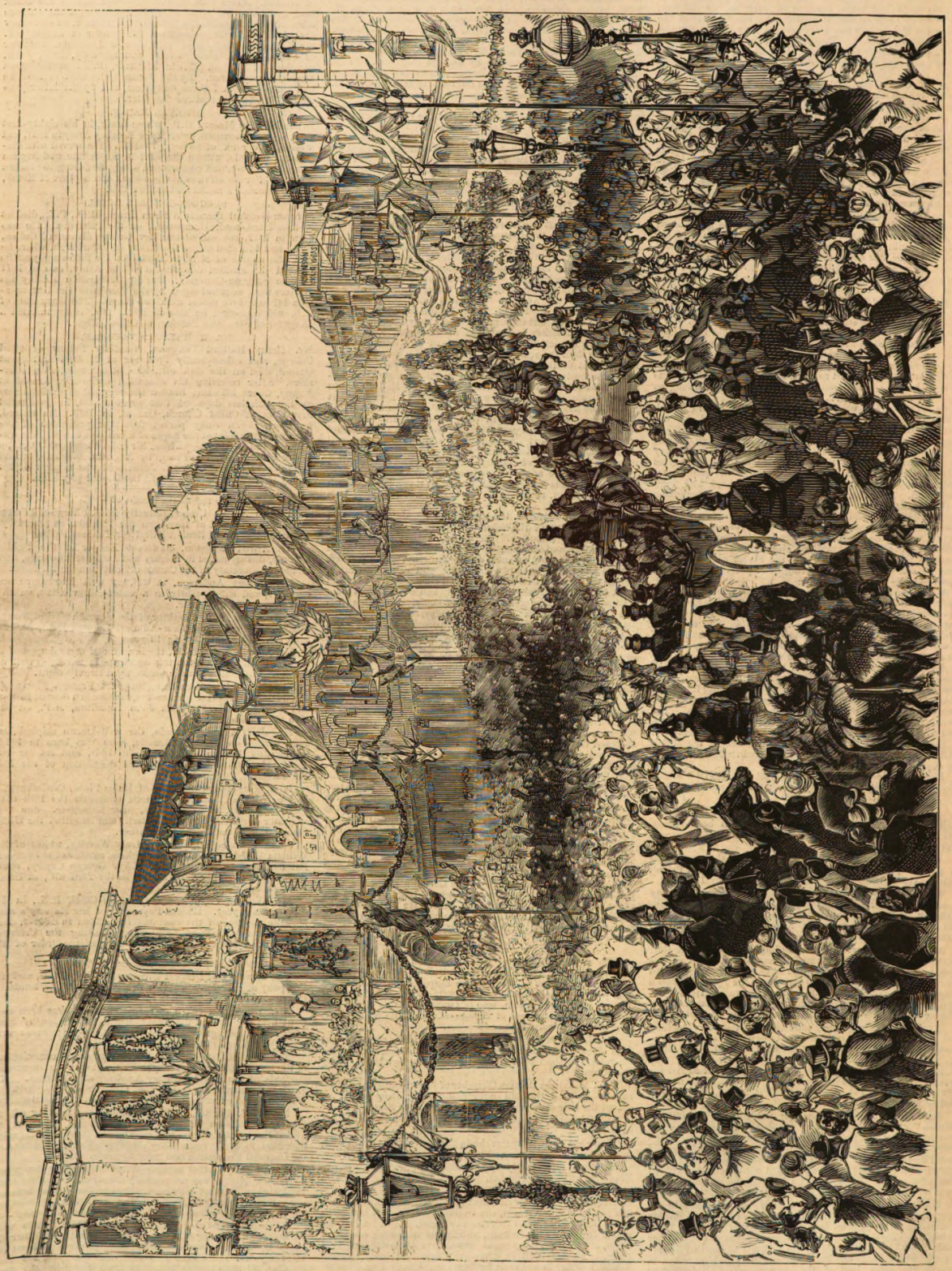
Alfred Terry, a youth of seventeen years, has been sentenced, at the Central Criminal Court, to twelve months' hard labour for sending threatening letters to Mr. Gladstone with the object of extorting money.

The Duke of Cambridge on Tuesday presented commissions in the Royal Artillery and Royal Engineers to the successful students of the Royal Military Academy at Woolwich. The Duke afterwards expressed the pleasure he had felt on receiving such excellent reports of the conduct of the students.

Mr. W. E. Forster, M.P., presiding at a meeting of the Society of Arts on Tuesday night, at which a paper on the Federation of the Empire was read by Mr. Gorst, M.P., called attention to the extraordinary progress which the movement for Imperial Federation had recently made.

Her Majesty's steel armour-plated ship Howe, ten guns, 7500-horse power, was successfully launched from Pembroke Dockyard on Tuesday afternoon. The christening and launching ceremony was performed by Miss Keith Stewart, niece of Sir W. Houston Stewart, late Controller of the Admiralty.

In London last week 2541 births and 1743 deaths were registered; the former having been 216, and the latter 33, below the average numbers in the corresponding week of the last ten years. There were 39 deaths from smallpox, 103 from measles, 40 from scarlet fever, 10 from diphtheria, 57 from whooping-cough, and 21 from dysentery. Different forms of violence caused 62 deaths; 54 being the result of negligence or accident, among which were 28 from fractures and contusions, 5 from burns and scalds, 2 from drowning, 3 from poison, and 13 of infants from suffocation.



THE ROYAL VISIT TO IRELAND: THE PROCESSION PASSING ALONG CASTLE-PLACE, BELFAST.



THE ROYAL VISIT TO IRELAND: THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES AT THE LAKES OF KILLARNEY.

THE ROYAL VISIT TO BELFAST.

An account of the sojourn of the Prince and Princess of Wales and their son, Prince Albert Edward of Wales, at Killarney, and of their rambles, with Earl and Countess Spencer and other friends, among the beautiful scenes of lake and mountain in that romantic neighbourhood, will be found on another page. Their return to Dublin, on Monday, the 20th, is also mentioned, with the incidents of two following days, when their intended amusement at the Punchestown races, famous among sporting men for the exhibition of Irish leaping horses, was sadly marred by the persistent rain. Their Royal Highnesses left Dublin on Thursday; but, instead of going by sea to Belfast, as had been proposed, they travelled by railway, arriving at three o'clock. They were received by the Mayor and aldermen and town councillors of the city. The station was prettily ornamented, and a large concourse of people was assembled. Hearty cheers greeted the Prince and Princess as their train entered. A guard of the 2nd Royal Fusiliers presented arms, and the band played the National Anthem and "God Bless the Prince of Wales." Several of the Corporation having been introduced to the Prince and Princess, their Royal Highnesses were conducted to their carriage. A number of persons rushed forward and surrounded the carriage and held out their hands. The Prince and Princess at once acknowledged the kindly intention by shaking hands with some of them. The Royal party drove to the Ulster Hall, escorted by the Royal Irish Fusiliers, receiving a welcome which for cordiality and enthusiasm has never been surpassed. The streets of Belfast presented a spectacle of extraordinary animation and festive gaiety. The lavishness of the decorations may be estimated from the fact that, leaving the public institutions out of account, the inhabitants of Belfast had spent over £50,000 in the display at shops and private houses. The Royal party passed under three triumphal arches on their way to the Ulster Hall; all these bore inscriptions of welcome and affection variously expressed. From the railway station to the Ulster Hall the entire route was decorated with Venetian masts, exhibiting shields and trophies of flowers. Extending from mast to mast the whole way were ropes of evergreens interspersed with flowers, while every

(Continued on page 466.)

QUARTERLY MAGAZINES.

The articles in the *Church Quarterly Review* are all of a more or less professional character, even the one on Mrs. Oliphant's "Literary History of England." Some, however, have great merit, especially a learned disquisition on Greek liturgies. The obituary notices of Bishop Wordsworth and Edward Coleridge are interesting, and the review of Mr. Thorold Rogers's edition of Gascoigne's "Theological Dictionary" produces most curious illustrations of the state of things which preceded and prepared the Reformation.

The *Scottish Review* has thoughtful articles on our foreign policy and the politics of the Dominion of Canada; a curious account of a Stuart pretender in the eighteenth century claiming to be a grandson of Charles II.; and an essay on the well-worn subject of George Eliot, which achieves originality by the suggestion that Mrs. Cross, had she lived, would have excelled Mrs. Lewes. The best feature, however, is, as usual, the quarterly digest of foreign periodical literature, which is quite unique in this country and most valuable.

The *City Quarterly Magazine*, a new undertaking, promises well. Besides a record of the condition of the leading securities—seemingly impartial, and, if so, calculated to be of much value to investors—it has some telling papers on subjects closely connected with finance—such as the political prospects of Mr. Goschen, the value of our colonial trade, and the abatement of legal expenses by enabling solicitors to act as barristers.

The popular poetry of Greece, or at least of that portion of Greece which is still under the Turkish yoke, has found an admirable interpreter in Miss Lucy M. J. Garnett—*Greek Folk-Songs from the Turkish Provinces of Greece: Literal and Metrical Translations*, by L. M. J. Garnett (Elliot Stock). To a perfect acquaintance with the uncouth and difficult dialect of the original, derived from a long residence in the country, the translator adds a happy literary instinct which has enabled her to seize upon the appropriate tone for dealing with the various classes of compositions comprehended in her volume, and a command of pure idiomatic English accurately reflecting the artless simplicity of the original. The pieces comprise ballads of legendary folk-lore, both primitive and Christian; songs and stories of the affections; and historical ballads of the strife with the Ottoman. The latter, of course, are of comparatively recent date, and show that the genius of popular song has not yet departed from among the people. Miss Garnett's translation reflects every mood in turn with equal felicity, and skilfully combines literary form with perfect fidelity to the original. The long, and in many respects valuable, introduction by Mr. Stuart Glennie would, we think, have been more in place if the writer had confined himself to the illustration of the pieces which it professes to introduce, but with which the greater part of it has little apparent connection.

At the School Board for London on Thursday week the School Management Committee made it known that the trustees of the Mitchell's Charity had agreed to give eight scholarships of the annual value of £30, instead of six as formerly, and that six of these were to be for boys and two for girls. Six boys and two girls were presented to the Board, and congratulated by the chairman on having obtained these scholarships.

TO THE CORPULENT.

"It is a very singular thing that a disease of such significance as corpulency, entailing as it does so many inconveniences and vexations, to say nothing of the more serious consequent dangers, should have been allowed to work mischief in the world all these years almost unbecded; so strange, indeed, that one is almost forced to the opinion that corpulency must be a disease of recent times, which has only now assumed sufficient importance to be classed as a disease, and to receive the serious attention of scientific men.

"That corpulency is a disease, is very clear, and there is no reason why it should not be regarded in an equally serious light as consumption or any other disease. Yet it is made light of and ridiculed, and the unfortunate possessor of too much fat, instead of securing the sympathy of his fellow men and women, gets the credit of being a person of gross and intemperate habits, a glutton in fact. Thus, when we see a picture of a fat monk or squire, there is almost invariably present also a big venison pasty, a fat capon, and flagon of wine; so it is that, unconsciously, and, as it seems, unjustly, we always associate a big corporation with big feeding. In a work on the subject of corpulence, recently published by Mr. F. C. Russell, of Woburn House, Store-street, Bedford-square (formerly of Gower-street), London, whose treatment for the cure of corpulency has, as we have said, become so popular that "doing Russell" has become almost a household word, he clearly proves from his experiences in a vast number of cases brought under his notice, that stout persons are usually the most temperate. He also makes it very clear that corpulency is a disease, and a dangerous one too, and while insisting that it should be treated as such, strongly disapproves of the system of attempting to remove superfluous fat by a course of emaciating drugs; pointing out with truth that even where it is possible to get rid of a few pounds of fat by this dangerous means, the reduction is only temporary, and the fat returns more rapidly than it left, and one does not want to be taking physic for ever. In contrast to this doubtful method of procedure, Mr. Russell attacks the disease as it were at the fountain head. The medicine he prescribes does not lower, but builds up and tones the system; in short, Mr. Russell's aim is to *eradicate, to cure* the disease, and that his treatment is the true one seems beyond all doubt. We have now before us many hundreds of communications from persons of all ranks of life, including among them many well-known noblemen, gentlewomen, and professional men, all testifying in the most grateful terms as to great and lasting benefit derived from Mr. Russell's remedy. Want of space does not permit us to quote largely from these letters, but we gather that in one severe case as much as eight pounds of superfluous fat has been got rid of in one week, the writer of the letter going on to say that he never felt in such health and spirits in his life. Three pounds, however, seems to be about the average reduction, depending apparently upon the severity of the case. Mr. Russell's remedy consists of a medicine which has the advantage of being agreeable to take, besides being entirely vegetable in its composition, and perfectly harmless; and from the letters referred to above we may sum up the chief points of Mr. Russell's remedy as follows:—

"Firstly. It is beyond all doubt efficacious.

"Secondly. It is perfectly harmless, on which point all seem to be unanimous. The expressions, 'admirable tonic,' 'splendid stuff,' &c., occurring frequently in the letters referred to.

"Thirdly. It is agreeable to take—a great consideration, for not everybody can take nauseous medicines.

"Fourthly. It does not necessitate semi-starvation.

"Fifthly. The effects are permanent.

"Sixthly. It is a most exhilarating and strengthening tonic.

"Seventhly. It appears that it is particularly beneficial in cases where obesity is accompanied with gout and rheumatism. All this we gather from the unsolicited testimony of a vast number of respectable people, and it is evident that the British public has not been slow to avail itself of Mr. Russell's treatment; indeed, we may look to see in a few years a marked diminution in the number of corpulent persons in England, and then there seems no longer any necessity to carry about with us the incubus of corpulency when it may so easily be got rid of; and we advise those who have not done so, to send to Mr. Russell, Woburn House, Store-street, Bedford-square, London, for his interesting book, which, it seems, is to be had by forwarding 8 stamps, sufficient to cover cost of postage and printing. The book contains, among other useful information, the Recipe, showing the harmless nature of the drugs used.

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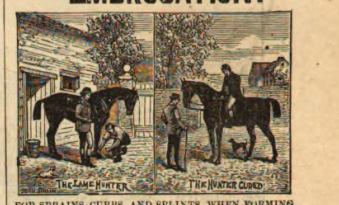
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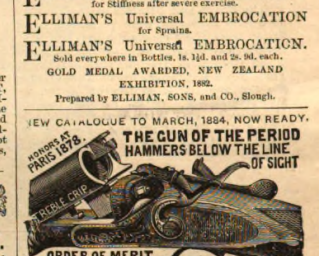
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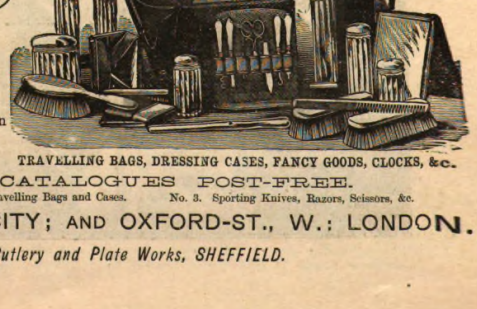
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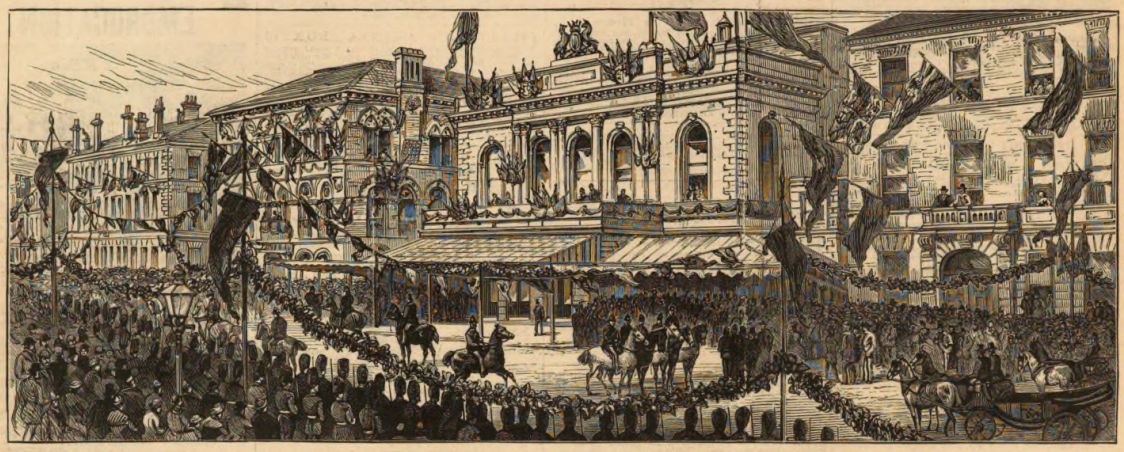


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THE ROYAL VISIT TO IRELAND.



STREET IN BELFAST, ULSTER HALL AND OTHER BUILDINGS.

house had its display of banners, and every window was crowded with eager spectators. At Royal-avenue, where several important streets meet and where there are many fine public buildings, the sight was especially imposing. Every house was gaily decked, draped in crimson and gold festoons, with laurel and ivy, and displaying bunting in infinite variety. The new Liberal Club vied in tasteful ornamentation with the Ulster Club. The work of decorating the city had been intrusted to the firm of Messrs. Defries and Son, of London. The weather was very fine; the day was observed as a general holiday, most of the shops being closed, and the people of Belfast came out in thousands to give the Prince and Princess a right Royal welcome.

The Prince and Princess arrived at the Ulster Hall, where numerous addresses were presented to them, the principal being from the Corporation of Belfast, the Presbytery of Belfast in connection with the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church in Ireland, and the Ulster Medical Society. Their Royal Highnesses drove through the principal streets to the Osborne yacht, at Donegal Quay, which they reached about six o'clock. In the evening the town was brilliantly illuminated. One of the most conspicuous objects was the Albert Memorial, at the eastern end of Donegal-place. The display made by Messrs. Robinson and Cleaver, in High-street, including the beautiful revolving crystal star from the Kremlin at Moscow, was much admired.

The Royal party remained on board the Osborne during the night, the yacht being off Carrickfergus. On Friday morning they embarked on board the steamer Manx Queen for conveyance to Belfast. The landing-place was at Donegal Quay, where they were received by the Chairman of the Harbour Commissioners, Mr. E. J. Harland, with the Mayor and Corporation; and an address of welcome was presented. The Royal party visited York-street Mills, the flax-spinning establishment of Mr. Mulholland, M.P., and the mill of Messrs. Richardson, Sons, and Owden, linen manufactory, in Donegal-square. They went to the Townhall, where they were entertained by the Mayor at luncheon. The printing and engraving establishments of Messrs. Marcus Ward and Co. were next visited. A drive of a few minutes brought the Royal party to Queen's College, where the students and the Professors and Doctors were assembled in the great hall. The President of the College, Dr. Porter, read an address welcoming the Princes and Princess. The next place visited was the Presbyterian Assembly's College of Belfast, where the Royal party was received by the Rev. Dr. Killen, President, the Vice-Presidents, and several members of the Faculty. An address was presented by Dr. Killen, to which the Prince replied. Leaving the Presbyterian College, the Royal party drove to the Queen's Island, crossing Queen's Bridge, and passing by the Southern Quays. It was intended that they should have visited the extensive ship-building works of Messrs. Harland and Wolff, at Queen's Island, but there was no time for this; a rapid run was therefore taken to the site of the proposed Alexandra Graving Dock, lower down the river, where the Princess of Wales, in the presence of the members of the Harbour Board, cut the first turf of the works. This ceremony was quickly concluded, and the Royal party then embarked on the Royal yacht for dinner. At nightfall the city was again brilliantly illuminated. The grand ball, given by the Mayor to about eight hundred invited guests, to meet their Royal Highnesses, was held at the Ulster Hall.

On Saturday, the Royal party left Belfast, by railway, for Londonderry, where they were greeted with a cordial welcome; and proceeded to Newton Stewart, and to Baronscourt, the seat of the Duke and Duchess of Abercorn. On Monday last, their Royal Highnesses bade farewell to Ireland, embarking at Larne in the Osborne yacht, which conveyed them to the Scottish coast. They landed in the evening at Stranraer, and travelled all night to London, arriving safely at home on Tuesday morning.



THE ROYAL PARTY ON THE LAKE AT KILLARNEY.



DRAWN BY F. BARNARD.

"Don't you think," asked Lord St. Austell sweetly—"excuse my saying so; but don't you think that is a little bit prudish of you!"

ADRIAN VIDAL.

BY W. E. NORRIS,

AUTHOR OF "MDLLE. DE MERSAC," "MATRIMONY," "THIRLBY HALL," &C.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

INDISCRETION.

Despite the efforts of the Nihilists, Fenians, and other well-meaning individuals, who have rendered the latter part of the nineteenth century so exciting a period to live in, the science of blowing people up is still far from having attained exactitude. In laying mines or throwing glass balls filled with explosives, so many possibilities have to be taken into account, that it almost seems as if this method of improving society would in the end prove too disheartening to be persevered with. The Royal train passes in safety over the perilous spot, and it is only the Royal baggage, following half an hour later, that is converted into smithereens; the tyrant whom it is desired to "remove" passes along the street scatheless, while some unoffending citizen makes a premature ascent to the skies. And so Miss Susan Bowman, who had conceived a really ingenious plan for wrecking Mr. Vidal's happiness, and had worked it out with an attention to details which ought to have ensured success, arrived at no more satisfactory result than the destruction of such remnants of happiness as were left to Mr. Vidal's wife.

Clare never for a moment thought of making such a scene as Susan's sanguine fancy had anticipated. She knew that angry words would not mend matters; and even if she could have brought herself to confess that she had played the spy upon her husband, she would have shrunk from speaking of what she felt to be in some sort degrading to herself as well as to him. Her feeling was not so much one of indignation as of dull despair. She wanted to get away from Adrian: not to quarrel with him or to upbraid him, but simply to get away from him for a time. It vexed her not a little to discover that, in spite of all that he had done, she loved him still. Why should she go on caring for a man who no longer cared for her? She could not tell why—she had always believed that she would hate him if he proved false to her; but now that the blow had fallen, she found that she did not hate him. Those whose hearts are broken can hardly suffer much from wounded pride. Clare's pride asserted itself no farther than to make her resolve that her husband should never suspect the existence of the weakness which she could not overcome. "If I could only get away!" she repeated to herself over and over again. She dwelt upon this thought until what had at first been no more than a vague wish became a definite and imperative craving; and when Adrian, who had been dining out, came home that night, he found her, rather to his surprise, waiting for him in the drawing-room.

"Adrian," she said at once, "I want to go home for Christmas."

"To go home?" he echoed, in some consternation. "Well, really, I don't quite see how we could manage that."

"Not you; of course you could not leave London. But there is no reason why I should not go alone. They would be glad to have me at home; and I have not been feeling well lately."

"Are you really not feeling well, Clare?"

"I never feel quite well here," she answered, evasively; "I dare say I shall feel better in Cornwall. Have you any objection to my going?"

Adrian hesitated. "Won't they think it rather odd?" he suggested.

"I don't think so. There is nothing extraordinary in my requiring a change of air and in your being too busy to go out of town. You need not be afraid about that," she added, with a rather bitter smile; "I am no more anxious than you are that they should know what terms we are on."

An interval of silence was broken by a deep sigh from Adrian. "Do you *like* being upon these terms, Clare?" he asked.

"I think they are the only terms possible for us," she replied coldly. "May I write to my mother, then?"

"Oh, by all means, if you wish it," answered Adrian, whose temper, as we know, had already been tried that day, and who was beginning to think that it would have been no bad thing if Adam had been allowed to keep all his ribs. "I shall not spend a very cheerful Christmas; but that, of course, is of no consequence. How long do you propose to make your visit?"

"I thought of a month; but I could come back sooner, if I was wanted for anything here." She added, after a moment, "I think the servants understand their work pretty well now; but I will speak to the cook before I go, and make arrangements, so that you shall not be troubled about ordering dinner."

"Oh, if you are going to be as much as a month away, I shall put the servants on board wages and take my meals at the club," answered Adrian.

Clare felt a twinge of compunction. If it had been in her power to inflict some sharp mental suffering upon her husband, she would not, perhaps, have stayed her hand; but the idea of driving him out of doors to seek his dinner was repugnant to her. "I am afraid that will be very inconvenient," she murmured; "it is such a long way to go."

"No; I shall not find it so. I can always dress there in the evenings, and I rather like a walk before breakfast. Besides, I am not particularly fond of eating in absolute solitude."

Adrian felt himself decidedly aggrieved; and this is always a consolatory sensation. He did not press his wife for reasons for her desertion of him, nor did she volunteer any. It was arranged that she should start for Cardrew in the second week of December, and the prospect of a speedy release enabled her to bear herself with tolerable composure during the interim.

The day fixed upon for her departure was drawing nigh, when she was made the recipient of an honour as unexpected as it was flattering. Lord St. Austell, who was at one time a great frequenter of ladies' drawing-rooms, has of late years ceased to seek relaxation in that particular field, and is now more often to be seen behind the plate-glass window of his club towards five o'clock in the afternoon than beside the tea-tables of his fair friends. Nevertheless, it was at that hour on a dim December day that his brougham stopped at the door of a certain modest mansion in Alexandra-gardens, and immediately afterwards he was shown into the presence of our astonished heroine, his eye-glass in his eye, a smart little bouquet in his button-hole, and his teeth agreeably conspicuous.

"And how is Mrs. Vidal?" inquired his Lordship, pleasantly, holding out a lavender-kidded hand. It is hard for even the most juvenile of old gentlemen to keep quite abreast of the customs of the day, and Lord St. Austell has never been able to divorce himself from his lavender kid gloves.

"I have come," he continued, "to beg for a cup of tea." And thereupon he seated himself beside Clare's work-table, and contemplated her across it with that dreadful grinning smile of his, in which his eyes did not participate.

Upon the face of it, there is no reason at all why an elderly acquaintance should not drop in towards the close of the afternoon and ask for a cup of tea; but Clare would hardly have been more taken aback if the Czar of all the Russias had suddenly presented himself with the same modest request. She displayed a good deal of confusion, thereby delighting her visitor, who thought modesty a very becoming thing in a young woman.

"I did not know you were in London," she remarked, saying the first thing that came into her head.

"I only arrived from Paris yesterday; but Lady St. Austell has been here for some weeks. Of course, she has called upon you. No? I am quite ashamed—I blush for her. But she is so young and thoughtless that she often forgets her duties, I am sorry to say. She has not forgotten Mr. Vidal though; for I left him in Grosvenor-square half an hour ago. But perhaps I ought not to have mentioned that; perhaps he doesn't always tell you what house he is bound for when he goes out. I don't mind confessing that I didn't tell Lady St. Austell I was coming here."

"Do you take cream and sugar?" asked Clare, not much relishing this style of conversation.

"Anything that you are kind enough to give me, my dear Mrs. Vidal; senna would taste sweet, coming from your hand. I was saying that I had seen Mr. Vidal at my house. I left a positive mob there—my son, amongst the rest. I don't know whether you ever met my son."

Clare said she had not had that pleasure.

"Ah, well, you haven't missed much. Blaise is a very good fellow; but he is too good for poor sinners like me. He is many years older than I am, and he depresses me so with his solemn ways that I generally slip out of the house as soon as he enters it. He means to stay with us for another week, I am told. Perhaps you will allow me to take refuge with you sometimes during this period of affliction."

"I should be most happy," answered Clare, using that conventional phrase as insincerely as it has ever been uttered; "but I am going down to Cornwall the day after to-morrow."

Lord St. Austell fell back in his chair, with an exaggerated show of consternation. "Going down to Cornwall! Oh, Mrs. Vidal, how can you have the cruelty to deal such knock-down blows with a smiling face? Why go down to the gales and rains of Cornwall? Why not stay in London and console the humblest of your slaves? *Do* stay!" He bent insinuatingly over the table, and stretched out his hand to grasp that of his hostess, which, however, he missed, owing to its abrupt withdrawal.

Clare shrank back affrighted from those grinning jaws, those wicked old gleaming eyes. It must be admitted that Lord St. Austell's method of making love was somewhat wolfish; but he had met with so many a tender lambkin willing to jump down his throat, that he had not unnaturally learnt to make advances more bold than wary. Nevertheless, he knew better than to follow up one false step by another; so, pushing back his chair, he fell to discoursing about Paris and the last new play at the Comédie Française in a pleasant, fatherly sort of way, until she became reassured, and began to think that perhaps he was not such a bad old man, after all. Having created this favourable impression, he proceeded forthwith to obliterate it.

"I suppose," said he, "that when you are in Paris you spend a good deal of your time in flattening your nose against the jewellers' windows. All ladies do. So do I, sometimes. I saw this," he continued, opening a small velvet case, which he took from his breast-pocket, "in the Rue de la Paix, and it rather took my fancy."

Clare examined the diamond pendant handed over to her for inspection. "It is lovely," she said.

"So glad it pleases you; because I was thinking of you when I bought it. Will you accept it, dear Mrs. Vidal?"

"Oh, no, thank you!" exclaimed Clare, dropping the case and drawing back. "I never accept presents of jewellery."

"Don't you think," asked Lord St. Austell sweetly—"excuse my saying so; but don't you think that is a little bit prudish of you?"

"Prudishness has nothing to do with it," replied Clare, the colour mounting into her cheeks; "I don't care to receive presents from strangers, that is all."

"But I," observed Lord St. Austell, imperturbably, "am not a stranger. Added to which, I really think that, taking everything into consideration, I may claim certain privileges."

"Do you mean on account of your advanced age?" asked Clare, who understood his insinuation, and was made so angry by it that all her timidity left her. "No doubt that is quite sufficient to absolve me of any prudishness if I refuse to take a valuable present from you; still, I would rather not have it, thank you."

Lord St. Austell thought that a little display of temper made pretty Mrs. Vidal look prettier than ever. It was without any acerbity that he replied: "I was not alluding to my age; only to the fact that I am my wife's husband, while you are your husband's wife. It seems to me that, as we are both so accommodating, we are entitled to treat ourselves to little equivalents every now and then. At the same time, I should be very sorry to force my poor trinket upon you against your will. Let us talk about something else."

But Clare did not want to talk about anything else. Her only wish was to get rid of this odious old satyr as soon as possible, and she made that wish so plain that he was presently compelled to take his leave. He squeezed her hand affectionately at parting, and said: "As you are going away, Mrs. Vidal, I shall go too. There will be nothing to stay in London for now; but we shall meet again before the spring, I trust, and in the meantime I shall be always thinking about you."

To this speech Clare listened in chilling silence; but when her venerable persecutor had left her, she sat down and began to cry softly. This, then, was the sort of life that she was destined to lead henceforth; and it was to insults such as these that women of the world were expected to submit without taking offence; and it was in the society of such people as the St. Austells that Adrian delighted!

Had she been able to read the thoughts that were passing through Adrian's mind at that same moment, she would have discovered that he did not always find Lady St. Austell's society delightful. On entering her drawing-room that afternoon, he had found a large assemblage of visitors already seated there, and before them all she had smiled upon him, languished at him, and whispered to him, in a way that caused them to exchange significant glances, and made him very uncomfortable. He did not want to be thus distinguished; he did not want people to say—as he knew they would say—that he was the latest of this capricious lady's admirers; and he did his best to check her advances. In this attempt he failed completely. Lady St. Austell had three good reasons for conducting herself as she was doing. Firstly, flirtation was as the breath of her nostrils to her; secondly, she wished to get rid of her visitors, who bored her; thirdly, and lastly, it gave her much pleasure to shock her step-son, Lord Blaise, whom she could not endure, and who was now standing upon the hearthrug, looking down upon her with astonishment and disgust. So she continued to whisper soft nothings to Adrian, and the visitors departed, one by one, and Lord Blaise looked more and more displeased every minute.

There was a saying to the effect that the Earls of St. Austell were alternately rips and prigs, and that a black-haired Earl was invariably succeeded by a red-headed one. Perhaps each heir-apparent, on surveying himself in the glass, may have felt that it was hopeless to struggle against his manifest destiny, and so may have helped to perpetuate the tradition. The father of the present holder of the title had been an eminently respectable old person who had lived well within his income, and had collected butterflies; his son, who was now something more than middle-aged, and whose carrotty locks were streaked with grey, had once been described by the leader of his party as the most conscientious and the dullest man in England. When Lord Blaise rose in the House of Commons there was a general stampede. No one had ever been found who could listen to him for five minutes without falling into profound slumber, and the newspapers never thought of reporting him at length. This did not prevent him from plodding on with his carefully-prepared speeches from the exordium to the bitter end; nor had it kept him out of office. He had been Under-Secretary for various departments, and had distinguished himself by the patience with which he submitted to be questioned, and by the extraordinary prolixity of his replies. His party was at present in opposition; and this was a source of grief to him, for he loved the labour of going into details, and it was not always easy to obtain a hearing when, after much research, he had discovered some inaccuracy in the statements of his successor. In private life he had not a great many friends, although he was just, benevolent, and perfectly straightforward in all his words and ways. It is permissible to a man to be straightforward, if only he will be so in a pleasant manner; but poor Lord Blaise's manner was not pleasant, and this made his straightforwardness unwelcome to most people.

His step-mother, who had had to listen to more than one remonstrance from his lips, and had found it equally impossible to conciliate and to break with him, derived some satisfaction from outraging his notions of propriety, and if she could have induced Adrian to respond a little more warmly now to the encouragement vouchsafed to him, she would not have felt that her afternoon had been wholly barren of amusement. When the last of her guests had gone away, she seated herself on an ottoman beside the young author and said,

"Now we can talk in peace. You need not mind Lord Blaise; he is mounting guard over us in the interests of morality, and cart-ropes would not drag him out of the room."

Lord Blaise cleared his voice, thrust his hands into his pockets and leant back against the mantelpiece. It always took him some little time to think of a reply, and Lady St. Austell went on, without waiting for him, "He may safely be treated as a nonentity. The only language that he speaks is the language of Hansard and Bluebooks, and he won't understand more than a word here and there of what we say."

"We have no secrets to talk about, that I am aware of," remarked Adrian.

"How cautious you are! It really is rather hard that one can never count upon ten undisturbed minutes in one's own house. The end of it will be that I shall have to go to yours. Will you admit me, if I knock at your door?"

"Of course we should be delighted, Lady St. Austell," answered Adrian; "but unluckily my wife is going down to the country the day after to-morrow."

"You don't say so! Then the day after to-morrow you may expect to see me. She will leave in the morning, I suppose?"

"Julia," broke in Lord Blaise, in a harsh voice, "when do you leave town?"

"Really I don't know; I haven't made up my mind yet. If it didn't sound inhospitable, I would ask when *you* mean to go?"

"Your movements," replied Lord Blaise, "need not be in any way affected by mine. I require nothing more than a bed-room, and I can easily remain on here after you move, if necessary. As a matter of fact, I believe that I shall finish the business that I have to attend to in about three days' time."

"In that case you may count upon being cheered by my company throughout your stay. But to return to what I was saying," she added, addressing Adrian; "I really should enjoy above all things paying you a visit. May I?"

"Oh, certainly," said Adrian, with a somewhat ungracious air.

"Very well; that is settled. The day after to-morrow, then, about three o'clock in the afternoon. I shall come early, so as to have a good long time, and I shall explore the recesses of your study, and sit in the historical chair in which you meditate upon your writings. Perhaps I may write a few words, as a memento of my visit, with the historical pen. What fun it will be!"

Lord Blaise frowned heavily at Vidal; but as the latter did not speak, he felt bound to utter a protest. "Are you aware, Julia," he asked, "that in acting as you propose you will risk nothing less than the loss of your character?"

"Exactly so," agreed Lady St. Austell; "that is the amusing part of it. I have long wished to do something innocent and at the same time truly shocking; and this is an opportunity which may not recur. There will be very little risk about my visit to Mr. Vidal's house; because only three people will know of it, and they will all hold their tongues upon the subject, I think. I shall not tell for obvious reasons; Mr. Vidal will not tell, because he is a gentleman. About you I am not quite so sure; but after all, it is only fair to you to say that you are not an absolute idiot."

"In view of the very serious nature of the case," said Lord Blaise, not at all mollified by this passing tribute to his intellectual powers, "I must claim the right of exercising my own judgment as to the line of action which it may be advisable for me to adopt." And with that he marched out of the room.

Lady St. Austell burst into a fit of laughter. "Now, would you," she asked—"*would* you have believed it possible that Lord St. Austell could have such a son as that?"

"I certainly think you were paying him rather too high a compliment when you said that he was not an idiot," replied Adrian, who was a good deal put out. "I should have thought anyone with a grain of intelligence would have understood that you were not serious in proposing to go to my house."

"What!—not serious? Indeed I never was more serious in my life. If anything in this world is certain, it is certain that I shall be in Alexandra-gardens the day after to-morrow as the clock strikes three."

"Really, I think you had better not."

"How disagreeable you are!" cried Lady St. Austell, petulantly. "You never do anything that I want you to do! Why should you grudge me a little harmless amusement? It can't hurt *you*, whatever happens."

Adrian was not quite so sure of that; but he only said, "It was of you that I was thinking."

"Then pray don't disturb yourself on my account any longer. If I choose to be imprudent for once in a way, that is my affair. One thing I can promise you: if you won't allow me into your house, you shall not be allowed into mine again."

A more alarming form of menace might have been discovered; but such as it was, it served its purpose. Adrian yielded, and presently took his leave, inwardly resolving to give Lady St. Austell no second pretext for compromising herself and him.

Late that night, as Lord St. Austell was sitting in the smoking-room of his club, he was surprised to see his son approaching him with the aspect of one who has a purpose in hand.

"Hullo, Blaise!" said he, "what are you doing abroad at this hour? I thought your nurse always put you to bed and tucked you up at ten sharp, during the Recess."

"I want to say a word or two to you about Julia," began Lord Blaise, disregarding this facetious greeting. "She will get herself into serious trouble if she goes on as she is doing. I suppose you and she understand each other, and you apparently see no objection to a good deal that I should think highly undesirable in my wife; but you can hardly wish her to be the heroine of an open scandal, and"——

"Blaise," interrupted Lord St. Austell, fixing a steady stare upon his heir-apparent, "did you ever hear how it was that an ancestor of ours came very near having his head cut off, in the reign of James II.?"

"He was suspected of being implicated in Monmouth's rebellion. The evidence was of the flimsiest description, and I believe that nothing whatever was proved against him, beyond a few imprudent speeches."

"Just so. He made some imprudent speeches and meddled with what didn't concern him. I wouldn't follow his example, if I were you."

"Nobody can cut my head off," remarked Lord Blaise.

"No; but somebody can cut you out of the whole of the Hertfordshire estates, and of a very considerable amount of personal property. Believe me, you had better stick to politics, and leave social affairs to meaner intellects."

"I am sorry if my remarks offend you," said Lord Blaise; "but your displeasure will not prevent me from telling you that I heard Julia make an appointment, this afternoon, to visit a certain Mr. Vidal at his house the day after to-morrow, having previously ascertained that his wife would be absent from home on that day."

Lord St. Austell chuckled, and seemed much amused. "The deuce she did!" cried he. "This is great sport. My dear Blaise, you did well to impart this distressing news to me, and I will not disinherit you so long as you continue to be honest and virtuous. May I ask whether you heard any hour fixed for the appointment that you speak of?"

"Yes; she mentioned three o'clock."

"Thank you very much. Now I won't keep you out of bed any longer. I am sure that the family honour is safe in your keeping, and that you won't let anybody else into the secret which you have so properly confided to me. Good-night."

CHAPTER XXIX.

AN UNWELCOME GUEST.

When Adrian had taken Clare's ticket for Polruth, had put her into the train, and had recommended her to the care of the guard, he walked away sadly enough. The day was damp, raw, and dismal, and he shuddered as he thought of the empty house whither he was returning—that empty house in which he was presently to have the honour of receiving Lady St. Austell. He shuddered a little at the thought of Lady St. Austell too, and then could not repress a smile at the irony of the situation. If Clare only knew who was going to spend the afternoon in her drawing-room! Happily, the Flying Dutchman would be hurrying her through Devonshire by that time, and it was in the last degree unlikely that she would ever hear of an escapade which it was to Lady Austell's interest to keep secret. But he ceased to smile when he remembered that equal reliance could hardly be placed upon the discretion of the servants. Doubtless the servants knew very well that there was a split between their master and mistress; doubtless also they were eager to arrive at its origin, and would draw their own conclusions from so significant a circumstance as the arrival of a lady at the house within a few hours of Mrs. Vidal's leaving it. After Adrian had reached home, he began to hope that this aspect of the case might have presented itself to Lady Austell as well as to himself, and that calmer reflection would induce her to abandon her rash purpose.

But this hope was doomed to disappointment. Punctually at three o'clock her carriage dashed up to the door, and directly afterwards she swept into the drawing-room with an air of triumph.

"You see, I have kept my word," she said.

"I feel very proud," answered Adrian. "I will ring and order some tea."

"Oh, not yet, thank you," laughed Lady St. Austell; "I have only just finished luncheon. Now confess the truth; you never believed that I should come, did you?"

"The proof that I did is that I am here," Adrian replied. "I don't think I have ever been at home at this hour before."

"Well, at any rate, you hoped I shouldn't come, and at this moment you are wishing with all your heart that I hadn't. Strictly between ourselves, I may tell you that I had quite made up my mind this morning not to come; but when Blaise walked in to luncheon with a face as long as Cromwell-road and asked me what I was going to do in the afternoon, I couldn't resist the temptation of replying, 'I thought I told

you that I was going to see Mr. Vidal.' And so here I am. If you could manage to look a little less awkward and uncomfortable, it would set me more at my ease."

Adrian endeavoured to obey this injunction. It was some relief to him to find that Lady St. Austell was not in one of her sentimental moods. "What shall I do to amuse you?" he asked, cheerfully.

"I don't think I need call upon you to exert yourself yet; just at present the sensation of being here is sufficiently amusing in itself. So your wife has gone home, has she?"

"Yes. I don't know whether you care for Japanese china; but I have some Satsuma in the next room which my father-in-law got for me, and which is rather good, I believe. Would you like to see it?"

"Presently. I was going to ask you about your wife. Why has she gone off like this?"

"She wants to see her people."

"That is reassuring. I was afraid I might be the innocent cause of her flight."

"She does not even know that you are in London," said Adrian, with a touch of impatience.

"I wouldn't be so sure of that, if I were you. She knows more than you think for, perhaps: people's wives generally do. And I can tell you something about her that you don't know. She has made a conquest."

"Indeed?"

"Yes; indeed. And who, of all people in the world, should her admirer be but my husband! Isn't it funny? It is as if we four had sat down to a rubber of whist; only we are all rather bad players, because we can't find out what our partners have in their hands. I don't know when I have been more tickled than when I heard of Lord St. Austell's last infatuation. The second coachman told his valet, who told my maid, who told me, that he paid Mrs. Vidal a visit of over an hour the other day."

A more unwelcome piece of intelligence could hardly have been conveyed to Adrian, who now began to understand why Clare had avoided speaking to him or looking at him during the last two days. "This is very flattering," he remarked, grimly.

"Well, not so *very*; because Lord St. Austell is anything but particular, and I doubt whether he ever was what I should call really in love in his life. It is great fun, though."

"It does not appear so to me," said Adrian; "but possibly my appreciation of the ludicrous may be defective."

Lady St. Austell stared at him and laughed. "How glum you look!" she exclaimed. "Are you going to assume the part of a jealous husband? That would be perfect! It would then only remain for Lord St. Austell to honour me in the same way—he does so sometimes—and the whole business would become so delightfully involved that we should none of us know exactly what was the matter. What I should like, would be to see Lord St. Austell and Mrs. Vidal walk into the room now."

"Heaven forbid!" ejaculated Adrian.

"Heaven is not likely to work miracles for our benefit; but supposing that it were possible for those two to appear suddenly, what a thrilling scene we should have! You must admit that it would be thrilling."

"I dare say it would," answered Adrian; "but I don't think I like being thrilled. Won't you come and look at my china, and leave the absent to look after themselves?"

Inwardly, he was wondering how much longer Lady St. Austell meant to stay. He had found it pleasant enough to visit her in Grosvenor-square, and to be sympathised with and petted by her; but it was quite another thing to have her sitting in his own drawing-room, suggesting horrible catastrophes, and affecting that recklessness of tone which is so extremely repulsive in a woman of whom you do not happen to be enamoured. He heartily wished that he had had the strength of mind to tell her plainly that he must decline to receive her during his wife's absence.

As, however, the mischief was done now, and could not be undone, he wisely resolved to make the best of things, and not to offend a lady who, good-natured though she was, did not readily pardon those who remained insensible to her charms.

(To be continued.)

WIMBLEDON MEETING.—THE QUEEN'S PRIZE CONTEST.

The preliminary prize-list for the forthcoming meeting of the National Rifle Association at Wimbledon has been issued, and shows several alterations and additions, of which those in the Queen's prize contest are the most important. A sum of £292 is added to the Queen's prize-list, thus bringing the total amount to be fired for in this the most important shooting event of the year to the substantial total of £1960, divided into 360 prizes. It is in the conditions, however, that the change is most marked, as there are now to be three stages instead of two, as formerly; and the final struggle for the possession of the most coveted honours will consequently become more interesting than before. Under the new arrangement, the silver medal, silver badge, and £60 become the second prize in the contest; and the "sixty" will all receive prizes according to their places in the three stages together. The Queen's prize-list and conditions are as follows:—1st prize, her Majesty the Queen's Prize, £250, and the gold medal and badge; 2nd prize, the silver medal, badge, and £60; 3rd prize, the badge and £40; 4th prize, £30; 5th prize, £20. Then follow ten prizes of £15, thirty of £12, fifteen of £10, one hundred of £4, one hundred of £3, and one hundred of £2. Conditions—first stage: 200, 500, and 600 yards, seven shots at each. The first 300 in the first stage will be entitled to fire in the second stage, and the next sixty below the 300 will receive prizes of £2 each; second stage, 500 yards, ten shots, and 600 yards, fifteen shots. The places of the 300 competitors will be decided by their aggregate scores in the first and second stages. The first sixty will be entitled to fire in the third stage, and the remaining 240 will receive the 240 prizes next below the first sixty prizes in the prize-list; third stage to be fired in the order laid down for the second stage, distances 800 and 900 yards, fifteen shots at each distance. The places of the sixty competitors will be decided by their aggregate scores in the three stages.

Lieut.-Col. and ex-Sheriff Cowan has been chosen Alderman for Cordwainer Ward in the room of the late Lord Mayor.

The Board of Trade have awarded a binocular glass to Captain A. S. Crowley, master of the American schooner Sarah Eaton, of Calais (Maine), United States, in acknowledgment of his humanity and kindness to the shipwrecked crew of the British barque Kenilworth, of Liverpool, which was abandoned at sea on March 2 last.

A party of fifty-five children from the Rev. Dr. Stephenson's Homes at Bonner-road and Gravesend, left Euston Station last week for Canada. They were joined at Stafford by a few more children from the Cottage Homes at Birmingham. At Liverpool a further contingent of thirty awaited them from Dr. Stephenson's other homes at Edgworth, Lancashire, and Ramsay, Isle of Man. The emigration department of these homes has been in active operation since 1872, having its own depôt and agency at Hamilton, Ontario.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

G A A W (North Shields).—If the first move of a proposed solution is wrong we do not look further, more especially if the proposed move is possible in the problem numbered.

W Bardgat asks for the address of the nearest chess club to St. John's-wood. There is the Kentish Town Club, but we do not know the precise address.

H T.—No. 2138 was amended, and we refer you to the Number in which the emendation appeared.

A C H (New Brighton).—The exchange of Queens was the best course in the position. Look at No. 2143 again.

H F (Lyons).—We are obliged for the problems, and they shall be carefully examined. Please remember, however, that four-move problems are "caviare to the general."

W B (Stratford).—You are on the wrong scent as regards No. 2143; look at it again.

Correct Solutions of Problems Nos. 2138, 2134, by S Loyd, Herr Berger, and C E Dennis, received from J S Logan (Blackburn, Natal); of Nos. 2138 and 2135 from O H Bate (Richmond, Cape of Good Hope); of Nos. 2136 and 2137 from Hussar (Secunderabad, India); of No. 2140 from G A A Walker; of No. 2141 from W H D Hervey, Ambrose Sheely, Carl Stepan, H Stebbing; of No. 2142 from Raymond, F F Fott, William Miller, D Waugh, Invalid, E J Winter Wood, F J Richardson, George Campbell (Belfast), C A S (Exeter), W H D Hervey, Carl Stepan, H Stebbing, and G C B; of J Badock's Problem from J T W, R H Brooks, R Worters (Canterbury), E Pafford, Carl Stepan; of Mr. Pearce's Problem from Raymond; of Kaw. Fiala's Problem from R Worters, Richard Murphy, W Biddle, E L G, Carl Stepan, J T W, J A Schmucke, Hereward, Emmo (Darlington), E J Winter Wood, and R H Brooks.

Correct Solutions of Problem No. 2143 received from F F Pott, S Farrant, E Casella (Paris), William Miller, H H Nowes, D Waugh (Winchester), A J Lake, Mrs. Monckton (Maidstone), J E M F, W J Rudman, J T W, S Lowndes, F Ferris, J Alois Schmucke, Laura Greaves (Shelton), Nerina, A M Colborne, W Hillier, H Wardell, Aaron Harper, E T Ward, Rev. W Anderson (Old Romney), A L Ory, Hereward, W Penton, L L Greenaway, W B (Clifton), E E H, Julia Shurt, Joseph Ainsworth, John Perry, G W Law, H Z (Manchester), Lex, S J Hall, Columbus, G A A Walker, A W Scrutton, A Chapman, Otto Fulder (Ghent), T Sinclair, A M Porter, R Tweddell, Richard Murphy (Wexford), William Davis, R L Southwell, S Bullen, George Joicey, T H Holdron, N S Harris, Emmo (Darlington), C S Coxe, R Jessop, Jupiter Junior, L Sharswood, C Oswald, Ben Nevis, C F Burt, W Chester Coplestone, F J Winter Wood, Shadforth, Joseph Ainsworth, B L Dyke, I, Falcon (Antwerp), A Karberg (Hamburg), An Old Hand, D McCoy, Raymond, John Hodgson (Maidstone), R H Brooks, A C Hunt, M O'Halloran, R Gray, N H Mullen, C Darragh, R Worters, J K (South Hampstead), Maurice Baring, Edward Ridpath, H Blacklock, F Louden, J Hall, G W Kell, F West, W Dawber, T G (Ware), C A S (Exeter), H Reeve, E Featherstone, W H D Hervey, Dombrican, E M Theold (Bridlington), W F R (Swansea), A Wigmore, B R Wood, F Marshall, Albert L Tyler, E L G, E Langley, F B W, Plevna, Ernest Sharswood, and Carl Stepan.

Solution of Problem No. 2142.

WHITE.	BLACK.
1. B to K B 2nd	Any move
2. Mates accordingly.	

PROBLEM No. 2145.
By W. Grimshaw.
BLACK.



WHITE.
White to play, and mate in three moves.

Played recently at Bath, the Rev. G. A. MacDonnell giving the odds of Pawn and move to another Amateur.
(Remove Black's K B P from the board.)

WHITE (Mr. P.)	BLACK (Mr. M.)
1. P to Q 4th	Kt to K B 3rd
2. P to K 2nd	P to K 3rd
3. Kt to K B 3rd	P to B 4th
4. P to B 4th	P to Q 4th
5. R to Q 3rd	Kt to B 3rd
6. Kt to B 3rd	P takes Q P
7. K P takes P	B to Kt 5th
8. Castles	B to Q 3rd
9. R to K sq	

White has not made the most of the odds, and this and the next move throw away all the advantage with which he started.

9.	Castles.
10. Q to Kt 3rd	Kt to Q R 4th

Recovering his Pawn:

11. Q to B 2nd	P takes P
12. B to B sq	Kt to Q 4th
13. K to K Kt 5th	B to B 4th
14. Q Kt to K 4th	B to B 5th
15. B takes B	Kt takes B
16. P to K R 4th	

There is nothing in this attack, as the sequel shows. Retreating the Kt to K B

WHITE (Mr. P.)	BLACK (Mr. M.)
3rd and K Kt 3rd, respectively, appears a preferable line of play.	
16.	Kt to Kt 3rd
17. P to K Kt 4th	R to B 5th
18. P to B 3rd	P to K R 2nd
19. Q R to Q sq	

There was only K R 2nd for the Knight, and there was no safety there.

19.	P takes Kt
20. Kt takes P	Q to B 3rd
21. P to Q 5th	P to K 4th
22. Q to R 4th	B takes P

With the adverse Queen remote from the scene of action, Black can well afford to put two minor pieces *en prise*. The termination is very neat.

23. P takes B	R takes P (ch)
24. K to R 2nd	R takes P (ch)
25. Kt to R 3rd	Q to B 7th (ch)
26. K to R sq	Kt to B 5th
27. Q to Q 7th	Q to Kt 6th
28. R takes P	Kt takes Kt
29. B to Kt 2nd	Kt to B 7th (ch)
30. K to Kt sq	R to R 8th

Mate.

The thirteenth annual meeting of the West Yorkshire Chess Association was held on Saturday, the 7th ult., at Wakefield. It was arranged that not less than £10 would be divided as prizes between the winners in the several tourneys, and that the Woodhouse Challenge Cup would be presented to the winning club by the donor, Alderman Woodhouse, of Leeds. We go to press too early to record the result of the play.

From the St. Patrick's Chess Club "Pamphlet" we learn that, at a meeting of the members of the Irish Chess Association, held on the 16th ult., the rules were considered and adopted; among them being one providing for the admission of ladies to membership. The "Pamphlet" will in future appear in type, a change which, it may be presumed, is called for by an increase in its circulation. Nevertheless, we advise all collectors of clubs *curiosa* to purchase the five numbers that have appeared in manuscript. They can be obtained from the proprietor, 29, Nassau-street, Dublin, at the price of twopence per number, post-free.

We quote the following neat position from the *Nationaltidende*, of Copenhagen, where it appears without the author's name. It bears a close resemblance to the work of Mr. S. Loyd:—

White: K at K R 3rd, Q at Q Kt sq, Kt at K 2nd; Pawns at Q 3rd, Q B 2nd, and Q R 7th. (Six pieces.)

Black: K at K R 8th, Kt at Q B 8th; Pawns at K R 5th, Q 6th, Q B 6th, and Q Kt 7th. (Six pieces.)

White to play, and mate in three moves.

Mr. Sheffield Neve has been chosen master of the Essex staghounds, formerly under the mastership of the Hon. H. W. Petre.

Lord Carnarvon presided yesterday week over a meeting at Willis's Rooms, convened for the purpose of taking the preliminary steps towards the formation of a national land company, the object of which will be to buy large holdings of land and to subdivide them into small quantities on a system of deferred payments over a term of years. A provisional committee was appointed, as well as a committee to inquire how far the present state of agriculture and condition of labour admit of the successful application of industrial partnerships to the cultivation of land in the United Kingdom. Amongst the speakers were the Duke of Argyll, the Marquis of Ripon, Lord Thurlow, Sir R. Loyd-Lindsay, M.P., Sir W. Barttelot, M.P., and Mr. Albert Grey, M.P. Sir R. Loyd-Lindsay has offered to the company a farm of 400 acres in Berkshire, upon any terms the company may suggest.

ROYAL INSTITUTE OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS.

The second exhibition at their new galleries fully justifies the members in the bold course they adopted in offering greater facilities to painters in water colours. The expansion of this branch of the art during the past few years has been very marked, and hitherto but slight facilities were offered to painters who had individual ideas or unorthodox views. The Institute in its spacious galleries has now room for every variety, and its liberal-minded management excludes no peculiarities of style or expression, provided a certain level of technical skill can be proved. Amongst the thousand and more pictures which make up the present season's exhibition it will be hard, therefore, if all tastes cannot find something to satisfy them; whilst there are many works which cannot fail to obtain suffrages in the apparently hostile camps of painting. The president, Mr. James D. Linton, is represented by only two pictures, both single figures, "Waverley" (444) and "Rose Bradwardine" (464), in both of which he shows that masterly power of producing in water colours results which few can rival even in oils. Waverley is represented full face, the tips of his black three-cornered hat just appearing over his rich brown hair. His doublet is of a sort of yellow frieze, over which he wears a black velvet coat; the texture of both is rendered with all Mr. Linton's minute delicacy and truth; whilst the pose of the figure is firm and the drawing correct. Scarcely less praise must be awarded to the companion work. Rose Bradwardine is standing by the breakfast-table, with a pot of flowers, freshly arranged, in her hand—simple and truthful as the novelist depicted her. Close by is Mr. Randolph Caldecott's "First Flight" (438), showing the "field" at the first breaking away of the fox—horses and riders in full fettle, and eager to get over the hurdle fence in style. The old gentleman on the grey horse is most happily depicted; but there is even more humour in the companion picture, "The Last Flight," showing another hunting-party cautiously avoiding or heavily clambering over an easy hedge, horses and riders alike exhausted. Although Mr. Caldecott has not, and perhaps with reason, represented in "The Last Flight" the party which promised so boldly in the first, the components of the group are much the same; and he has wisely preserved a specimen "fine old English gentleman—one of the olden time" in both scenes, in order, perhaps, to point a moral which fox-hunters will not fail to seize. From Mr. Caldecott to Mr. Walter Crane the transition seems abrupt, and the distance great; but the latter has done his best to perform the journey in his "Pan Pipes" (47), two solidly-built country girls, in exquisite costumes and classic attitudes, dancing to the music of a youth, in modern attire and uncomfortable attitude, who is seated on the edge of a very classic well. Although Mr. Crane has for the nonce left mediævalism and the bloodless, fleshless beauties with which he is accustomed to fill his charming landscapes, yet even still he seems to be unable to give a sense of unity to the limbs of which he composes his figures. In colour and in the accessories of dress and setting they lack nothing; but in themselves, in spite of the weight of flesh they carry, they scarcely suggest reality. Some of his smaller landscapes are pleasant reminiscences of English summer weather; and amongst such are "Swanage" (345), which is represented by a green field with a red cow, and an indistinct fringe of houses in the background; "Ballard Down" (372), lost in a mist, may be especially mentioned. Mr. Abbey's single work, "An Old Song" (294), is somewhat aggravating. It is impossible not to be attracted by its delicate feeling, its harmonious colouring, and the true poetry which surrounds the old couple who, from the corner of the room, are listening to their daughter as she sings beside her harp. The girl herself is pleasant to look at, in spite of her neck and of the disproportionate length of her body, from her waist downwards—a defect of drawing which is emphasised by the fender, which occupies so prominent a place in the room. It is in the light falling from the deep bay window on the old father's grey hairs, in the tender gallantry with which he holds his wife's hand, and with her recalls the words of the "old song," that the charm of Mr. Abbey's work lies—in a word, in the sentiment of the ensemble rather than in the execution of all its details. Sentiment of another kind, but none the less true, is to be found in Mr. Joseph Nash's "Hope Springs Eternal in the Human Breast" (935), which might well be taken for the garret-scene in "Masks and Faces." The Triplet of the picture is also an author in search or in need of a patron. He has risen early, and donned his only coat, of which the seams are wearing white; his wife, half dressed, has stepped out of bed to help in his toilet, to apply to the rusty coat what remains in the ink bottle after the husband's labour of the night. Perhaps Mr. Nash may have been self-inspired; but this is not the case with Mr. C. Green, Miss M. J. Moberley, and Mr. J. Lawson Stewart, all of whom draw their subjects from the "Old Curiosity Shop"—the first-named giving us "Nelly and Her Grandfather at the Races" (626), in which the best feature is the back view of Codlin as he stands beside the show in which Short was playing the quarter-staves. "The Flight of Little Nell and Her Entry into the Old Curiosity Shop" (665) tells its tale plainly, but without much poetry; whilst the "End of the Journey" (1020) is scarcely more than architectural study of an old church in its half-ruined cloisters. Of real humour there are some excellent examples; for instance, John Tenniel's "Sir Andrew Ague-cheek" (485) laboriously spelling his notes, and playing "o' the viol di Gamba"; Mr. Joseph Nash's "Tithe Pig" (512): a complacent tenant who has brought to his rector the smallest and most comical black pig—a form of tithe which the reverend tithe-receiver accepts with anything but effusion; Mr. Frank Dadd's "The Boy—What Will Become of Him?" (412): a boy seated in a chair, his hands resolutely stuck into the pockets of his duck trousers, and his face fixed in almost comical wrath, whilst an old professor of phrenology is measuring his head, and explaining to the father, who sits beside, the future destiny of the youth, as foreshadowed by his bumps. In point of technical execution, there are few finer works in the present exhibition than this and Mr. Dadd's other work, "Tally-ho! Off We Go!" (547): a scene in the huntsman's lodge—the old man riding his little grandchild on his foot, whilst two grave old hounds before the fire are demurely watching this parody of their life. Mr. Stephen T. Dadd promises well in his cleverly painted "In Flagrante Delicto" (697): two puppies who have pulled the cloth from the table—and with it the gamekeeper's dinner.

We must postpone for the present any further remarks upon the contents of this exhibition, which contains many works deserving more than a passing glance.

Viscountess Folkestone, Lady Monckton, Madame Enriquez, and Signor Foli took part in a concert which had been organised by the staff of the South-Eastern Railway Company and which took place at the Cannon-street Hotel on Wednesday.

The Duke of Cambridge, Commander-in-Chief, reviewed Prince Albert's Own Leicestershire Yeomanry Cavalry, at Leicester, yesterday week, and, addressing the regiment, his Royal Highness expressed gratification at the celerity with which men are coming forward to serve their country.

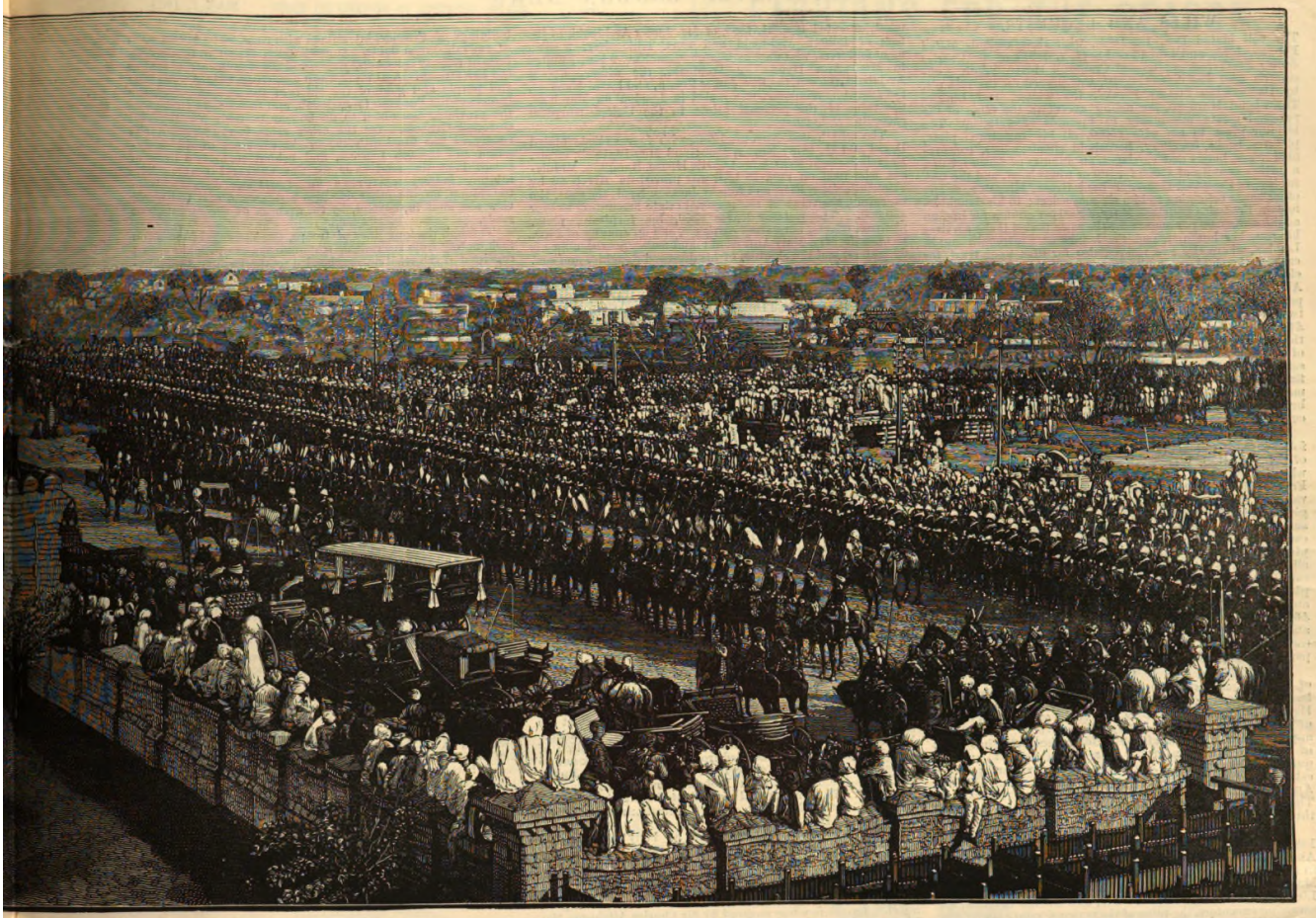


THE GRAND DURBAR AT RAWUL PINDI :



1. Entrance to Rajah of Bawulpore's Tent.
2. Baggage of a Punjaub Infantry regiment, with carts, crossing the Jhelum ferry.
3. The Viceroy's Camp at Rawul Pindi.
4. Rajah of Nabha's Infantry.
5. Infantry of the Rajah of Jheend.
6. Bandsman of Rajah of Jheend's troops.
7. Rajah of Chumba's Bagpipes.
8. Sikh of the Punjaub Infantry.
9. Colonel of Maharajah of Puttiala's Infantry.

SKETCHES AT THE RAWUL PINDI DURBAR, BY LIEUTENANT OFFLEY SHORE, 31st PUNJAUB INFANTRY.



ARRIVAL OF THE VICEROY OF INDIA.



THE WAR IN THE SOUDAN: MOUNTED INFANTRY BURNING TAMAI—FACSIMILE OF SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. WALTER PAGET.

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated Dec. 17, 1877), with three codicils (dated Feb. 23, 1881, and Jan. 15 and Sept. 2, 1884), of Sir Charles James Freake, Bart., late of Cromwell House, South Kensington, who died on Oct. 6 last, was proved on the 13th ult. by Dame Eliza Pudsey Freake, the widow, and Charles Townshend Murdoch, the acting executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £718,000. The testator gives to his wife £5000 all his furniture, plate, pictures, books, jewellery, household effects, wines, consumable stores, horses and carriages, an annuity of £2000 for life, a further annuity of £5000 for life or widowhood, and the use, for life, of Cromwell House, or Bank Grove, Kingston, or any other house belonging to him she may select; to his daughter-in-law, Frederica Charlotte Mary, £2000 per annum for life, an additional £3000 per annum for the same period if she survives his son, her husband, and the houses at Dartmouth and in London, where she now resides, also for life; upon trust, for each of the children of his son and only child, other than his eldest son, £50,000; and to his executor, Mr. Murdoch, £2000. All the residue of his freehold, copyhold, leasehold, and personal estate is to be held, upon trust, for a period of twenty-one years from his decease, to pay during that time £17,000 per annum to his son Thomas George, and to allow all the remainder of the income to accumulate. At the expiration of the term of twenty-one years the whole of such residue is settled to the use of his said son, for life, with remainder to his first and other sons successively according to seniority in tail male. Full powers are given to his trustees to manage his building and other estates, to grant leases, and to complete contracts.

The will (dated Aug. 27, 1880), with a codicil (dated Oct. 29 following), of Colonel the Hon. Charles Grantham Scott, late of Eathorpe Hall, Warwickshire, and of No. 79, Eaton-square, who died on Jan. 5 last, was proved on March 30 by the Hon. Frances Maria Scott, the widow, one of the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £52,000. The testator gives to his wife £800, all his jewellery, trinkets, wines, consumable stores, such of his furniture, effects, horses and carriages, at his Eaton-square house, and such of his plate and plated articles as she may select, and an annuity of £700 in addition to the amount secured to her by settlement; to his son Beauchamp Henry John, the remainder of his plate and plated articles, all his furniture and effects at Eathorpe Hall, and £6000; to his sons Louis Guy and Dudley Alexander Charles, £6000 each; and to his daughters Evelyn Mary, Jessie Louise, and Alice Henrietta, £2000 each, and a further sum of £2500 each on the death of his wife. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves to his said three sons.

The will (dated Aug. 28, 1876) of Dame Augusta Platt, late of No. 61, Queen's-gardens, Bayswater, who died on Feb. 16 last, was proved on March 28 by Charles Platt and the Rev. Herbert Edwyn Platt, the sons, two of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £9000. The testatrix appoints among certain of her children the unappointed part of the trust funds under her marriage settlement, and bequeaths a few legacies. The residue of her real and personal estate she leaves to her daughters, Miss Susan Platt and Miss Augusta Platt. The deceased was the widow of the Hon. Sir Thomas Joshua Platt, Knight, formerly one of the Barons of the Court of Exchequer.

The will (dated Feb. 5, 1878), with a codicil (dated April 27, 1882), of Mr. William Charles Humphrys, late of No. 17, Anglesea-place, Southampton, and of Elm Lodge, Bursledon, in the same county, who died on Oct. 17 last, was proved on March 31 by Mrs. Isabella Eliza Dehany Humphrys, the widow, Lieutenant-Colonel George Cookes, and George Rastrick, the surviving executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £14,000. The testator leaves to his wife £500, and all his wines, consumable stores, carriages and horses; he also leaves her for life £2500 per annum, and his residence in Anglesea-place (including the stables), with the furniture and effects; to his sons, Ambrose William, Julian, and Horace, present legacies of £5000 each, and a further £5000 each on the death of his wife; upon trust for the children of his deceased daughter £4000; and upon trust for his grand-daughter, Angela Humphrys Drummond, his house known as Highfield, Bursledon. The residue of his property is to be held, upon trust, for his said grand-daughter, and his three daughters, Beatrice Caroline Letitia, Ada Mabel, and Julia Wiggett.

The will (dated Oct. 21, 1881), with two codicils (dated Nov. 16, 1881, and Jan. 10, 1884), of Mr. Henry Newson, late of No. 57, Lincoln's-inn-fields, who died on Feb. 12 last, at St. Leonards-on-Sea, was proved on March 23 by Mrs. Caroline Elizabeth Newson, the widow, William Charles Jackson; Henry Carrs Newson, the son, and Alexander David Maclaren, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £67,000. The testator bequeaths to his wife all his jewellery, plate, books, furniture, household effects, horses and carriages, and £1500 per annum for life, if she shall so long continue his widow; to Mary Carrs Kitton, an annuity of £100; to his executors, Mr. Jackson and Mr. Maclaren, £150 each; and the residue of his real and personal estate, upon trust, for his three children, Mrs. Mary May Hermon, Mrs. Florence Thompson, and Henry Carrs Newson.

The Scotch Confirmation, under seal of office of the Commissariot of Clackmannan, of the trust disposition and settlement, executed Dec. 21, 1883, of Mr. James Archibald, of the firm of Robert Archibald and sons, Tillicoultry, woollen manufacturers, who died at Glasgow, on Nov. 2 last, granted to Mrs. Ann Hynde or Archibald, the widow, Robert Archibald, the son, the Rev. James Brown, and David Macwatt, the executors nominate, was sealed in London on March 28, the value of the personal estate in the United Kingdom exceeding £53,000.

The will (dated Nov. 22, 1876), with four codicils (dated Dec. 1 and 21, 1876; Nov. 2, 1880; and May 16, 1882), of Mr. Francis Jackson Kent, late of Castle House, Hampton, Middlesex, who died on Feb. 10 last, was proved on March 20 by Francis Jackson Kent and Robert Jackson Kent, the sons, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £39,000. The testator leaves £300, his furniture, plate, pictures, effects, horses and carriages, and an annuity of £700, to his wife, Mrs. Mary Ann Kent; and makes provision for his daughters, and the children of his deceased daughter and son. There are also some other bequests. As to the residue of his real and personal estate, he gives one fourth each to his sons Francis and Robert; one fourth, upon trust, for his son Edmund, his wife, and children; and one fourth, upon trust, for the widow and children of his deceased son, Jackson.

The will (dated Sept. 15, 1883), with a codicil (dated Dec. 22 following), of Mr. Richard Bright, formerly of Bruton-street, but late of Nepaul, Torquay, who died on Feb. 2 last, was proved on March 23 by James Gordon Walls, George William Brown, Lewis William Hurford, and Henry Robert Chasty Hurford, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £37,000. The testator bequeaths legacies to his nieces, nephew, partner, and others, including £500 to be distributed among the persons in the employ of the firm of Bright and Co. receiving wage at the time of his decease. The residue of his property he leaves to his daughters, Mrs. Letitia Mary Hurford and Mrs. Susan Hannah Hurford.

The will (dated May 20, 1884) of Mr. John Angel Talbot, late of Radipole, in the county of Dorset, who died on Feb. 15 last, was proved on the 15th ult. by Mrs. Emma Talbot, the widow, George Andrews, and Robert Oakley, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £31,000. The testator makes some bequests to his wife, executors, and man-servant. The residue of his property is to be held, upon trust, for his wife, for life or widowhood; in the event of her marrying again, a fixed annuity is substituted for such life interest; and, subject thereto, for his sons, John William and Robert Randall, in equal shares.

THE DURBAR AT RAWUL PINDI.

The conference between Lord Dufferin, the Viceroy of India, and the Ameer of Afghanistan, Abdurrahman Khan, at the Viceregal Durbar held at Rawul Pindi, in the Punjaub, at the beginning of April, is an event of great political importance. We have given a View of Rawul Pindi, with a description of the place, which is on the road from Lahore to Attock and to Peshawur. The Ameer came from Cabul, arriving at Rawul Pindi by the railway from Peshawur on the morning of March 31. The Viceroy had arrived at Rawul Pindi on the afternoon of the 27th. One of our Illustrations is that of the scene at Lord Dufferin's arrival.

His Excellency was accompanied by Lady Dufferin, Sir Alfred Lyall, Lieutenant-Governor of the North-Western Provinces; Mr. Durand, Officiating Foreign Secretary; Mr. Mackenzie Wallace, private secretary; Lord William Beresford, and the rest of his personal staff. The train entered the Rawul Pindi station at five o'clock, and here, on alighting, his Excellency was received by Sir Charles Aitchison, the Lieutenant-Governor of the Punjaub, Sir Donald Stewart, Commander-in-Chief in India, General Sir Frederick Roberts, Commander-in-Chief in Madras, General Hardinge, Commander-in-Chief in Bombay, General Wilson, General Sir Michael Biddulph, the Hon. Mr. Gibbs, and the principal civil and military officers. Among these were Colonel Bradford, Agent to the Governor-General for Rajputana, the Lord Bishop of Lahore, the Roman Catholic Bishop of the Punjaub, the Financial Commissioners, and several Commissioners of the Province, the Secretaries to the Punjaub Government, and various heads of Departments, Brigadier-General Gordon, General Baker, General Leslie, General Gillespie, and the Military Staff.

Beyond these officers the Punjaub Chiefs received the Viceroy in the order of their rank, space on the platform being marked off for each chief and his retinue by a low railing covered with red cloth. They were the Maharajah of Puttiala, the Nawab of Bhawulpur, and the Rajahs of Jheend, Nabha, Kapurthulla, Faridkote, and Chumba.

After speaking to Sir Charles Aitchison and to a few officers whom he knew, or who were introduced to him, his Excellency proceeded to make the acquaintance of the Punjaub chiefs, exchanging a few kindly words with them, and to receive the address of the Municipal Committee. This occupied some time, and the Royal salute had been fired before Lord Dufferin made his appearance outside the station. The view from the railway station was very picturesque. In the far distance lay the mountains, looking green and grey under sunshine and cloud, and tipped in a few places with snow. In the foreground rose the spires and buildings of the city, intermixed with trees, rising from a sea of emerald-green fields. Immediately in front were the long lines of railway trucks and sheds, and the fine bridge spanning the Leh stream. And there was a gathering, bright with blue and purple and gold, of the chiefs of the Indian Army, the leaders of the Punjaub Commission, and the Native Princes of the province, assembled to do honour to their Viceroy and Governor-General. On the other side of the station, the courtyard was filled with the bright costumes of the body-guard and the 9th Lancers, and behind them two lines of troops kept the road clear for the Viceregal party. The saluting battery was drawn up at a short distance from the station, on the other side of a little green, and the whole view was shut in, beyond, by the avenues of the cantonment roads.

Through the long lines of troops, the Viceregal procession took its way from the railway station to the camp. The escort consisted of the 9th Lancers, headed by the Deputy Assistant-Quartermaster-General, a detachment of the Body Guard preceding and following the three carriages, another detachment of the Lancers, and a field battery. In the first carriage were the Viceroy and Lady Dufferin, Lord William Beresford, and one of the Aides-de-Camp; in the next came Sir Alfred Lyall, Mr. Durand, Mr. Mackenzie Wallace, and another Aide-de-Camp; in the third were the rest of the personal Staff. The Viceregal carriage was drawn by four horses ridden by two postilions, and preceded by two outriders. It moved slowly throughout the whole distance, and the clock was striking six when the final strains of "God Save the Queen," and the completion of the second Royal salute, announced that Lord Dufferin had reached his camp. The crowd dispersed rapidly, and the troops were marched back to their camps. The arrangements made by the police and military were excellent, and Lord Dufferin must have been greatly pleased with the success of his State entry into Rawul Pindi.

The Ameer Abdurrahman, on the morning of the 31st, was received by the Lieutenant-Governor of the Punjaub, the General of the Rawul Pindi Division, and the Commissioners. A guard of honour of the Irish Fusiliers was drawn up at the railway station, and saluted him as he alighted. He was dressed in a blue undress military coat of European pattern, with a grey sheepskin Turkestan hat, and wore two stars on the left breast. He is suffering from the gout, and walked lame. The rainy weather marred the ceremony arranged for the reception. The Ameer preferred to go in the carriage which the Viceroy had sent, and the procession of fifty-six elephants was abandoned. In the carriage with the Ameer were the General commanding the division and Major Napier. An escort was formed by the King's Dragoon Guards, a battery of Horse Artillery, and the 15th Bengal Cavalry. The route selected was more than two miles long, and was lined throughout on both sides with troops of all arms. The carriage proceeded at a walk, so that the Ameer had a good opportunity of seeing the troops assembled in his honour. A salute of twenty-one guns was fired when the procession started, and another salute by a second battery of horse artillery announced that the destination had been reached. The Duke of Connaught, who, with the Duchess, had arrived the night before, saw the procession pass from the club stand.

Our Illustration of the arrival of the Viceroy is from a photograph taken by Mr. J. Burke; the Sketches of troops attending the Durbar, or crossing the Jhelum river on their way to Rawul Pindi, were drawn by a military correspondent, Lieutenant Offley Shore, of the 31st Punjaub Infantry, forming part of the 1st Brigade, 1st Division, of the force assembled on this occasion.

Mr. William Dick, principal clerk in the office of Accountant-General of Customs, has been appointed Accountant-General, in succession to Mr. Jenner Weir, who has retired from the service.

Three charity dinners were held on one day last week. At the anniversary festival of the Orphan Working School, Haverstock-hill, held at the Freemasons' Tavern (Mr. C. Palmer, M.P., in the chair), subscriptions to the amount of £2207 were announced. Viscount Hardinge presided at the anniversary dinner of the Artist's Benevolent Society, and the subscriptions, including one hundred guineas from the Queen, amounted to nearly £500. The first annual festival in connection with the recently-formed Work-Girls' Protection Society was held at Willis's Rooms—the Duke of Cambridge in the chair. The Rev. George Nugee gave interesting details of the movement, and also stated that the Queen and the Prince and Princess of Wales had expressed their deep sympathy with the effort that was being made. The secretary, Mr. Bunnet, then announced a list of donations, amounting in the aggregate to upwards of £1000, the chairman's list being £425.—The Cabdrivers' Benevolent Institution held its annual general meeting on Thursday week, at St. James's Hall. Lord Aberdeen presided. It was reported that the society now possesses funded capital to the amount of £8400.—Yesterday week, at the Cannon-street Hotel, the Bishop of Ripon presided at the anniversary festival of the British Orphan Asylum, Slough, subscriptions and donations to the amount of £1330 being announced. On the same day, the General Porters' Benevolent Association held its annual dinner, the subscriptions amounting to £2200.

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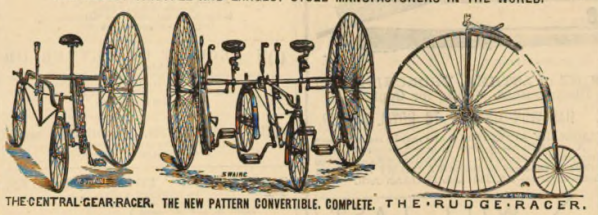
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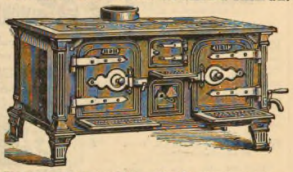
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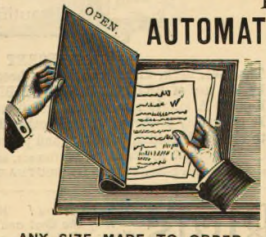
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No. 2403.—VOL. LXXXVI. SATURDAY, MAY 9, 1885. WITH EXTRA SUPPLEMENT SIXPENCE. By Post, 6½d.



1. The St. Nicholas Veteran Guard.
2. Officer in summer camp dress (white).
3. Cossack Guard, St. Petersburg (blue and red uniform).
4. Tcherkessi (Circassian soldier) in cloak of sheepskin.
5. Cossack Patrol in streets of St. Petersburg.
6. Trans-Baikal Cossack of the Army in Asia.

THE AFGHAN BOUNDARY DISPUTE: TYPES OF RUSSIAN SOLDIERY.

SKETCHES BY MR. A. LARSEN, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST LATELY IN SIBERIA.

OUR NOTE-BOOK

Never since the days of Shakspeare have three men been linked together by the bonds of friendship and literature so distinguished as Southey, Wordsworth, and Coleridge. Landor called them three pillars of one tower; and, though each pursued a distinct path as poets, and Southey's reputation is mainly due to his prose, the names of the trio must ever be inseparable in the history of our literature. Coleridge has been dead for more than fifty years, and yet up to this week there has been no public recognition of his exquisite genius. Visitors to Westminster Abbey have looked upon the features of Wordsworth and Southey, but have sought in vain for the author of "The Ancient Mariner." This is the more singular, since Coleridge not only deserves a place, if ever singer did, in the Poets' Corner, but is also high in the roll of fame as a consummate critic, as a theologian, and as a philosopher. His claims were tardily acknowledged by the honour done to his memory on Thursday. Something more, however, is yet due to him; and it is to be hoped the unveiling of his bust will remind a really competent writer that the life of Samuel Taylor Coleridge on a scale worthy of the subject is a desideratum in literature.

Why will ladies wear those gloves of many buttons, if it be too much trouble to button them all the way up? The fashion was intended to show off the shape of the arm; but, if the upper part of the glove is left in loose wrinkles, the intention is frustrated, and the observer thinks that the wearer must either be a very slovenly, careless creature, unfitted to preside over a household, or have either a grievously fat or a skinny, bony, shapeless arm, to which the glove refuses to cling. Choose either alternative, or button the gloves right up.

The small association of women who are doing business as type-writers in Chancery-lane say that theatrical people and authors are their best customers. The former require their prompt-books and separate actors' parts, and that is intelligible enough; but if authors simply require type-writers to make their effusions legible to editors, so much the worse for the authors. If they wrote plainly they would not be obliged to have recourse to the type-writers, and would effect a considerable saving. Illegibility is not the sign-manual of genius, nor its necessary concomitant; for though Dean Stanley's last letter to a relative was carried about the roads of a suburban village for hours by a despairing postman, and would probably never have reached its destination had not that functionary met the lady to whom it was addressed, yet George Eliot wrote the clearest of hands, and the writing of most of our popular novelists is as plain as print. Everyone who tries may learn to write clearly, but even then the labour of engrossing clerks may be saved, and will afford ample occupation to those who multiply copies of any given document by mechanical means.

If the Delphic and other oracles were (intentionally) equivocal, so are proverbs, whether intentionally or not. "Stuff a cold, starve a fever," says the proverb; and you take that to be two separate injunctions, bidding you stuff yourself when you have a cold and starve yourself when you have a fever. You obey the injunctions to the best of your humble ability and means until you meet "the schoolmaster abroad," who pities your ignorance, tells you that the course you and your fellow ignoramuses fatuously but in all good faith pursue accounts for many a premature death, and assures you that the proper way to interpret the proverb is "stuff a cold" (if you are fool enough to do so), and you will have to "starve a fever" (if, indeed, it be right to do that), just as, according to him, "marry in haste, repent at leisure" means "marry in haste" (if you are fool enough to do so), and you will have to "repent at leisure." But (as you tell him, of course) he may not be correct in either case. The first proverb may mean "a person who would stuff a cold would also starve a fever," both courses being wrong; and the second may mean, "as the world cannot go on very well without marriages, and as you would be pretty sure not to marry if you stopped to think about it, the best way is to get it over quickly, no matter if you have to repent it ever afterwards: you'll have plenty of time to do the repentance in." The fact is that the only proverbs that are good for anything but to puzzle us all are those that enable you to exasperate a fellow-creature who is in difficulties by reminding him (keeping carefully out of his reach) that "it's a long lane that has no turning," that "beggars mustn't be choosers," and so on, out of your choice assortment of more or less insulting commonplaces.

The racing season gallops apace: already the first two of the five "classic" races, the Two Thousand and the One Thousand, are over, having been decided this week at Newmarket. The former was first run for in 1809, the latter in 1814; and since those dates ten winners of the Two Thousand, Smolensko, Cadland, Bay Middleton, Cotherstone, West Australian, Macaroni, Gladiateur, Lord Lyon, Pretender, and Shotover, have won the Derby, and seventeen winners of the One Thousand, Neva, Corinne, Zinc, Cobweb, Galata, Crucifix, Mendicant, Governess, Formosa, Hannah, Reine, Apology, Spinaway, Camélia (dead-heat with Enguerrande), Wheel of Fortune, Thebais, and Busybody, have won the Oaks (for a dead-heat, when not "run off," counts as a "win"). Both Two Thousand and One Thousand are now run over Rowley's mile; but up to 1873 the latter was run over the Ditch mile. For the former there has never been a "walk over," though twice, in 1829 and 1830, there were only two runners recorded; but for the One Thousand, though it has never been reduced to a match, there was a "walk over" in 1825. The Two Thousand is remarkable as the only "classic" race that has ever been won by a "twin" (for "twins" are generally of no account); and that was Nicolo (in 1823), who also won the Newmarket Stakes, beating Zinc, winner of the One Thousand and Oaks. The One Thousand is remarkable for having been won by the Duke of Grafton eight times in nine successive years from 1819 to 1827 (the interloper being Lord Jersey, with Cobweb, in 1824); and for the fate of Mayday, who won it in 1834, when it was run on the First of May, to which fact she owed her name, and who broke her leg (and was shot) in the subsequent Oaks. Of course, the winner of the Two Thousand (or One Thousand) may not be entered for the Derby (or the Oaks), as happened when Vedette won the Two Thousand in 1857; and to that circumstance it is probable that the celebrated Blink Bonny owes her great fame, as a winner (like Eleanor in 1801) of both Derby and Oaks: for Vedette would most likely have beaten both her for the Derby and Impérieuse for the Leger, had he run for them. He won everything he ran for at three years of age, and was the sire of Speculum and Galopin.

Terrible storms raged during April along the Canadian shores, and a report comes from Pointe des Monts that a large number of antiquated cannons varying from four to ten feet in length were washed up at Pointe aux Anglais, a spot which derived its name from the disaster to a British fleet which took place there two centuries ago. Old fire-arms, swords, and bayonets have been found from time to time, and tradition tells of a vast treasures, lying *perdu* beneath the waves. Several efforts have been made to reach it, but hitherto without success.

The new President of the United States has a reputation of saying smart things. He calls the standard silver dollar of his country, in which there is a large percentage of base metal, a cloud with a silver lining. Mr. Coxe, the new U.S. Minister to the Porte, is somewhat of a literary man, and just before starting he told the President that his friends said that if he published a book while in Constantinople it would be because he "wanted the whole edition bound in Turkey." "Perhaps they would also prefer that it should be Turkey read," was Mr. Cleveland's merciless response. Nowadays, all persons in high places are supposed to have favourite flowers, and the President has declared for the American daisy, which is much larger than the "wee, modest, crimson-tipped flower" of the British Isles.

At the private view of the Royal Academy Exhibition, it was evident that more people came to see others and show themselves and their pretty costumes than to see the pictures. In fact, the way that a certain well-known beauty and actress was mobbed hardly spoke well for the manners of even the most select English crowds. Wherever she went, her admirers formed a ring round her, and commented in audible tones on her dress and her appearance, comparing them to what they had been on previous occasions. She had no chance of seeing the pictures, even had she come for that purpose; for when she stopped for a moment in her walk through the galleries, she was hemmed in on all sides by strangers, who unceremoniously listened to her conversation. Miss Mary Anderson, too, the American actress, was similarly honised; and, if she desires to see the works of art, must either go disguised to Burlington House, or arrive there when the doors open in the early morning. Beauty and popularity have their disadvantages—especially, on Private View Day.

The Women's Silk Culture Association in the United States is going ahead, and reported most satisfactory progress at the annual meeting, which took place at Philadelphia on the 16th ult. During the last year it presented new flags of native silk to the United States Government, the Government of its own State, the City Government of Atalanta, and the Emmet Guards at Washington. The production for ordinary commercial purposes includes various dress materials, brocades, gros grains, ribbons, handkerchiefs, and knitting silk. The heavy import duties imposed by the United States on all European articles of dress are having their effect, and our cousins will soon be sufficient unto themselves in the matter of raiment.

The old boots and shoes which, when quite past wearing by anyone, find their way into our dust-bins are extremely valuable, and find their way again into our houses in most artistic forms. They are soaked in many waters to remove the dirt, all the nails and threads are picked out, and the leather is then reduced to a thick pulp, from which the now fashionable embossed leather wall-papers, screens, &c., are made. The finer the original quality of the leather the better it takes the bronze and old gold of the designs which make these hangings things of beauty. Bookbinders and frame-makers also know full well the value of this pulp, and carriage-builders press it into sheets which are invaluable for the roofs of the most luxurious vehicles. After this one feels that the word "rubbish" is a misnomer, and that no such thing exists.

The billiard-match last week between the Champion, Mr. John Roberts, jun., and Mr. W. Cook, sometime Champion, was a very unsatisfactory affair. Such a player as Mr. W. Cook condescended to accept 2000 points out of 12,000, and was beaten, on Saturday, the 2nd inst., by nearly 3000; whereas, on the Wednesday evening previously, he had played far the better of the two, and Mr. Roberts had played so badly (for him) that, in consequence of the slow play, the spectators had to be dismissed before the Champion had scored his proper number of points. No doubt, the Champion made a succession of splendid breaks; and, no doubt, Mr. Cook now and then played like a perfect tetragon; but, on the whole, it was no match at all.

Memorandum: At a game of billiards, when your adversary makes an especially brilliant shot (if he ever does such a thing), never omit to cry, "Hullo! Did you play for that?" And put emphasis on the word "play." If you can do this pretty often, you may not promote the harmony of the occasion, but you may very likely win the game.

It is said that in case of war the wealthy Russian monasteries would place their riches at the disposal of the Government, and this recalls a good story of the late Czar, which *se non è vero, è ben trovato*. Over the catacombs at Kief there is a well-known religious house called the Petsherskaia Laura, whose Prior, during the Crimean War, lent the Czar Nicholas five millions of roubles, in acknowledgment of which the potentate gave a bond in his own handwriting. The precious document was kept in a jewelled casket, and twenty years later, when Nicholas had long slept with his fathers, Alexander II., his son and successor, visited the monastery for the purpose of inspecting some historical documents, the Prior handed it to him with a profound obeisance, and hoped for immediate payment when he saw the Czar press it reverently to his lips and heard him exclaim, "In this you possess a treasure worth ten times the sum it represents!" A pause ensued, and then, to the monk's deep disappointment, the Czar handed the paper back, saying, "I will not rob you of your priceless treasure. Keep it as a sacred relic, for it is my father's own handwriting, and you have not purchased it too dearly!"

Sumptuary laws are things of the past, but a certain Bishop is surely trying to revive them when he gives notice that he will not confirm any girls who wear white dresses or veils. A white dress may be so simple that it is perfection as the attire of a modest and seriously minded maiden, and it ought not to be tabooed altogether, even on an episcopal authority. The Bishop of Manchester has praised the candidates who came to the sacred rite in useful black gowns, but he does not draw a hard and fast line against the garb of ideal purity and spotlessness.

It is singular that up to this year no horse had started first favourite for the Two Thousand at odds *on* since Lord Lyon won in 1866 with 75 to 40 *on*; but before that time it had been common enough. It was 6 to 4 on West Australian in 1853, 6 to 5 on Nannykirk in 1849, 13 to 8 on Tom Tulloch (who was beaten) in 1846, 6 to 5 on Idas in 1845, 7 to 2 on The Ugly Buck in 1844, 3 to 1 on Cotherstone in 1843, 11 to 8 on Crucifix in 1840, 7 to 2 on Cæsar when The Corsair won in 1839, 6 to 4 on Achmet in 1837, 6 to 4 on Bay Middleton in 1836, and the enormous odds of 7 to 1 and 5 to 1 respectively were laid on Ibrahim and Riddlesworth, who won in 1835 and 1831. On the other hand, it was 10 to 1 against the great Stockwell, 20 to 1 against The Wizard, 25 to 1 against Diophantus, and 10 to 1 against Macaroni when they won. The question this year was to which category of strong favourites Paradox would belong: and he solved it last Wednesday when he won the Two Thousand from the Chopette colt, The Child of the Mist, and four others. Fate owed Mr. Brodrick-Cloete some compensation for the great loss (4000 gs. and "expectations") he sustained by the death of Louisbourg. In old times the Two Thousand was run for on Tuesday, and the One Thousand on Thursday; but since 1872, almost indeed ever since the First Spring Meeting began on Tuesday instead of Monday (but not in 1871), the "classic" races have come off on Wednesday and Friday.

Surely a mother is entitled, if she pleases, to disapprove of her daughter "courting" and being "courted." And some people would admit her right to mark her disapproval by personal chastisement. The wife of a farmer at Leek has, however, gone a little farther than even the strongest advocate of the rod could attempt to justify. Believing her daughter to be walking down the road with a sweetheart, the stern mother mounted a horse and followed the lovers. When she overtook them, she administered a sound horse-whipping to both; and it was not until her maternal arm tired that she found that she had mistaken the pair and had thrashed somebody else's daughter. A newspaper, commenting on the affair, and referring to the police-court proceedings which are imminent, remarks that the affair "has caused the greatest amusement." To whom? Are we to believe that the sufferers were tickled at the humour of being severely beaten? or that the jocularity of the assault pleased the young man? or that the irate farmer's wife is uproarious with laughter at the idea of fines and damages? Anyhow, the occurrence is a warning to all young people not to go flirting in the lanes in the Leek district.

An addition to the list of curiosities of reporting was furnished by the accounts of the Academy banquet in Monday's papers. The *Times* makes Earl Granville refer to "the fact of seeing before me a noble friend, or rather an intimate enemy (alluding to a portrait of the Duke of Richmond which was hung on the opposite wall) sitting opposite to me as he usually does four evenings in the week, and who is represented, if I am not mistaken, in the act of taking notes." The other dailies report him as having alluded not to the portrait of the Duke of Richmond, but to the bodily presence of the Marquis of Salisbury, and the last part of the paragraph runs, "and who is at this very moment, if I am not mistaken, in the act of taking notes." Of such materials is history made!

How not to do it appears to be the motto of the Chile Government, at all events with respect to the splendid ironclad Esmeralda, which has just been sent out from England to Valparaiso. The ruling powers were delighted with her on arrival, and straightway invited a large party of notables to enjoy a trial-trip. But instead of retaining the skilful and experienced hands who had brought her safely across the sea, they entirely changed the crew, and substituted native engineers for the English ones. The consequence was that, though everyone was brought safely back to shore, the boilers were burnt out, and the good ship Esmeralda is now practically helpless, the repairs required before she again puts out to sea being most extensive.

Roman Catholic soldiers of the Highland Regiment now stationed at Chelsea attend the Pro-Cathedral in uniform on Sundays, and carry the banners in the processions during service. They make a very pretty effect of colour, contrasting with the sombre clothing of those who follow with the tapers.

THE AFGHAN BOUNDARY COMMISSION.

(*From our Special Artist, Mr. W. Simpson.*)

Sir Peter Lumsden made his appearance at Sarakhs in the first week of November last. This was done according to the appointment made with Russia, that General Zelennoy and the Russian Commissioners were to have been at that place at the same date. It was then that the Russian advance to Pul-i-Khatun was first heard of. A few days later, as we marched southwards on the left bank of the Heri-Rud, we reached that place, which is, according to Captain A. F. Barrow's measurement, thirty-nine miles from Sarakhs, and consequently all that distance nearer to Herat. From Sarakhs to Pul-i-Khatun the ground on each side of the Heri-Rud is low; on the right, or eastern bank, there are undulating downs of no great height. But at Pul-i-Khatun a hilly region begins, which gives that point a great importance as a military and strategical position. To the south is a rocky gorge, which could be defended by a very few men against great odds. Our next march was a long one of about twenty-five miles, to a place called Khojeh Saham-ed-deen; this name belongs to a saint's ziaret, or shrine. The hills on the right bank of the river increased in height as we came along, and opposite our camping ground was a bold rocky cliff, resembling Salisbury Crags at Edinburgh. Next morning, as we moved south on our march, this cliff opened out, and on its eastern flank we saw the entrance to the Zulfagar Pass. At that time we had no idea that it was likely to possess an interest in connection with the Afghan boundary; but the striking and picturesque appearance of the Pass was sufficient to entitle it to a place in an artist's sketch-book, and I am able now to give a representation of it, as it has become historical in connection with the question of the Afghan frontier. The Sketch is taken from Goolar, on the western bank of the Heri-Rud; the Pass itself is on the eastern bank, and glimpses of the river may be seen through the openings of the low hills on the Goolar side. It will be seen that the stratification produces cliffs extending like long terraces along the upper part of the hills. "Zulfagar" was the name of Ali's sword, a weapon as mystic and celebrated as the famous "Excalibur," the sword of Arthur; and the tradition is, that the pass was cleft by a blow with it given by the Khalif. This picture of the Zulfagar Pass will show what a strong position it is, even without the aid of the military engineers: and when it is stated that the ground from Pul-i-Khatun to Zulfagar, a space of nearly thirty miles, contains within it all the strategical positions of importance between Sarakhs and Herat on the Heri-Rud, the character of the Russian claims will be understood. I have introduced what is a common feature of the landscape in this part of the world in the autumn; when the long grass is dry, it catches fire, and sends up a high column of black smoke.

One of my Sketches of the Afghan Boundary Commission is that of the perambulator, or mile-measuring machine, brought by the Survey Department from India. This wheel had rolled up all the way from Rindli, the last station yet opened of the Quetta Railway, and has done its fair share of the scientific work of the Expedition. Major Holdich intends, when it returns to Meerut, to have a brass plate affixed to tell what it has accomplished. In our march from Kuhsan to Penjdeh, and on to Bala Murghab, natives of the country were employed to wheel it along. At first they could not understand the use of trundling the article, as it carried nothing; but when they found out that it was for measuring the length of the road, they began to take a great interest in the work, and did it with great care. Hera Singh rode with them to see that all went right, and a man carried the plane table, so that he could note the line of country as he went along.

The officers of Sir Peter Lumsden's party, in their enforced leisure on the banks of the Murghab, enjoyed the pastime of shooting. Pheasants had been occasionally seen on our marches; but at Meruchak, as that part of the Murghab is not disturbed by population, these birds have increased in great numbers. From Meruchak to Karaoul Khaneh, a distance of about eleven miles, there is no one to disturb the pheasants; and along the whole of this space it is like a well-kept preserve. Most of our party took advantage of this condition of things, and had a few days' good sport. Very large bags were made; over a hundred birds were brought into camp in one day. Our servants were having pheasants for their dinner, and the Mohammedan soldiers of the escort had a supply. To arrange for this, one of the beaters had to perform a process known to followers of the rules of Islam: he had to make an incision in the neck of the bird as soon as he picked it up after it was shot. This ceremony is known as "Halall," as it bleeds the animal, and makes it lawful for food. On the low ground of the Murghab valley, where it is wet and marshy, long reeds grow to a great height, ten feet being a common size, but they often reach twenty feet and more. Most of the shooting had to be done on ground covered with this kind of growth, as well as smaller reeds. These reeds made it difficult at times to shoot; for in laying the gun towards the birds some of the reeds would come in contact with the barrel, and thus prevent that accuracy of aim which was desired. At times some members of the Boundary Commission had their eyes in the air following the pheasants; of course they were, at such moments, not keeping the necessary look-out for the boundary between land and water under their feet, and the result was often a sousing up to the middle, in water about the freezing point. The birds have very beautiful colours, slightly different from the English pheasant, a whitish wing being the most distinctive characteristic. This peculiarity is found among these birds as far west as Sarakhs, but it stops at Lutfabad, about sixty miles east of Askabad; those at the Chacha and along the rivers watering the Atcks, on the north-west border of Persia, being exactly the same as the English. The Turkomans performed the part of beaters, and, for want of dogs, they had also to become retrievers; they could not understand why the birds were always allowed to get up before they were fired at. It is only ten miles from our camp where this splendid preserve begins, and it would, no doubt, be visited again, before the Commissioners would leave the Murghab Valley.

On my way home from Afghanistan, I came to Baku, on the Caspian. This is the port from which soldiers can now be most readily sent from the Caucasus and the Black Sea to the Trans-Caspian province, the Russian official name by which that part of Turkestan on the left bank of the Oxus, including Merv and Sarakhs, is now known. The railway from Batoum, viâ Tiflis, gives direct communication between the Black Sea and the Caspian. I was in Baku in the second week of April, and learned the fact of the important movement of troops which had been taking place in order to support General Komaroff's advance on the Heri-Rud and the Murghab. While I was there a rifle regiment arrived on its way through. They were quartered in a field near the railway station, where they had to wait a day or so for the steamer to take them across the Caspian to Krasnovodsk. They were all very young fellows, small and dumpy, with little or no hair on their faces. Higher up in a field was a battery of artillery, with six guns, also on its way to Central Asia. The soldiers were dressed in the usual dark green, the colour of the Russian military uniform. Since the occupation of the Caucasus, the Russian Government has organised a large number of regiments in that country, and has given them a uniform based on the old Circassian costume. I saw some of these troops at Sarakhs, when I was there in November last, and witnessed one of them perform a characteristic dance, brandishing a couple of daggers as he went through the varied movements, and a Sketch of it has since appeared in the *Illustrated London News*. In Tiflis these Circassian uniforms are a very familiar feature of the streets, and I give an Illustration which will convey some idea of them.

Having illustrated so far the Russian soldiers, I also give a group of what may possibly be their opponents, the Afghan soldiers. So far as uniform is concerned, they are thoroughly irregular. Some wear puggarees or turbans, while others wear sheepskin hats; and those troops who belong to Herat, some of them at least, have these head-coverings made of very long hair and shaped something like the bearskin of our Foot Guards. In this Sketch I have introduced General Ghous-ud-din Khan, who commanded the Afghans at Penjdeh. I saw him there early in December last, when he sat to me for his portrait. I have been repeatedly asked why the Afghans were beaten in the engagement of March 30. The explanation is not difficult to give. These soldiers are brave enough; but they are irregulars in the extreme meaning of that word. They want discipline, as well as good officers to lead them. They are only a mob, and such men must succumb before a regular corps of troops. General Ghous-ud-din Khan I believe to be a brave man, and one who would do his duty; but when I speak of officers to lead, I mean what we would call the regimental officers. I have heard that General Ghous-ud-din Khan behaved himself in a very courageous manner during the late action.

On crossing from Krasnovodsk to Baku, among the passengers on board the Grand Duke Constantine was a prisoner from Central Asia. What his crime was I could not learn; but he was heavily ironed: he had strong iron rings on each wrist and on each ankle, with chains connecting them. There was a military guard accompanying him, and one of the soldiers, with gun and bayonet, stood sentry over their charge during the voyage. I presume that he would be taken to Tiflis, as the capital, either for his trial or to undergo his sentence, whatever that might chance to be. W. S.

THE CHURCH.

The ceremony of the enthronement of the new Bishop of Exeter, Dr. Bickersteth, will take place in the cathedral at Exeter to-day (Saturday).

The Bishop of Truro has conferred a canonry, coupled with the precentorship of Truro Cathedral, on the Rev. Augustus Blair Donaldson, M.A., Oxon.

Dr. Hessey, the Archdeacon of Middlesex, gave his annual charge to the clergy of the archdeaconry on Wednesday, in the Church of St. Paul, Covent-garden.

Next Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday, May 11, 12, and 13, addresses will be given in Westminster Abbey at four p.m. by the Bishop of Truro.

The Consistory Court of London has granted faculties for the use of the burial-grounds of Holy Trinity Church, Gray's-inn-road, and of St. John's, Clerkenwell, as recreation-grounds.

The Dean of Manchester has nominated the Rev. E. J. Reeve, Vicar of St. Peter's, Stockport, to the living of St. Alban's, Cheetwood, Manchester, rendered vacant by the resignation of the Rev. Canon Knox Little.

The election of Bampton Lecturer at Oxford University for the year 1886 took place on Tuesday, when the Rev. Dr. Bigg, of Christ Church, was selected for the appointment, which is this year held by the Ven. Archdeacon Farrar.

A morning concert was given on Monday at Prince's Hall, Piccadilly, in aid of the restoration fund of St. Peter's Church, Great Windmill-street. The concert was under distinguished and Royal patronage, and an excellent programme had been compiled for the occasion.

The parish church of Rame, which overlooks the Channel from the headland to which it gives name at the entrance to Plymouth Sound, was recently reopened by the Bishop of Truro, after complete restoration at the cost of the Earl of Mount Edgcumbe, from the drawings and under the direction of Messrs. Hine and Odgers, Plymouth. The present church dates from the thirteenth century, but Norman remains have been found during the recent restoration.

Archdeacon Hobhouse and forty members of the Lower House of Convocation having presented to the Bishops a protest against the grant of land by the Ecclesiastical Commissioners for two public parks in the Metropolitan district, the Archbishop of Canterbury said that the Church was bound to care not for the souls of the people only, but also for their physical and moral health. The Bishop of London said, as being extensive landowners, the Commissioners must discharge all the duties that devolved upon landowners.

The Earl of Chichester presided on Tuesday at the annual meeting of the Church Missionary Society, which was held in Exeter Hall. It was stated that the total receipts for the year had been £231,541; and the general expenditure had been £207,283, besides payments from special funds. The Committee ask for £15,000 this year, and £5000 a year rise every year afterwards. The adoption of the report was moved by the Bishop of London, who remarked that the increased means of communication between various parts of the world were a distinct call to missionary exertion.

The design of the stained-glass window which was placed in the Salisbury Cathedral last Saturday, commemorating the connection of the late Duke of Albany with Wiltshire, received the approval of the Duchess.—The parish church of Newchurch, Rossendale, has been much improved in its internal appearance by the erection of a two-light Munich stained-glass window, the work of Messrs. Mayer and Co. The subjects represented are—in one light "St. Elizabeth teaching St. John," and in the other, "Giving Alms."—The second anniversary of Lord Vernon's death was commemorated on the 1st inst. by the reopening of the parish church at Sudbury, to which a reredos and two stained-glass windows have been placed as a memorial to this much-respected nobleman.—A handsome window, executed by Headon, Butler, and Bayne, of Garrick-street, has recently been placed in the north aisle of St. Mary Magdalene Church, Munster-square, by Mr. Commissioner Kerr, in memory of his wife.—A richly painted window, from the studio of Mr. Taylor, of Berners-street, with the subject of "The Healing of Malchus," has been erected in the Church of St. Peter, Belsize Park, the gift of Mr. Charles Light, in memory of his brother, completing the series in the south aisle.—Mr. Howard Potter, of New York, on behalf of Mr. Russell Lowell, the American Minister, on Tuesday unveiled, in the parish church of Stratford-on-Avon, a Shakspeare memorial window, subscribed for by American visitors to the poet's tomb. The subjects represented in the window are Shakspeare's "Seven Ages," illustrated from the Bible. Thus the infant is represented by the finding of Moses in bulrushes, the lover by Jacob and Rachel at the well, and so on. The work has been executed in the highest style of art by a well-known London firm.

THE COURT.

Her Majesty, who is in excellent health, arrived at Windsor Castle last Saturday evening, on her return from the Continent. On the morning of Friday, May 1, the Queen, accompanied by Princess Beatrice, Princess Irene, and Prince Henry of Battenberg, drove to the Rosenhohe, and visited the mausoleum of the lamented Grand Duchess. In the afternoon they received the Princess of Battenberg, Princes Alexander and Francis Joseph, and Count and Countess Shoenberg. Her Majesty and the Princess afterwards drove through the principal streets of the town. The Royal party left for England at ten o'clock in the evening. The Grand Duke and the members of his family took leave of the Queen and the Princess at the railway station. On the following morning the Royal party arrived at Flushing. Her Majesty embarked on board the Royal yacht Victoria and Albert, Captain Fullerton, reaching Port Victoria at 4.15 p.m., and, travelling thence by special train on the North Kent and South-Western Railways, arrived at Windsor Castle at 7.30 in the evening. Princess Beatrice and the members of her Majesty's household attended Divine service in the private chapel on Sunday morning. The Very Rev. Randall Davidson, Dean of Windsor, assisted by the Rev. Thomas J. Rowsell, Deputy Clerk of the Closet to the Queen and Canon of Westminster, officiated. The Rev. Canon Rowsell preached the sermon. Earl Granville had an audience of the Queen. Princess Christian of Schleswig-Holstein visited the Queen and remained to luncheon. The Duchess of Albany, with Princess Alice and the infant Duke of Albany, attended by the Hon. Mrs. R. Moreton, arrived at the castle in the afternoon from Claremont. Her Majesty went out on Monday morning. The Duchess of Albany, Princess Alice, and the infant Duke took leave of the Queen on Monday, and, attended by the Hon. Mrs. R. Moreton, left the castle shortly after two o'clock for Port Victoria, en route to Germany, where her Royal Highness is going on a visit to the Prince and Princess of Waldeck, at Arolsen. Princess Christian of Schleswig-Holstein dined with her Majesty in the evening. On Tuesday the new Bishops of Lincoln and Exeter arrived at Windsor Castle, and did homage to the Queen on their appointment. Earl and Countess Spencer visited the Queen at Windsor Castle, and were included in the Royal dinner party.

Official notice is given that the Prince of Wales will, by command of the Queen, hold a Levée at St. James's Palace, on behalf of her Majesty, next Monday, the 11th inst.

We are authorised to state that Drawingrooms will be held at Buckingham Palace next Wednesday, the 13th, and on Monday, the 18th inst.

Princess Louise (Marchioness of Lorne), the Duke of Edinburgh, and Prince Christian, accompanied by his son, Prince Albert, visited the Prince and Princess of Wales at Marlborough House on Thursday week, and remained to luncheon. The Prince and Princess of Wales, accompanied by Princesses Louise, Victoria, and Maud, were present in the afternoon at the Royal private view at the Royal Academy of Arts, Burlington House, and were received by Sir Frederick Leighton, the President, and the members of the Council. Last Saturday the Prince, accompanied by the Duke of Edinburgh, opened the subway recently constructed from the South Kensington Station to the Exhibition of Inventions. The Princess, accompanied by Prince George of Wales and suite, visited the Royal Comedy Theatre in the evening, to witness the performance of "Bad Boys." The Duchess of Albany visited the Prince and Princess of Wales. The Brazilian Minister (Baron de Penedo) presented Prince Albert Victor, in the name of the Emperor of Brazil, the order of the Southern Cross on the attainment of his Royal Highness's majority. On Sunday the Prince and Princess, and Princesses Louise, Victoria, and Maud were present at Divine service. On Monday the Prince, in the presence of a numerous and representative assemblage, including members of the Royal family, Ambassadors, and Ministers, opened the International Exhibition of Inventions. The Prince received the Maharajah of Johore at Marlborough House in the afternoon. Prince Albert Victor has returned to Great Yarmouth, and Prince George to H.M.S. Excellent, at Portsmouth. The Prince will preside at the festival dinner in aid of the funds of the North London University College Hospital next Wednesday, May 13, at the Langham Hotel. His Royal Highness signified to the Mayor of Londonderry that he will have great pleasure in becoming an exhibitor at the Royal Agricultural Society's Show in Derry in July next, and will present a cup for competition. The Prince was last week unanimously elected a Bencher of the Honourable Society of King's Inns, Dublin. Prince Albert Victor will be called to the Bench of the Hon. Society of the Middle Temple, and will dine with the Benchers in their hall on Wednesday, June 10.

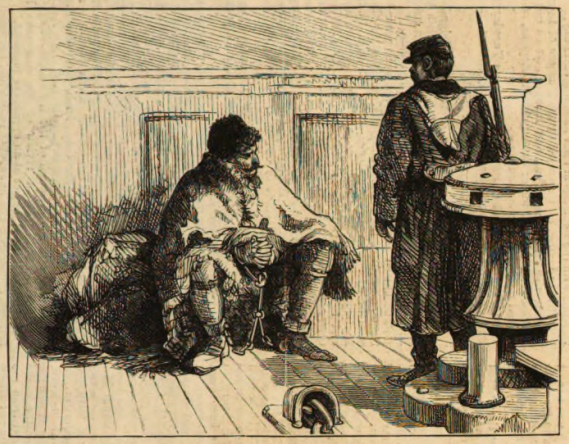
Princess Louise, accompanied by the Marquis of Lorne, on Monday visited the East-End, and inaugurated an industrial exhibition established under distinguished auspices, and also opened two small public gardens.

The Duchess of Edinburgh paid a visit on Tuesday to Mr. Bull's orchid exhibition in the King's-road, Chelsea.

The officers, past and present, of the Rifle Brigade, have appointed their annual dinner for June 5, at Willis's Rooms. In the event of the Duke of Connaught having returned from India by that date, his Royal Highness will preside.

The Queen has directed letters patent to be passed under the Great Seal of the United Kingdom, constituting the office of Governor and Commander-in-Chief of the Island of Barbados and its Dependencies as a separate Government; and to appoint Sir William Robinson, K.C.M.G., at present Governor and Commander-in-Chief of the Windward Islands, to be Governor and Commander-in-Chief of the Island of Barbados and its Dependencies. Her Majesty has approved the appointment of Mr. Walter Joseph Seudall to be Governor of the Windward Islands of Grenada, St. Vincent, Tobago, and St. Lucia. The Assistant-Secretaryship at the Local Government Board, vacated by Mr. W. J. Sendall, has been accepted by Mr. Courtenay Boyle, one of the Inspectors of the Local Government Board.

Phonography, the most scientific and effective system of shorthand writing, which ought to be taught in schools as a universal accomplishment, is beautifully illustrated by the *Reporter's Magazine*. The May Number contains articles which to those who can read them present a variety of interesting literature, accompanied by small pictures and tasteful ornamental designs of an emblematic purport. We recognise a portrait of Mr. Melton Prior, our Special Artist lately in the Soudan, with a memoir of his travelling and campaigning experiences in many parts of the world. There is also a review of Mr. Mason Jackson's excellent History of the Pictorial Press, which is to us of particular interest. Mr. Archibald Forbes has something to tell of the life and work of "War Correspondents"; and a review of Mr. Augustus Hare's "Studies in Russia" comes at an opportune moment. Other articles, concerning the newspaper profession, the business of reporting, and the art and practice of phonography, will be acceptable to a large class of journalists, and to many amateurs of this useful art.



A PRISONER FROM CENTRAL ASIA ON BOARD THE GRAND DUKE CONSTANTINE, AT KRASNOVODSK, ON THE CASPIAN SEA.



BEG MORAD BEY, A SAROK TURKOMAN, AT MERUCHAK, ON THE MURGHAB.



MILE-MEASURING MACHINE OF THE AFGHAN BOUNDARY COMMISSION.



THE ZULFAGAR PASS, ON THE HERI-RUD.

THE AFGHAN BOUNDARY DISPUTE: SKETCHES BY MR. W. SIMPSON, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST WITH THE AFGHAN BOUNDARY COMMISSION.



OPENING OF THE INTERNATIONAL INVENTIONS EXHIBITION AT SOUTH KENSINGTON BY THE PRINCE OF WALES.

The Prince of Wales on Monday performed the ceremony of opening this year's International Exhibition, which consists of Patents and Inventions, and of Musical Instruments, in the buildings and garden at Kensington where the Health Exhibition took place last year, and the Fisheries Exhibition the year before last. His Royal Highness was accompanied by the Princess of Wales and the young Princesses Louise, Victoria, and Maud. The Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh, with one of their children, Prince and Princess Christian, and the Duke of Cambridge, were also present. Her Majesty's Government was represented by the Home Secretary, Sir William Vernon Harcourt; and the Earl and Countess Granville, the Foreign Ambassadors, the Archbishop of York, Mr. Trevelyan, Mr. Mundella, and many noblemen and members of Parliament, were among the distinguished company. Their Royal Highnesses were received at the entrance, and conducted to the Council Chamber by Sir F. Bramwell, chairman; the Marquis of Hamilton, vice-chairman; Mr. Birkbeck, M.P., hon. treasurer; Mr. J. L. Bell, M.P., Sir Francis Bolton, Sir G. Grove, Mr. W. H. Preece, Sir E. J. Reed, Dr. Stainer, other members of the Executive Council; Mr. E. Cunliffe-Owen, Mr. Somers Vine, and Mr. Trueman Wood. They formed a procession and set off on a circuit of the buildings. There were no special decorations for this occasion, the exhibitors having probably had quite enough to do in getting their stands ready. The long route was lined throughout with spectators. There were occasional cheers, and continual greetings of respectful loyalty. The route of the procession was across the upper end of the Middle Court (Royal Gun Factory's exhibits) down the North Court (Engineering) across the Austria-Hungary Court and the Chemistry Court, out into the open air, then passing into the East Gallery among the printing-machines, and on past the Chinese Court to the upper end of the Eastern Arcade, and into the Conservatory, where a dais had been erected, with beautiful flowers at the sides. The Royal party stood on this dais, and heard Sir F. Bramwell read part of the Address from the Executive Council, describing the plan of the Exhibition. The Prince of Wales made an appropriate reply, in the course of which he referred to the new subway between the Exhibition Buildings and the South Kensington railway station, which was opened by his Royal Highness on Saturday. He then declared the Exhibition to be opened, and accepted a catalogue bound in crimson and gold. The procession was again formed, and the Royal visitors were conducted through the other galleries, the machinery department, the American Court, and the Old London Street, to the Prince's Pavilion; they soon afterwards left the Exhibition.

PARISIAN SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

(From our own Correspondent.)

Paris, Tuesday, May 5.

Parliament reassembled yesterday after a short vacation. The Chamber sat twenty minutes, and the Senate immediately adjourned until Thursday, which would seem to indicate that business is not very pressing. The great topic in the political world is M. Ribot's speech delivered last Sunday at St. Pol (Pas-de-Calais). The orator is the leader of that left-centre group of cool-headed, reasoning Republicans who, when Thiers was their chief, founded the present French Republic, who prevented the reactionary movements of 1873 and 1877, and who have constantly laboured to adapt Republican institutions to the French temperament. In his speech on Sunday M. Ribot endeavoured to prove that a monarchical restoration would be fatal, above all, to the interests which it pretended to serve. As for the Radical programme, M. Ribot will not accept either the abolition of the Senate, the separation of Church and State, the election of the magistracy, or communal autonomy—reforms which are deduced from abstract theories, and which, he thinks, would in reality lead to a constitutional breakdown and a general disorganisation of the forces of the country. M. Ribot judges the present policy of the Government to be narrow and intolerant; he demands the closing of the religious question, order in the finances, cessation (for the present) of colonial extension, and particular attention to agriculture and practical reforms. The danger is, that out of fear of Radical Utopian schemes the electors may be tempted to support the Conservatives, who on their side are organising propagandist tours in the provinces. Next Sunday M. Clémenceau will deliver a programme speech at Bordeaux, in which we shall find the Radical reply to M. Ribot's moderate platform. Henceforward, the whole interest of French politics will be centred upon the forthcoming elections. Parliament will not probably be the scene of any great battles, and by his success in promptly settling the question of the *Bosphore Egyptien*, M. De Freycinet has acquired sufficient prestige to carry him through to the end of the Session.

The grand and absorbing event of the week has been the opening of the Salon. This year a charge of ten francs was made for admission on varnishing day; and the proceeds, amounting to £1000, are to be devoted to the fund for the wounded in Tonquin. The Salon, which will be studied in detail in these columns by a more competent pen than mine, is of a very high average excellence; the number of immense decorative panels, destined for various public buildings in Paris and the provinces, is a novel and interesting feature. In the sculpture department, two very important works by Englishmen occupy places of honour: one is a nude bronze figure of Dryope tempted by Apollo, in the form of a serpent, by R. Barrett-Browning, the son of the poet; the other is a bronze, Hamlet with Yorick's skull, by Lord Ronald Gower.

The death is reported of General Noiset, the oldest General in the French army, at the age of ninety-three.

Mdlle. Louise Michel, who is to be pardoned together with several other political prisoners, has written to the Minister refusing absolutely to accept this pardon or to quit the prison of Saint Lazare unless all the political prisoners are pardoned at the same time.—The famous caricaturist, André Gill, died last week in the lunatic asylum at Charenton, where he had been confined for the last three years. Gill was an ardent Republican; and his caricatures were a force in the Opposition under the Empire and in the early years of the present Republic.

T. C.

At Brussels on Monday morning a deputation from the Corporation of London, headed by the Lord Mayor, presented an address to the King of the Belgians, congratulating him upon the recognition of the new Congo State by the Powers. The Lord Mayor and the other members of the deputation from the City of London were entertained at lunch on Tuesday in the Hôtel de Ville, Brussels, by the Burgomaster and Aldermen of that city.

The Antwerp Exhibition was opened last Saturday by the King of the Belgians, who expressed his gratification at the realisation of a great work in the success of which he and his brother took a profound interest.

On the same day the Hungarian Exhibition at Pesth was opened by the Emperor, who remarked that so important a festival furnished a proof of national advancement.

Vesuvius has been in a state of active eruption. Last Saturday afternoon two new craters opened with great noise about a third of a mile above the station of the little railway. The streams of lava which issued flowed towards Pompeii.

The Empress of Germany has left Berlin for Baden; and the Grand Duchess of Baden has arrived at Berlin.—Dr. Nachtigal, the eminent German explorer, died on board the German gun-boat Moewe on the 24th ult.

The Emperor Francis Joseph arrived at Vienna from Pesth on Tuesday morning. Count Kalnoky followed in the evening. The members of the Diplomatic Body have all returned to Vienna from their visit to the Hungarian Exhibition.

The new Greek Ministry has been finally constituted as follows:—M. Deliyannis, Minister of Finance and Minister for Foreign Affairs ad interim; M. Zygomalos, Minister of Education; M. Papamichalopolo, Minister of the Interior; M. Antonopoulos, Minister of Justice; M. Romas, Minister of Marine; M. Mavromichali, Minister of War.

Last Sunday the nobility of Russia celebrated the centenary of their rights and privileges as granted by Catherine II. In all the principal towns of the empire the fête was kept with general accord, while at St. Petersburg and at Moscow various cerémonies, processions, and balls were arranged.

The bill for creating a public park around the American side of the Niagara Falls became law on Thursday week.—Madame Patti left for Liverpool last Saturday in the steamer Aurania.—A fire occurred in New York last Saturday night, which resulted in the death of nine persons and injuries to a number of others.—The decrease in the debt of the United States, according to the new form of the monthly statement, was 4,837,000 dols.

The Dominion Government has received a telegram stating that Riel's runners have met with no success in their endeavours to incite the Indians and half-breeds in the Qu'Appelle region to rebellion, and have returned crestfallen.—Intelligence received at Ottawa states that an engagement took place at Battleford on Sunday last between 300 Canadian troops and 600 Indians owing allegiance to the chief Poundmaker. The troops lost seven killed and twelve wounded, while the Indian loss was fifty killed and wounded.—The House of Commons rejected the Woman's Franchise Bill, after a debate lasting uninterruptedly for thirty-one hours.

The revenue returns of New South Wales for the first four months of the present year show an increase of nearly £400,000 over the corresponding period of last year. The Treasurer's estimate of a total increase of £1,500,000 for 1885 will, therefore, be more than realised. That estimate placed the revenue for 1885 at £8,480,000. Arrangements have now been fully completed for the defence of the colony against foreign attack.

BIRTHS.

On the 2nd inst., at 29, Eaton-square, Lady Camoys, of a son.

On the 2nd inst., at 8, Bryanston-square, Lady Beatrice Lister Kay, of a daughter.

On the 3rd inst., at 3, Berkeley-street, Piccadilly, the wife of Carleton Blyth, of a daughter.

MARRIAGES.

On the 9th ult., at All Saints' Church, Malabar-hill, Bombay, Robert C. O. Stuart, Lieutenant R.A., to Edith, daughter of H. M. Birdwood, Esq., one of the Judges of her Majesty's High Court of Judicature, Bombay.

On the 29th ult., at the Chapel Royal, Savoy, by the Rev. Henry White, assisted by the Rev. Canon Barker, Chaplains to the Queen, Lieutenant-Colonel Alan Gardner, of Newton Hall, Dunmow, Essex, to Nora Beatrice, eldest daughter of James Blyth, Esq., of Wood House, Stanstead, Essex, and 2, Park-crescent, Portland-place, London.

DEATH.

On the 1st ult., about noon, at Lahore, Isabella Calder Bremner, wife of David Ross, Sindh, Punjaub, and Delhi Railway, and daughter of the late Archibald Bremner, Master of the Raining Normal Institution, Inverness.

*** *The charge for the insertion of Births, Marriages, and Deaths, is Five Shillings for each announcement.*

POSTAGE FOR FOREIGN PARTS THIS WEEK.

MAY 9, 1885.

The publication of the Thin Paper Edition of the ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS being for the present week suspended, subscribers will please to notice that copies of this Number forwarded abroad must be prepaid according to the following rates:—*Twopence* to Africa (West Coast of), Alexandria, Australia, Austria, Belgium, Brazil, Canada, Cape of Good Hope, China (vâ United States), Constantinople, Denmark, France, Germany, Gibraltar, Greece, Holland, Italy, Jamaica, Mauritius, New Zealand, Norway, Russia, Spain, Sweden, Switzerland, and United States of America; and *Threepence* to China (vâ Brindisi), India, and the Transvaal.

Newspapers for foreign parts must be posted within eight days of the date of publication, irrespective of the *departure* of the mails.

ROYAL SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS.—The Hundred and Third Exhibition is NOW OPEN, 5, Pall-mall East, from Ten till Six. Admission, 1s. Catalogue, 1s.
ALFRED D. FRIPP, R.W.S., Secretary.

THE VALE OF TEARS.—DORÉ'S Last Great PICTURE, completed a few days before he died, NOW on VIEW at the DORÉ GALLERY, 35, New Bond-street, with his other great pictures. Ten to Six Daily. 1s.

ANNO DOMINI, by EDWIN LONG, R.A.—This great Work is NOW ON VIEW, together with other important works, at the GALLERIES, 168, New Bond-street. Ten to Six. Admission, 1s.

THE QUEEN AND LORD BEACONSFIELD. The great Historic Picture of HER MAJESTY GIVING AUDIENCE TO LORD BEACONSFIELD AT OSBORNE. Painted by Mr. Wirgman from sitting made by him at Osborne.—168, New Bond-street. Admission, 1s.

HER MAJESTY'S DRAWING-ROOM, painted by F. SARGENT, R.A.—This great Picture just completed includes Portraits of her Majesty, their H.R. the Prince and Princess of Wales, and other members of the Royal Family, together with Ministers, Ambassadors, and the Nobility. NOW ON VIEW, at 175, New Bond-street, from Ten to Six. Admission One Shilling.

LYCEUM.—Sole Lessee, Mr. Henry Irving.

LYCEUM.—TO-NIGHT (SATURDAY), at a Quarter to Eight, LOUIS XI.—Louis XI., Mr. Henry Irving. Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday, "The Merchant of Venice."—Shylock, Mr. Henry Irving; Portia, Miss Ellen Terry. Saturday next, May 16, "The Bells." Box-Office (Mr. J. Hurst), and Pit and Gallery Booking-Office, open daily, Ten to Five.

THE PRINCE'S THEATRE.—Mrs. LANGTRY. Sole Proprietor, Mr. EDGAR BRUCE. Season under the direction of Mr. HENRY E. ABBEY. EVERY EVENING, at 8.45, the successful Play, in four acts, adapted from Sardou's "Nos Intimes," by B. C. Stephenson and Clement Scott, entitled PERIL. Characters by Mr. Coghlan, Mr. H. Beerbohm Tree, Mr. Everill, Mr. Carne, Mr. Crisp, Mr. Weathersby, Mr. Gratton, Mr. Thornbury; Mrs. Arthur Stirling, Miss Annie Rose, Miss Darcy, and Mrs. LANGTRY. Doors open at 7.45. PERIL at 8.45. Preceded by, at 7.30, NINE POINTS OF THE LAW, by Tom Taylor. Carriages at Eleven. Box-Office open daily from Eleven till Five. No fees. Telephone 3709. Manager, Mr. Pitt. Secretary, Mr. Hall. SATURDAY NEXT, at a Quarter-Past Two. Doors open at a Quarter to Two. Carriages at Five.—THE PRINCE'S THEATRE, Coventry-street, W.

PRINCESS'S THEATRE.—Lessee and Manager, Mr. WILSON BARRETT. EVERY EVENING, at 7.30, THE SILVER KING, by Henry A. Jones and Henry Herman). Produced under the sole direction of Mr. Wilson Barrett. Characters by Messrs. Wilson Barrett, Willard, Speakman, Cooper, Doone, Walton, Huntley, Fulton, Bernage, Garth, De Solla, Fest, &c., and George Barrett; Mesdames Ormsby, Huntley, Dickens, Cook, &c., and Miss Eastlake. Doors open at Seven. Box-Office, 9.30 to Five. No fees. Prices: Private Boxes, one to nine guineas; Stalls, 10s.; Dress Circle, 6s.; Upper Boxes, 3s. Business Manager, Mr. J. H. Cobbe.

MRS. CONOVER'S BENEFIT MATINÉE, THURSDAY, MAY 14, at OLYMPIC THEATRE, on which occasion will be produced a New and Original Play, in Five Acts, by Mrs. Julius Pollock, entitled
JUDAS.
Characters by Messrs. James Fernandez, Lawrence Cautley, Ben Greet, W. T. Elworthy, F. Hamilton Knight, Cecil H. York, Jas. Ashley, Philip Beck, and
MRS. ANNA CONOVER.
Doors open at 2; commence at 2.30. Box Plan now open.—OLYMPIC THEATRE.

ST. JAMES'S HALL.
THE MOORE and BURGESS MINSTRELS' NEW and ATTRACTIVE ENTERTAINMENT. EVERY NIGHT at EIGHT. MONDAY, WEDNESDAY, and SATURDAY, THREE and EIGHT. Fauteuils, 5s.; Sofa Stalls, 3s.; Area, 2s.; Gallery, 1s. No fees of any description. Tickets and places can be secured at Austin's Office, St. James's Hall, from 9.30 till 6.30.

INTERNATIONAL INVENTIONS EXHIBITION, 1885. Patron—H.M. the QUEEN. President—H.R.H. the PRINCE OF WALES, K.G. Division I., Inventions. Division II., Music. Admission to the Exhibition by Season Ticket daily, and by payment of 1s. every Week day, except Wednesday, when it is 2s. 6d. EVENING FÊTES, Illuminated Fountains, and Gardens Lighted every evening by many thousands of Electrical Glow Lamps. INTERNATIONAL INVENTIONS EXHIBITION, 1885.

HORSE SHOW, ROYAL AGRICULTURAL HALL, LONDON.—Entries close MAY 25. SHOW OPENS JUNE 6, 8, 9, 10, 11, at 12. Prize-Lists and Forms of Entry may be obtained on application to Offices, Barford-street, Liverpool-road, Islington.
R. VENNER, Secretary, Royal Agricultural Hall Company, Limited.

MONTE CARLO.—SUMMER SEASON. The series of the Extraordinary Musical Entertainments having terminated with the Winter Season, the usual Concerts, directed by Mr. Romeo-Accursi, will be continued daily until further notice.
SEA-BATHING AT MONACO.
Villas and Private Houses and Apartments for every taste, and at every price. The beach, like that of Trouville, is covered with the softest sand, and at the Grand Hôtel des Bains comfortable apartments, with board, for families can be had at reasonable prices.

BRIGHTON.—Frequent Trains from Victoria and London Bridge.
Also Trains in connection from Kensington and Liverpool-street.
Return Tickets, London to Brighton, available for eight days.
Weekly, Fortnightly, and Monthly Tickets, at Cheap Rates. Available to travel by all Trains between London and Brighton.
Cheap First-Class Day Tickets to Brighton every Weekday, from Victoria 10.0 a.m., fare 12s. 6d., including Pullman Car.
Cheap Half-Guinea First-Class Day Tickets to Brighton every Saturday from Victoria and London Bridge, admitting to the Grand Aquarium and Royal Pavilion.
Cheap First-Class Day Tickets to Brighton every Sunday from Victoria at 10.45 a.m. and 12.50 p.m., fare 10s.
Pullman Drawing-room Cars between Victoria and Brighton.
Through Bookings to Brighton from principal Stations on the Railways in the Northern and Midland Districts.

PARIS.—SHORTEST, CHEAPEST ROUTE. Vâ NEWHAVEN, DIEPPE, and ROUEN.
Cheap Express Service Week-days and Sundays. From Victoria 7.50 p.m., and London Bridge 8.0 p.m. Fares—Single, 34s., 28s., 19s.; Return, 63s., 48s., 32s.
Powerful Paddle steamers, with excellent Cabins, &c. Trains run alongside steamers at Newhaven and Dieppe.
SOUTH OF FRANCE, ITALY, SWITZERLAND, &c.—Tourists' Tickets are issued, enabling the holder to visit all the principal places of interest.
The Day Spec al Express Service will commence on June 1 for the season.

TICKETS and every information at the Brighton Company's West-End General Offices, 28, Regent-circus, Piccadilly, and 8, Grand Hotel Buildings, Trafalgar-square, Cornhill; Cook's, Ludgate-circus; also at the Victoria and London Bridge Stations.
(By order) J. P. KNIGHT, General Manager.

Sir Frederick Leighton, President of the Royal Academy, took the chair last Saturday evening at the annual dinner which precedes the opening of the exhibition to the public. The speakers included the Prince of Wales, the Duke of Cambridge, the Earl of Northbrook, Earl Granville, and Sir John Lubbock, M.P.

CITY ECHOES.

Wednesday, May 6.

Prospects of peace have been paramount this week, and Stock Exchange securities have considerably recovered. Consols had been as low as 94⅛, and they are now 98. All affected securities equally improved, but the prospect of peace is against such considerations as were recently supporting the American market. We are warned against too readily assuming that Russian compliance is as complete as the circumstance requires, and corrective views of that sort are no doubt useful; but in the Stock Exchange the probability of peace revives "bulls," and frightens "bears." But the currents set in motion by the fear of war are not easily turned, and money accumulates at the Bank of England at an undiminished rate.

The Budget proposals are a taste of what war means. The income tax, which is now 5d., is to be raised to 8d., the duty on beer and spirits is to be increased, the stamp duty on debentures to bearer is to be advanced from 2s. 6d. per cent to 10s., and some other changes are to be made which, as they do not directly concern business interests, do not claim notice here. The suspension of the Sinking Fund of the National Debt is, however, greatly regretted by all who have the permanent interests of the country at heart. That Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Childers should resort to such an expedient is a striking comment upon their lifelong professions and practice.

Telegrams from Ottawa in regard to the Canadian Pacific Railway are to the effect that the Government have proposed to the Dominion Parliament the rearrangement of the conditions imposed by the Loan Act of last year, the rearrangement to include such further assistance as will enable the company to complete and adequately equip the road without recourse to the issue of shares or bonds. The 35,000,000 dols. unissued shares are to be cancelled, and 5 per cent bonds are to be created in lieu thereof. As regards the loan had of the Government, 20,000,000 dols. is to be secured by an equal amount of the 5 per cent bonds, and the balance is to rank, principal and interest, upon the land grant. The interest on the loan is to be reduced to 4 per cent. Further, the Government is to lend the company 5,000,000 dols. in 4 per cent Treasury bills for one year. We may assume that Parliament will agree to these proposals. In that case, the company's position on the completion of the road will be that the total charge for leased lines and interest per annum will not much exceed the net revenue which the current year is expected to yield, while the shareholders have, under the annuity arrangements, a sufficient dividend secured to them for several years.

That the Pennsylvania Railroad dividend should be 3 per cent need cause no surprise, as it is the same rate as was paid in November last, and is evidently the level intended to be observed during the present phase of business. Six per cent per annum is not a bad minimum for such times as United States railways have latterly gone through.

Mr. Eden Colville, at the meeting of the Royal Mail Steam-Ship Company, made some rather important remarks concerning the valuation of the company's fleet. The amount written off for depreciation during the year was £84,863, reducing the value to £13 8s. per ton, and Mr. Colville stated that he was not sure that their ships would realise even that figure if put on the market. This valuation, it may be maintained, is considerably below the balance-sheet value of the fleets of most of the other shipping companies, the Cunard vessels being valued at £27 and the Orient at £26 per ton.

The severe drought which prevailed for such a lengthened period last year in Australia has told severely upon agricultural pursuits, and in the case of the Scottish-Australian Investment Company the shareholders have to submit to a reduction in the dividend to 10 per cent per annum for the past half-year, against 15 per cent for the previous twelve months, and 18½ for 1882-3.

But the Australian Banks are not suffering. The National Bank of Australasia has just declared a dividend of 15 per cent per annum, and if we may judge from the steady way in which the dividend has been raised during the past ten or twelve years, we may conclude that this new rate is expected to be retained.

T. S.

The Bishop of London presided on Monday at the meeting of the National Temperance League, in Exeter Hall.

Sufficient fragments have been discovered to prove that the vessel which contained the explosive used at the Admiralty a few days ago was what is known as a "stockpot" of cast iron, tinned inside and having a capacity of one gallon.

The vacancy in the headmastership of Harrow School, caused by Dr. Montagu Butler's acceptance of the Deanery of Gloucester, has been filled by the Rev. J. E. C. Welldon, M.A., Head Master of Dulwich College, and Fellow of King's College, Cambridge. The election was unanimous.

The Mansion House fund for the provision of a national memorial to General Gordon amounts to over £16,000; and a lady has just endowed for a specified period an adult bed in the London Homœopathic Hospital in memory of the character and work of General Gordon.

Mr. T. Swinburne presided on Tuesday over the annual meeting of those interested in the Royal General Theatrical Fund, in the saloon of the Lyceum Theatre. The financial statement showed that the income had amounted to £2155, and the expenditure to £2140. The balance-sheet showed that the capital account stood at £13,383.

Mr. H. H. Fowler, M.P., presided on Monday morning at the annual meeting of the Wesleyan Missionary Society, at Exeter Hall, which was crowded. The report stated that the home receipts for the year had been £121,346, and the total receipts had been £146,308. The expenditure left the society with a surplus of £18. The missionaries and assistant missionaries, including supernumeraries, numbered 287.

At a meeting of the Victoria (Philosophical) Institute on Monday evening, Professor Duns, F.R.S.E., of Edinburgh, read a paper on "The Theory of Natural Selection and the Theory of Design," in which he held that the former can never be regarded as a substitute for the latter, because it fails to give a satisfactory explanation of the differences among closely related organisms, of their gradation and succession, and of the cause of variation and reversion, and other complex phenomena. A discussion followed.

At the annual meeting of the Royal Institution of Great Britain, on May 1—the Duke of Northumberland, President, in the chair—the annual report of the Committee of Visitors for the year 1884, testifying to the continued prosperity and efficient management of the institution, was read and adopted. The real and funded property now amounts to above £35,400, entirely derived from the contributions and donations of the members. Forty-four new members paid their admission fees in 1884. Sixty-three lectures and twenty evening discourses were delivered in 1884. The books and pamphlets presented in 1884 amounted to about 276 volumes, making, with 506 volumes (including periodicals bound) purchased by the managers, a total of 782 volumes added to the library in the year.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

SECOND NOTICE.

Returning to the first room, the first picture to catch the eye is Mr. H. W. B. Davis's "Summer Twilight" (5), a flock of sheep peacefully grazing under a richly coloured sky. Just above hangs a promising work, "Ariadne Deserted by Theseus" (6), by Mrs. Rae, representing the forsaken beauty leaning against a rock, gazing in blank despair upon the sea. Another lady's picture, Miss M. Stokes's "Parting" (17), is a more homely treatment of the same sentiment: a little calf, with its legs already tied, is lying with its head on the lap of its child companion—a simple subject, treated with good taste and considerable power. Beneath it is Mr. Marcus Stone's only contribution of the year, "A Gambler's Wife" (18)—a pretty young woman in an extravagant hat, on the garden seat under a tree; in the background, on a raised terrace in front of the house (Gad's Hill, Dickens' favourite home), two children are playing in the warm sunshine of early summer, all around them seeming bright and beautiful. In another part of the garden the father is playing cards, not eagerly, but carelessly, with a few boon companions. The thought has just now, for the first time, struck the young wife that she has married a gambler, and that all the delights with which her life is now surrounded may be swept away without a word of warning. The artist translates this really dramatic idea with no little force, and has succeeded in telling a story which is none the less painful because he has concealed the thorn of the woman's life so skilfully beneath the roses. Mr. Briton Rivière's "Sheep-stealers" (24)—by its grey-green colouring, recalls in some measure the work of the late Academician, Mr. Falconer Poole; but his meaning is more easy to fathom, and the action of the sheep scampering down the hillside in the cold moonlight is excellent. Mr. Frank Holl's portrait of "General Sir Arthur Lawrence" (25), in dark-blue uniform, and Mr. J. G. Brown's "Sir Redvers Buller" (27), in scarlet, are hung as companion pictures, and the latter is worthy of the honour conferred upon him. Mr. Solomon Solomon's "Love's First Lesson" (29) will disappoint many of those who anticipated so much from this young medallist's early work. It is, nevertheless, a bold attempt to cope with a difficult treatment of the nude, and the attitude of Cupid by his mother's side is full of infantile grace. Humour is seldom wanting in Mr. Stacy Marks' work, and his "Good Story" (30), a group of middle-aged gentlemen in powdered wigs, seated round a table, is no exception; the figure of the "parson," with his elbows on the table, is the best of all. It is scarcely as highly finished as is usual with Mr. Marks, but it has more movement. We pass over Mr. F. Morgan's "Ring a Ring of Roses" (32), Mr. Markham Skipworth's "Ready to Start" (35), Mr. Ernest Parton's "Streatley-on-Thames" (40) with regret, and can only say a short word of commendation of Mr. C. H. Macartney's poetic rendering of "Dartmoor" (51) in the twilight. Of Mr. J. E. Hodgson's huge canvas "Don Quixote and the Galley-Slaves" (39), we fail to appreciate either the humour or the technical skill. It does its best to travesty both Nature and Cervantes' hero, and to convey to the mind no reasonable suggestion of the one or the other. Mr. Dicksee's "Chivalry" (53), which, with apparently grim humour, has been hung as a pendant to Mr. Hodgson's "Don Quixote," is a painful effort to revive Venetian colouring. A girl in a rich blue dress, half torn from her body, is bound to a tree, and at a little distance a knight in full armour is placidly wiping the sword with which he has just slain another knight who is lying on the ground. Through the trees a green mystic light struggles with the natural tints of the setting sun, throwing a very unearthly glamour over the scene. It is a pity that Mr. Dicksee cannot curb his somewhat exuberant fancy, and return to the ways where he won his spurs.

Mr. Bernard Cameron's "Portrait of a Lady" (58), in a black dress on a dark ground, is very graceful in pose and strong in execution; whilst Mr. Frith's "Portrait of Mrs. Alfred Pope" (66), a lady in black velvet, a profusion of white lace and a red rose in her hair, at once clever and vulgar, is in painful contrast with Mr. Orchardson's quiet, dignified "Portrait of Mrs. Ralli" (72), also dressed in black, just relieved by her lace lappets and the roll of blue knitting. Mr. Yeames' "Prisoners of War" (67), two young middies brought ashore at a French port, and the object of mingled curiosity and pity on the part of the fisher men and women, cannot fail to be popular. The two boys—one defiant, the other a little sobered by his wound—are seated on some casks, under the guard of a huge gendarme. The fisher-folk are gathering round them; and one little girl is advancing in a simple yet coquettish way towards the boy scarcely bigger than herself, and seems anxious to throw over him her protecting power. The other works of this room which are worthy of notice are Mr. Peter Graham's "Evening" (73), Mr. G. A. Storey's "As Good as Gold" (78), and, among the younger artists, Mr. Frank Calderon's "Driving a Bargain" (60)—horses at a village inn; Mr. W. Dixon Galpin's "Beatrice" (74)—a girl amongst flowers, very delicately coloured; M. Fantin's portrait of "Miss Budgett" (83), in a yellow dress; and Miss Dacre's "Passion-Flower" (86)—the study of a large-eyed sallow girl, sketched with a firm hand, and displaying considerable promise.

In the second gallery Mr. Fred. Brown again shows in "Our Playground" (92) that there are plenty of subjects worthy of the artist to be found in London streets, and especially on the Chelsea Embankment; and it is a somewhat abrupt transition to "Norway and the Sogne Fiord" (93), of which and its precipitous rocks descending into the grey water Mr. Normann has made such a careful study. Mr. E. Long's "Gunga" (100) is a repetition of one of those rich-blooded ladies who by turns have served as Syrians, Jewesses, or Egyptians, and who, decked with barbaric jewellery, inhabit palaces adorned with strange hieroglyphics; and one turns with relief to Mr. Burgess' touch of real life (106), a young Spanish girl attended by her duenna, issuing from church, and assailed by the clamorous appeals of half-a-dozen licensed beggars, embodying all the woes which flesh is heir to. Mr. Briton Rivière is scarcely so happy in "After Naseby" (107) as in some of his other works. It represents a room in a Cavalier's country house; the mistress has just received the news of the fatal fight, and, bent over the table, is giving vent to her feelings, sure only of the fidelity and secresy of the two little dogs, watching her with obvious sympathy. It might be an interesting question whether the breed of King Charles' spaniels was known in this country before the Restoration—our own impression being that they were first introduced from Holland, if not still later by Louise de Quérouailles from France. To return, however, to the pictures. Mr. J. Henry's "Flemish Pastures" (151) and Mr. J. Prinsep Beadle's "In the Pas de Calais" (105) have in common a sense of fresh air and an appreciation of sunlight not often met among our younger artists; and Mr. F. Markham Skipworth, another newcomer, who sends a "Portrait of Madame Campione" (108), deserves special notice. It represents a young and pretty woman, full face, dressed in a white satin dress trimmed with swan's-down, with a white rug at her back, and a white wall beyond—an admirable display of technical skill and harmonious colouring. Mr. John F. Faed is another instance of an Academician's son giving good promise. His "Bleak North-easter" (112) does not attempt more than the artist is able to achieve: the grey sky and murky sea, with the waves breaking angrily on the rocks, are rendered with very great truth and feeling. Mr. Herkomer's "The Earl of Ducie" (119) and Mr. Holl's "Rev. Henry Latham" (119), happily act as derivatives to Mr. H. T. Wells's glaring and uninteresting panorama of "Purbeck, and its Quarrymen" (120). The two portraits serve to show the special attributes of their respective artists, and in each case they display repose and reserved force. Two works by Mr. J. C. Hook, "The Stream" (140) and "After Dinner, Rest Awhile" (146), a flock of cormorants resting after their mid-day meal on the seaweed-covered shore, are more free from the artist's peculiarities than usual, and are not for that cause less attractive. Mr. G. D. Leslie's "Language of Flowers" (141), two girls on a sofa with a basket of flowers on the ground, is one of those very carefully composed, carefully painted, meaningless works with which Mr. George Leslie is now willing to rest content: in contrast to Mr. Vicat Cole, who, in "Iffley Mill" (135), with its rushing rain-cloud and poplars shivering in the wind, is anxious to show that he can, when he likes, get beyond sunny corn-fields and wide-spreading wealds. Miss Alice Havers' "Divided" (134), Mr. Dendy Sadler's "Salad" (136), Mr. J. Faed's "Merely by Accident" (150), and Mr. Merritt's "Eve" (176)—in the first moment of horror-stricken remorse—are among the other most noteworthy works of this room.

Of the principal attractions of the third gallery we spoke in the previous article; for it is here naturally that one looks for the "pictures of the year." But a more careful inspection very often shows that a good many to which space is accorded belong to a very remote period, whilst others are so rewarded more on account of the size or subject of their pictures than for their artistic merit. Among the former we should place Mr. Goodall's mystical work (165), Mr. Sidney Cooper's "Fallen Oak" (159), Mr. Frith's "John Knox at Holyrood" (195) singularly deficient in either force or grace; Mr. Herbert's "Sheepfold" (220), and Mr. Horsley's daughters (287); and amongst the latter category such productions as Mr. Hicks's full-length portrait of "Mrs. Crosbie" (160), and its companion, Mr. John Collier's "Sir Thomas and Lady Boughey" (187), Mr. Lorimer's "Lord Reay" (238), and the like. Happily, all are not of the same calibre, and we turn with pleasure to such works as Mr. Frank Holl's triad of portraits, "The ex-Speaker of the House of Commons" (213), in his robes and wig, flanked on one side by "Lord Dufferin" (211) and on the other by "Dr. Weir Mitchell, of Philadelphia" (219), perhaps one of the most successful of Mr. Holl's productions. Dr. Weir is seated in an easy attitude, his legs crossed, and dressed in ordinary blue coat, with a light overcoat. Lord Dufferin is represented standing, three-quarter length, in a fur coat, with the ribbon and badge of the Order of St. Patrick just appearing. There is wanting in Lord Dufferin's expression just that sense of flexibility combined with firmness, which strikes everyone who knows the states-man's real face; but in the figure of the ex-Speaker, Mr. Holl has been more successful, catching that quiet, self-possessed dignity which distinguished him during his long tenure of office. In the full-length portrait of "Mr. Wilson Barrett as Hamlet" (203) Mr. Holl has, like his model, been anxious to get away from Kemble and Sir Thomas Lawrence, and with the similar result of producing something very commonplace in conception and very admirable in execution. Sir F. Leighton and Mr. Watts contribute two three-quarter length figures of young girls, which naturally suggest comparison. The President's anonymous lady (125), "serenely wandering in a trance of sober thought," is dressed in various shades of blue; whilst "Miss Laura Gurney" (201) is conspicuous by her red cloak trimmed with fur; and were it not for the force with which the face is painted, the costume would altogether eclipse the wearer. Mr. Watts, however, is too consummate an artist to make this blunder; and the result is that his work, conceived in a fuller key than the President's, places the latter, with its delicate shades, at a considerable disadvantage. The other portraits of this room are, by Mr. Oakes, those of "Mrs. Bruce" (177), very stately, and with far more character than he has displayed of late; "Dr. Kennedy" (164), wanting altogether in that bright humorous look of the original; "The Bishop of Worcester" (240), and "The Rev. Montague Taylor" (247), a pleasant florid face; that of "Mr. David Carmichael" (255), by Mr. Wells; and of "Mr. Orchar" (185), by Mr. Pettie; and especially Mr. Farquharson's very graceful "Portrait of a Lady" (283) in a black dress, on a dark background, and only relieved by a single red feather. Mr. Farquharson has here struck a new vein, which he will not fail to find profitable, but we shall be sorry to lose him from the fields and moorlands where he has done so much good work. The two little companion pictures, "Lady Peggy Primrose" (275), by Mr. Millais, and "Lady Sibyl Primrose" (281), by Sir F. Leighton, though doubtless admirable likenesses, belong to almost a distinct range of art. In point of comparison, one cannot hesitate to award the preference to Mr. Millais' work as a type of real child life. The President's suggests already the young lady of fashion with her smooth hair, painfully neat dress, and best company manners; but Lady Peggy, worthy of her name, seems ready for a romp at any moment, and careless of the disorder in which she may be discovered. Mr. Faed returns to a style he once cultivated with so much success, and once more shows us the inside of a peasant's cottage, "When the Children are Asleep" (225), and their mother is deep in getting a few minutes quiet reading. The scene is a homely one, and the sentiment healthy; but one is inclined to ask whence, in the arrangement of a lowly cottage life, is the light obtained, since the careful mother has blown out the candle which hangs on the wall beside her. Mr. Wyllie's "Storm and Sunshine" (264) strives to reproduce a wellnigh impossible effect—a passing ray of sunlight on a ship's side, whilst all the rest of the hull and surrounding water is lashed by wind and rain. Sir John Gilbert's "Standard-Bearer" (269), in his buff leathern jerkin and steel breast-plate, seems a familiar figure, but one we are always glad to welcome; but Mr. Calderon's "Andromeda" (295), on a rock half covered by foam, is an honest attempt to deal originally with a familiar subject. In the details of his work—the white foam, the deep blue sea, and the flowing hair—Mr. Calderon displays both power and feeling, and the attitude of Andromeda is particularly graceful.

The drawings engraved and printed on two pages of our Supplement half-sheet represent the designs of some of the pictures in this year's Exhibition of the Royal Academy. Those of Mr. Marcus Stone, "A Gambler's Wife"; Mr. S. E. Waller, "Outward Bound"; Mr. Carrington, "Hamlet and Polonius"; and Mr. Stanhope Forbes, "A Fish Sale on Newlyn Beach," are the property of Messrs. Dowdeswell and Dowdeswell, fine-art publishers, New Bond-street, who intend to publish fine engravings of these pictures. We are indebted also to Messrs. Paul and Dominic Colnaghi, of Pall-mall East, for permission to copy the picture of "The First Step," by Mr. G. H. Swinstead, which has been purchased by them from the artist.

THE SILENT MEMBER.

The silver lining to the war cloud brightened the prospect on Monday; and that most sensitive financial barometer, the Stock Exchange, at once recorded the change. Consols, Russians, English railways, and all kinds of stock went up directly. Nevertheless, the Government, though naturally hopeful that the Arbitration agreed upon may result in a pacific settlement of the differences between Russia and England, wisely persevere with the Vote of Credit for Eleven Millions. Experience has proved that it is one thing to issue military orders from St. Petersburg, but quite another thing to get them obeyed to the letter by the independent and adventurous Russian Commanders on the frontier of Afghanistan. Meanwhile, pending the return to London of Sir Peter Lumsden and Colonel Stewart and Mr. Stephen, her Majesty's Ministers have had the opportunity of securing accurate information as to the topography of Penjdeh, Pul-i-Khisti, and of the adjacent country from the Special Artist of the *Illustrated London News* with the English Commission, Mr. William Simpson, who was consulted immediately on his arrival in the metropolis.

Earl Granville and Mr. Gladstone made the Arbitration arrangement known to the Lords and Commons in almost identical terms on Monday. But the Prime Minister's statement was the more explicit. Mr. Gladstone prefaced what he had to say on the Russian question by a quiet explanation of the satisfactory settlement with France of the little difficulty arising out of the illegal manner in which Nubar Pasha had suppressed the *Bosphore Egyptien*, at Cairo. As an *amende*, the ruffled feathers of the Gallic Consul would be smoothed by the Egyptian authorities, and the owners of the *Bosphore Egyptien* would be allowed to reopen the printing office. A distinct diplomatic victory for M. De Freycinet!

Ministerial cheers greeted Mr. Gladstone's opening words respecting the resumption of friendly relations with Russia in regard to the awkward Afghan frontier disagreement. The gist of the arrangement was that the British and Russian Governments "are ready to refer to the judgment of the Sovereign of a friendly State any differences which may be found to subsist in regard to the interpretation of the agreement between the two Cabinets on March 16, with a view to the settlement of the matter in a mode consistent with the honour of both States. . . . . The two Governments are prepared, under these circumstances, to resume at once their communications in London on the delimitation of the Afghan frontier—on the main points of the line. The details of that line would be examined and traced on the spot by the Commission, on the conditions agreed upon. This negotiation, of which it would be quite premature in me to anticipate the result, will be much facilitated as regards her Majesty's Government by the more full and exact knowledge which, since the meeting at Rawul Pindi, they have possessed of the views of the Ameer on the points of the frontier, and likewise by topographical information which has reached the India Office. I may also say, on another point of interest, that the Russian Government have expressed their willingness to consider as to the removal of the Russian outposts when the Commissioners meet."

The inevitable "heckling" of the Premier over, Lord Randolph Churchill, the instant the Vote of Credit resolution came up for reconsideration, most inaptly and unreasonably declared "the Government of the Queen have made a base and cowardly surrender." A curious accusation, surely, when Mr. Gladstone persisted in his demand for the Eleven Millions in order to be prepared for War if we should, unfortunately, be driven into it by Russia! Mr. Henry Labouchere was, on his side, quite consistent in moving that the vote be reduced by four millions, for the calmly and serenely philosophic member for Northampton has no belief in the alleged Russian designs upon India. By a majority of 50—79 against 29 votes—did the House negative Mr. Labouchere's proposal. Mr. Trevelyan and Mr. Gladstone had then no difficulty in warding off the attacks of Mr. Ashmead-Bartlett and Mr. A. J. Balfour; and lively exchanges succeeded between Mr. Gibson and Sir William Harcourt, Mr. Chaplin, Sir Stafford Northcote, and the Marquis of Hartington. The Opposition voted repeatedly for the adjournment of the debate, and was in a minority of 67 at the first division. In vain for a time did Mr. Gladstone stoutly maintain the urgent need of granting the vote for high Imperial purposes. Not till the small hours was the Vote of Credit at last carried by 130 against 20 votes.

Earl Delawarr's interposition as self-chosen leader of the Opposition gave rise to good-natured banter on the part of Earl Granville and the Marquis of Salisbury in the House of Lords, on Tuesday. But the Lower House was again the centre of most interest. There, apropos of Mr. Gladstone's statement that Sir Peter Lumsden and Colonel Stewart would return to London to take part in the delimitation conference, the Opposition sought to make capital by implying that the Government had submitted to a humiliating arrangement. The Premier was also very much pressed for papers, which cannot yet be supplied. In the course of the miscellaneous conversation, Mr. Gladstone parenthetically mentioned that "Communications have taken place between Lord Dufferin and the Ameer, and the whole matter assumes quite a different aspect." For the sake of the right hon. gentleman's peace of mind, it was, perhaps, lucky the Redistribution of Voters Bill came up for discussion. Sir Massey Lopes moved an amendment, to the effect that local rates should not be burdened with the expenses of the said registration, and secured so much support that he was only placed in a minority of three—his resolution being defeated by 240 against 237 votes. After the division, the House went into Committee on the measure.

Mr. Childers's portentous Budget was unfolded at wearisome length on the last evening in April. Why public time could not be saved by the circulation among members of tables of the statistics the Chancellor of the Exchequer has to present is a riddle. Briefly put, the Budget foreshadowed a total estimated expenditure for the ensuing year of £88,872,000, which, with the Eleven Millions Vote of Credit, totalled the good round sum of £99,872,000—or, close upon a Hundred Millions sterling! Comparing the estimated revenue with this colossal expenditure, there would be a total deficit of £14,932,000—"the largest deficit which has been placed before the House of Commons since the Crimean War." At the close of his protracted speech, Mr. Childers thus epitomised his proposals:—

> The net deficit, calculating the income tax at 5d., is £14,912,000. We propose to intercept the action of the Sinking Fund by £4,000,000, to raise the income tax to 8d., producing £5,413,000; to alter death duties, thus raising £300,000; and to impose a duty on corporate properties of £150,000. The increase in the spirit duty [2s. a gallon] will probably be £900,000, on the beer duty [1s. per barrel] £750,000, and the minor changes to which I have referred will produce £100,000, making a total of £12,113,000, and leaving a deficit of £2,812,000 to be met by a similar sinking fund operation during the coming year.

Sir Stafford Northcote's amiable criticism did not influence Lord Randolph Churchill, who, with much pugnacity and animation, reminded the Premier of his thrifty precepts in Midlothian. Albeit Mr. Childers's resolutions were agreed to, it may be mentioned that the licensed victualling trade is up in arms against the new taxes on beer and spirits.



THE AFGHAN BOUNDARY DISPUTE: RUSSIAN TROOPS

FROM A SKETCH TAKEN AT BAKU, ON THE CASPIAN, APRIL



OPS AT BAKU ON THEIR WAY TO CENTRAL ASIA.

APRIL 13, BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. W. SIMPSON.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

Mr. J. L. Toole has turned the Japanese mania to excellent account at his merry little theatre. The "Great Tay-Kin," as the slight extravaganza is called, is not, as everybody expected it would be, a good-natured parody of the Gilbert-Sullivan opera at the Savoy, but merely a bright vaudeville written by Mr. Arthur Law, musically illustrated by the popular George Grossmith, and that has for its scene the Japanese Village down at Knightsbridge, that since the play was produced has unfortunately been burned to the ground. What is sauce for the goose is never sauce for the gander in matters dramatic. Mr. Wyndham and others, whenever they venture to draw their material from the French theatres, are invariably taken to task on account of the "motive" on which the majority of these plays are based. It grievously shocks our critical Chadbands when on the stage they observe a husband escaping from the fetters of a termagant wife, or the peace of the domestic household in any way disturbed. Now, no one would for a moment suspect Mr. Arthur Law, the mainstay of the German Reed entertainment, of using his talent for anything but a healthy purpose, or would select Mr. Toole's theatre, that pure home of honest comedy and farce, as the place where anything vicious in dramatic literature could be found. Perish the thought! And yet it has not been pointed out, with any amount of virtuous indignation, that the hero of the new farce is actually a married man, who at a ball at the Kensington Townhall appoints to meet one of his pretty partners at the Japanese Village, forgetting for the moment that his wife might not consider such a line of conduct wholly praiseworthy on his part. As a matter of fact she does not, for Mrs. Gandy pursues her husband in the person of the terrified Mr. Toole, and forces him to dress up as a conjuror in order to escape from the clutches of his indignant spouse. Such things are admissible in all farces. They hurt no one, and even the young "lady of fifteen" would not blush to see Mr. Toole, gorgeously arrayed, flirting with Miss Linden in the Japanese Village, posing as a bigamist in the most audacious fashion, and only earning marital reconciliation after having discovered that honest Mrs. Gandy is almost as skittish as her better half. As yet, no anathemas have fallen on the devoted head of Mr. Toole for enacting a highly comic Lothario, but on the other hand he has been generously thanked for a most amusing and characteristic performance. Mr. E. D. Ward and Miss Emily Thorne sing some capital songs and duets; Mr. Toole has, of course, more than one comic solo; and the play is further enlivened by a very clever conjuring performance by a pretty young lady attired in a Japanese costume. Mr. H. J. Byron's unfinished play, that has been completed by Mr. J. Ashby Sterry, is in active rehearsal, and will be the next important production at Mr. Toole's theatre.

The gentlemen of the modern pit certainly settle their differences with theatrical managers in a far more courteous fashion than did their ancestors. Everyone must have been struck with the good sense that prevailed at the Lyceum on the evening of Mr. Henry Irving's first appearance after his American tour—an evening, also, on which the experiment of a "booked pit" was tried for the first time at that theatre. If we were to believe all we hear about "first-night wreckers," and gangs and cliques and organisations and "pit rowdyism," it is quite certain that the performance of "Hamlet" would not have passed off as quietly as it did. As was proved afterwards, there were hundreds present who entertained a very strong feeling on the pit question; but they never allowed their voices to be heard until the correct moment. Mr. Irving received a splendid welcome home; Miss Ellen Terry was cheered to the echo; the play was listened to with earnest attention; and it was not until the close of the manager's speech that the pent-up feelings of the pit poured forth, and "a scene" occurred of a very remarkable kind. It was literally "a house divided against itself," and Mr. Irving stood, patiently, the buffer between the rival factions of "new pit" and "old pit." It is extraordinary to some that there should possibly be two opinions on an innovation designed for the convenience of the public, and which has cost the manager a great deal of money. The new pit at the Lyceum, luxuriously cushioned and fitted, is the cheapest form of entertainment in the metropolis. Nowhere can such a good entertainment be enjoyed in greater comfort. Although it is never well to "look a gift-horse in the mouth," there are some practical difficulties in the way that do not concern the general public, but disturb the equanimity of the "first-nighter." This enthusiastic individual, who takes such an active and unselfish interest in the drama, has been in the habit of taking his place at the pit doors some hours before the performance begins on every evening of a new theatrical performance, and has thereby obtained a coveted seat. To this he did not object. He finds now that he has to suffer the same kind of inconvenience in order *to book* a seat, only the temporary struggle is transferred from five o'clock in the afternoon to five o'clock in the morning! For the first night of "Hamlet" there was just as great a crowd to book seats as there used to be to get into the pit, and it is urged that cock-crow is not a comfortable hour for squeezing for tickets. Presumably, this difficulty can easily be got over by the management, for Mr. Irving has generously said that all he wants to do is to please his patrons, and he has before now distinctly recognised the generous support he has received from the pit. There is also rankling in the mind of the "first-nighter" the fear that a booked pit may, in some theatres, mean a packed pit, and a dread lest the actor should lose the enthusiasm and the pulse of sympathy that come from theatre-goers who sacrifice considerable comfort for their pleasure. However, time, that works wonders, will settle the question one way or another. If the new pit is not popular, it is easy enough to go back to the old. A very popular compromise to the majority of first-nighters would be to allow places to be booked for every night except the first night. But this is exactly the night that the manager requires to be free from excitement, and the very time when he hopes for quiet and order, considering that the play is on its trial and the actors are extremely nervous. Mr. Irving behaved with admirable tact, and concluded a successful evening with one of the happiest quotations I ever remember to have heard as an impromptu. "So, gentlemen, with all my love I do commend me to you: and what so poor a man as Hamlet is may do to express his love and friending to you, God willing, shall not lack!" This sentence secured peace instantly; indeed, I would go so far as to say it settled the question. Never has Henry Irving played Hamlet so well. He delighted even those who are opposed to his method. He has come back from America a far better actor than when he left us, and these revivals will now acquire a new interest. Ellen Terry, younger and brighter than ever, played Ophelia with the old charm, and the whole company appears to have returned full of vigour and eager for work in the old country.

Saturday next is to be a great day at Oxford University. The once celebrated Philothespian Wandering Dramatic Club has blossomed forth into the Oxford University Dramatic Society, which select body, under the direct sanction of the Vice-Chancellor and Heads of Houses, will play the first part of Shakspeare's "King Henry the Fourth" at the Oxford Townhall. Mr. A. Bourchier, the leading spirit of Oxford theatricals, and an excellent actor to boot, is cast for Harry Hotspur, and the characters of Lady Mortimer and Mrs. Quickly will be taken by Lady Edward Spencer Churchill and Lady St. Leonards. Mr. Godwin has passed the scenery and dresses as "archæologically correct"; and it is believed that the Vice-Chancellor, Mr. Jowett, Mr. John Ruskin, and many other celebrated people, will be present. Mr. Henry Irving has half promised to go down to the morning performance on May 12.

The "Matinée fever" has already set in with extra severity. Dr. Sebastian Evans, a scholar and a writer of pure, nervous English, attracted by the brilliancy of Pailleron's comedy, "Le Monde où l'on s'ennuie," has been undeceived in his idea that the public is attracted by plays that are more celebrated for their dialogue than their action, and has unfortunately handed over his clever work to the tender mercies of some well-intentioned but inexperienced amateurs. The result at a Gaiety matinée was disappointing to those who can appreciate the wit of Pailleron and the literary skill of Dr. Evans. Elsewhere, trial-trips have been made of plays burning for a public hearing. The "Great Pink Pearl," written by Mr. Carton and Mr. Cecil Raleigh, and the "Road to Fame," a German comedy, have been produced, respectively, at the Olympic and the Vaudeville with more or less success. It is impossible that full justice can be done to these tentative efforts. They are seldom well rehearsed and often badly cast, and the result is seldom satisfactory. C. S.

MUSIC.

THE CARL ROSA OPERA COMPANY, DRURY-LANE THEATRE.

Mr. A. Goring Thomas's new opera, "Nadeshda," was given for the third and fourth times last week, and on Saturday evening, his earlier work, "Esmeralda," was performed for the first and only time this season. It (like "Nadeshda") was commissioned specially by Mr. Carl Rosa, and was first brought out, also at Drury-Lane Theatre, in 1883. Last Saturday's cast was almost identical with that of previous occasions; having included Madame Georgina Burns in the title-character, Mr. B. McGuckin as Phœbus de Chateaupers, Mr. Ludwig as Claude Frollo, Mr. B. Davies as Gringoire, Mr. L. Crotty as Quasimodo, and Mr. Snazelle as the King of the Beggars. The opera—skilfully conducted by Mr. Randegger—was favourably received throughout.

The specialty of this week was the production on Thursday, for the first time in London, of the English version of M. Massenet's "Manon," which was brought out by Mr. Carl Rosa's Company at the Court Theatre, Liverpool, last January, when, as again here, Madame Marie Roze sustained the title-character, Mr. Maas having been cast for the part of the Chevalier Des Grieux in the Drury-Lane performance of the work. Of this we must speak next week. "Nadeshda" was announced for the sixth, seventh, and eighth times during this week.

In consequence of the favourable reception of "Esmeralda" last Saturday, it is to be given again next week.

The Crystal Palace inaugurated the summer season by a grand concert in the Handel orchestra last Saturday afternoon, when Mendelssohn's "Hymn of Praise" was given with fine effect by an augmented band and a chorus of about six hundred voices, Madame Valleria, Miss M. Fenna, and Mr. E. Lloyd having been the solo vocalists. The second part of the concert consisted of a miscellaneous selection, in which the same solo singers appeared. Mr. Manns conducted.

Señor Sarasate gave the second of his four grand orchestral concerts at St. James's Hall last Saturday afternoon, when his finished and brilliant violin performances were heard in Beethoven's concerto, and smaller pieces by Giuraud and the executant. The concert included orchestral works rendered by a full band, conducted by Mr. W. G. Cusins. The third concert takes place next Monday afternoon.

The second of the new series of Richter concerts at St. James's Hall, took place on Monday evening, when very fine performances of more or less familiar orchestral pieces were given.

The Royal Amateur Orchestral Society gave a concert at the Royal Albert Hall last Saturday evening, when the programme included a violin solo by the Duke of Edinburgh, piano solos by Mrs. Beddington, Romberg's Toy Symphony, and vocal pieces by Miss F. Hipwell and Mr. Isidore De Lara. Mr. G. Mount conducted. The performances were given in aid of the funds of St. Michael and All Angels', North Kensington.

The fifth concert, and last but one of the present season, of the Philharmonic Society took place during this week. The programme comprised Dvorák's pianoforte concerto in G (Herr F. Rummel being the pianist), a selection from Berlioz's "Romeo and Juliet" music, and other more familiar items.

The 147th anniversary festival of that excellent institution the Royal Society of Musicians took place at St. James's Hall last Thursday evening, when the eminent baritone, Mr. Santley, was announced to preside.

Madame Jenny Viard-Louis, the eminent pianist, gave the first of her third series of performances of Beethoven's music at Prince's Hall on Thursday week.

That accomplished pianist Mdlle. Klecberg announced a recital for this (Saturday) afternoon at St. James's Hall.

Mr. Charles Hallé will begin a new series of his interesting "Chamber-Music Concerts" at Prince's Hall this (Saturday) afternoon.

The miscellaneous concerts of the week have also included those of Miss A. Goodwin (pianist), Misses A. Hickling and B. Watson (violinist and pianist), Mr. Sinclair Dunn (vocalist), Mr. G. Gear (pianist), Mr. W. Nicholl (vocalist), and Madame Dukas's pupils.

The conversazione by which the Sacred Harmonic Society supplements its concert season was to take place yesterday (Friday) evening at Prince's Hall, and in the adjoining galleries of the Royal Institute of Painters in Water Colours.

Mr. Geaussent's choir will give an interesting concert at St. James's Hall next Wednesday evening, when a "Patriotic Hymn," composed by Herr Anton Dvorák, will be performed for the first time, conducted by the composer; the programme comprising also Mr. Mackenzie's cantata, "Jason," and the finale from Mendelssohn's unfinished opera, "Loreley." A full band and chorus are engaged, and Madame Albani, Mr. E. Lloyd, and Mr. Santley will be the solo vocalists.

Madame Frickenhaus and Herr Joseph Ludwig will resume their chamber concerts next Thursday evening at Prince's Hall.

A Ballé commemoration concert is to be given at the Royal Albert Hall on May 27, in which Madame Nilsson, Madame Minnie Hauk, Madame Trebelli, Mr. Sims Reeves, Signor Foli, and Mr. Joseph Maas, with a full band and chorus under the direction of Mr. W. G. Cusins, will take part.

Miss A. Wilson's soirée dramatique d'invitation took place on Wednesday, at the Cavendish Rooms, the programme including "The Happy Pair," "Our Bitterest Foe," and scenes from "The School for Scandal."

MAP OF THE BRITISH POSSESSIONS.

A Map of the World, "on Mercator's Projection," showing all the British Possessions coloured Red, with statistical tables of their population, revenue, import and export trade, and the distance of their chief ports from England, is presented for this week's Extra Supplement to the *Illustrated London News*. The British Red covers a vast space of the land surface of the globe, and so does the Russian Yellow; but we might cut off all the breadth of North America and North Asia above the 60th degree of latitude, excluding the larger proportion of territory belonging to the two Empires in those regions, without much affecting their influence over human civilisation. It is true that shores and seas near the Arctic Circle may be valuable for their whaleries, sealeries, and fisheries, and for the furs and other animal products supplied by lands whose climate forbids the cultivation of the soil; but for political and social considerations the temperate zones north and south of the Equator contain all that need be taken into account. India, the greatest in population of the dependencies of this realm, has a semi-tropical position in geography, and is thereby capable of more variety of productions, in more abundance, than perhaps any other country on earth; yet China, with the Annamese, Siamese, and Burmese States of Eastern Asia, is scarcely less favoured in this respect, viewed together as a distinct region. Wealth and power, in general, depend on the numbers and the faculties of the population, and not at all on the extent of territory. Queen Victoria, as Empress of India, has 198,790,853 subjects under the direct rule of her Government, while the Native Indian States protected or controlled by her Empire contain 55,150,456 other people. This is a great fact in the present condition of mankind; but a fact of greater importance for the future of the English nation is the situation of our principal Colonies, in North America and in Australasia, just in those latitudes where nature invites and fosters the vigorous growth and multiplication of our race. The Canadian Dominion, from the Atlantic to the Pacific coast, stretching across the Western Continent at its widest part, is already the home of nearly five millions of people, as strong in character as any in the world; the colonies of Australia and New Zealand, reckoned altogether, have above three millions; and there are a quarter of a million of European race in the South African colonies. It is probable that the total English population of those countries, judging by the example of the United States of America, will amount to something like fifty millions at the end of fifty years from this time. We need not speculate very anxiously upon their political destinies, for they will assuredly take good care of their own welfare, and require none of our advice.

The remainder of the British colonies and dependencies may be divided into three different classes; namely, such as were anciently styled "plantations," where tropical produce, sugar and coffee for instance, is cultivated by negro or other fit labour, for the profit of European proprietors; secondly, commercial marts and ports, at the maritime gateways of the most productive foreign regions; and thirdly, naval and military stations, the sites of which should be chosen with a view to the protection of commerce. Upon grounds of true national policy, no remote territorial possession that is not capable of answering one of these three useful purposes can be worth its cost; but there are very few existing British possessions of which the negative can be affirmed. The British West Indies, including the islands and the territory of Demerara, or British Guiana, on the South American continent, Mauritius, Ceylon, the Borneo Settlements, and the Fiji Islands, are comprised in the first class, that of plantation colonies. The settlements on the West Coast of Africa, the Malacca Straits Settlements—of which Singapore is the chief, a place of immense value to our trade—and Hong-Kong, the key of English interests in China, with several other places familiar enough to the mercantile world, come under the second head; and there is a just demand that the safety of these places shall be ensured by sufficient provision for their naval and military defence. In the third class of British possessions, which should be maintained especially for the security of those above enumerated, and of our immense traffic on the high seas, we have the naval and military establishments of Bermuda, in the Atlantic Ocean; Halifax, in Nova Scotia, and some in the West Indies; Gibraltar, Malta, and Cyprus, in the Mediterranean and in the Levant; Aden, at the entrance to the Red Sea; Simon's Bay, at the Cape; Sierra Leone, Ascension, and St. Helena; Mauritius and Trincomalee, in the Indian Ocean; Hong-Kong, for the Chinese archipelago; and for the vast Pacific Ocean, very inadequate provision at Sydney, and a neglected dockyard at Esquimalt, Vancouver Island. We do not hesitate to say that the deficiency of fortifications, of garrisons, and of accommodation for naval forces, with the fewness and defencelessness of the coaling stations, in the Indian Ocean, in the Chinese seas, and in the Pacific, exposes British interests to extreme danger in case of war. The necessity of providing a remedy for this state of affairs is quite as urgent as that of strengthening the British fleet; and twenty millions sterling judiciously bestowed upon it would be money well laid out.

The Earl and Countess of Aberdeen opened the eighth Home for Working Boys in Whitehead's-grove, Chelsea, last Saturday.

There is an excellent programme for May at the Royal Victoria Hall and Coffee Tavern, Waterloo Bridge-road.

His Highness Abdul Rahman Khan, Ameer of Afghanistan and its Dependencies, has been appointed an Honorary Knight Grand Commander of the Order of the Star of India.

The anniversary dinner of the Royal Literary Fund took place at Willis's Rooms, on Wednesday; Lord John Manners, M.P., occupying the chair.

The Earl of Dartmouth opened last Saturday the new public swimming-baths at Dartmouth-road, Forest-hill, erected by the Baths Commissioners at a cost of £9000.

The annual ball in aid of the funds of the Popular Ballad Concert Committee will be held this year under Royal patronage on Monday, June 8, at Kensington Townhall; and the Royal Caledonian ball will take place on June 22, at Willis's Rooms.

We gave some Illustrations of the triumphal arches in the city of Belfast on the occasion of the Royal visit. Those in Glengall-place and in York-street were constructed by Messrs. S. Wilson and Co., of Belfast, who also supplied the decorations for some of the public buildings.

Mrs. Henry Lee, of Savile-row, Burlington-gardens, will give an "At Home" next Tuesday, and during the evening Dr. Samuel Kinns, F.R.A.S., author of "Moses and Geology," will lecture upon The Harmony of the Bible with Science, illustrated with numerous diagrams and geological specimens. A distinguished company is expected.

It is mentioned, in the account of the war in the Soudan that huts are now being erected for the troops remaining at Souakim. Messrs. David P. Moir and Co., of the Willesden Paper and Canvas Depôt, Cannon-street, have received from the War Office an order for 10,000 yards of 54-inch Willesden roofing. This material is weather-proof, a non-conductor of heat, and never harbours vermin; while it is much lighter and easier to fix than corrugated iron.

BURNING OF THE JAPANESE VILLAGE.

On Saturday morning, unfortunately when the London season is beginning, and all the pleasant novelties in town are eagerly visited by crowds of sightseers, the pretty model of a Japanese village at Kensington was destroyed by an accidental fire. We lately gave some description and a few Sketches of this interesting establishment, which was the property of Mr. Tannaker Buhicrosan, and was erected at the back of Humphreys' Hall, nearly opposite the Guards' Barracks in the Knightsbridge-road. The group of temporary structures, which had been put up in seven weeks, being of the flimsiest material and most inflammable, blazed up and was consumed in about half an hour. Our Illustrations show the remains of the principal entrance, and of the side entrance, after the roof had fallen in. The chief building, if it may be called a building, part of which consisted of two floors, was 150 ft. by 140 ft. in dimensions; it contained a great variety of articles imported at large expense from Japan, and the proprietor reckons his loss at £15,000, of which only £5000 was insured. The poor Japanese work-people and their families were happily able to escape, with one exception, a young man named En-nemi, a woodcarver, who perished. Mr. Buhicrosan, with much spirit, has resolved to create the village anew, while liberal provision is made by him, with the assistance of Mr. Alexander, of Notting-hill, for the relief of those distressed strangers, whose wages will not be stopped. We hope that, when the show is restored and reopened, public favour will be so continued and increased towards it as to make some compensation for the heavy loss which has been incurred. The fine new buildings called Humphreys' Hall Mansions, the ground-floor of which is occupied by Messrs. Spiers and Pond's restaurant, and the upper floors by private residential apartments, sustained great internal damage, and some injury was done to other adjacent premises.

The Poule d'Essai (French Two Thousand) was won at Paris on Sunday by M. A. Lupin's Xaintrailles. Five to one was laid on the winner.

At a meeting of the Portsmouth Town Council on Tuesday Mr. Alderman Whitcombe, who subscribed £2000 towards the establishment of a scholarship in the Royal College of Music, was presented with his portrait, in recognition of his liberality.

In London last week 2561 births and 1549 deaths were registered. Allowing for increase of population, the births were 275, and the deaths 174 below the average numbers in the corresponding weeks of the last ten years.

The marriage of the Hon. Ronald Leslie Melville, half-brother and heir-presumptive of the Earl of Leven and Melville, and Miss Portman, eldest daughter of the Hon. William Henry Berkeley Portman, M.P., took place on Wednesday.

The Earl of Suffolk presided on Tuesday morning at a council meeting of the Central and Associated Chambers of Agriculture. It was resolved that the £20,000 proposed by the Government towards the cost of registration was wholly inadequate, and Sir Massey Lopes' resolution was supported by the council. Other resolutions condemnatory of the Budget were passed.—At a council meeting of the British Dairy Farmers' Association, held the same day, it was decided to hold a dairy conference at Nantwich on Thursday, June 4, and at Chester on the following Saturday, the intermediate day to be devoted to visiting dairy farms and factories in the neighbourhood.

THE WAR IN THE SOUDAN.

Lord Wolseley, the Commander-in-Chief, arrived at Souakim this day week (Saturday), and communicated to Lieutenant-General Sir Gerald Graham, commanding the army there, the present intentions of our Government with regard to military movements. What these may be is not exactly known; and something may have been left for Lord Wolseley to determine, or to advise Government upon the matter; but there is apparently to be no further advance, and great part of the troops on the Red Sea coast are being withdrawn. The hostile Arabs have begun to attack the unfinished railway, cetting fire to the wooden "sleepers" and tearing up the rails, in which operations they have once or twice been caught and punished by patrol detachments of our soldiers. It is believed that Osman Digna, with his followers of the Haddendowa tribe, has returned to Tamai or to Tamanieb, and there is some talk of a fresh expedition from Souakim to disperse the enemy once more. It is expected that the garrison to be left at Souakim will consist of the Berkshire and Surrey Regiments and the Indian contingent. The Jumna, which had started for India with eleven hundred coolie labourers returning home, is called back from Aden, and they are to be employed in putting up huts for the troops, but the precise locality of the summer encampment on the hills is not yet known to have been fixed.

Our Special Artist, Mr. Walter Paget, contributes the Sketches of the horse-shoeing forge attached to the battery of field-artillery which forms part of the Australian (New South Wales) volunteer contingent at Souakim; an interior view of the first zereba on the route to Handoub, with the timber block-house in the background, surmounted by the heliograph signalling apparatus; and the figures of two friendly natives, of the Amara tribe, employed as runners by Mr. Huyshe, the *Times'* correspondent.

The health of the troops on the Upper Nile, especially at Debbeh, is reported to be suffering greatly from the climate, the heat being 120 degrees, and there are many cases of enteric fever. It is said that the revolt in Kordofan against the rule of the Mahdi is gaining strength, and his deputy at Obeid is closely besieged, so that no approach of the enemy to the Egyptian border is any longer to be feared.

At the annual meeting of the trustees of Shakspeare's birthplace at Stratford-on-Avon last Tuesday it was reported that during the past year over 13,000 persons had signed their names in the visitors' book.

Mr. Spencer Charrington, of the firm of Charrington and Co., brewers, Mile-end, has consented to preside at the seventy-ninth anniversary festival of the Licensed Victuallers' School, to take place at the Crystal Palace on Tuesday, June 30.

According to the quarterly return of the Registrar-General, the population of the United Kingdom in the middle of 1885 is estimated at 36,325,115 persons: that of England and Wales at 27,499,041, of Scotland at 3,907,736, and of Ireland at 4,918,338. In the United Kingdom the births of 293,248 children, and the deaths of 196,760 persons, were registered in the three months ending March 31. The recorded natural increase of population was thus 96,488. The registered number of persons married in the quarter ending Dec. 31 last was 140,974. The birth rate in the United Kingdom in the first quarter of 1885 was 32·7, and the death rate 22·0 per 1000. The marriage rate in the fourth quarter of 1884 was 15·6 per 1000.

ALICE AYRES.

Death has taken from this world the humble heroine of a domestic tragedy; the brave young woman who stayed on the second floor of a burning house, attempting to save three children by dropping them from the window, having first thrown out a mattress that they might fall softly, and who received mortal injuries in descending after them. Alice Ayres, the sister of Mrs. Chandler, living with the family at 194, Union-street, the oilman's shop, at the corner of Gravel-lane, in the Borough, performed this act of courageous self-devotion on Friday, the 24th ult.; and it was mentioned in our last. She had slept in a room with her three little nieces, Edith, aged five, Ellen, four years old, and Elizabeth, three years old, when she was aroused by the noise of the fire at a quarter past two in the morning. Her first thought, as the staircase was in flames, was to lower the children into the street by tying them to the sheets which she fastened together; but this would not do, and she then cast out the mattress, and let the three little girls, one after another, fall upon it. This was a desperate expedient, and it did not entirely succeed, for the youngest child was killed, but there seemed no other chance of rescue. The parents, Henry and Mary Ann Chandler, with a boy, Harry, their eldest child, six years of age, perished in another part of the house, apparently by suffocation. When Alice Ayres had done what she thought was best to save the little girls, she let herself drop from the window; but, striking in her fall against something which turned her aside from the mattress beneath, she was terribly injured, and died within twenty-four hours after her removal to Guy's Hospital. Of the whole family, only Edith and Ellen were saved. A Portrait of Alice Ayres, who was twenty-six years of age, and unmarried, is given in this Number of our Journal. Her funeral, in Isleworth Cemetery, was attended by a large assembly of people; sixteen of the Fire Brigade bore the coffin, and twenty young girls, dressed in white, brought flowers to the grave.

Mr. Horatio Davis was on Monday elected without opposition a member of the Court of Common Council for the Ward of Cheap, in the room of the late Mr. Wheeler.

It is stated that the Bank of England has purchased for £30,050 the site of the Cock Tavern and the vacant land in Fleet-street, between Chancery-lane and the Law Courts, for the erection of new buildings for the accommodation of the large business in connection with the Courts of Justice.

Under the patronage of Mr. Henry Burnley Heath, Consul-General for Italy, the annual Italian ball (evening and fancy dress), for the benefit of the French Hospital and the Italian Benevolent Society, will be held next Tuesday at Freemasons' Hall.

Mrs. Gladstone gave a breakfast to about three hundred unemployed dock labourers at Wapping on Tuesday, and afterwards addressed a few words of sympathy to the men. The Marquis of Lorne, who was among the speakers, alluded to the best means of relieving the distress. He recommended emigration.

The receipts on account of Revenue from April 1, 1885, when there was a balance of £4,993,207, to May 2, 1885, were £9,656,247, against £8,173,666 in the corresponding period of the preceding financial year, which began with a balance of £5,632,569. The net expenditure was £9,664,580, against £7,632,192 to the same date in the previous year. The Treasury balances on May 2 amounted to £5,009,103, and at the same date in 1884 to £5,740,312.

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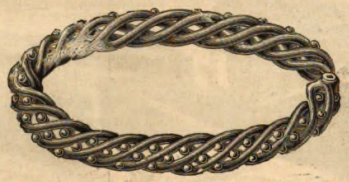
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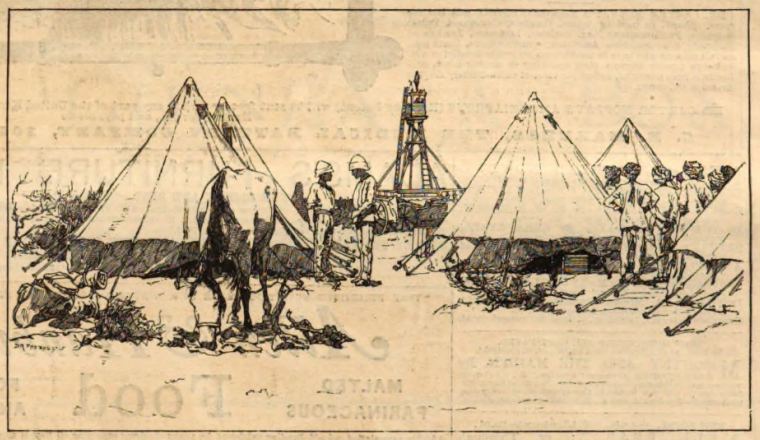
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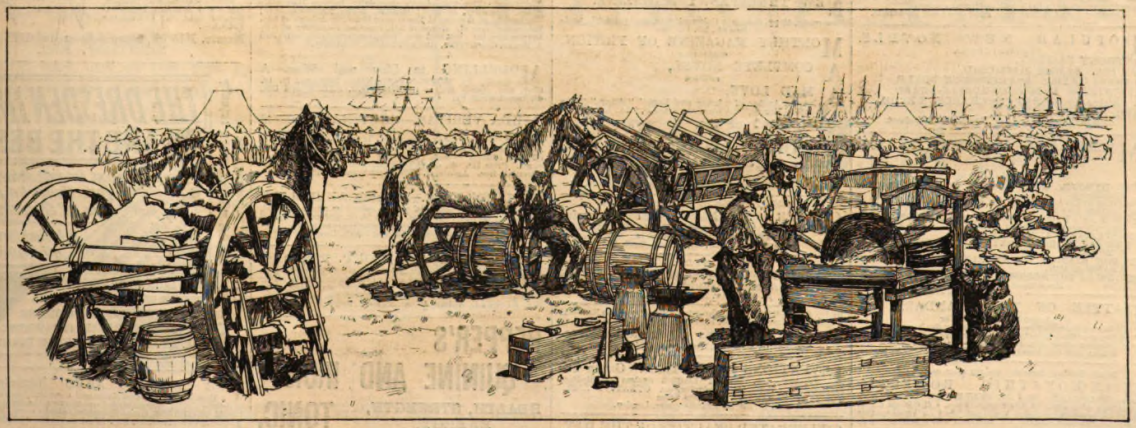
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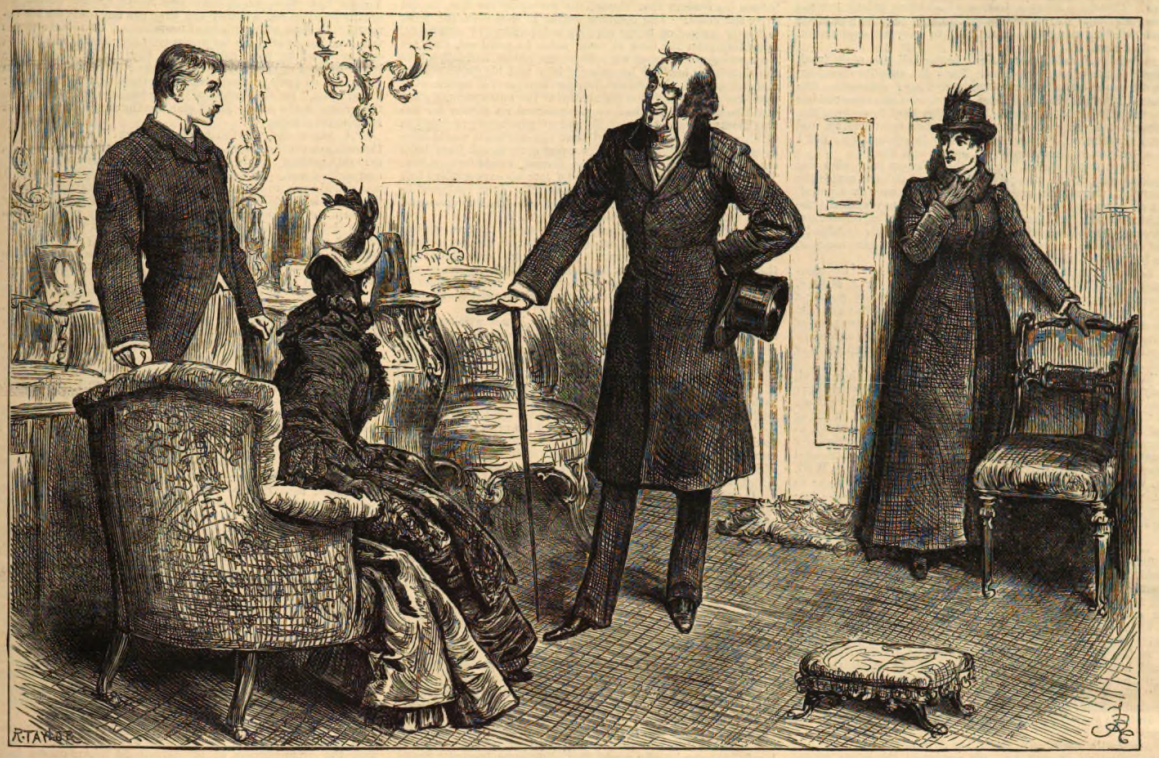
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CHAPTER XXX.

AN UNLUCKY DAY.

Clare, meanwhile, had been making acquaintance with the vicissitudes of travel. When the train reached Swindon, it became evident that something had gone wrong. There was more than the usual bustle going on upon the platform; the railway officials were clustered together in a group, and the passengers were excitedly telling one another—as passengers always do when an unexpected delay occurs—that there had been a frightful accident and appalling loss of life. Clare could get no coherent information out of her fellow-travellers; but presently the guard into whose charge Adrian had committed her came up, and asked: "Was you the lady as booked for St. Colomb-road, m'm?"

Clare said, "Yes; has there been an accident?"

"Not to say an accident, m'm; but there's been a bit of a landslip somewheres down the line, and I doubt they won't get it clear afore night. You see, if you was going no further than Plymouth, m'm, we might be able to get you there later; but as 'tis, I don't see no chance for you."

"What am I to do, then?" asked Clare in dismay.

"Well, m'm, if you arst me, I should say you was best go back to London. There's the up express going out in five minutes as 'll get you to Paddington at 2.45, and the company 'll pass you down to-morrow with the same ticket."

There did not seem to be much choice about the matter. Clare dispatched a telegram to her father, and was presently speeding towards the metropolis again in the company of several angry individuals, who, like herself, had been compelled to abandon their journey, and who perhaps had less reason for railing at their luck than she had. It is always a disagreeable thing to have to return after saying good-bye; but in Clare's case this necessity was more than usually painful. The only grain of comfort that she could take to herself, as she was driven away from the Paddington station, was the thought that she certainly would not find Adrian at home on her return. He would, of course, dine at his club, and the chances were that she would not see him until the following morning; so that there would be no need for a long interview between them before they parted again. That she herself would have to do without dinner was not a prospect that distressed her; for she had no appetite, and, indeed, cared little about dinner at the best of times.

She was becoming more cheerful, when an incident occurred which convinced her that this was indeed an unlucky day. Near the Albert Hall her hansom was brought to a standstill, and suddenly, to her horror, a too familiar voice exclaimed: "Mrs. Vidal!—is it possible! Have you relented at the last moment and decided not to bereave us yet awhile?"

Lord St. Austell's nose and teeth and eye-glass appeared before Clare's unwilling eyes, like a nightmare, out of the murky atmosphere. "I was on my way to your house," he continued. "Going to call on your husband, you know; I quite forgot to leave a card for him the other day. Allow me"—— And with an agility very creditable in one of his years, Lord St. Austell hopped into the hansom and seated himself beside his victim. "Now we will proceed together," said he. "I call this a most auspicious meeting."

It certainly seemed to give him a great deal of pleasure. His habitual grin expressed real delight this time, and presently he fell back and went off into a fit of silent laughter which rather alarmed his companion, who could not understand why he should be so merry.

In truth, the days which are unlucky for some must needs be lucky for others, and impartial Fate, while dealing roughly with a few of our friends upon this occasion, had smiled upon Lord St. Austell. His Lordship had indeed set out from home with well-grounded anticipations of enjoyment; but this was far more than he had hoped for. His original plan of walking to Alexandra-gardens, asking for Mr. Vidal, and surprising his wife in a situation which even she would admit to be equivocal, sank into insignificance by comparison with the dramatic episode which he now had it in his power to create, and so enchanted was he at the prospect of the coming joke that he had much ado to restrain himself from ruining it by taking Mrs. Vidal into his confidence. He listened inattentively to her account of the mishap which had caused her return, and only began to be amused when she assured him earnestly that he would not find her husband at home.

"Good-bye, Lord St. Austell," she said, as she stepped nimbly out on to the pavement; "I won't ask you to come in."

"How cruel you are to me, Mrs. Vidal!" exclaimed the old gentleman, reproachfully. "But perhaps I shall be allowed into the house, though you won't invite me. I came here to call on your husband, you know."

"It really is not worth while to get out and ask for him," said Clare. "He is quite certain to be at his club."

Lord St. Austell, however, had already rung the bell; and great was the astonishment of the parlour-maid on witnessing the return of her mistress, thus escorted. Had this young woman been possessed of presence of mind or consideration for the feelings of others, she would no doubt have mentioned that Adrian was not alone; but presumably she lacked these gifts, and even ordinary good manners into the bargain; for all that she did was to open her eyes very wide and ejaculate "Lord bless me, mum! Mr. Vidal *will* be surprised!" After which she tripped up stairs to open the drawing-room door.

A careful comparison of the time required to drive from Paddington to Alexandra-gardens with that occupied by the conversation between Adrian and his visitor recorded in the last chapter will show that the new-comers reached the foot of the staircase very shortly after Lady St. Austell had so rashly expressed a wish for their appearance. Neither she nor Adrian had heard the door-bell ring; but they were startled simultaneously by the sound of footsteps on the stairs, and exchanged glances of dismay.

"Good gracious!" exclaimed Lady St. Austell, "there's somebody coming! What shall I do?"

There was no time for anything. The words were barely out of her mouth when the door was flung open, admitting Lord St. Austell and Mrs. Vidal; and the tableau which ensued was doubtless appreciated to the full by the only one of the four persons concerned therein who was in a condition of mind to take note of its various features.

Adrian started up. His heart died within him, and a chilly conviction crept over him that he was in a worse scrape now than he had ever been in before. Lady St. Austell began to laugh; but when she met her husband's steady, malignant gaze, she ceased suddenly and caught her breath. What would he do to her? She had always been frightened of him, and she knew that he was not the man to show mercy for the sake of mercy. Clare stopped short on the threshold, feeling dazed and sick, as if she had received a physical blow. The walls seemed to be turning round her, a mist rose before her eyes, and she would very likely have fainted had she not felt the touch of Lord St. Austell's arm, which was extended to catch her. From that contact she shrank away, making a strong effort to command herself, and stood, grasping the back of a chair with one hand and looking with a sort of fascination at Adrian's face, which was as white as her own. It was Lord St. Austell's high-pitched, sarcastic voice that broke the silence.

"Why don't you have a screen in your drawing-room, Mr. Vidal? I thought everybody had Japanese screens nowadays. It is a pity you forgot that useful article when you were furnishing, because, if you had only had it, we might have done the scene from "The School for Scandal" to perfection. Lady St. Austell would have been Lady Teazle; you would have been Joseph Surface: I should have been Sir Peter: and Mrs. Vidal—well, there the cast breaks down a little; but perhaps I might have managed Charles Surface's laugh myself. To tell the truth, I am not sure that I am particularly well fitted to play Sir Peter's part: but I so far resemble him that I shall be glad to hear anything that you may have to say for yourself, Mr. Vidal."

"Is this a preconcerted plot?" broke out Adrian, hoarsely. In truth, he hardly knew what he was saying.

"My dear Sir, you must permit me to remark that that is neither a very polite nor a very intelligent question. Ladies do not, as a rule, preconcert plots of which the last act takes place in the Divorce Court. May I inquire again whether you have anything to say for yourself?"

"Nothing to you," returned Adrian, finding a foolish comfort in defying somebody.

Lord St. Austell raised his eyebrows. "There was a time," he observed—"I am sorry to say that I am old enough to have more than one personal reminiscence connected with it—when, after such an answer as that, further words would have been superfluous. Indeed, I suppose that, whatever your answer had been, neither you nor I could have avoided a hostile encounter fifty years ago; and I may add that it is no bad thing for you that the century is so far advanced, for I should undoubtedly have killed you, if we had fought fifty years ago. Nowadays, as you are aware, a different mode of procedure is customary. We simply take Sir James Hannen and the public into our confidence, and all is amicably arranged, without loss of life."

"Sydney!" gasped Lady St. Austell, clasping her hands in a paroxysm of alarm, "you don't mean what you say—you *can't* mean it! You know I never did anything wrong in my life!"

Lord St. Austell focussed his eye-glass on his wife and surveyed her with interest. "I am not prepared," he answered, "to make quite so startling an assertion as that; but I will go so far as to say that never have I beheld a more innocent-looking person. Innocence is written upon every line of your countenance, my love—or at least it would be written there, if your countenance possessed any lines. You are agitated; but not more so than the circumstances warrant. You are indignant; but that is only what an innocent person ought to be; and I observe with pleasure that the colour has not forsaken your face."

Poor Lady St. Austell was ghastly. The fixed spots of pink upon her cheek-bones, which were hardly distinguishable

at ordinary times from the natural bloom of youth, contrasted strangely with the greenish-yellow tinge of the skin around them. There was a pause, during which Clare quietly left the room; and then Adrian bethought himself that he had taken a somewhat unwise course in refusing to give the explanation asked of him.

"Perhaps," said he, "I had better tell the plain truth about this unfortunate business. Lady St. Austell called here this afternoon out of sheer—what shall I say?—bravado. She wanted, I believe, to shock Lord Blaise, who had annoyed her by some things that he said. It is rather hard lines upon me, seeing that I did my best to dissuade her from coming, and that I shall have to suffer for my folly in giving way; but I see no reason why she should not get off scot free."

"There *is* no reason," cried the unhappy lady, who was thinking only of her own predicament, and did not notice the somewhat ungracious manner in which she was exculpated. "It all happened just as Mr. Vidal says. I never meant the slightest harm, and I know it is only that spiteful, dishonourable, red-headed wretch who has caused all this trouble!" And here, being overcome by the poignancy of her remorse, she burst into a flood of tears.

Lord St. Austell laughed—not ill-naturedly. "Be comforted," said he; "I am not going to petition for a divorce. I have fifty good reasons for refraining from doing so, amongst which, perhaps, the most excellent is that I shouldn't get one. There is no evidence to convict you of anything worse than of being a singularly foolish woman; and it is hardly necessary to put the law in motion in order to arrive at a conviction of that. Excuse my plain language."

With such a load of apprehension lifted from her mind, Lady St. Austell would have forgiven anything. She dried her eyes, which began to sparkle again; and her husband went on.

"May I advise you both not to attempt this sort of thing again. People who can't command their nerves ought not to court risk. I myself have often been far more awkwardly situated than you were just now, and I have always extricated myself without difficulty; but then I'm not nervous. Well, Mr. Vidal, the play is over now, and it only remains for us to bid you good-bye and go home. Please present my compliments to Mrs. Vidal, who I am sorry to see has left us, and tell her that I trust she will show as forgiving a spirit as I have done."

When Adrian was left alone, he sat down, and for the space of five minutes made use of every strong expression that he could think of, without thereby succeeding in putting much additional heart into himself. What he was to say to Clare he had no idea; but it was certain that he must say something to her, and presently he followed her to her bed-room, screwing up his courage as best he could to face the inevitable.

He found the door locked, and she only opened it a couple of inches to give him a brief account of the misadventure which had caused her return; after which she begged that she might be left undisturbed until the next morning.

"Won't you let me tell you how all this has come to pass?" pleaded Adrian, humbly.

But she answered, "To-morrow morning, if you wish—not now."

And in the morning he found her as impracticable as he had feared that she would be. He confessed the whole truth, admitting that he had done wrong in suppressing the fact that Lady St. Austell had been for some weeks in London, but declaring that his motives had not been bad motives, and asseverating with a fervour which ought to have been convincing that he had never entertained any feeling for that lady that was not of a mildly friendly character. But after what Clare had witnessed in Kensington Gardens, such protestations could only disgust her. She listened to him impassively for a time, and then interrupted him with—

"I would rather hear no more about it, please. I don't wish to refer to the subject again; nor, I should think, do you."

CHAPTER XXXI.

THE STING OF THE SCORPION.

One morning in January, Adrian, after breakfasting at his club, thought it would be a good thing to stroll down to the office of the *Anglo-Saxon*. It was some considerable time since he had seen the editor of that hybrid publication, and amongst the letters which lay beside his plate was one from Pilkington, in which he was asked to "look in some day between eleven and twelve o'clock." Another of his letters was from Clare, who had now been several weeks absent, and whose return had not yet been spoken of. It cannot be said that Adrian wished for her return. He had succeeded in making himself thoroughly angry with her, and in exonerating himself from all blame. At the bottom of his heart, there may still have lurked some belief that things would come right in the long run; but he said to himself repeatedly that he had no such hope, and that if she was determined to make life a burden for them both, it was certainly better that they should remain apart. As Clare, starting from other premisses, had arrived at a similar conclusion, there seemed little likelihood that the husband and wife would meet again until they found it advisable to quiet the suspicions of their relatives. A tacit agreement that the latter consideration was of some importance caused them to write to each other twice a week; and the difficulty of composing the letter thus exchanged may perhaps be regarded as part of the penance which they both undoubtedly deserved.

Some people, as we know, have to do penance for being worse than their neighbours, others for being better, and some only for being a little too prominently before their neighbours' eyes. It was in the last capacity that Adrian had begun rather to regret his connection with the *Anglo-Saxon*. Pilkington's crotchet of making his contributors sign their articles had not worked well. A man may submit to adverse criticism if his critic be personally unknown to him, or even if the identity of the critic be only shrewdly guessed at; but when Tom, Dick, or Harry openly proclaims himself as a Minos sitting in judgment upon his fellows, the matter assumes quite another complexion. In such a case poor Minos can hardly hope to give satisfaction. His capacity, unprotected by the editorial "we" in which so much virtue lies, is pretty sure to be called in question; it will be asked what business he has to thrust his personal predilections and prejudices down people's throats, and his praise will be little less resented than his blame.

"Am I, who have been before the public for twenty years, to be patronised by a whipper-snapper who only learnt to write his own language the other day?" calls out Jones, the eminent novelist. "Who the deuce cares whether he thinks me 'upon the whole, the most skilful portrayer of modern English life that we have among us' or not? 'Upon the whole,' is good. Of course we understand who runs me close and might be said to surpass me, if modesty didn't close his lips."

Thus Adrian had made enemies for himself; and to make enemies was what he could not endure. Moreover, he had been distressed latterly by comments upon the management of the *Anglo-Saxon*, which had reached his ears. The editorial disclaimer which had been wrung from Pilkington by Lady St. Austell, and which has been quoted already, had given rise to a good deal of disrespectful mirth; nor was this the only instance in which that gentleman had thought it necessary to inform his readers that, though he sat upon the box, he did drive the coach. The common belief is that even the most perfectly trained of teams requires to be driven by somebody, and Pilkington had been at some pains to point out that his team was not trained at all. Thus the public had fallen into the disastrous habit of laughing at him and his queer paper; and Adrian feared—without having any precise information upon the point—that the circulation of the latter was not what could be wished. He had as yet received no return for the two thousand pounds which he had so reluctantly invested in it, although he had supposed that the dividends would have been payable half-yearly. Fifty per cent would have been extremely welcome to him, and so, indeed, would twenty-five. Ten would not have been amiss. Of late his expectations had become so modest that he had more than once muttered to himself that he would be very glad to see his two thousand back, without a penny in respect of interest.

Revolving all these things in his mind, Adrian walked slowly towards the Strand, where the offices of the *Anglo-Saxon* were situated. These were not particularly commodious; but the editor's room had been furnished with rather more regard to elegance than is generally bestowed upon such apartments, in deference to the fastidious tastes of its present occupant—who, by-the-way, was seldom to be seen in it.

Pilkington, who was seated before a broad writing-table, swung round in his chair, which turned on a pivot, and held out his hand to Adrian with that air of kindly patronage which was all his own. "How do you do, Vidal?" he said. "I am glad to see you again."

"And I am very glad to see you," returned Adrian. "I rather wanted to ask you about one or two things connected with the paper. You have been a long time out of town."

"I should have been a good deal longer out of town, if I could have consulted my own wishes; but all this"—and he waved his hand towards the table, which was covered with MSS. and proofs—"requires looking into every now and then. I find it a great drag upon me."

It occurred to Adrian that Pilkington probably earned his salary with as little labour as any man living; but he said, "I suppose you must."

"So much so that lately I have sometimes thought that it might be better to give it up."

"I trust you won't do that," said Adrian, quickly. "The whole thing would go to pieces if you withdrew."

"Even so, the world would continue to revolve upon its own axis much as usual, I dare say. But I am not sure that my retirement from the editorship would have so bad an effect upon the paper as you are kind enough to assume. Many people seem to think that Mr. Larkins would replace me very efficiently."

Mr. Larkins was the sub-editor—an alert business-like man, not quite a gentleman, who had won his spurs in journalism some years back, and who devoted only a small portion of his valuable time to the *Anglo-Saxon*. The sub-editorship had been offered to him by the wish of some of the proprietors and against that of Pilkington, who detested him, but nevertheless left the management of all details in his hands. It was he who wrote the paragraphs headed "Social Scraps," and as these for the most part referred to the doings of people of whom he knew absolutely nothing, he depended for his information upon various correspondents, and was as often as not led into making erroneous assertions by them. This, he was wont to declare, was not of the slightest consequence. Trifling misstatements broke no bones, and an action or two for libel tended to bring a paper into notice and increase its sale. But his chief, who took a different view, was made miserable by his repeated indiscretions.

"Larkins would alter the entire character of the paper immediately," said Adrian.

"Oh, no doubt; the question is whether the character of the paper had not better be altered. I won't affect to deny that, so far, it has hardly answered my expectations. It has been an experiment; and, after all, I take it that the pleasure which one derives from making experiments consists chiefly in one's uncertainty as to how they will turn out."

Adrian thought that depended a good deal upon whether one had staked two thousand pounds upon the result or not. "For choice," he remarked, "I prefer the experiments which turn out well."

"So do I," answered Pilkington, smiling blandly; "but 'tis not in mortal to command success. Without too much vanity, we may flatter ourselves that we have deserved it—you and I, at least. You were saying that you had some questions to ask me."

Adrian would have liked to ask whether the *Anglo-Saxon* was paying its way, and how soon persons who had risked money in the undertaking might expect to receive some return for their investments; but finding it rather difficult to put these inquiries into so many words, he said, "Oh, I don't know that there was anything very particular, after all. I wanted to know how things were going on."

Apparently, Mr. Pilkington did not think that this called for any rejoinder from him. He sat silent for a few moments, trimming his nails with a pen-knife, and then said, "By-the-way, have you seen this week's number of the *Scorpion?*"

"I don't think I have," answered Adrian. "Is there anything special in it?"

"They treat us—or, perhaps, I ought rather to say you—to a column and a half of abuse. Here it is, if you care to look at it." And he handed Adrian a copy of the paper in question, pointing out the article to which he had alluded.

It was headed *Quis custodiet ipsos Custodes?* and from its opening sentences Adrian learnt that the *Anglo-Saxon*, in spite of its failure to command popular support, had, from the outset, afforded a great deal of amusement to its readers. It had not been taken seriously; but then (said the writer) anyone who was at all behind the scenes must have known all along that it was not intended to be so taken. The editor possessed a delicate appreciation of humour, and it was impossible to doubt that he had had many a quiet laugh over the performances of the distinguished contributors whom he had prevailed upon to exhibit themselves in unwonted attitudes to an astonished public. The enjoyment that was afforded to him by his publication was probably analogous to that of the ingenious person who persuades elephants to stand on their heads on inverted tubs and poodle-dogs to fire off pistols. The *Anglo-Saxon* had been thoroughly funny from first to last; but in nothing had the editor shown himself more determined to have his joke than in handing over the critical department to Mr. Adrian Vidal, an author who had produced one bad and one fairly good novel, but who was otherwise unknown to fame. Month after month this very self-satisfied young gentleman had been apportioning praise and censure among the greatest living writers of fiction with a gravity which was about the most comical thing that the spokesman of the *Scorpion* could remember. Then followed a list of some of the books which poor Adrian had been ordered to review, together with extracts from his comments upon them, which it was no very difficult matter to turn into ridicule. "But," continued the writer, pulling himself together, as it were, and becoming grave, "there is a point at which incapacity ceases to provoke laughter; and, after perusing Mr. Vidal's last effort, which deals with recent French novels, we are inclined to ask whether the time has not come for his removal into some other sphere of usefulness. Of the six works which he has singled out for unreserved commendation, we can only say that we hope never to see any one of them in the hands of an English lady." The works referred to were then discussed as fully as the modesty of the writer would allow: "and these," he concluded, with righteous indignation, "are the pretty stories which Mr. Vidal has the face to recommend for general reading."

"I never did anything of the sort!" cried Adrian, throwing down the paper. "I never recommended them for general reading. I said they were admirable as works of art: and so they are. As for their morality, I didn't see that I was called upon to direct attention to that. Everybody knows that French novels must be judged by a standard altogether different from ours, and it would be perfectly ridiculous to begin each review by saying, 'This plot is not one which an English author would have ventured to employ.' The books were not objectionable of their kind, and the man who wrote this knows that as well as I do. It is a most dishonest and blackguardly attack!"

Pilkington continued to pare his nails: he did not manifest any responsive ire. "I have not read the books," he remarked.

"Read them, then, and judge for yourself," said Adrian, feeling that his editor was not supporting him as he ought. "As it happens, four out of the half-dozen books are by members of the Academy, and the remaining two are by men whom it would be the most absurd prudery to call immoral writers."

"Yes; but as a matter of fact, *are* the plots immoral?" asked Pilkington.

"Why, of course they are, in one sense. The writing is not immoral—looking at it as a Frenchman would look."

"I dare say not; but attacks such as this, whether honest or not, are calculated to do us great harm with the public, and if the facts upon which they are based cannot be denied, it is impossible to make any reply to them."

Adrian, nevertheless, resolved that he would reply, and that his reply should be of such a nature as to cause not only his assailant, but every scribbler connected with the *Scorpion*, to writhe. Angry as he was already, he became much more so when he had finished the article, which, quite characteristically, carried its sting in its tail.

"We will not be too hard upon Mr. Vidal"—so ran the concluding paragraph. "His taste in literature is peculiar: but we are constrained to admit that its peculiarity is not so great but that a considerable number of so-called decent people share it with him, and we are willing to believe that he is personally as decent as the best of them. He has a right to his taste. But what he has no right to do, in his quality of critic—even though he be but the critic of a serio-comic publication like the *Anglo-Saxon*—is to advise our wives and daughters to read books whose chief aim is to throw contempt upon those domestic and conjugal virtues for which, no doubt, Mr. Vidal's own private life is conspicuous."

It was clear enough to Adrian that the last words must have been written by someone who was not unacquainted with the circumstances of his private life. An enemy had done this thing! "Upon my soul!" he exclaimed aloud, "I believe a thick stick would convey the most suitable rejoinder that could be made to such a fellow."

"I think," said Pilkington, holding up his hand before him, and admiring his carefully trimmed nails through half-closed eyes, "that you had better keep your temper. There is nothing to be gained by responding to challenges of that kind—either with sticks or pens. Besides, your case is not a very good one. You admit that the books were immoral books, and it is certain that you praised them highly."

"I praised what deserved praise in them, and held my tongue about the rest. I never recommended them."

"Praise in a review implies recommendation, as a matter of course. The *Scorpion* is ill-natured and unjust; but to tell you the truth, Vidal, I think you have been guilty of a slight error in judgment."

This was more than Adrian could stand. "If that is the view that you take," he answered, with calm fury, "my engagement on the *Anglo-Saxon* had better come to an end. I can't undertake to review books in such a way as to please the *Scorpion*; and, as regards this particular review, there isn't a single word in it which I should wish to alter."

Pilkington contemplated his fingers for another minute or so before he remarked, plaintively, "This it is to be an editor! I believe I may truly say that, since I undertook the *Anglo-Saxon*, I have not made one solitary suggestion, however deferential, that has not been immediately followed by a threat of retirement on the part of the person to whom it has been addressed. Whether the experience of other editors coincides with mine I do not know; but if it does, I think it would be no more than common justice that our memoirs should be added to the next issue of the Lives of Saints."

Someone who had entered the room unobserved during this speech here broke into a short laugh. "All in good time," said he. "I will write the memoir myself, sooner than that it should remain unwritten; but it is impossible to canonise an editor until he or his journal have ceased to exist, and we can't do without our *Anglo-Saxon* yet awhile, much less without our Pilkington."

Pilkington had so much of the magnanimity which belongs to the truly great that many other persons besides Percy Kean might probably have chaffed him with impunity, had they been so minded; but nobody else ever did so. He made a half-turn on his chair now, smiling indulgently.

"Ah, Kean," he said, "you are one of the people who know everything. Perhaps you can tell us for what reason the *Scorpion* has thought fit to fall upon us, tooth and nail."

"Of course I can," answered Kean. "For the same reason that dogs delight to bark and bite, and bears and lions growl and fight. In addition to that, the *Scorpion* is a society paper, and thinks you have no business to go poaching on its preserves with your absurd 'Social Scraps.' Personally, I agree with the *Scorpion*."

"Then let it fall foul of Larkins," said Adrian, who was still at white heat. "It is rather too bad that I am to be accused of all kinds of wickedness because the *Scorpion* has a grudge against a man with whom I have nothing to do."

"Oh, the *Scorpion* may have a grudge against you, too, for anything that I know to the contrary," returned Kean. "I wouldn't let it get a rise out of me, though."

"That is just what I have been telling him," observed Pilkington; "and because I do so, he threatens to desert me."

"Oh, nonsense!" said Kean, good-naturedly; "*he* won't desert you, nor will I. No! we will never desert Mr. Micawber! Let who will play you false, Vidal and I will remain faithful to the end. Come along, Vidal, and have some lunch. I would ask our illustrious chief to join us; only I know he can't afford to be seen with the likes of me."

And, taking Adrian by the arm, he led him out into the street before the latter had time to explain that Mr. Pilkington had not reported quite accurately the words which had prompted his offer of resignation.

(To be continued.)

THE MAGAZINES FOR MAY.

"Court Royal," the leading fiction in the *Cornhill Magazine*, continues bright, lively, attractive, and, we must add, thoroughly unnatural. The conversation of the Jewish marine-store dealer might almost pass for a burlesque; and yet Mr. Gould's animation compels the reader to travel gaily along with him. "Rainbow Gold" is clever and well written, as usual. The novelists, however, seem unable to invent anything so dramatic as some of the strictly historical anecdotes in "Humours of Parliamentary Elections," which are instructive as well as amusing, in so far as they show what gross and almost incredible abuses may consist with a fair amount of health in the body politic. "No. 11, Welham-Square," a story of a haunted house, is unique among ghost tales for the sublime conception of an athletic spectre, pummelled within an inch of his life—or an inch beyond it—by the united efforts of three grown people.

The chief contribution to the *English Illustrated Magazine* is a masterly character portrait of Lord Wolseley by Mr. Archibald Forbes—highly favourable without flattery, and impressing the reader with a conviction that Mr. Forbes has perfectly studied his man, and that his verdict may be thoroughly relied upon. Bret Harte's "Ship of '49" is concluded, and is one of his best stories. The continuation of Mr. Crane's "Sirens Three" exhibits his usual wealth of fancy.

Blackwood has a valuable paper on the causes which interfere with the efficiency of the national armaments, especially in artillery, somewhat injured, perhaps, by the prominence given to the alleged grievances of particular inventors. "London in May" is a sparkling medley of artistic, social, and dramatic criticism, and the interest of "The Waters of Hercules" increases with every instalment.

The *Fortnightly Review* is better this month than it has been for some time past. Sir Lepel Griffin's essay on the question of peace or war with Russia conveys the Anglo-Indian view, which it is satisfactory to find substantially the same as that generally prevalent in this country. Mr. Bartley's experience as a veteran Election Agent lends importance to his views of the kind of Conservative policy likely to commend itself to the masses. Many old-fashioned Conservatives will think they might as well have Liberalism at once. Another Conservative's proposal to make a Jonah of Mr. Gladstone would have more significance if it proceeded from the other side. The charges of negligence and procrastination brought against Sir Charles Wilson by Mr. C. Williams, late Soudan correspondent of the *Daily Chronicle*, will no doubt be held to require an answer. Mr. Swinburne is also the subject of a fierce attack from Mr. W. L. Courtney; and Mrs. Macdonald, in a remarkably eloquent essay, exposes the idle pretence of theosophy to masquerade as Buddhism.

The *Contemporary Review* has three important articles—Sir Austen Layard's plea for an alliance with Turkey, Sir Richard Temple's account of the armies of the native States of India, and Sir John Lubbock's investigation, with copious illustrations, of the laws of growth in leaves. Canon Cook's abstract of the Kalevala, the great popular Finnish epic, is very interesting. "Contemporary Life and Thought in Russia" is somewhat disappointing.

The most important article in the *National Review* is Mr. Balfour's warning against confusing politics with political economy—excellent advice, but practically very difficult to follow. Mr. Austin's polemic against theological polemics in connection with poetry only proves, we fear, that he is very angry with the *Spectator*. It is surprising to find a judicious politician like Mr. Kebble, in his essay upon the Duke of Wellington as a Prime Minister, imagining that the first Reform Bill could have been emasculated by a private understanding among leading statesmen. Cobbett and the Border Minstrelsy supply material for two good literary papers.

The new number of the *Magazine of Art* shows a desire on the part of its conductors to relieve the dry technicalities of art with matter of a lighter character. Mr. Harry Furniss's pictorial parody on Sir Joshua Reynolds, wherein Mr. Millais is represented painting the portrait of Sir Frederick Leighton, is an amusing example; and the pretty setting by Miss Alice Havers of Mr. Allingham's "Swing Song" is a step in the same direction. Among the more serious contents of the number is an excellent essay on the art of Mr. Burne Jones.

The *Art Journal* for May is full of pleasant variety. The etched frontispiece is a good specimen of the art of J. E. Saintin and D. Mordant. Mr. Hatton continues his graphic sketches of "Club-Land," and Mr. J. C. Robinson, her Majesty's Inspector of Pictures, contributes a carefully illustrated paper on the collection of old masters formed by Mr. Francis Cook, of Richmond. There are other interesting articles, with numerous engravings, which altogether make up an excellent number.

The chief attraction of the *Century* is the cluster of articles on the Peninsula Campaign of 1862, which, in the case of those proceeding from the two commanders, lose something of their attractiveness for want of literary finish. General Johnston is so intent on defending himself against President Davis as to necessitate constant reference to President Davis's book, and General M'Clellan writes a history as he would write a despatch. *Harper* has a contribution most interesting to Londoners, a beautifully illustrated account of a voyage through the great metropolis by the Regent's Canal. Few have hitherto appreciated the varied picturesqueness of this water highway, now so seriously menaced by railway projects. "Española and its Environs" is full of beautiful description of New Mexican landscape and manners. "The Red Glove" is as good as ever; and there are other excellent stories. Miss O'Meara's delightful reminiscences of Madame Mohl and her salon are concluded in the *Atlantic Monthly*, which is further remarkable for the continuation of "The Prophet of the Great Smoky Mountains," and for a terse, manly, and generous criticism on George Eliot by Henry James.

"My Friend Edith," in *Temple Bar*, is a very pretty story. There is nothing else of special note in the number; nor in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, except the continuation of Miss O'Hanlon's "Unforeseen," and Mr. Montague's extremely graphic pictures of the salt lakes of South Africa. "Cecil Power's" serial in *Belgravia*, "Babylon," continues full of spirit and sparkle; and Mr. Julian Hawthorne's "Love or a Name," though not a high-class novel, keeps the attention on the stretch. Miss Ida Taylor's "Ingénue" evinces considerable talent for comedy.

Other magazines will be noticed next week.

Dr. W. H. Russell will preside at the anniversary dinner of the Newspaper Press Fund, to be held at Willis's Rooms on the 16th inst.

A novel and attractive show—the Miniature Madame Tussaud's Exhibition—will take place at the Lady Egerton of Tatton's, 23, Rutland-gate, on May 21 and 22; and it bids fair to be one of the most successful charitable undertakings of the season. Tickets can be obtained from Miss M. T. Flower, 14, Norfolk-crescent, W. The festival is in aid of the Industrial Fund for the Girls' Friendly Society.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All communications relating to this department of the Paper should be addressed to the Editor, and have the word "Chess" written on the envelope.

E T (Clifton).—Of course we accept your problem, and it shall soon appear.

H B (C edition).—Very good, indeed; and very acceptable.

G A (City Club).—Many thanks for the game. We have used your notes, as we do not think we can improve them.

Rev. J W (Falcon).—Thanks for good wishes. We hope to hear from you frequently now the ice is broken.

Feeble (King's Lynn).—Take a course of the openings from Staunton's Handbook, and follow up with the pawn end-games in the same work. None of the more modern works are to be obtained through the ordinary channels, being, for the most part, out of print.

G E K (Southsea).—Problem No. 2141 cannot be solved as you suggest. Take your own moves 1. R to Q B 3rd, K to B 5th; 2. R to K Kt 3rd, K to K 5th; 3. B to Q Kt 7th, and now you say "mate" when there is no mate. What is to prevent Black playing 3. K to B 5th?

P S W (Shrivenham).—The first position could be solved by way of 1. Kt P takes P. The second we have not yet examined.

W D (Guernsey).—The four-move problem is unsuitable, but the one in two moves shall be examined.

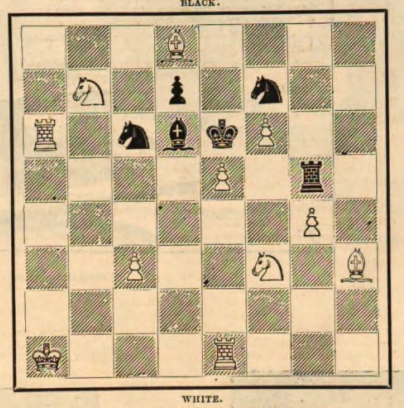
C A L B (Teddington).—Neat enough. It shall be examined.

G E W.—The most recent work on actual play is "Modern Chess," by H. E. Bird, published by James Wade, Tavistock-street, Covent-garden.

PROBLEM No. 2146.

By Walter Waring, M.A.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in two moves.

A neat little Game played on the 27th ult. in the Winter Tournament of the City of London Chess Club, for which, with accompanying notes, we are indebted to Mr. George Adamson, honorary secretary of the club named. Mr. Adamson remarks: "It will be observed that the opening is a French defence, in which the first player adopts Steinitz's variation, 3. P to K 5th. This weak Pawn becomes the object of an attack, which Black steadily prosecutes up to the 17th move, when it falls. When too late, Black discovers that the object of his pursuit was the bait of a trap, and that in snatching it he has been caught."

(*French Defence.*)

WHITE (Mr. Woolley).	BLACK (Mr. Durrant).
1. P to K 4th	P to K 3rd
2. P to Q 4th	P to Q 4th
3. P to K 5th	P to Q B 4th
4. P to Q B 3rd	P takes P
5. P takes P	B to Q Kt 5th (ch)
6. Kt to Q 2nd	B to R 4th

Fearing 7. Q to R 4th (ch), and 8. B to Q Kt 5th.

7. Kt to K B 3rd	Kt to Q B 3rd
8. B to Q Kt 5th	K Kt to K 2nd
9. Castles	Castles
10. P to Q R 3rd	P to K B 3rd
11. P to Q Kt 4th	B to Q B 2nd
12. B to Q 3rd	P takes P
13. Kt takes P	Kt takes Kt

If 13. Kt takes P, then 14. Q to R 5th, &c.

WHITE (Mr. Woolley).	BLACK (Mr. Durrant).
14. P takes Kt	Q to K sq

He cannot take the Pawn, but 14. Kt to Kt 3rd is better than the move in the text.

15. B takes P (ch)	K to R sq

If 15. K takes B, then 16. Q to B 2nd (ch) recovers the piece.

16. Kt to K B 3rd	Q to K R 4th
17. B to Q B 2nd	B takes P

Swallowing the bait!

18. Kt takes B	Q takes Kt
19. R to K sq	Q to B 3rd

He can do nothing better. If he take the Q R he will be mated in four moves.

20. Q to R 5th (ch)	K to Kt sq

White mates in three moves.

The Earl of Stair has been installed Lord Chancellor of Glasgow University, in the place of the late Duke of Buccleuch.

The Hon. James Russell Lowell unveiled the bust of Samuel Taylor Coleridge in Westminster Abbey on Thursday.

An address to the King of the Belgians, in recognition of his Majesty's services in respect to the Congo Free State, has been unanimously agreed to by the Court of Common Council.

On Thursday week the Upper and Lower House of Convocation met in the College Hall, Westminster, to receive from the Revision Company the revised version of the Old Testament. A vote of thanks to the revisers was passed.

At the last meeting of the St. Giles's District Board of Works, it was resolved to spend £200 in planting plane-trees along such portion of the new street (from New Oxford-street to Piccadilly) as is within the jurisdiction of the Board.

Viscount Hampden (late Speaker of the House of Commons) will preside at the Anniversary Festival of the Cabdrivers' Benevolent Association, to be held at Willis's Rooms on Saturday, June 27. The object of the festival is to increase the amount of the annuity fund, so as to enable a few more aged, worn-out, but deserving cabdrivers to be chosen as pensioners at £20 a year each.

The Duke of Northumberland presided last week, at Willis's Rooms, at the annual festival of the Friends of the Clergy Corporation—an association formed for allowing pensions to widows and orphan unmarried daughters of clergymen of the Established Church, and for affording temporary assistance to necessitous clergymen and their families. It was announced that subscriptions to the amount of nearly £1000 had been promised.

The fifteenth report of the Representative Body of the Church of Ireland shows that the contributions received by that body from all sources during 1884 amounted to £190,611, an increase on the receipts of the previous year of over £12,000. The total assets on Jan. 1, 1885, stood at £7,210,563. It is stated that, unless some considerable improvement takes place in the funds of the Church, the average income of the clergy is likely to be about £200 per annum.

The company of "Pastoral Players," of which Lady Archibald Campbell is the president, will give a series of representations in the grounds of Coombe House, Kingston-on-Thames, under the immediate patronage of the Prince and Princess of Wales, the Crown Prince and Princess of Germany, the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh, Prince and Princess Christian, Princess Louise and the Marquis of Lorne. "As You Like It" will be played on May 28, 29, and 30, and again on July 14, 15, and 16. On June 29 and 30 and July 1 "The Faithfull Shepherdesse" will be produced. The plays are under the direction of Mr. E. W. Godwin, who so successfully arranged "As You Like It" last year.

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated Feb. 10, 1880) of Sir Thomas Bazley, Bart., formerly of Eyford Park, Gloucestershire, and for many years M.P. for Manchester, who died at Rivers leigh, Lytham, on March 18 last, was proved at the district registry of Lancaster on the 21st ult. by his widow, Mary, Lady Bazley, and Sir Thomas S. Bazley, the present Baronet, the executors named in the will. The value of the personal estate amounted to £92,000. With the exception of a few unimportant legacies, chiefly to domestic servants, the property is bequeathed to the said Thomas Sebastian Bazley (only child of the testator), subject to the payment, for her life, of one half of the total annual income to the Dowager Lady Bazley.

The Irish Probate, granted at Dublin, of the will (dated Feb. 27, 1857) of Sir William Compton Domville, Bart., late of Heywood, Ballinakill, Queen's County, who died on Sept. 20 last, to Dame Caroline Domville, the widow, and sole executrix, was re-sealed in London on the 8th ult., the value of the personal estate in England and Ireland exceeding £14,000. After providing for the payment of his debts, funeral and testamentary expenses, the testator gives all the residue of his property to his wife, absolutely.

The will (dated Feb. 16, 1882) of Mr. Colin Minton Campbell, J.P., D.L., M.P. for the northern division of Staffordshire from 1874 to 1880, late of Woodseat, Rocester, Staffordshire, who died on Feb. 8 last, was proved on the 23rd ult. by John Fitzherbert Campbell, the son, Herbert Campbell, the brother, and Samuel Herbert Cooper, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £189,000. The testator gives to his wife, Mrs. Louisa Wilmot Campbell, £2000, £1000 per annum, for life, subject to reduction if she marries again, enters a convent or nunnery, or adopts a conventual life, and (on the cesser therein of a relative's interest) a residence, with the furniture and effects, at Torquay, or, if she does not elect to use it, a further sum of £200 per annum, for life; he confirms their marriage settlement, and declares that the provision made for his wife by his will is in addition to, and not in substitution of, that in the settlement. Upon trust for his daughters, Jessie Louise, Mary Emmeline, and Constance Lilian, £20,000 each; and all his real estate and the residue of the personalty to his said son. Provision is made in respect of his shares in the partnership businesses of Campbell and Co., tile manufacturers, and Minton and Co., china and earthenware manufacturers.

The Scotch Confirmation, under seal of the Commissariot of the county of Edinburgh, of the holograph trust disposition and settlement (dated Aug. 6, 1873) of Mr. John Fraser, Manager of the Life Association of Scotland, late of No. 13, Moray-place, Edinburgh, who died on Jan. 31 last, granted to Alexander Fraser, the brother, Major-General Robert Farquhar Webster, Mrs. Susan Foulis Webster, or Fraser, the widow, and four others, the executors nominate, was sealed in London on the 1st ult., the value of the personal estate in England and Scotland amounting to over £71,000.

The will (dated April 16, 1855) of Doña Francisca del Valle, late of Sancti Spiritus, in the Island of Cuba, who died on June 8 last, at Havana, was proved in London on March 31 by Don Antonio Ysnaga del Valle, the son, the executor in the second place, the value of the personal estate in England amounting to over £55,000. The testatrix leaves one fifth of her property, subject to the payment thereout of some legacies, to her husband, Don Roque de Lara, who, however, died in her lifetime; and she appoints as her universal heirs her children, Doña Maria de la Natividad, Don José Maria, Don Antonio, Don Pablo, and Doña Maria de la Concepcion.

The will (dated Feb. 1, 1872) of Don Roque de Lara y Campos, late of Trinidad and of Sancti Spiritus, both in the island of Cuba, who died at Havana April 21, 1884, was proved in London on March 31 last by Don Antonio Ysnaga del Valle, the executor in the second place, the value of the personal estate in England amounting to upwards of £31,000. The testator leaves 1000 dols. to be distributed among poor mendicants and modest poor, and directs that the expenses of his funeral and burial be economised in favour of the same; provision is made for the freeing of two slaves on the death of his wife; and there are some other bequests. He names as his universal heiress his wife, Doña Francisca del Valle, failing whom her legitimate children, Don José Maria, Don Antonio, Don Pablo, and Doña Maria de la Concepcion Ysnaga del Valle.

The will (dated Jan. 6, 1882) of Colonel Frederick Gustavus Burnaby, late of Somerby Hall, Leicestershire, who died on Jan. 17 last, at Abou Klea, was proved on the 18th ult. by Mrs. Elizabeth Alice Frances Hawkins Burnaby, the widow, and sole executrix, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £17,000. An imperfect statement of the contents of this will has been given in some papers; the following account may be relied on as correct. The testator appoints his wife guardian for her life of his children, under age at his decease, and at her death appoints Lady Hawkins Whitsted and Valentine Baker Pacha guardians of his said children; should this last named appointment take effect, then he bequeaths to them £500 each. All his real estate and the residue of his personal estate he leaves to his wife, absolutely.

The will (dated Jan. 15, 1834) of Major-General Charles George Gordon, C.B., late of No. 5, Rockstone-place, Southampton, who died on Jan. 26 last, at Khartoum, was proved on the 23rd ult., by Sir Henry William Gordon, K.C.B., the brother, one of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £2205. The testator leaves all his real and personal estate, upon trust, to pay the income to his sister, Miss Mary Augusta Gordon, for life; at her death his property is to be divided into eighty-two shares, and distributed among his nephews and nieces in various proportions.

The annual general meeting of the supporters of the London Homœopathic Hospital and Medical School was held on Thursday week, under the presidency of Lord Ebury. The report showed a marked degree of prosperity. Further additions to the endowed beds have been made, and one lady has endowed a bed in perpetuity by a gift of £1000.

The report of the Select Committee of the House of Commons on the Westminster Hall restoration has been issued. The committee are substantially in favour of the adoption of Mr. Pearson's plans. It is recommended that, among other things, there should be provided four rooms of sufficient size to be used as conference or deputation rooms. Such rooms might also, it is suggested, be used by Royal Commissions. Mr. Pearson estimates the total cost of carrying out his designs at £35,300.

The earliest of the official brigade drills for the metropolitan Volunteers took place in Hyde Park last Saturday under the command of Colonel Clive, Grenadier Guards. The battalions taking part in it were the 2nd City Rifles, under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel Cantlon, and the 3rd London Rifles, commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel Lauric, with whom was the new adjutant, Captain Wilson, 60th Rifles. The usual movements were gone through with commendable precision. — On Wimbledon-common the 2nd South Middlesex Rifles and the London Scottish had instructive tactical exercises.

SKETCHES OF PICTURES AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY.



THE FIRST STEP.—G. H. SWINSTEAD.



A GAMBLER'S WIFE.—MARCUS STONE, A.R.A.



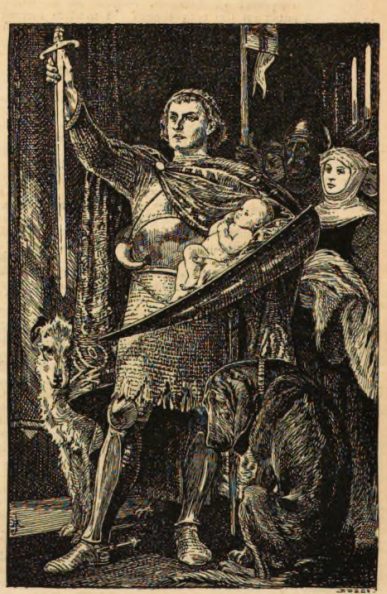
FROM THE FIELD OF SEDGEMOOR.—SEYMOUR LUCAS.



"RING A RING OF ROSES."—FRED. MORGAN.



PRISONERS OF WAR: 1805.—W. F. YEAMES, R.A.



THE FIRST PRINCE OF WALES.—P. R. MORRIS, A.R.A.

SKETCHES OF PICTURES AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY.



MILTON VISITED BY ANDREW MARVELL.—G. H. BOUGHTON, A.R.A.



ROUSED.—HEYWOOD HARDY.



THE DANCE INTERRUPTED.—HAYNES WILLIAMS.



HOME AGAIN!—JOSEPH CLARK.



CHIVALRY.—FRANK DICKSEE, A.R.A.

ROYAL INSTITUTE OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS.

SECOND NOTICE.

Amongst the landscapes of the exhibition, Mr. R. W. Macbeth's "Fen Farm" (825), which is either a reproduction of, or the original study for, his oil picture exhibited at the Royal Academy last season, will probably take the first place in popular favour, and is interesting as a complement to both the oil-painting and the etching of this work. Mr. Keeley Halswelle is not numerously represented; but of his two pictures, the view of "Christchurch, Hants" (950), will rank very high amongst his works. The fine old church—altogether out of proportion to the present requirements of this decayed town—rises above the red house-tops, and stands with clear-cut outline against the blue sky. In the foreground is a wide expanse of tranquil water, round which rushes and flowering grasses of all sorts are springing into blossom and beauty. Mr. Edwin H. Fahey, whose affection for stagnant backwaters and mill pools is so well known, contributes studies from "The Thames" (54), "The Avon" (517), and "The Yare" (758), of which the first-named, with its view of Windsor Castle, is the most elaborate, but is wanting in that quality of atmosphere which is inseparable with evening on a river's side in this country. Mr. T. Collier's "Scene near Burley" (734) is filmly conceived, rendering with vigour that nearest approach to moorland scenery which our southern counties can provide. Mr. George Marks's "Chalk Pit" (90), in spite of the somewhat crude tone of the grass, is an effective piece of work, but scarcely equal in value and not be compared for vigour with Mr. Joseph Knight's "Moorland" (144), or his flat sands of "Cardigan Bay" (185), or the deep tones and fine drawing of "Clouds Lingering Yet" (911). Of Mr. G. Clausen's three works, all marked by a richness of colouring, "The Harvest" (518) is the most striking. The contrast of labour and rest, as shown in the figure of the man binding up the corn, and in the evening air which pervades the picture, is most happily touched, whilst the rays of the setting sun, as they catch the tops of the "stooks" and fall upon the tired girl, are full of deep suggestiveness. The renderings of "Hampton Court Palace" (484), and the "Great Avenue" (1061), by Mr. Fulleylove, show that whilst he can reproduce in water colours effects which won him so much praise as an oil painter, his views of Tenby prove him sympathetic with nature as she is, as well as with nature as modified by art.

The principal sea-pieces of the year include Mr. Napier Hemy's "Pilchard Fishery" (192), a most remarkable work, full of busy life. The moment chosen is when the boats, having drawn together, have inclosed a rich shoal, and all their occupants are busy in securing the prize. The colour of the water, with the drifting fleet in the background, the movement of the heaving sea, the eagerness of the fishermen, have been caught in a very remarkable manner, and it is doubtful whether a similarly difficult experiment in drawing has ever been more successfully tried. Mr. Huson's "Gift of the Storm" (24), some boys gathering seaweed, is poor in colour and harsh in tone; but Mr. H. G. Hine's "Durlestone Bay," darkened by a passing rain-cloud, is not without its attractions; and the same may be said of Mr. John Mogford's "Rocky Nook near the Lizard" (240), and of Mr. P'Anson's "Cottage by the Sea" (269). Mr. Andrew Donaldson's "Pilot-Boat, Flushing" (334), is a careful study, in spite of an exaggerated blue which pervades this as well as his two views of "Haarlem" (180 and 968), and must militate against the popularity which, by his excellent draughtmanship, he would otherwise attain.

Among the figure-pictures a prominent place is due to Mr. E. J. Gregory's "Morning Callers" (423), the study for a work which, under another name, was exhibited in oils last year—two young girls on a house-boat moored among the trees and flowering rushes have attracted the attention of the river swans. The colour of the whole scene, the graceful attitude of the girls, and the natural dignity of the birds, are even more distinguishable in the present work than they were in its more finished production. Miss Jane Dealy's "Goes Maiden" (3) of four years old, with her Frisian cap and blue kirtle, is a clever and effective bit of drawing and colouring; as is Mr. Yeend King's "La Bergère" (14), in spite of a very red face—a girl figure leaning on her staff, whilst round the meadow where her sheep are grazing the quiet river winds; Mr. Hugh Carter's "My First Solo" (37), a boy playing the fiddle to his wondering sisters, is a capital bit of home life, of which the meaning is as obvious as that of Mr. W. L. Thomas's "Fleeting Shadows" (43) is obscure—a young child propped up with pillows is patting a collie, whose sympathy seems almost human; but the expression of the girl's face is not childlike, but almost weary, as if she and sorrow or pain had long been intimate. In spite of this drawback, it is a delicate work, showing a master hand. Mr. Seymour Lucas's "Piping Times of Peace" (478) is broadly and effectively painted: a "soldier of fortune" who has hung up his sword and hauberk, and is taking his ease at the inn with a pipe and flagon of beer.

Amongst the other works to which we would call attention are Mr. C. Earle's "Tivoli Gardens" (15), Mr. E. Norbury's "August Fair, Boulogne" (35), a bold, but not altogether successful, attempt to make a night-picture in a style different to Mr. Whistler's; Mr. R. H. Carter's "Grandfa'r's Pet" (25); Miss Christina Ross's "Old Bridge at Bewick" (638) and "Mouth of the Tweed" (57); Mr. G. C. Kerr's "Evening Tide, Leigh, Essex" (73); Mr. W. Follen Bishop's "Maple-durham Mill" (99); Mr. Peter Ghent's "Moonlight on the Mersey" (101); Mr. W. H. Millais' "Spring Reflections" (124), a very delicate bit of English landscape; Mr. Ed. Caldwell's "Stage-struck" (142), an amusing study of dog life; Miss Ellen G. Hill's "Companion of her Solitude" (149), an episode in the child life of George Sand; Mr. Claude Hayes's "Changing Quarters" (158), a scene of gipsy life; M. Jules Lessore's delicate exterior of "St. Maclou" (176), and "Shoreham" (128); Mr. T. Pyne's "Hayfield" (197); Mr. John Watkins's "Une Vielle Paysanne" (201); Mr. P. Mitchell's "Fisherman's Haunts" (224), a nook on Dartmoor; Mr. C. E. Holloway's "King's Lynn" (282), "Gravesend" (421), and "Tower of London" (560); Mr. J. Aumonier's "Hastings Downs" (982 and 306); Mr H. R. Steer's "Evicted" (347), which, in spite of its poorness in colour and plagiarism of Hogarth, has many strong points; Mr. W. L. Wyllie's "Gill's Yard" (358); "The City of Rochester" discharging (532) and "The Providence" repairing (711); Mr. H. G. Hine's "Cuckmere Haven" (451), with its white cliffs and blue sea; Mr. G. S. Walter's "Sunshine and Shower" (481); Mr. John Scott's two scenes from Anderson's well-known story of "The Marsh King's Daughter" (510 and 873); Mr. Edwin Hayes' half-dozen sea-pieces, especially the "Pilot-Boat off the Mumbles" (513) and "Dover Roads" (926); Mr. Sherrin's animal studies, "Golden Plover" (545), "Stopped in his Flight" (573), and "On the Alert" (585)—two rabbits. Mr. Arthur Severn's "Silver Sea" (594) and "Barge in the Ice" (983); Mr. Wake Cook's "Arundel" (466); and Mr. Henry J. Stock's very imaginative works, "Man in the Clouds of Mortality" (690) and "Immortality Rescuing the Soul" (1050).

MR. GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA IN SYDNEY.

The *Sydney Morning Herald* of March 19 says:—"One of the most noteworthy incidents in our social life during the past week or two was the arrival by the mail steamer from San Francisco of Mr. G. A. Sala, who remained two or three days in Sydney before proceeding to Melbourne to commence his lecturing tour. Mr. Sala met with a very warm reception. The Mayor (Mr. Thomas Playfair), on the day after his arrival, invited him to an entertainment at the Townhall, at which Mr. Sala was introduced to a number of leading citizens; and on Saturday night last he was banqueted by the members of the Athenæum Club, at their premises in Hunter-street. Mr. J. R. Fairfax, president of the club, took the chair, having the guest of the evening and the Hon. W. B. Dalley, Acting Colonial Secretary, on his right hand. Mr. Dalley, in proposing the health of Mr. Sala, made one of his usual felicitous speeches, in which he paid a high compliment to Mr. Sala's literary powers. Mr. Sala made a most interesting speech in reply, alluding to the struggles and difficulties he had gone through, and claimed that he had never been false either to his own convictions or to the cause of journalism. He stated that one of the objects with which he had come to Australia was to describe it to the people of England as it really is, exaggerating nothing, but placing a faithful picture before his readers. Dr. Brereton, Mr. Curnow, Mr. F. Ward, Sir Patrick Jennings, and the Hon. E. Barton (Speaker), also delivered addresses, and the gathering was all through one of the most brilliant and most enjoyable that we have had in Sydney for many a day."

The Duke of Northumberland presided on the 1st inst. over the annual meeting of the Royal Institution.

The London Corporation has voted 100 guineas to the Gordon Memorial Fund at the Mansion House.

Mr. Gladstone visited the Institution of Civil Engineers last Saturday morning, and was shown the working of a new machine gun.

Mr. F. A. Bevan presided on Thursday week at the festival of the Home for Incurables, when subscriptions were announced to the amount of £1750.

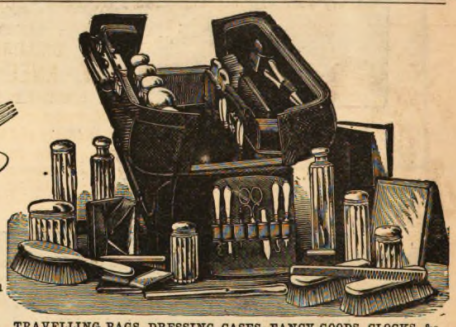
The trustees of the British Museum have (says the correspondent of the *Manchester Guardian*) acquired a beautiful drawing attributed to Filippo Lippi. It represents the Madonna seated, supporting the Child on her knee, while on each side of the throne are two saints. It is executed in pen and bistre. Fra Filippo was born about 1406, in Florence, and died in 1469.

In the presence of a large assembly of the Roman Catholic nobility, gentry, and priests of the Archdiocese of Westminster, a congratulatory address, and a purse of gold containing £2000, were on the 1st inst. presented by the Duke of Norfolk on behalf of the Catholic body of the metropolis to the Right Rev. Monsignor Gilbert, D.D., who for twenty-five years has discharged the duties of Vicar-General of the Archdiocese of Westminster.

Professor Vambéry, at the Society of Arts yesterday week, read a paper on Herat, of which, in 1869, he had spoken as the gate of India. Herat, he maintained, was a place of great importance in many respects; it was a jewel that had been coveted by every conqueror, as it was still coveted to-day. The inhabitants hated the Afghans and Persians, and their loftiest idea had always been the independence of Herat. To the present day, said M. Vambéry, Herat was the traditional highway to India.







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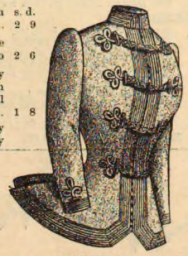
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DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S CHLORODYNE.—Vice-Chancellor Sir W. Page Wood stated publicly in Court that Dr. J. Collis Browne was undoubtedly the inventor of Chlorodyne; that the whole story of the defendant Freeman was deliberately untrue, and he regretted to say it had been sworn to.—See the "Times," July 13, 1864.

DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S CHLORODYNE.—The Right Hon. Earl Russell communicated to the College of Physicians and J. T. Davenport that he had received information to the effect that the only remedy of any service in cholera was Chlorodyne.—See "Lancet," Dec. 31, 1864.

DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S CHLORODYNE.—Extract from the "Medical Times," Jan. 12, 1863:—"In general body by scores of orthodox practitioners. Of course, it would not be thus singularly popular did it not supply a want and fill a place."

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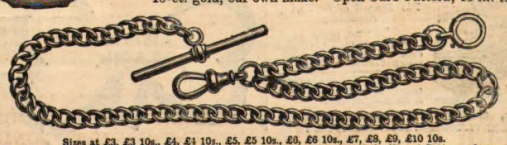
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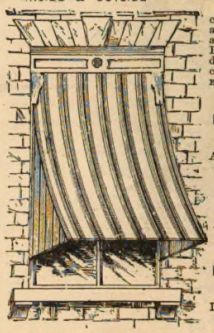
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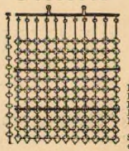
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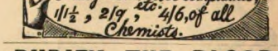
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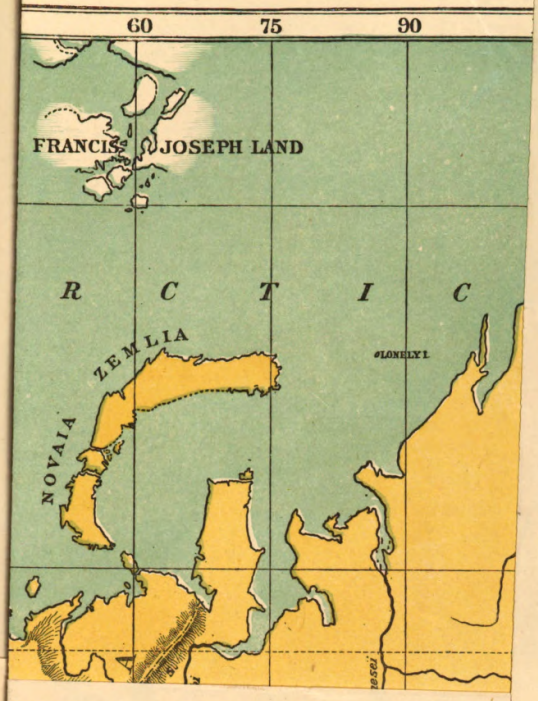
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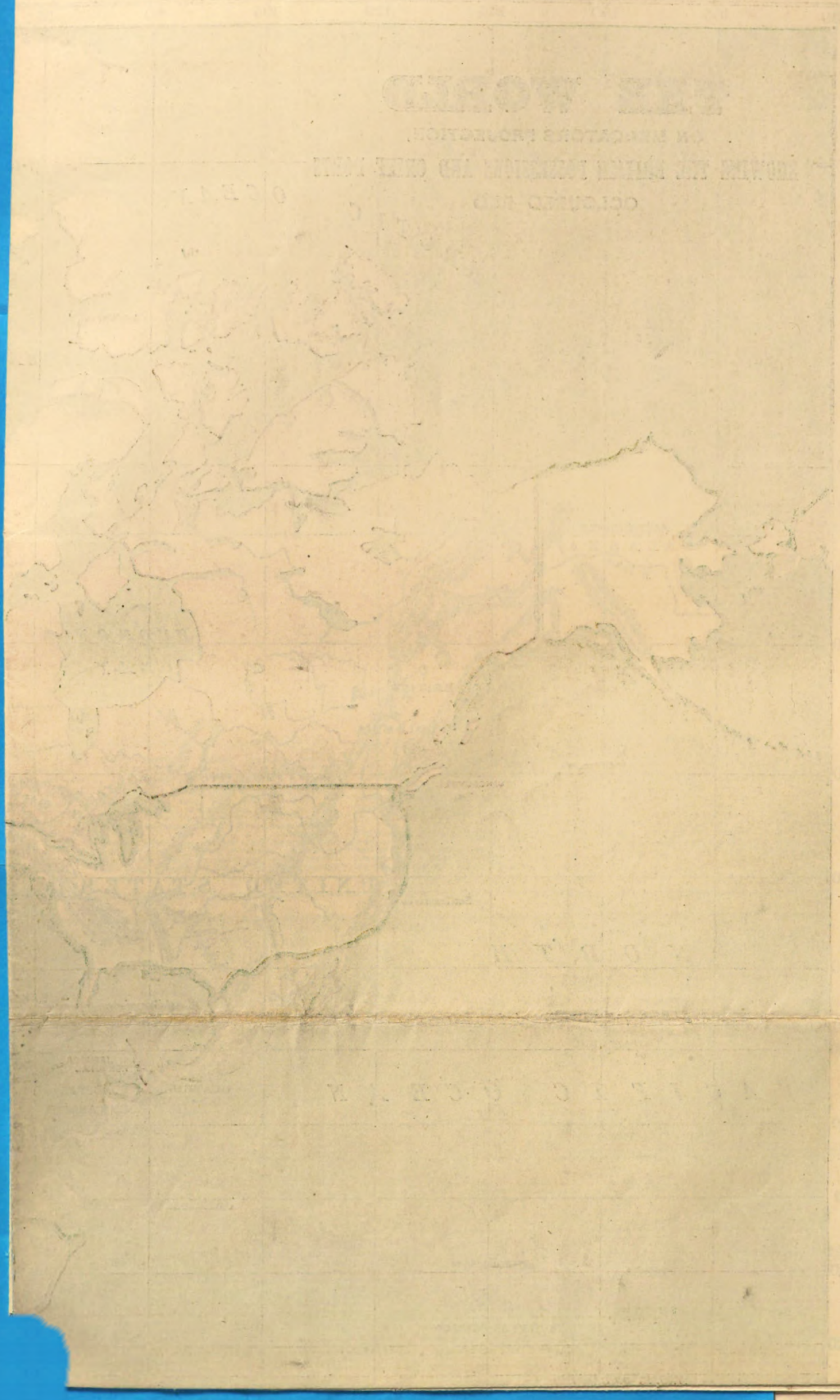
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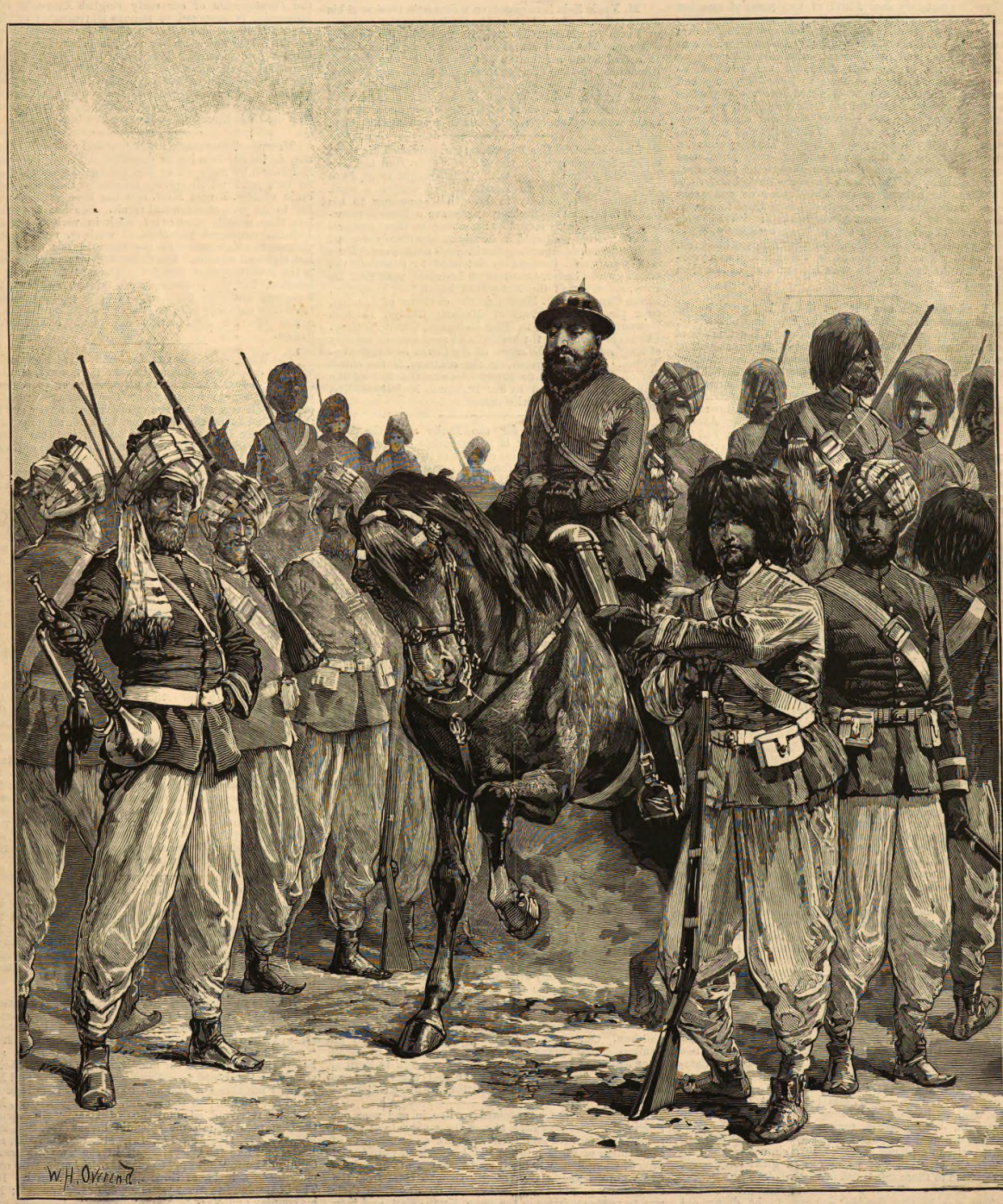

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THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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GENERAL GHOUS-UD-DIN KHAN, COMMANDER OF THE AFGHAN TROOPS AT PENJDEH, WITH HIS AFGHAN SOLDIERS.
FROM A SKETCH BY MR. W. SIMPSON, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST WITH THE AFGHAN BOUNDARY COMMISSION.

OUR NOTE-BOOK

The history of expensive yearlings is not very encouraging to "spirited" purchasers. Take the Two Thousand Guineas race of this year as an example. Of the seven that ran, Paradox, the winner, cost the comparatively moderate sum of 700 guineas as a yearling (though at two years of age the Duke of Westminster is said to have paid 6000 guineas for him, and to have sold him, after his failure in the Middle Park Plate, for 5000 guineas to Mr. Brodrick Cloete); the Chopette colt, the second, cost 800 guineas; the Child of the Mist, the third, was of the owner's own breeding; but of the unplaced four, Langwell, the only one that was obtained by purchase, cost 1150 guineas as a yearling. As for Rosy Morn, who cost 2000 guineas as a yearling and unfortunately turned roarer, he certainly won £1947 at two years of age, but not a stiver more; and Goldsmith, who cost 2550 guineas as a yearling; Brother to Althotas, who cost 1250 guineas; Anglesey, who cost 1000 guineas; Lucebit, who cost 1050 guineas; and St. Honorat, who cost 4000 guineas at two years of age—all these did not so much as run for the Guineas, and seem to have been very bad bargains. Of the two-year-olds that have run as yet this season, the most successful has been The Bard, who cost as a yearling only 650 guineas, and has already won nearly five thousand in stakes. That is the sort of hit to make. When you can get an Eclipse for 150 guineas, a Musjid for about the same amount (only purchasers would not give so much for him, though he afterwards won the Derby), a Caractacus for some three hundred, a Voltigeur for a hundred (at which price he was "sent away" unbought as a yearling), one is inclined to ask, in the words of a frequent advertisement: "Why give more?" The answer, of course, is that "some men has plenty money and no brains," as the Claimant observed, and so they give 4100 guineas for a Maximilian as a yearling, and the first race he wins is a handicap of less than £300 at four years of age.

Readers of the huge report issued last week by the Commission on the Housing of the Poor are not likely, until they forget what they have read, to boast much of our civilisation. Overcrowding—one of the great evils of great cities—brings in its train disease and immorality, and prevents the possibility of rising into a higher life. The lethargy caused by this state of things among the poor themselves seems to have extended to local authorities. Nor is this all, for too often abuses have been allowed by vestries from interested motives. The existing Acts, if carried out, would have relieved much misery; but the love of money-making has proved stronger than justice and humanity, and even the railway companies are said constantly to avoid the obligation of providing for the families they displace. The recommendations of the Commissioners are, of course, numerous. Among the most important of them may be mentioned the stringent application of the sanitary and other Acts now in existence, the appointment of more and better qualified inspectors, the removal of the London prisons, and the conveyance of the sites to the Metropolitan Board for the erection of dwellings. The evils caused by congestion in great cities are patent enough; the remedies are not so obvious. Acts of Parliament can do something, and doubtless there is virtue in compulsion; but no Act will do away with the greed and selfishness that stand in the way of progress. Man's inhumanity to man—an inhumanity displayed by indifference as well as by overt acts—is at the root of much of the misery which the Commissioners have been so loyally striving to diminish.

Ever since the date of the Fire of London, at which time tennis was introduced into England, it has always been a most popular game with all classes. But though there have been professional players whose mission has been chiefly to instruct aspirants, there has been an absence of match-making and striving after championships which has tended to degrade so many other sports. Foot-racing, rowing, cricket, and bicycling, have all in their turn degenerated by so-called international competitions. These have generally been organised with the object, not of seeing the better man win, but of extracting as many shillings as possible from the pockets of those who desired to witness the trials. The result has been collections of mobs of the lower classes, who bet, misconduct themselves, and encourage rowdyism. America has now challenged England to a tennis-match—Lambert, of Lord's Ground, and Pettitt, of Boston, respectively, representing their nations. No inconvenience is likely to result from one such bout; but it will be a pity if so-called professional tennis-playing be countenanced, so that the game be allowed to sink to the level of boxing and wrestling matches.

The late Earl of Dudley, whose familiar figure was known to modern Londoners only as that of a weak and ailing old man, was one of the foremost athletes and sportsmen of his time. When at Oxford, in the years 1841 and 1842, he, then Lord Ward, was accounted one of the fastest bowlers at cricket which the University had known. Twice he played in the Eleven against Cambridge, in each of the matches obtaining a large percentage of the light-blue wickets. He was also a magnificent billiard-player, and his delight, twenty years ago, used to be to play "fancy" games with the then champion, John Roberts, senior. On one occasion the professional used his umbrella against the Earl's cue, the latter conceding points and winning a close and exciting match, the originality of which caused great amusement at the time to those interested in the game.

The war in the Soudan appears to be dying out gradually of itself, like a burnt candle; but it will leave behind it a strong smell of income tax.

Laws have altered, prisons have altered; but the instinct of prisoners remains the same at all times. This week a convict was sentenced at Middlesex Sessions to five years' penal servitude for breaking out of Holloway Jail, while detained there on a charge of felony. For the same offence the notorious Jack Sheppard was hanged. But this latter man was made a hero, and his life deemed of sufficient interest to occupy no less accomplished a novelist than Harrison Ainsworth; and a drama on the same subject was an immense success. Mrs. Keeley played the part of the highwayman at the Adelphi Theatre for what was an unusually long run in those days, and subsequently repeated her performance in Paris. We hear of little misguided urchins committing all sorts of offences because they have been fired by pernicious literature, and emulate the deeds of Jack Sheppard. The poor wretch Oxley, who climbed a stack of timber fifty yards high, and dived into a canal and swam forty yards, but was captured on a housetop after what is unpitifully called "an exciting chase," has been sent back prosaically to durance vile, and the world will probably hear no more of him. For his sake, let us hope not.

M. Emile Zola is engaged on a dramatic version of his novel "Germinal," which will be produced at the Ambigu, or Porte St. Martin Theatre, in Paris, in the ensuing autumn. The great sensation scene will be an explosion in a coal-mine, a situation already used by two English dramatists, the late Charles Reade and Mr. Henry Pettitt, in an Adelphi melodrama called "Love or Money." The great French realist, though he has had a hand with dramatisation of his other works, has not avowed himself as the author of the plays. "Germinal" will be an exception.

Since Max O'Rell, a French author, published his views on English society under the title of "John Bull and His Isle," and followed it up with "The Daughters of John Bull," and "A Foreign Resident" has written a work descriptive of "Society in London" according to his lights, it is almost refreshing to observe a French newspaper which openly avows its ignorance on these matters. A daily journal published in Bordeaux is certainly original in its statements regarding the English aristocracy. Here is a paragraph, presumably intended to announce the marriage of Gladys, Countess of Lonsdale, with Earl De Grey, eldest son of the Marquis of Ripon:—"Yesterday, at the Church of St. Martin, in the environs of London, took place the marriage of Madame Gladys, Duchess Dowager of Londesal, to Milor Robinson, Count De Grey. The bride belongs to the highest and most ancient nobility of England, and is the sister of the Count of Pembroke-Wilton. The bridegroom, on the contrary, is the eldest son of that Marquis de Ripoy who was the first of the Nababs to be ennobled by her Britannic Majesty." The "on the contrary" is delicious.

When a candidate for the Derby wins the Two Thousand by a head only, it is reasonable enough for his friends to be alarmed for his chances of the greater event; especially when there is a formidable competitor, who did not run for the Two Thousand, to be reckoned with for the Derby. So that the followers of Paradox may well quake when they think of Melton, to say nothing of other horses that may compete at Epsom. Still, to win at all is better than to lose; and yet losers of the Two Thousand, like Octavius (third in 1812), Whisker (not placed in 1815), Daniel O'Rourke (not placed in 1852), Kettledrum (second by three lengths to Diophantus in 1861), Kingcraft (third in 1870), Cremorne (second to Prince Charlie in 1872), Doncaster (not placed in 1873), Silvio (third in 1877), Sefton (third in 1878), Iroquois (second in 1881), St. Blaise (not placed in 1883), and Harvester (third last year) have won (for a dead-heat, not "run off," is as good as a "win") the subsequent Derby, and *à fortiori* should a winner of the Two Thousand (though he win but by the skin of his teeth) proceed to a further success at Epsom. On the other hand, the examples given may encourage the detractors of Paradox, seeing how often a loser of the Guineas (especially when second or third) has "illustrated" himself at Epsom. Thus both admirers and depreciators of Paradox may find balm to an equal extent by drawing perfectly legitimate but diametrically opposite conclusions; which is an unusual and a gratifying phenomenon.

It is not quite correct to say that the Derby has never been won by a nameless candidate; it was won in 1797 by an unnamed son of Fidget and Sister to Pharamond. Still, there is certainly a superstition in favour of giving a name before running a horse for the Derby; though old Lord Glasgow used to say—not without reason—that a horse should win a name by winning something worth having first: otherwise the name chosen may be most inappropriate; as was the case with the late Lord Stamford's Fortunatus, whose performances were such that he had to be renamed The Reverse.

The schools and colleges of the Southern States of America value the New Orleans Exposition very highly for educational purposes, and Professors, with fifty or sixty pupils, are continually arriving to spend a week or two in the city, and examine the exhibits. The interest with which young people thus escorted listen to the explanations given by exhibitors is quite refreshing, and in marked contrast with the demeanour on similar occasions of British children. Our boys and girls go stolidly through an exhibition, and appear to regard the acquisition of useful knowledge as a bore. They are ready enough to learn in school-time, but what they dislike and set their faces against is the admixture of instruction with recreation.

People who are accustomed to live in and near our great cities have very little idea of the rapid rate at which respectable farmers and their sons are emigrating, or of the number of English farms and homesteads untenanted even at marvellously reduced rents. No less than eighty-five vigorous young men of the yeoman class from the old country passed through Montreal on May 1, on their way to settle on farms in the great North-West, and they spoke of themselves merely as an advanced guard who would be followed by hundreds more.

Madame Christine Nilsson has been received in Paris with immense enthusiasm. The last time she was heard in the gay city was two years ago, at a fête given for the benefit of the sufferers at Ischia. Some great singer was taken ill at the last moment, and Christine Nilsson, who happened that day to be passing through Paris, en route for New York, came in her travelling costume, just as she was, and sang like a nightingale. She insisted, this spring, that her first appearance after her long absence should be for some work of charity; so she sang on behalf of the Blind, at the Trocadéro. Not only did she conscientiously go through every item on the programme, but sang several other favourite airs, winding up with a curious Swedish melody, and accompanying herself on the piano. Large as the stage of the Trocadéro is, it was literally covered with bouquets and baskets of flowers before the end of the evening.

The month of May, which is so rich in wild flowers, brings with it a couple that in provincial France are considered sovereign remedies for two of the worst physical ills that departing winter leaves as its legacy to mortals. An infusion of the yellow blossoms of the wild broom, the *Plantagenista* of our early English Kings, if taken internally, is supposed to remove all remnants of rheumatic affections; and a *tisane* made from the sweet flowers of the white hawthorn, or may, is invaluable for sore throats and glandular affections. We do not study "simples" half enough in this country, and yet when so large a proportion of our population is continually emigrating to the remote parts of the colonies, where they are out of the way of drugs and doctors, it would surely be a desirable branch of ordinary education.

How much one single intelligent and energetic woman may do for her country is exemplified at the Inventions Exhibition by the work of the Donegal Industrial Fund, an enterprise which sprang originally from the fertile brain of Mrs. Ernest Hart, and has been carried on by her to its present successful result. She has opened no less than seventy centres of work in various parts of Ireland, employed hundreds of workers, and brought thousands of pounds into the Emerald Isle during the last eighteen months. The Celtic flax-on-flax embroidery is the invention that justifies a place in the present exhibition, but the picturesque art fabrics, and beautiful hangings made by the hands of Irish peasant women, show how curiously akin to that of Oriental nations is the native eye for combination of colour and intricate design.

The Whip which was run for last week at Newmarket, whether it belonged to King Charles the Second, or to his favourite Buckingham, or to an equerry, or to a simple postillion, was in former times the most coveted of all prizes, as it was seldom run or challenged for by any but the best horses of the day; since 1795, for all its prestige and with the hair of Eclipse to form a wristband, there has been as often as not, or oftener than not, no challenge for it or no acceptance of the challenge. It was the trophy for which, in 1756, a Matchem and a Trajan ran to decide their relative merits; now it brings out a Cosmos and a Louis d'Or (bred in France), stout horses but of inferior class. That a French-bred horse should run at all for the Newmarket Whip is enough to make Mr. "Matchem" Fenwick, the "Butcher" Cumberland of "Dumplin" memory, and my Lord Grosvenor who owned "Pot8os," turn in their graves. In these times of "business" and "gate-meetings," when owners hunger after "public money," and when a winner of the Derby may fetch 14,000 guineas, gentlemen-sportsmen will not risk their most valuable horses over the four miles of the Beacon Course for a poor old whip, a paltry 200 guineas apiece, and, perhaps, a beating that would depreciate the beaten at the stud and in the market. "Autres temps, autres mœurs."

A May meeting of a novel and very charming kind took place on the 12th and 13th at South Kensington, when orchids from all parts of the world were gathered together under the auspices of the Royal Horticultural Society. The exhibition was simply lovely, and included varieties of "Ladies' Slippers" from Borneo and Peru, from the jungles of Hindostan, and the liana-tangled forests of tropical America. The "Moth" orchids from the Philippine Islands, and the Vandas from Java were in full force, and so were the Cattleyas, Dendrobes, and Odontiglossa. These were the aristocracy of the orchid tribes, and as one came out into the Exhibition-road there were women selling bunches of the plebeian meadow orchis, and on the Hampshire Downs the bee orchises are just peering out, and will probably be in bloom by Whitsuntide.

Mr. Robert MacLane, the new Minister of the United States to Paris, has been most happily chosen. He was educated at the Collége Bourbon, and there formed ties and friendships which he has kept up ever since. He has visited Paris whenever he could, and regards his future residence there with the feelings of a man returning to a circle where he is sure to find himself a welcome guest.

Roberts and Richards, to adopt the style of the nursery rhymes, were two pretty men; and last week they played two matches at billiards. The first, in which Mr. Roberts allowed Mr. Richards the "spot" and confined himself to "all round" in a game of 12,000 up, was a farce, and had to be broken off in the middle, as Mr. Richards, being out of practice, could do nothing with the "spot" and Mr. Roberts ran ahead so fast and so far that his antagonist could not see him; in the second, of 6000 points up, Mr. Richards receiving an allowance of 2000, "all round," the champion made some splendid breaks (250, 247, 207 202, 167, 153, 159, 129, 125, 121, 116, 109, 108, 106, and 105); but, like the Chopette colt in the Two Thousand, could not quite "get up," so that Mr. Richards, who only once made a break of three figures (118), won by 109. The Champion has never yet made 500 "all round"; but his country expects it of him, and even "a thousand up" should not be beyond his reach, if he has an eye to Westminster Abbey.

MUSIC.

THE CARL ROSA OPERA COMPANY, DRURY-LANE THEATRE.

The production of the English version of M. Massenet's "Manon" occurred too late (on Thursday week) for notice until now. The work was originally brought out at Paris, in January 1884, and was first given, with the English text adapted by Mr. Joseph Bennett, by Mr. Carl Rosa's company at the Court Theatre, Liverpool, last January. The composer has for some years been eminent among French musicians. His most important work hitherto was "Le Roi de Lahore," produced at Paris in 1877, and brought out in an Italian version at our Royal Italian Opera-House some two years afterwards. As will readily be inferred, the book of "Manon" (by MM. Meilhac and Gille) is founded on the well-known romance by the Abbé Prévost; a clever but somewhat repulsive tale of heartlessness and profligacy. There is no need here to detail minutely all the incidents of the elopement of Manon—when on her way to a convent—with the Chevalier Des Grieux; their flight to Paris; her desertion of him in favour of a richer lover; the detection of the Chevalier in (unconsciously) cheating at cards at a gambling-house, through the treacherous agency of Manon's cousin, Lescaut, who is mixed up with much of the villany of the plot; the arrest of both Manon and the Chevalier as accomplices—they having renewed their acquaintance; the rescue of him by the Count, his father, and the final catastrophie of her death in the arms of her lover when on her way to transportation. The framework of the book offers some opportunities for contrasted musical effects, of which the composer has in several instances made good use. The concerted music of the opening scene in the courtyard of the inn at Amiens, with the bustle of arriving and departing travellers, is very animated. A pleasing air, "A simple maid," for Manon, a duet for her and the Chevalier, and an effective finale give interest to the music of the first act. The second act, which takes place in the retreat of the lovers at Paris, is brief, but contains a good duet for the pair, a dramatic quartet for them and De Bretigny (the wealthy rival) and Lescaut; and a charming air, "With Fancy's eye," for Des Grieux, which was one of the special successes of the evening. The third act is the longest, and opens with some very effective music, choral and solo, in the scene of the open-air fête in the Cours de la Reine. The interspersed dance music, in the antique style, has a good effect. In this act occurs a new scena, written by the composer expressly for Madame Marie Roze. It proved one of the principal successes of the evening, having been enthusiastically encored. In the following scene, the parlour in the Seminary of St. Sulpice, the snatches of sacred music introduced are not particularly happy, the best feature in the scene being the duet for Manon and Des Grieux, in which she gradually dissuades him from adopting a religious life, and persuades him to renew his acquaintance with her. The opening of the fourth act, in the gambling-saloon, contains some well-contrasted music—the contending emotions of the principal characters, the levity of the three actresses, Poussette, Javotte, and Rosette, and the angry disputation of the sharpers and their victims being well reflected by the composer. The closing scene contains little beyond the final duet for the dying Manon and her infatuated lover in which there is much dramatic expression.

The music of "Manon" is somewhat reflective of the influence which Wagner has so largely exercised over nearly all the composers of the present time. There are few distinct pieces which will bear severance from their stage associations. The orchestral details are rich and varied, and some of the climaxes are effective; and altogether, with good acting and singing, and an excellent mise-en-scène, the opera proved highly effective. Madame Marie Roze—as at Liverpool—acted and sang admirably in the title-character, and Mr. Maas gave the music of the Chevalier Des Grieux with great charm of voice and style, this being a change from the Liverpool cast, as was the Guillot Morfontaine of Mr. Charles Lyall, an excellent piece of humorous acting in the part of an old beau pretending to the good graces of Manon. Repetitions of the Liverpool cast were the Lescaut of Mr. Ludwig and the Count of Mr. Burgon, each of high efficiency, dramatic and vocal, Mr. W. Clifford having sustained the part of De Bretigny with gentlemanly beari g. Misses Bensberg, Fenn, and Burton were pleasing representatives of the lively actresses. The opera was well rendered throughout; the costumes and the mise-en-scène are excellent—Mr. Harris's skill in stage management being largely apparent. Mr. Goossens conducted ably.

The Philharmonic Society gave the fifth and last concert but one of the seventy-third season last week, when Herr Dvořák's Pianoforte Concerto in G minor was very finely played by Herr F. Rummel, the composer having conducted its performance. Of the concerto—an elaborate and characteristic work—we have already spoken. Other features of the concert now referred to require no comment beyond a recognition of the continued improvements in the orchestral performances since the appointment of Sir Arthur Sullivan as permanent conductor.

The Royal Society of Musicians gave the 147th anniversary festival at St. James's Hall last Thursday week, when Mr. Charles Santley presided. Our excellent baritone made a speech, in which he expressed doubts as to the great progress which music is alleged to have made in this country, excepting in so far as the excessive multiplication of students is concerned. Other speeches were made, and musical performances were contributed by several eminent artists. The subscriptions amounted to about £800.

The Sacred Harmonic Society gave its second annual conversazione—supplemental to its concert season—yesterday (Friday) week, when musical performances were contributed by several eminent artists. The proceedings took place in Prince's Hall, and the galleries of the Royal Institute of Painters in Water Colours.

The third of the present series of Richter Concerts took place at St. James's Hall last Monday evening, when the performances opened with Beethoven's cantata, "Meeresstille und Glückliche Fahrt"—for chorus and orchestra—a work that has been seldom heard. It was composed in 1815, and, although brief and not ranking among the most important of its composer's works, there is much beauty in it. Brahms's "Rhapsody" for alto solo, male chorus, and orchestra, was given for the first time here. It is conceived in a solemn style appropriate to Goethe's text, which suggested it. The alto solo passages were very well sung by Miss Lena Little. Other items of the programme require no comment.

Señor Sarasate's third orchestral concert at St. James's Hall, last Monday afternoon, brought forward a new concerto, composed by M. Bernard, which the great Spanish violinist performed with admirable skill and finish. The chief merit of the work consists in the opportunities afforded for the display of these qualities on the part of the executant. Other portions of the programme were too familiar to need comment. Mr. W. G. Cusins conducted, as before.

Mr. Charles Hallé began a new series of his excellent "Chamber-Music Concerts" at Prince's Hall, on Saturday afternoon, when he was assisted in his pianoforte performances by Madame Norman-Néruda (violin), and Herr Franz Néruda (violoncello). At the same time, that accomplished pianist, Mdlle. Kleeberg, gave a recital at St. James's Hall, with an interesting and varied programme.

Miss Emma Barnett gave a Pianoforte Recital at Prince's Hall on Monday afternoon, when she played a selection of pieces, classical and brilliant, with high technical skill and refined taste.

Madame Puzzi gave a "Matinée Musicale d'Invitation" at St. George's Hall, Langham-place, on Monday, when the programme included Mr. Randegger's pleasant little opera, "The Rival Beauties."

Herr Peiniger—a skilful violinist—gave the first of two recitals at Prince's Hall on Tuesday afternoon, the second being announced for May 26.

Madame Frickenhaus (pianist) and Herr Ludwig (violinist) began a new series of chamber concerts at Prince's Hall on Thursday evening, their programme having comprised solo and concerted instrumental music, and vocal duets contributed by Miss L. Phillips and Madame Fassett.

Madame Viard-Louis's interesting Beethoven Concerts, with herself as pianist, have entered a third series, the second matinée of which was announced for yesterday (Friday).

Mr. Ambrose Austin's concert at the Royal Albert Hall this (Saturday) afternoon offers rare attractions in the co-operation of some of the most eminent vocal and instrumental artists—an orchestra and chorus of large proportions being engaged, with Mr. W. G. Cusins as conductor.

Of the concert of Mr. Geaussent's choir, including the first performance of a Patriotic Hymn composed and conducted by Herr Dvořák, and the first hearing in St. James's Hall of Mr. McKenzie's cantata "Jason," we must speak next week.

A military concert, for the benefit of the Egyptian War fund, will be given next Monday evening at the Hôtel Métropole, Northumberland-avenue.

At the Highbury Athenæum next Monday will be given, by the Philharmonic Society of that locality, an evening concert. The programme will comprise "Constance of Calais" (an entirely new cantata, composed expressly for the society by Dr. Gladstone, to be performed on the 18th inst. for the first time), "Alexander's Feast," and Haydn's "Symphony No. 11."

Mr. Charlton J. Spear's fourth annual pianoforte recital is announced for next Wednesday evening at Prince's Hall.

The Balfe Memorial Concert at the Royal Albert Hall is to take place on June 10—not, as previously stated, on May 27.

Sir Julius Benedict, having recovered from his severe illness, is arranging for his annual morning concert, the date of which is, we believe, June 17. It is intended to include dramatic performances in the programme, some eminent members of the profession having volunteered their services.

Mr. Carl Weber's second annual concert was announced for Friday evening (May 15), at Prince's Hall—Miss Ida Weber, violinist, and Miss Hilda Wilson, vocalist, assisting.

Mrs. Dutton Cook's morning concert will take place on Wednesday afternoon, the 27th inst., at 1, Belgrave-square, by kind permission of Mr. R. D. Sassoon. The programme is of the most attractive character, including recitals by Mr. Wilson Barrett and Mrs. Bernard-Beere and an entertainment by Mr. George Grossmith.

Dr. Ferdinand Hiller died on Sunday, at Cologne, where he had resided for many years. He was born in 1811, and earned distinction as a pianist in his early youth, and soon became one of the most finished performers of his time. For many years, however, his chief attention was devoted to composition; his works—in almost every form, including operas, oratorios, symphonies, overtures, and a large quantity of pianoforte music—reaching a very great number. He was a man of extensive acquirements in other directions, and has left some interesting records of his intimate friendship with Mendelssohn.

TRIAL OF THE DYNAMITE CONSPIRATORS.

The trial of James Cunningham, alias Gilbert, and of Henry Burton, for treason-felony and conspiracy in procuring the dynamite explosions at the Tower of London and at the Houses of Parliament on Jan. 24, and at several other places in London upon previous occasions, was commenced on Monday at the Central Criminal Court, Old Bailey, before Mr. Justice Hawkins. The Attorney-General, the Solicitor-General, Mr. Poland, and Mr. R. S. Wright conducted the prosecution on behalf of the Crown; Mr. H. C. Richards and Mr. H. E. Duke defended Cunningham; the prisoner Burton was represented by Mr. Little. The Attorney-General, Sir Henry James, stated the case, and a great number of witnesses gave evidence on Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday, persons employed at the Victoria Station, where the explosion took place on Jan. 26, 1884, at the Charing-cross, Ludgate-hill, Gower-street, and Broad-street Stations, at shops in London and Southampton, and at hotels and lodging-houses in Liverpool and in London, and at a cabinet-maker's workshop in Limehouse where Burton was employed for a short time. It was proved that both men came from America last December, but that Burton had been in London early last year, coming from France, and had returned to New York. The evidence, much of which is already familiar to readers of the proceedings at the Bow-street Police Court was partly occupied with descriptions of the boxes and bags in the possession of these men, and of the exploding apparatus discovered in the cloak-rooms of the railway stations, the action of which was explained by scientific experts. The circumstances of the actual explosions at the Victoria Station and on the Metropolitan Railway, in Scotland-yard and St. James's-square, and at the Tower and Westminster Palace, would afterwards be explained; but the trial could scarcely be finished by the end of the week. The extreme sentence would be penal servitude for life.

Notices of the Royal Academy, Grosvenor Gallery, and Paris Salon, and Reviews of New Books and Musical Publications, are unavoidably held over.

Lord Ashley presided on Tuesday afternoon, in Willis's Rooms, over the annual meeting of the members and friends of the General Domestic Servants' Benevolent Institute.

Lord and Lady Aberdeen entertained 300 of the residents of the Homes for Working Girls in London to tea at Stafford Rooms, on Monday evening.

The annual Italian ball for the benefit of the French Hospital and Italian Benevolent Society, was held on Tuesday night at the Freemasons' Tavern.

The Queen has honoured Mr. F. Sargent with her commands to submit his picture of her Majesty's Drawingroom, now being exhibited at 175, New Bond-street, to her Majesty at Buckingham Palace.

Lord John Manners, M.P., presided at the annual banquet of the Royal Literary Fund, held at Willis's Rooms, on the 6th inst., when a subscription-list, headed by the Queen's annual donation of £105, to the amount of £800 was announced.

Last week 2429 births and 1465 deaths were registered in London. The latter included 44 from smallpox, 91 from measles, 13 from scarlet fever, 24 from diphtheria, 46 from whooping-cough, 2 from typhus, and 12 from enteric fever. The deaths from smallpox were exclusive of 22 in the Metropolitan Asylum Hospitals.

THE SILENT MEMBER.

The House of Commons learnt on Tuesday from the highest source that it was within "a measurable distance" of Dissolution. Everybody knew the end could not be far off. But there was the inevitable shock when the Prime Minister on Tuesday made passing reference in the coolest manner to the gravely significant fact that the General Election would probably take place in "the latter part of the autumn." The prospect is not altogether reassuring to Liberals contemplating courting the new constituencies. Mr. Gladstone's Government have in the course of a few years gathered such a harvest of troubles abroad, and increased expenditure so vastly at home, that it will need considerable ingenuity to retain public confidence in the Liberal, Radical, and Whig leaders jointly responsible for the many sins of commission and of omission.

The truth is, the Conservative Party has never had in recent times a more favourable opportunity of returning to power. Could the Conservative chiefs but formulate a statesman-like and broad policy on "Tory-democratic" lines, and sincerely act up to it, they would in all probability gain the popular vote, and reach the haven of office once again. But the genius of Lord Beaconsfield is apparently needed to secure this result.

As regards both Russia and the Soudan, things have taken such a pacific turn that Parliament would hardly be surprised if the Prime Minister were to propose that swords should be turned into ploughshares. The Duke of Argyll has brought his logical mind to bear on the Russian advance in Asia. His Grace began his calming speech in the House of Lords on Monday, and was impartially bestowing his hits upon the Premier and the Marquis of Salisbury for their recent warlike addresses when he was interrupted by a painful incident. A cry escaped from a Peer seated on one of the benches behind the noble Duke; and consternation was caused when it was found that Lord Dormer had fallen back in a fit, and was insensible. His Lordship happily recovered in a quarter of an hour. But the Duke of Argyll did not resume his remarks till Tuesday, when he cited cogent reasons why India should be regarded as perfectly safe from attack. "When they do agree, their unanimity is wonderful." It was surprising to find for the nonce that the Marquis of Salisbury (who had previously formally explained that his Hackney aspersions of Russia were only meant in a Pickwickian sense) and the Earl of Kimberley and Lord Cranbrook coincided in the main with the Duke of Argyll's argument—the Opposition leaders not unnaturally entering a plea for the "scientific frontier" they had formerly prided themselves upon conceiving for India.

Monday's sitting in the Commons was very animated. The Marquis of Hartington, to begin with, had yet another explanation to offer with respect to the Soudan. His formal announcement that the British troops were to be withdrawn from the Soudan was received with ironical cheers from the Opposition, and with sympathetic cheers from the Radical benches. The noble Lord said the Government had decided to abandon the intention of advancing on Khartoum, and would withdraw our forces from Dongola to the "line of Wady Halfa or Assouan as the effective frontier of Egypt." Souakim is to be held until "arrangements for holding it by some other Power can be made." The Souakim-Berber railway is not to be pushed on as a military work; but it was implied that no discouragement would be offered to any commercial or philanthropical association which might be formed to continue the railway with the view of opening up the Soudan to civilisation. There is a possibility of this scheme, by-the-way, being tried.

It then became the duty of Mr. Gladstone to make a statement similar to that which Earl Granville had made a short time before in "another place." Repeating that the Penjdeh incident had been referred to the judgment of a friendly Sovereign, the Prime Minister added that Lords Granville and Kimberley had met M. De Staal and M. Lessar in consultation, and had arrived at an agreement with regard to the Afghan frontier. This agreement, as both Earl Granville and Mr. Gladstone stated in qualifying explanations on Tuesday, has been referred to the Russian Government for consideration. But the most hopeful feeling prevails—especially as the arrangement approved by the Foreign Secretary and the Russian Ambassador was said by Mr. Gladstone to have received the sanction of Lord Dufferin and the Council of India, whilst the Government have a "full assurance that we are acting in harmony with" the Ameer.

The Vote of Credit for £11,000,000 is still to be persevered with as a matter of prudence and safety. This Mr. Gladstone explained on Monday in moving the second reading of the Consolidated Fund Bill. Lord George Hamilton was not, however, to be dissuaded from moving his amendment in the most trenchant language: "That this House, having shown its readiness to grant such supplies as may be required for the defence of the Empire, is of opinion that, before proceeding with this bill, it is entitled to receive adequate information as to the present policy of her Majesty's Government in respect of the purposes to which the money granted by the recent Vote of Credit is to be applied." With similar pungency, Mr. Chamberlain replied, affording the noble Lord not only information but vigorous argument, the President of the Board of Trade easily moving Ministerialists to laughter, much as judges excite the mirth of budding barristers, by flinging this little quotation at the mover:—

> Proud of his speech, the King grew vain,
> And fought his battles o'er again;
> And thrice he routed all his foes,
> And thrice he slew the slain.

Like the British at Waterloo, Ministers never know when they are beaten. Thus, the Marquis of Hartington, nothing daunted by Lord Randolph Churchill's lively and witty philippic, came up smiling; and with equal cheeriness did Mr. Gladstone respond to Sir Stafford Northcote's attack. Still, Government only obtained a majority of 30—Lord George Hamilton's amendment being negatived by 290 against 260.

Her Majesty's message announcing the forthcoming marriage of Princess Beatrice and Prince Henry of Battenberg was brought up on Tuesday by Mr. Gladstone, and was received with customary courtesy by all save one or two irreconcilable followers of Mr. Parnell. Thursday was fixed for the consideration of the "suitable provision," opposition to which, on principle, was announced by Mr. Labouchere. It does not seem long ago since Sir Charles Dilke filled the same rôle.

Yet another tough fight took place on Tuesday evening over the Voters' Registration Bill, Sir Massey Lopes moving, "That the bill be recommitted for the purpose of receiving a clause providing for the repeal of so much of any Act or Acts relating to Parliamentary registration in counties and boroughs as makes the expenses of overseers of the poor and clerks of the peace or town clerks a legal charge upon the local rates." With spirit was the debate continued after the Premier had promised considerable grants in relief to the local rates. In view of Mr. Gladstone's parenthetical allusion to the proximity of the General Election, it may be accepted that there was real feeling in the resounding cheers with which Ministerialists greeted the announcement of the result of the division—rejection of the motion by 280 against 258 votes: a majority of 22 for the Government. Ere the House rose, Sir Henry James had the satisfaction of securing the third reading of the bill.



TRIAL OF THE DYNAMITE CONSPIRATORS AT THE CENTRAL CRIMINAL COURT, OLD BAILEY: SKETCHES IN COURT.



THE AFGHAN BOUNDARY: THE NIALSHENI PASS, ON THE HERI-RUD.

FROM A SKETCH BY MR. W. SIMPSON, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST WITH THE AFGHAN BOUNDARY COMMISSION.



DRAWN BY F. BARNARD.

She rose from the low chair in which she had been sitting; and, taking Clare by the shoulders, forced her down into it. "Come," she said, as she perched herself sideways upon the arm; "what is it all about!"

ADRIAN VIDAL.

BY W. E. NORRIS,

AUTHOR OF "MDLLE. DE MERSAC," "MATRIMONY," "THIRLBY HALL," &C.

CHAPTER XXXII.

SOME FRIENDLY HINTS.

It was not without some trouble that Percy Kean persuaded Adrian to give up the idea of publishing a crushing reply to the *Scorpion*. "If your soul thirsts for vengeance," he said, "wait till you see a good opportunity of retaliating, and then come down upon them like a wolf on the fold. But I should strongly advise you to take no notice. In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred it is wiser to take no notice. Moreover, I have a notion that you won't write a great many more critiques for the *Anglo-Saxon*."

"You don't think it is paying, then?" asked Adrian, anxiously.

"I am quite sure it is not. With what amount of capital it started I don't know; but I will venture to prophesy that it will last just as long as that amount lasts, and no longer."

This was not pleasant hearing for Adrian; yet, when he was once more alone, it was less the probable collapse of the *Anglo-Saxon* that distressed him than the thought of that venomous article as to which he had been told that he would be wise to keep silence. How many people would understand the significance of the allusion to his private life he could not tell; but he feared that a good many would, at all events, perceive that the words conveyed an allusion of some kind. About this time he became nervously observant of trifles, and soon saw, or fancied he saw, that the nicest women of his acquaintance were not quite so cordial in their manner towards him as they had been, while the others were growing more so.

Walking up St. James's-street one day, he chanced upon Egerton, who stopped to speak to him, and while they were exchanging commonplaces it occurred to Adrian that he would ask this stanch supporter of the *Anglo-Saxon* to dinner. He would know, if anyone did, what the financial position of the paper was, and his nature was so communicative that he would be pretty sure to refer to the subject in the course of the evening, without being questioned.

"And I'll get Pilkington, if I can," Adrian added, after his invitation had been accepted.

"That will be very pleasant," said Egerton, looking down the street. "As it isn't the season, I dare say he'll come." Then he rather abruptly withdrew his eyes from contemplation of the clock-tower to raise them to his companion's face. "At your club, I think you said? Mrs. Vidal is still away, then?" he asked.

"She is still away," answered Adrian, a little surprised at the question; for he knew that Egerton was barely acquainted with his wife.

"Oh, indeed," said the other. "Well, I hope we shall see her back in London again before long." He paused for a moment, then repeated, "I hope we shall see her back before long." After which, he nodded and walked away.

This was tolerably plain speaking—so plain as to border upon impertinence; and what added emphasis to it was that Egerton was not, as a general thing, at all the kind of man to meddle with his neighbours' domestic concerns.

"I wish people would be good enough to mind their own business!" muttered Adrian, as he turned into Piccadilly.

But he ought to have known better than to waste his breath in such Utopian aspirations as that; and indeed it so happened that no later than the same evening he received an implied rebuke as unwelcome and as unexpected as Egerton's had been.

During the hunting season, Mr. Wilbraham was not very assiduous in his attendance at the House; but he ran up to London when he could spare the time, or when he was wanted to take part in a division, and Adrian not unfrequently encountered and exchanged salutations with him at evening parties. If their intercourse did not go farther than an amiable nod and smile on the one side and a gruff "How are you?" on the other, it was because Mr. Wilbraham had shown, in a manner not to be mistaken, that it gave him no sort of pleasure to talk to the popular young author. But now it seemed as if something out of the common must have induced him to abandon his attitude of armed neutrality in favour of a more aggressive one. His mien, at all events, was aggressive, if his words were not so, when he separated himself abruptly from a knot of friends with whom he had been conversing and barred Adrian's passage, saying: "I am told Mrs. Vidal is ill. I hope it is not true?"

"There is nothing serious the matter, thank you," answered Adrian, politely; "she has been a little out of sorts for some time."

"She never used to be out of sorts," returned the other, looking half inclined to pick a quarrel upon the strength of this statement. "She always appeared to me to have as good health as anybody."

"It is nothing serious," Adrian repeated. "She is not fond of London, and it has not agreed with her particularly well."

"I'm sure I don't wonder at it!" cried Wilbraham. "Nobody could keep well in such a polluted atmosphere. I can't think how you can have expected her to stand it."

"We should all like to have estates in the country,"

remarked Adrian, smiling; "but as that can't be managed, some of us are obliged to live in the polluted atmosphere."

"I should have thought one could write novels anywhere," said Wilbraham; "but of course one can't have a perpetual round of entertainments in the country." And with that he turned on his heel and strode off.

Such rudeness was intensely disagreeable to Adrian, who would not, if he could have helped it, have incurred the dislike of a single fellow-mortal. He went home that night feeling sincerely sorry for himself. He was altogether out of luck, he thought. He was certainly not as popular as he had been: the articles which he had written for the *Anglo-Saxon* had brought him little money and a great deal of vexation; and now, it seemed, he was commonly regarded as a bad husband. Nothing had gone well with him since that calamitous day when Clare had caught him entertaining Lady St. Austell in her drawing-room. His partner in misfortune had left town immediately afterwards, and he had heard no more of her. It was not likely that she would have spoken to anybody about their detection; but now Adrian began to wonder whether the story were not too good a one for Lord St. Austell to keep long to himself. If that had been divulged, it would be easy to understand the insinuations of the *Scorpion*, as well as the advice of his friends that he should submit to them in silence.

For some days he went about with a gloomy face, and was unusually short in his replies to those who accosted him. Nor did the dinner to which he had invited Egerton and Pilkington serve to raise his spirits. From the first moment, he saw that he had made a mistake in asking the two men to meet one another. It was plain that they were no longer upon such amicable terms as when he had last seen them together, Egerton in particular seeming to be out of temper, and disposed to differ in a fretful sort of way from the eminent person to whose opinions he had always hitherto shown himself so eager to say ditto. Pilkington, on his side, while maintaining his wonted courtesy, contrived, as courteous people often do contrive, to be excessively provoking, and led his friend into saying some very foolish things, of which he then, with the most delicate consideration, pointed out the folly. No reference was made to the *Anglo-Saxon* during dinner; but that something would be said about it before his guests departed Adrian was very sure; because, as he wanted to know the worst, he was resolved to introduce the topic himself.

Later in the evening, therefore, he said, with the innocent air of a disinterested seeker after information, "I hope the sale of the *Anglo-Saxon* continues to be satisfactory?"

Egerton rose like a trout at a May-fly. "Continues!—my dear fellow, it has never *begun* to be satisfactory. The first two or three numbers, perhaps—I believe they went off pretty well; but latterly it has been ruinous work. Simply ruinous, you know." And he looked somewhat indignantly at Pilkington, who blew a cloud of smoke from his cigarette and watched it floating upwards to the ceiling.

"The fact of the matter is," Egerton went on, "that we haven't gone to work quite in the right way. At least, so it seems to me; but of course I'm not a literary man, and I only judge by what I hear from others."

"When I accepted the editorship," said Pilkington, deliberately—"and, as you may remember, Egerton, I did so with some reluctance—I merely stipulated that I should be allowed to manage the paper in my own way. I never promised that that way should seem the right way to others; nor did I guarantee that the paper should pay."

"You said you thought it would."

"Well; I said I thought it would. That was my opinion, which I gave for what it was worth, on being asked for it. No one can regret its failure to pay more than I do; and I may add that I should regret it just as much even if I did not happen to have a money interest in it. If the chief proprietors think that it would prosper more under other management, I shall most willingly retire from my post. In fact, I have already thought more than once of doing so."

"Oh, come," expostulated Egerton, "you mustn't take it in that way, Pilkington; that wasn't at all what I meant. Your retirement would be the greatest possible loss to us, and—and I'm sure I hope you won't think of such a thing."

Pilkington smiled. "I don't know yet whether I shall retire or not," he answered; "but if I am scolded, I certainly shall." And soon after this he said Good-night.

"Pilkington's a deuced awkward sort of fellow to get on with," remarked Egerton, after he was gone. "You wouldn't think so to talk to him; but he is. All those little fads of his about having unusual paper and type, and so forth, have cost a lot of money, and as for his having a pecuniary interest in the undertaking—well, you know, that really doesn't amount to much. Nobody wants to dictate to him; but one has one's ideas, and he might at least condescend to listen to them. Instead of which, the moment that one hints at the possibility of his having made a mistake he begins to talk about resigning."

"He complains that that is the way in which his contributors treat him," remarked Adrian. "I suppose the truth is that all people who write much are apt to grow irritable. We don't get enough of fresh air and exercise."

"Perhaps that may be it. Anyhow, I don't think a man ought to be above being told of his mistakes, do you? If he had known of them, he wouldn't have made them, don't you see? Supposing I tell you that you have made a mistake in this or that, I take it that you, as a sensible man, will be rather grateful to me for letting you know of what you wouldn't have found out for yourself, eh?"

"Does that mean that you are going to tell me of some mistake that I have made?"

Egerton laughed. "Well, you know, I think it's rather a mistake to have such articles written about one as that in the *Scorpion*."

"It's a misfortune," said Adrian; "I really don't quite see how it's a mistake. You might as well say it's a mistake to get one's boots muddy on a wet day. I don't like muddy boots; but I know no way of keeping them clean, except staying at home. Of course, if I didn't write at all, the *Scorpion* couldn't make my writings an excuse for bespattering me."

"Ah, well," said Egerton, getting up; "you literary fellows are all the same; it isn't much use to give you friendly hints. Nevertheless, you needn't get covered with mud if you walk circumspectly—take my word for it."

CHAPTER XXXIII.

CONSOLATION.

In spite of Adrian's assertions to the contrary, Clare was really somewhat out of health. She had not mentioned the fact in her letters to her husband, so that it was no fault of his if he was unaware of it; but it must be confessed that she had made the most of her indisposition to her parents, who were as firmly convinced as Wilbraham himself that she was in no state to brave the dangers of the London atmosphere.

"I wish we could get poor Adrian down here too," Mrs. Irvine was wont to say to her friends; "it can't be good for him to slave night and day as he does. But his work obliges him to remain within reach of the British Museum, you know, and—and such places; and it is very kind and unselfish of him to spare Clare to us for so long."

With the early spring, however, the roses came back to Clare's cheeks, and then she herself perceived that she had no excuse for neglecting her duties any longer. She was stronger by this time, and had to some extent—or so she believed—lived down her trouble. But, in truth, such troubles can only be lived down by means of a little wholesome indifference; and this Clare had not been able to acquire. She returned to London determined to endure what could not be cured, and to show a brave front to misfortune in the future; but, as she still loved her husband, and still despised herself for loving a man who had deceived her, the chance that these excellent resolutions would be kept was but a poor one.

Adrian was waiting for her at the terminus, and the moment that she caught sight of him on the platform she was struck with the change in his appearance. He was thinner, paler, and his face had a worn, anxious expression which she was puzzled to account for. Was he, too, unhappy, then? In spite of herself, her heart softened towards him; and because she felt that it was softening, she made her greeting somewhat colder and more formal than it need have been, even in that public place.

"Have you been—quite well?" she asked, hesitatingly, when her luggage had been collected, and she was driving away from the station with her husband. Her voice sounded harsh as she put the question, and Adrian could not tell that this was only the result of an effort to steady it.

"I'm all right, thanks," he answered, shortly. "And you are feeling better, I hope?"

"Yes," she said; and then there was a pause, after which Adrian began to speak about some small household matters.

In truth, he was not just then in the mood to make advances or to recognise any that might be made to him. Latterly, many annoyances, small and great, had made life disagreeable to him, and in his heart he was disposed to hold Clare responsible for them all. But for her, he would never have been held up to reprobation in the public press, nor quietly dropped, in private life, by certain ladies whose notice he had learnt to prize. But for her, he would have been less reckless in his expenditure than he had been during the last few months, and more attentive to his work, which he had begun to neglect or hurry over, with results which were painfully apparent to him. He thought she deserved some punishment for the trouble which she had brought upon them both, and he wished for no reconciliation that should not promise to be a permanent one. He remembered that his wife had tried to impose conditions upon him on a former occasion, and he was as determined as ever that he would not have conditions. She must trust him first. After that, he would willingly and of his own accord give up Lady St. Austell, or anyone else to whom she might object.

Theoretically, no doubt, there was something to be said in favour of this view; but if Adrian intended to wait until Clare acknowledged herself in the wrong, it seemed likely that he might wait until he was grey-headed; and in the meantime the house in Alexandra-gardens was not exactly an earthly paradise to either of its inmates. Both of them were miserable, and one of them happened also to be fretful. They tried to be distantly civil to one another; but there was no keeping it up. Distant civility was apt to degenerate into something like sulky silence: every now and then bitter little speeches forced their way out before they could be checked; and the husband and wife never felt at ease together unless some third person was present.

Thus, when Georgina suddenly appeared from the Arctic Circle, bringing with her a pair of reindeer's antlers, the skin of a Polar bear, and divers powerful-smelling garments as evidences of the genuineness of her expedition, she received a welcome so hearty that she could not entertain a doubt as to its sincerity. "My dear Georgina," Adrian said, gravely, "you will have to come to us forthwith; it's a case of simple necessity. Since you won't consent to live with your mother, like a well-conducted young woman, it is evident that your brother's house is the proper place for you, and I must insist upon taking you under my protection. The family can't afford to trifle with its character. Even as it is, an amiable weekly newspaper has been kind enough to insinuate that I am no better than I should be."

"So I hear," remarked Georgina, looking rather hard at him. "I have already done my week in Brighton, and have been posted up in all the latest intelligence. Besides, I have seen Mr. De Wynt."

"Poor Mr. De Wynt!" interjected Clare.

"Why poor? I doubt whether he ever was poor Mr. De Wynt; but at any rate he is rich Mr. De Wynt now. His old uncle is dead at last, and has left him everything."

"Has he, really? I am so glad!" exclaimed Clare.

"Are you? I don't know that I am. I thought he did very well as he was, and I can't imagine him a High Sheriff or a Deputy Lieutenant."

"He is fitted for any position," Clare said, emphatically.

"And calculated to adorn it? Perhaps so, but it is impossible to say with any certainty, because there are some positions in which he will never find himself."

Something in the tone in which the last words were spoken caused Clare to make a rapid deduction, and late that night she invaded her sister-in-law's bed-room with the stern air of one who means to stand no nonsense.

"Georgina," she said, without any introductory observations, "Mr. De Wynt has proposed to you, and you have refused him."

"There is no evading your penetration," replied Georgina, placidly. "He has—and I have."

"Then I must say," cried Clare, in great vexation, "that I think you ought to be thoroughly ashamed of yourself!"

"Oh. Well, no doubt you know best. I am a poor simple creature, and I often do wrong without intending it; but why I ought to be ashamed of myself for refusing Mr. De Wynt, I don't altogether understand. Is it because I am particularly fitted to be a Deputy Lieutenant's wife?"

"Not at all; it is because you have been insane enough to refuse a man whom you love, and who very likely won't give you a second chance."

"I beg to say," replied Georgina, "that I have never been in love in my life. If I felt the slightest symptom of such a disease coming on, I should instantly set sail for the Antarctic Ocean and never be heard of again. I should feel that I had *genossen das irdische Glück*, and that it was high time for me to disappear from civilised society."

"It isn't the slightest use to talk to me like that," returned Clare, loftily; "it doesn't deceive me for a moment."

"Very well, then; I am pining for Mr. De Wynt. As soon as you leave the room, I shall throw myself, face downwards, on my bed and give way to a paroxysm of despair. All the same, I can't marry a man who has just come into a fortune, and whom I persistently snubbed when he was a comparative pauper."

"If that is the only thing!"

"But it is not the only thing. As I explained to you long ago, the idea of marriage in the abstract is repugnant to me. A single life has its attractions, after all. Has your experience led you to believe that marriages never turn out badly?"

Clare drew herself up slightly, and made no answer, not being sure whether Georgina had delivered this home-thrust accidentally or not. All doubt was removed from her mind by the latter, who went on:—

"That was a brutal thing to say, was it not? But, my dear, I intend to be brutal, and you can't stop me. Do you suppose it isn't as clear as the sun in heaven that you and Adrian have fallen out? Now, sit down here beside me and tell me the whole story from beginning to end."

"I know you mean to be kind, Georgina," began Clare, hesitatingly.

"I do; and that is why I am not going to let you put me down. I know I am not what is called a specially sympathetic woman; but as a set-off, I am far more trustworthy than the generality of women; added to which, I know my brother pretty well. I must not say that I know him better than you do; but you will allow that I am likely to judge him with greater impartiality." She rose from the low chair in which she had been sitting; and, taking Clare by the shoulders, forced her down into it. "Come," she said, as she perched herself sideways upon the arm; "what is it all about?"

Clare submitted. She was of too proud and reticent a nature to make such confessions easily; but since it was impossible to deny that she had quarrelled with her husband, it might be as well, she thought, to tell Georgina the truth and have done with it. She did not, however, tell the whole truth. She cut her recital as short as she could, and would have suppressed, among other incidents, that of Lady St. Austell's clandestine visit to Alexandra-gardens, had she not wished to prove beyond a doubt that she was the victim of no hallucination as to Adrian's treachery.

Georgina's comments were brief and decisive. "I see it all," she declared. "Adrian is a perfect imbecile. He always was, and I should be inclined to add that he always will be, only I hope that this may serve as a lesson to him. I don't know whether you are aware that he is rather more in love with you, if anything, than he was a year ago."

Clare shook her head, and smiled slightly.

"Well, he is," Georgina repeated. "My dear child, you may shake your head till it rolls off your shoulders, but you won't convince me that I am mistaken. He is a thoroughly miserable man—and I am very glad of it. I don't want you to forgive him yet awhile. If you were capable of getting up a hard flirtation on your own score, it would be no bad thing; but, as you won't do that, you had better continue your present course of treatment. I am not sure that, if I were a man, I shouldn't find it more terrible than the other. But please to bear in mind that *you* have no reason whatever to be miserable. I don't think so meanly of your intelligence as to believe that you are really jealous of poor Lady St. Austell, with her fat figure and her rouged cheeks. What you do complain of is that Adrian should seem to enjoy flirting with her or with anybody. It's only his way; but it's a bad way, and I quite agree with you in thinking that he ought to be cured it."

It is doubtful whether Clare derived much comfort from the above observations. Nor, unfortunately, was Georgina's subsequent method with her brother the best that could have been adopted for bringing about an understanding between the divided couple. She treated him with a fine, hearty contempt which might have amused him if he had not been too worried to be amused by it; she scarcely answered him when he spoke to her; and, if he ventured upon a humble joke, stared blankly at him without moving a muscle. She wished him, in short, to understand distinctly that he was in disgrace; and, as she never knew how to do things by halves, she ended by virtually sending him to Coventry in his own house.

Towards a man of Adrian's temperament it would have been difficult to take up a more injudicious line. The only effect that it produced upon him was to drive him away from home; and when he did come home, he generally took care to bring friends with him. He was restless and excitable at this time, seeming to find his only pleasure in society; he did very little work, and Clare noticed that he had become alarmingly careless about money. She did not know what his literary earnings might be; but she feared that they could hardly be sufficient to warrant the continual little dinner parties that he gave, the addition of a man to their staff of indoor servants, and the hire of a brougham. These things made her uneasy; and Georgina, now that poor De Wynt had been sent about his business, no longer provided her with a wholesome interest to withdraw her thoughts from her own unhappiness.

One small piece of consolation, which afterwards became a more important one, was afforded to her by the unexpected visit of a friend of her girlhood, of whom she had lost sight for some years, and who had joined a nursing sisterhood. Sister Jane, as this lady was now called, was sent, in the first instance, to appeal for help by the society to which she belonged; but, finding that Mrs. Vidal was interested in hearing about her work, she remained, talking, for some little time, and was persuaded to repeat her visit a few days later.

Clare looked with something like envy at this cheerful, plain-featured young woman, to whom the world had seemed rather a place in which to perform duties than to seek for happiness. In carrying out the former, she had apparently found the latter. When questioned upon this point, she answered simply that she never had time to ask herself whether she enjoyed her life or not; but that she was quite sure that she had not enjoyed it before entering the sisterhood. "For you, it is very different," she added, divining what the wistful expression in Clare's eyes meant. "If I had been beautiful, as you are, I should have expected quite another kind of existence, and I suppose very likely I should have got it. I don't think there is any harm in that—only every woman ought to find her proper place, if she can. Those who are not ornamental had better try to be useful."

But Clare thought it might be possible to be both. "Couldn't you find something for me to do?" she asked, eagerly. "Couldn't I go to the hospitals and—and read to the patients, or be of some help?"

Sister Jane smiled. "Well, I am afraid not. And you have your home duties, you know."

"They are soon got through. I have a great deal of spare time—and I have no children," said Clare, with a sigh.

"Would you like to go to the Children's Hospital sometimes?" asked the other, presently. "You might really be of use there, if you cared to go. The children are always glad to see people; and many of them must be kept lying on their backs for months, poor little souls! Shall I take you there one day?"

Clare jumped at the suggestion. When should she go? To-morrow?—the next day?

"Well, to-morrow, if you like," the good Sister answered, smiling; and thus it was that Clare was provided with a better cure for morbid self-communings than any that Georgina could have devised.

The bright, airy ward, with its rows of little iron beds, became a sort of haven of rest to her. When she entered it,

it seemed to her that she left the world behind her—that weary, heartless, purposeless world in which women had nothing better to do than to make love to their friends' husbands, and where men were considered idiots if they devoted themselves to their wives. The children became fond of her. She took them toys, with which they managed to play in a serious, unchild-like fashion, as they lay there, afflicted before their time with the curse of mortality. They did not understand why she so often had tears in her eyes, for the pathos of their condition was, happily, less evident to them than it was to her; but they learnt to love her beautiful, sad face, and she developed a faculty for narrating stories, which rather astonished her, seeing that she had never suspected herself of being gifted with any great fecundity of imagination. Her husband, whose own imagination was becoming woefully sterile at this time, would perhaps have been grateful to her for a hint or two; but she had not deemed it incumbent upon her to tell Adrian of her frequent visits to the Children's Hospital.

(To be continued.)

BIRTHS.

On the 11th inst., at 9, Henrietta-street, Cavendish-square, Lady Agnes Cooper, of a daughter.

On the 13th ult., at the Madras Observatory, the wife of N. R. Pogson, C.I.E., Government Astronomer, of a son.

MARRIAGE.

On the 6th inst., at Mount Pleasant Presbyterian Church, Liverpool, by the Rev. Dr. Graham, London, assisted by the Rev. W. Young, Manchester, the Rev. J. M. Mackenzie, minister of the church, to Mariquita, eldest daughter of Thomas Drysdale, Esq., Mossley Hill, Liverpool, and Buenos Ayres.

DEATH.

On the 5th inst., at his residence, Barr's Hill, Coventry, William Lynes, J.P., aged 73.

*** *The charge for the insertion of Births, Marriages, and Deaths, is Five Shillings for each announcement.*

THE VALE OF TEARS.—DORÉ'S Last Great PICTURE, completed a few days before he died. NOW on VIEW at the DORÉ GALLERY, 35, New Bond-street, with his other great pictures. Ten to Six Daily. 1s.

ANNO DOMINI, by EDWIN LONG, R.A.—This great Work is NOW ON VIEW, together with other important works, at the GALLERIES, 168, New Bond-street. Ten to Six. Admission, 1s.

ROYAL SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS.—The Hundred and Third Exhibition is NOW OPEN, 5, Pall-mall East, from Ten till Six. Admission, 1s. Catalogue, 1s.
ALFRED D. FRIPP, R.W.S., Secretary.

HER MAJESTY'S DRAWINGROOM, BUCKINGHAM PALACE. Painted by F. SARJENT, 1885. This Historical Picture depicts the ceremony of a Presentation at Court in the present time. It contains Portraits from special sittings of her Majesty, their R.H. the Prince and Princess of Wales, and other members of the Royal Family. The Court, Leading Ladies of Society, Ambassadors, Ministers, &c. ON VIEW, at 175, New Bond-street. Ten to SIX. Admission, One shilling.

THE QUEEN AND LORD BEACONSFIELD. The great Historic Picture of HER MAJESTY GIVING AUDIENCE TO LORD BEACONSFIELD AT OSBORNE. Painted by Mr. Wingman from studies made by him at Osborne.—1, 8, New Bond-street. Admission, 1s.

INTERNATIONAL INVENTIONS EXHIBITION, SOUTH KENSINGTON, 1885. Patron.—H.M. the QUEEN. President.—H.R.H. the PRINCE OF WALES, K.G. Division I., Inventions. Division II., Music. NOW OPEN. Admission to the Exhibition is, every Week-day, except Wednesday, when it is 2s. 6d. EVENING FETES, Illuminated Fountains, and Gardens Lighted every evening by many thousands of Electrical Glow Lamps. Special Evening Fêtes, Wednesdays and Saturdays. INTERNATIONAL INVENTIONS EXHIBITION, 1885.

ROYAL ALBERT HALL.—MR. AMBROSE AUSTIN'S GRAND MORNING CONCERT, THIS DAY, SATURDAY, MAY 16, at Three o'Clock.—Madame Albani and Madame Trebelli, Mr. Sims Reeves and Mr. Santley, Violin, Senor Sarasate. Orchestra and Chorus of 300 performers. Conductors, Mr. W. G. Cusins and Mr. Sidney Naylor. Boxes, £2 2s. to £4 4s. Tickets, 10s. 6d., 7s. 6d., 5s., 3s., 2s. 6d., and 1s.—At the Royal Albert Hall; and at Austin's Ticket Office, St. James's Hall. Tickets sent on receipt of P.O.O. or stamps.

HORSE SHOW, ROYAL AGRICULTURAL HALL, LONDON.—Entries close MAY 25. SHOW OPENS JUNE 6, 8, 9, 10, 11, and 12. The principal Railway Companies grant special facilities in connection with this Show. Prize-Lists and Forms of Entry may be obtained on application to Offices, Barford-street, Liverpool-road, Islington.
R. VENNER, Secretary, Royal Agricultural Hall Company, Limited.

PRINCESS'S THEATRE.—Lessee and Manager, Mr. WILSON BARRETT. THIS EVENING, at 7.30, THE SILVER KING (last Four Nights) (by Henry A. Jones and Henry Herman). Produced under the sole direction of Mr. Wilson Barrett. Messrs. Wilson Barrett, Willard, Speakman, Cooper, Deane, Walton, Huntley, Fulton, Bernage, Gurth, De Solla, Foss, &c., and George Barrett; Mesdames Ormsby, Huntley, Dickens, Cook, &c., and Miss Eastlake. Doors open at Seven. Box-Office, 9.30 to Five. No fees. Prices: Private Boxes, one to nine guineas; Stalls, 10s.; Dress Circle, 6s.; Upper Boxes, 3s. LIGHTS O' LONDON (by George R. Sims) in preparation for revival on Saturday next, May 23. Business Manager, Mr. J. H. Cobbe.

THE PRINCE'S THEATRE.—Mrs. LANGTRY. Sole Proprietor, Mr. EDGAR BRUCE, season under the direction of Mr. HENRY E. ABBEY. EVERY EVENING, at 8.45, the successful Play, in four acts, adapted from Sardou's "Nos Intimes," by R. C. Stephenson and Clement Scott, entitled PERIL. Characters by Mr. Coghlan, Mr. H. Beerbohm Tree, Mr. Everill, Mr. Carne, Mr. Crisp, Mr. Weatherby, Mr. Grattan, Mr. Thornbury; Mrs. Arthur Stirling, Miss Annie Rose, Miss Dacre, and Mrs. LANGTRY. Doors open at 7.15. PERIL at 8.45. Preceded by, at 7.30, NINE POINTS OF THE LAW, by Tom Taylor. Carriages at Eleven. Box-Office open daily from Eleven till Five. No fees. Telephone 3705.

HENGLER'S GRAND CIRQUE.—HORSE-TAMING, by Professor H. SAMUEL.—The Scientific American Horse-Tamer, after a successful tour round the world, has the honour of announcing his arrival in London, where he intends to hold his opening Exhibition and deliver his scientific Lecture on the Horse in that Grand and Magnificent Building known as HENGLER'S CIRCUS, ARGYLL-STREET, W. (which the Professor has leased for the purpose), TO-DAY (SATURDAY), MAY 16. The Professor will be assisted by Professor SYDNEY GALVAYNE, the Australian Horse-Tamer, who has lately been teaching the Semple System with such unbounded success. Exhibitions Daily at Three and Eight o'Clock. Doors open at 2.15 and 7.15. Prices of admission, 2s. 6d., 4s., and 7s. Private Boxes, £2 2s. Fees of Instructions, £5 5s. Box-Office open daily from Ten till Four.

ST. JAMES'S HALL. THE MOORE and BURGESS MINSTRELS' NEW and ATTRACTIVE ENTERTAINMENT. EVERY NIGHT at EIGHT. MONDAY, WEDNESDAY, and SATURDAY, THREE and EIGHT. Fauteuils, 5s.; Sofa Stalls, 3s.; Area, 2s.; Gall ry, 1s. No fees of any description. Tickets and places can be secured at Austin's Office, St. James's Hall, from 9.30 till 6.30.

BRIGHTON.—Frequent Trains from Victoria and London Bridge. Also Trains in connection from Kensington and Liverpool-street. Return Tickets, London to Brighton, available for eight days. Weekly, Fortnightly, and Monthly Tickets, at Cheap Rates. Available to travel by all Trains between London and Brighton. Cheap First-Class Day Tickets to Brighton every Weekday, from Victoria 10.0 a.m., fare 12s. 6d., including Pullman Car. Cheap Half-Guinea First-Class Day Tickets to Brighton every Saturday from Victoria and London Bridge, admitting to the Grand Aquarium and Royal Pavilion. Cheap First-Class Day Tickets to Brighton every Sunday from Victoria at 10.45 a.m. and 12.50 p.m., fare 10s. Pullman Drawing-room Cars between Victoria and Brighton. Through Bookings to Brighton from principal Stations on the Railways in the Northern and Midland Districts.

PARIS.—SHORTEST, CHEAPEST ROUTE. Via NEWHAVEN, DIEPPE, and ROUEN. Cheap Express Service Week-days and Sundays. From Victoria 7.50 p.m., and London Bridge 8.0 p.m. Fares—Single, 34s., 25s., 18s.; Return, 57s., 41s., 32s. Powerful Paddle Steamers, with excellent Cabins, &c. Trains run alongside steamers at Newhaven and Dieppe. SOUTH OF FRANCE, ITALY, SWITZERLAND, &c.—Tourists' Tickets are issued, enabling the holder to visit all the principal places of interest. The Day Special Express Service will commence on June 1 for the season.

TICKETS and every information at the Brighton Company's West-End General Offices, 28, Regent-circus, Piccadilly, and 8, Grand Hotel Buildings; Hay's Agency, Cornhill; Cook's, Ludgate-circus; also at the Victoria and London Bridge Stations. (By order) J. P. KNIGHT, General Manager.

MONTE CARLO.—SUMMER SEASON. The series of the Extraordinary Musical Entertainments having terminated with the Winter Season, the usual Concerts, directed by Mr. Romeo-Accursi, will be continued daily until further notice. SEA-BATHING AT MONACO. Villas and Private Houses and Apartments for every taste, and at every price. The beach, like that at Trouville, is covered with fine soften sand, and at the Grand Hotel des Bains comfortable apartments, with board, for families can be had at reasonable prices.

PARISIAN SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

(From our own Correspondent.)

Paris, Tuesday, May 12.

The Chamber of Deputies has begun the discussion of the Habitual Criminals Act, one might almost say under pressure. The electors of France attach great importance to the settlement of this grave question. They demand in the interests simply of order and security that France should be promptly rid of the swarms of professional criminals, who begin with theft and end by assassination. The deputies hardly dare to face the electors without having settled this matter. But the difficulty is to dispose of the *récidivistes*. The Government proposes Cayenne and Guyane as penitentiary colonies. Why not kill your criminals at once? object certain humanitarians. La Guyane means slow death; the climate is mortal; "it is a dry guillotine!" exclaims M. De Mun. "Try Tonquin or Madagascar!" suggest some. "It will be the ruin of our colonies," replies M. Perrin, "to introduce this foul and devastating element of criminals." In short, the Government does not know what to do; the deputies do not know what to do; but the elections are near and something must be done. Public opinion demands the sending of the army of crime out of the country, and when we remember that recent statistics show that army to number no less than 82,732 persons, we can well understand that the Chamber of Deputies can no longer avoid the question.

Electoral plans and combinations continue to occupy a large amount of space in the discussions of the newspapers. The friends of Prince Napoleon are organising meetings in the different districts of Paris, and propose to wind up with a grand contradictory debate between friends and foes at the Cirque d'Eté. The programme of this group is refusal to enter the Royalist alliance, opposition to Royalist candidates, and, wherever there is no orthodox Bonapartist, determination to vote for the Republican candidate, whoever he may be. The Conservatives of Paris have also formed a central Committee, and appeal for subscriptions to meet the heavy expenses of their campaign in "defence of our liberties, our finances, and the future of our children." The famous Conservative Union has gone all to pieces even before the campaign has begun, and the Bonapartists and the Monarchists have split up into groups, maintaining different principles and different programmes. The Republicans have at least this advantage, that they are agreed as to the form of Government. There can be no doubt that in spite of their lecturing tours, their pamphlets, and their journalism, the Conservatives will obtain no more success at the forthcoming elections than they have obtained previously by the same means. They will, as usual, be paralysed by division.

The sale of Bastien Lepage's pictures took place yesterday and to-day, and the prices obtained were high, considering that Bastien Lepage, in spite of his immense talent and of the great influence which he exercised on the young French artists of to-day, can hardly be considered a great genius or a great master. The "Potato Harvest" fetched 29,100f.; "The Annunciation to the Shepherds," 23,800f.; "The Beggar," 21,000f.: the portrait of Madame Juliette Drouet, 11,500f.; "The Pond at Damvilliers," 9500f.; "The Little Chimney-Sweep," 9400f.; a first study of the portrait of the Prince of Wales, 6000f., &c.

A sporting club, called the Canis Club, is attempting to introduce coursing into the number of Parisian amusements. Two meetings have been held on the Champ de Mars, in presence of a large attendance, but the sympathies of the public all seemed to be with the poor hare, and the performances of the dogs did not interest them profoundly. Some hawking followed, but here again the public seemed disappointed at the shortness of the incidents, and the miserable chances of the victims, which were destroyed a few seconds after having been let loose.

The papers are all discussing the Gounod-Weldon case, and of course expressing astonishment at the condemnation of the author of "Faust." Gounod himself characterises the judgment as "a monstrosity."

The American colony in Paris has subscribed the money necessary to present to the city of Paris a reduction in bronze, 35 feet high, of the colossal statue of "Liberty Enlightening the World," which is to be placed, eventually, at the entrance to the harbour of New York. The inauguration of the reduction takes place to-morrow, and its presentation to the city of Paris will be the last official act of Mr. L. P. Morton, whose successor at the American Legation, Mr. Robert MacLane, arrived in Paris last week. A farewell banquet is to be offered to Mr. Morton on Thursday.

M. Alphonse Daudet's Provençal piece, "L'Arlésienne," has been revived with considerable success at the Odéon. When first performed at the Vaudeville, in 1872, the piece was almost a failure; the only thing that saved it was Bizet's exquisite music. How are we to explain these changes in the public judgment? Is it for a higher appreciation of mere literary merit? The comparative success of another condemned piece on its recent revival, "Henriette Maréchal," by the brothers De Goncourt, would seem to indicate that the literary education of the public enters largely into the explanation of these changes of opinion. Both "Henriette Maréchal" and "L'Arlésienne" are wanting in action and dramatic interest, but they are of high literary merit.

T. C.

The King and Queen of Italy arrived at Naples last Saturday, and met with an enthusiastic reception. A tablet in commemoration of his visit to the city during the cholera epidemic was uncovered in the presence of thousands of people. On Sunday his Majesty visited the reservoirs of the new waterworks, and expressed his admiration of what he saw. After tasting the water, and witnessing the filling of one of the reservoirs, he returned to the city, the streets of which were filled with a holiday crowd. At night the city was illuminated. On Monday the King laid the foundation-stone of the new Quarter which it is intended to construct on the Vomero Heights at Naples, and in the evening attended a gala performance at the Palace.—The Duchess of Teck presented first aid and nursing certificates to the Florence classes of the St. John Ambulance Association, at the British Consulate, a few days since.

The German Emperor entertained at dinner on the 7th inst. the Russian Grand Duke and Grand Duchess Sergius, who were passing through Berlin on their return from Darmstadt to St. Petersburg. There were numerous other guests, including various members of the Prussian Royal family. On the 8th inst. the Emperor received the visit of the Grand Duke and Grand Duchess, and paid a visit to the Grand Duke at the Russian Embassy in the afternoon. A dinner was given in honour of the Grand Duke and Grand Duchess at the Imperial Palace. On Sunday the German Empress had an interview at Baden-Baden with the Empress of Austria, who was returning to Vienna from Heidelberg.—Count Herbert Bismarck has now been officially appointed Under State Secretary at the Foreign Office.—Prince Albert of Saxe-Altenburg was married in Berlin, on the 6th inst., to Princess Marie of Prussia, daughter of Prince Frederick Charles of Prussia, and widow of the late Prince Henry of the Netherlands.—The Prussian Diet, at a joint sitting of the two Houses, was closed by Royal Commission last Saturday evening by Herr Von Puttkamer, Vice-President of the Ministry.—The Prussian Government have purchased the Fornarina, after De Piombo, and the Andromeda and a Baccante by Rubens, of the Blenheim collection.

The King of the Belgians has conferred the Royal order of Leopold on the Lord Mayor, the Sheriffs, and other members of the London civic deputation which went to Brussels to present his Majesty with a congratulatory address in reference to the Congo.

The King of Greece left Athens last Saturday morning for Corfu. Sir Horace Rumbold, the new British Minister, has arrived at Athens with his family.

The Queen of Sweden and the Princes left Constantinople on the 8th inst. in the Imperial yacht, viâ Varna, on their return to Stockholm, Prince Charles's health being sufficiently re-established to permit of his travelling.

The President of the United States has appointed Mr. George Lothrop, of Michigan, American Minister to Russia; and Mr. Boyd Winchester, of Kentucky, Minister to Switzerland.—The jury at New York, upon the trial of Short for attempting to murder Phelan in Rossa's office, returned a verdict of Not Guilty.

At a meeting in Montreal last Saturday a Federation League was organised, and resolutions in favour of the idea were adopted. The meeting included men of both political parties, and representatives from all parts of the Dominion.—The *Times* Correspondent at Philadelphia says:—Telegrams from various parts of the North-West territory confirm the reports previously received of a general Indian rising. Many outrages have been committed upon frontier settlers. Later details of the recent fighting near Battleford show that the flying column was led into an ambush through the treachery of a half-breed, and it was only by their terrible fire that the force was saved. A Reuter despatch from Ottawa states that General Middleton's force, 1000 in number, inflicted a severe defeat upon the rebels last Saturday morning, near Batoche. The casualties among the Dominion troops were unimportant. More troops are being sent by the Government.

We learn from Sydney that the various Colonial Governments have agreed to the proposal of the Hon. W. B. Dalley, Acting Colonial Secretary for New South Wales, for a united indemnification against all losses inflicted upon persons refusing supplies or coal to enemy's cruisers.—Mr. George A. Sala's first lecture at Melbourne had for its subject "Wars, Revolutions, and Tumults." It was delivered at the Townhall, and was well attended, being in all respects a success.

Queen Emma, of the Sandwich Islands, the widow of the last Hawaiian King of the Kamehameha race, died on April 25. Her husband died in 1863, and two years later the Queen visited England, and remained in this country for twelve months.

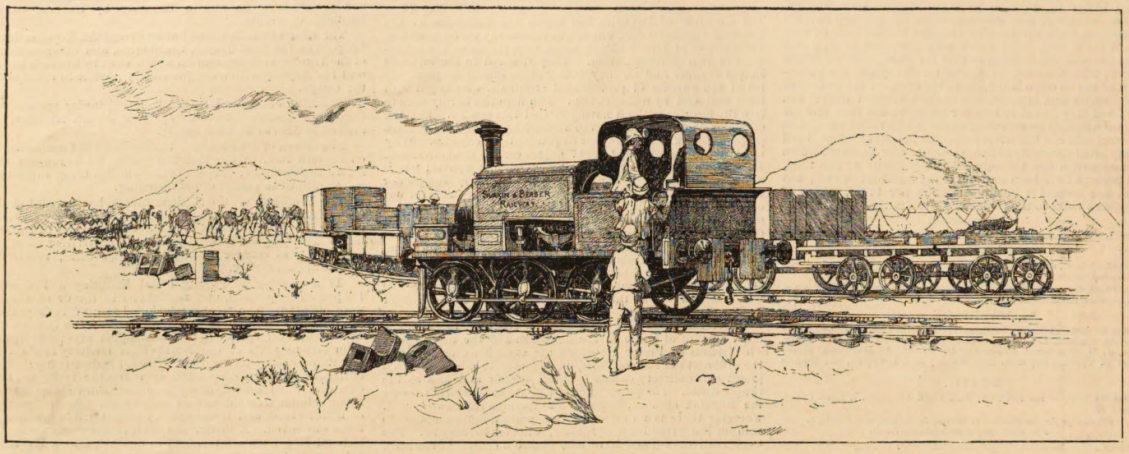
THE PLAYHOUSES.

The revivals at the Lyceum, under Mr. Irving's presidency, have been the only important events in a week that has been, nevertheless, busy. He has never before played Louis XI. to such an appreciative audience, or has rendered the grim death scene so finely. In all probability, this play would have been repeated, but it contains no part for Miss Ellen Terry, and when she is out of the programme there is a sense of disappointment everywhere. For the first few weeks after her arrival in England, this charming and gifted artist suffered from a throat affection that made her playing of Ophelia a very painful task. But the discomfort is now over, and Ellen Terry was herself again, as Portia, on Monday evening. Both Miss Terry and Mr. Irving have re-studied, corrected, and embellished their original conceptions of Portia and Shylock. To the trial scene they have devoted their most earnest attention, and it surely never created before such breathless interest. That fine and pathetic exit of Shylock, that was such a strong feature in Mr. Irving's rendering of the character, is now accompanied by a long low groan of despair, that is extremely effective. The crushed and humiliated man is as proud as ever, he replies to Gratiano's taunts with a look of withering scorn; but at the last comes a mighty sigh from the very soul, as it were, of the wretched outcast who has lost everything dear to him in the world. Murmurs of appreciation all over the house reward Portia's celebrated scenes—the choosing of the casket, the departure with Nerissa, the demand for Bassanio's ring, and the delightful comedy in the last act, ignorantly called an anti-climax to the noble play. Miss Ellen Terry has seldom played with such refinement of art or buoyancy of spirit.

Not being able to appear in two places at once last Thursday afternoon, I was unable to see the new play "The Great Pink Pearl," which is reported to be so amusing and to have been so well received, but I was present at the Vaudeville instead, where was performed still another play from the German, called "The Road to Fame." It is a pretty and interesting little work, but the interest somewhat fades away after a first act that delighted everybody. The "Cuckoo," who inserts himself in his neighbour's nest, is an enterprising journalist, who has fallen suddenly in love with the daughter of an artist—a neglected genius. The journalist persuades the artist that no one can get on in the world without advertisement and puff, so he proposes to swagger as the genius, whilst the modest artist paints the pictures, and does all the work. It is the dramatic exposition of "the ghost" who figured at a recent *cause célèbre*. The little play might have been better acted, but the rendering by the artist's little daughter could not by any possibility have been in better hands than those of Miss Kate Rorke, one of the most promising of the younger actresses of the day. This young lady has a great future before her. Her success, so far, has been undisputed.

It was a lovely afternoon at Oxford when, resisting the temptation of a stroll in one or other of the quiet college gardens, I repaired to the Townhall to see the members of the new University Dramatic Club play the first part of "King Henry the Fourth." The stage is small, the hall is inconvenient, the play is continually disturbed by the rattle of passing cabs in the street down below; but for all that, wonders were done. Mr. Arthur Bourchier specially distinguished himself as Hotspur, and put spirit into a play that is most difficult to attack properly. Mr. Mackinnon made an excellent and very graceful Prince of Wales. Mr. Leclunere Stuart should be recognised as a very promising actor of comedy, doubling as he did the characters of Mortimer and the second carrier; and Jack Falstaff was safely if not brilliantly played by the Hon. G. D. Coleridge. The young amateurs were assisted by Mrs. H. G. Wood, a clever painter and designer of scenery, by Lady St. Leonards, and by Lady Edward Churchill, who, as Lady Mortimer, sang "The Bells of Aberdovey" delightfully. The play is magnificently dressed, and the society deserves every encouragement. It is now a University institution, and the members of it will not for the future "star" in the provinces or play out of Oxford. The performance of Tuesday was watched by Mr. F. R. Benson, an athletic amateur, now turned actor; by Mr. Claude Ponsonby, a well-known amateur actor; by Mr. Hermann Vezin, and by Mr. Oscar Wilde.

C. S.



THE FIRST TRAIN AT HANDOUB STATION, LADEN WITH WATER TANKS.

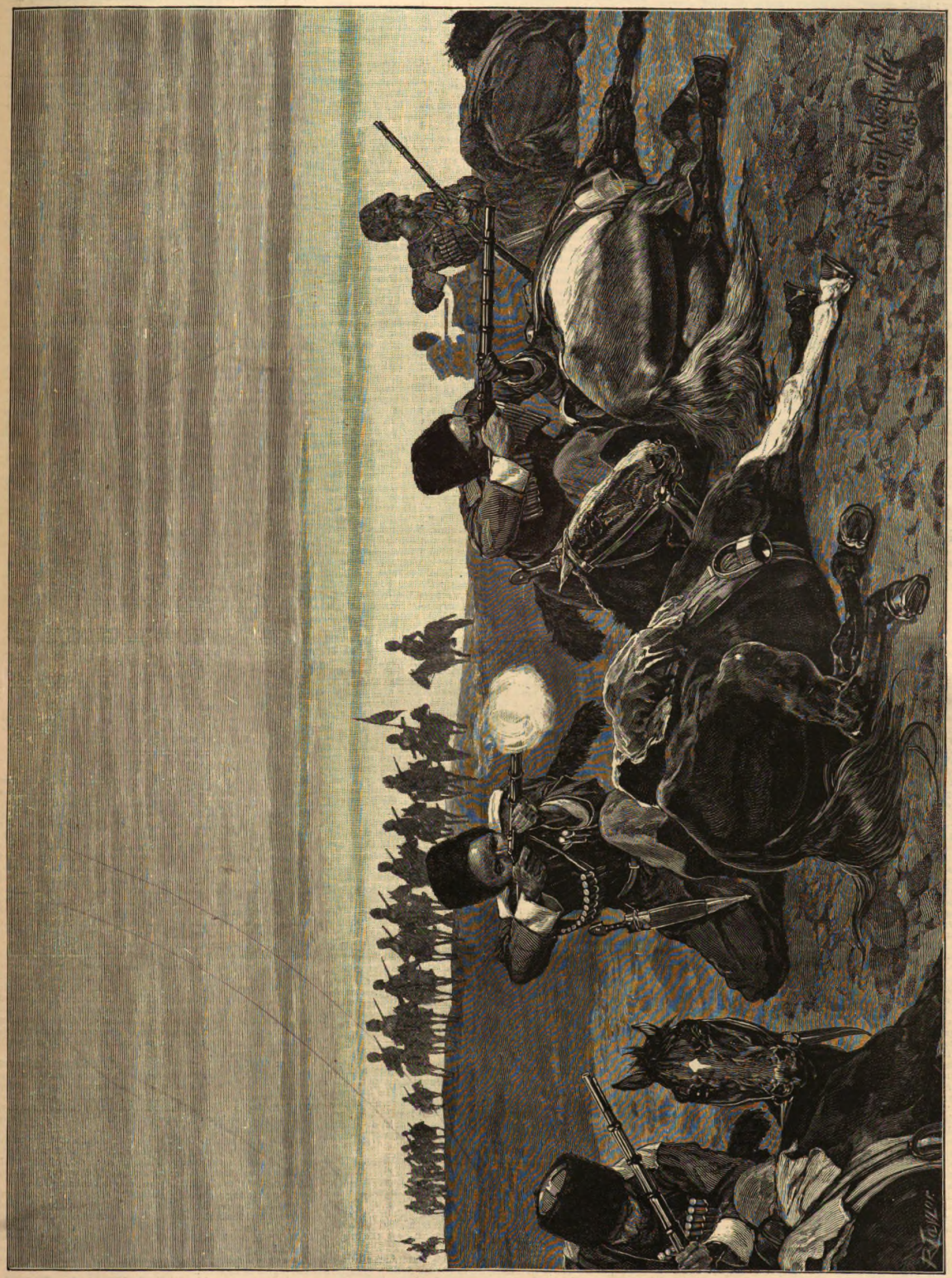


THE SCOTS GUARDS BUILDING A REDOUBT AT OTAO.



MONCK'S REDOUBT, HELD BY COLDSTREAM GUARDS, ON THE ROUTE TO OTAO.

THE WAR IN THE SOUDAN: SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. WALTER PAGET.



RUSSIAN WAR PREPARATIONS: FIRING DRILL OF A SOTNIA OF CIRCASSIAN COSSACKS.

THE INTERNAL RESOURCES OF RUSSIA.

During the recent complications the question before the minds of most people was: Can Russia fight without money? It is a question which Englishmen would be inclined to answer in the negative. We all know Napoleon's dictum that three things are necessary to a nation going to war—namely, in the first place, money; in the second, more money; and in the third, always money. This was the result of a large and varied experience, and was given utterance to at the beginning of the century. Nothing has occurred since then to weaken the influence of this powerful agent for good and evil, and life does not seem to have become any easier than it used to be to those who possess it not. And yet we find a country nearly bankrupt, and so impecunious as to be unable to pay interest on its foreign loans without borrowing fresh ones, actually on the verge of provoking the wealthiest nation in Europe to mortal combat. Some Englishmen were quite amused at Russia's temerity; they thought she must be mad, and prophesied her utter collapse with complacent self-satisfaction. How can she expect to do us harm? Why, she has no money!

The nations of Europe are most of them possessed of the same idea; and hence it has occurred to none of them that money is not, after all, everything in a struggle between two nations. The artificial circumstances of civilisation are such that we cannot bring ourselves to imagine a country rich in resources but without money; we have even difficulty in realising that money itself is not wealth, but only its representative; that it is quite possible for a wealthy community to be poor in a military sense, because its internal resources may be inadequate to the support of its population.

Russia is a rich country without money. That is to say, she has vast resources but a languishing trade. She is in the condition of a talented man, with immense natural gifts, who is too lazy to develop his talents by study and intellectual exercise. Russia is lazy. Her entire past history has been calculated to make her so. The Emperors have commenced by crushing the individual initiative of the people, by extinguishing every spark of liberty and independence in the country, and have continued the régime by intrusting the care of government and the industrial and financial economy of the nation to corrupt and incapable officials. No single undertaking in Russia, no matter what branch of industry it be in: mining, public works, railways, naval and military equipment, commercial enterprises, manufactures—not one single branch of these that has been attempted in Russia has been able to make its way without running the gauntlet of every species of bribery and corruption. In this respect, the letters of Stepniak to the *Times* are by no means exaggerated. In the face of such opposition, and in the face of the glaring abuses that still reign, it is, indeed, wonderful that Russia should be as advanced as she is. But one thing is certain, the régime is oppressive, it makes breathing difficult. There is no fresh air; there are no open spaces of thought in the Czar's domains; and life is consequently languid, unenterprising, slothful, and even despondent. The great saying of the Russian is *Tekto dyelat*, which, being interpreted, means, What shall I do? it can't be helped: what is done cannot be undone. It is the great argument in favour of inactivity, and a resigned acceptance of accomplished facts.

But, notwithstanding the laziness and apathy of her population, Russia is a rich country. She has some of the finest soil for wheat-growing purposes in Europe, Austria not excepted; she has coal, iron, and petroleum, in enormous quantities. Her Siberian gold and silver mines, mismanaged as they are, represent a fabulous wealth; and in horses, cattle, and timber, she is, perhaps, the richest country in the world. Compared to all this wealth of resources, the population is ridiculously inadequate. Let us glance at the map, and we shall see that the ninety millions who owe their allegiance to the Czar are scattered over an area of nine million square miles—in other words, there are about ten inhabitants to the square mile. When we remember that in Belgium there are nearly 450 to the square mile, we shall be better able to form an idea of the sparseness of the population of this vast country.

And Russia is not only a country of large natural wealth, she is also a manufacturing country. The heart of Russia is the industrial centre of the empire, and in what is called the region of Moscow, we shall find manufactures of every description and variety. At present the manufacturers are not very flourishing; they have the advantage of cheap labour, for the Russian workman has very few wants; but they have great difficulty in competing with foreign wares, even at home, and notwithstanding the high protection they enjoy. In the event of a war with us, English goods at least would be excluded, and Russian manufactures would probably receive a great stimulus. Some of the large works are quite prepared to cope with a very great demand indeed: the Obouklioff steel works, near St. Petersburg, for instance, enjoy a deservedly high reputation all over the world, and would be quite able to turn out everything in the way of ships and guns that the Government might require. Poland is also a manufacturing country. We see, therefore, that Russia is self-contained; she has all the possibilities of success, all the materials for development; and, large and unwieldy as she is, she has all her wealth well within reach of the centre, and contained within one frontier line, however straggling.

Although the credit of the Government then is at so low an ebb, it does not by any means follow that the country is poor. It has been badly governed; its wealth has been unwisely administered; its commercial and industrial interests have been too often sacrificed to strategical and political considerations, and frequently wantonly neglected; but the wealth is there, dormant and undeveloped, and many Russian economists are of opinion that a good war would tend to bring it out.

Skobeleff's views with reference to the financial aspect of war may not be uninstructive.

"I don't understand why we want money to wage war with. In our country the paper rouble has the value of a rouble. We believe in the security of our State institutions; then let them write money on leather if they like, we trust them, and in matters of credit that is all that is wanted. If it should please God to let us carry the war into the enemy's country, the enemy should take it as an honour if we paid him with our paper money."

Prussia, in 1813, showed the world what a united nation is capable of doing, though it be poor, and if things should come so far, it is very probable that wealthy Russians would vie with each other in ostentatious manifestations of loyalty, in which the priests and monks would join. The Church would pour out its hoarded treasures, and everyone would be eager to prove to the satisfaction of the authorities that he at least was a loyal subject, and not a Nihilist—indeed, it would not be safe to act otherwise.

I am not at all inclined to prognosticate failure to the British arms in the event of war with Russia, and feel confident that the Anglo-Saxon race would come forth triumphant through the ordeal. But we must face disagreeable facts. Russia is a difficult foe to tackle; she is big, and she has scarcely a vital point, because she has no centres of population at all proportionate to her size, and she is self-contained. A war would stimulate her industrial activity to the highest pitch. We hear that an eminent firm have declined to supply the Russian Government with coal during the present crisis. All respect and honour to them; but Russia has coal of her own, and if she is forced by circumstances to work it, she would have no reason to regret the hardship.

There are questions which will not admit of an amicable settlement, and if Russia should maintain an aggressive position, we must defend ourselves; but she is not a weak or poor country, and a war with her should not be entered upon carelessly with a light heart or a small force. It would take all our strength to crush her.

E. A. Brayley Hodgetts.

THE ARMY OF THE CAUCASUS.

The Russian Army of the Caucasus, having its head-quarters at Tiflis, supplies the garrisons of the territories east of the Caspian. Its numbers have been estimated altogether at 200,000 men, but in order to arrive at that total all its details must be included—reserve, irregulars, and Cossacks. The regular army of the Caucasus musters 70,000 men, but its reserve of another 50,000 would raise it to 120,000 strong. Besides this force of the line, there are 30,000 Georgian and Imeritian irregulars of horse and foot. The Cossacks established in the settlements north of the Caucasian range represent another section of the armed forces of the Tiflis Governorship, and they are expected to supply a quota of 50,000 men. These separate totals make up the grand total of 200,000 men. A very large proportion of the army of the Caucasus is non-Russian. The Cossacks, Circassians, Georgians, and others form the majority of the troops whom Prince Dondoukoff-Korsakoff could array in time of war. The 70,000 men who are permanently engaged in garrison duty south of the Caucasus are distributed between Batoum, Tiflis, Kars, and other fortified places on the Turkish and Persian frontiers. They have also to furnish the troops employed in the Askabad district, and these number about 15,000 men, of whom 9000 are in positions east of Bami. But any extra work thrown upon this portion of the Russian army would immediately necessitate the calling out of the reserves, who are really nothing more or less than military colonists, who receive a grant of land and are allowed to marry after serving five years with the colours. The Cossacks are excellent for all the purposes of irregular warfare, but they never have been trusted by any Russian General against a disciplined army in the open field; and of the 50,000 men whom Russia might place east of the Caspian one half would be Cossacks, as they are the most easy to mobilise and send on foreign service. The word "Cossack" is Tartar, and was originally used by the people occupying the country of the Dnieper and the Don. Russia, as she extended her conquests among the Turanian races to the East and the South, organised them into soldiers. These Tartars were warlike, and with their small wiry horses, which they constantly rode, they proved hardy and good irregular cavalry. This is the meaning which the word "Cossack" is now understood to convey. Since the occupation of the Caucasus by the Russians, both infantry and cavalry troops have been raised in that country, and the word "Cossack" having been always associated with notions of the Tartar type of humanity, it seems at first incongruous to hear it applied to men of that race who may be said to be *par excellence* "Caucasians." But by understanding the term in its later sense to mean "irregular cavalry," we have the explanation. Our Special Artist, Mr. Simpson, says:—"Nearly all the races living round the Caspian Sea look upon a horse as a necessary part of existence. These people never move from one place to another, however short the distance, without riding; the result is that most of them can almost be said to live in the saddle. This constant familiarity with the horse has led naturally to exercises in which both man and beast have been trained. The Circassians, the Cossacks of the Don, and the Turkomans, are all more or less familiar with peculiar feats of horsemanship. I first saw these performances gone through in Circassia in 1855; and afterwards, in 1866, I was present in the great riding-school of St. Petersburg, when the Circassians of the Emperor's body-guard went through them before the Prince of Wales, the late Emperor being also present on the occasion. These performances were more like what would be suited to a circus than for warlike purposes, but the latter was the original intention of these exercises. The rider can sling himself on one side of his horse at full gallop, so that the animal covers the man from the bullets of the enemy, and in this position he can fire his rifle. I saw these Circassians sitting, standing, and twisting themselves into every conceivable position, loading and firing their pieces all the time while at the gallop. The more expert of them can slip down from their animals while at full speed, and remount again. While doing this, many of them will lift a hat, dagger, or other small object from the ground. The horse must, of course, be as expert and well practised for such performances as the man. When at Old Sarakhs in November last, I saw some of the Circassian Cossacks and the Akhal and Merv Tekkes go through these exercises."

The new workhouse infirmary which has been erected at Croydon, at a cost up to the present of £100,943, will be opened this (Saturday) evening by the Archbishop of Canterbury.

The entertainment on behalf of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children proposed to be given at the Mansion House by Mrs. Nottage, the Lady Mayoress, which was of necessity abandoned on account of the lamented death of the late Lord Mayor, will now, by permission of the Duke and Duchess of Westminster, and under their direct patronage, take place at Grosvenor House, on Monday, June 1, commencing at three p.m.

On the invitation of Sir Saul Samuel, a large and distinguished company assembled last Saturday night, at a banquet at Bailey's Hotel, South Kensington, in honour of Lord Carrington, who has been appointed Governor of New South Wales. Among those present was Lord Derby, who expressed scepticism about some of the Imperial federation schemes, and urged that the union aimed at should be moral rather than mechanical.

Two of the Middlesex Volunteer battalions—the 2nd (South Middlesex), under Lieutenant-Colonel Wylde, C.M.G., and the 7th (London Scottish), under Colonel Lumsden—were exercised in brigade-drill on Wimbledon-common last Saturday evening, under the superintendence of Colonel Moncrieff, commanding the Scots Guards. Both battalions were of about equal strength (over 580 each), and were well and smartly turned out. After the march-past the brigade was exercised in various manœuvres

The Duchess of Westminster will this (Saturday) afternoon open, in the Floral Hall attached to Covent-Garden Theatre, a picturesque bazaar in aid of the funds of the Temperance Hospital, Hampstead-road. As Chairman of the Committee, Mr. F. Hutton will present to the Duchess an address. The entertainments will be exceptionally attractive. The decorations will represent an Old English Street in the reign of Edward III.; and there will be on sale at the stalls "The National Bazaar Book," a new shilling work, with contributions by Mr. G. Manville Fenn, Mr. G. R. Sims, Mr. H. Chance Newton, Mr. H. Furniss, Mr. John Latey, jun., and others.

CITY ECHOES.

In spite of much that is said against the arrangement with Russia, it is taken for granted that peace is assured as regards the Afghan question; and consequently the work of restoring business matters to their normal position has made further progress. The Bank of England directors have reduced the rate of interest to 3 per cent, and the Bank of Germany rate was on Monday lowered from 4½ to 4 per cent. In this country the interest allowed for deposits has been further reduced to 2 per cent. Low as our present rates are, they are nearly sure to be soon yet lower; for when the flow of money is checked by anxieties such as we have just gone through, it takes a long time to resume its ordinary course and volume. The rebound in securities has now lost some of its force, but it has already quite changed the face of the Stock markets. In a few instances a slight reaction has indeed taken place, but it may be assumed that for some time yet the tendency will be upwards. Next to British and Indian Government issues, Foreign bonds and Home railways have most conspicuously advanced, and only United States railways have declined. That these should be so very depressed is the cause of a great deal of surprise. To some extent Grand Trunk stocks have shared in this relapse, but in this case there was a disappointing traffic statement to account for it. Within the past day or too, however, this company's securities have recovered under the influence of rumours about Sir Henry Tyler's mission to Canada, and of the prospect of his coming to a working arrangement with the Canadian Pacific Company, whose line is now absolutely completed to the Rocky Mountains.

The sharp fall in New York Central shares on Tuesday was due to a rumour from New York that in future interest was to be paid half-yearly instead of quarterly, as heretofore. For many years the dividend was 8 per cent per annum, and the price of the shares rose to 160 per cent. In October last year and January this year the rate was but 6, in April last it was but 4, and now it is feared that the July payment will be "passed." The price of the shares is now 86½. In January, 1880, Messrs. Morgan and Co. sold here and elsewhere 25,000,000 dols. of these shares at 135¾.

As regards the North Shore Railway, the respective managers of the Grand Trunk and Canadian Pacific Companies have agreed to a joint ownership; but the people of Quebec seem to desire that the Canadian Pacific Company should have an independent line to Quebec. These are, however, not the times to build a third line, when business is not enough for two; and the Quebec people have only themselves to blame for what has happened.

Energetic efforts are being made to obtain from the voting proprietors of the three southern lines (the Brighton, South-Eastern, and Chatham) an opinion in favour of complete amalgamation. Mr. William Abbott has circulated a formidable statement of reasons in favour of union; and if the proprietors can see their advantage, the public must, one would think, gain by any change as regards two of the lines.

British holders of Denver and Rio Grande Railway consolidation first mortgage 7 per cent bonds are asked to agree to the exchange of such bonds into new 4 per cent bonds of the same rank, and to receive in compensation for the reduction of interest 700 dols. of preferred 5 per cent stock for every 1000 dols. of present bonds. The company suspended bonded interest in July last year, and the above arrangement is part of a rearrangement scheme.

The Peruvian bondholders' committee propose to very effectively meet the priority claims upon guano proceeds of the Pisco to Yea bondholders. They offer to purchase such bonds at par, interest in arrear to be sacrificed. Payment is to take place as money comes in from guano sales.

Negotiations having for their object the consolidation of the Oregon and California Railroad with the Central Pacific Company are in progress, with, it appears, fair chance of success. British investors are concerned in both.

The Mexican Railway dividend is limited to the full rate on the first preference, which is, apparently, about up to expectation, but it is the worst experience since 1879.

T. S.

THE WAR IN THE SOUDAN.

The positive abandonment of the expedition to Khartoum was announced by the Prime Minister in the House of Commons on Monday. The Secretary of State for War, Lord Hartington, informed the House that our Government has decided to bring all the British troops down the Nile, as soon as the river begins to rise, which will be in about three weeks or a month. Assouan, with the First Cataract, will be defended "as the practical frontier of Upper Egypt," with a small brigade of all arms, holding Wady Halfa and Korosko as outposts. This was the original policy of our Government; and we remember that Lord Hartington, in a speech he made at Manchester on Dec. 2, 1883, four days after the news of the destruction of Hicks Pasha's army, stated that Wady Halfa, just below the Second Cataract, was the farthest point that it would be needful to occupy for the safety of Egypt. With regard to operations on the Red Sea coast, and in the Eastern Soudan, the construction of the railway to Berber is now to be discontinued, but some posts in the neighbourhood of Souakim will be held, under the advice of Lord Wolseley, until diplomatic arrangements can be made for handing over the custody of Souakim to another civilised Power—most likely to the Sultan of Turkey, who is the ancient and legitimate Sovereign of that coast. The number of troops required for the garrison of Assouan and its outposts is estimated at 2500 men; all the rest of the Nile army will speedily be recalled.

Our Special Artist with the force of Sir Gerald Graham at Souakim, Mr. Walter Paget, contributes three Sketches to this week's publication; those of the Coldstream Guards sitting under the wall in "Monck's Redoubt," on the hill above Otao; the arrival of a train at Handoub Station on the new railway, bringing a number of water-tanks for the supply of daily needs of the troops; and the Scots Guards, on the 16th ult., building a redoubt at Otao. The wall is built of large rough stones, piled up loosely to the height of four feet, with sandbags placed on the top. At the interior side of the wall, blankets are stretched tent-wise, propped up by rifles or cleaning-rods, to shelter the men from the burning sun.

The affecting scene at Gakdul, delineated by Mr. Melton Prior, our Special Artist lately with the advanced force of General Sir Herbert Stewart, in its memorable conflicts at Abou Klea and Metammeh, appears in the large Engraving called "A Soldier's Funeral," which is presented for our Special Supplement. The death of that gallant commander has occasioned deep regret, not only in the Army, but among the people of England.

We are requested by Sir Charles Wilson, who writes on the 16th ult. from Dongola, to correct an error in our publication of March 14, which contained two Illustrations of his steamboat approach to Khartoum, and the conflict with the enemy's batteries and troops, on Jan. 28, and of the position of his small party when landed on an island below, after the wreck of the steamer. Those Sketches were not furnished by Sir Charles Wilson, but were drawn by Mr. Melton Prior, with some assistance from an officer who was on board the steamer.

OBITUARY.

THE EARL OF DUDLEY.

The Right Hon. William Ward, first Earl of Dudley and Viscount Ednam in the Peerage of the United Kingdom, and eleventh Baron Ward in the Peerage of England, died at Dudley House, Park-lane, on the 7th inst. He was born March 27, 1817, the elder son of William Humble, tenth Lord Ward; and received his education at Eton; Christ Church, Oxford; and Trinity College, Cambridge. In 1856 he was attached to Earl Granville's special Embassy to Russia, and in 1861 to the Earl of Clarendon's special Mission to the King of Prussia. The previous year he had been created Earl of Dudley and Viscount Ednam, having already, in 1835, succeeded to his father's old barony of Ward. Lord Dudley sat as Chairman of the Worcestershire Quarter Sessions, 1859 to 1880. He was High Steward of Kidderminster, and Colonel Commandant of the Worcestershire Yeomanry Cavalry. He married, first, April 24, 1851, Selina Constance, eldest daughter of Mr. Hubert De Burgh, of West Drayton, which lady died Nov. 14 following; and secondly, Nov. 21, 1865, Georgiana Elizabeth, third daughter of Sir Thomas Moncreiffe, Bart., of Moncreiffe, by whom he leaves six sons and one daughter. The eldest son, William Humble, Viscount Ednam, born May 25, 1867, is now second Earl of Dudley and twelfth Lord Ward.



SIR WATKIN WILLIAMS-WYNN, BART.

Sir Watkin Williams-Wynn, sixth Baronet, of Wynnstay, in the county of Denbigh, M.P. for that county, Hon. Colonel Montgomeryshire Yeomanry Cavalry, Deputy Lieutenant of the counties of Denbigh, Salop, Merioneth, and Montgomery, Provincial Grand Master of the North Wales and Shropshire Freemasons, A.D.C. to her Majesty, and Lieutenant-Colonel Royal Denbigh Rifle Volunteers, died on the 9th inst. To all the honours just enumerated one other may be added. In the estimation of true Cambrians he was considered their own "Prince of Wales." The ancient family he represented, the vast estates he inherited, placed him *facile princeps* in the landed aristocracy of the Principality. Sir Watkin was born May 22, 1820, the elder son of Sir Watkin Williams-Wynn, fifth Baronet, Lord Lieutenant of Merionethshire, by Lady Henrietta Antonia, his wife, eldest daughter of the first Earl of Powis, and received his education at Westminster, and at Christ Church, Oxford. Early in life he held a commission in the 1st Life Guards. He succeeded his father Jan. 6, 1840, and the year after was chosen the Conservative M.P. for Denbighshire, which county he continued to represent up to the period of his decease. He married, April 28, 1852, his cousin, Mary Emily, youngest daughter of the Right Hon. Sir Henry Watkin Williams-Wynn, G.C.B., and had two daughters: the younger, Mary Emily Nesta, died unmarried, in 1883; the elder, Louisa Alexandra, for whom the Queen of Denmark and the Princess of Wales were sponsors, married, Aug. 26, 1884, Herbert Lloyd Watkin Williams-Wynn, nephew of Sir Watkin, whose title and estates he now inherits, becoming the seventh Baronet of Wynnstay.



SIR J. R. REID, BART.

Sir John Rae Reid, third Baronet, of Ewell Grove, Surrey, died on the 7th inst., at 53, Victoria-street, Westminster, aged forty-three. He was eldest son of Sir John Rae Reid, second Baronet, and grandson of Thomas Reid, of Ewell Grove, an eminent merchant of London, and for some time Chairman of the East India Directors, who was created a Baronet, Nov. 10, 1823. Sir John, whose death we record, was formerly Captain, 16th Foot, and succeeded to the title at the death of his father, July 30, 1867. He never married, and the baronetcy devolves on his brother, now Sir Henry Valentine Rae Reid, fourth Baronet, born Feb. 13, 1845.



SIR ARTHUR PERCY AYLMER, BART.

Sir Arthur Percy Aylmer, twelfth Baronet, of Donadea, J.P., M.A., whose death is announced, held the title for two months only, having inherited it at the untimely death of his grandnephew, the late Sir Justin Gerald Aylmer, in March last. He was born in 1801, the second son of Sir Fenton, the eighth Baronet, by Jane Grace, his wife, sister of the sixth Lord Carbery; was married, in 1833, to Martha, daughter of Mr. Richard Reynell, of Killynon, Westmeath, and had several children. His eldest son, Captain Fenton John Aylmer, died, *vita patris*, April 9, 1852, leaving (with other issue) his eldest son and heir, who succeeds his grandfather, and is now Sir Arthur Percy Fitzgerald Aylmer, thirteenth Baronet. He was born in 1858, and married, in 1878, Annie, daughter of Mr. John Sanger.



THE HON. E. T. YORKE.

The Hon. Eliot Thomas Yorke, M.A., J.P. and D.L., for many years M.P. for Cambridgeshire, died on the 3rd inst. He was born April 29, 1805, the third son of Vice-Admiral Sir Joseph Sydney Yorke, K.C.B., M.P., and was consequently brother of Charles Philip, fourth and late Earl of Hardwicke. He received his education at Harrow and St. John's College, Cambridge, and was called to the Bar in 1832. From 1834 to 1865 he sat as M.P. for Cambridgeshire, on the Conservative side. In 1836 he was granted the precedence of an Earl's younger son. Mr. Eliot Yorke married, Jan. 31, 1833, Emily Anne Milicent, only daughter of Mr. Delmé-Radcliffe, of Hitchin Priory, Herts.

MR. CHAINE, M.P.

Mr. James Chaine, of Ballycraigy, county Antrim, M.P. for that county, died on the 4th inst., after a brief illness. He was born in 1841, the eldest son of the late Mr. James Chaine, of Ballycraigy, and was married, in 1863, to Henrietta, daughter of Mr. Charles A. Creery. In 1874 he was elected Conservative M.P. for the county of Antrim. The previous year he served as High Sheriff of that county, of which he was a magistrate and Deputy Lieutenant.

MR. WILBRAHAM, OF DELAMERE.

Mr. George Fortescue Wilbraham, of Delamere House, Cheshire, J.P., died on the 27th ult., aged sixty-nine. He was eldest son of the late Mr. George Wilbraham, of Delamere, M.P. for South Cheshire, by Lady Anne, his wife, daughter of Hugh, first Earl Fortescue, K.G.; was educated at Harrow, and at Trinity College, Cambridge, and was called to the Bar in 1843. He succeeded to his estate at the death of his father, in 1852, and served as High Sheriff of Cheshire in 1858. Mr. Wilbraham, of Delamere, was heir male of the great and influential Cheshire family, of which the Earl of Lathom represents a branch.

We have also to record the deaths of—

Mary Elizabeth, Lady Wells, wife of Sir Mordaunt Wells, and daughter of Mr. Thomas Ramsden, on the 30th ult.

Captain John Harvey Boteler, R.N., at St. Leonards, in his ninetieth year. His entrance into the Navy dates from 1808.

The Rev. John Patrick Eden, Hon. Canon of Durham and Rector of Sedgefield, on the 5th inst., aged seventy-one.

Lady Mary Catherine Lindsay, wife of Mr. George Hayward Lindsay, of Glasnevin House, Dublin, and sister of the late Earl of Arran, K.P., on the 24th ult., aged eighty-two.

The Rev. George Currey, Master of the Charterhouse and Prebendary of St. Paul's, on the 30th ult., at the Master's Lodge, Charterhouse, aged sixty-nine.

Mr. William Scrope Ayrton, of Saltburn-by-Sea, Yorkshire, barrister-at-law, J.P., formerly a Commissioner of Bankruptcy in the Leeds District, aged eighty-one.

The Rev. Dr. Rees, President of the Congregational Union of England and Wales, and author of the "History of Nonconformity in Wales," as well as compiler of a Welsh Bible, at Swansea, on the 29th ult., aged seventy.

Mr. William Hawes, treasurer of the Royal Humane Society, five times chairman of the Council of the Society of Arts, and a Commissioner of the Exhibition of 1862, recently, at the age of eighty.

Mrs. Mary Lofthouse, a member of the Royal Water-Colour Society, and an artist of much promise, on the 2nd inst., aged thirty-one. She was only daughter of Mr. T. W. B. Forster, of Holt Manor, Wilts, and wife of S. H. S. Lofthouse, barrister-at-law.

The Rev. John E. Lance, Rector of Buckland St. Mary, near Chard, at the advanced age of ninety-one years. He graduated at Cambridge in 1817, and held the above benefice for fifty-five years, and a prebendal stall in Wells Cathedral for over forty-four years.

Mrs. De Frevillè, widow of Mr. Edward Humphreys Greene De Frevillè, of Hinxton Hall, Cambridge. She was the daughter of Major Francis and Lady Louisa Forester, grand-daughter of the late William Harry, Duke of Cleveland, and niece of the present Duke.

General Corbet Cotton, Colonel 1st Battalion Royal Munster Fusiliers, on the 30th ult., aged seventy-six. He was second son of the late General Sir Willoughby Cotton, G.C.B., by Lady Augusta Maria, his wife, daughter of the seventh Earl of Coventry, and was married, in 1847, to Christina Augusta, daughter of Sir Charles Des Vœux, Bart.

Mr. Brinley Richards, the musician, composer of the melody so familiar and so popular, "God Bless the Prince of Wales," recently heard in all parts of Ireland. By birth and parentage a Welshman, Mr. Richards compiled and edited a collection of Welsh songs. At the time of his death he was in his sixty-seventh year.

Mrs. Arthur Knox, at Ramsgate, on the 24th ult. She was the youngest and only surviving daughter of the late Right Hon. Denis Daly, M.P., of Dunsandle, in the county of Galway, and Lady Harriet Daly. Mrs. Knox was sister to the late Lord Dunsandle, and to the Rev. Robert Daly, Rector of Powerscourt, afterwards Bishop of Cashel.

Mr. Borlase Adams, of Bedford-square, somewhat suddenly, on the 29th ult. He was the second son of the late Dr. William Adams, of Doctors'-commons, by the Hon. Mary Anne, daughter of the Hon. William Cockayne, who predeceased his brother, Borlase, sixth and last Viscount Cullen. Mr. Adams was called to the Bar at Lincoln's Inn in 1843, but retired from practice many years since. He was appointed a magistrate for Middlesex in 1859, and took an active part in all local matters.

The Archbishop of Canterbury opened on the 7th inst. the All Saints' Boys' Orphanage, erected on Morden-hill, Lewisham, the foundation-stone of which was laid last year by Princess Christian. The object of the orphanage is to train up boys, who are admitted without the cost of election, to useful employments, whilst boys who are in situations may use it as a lodging.

Designers for all classes of needle-point lace, cut cambric, and linen crochet work, &c., are invited to compete for prizes, amounting in value to £73 10s., which are offered with the view of obtaining designs which may be distributed to and executed by Irish lacemakers. Designs must be submitted for competition on or before July 15, 1885. They should be addressed to Mr. Alan S. Cole, Hon. Treasurer, Irish Lace Prize Fund, South Kensington Museum.

Mrs. Weldon's action against M. Gounod came, on the 7th inst., before Under-Sheriff Burchell and a special jury to assess damages, judgment having been allowed to go by default. The action was brought for libel, slander, breach of contract, and assault. Mrs. Weldon was brought up from Holloway Prison, and gave evidence in support of her case. Counsel for the defendant admitted a claim of £1640 for board and lodging and the performance of secretarial duties, and beyond this the jury awarded Mrs. Weldon £10,000 damages.

The Marquis of Ripon has made a considerable reduction in the rents of the farmers on his estates from April 6 last, and has also decided, to further relieve his tenants by paying half their rates.—Lord Rosebery has again remitted 15 per cent of the rents due at Lady Day from the tenants on his Hoggeston estate, at Mentmore.—The Duke of Richmond and Gordon has intimated to his agricultural tenants that, with a view to relieving or mitigating the distress which pressed upon them, he had determined to remit 10 per cent of their rent for five years, beginning with Whitsuntide.

The committee of the Royal Humane Society has awarded its silver medal to Sergeant H. Brace, Royal Irish Constabulary, for saving the life of a child named Buckley, in the river Suir, Cahir, on the 12th ult. Mr. F. G. Day, a member of the London Scottish Rifles, is awarded the bronze medal for plunging from the Embankment, near the Temple stairs, into the Thames, on the 28th ult., and saving a child; and a similar reward has been conferred upon Ram Sarup, constable in the Jullunder district, for saving a native boy in a weir in the Punjaub. Testimonials have also been conferred upon M. Neylan and a boy named Fisher for saving life from drowning.

The eighty-first annual meeting of the British and Foreign Bible Society was held at Exeter Hall on the 6th inst., under the presidency of the Earl of Shaftesbury. The report set forth that the year had been one of financial surprises and deliverances. Their liabilities of £231,000 had been met, and they still had a balance. There had been a circulation, the wide world over, of 4,000,000 copies of the Bible, which was 250,000 beyond the highest figures ever reached before. The venerable chairman has been laid up for nearly twelve months, and this was the first public duty he has been able to perform since his illness.

THE COURT.

The Queen, who enjoys good health, takes walking and driving exercise nearly every day, being generally accompanied by Princess Beatrice. Princess Christian of Schleswig-Holstein dined with her Majesty on the 6th inst.; and the Marquis of Hartington, General the Right Hon. Sir Henry Ponsonby, the Very Rev. R. Davidson, Dean of Windsor, and Colonel C. M. Stockwell, C.B., commanding 1st Battalion Seaforth Highlanders, had the honour of being included in the Royal dinner party. The Queen and Princess Beatrice visited the Empress Eugénie, at Farnborough, on the 7th inst. On Friday, the 8th inst., Princess Louise, Marchioness of Lorne, arrived at the castle. The Regent of Kolapore was presented to her Majesty by the Earl of Kimberley, Secretary of State for India. The Duke and Duchess of Wellington and Lord and Lady Carrington had the honour of dining with her Majesty. The Duchess was presented to the Queen by the Dowager Duchess of Athole, before dinner. The Hon. Mrs. Legge also arrived at the castle. Last Saturday the Princess of Wales, with Princesses Louise, Victoria, and Maud of Wales, visited her Majesty, and remained to luncheon. The Queen, accompanied by Princess Beatrice, drove down to Frogmore in the afternoon, where the Prince of Wales, accompanied by Prince George, met her Majesty. Princess Louise (Marchioness of Lorne) left the castle at six o'clock for London. Prince and Princess Christian of Schleswig-Holstein dined with the Queen. The Hon. Mrs. Legge had the honour of being invited. The Queen and Princess Beatrice and the members of her Majesty's household attended Divine service in the private chapel on Sunday morning, the Very Rev. Randall Davidson, Dean of Windsor, officiating. Prince Henry of Battenberg arrived in the evening at Windsor Castle from Germany, on a visit to the Queen and Princess Beatrice. On Monday afternoon the Queen drove out, accompanied by Princess Beatrice and Prince Henry of Battenberg. The Marquis and Marchioness of Salisbury and the Marquis and Marchioness of Ormonde arrived at the Castle in the evening and had the honour of dining with her Majesty. The Hon. Mrs. Legge and General the Right Hon. Sir Henry Ponsonby were also invited. The Queen, Princess Beatrice, and Prince Henry of Battenberg went out on Tuesday morning. Shortly before four o'clock the Queen, accompanied by Princess Beatrice, Prince Henry of Battenberg, and Princess Margaret and Prince Arthur of Connaught, left Windsor Castle and arrived at Buckingham Palace at a quarter before five o'clock. Her Majesty travelled by special train on the Great Western Railway to Paddington, and drove thence to Buckingham Palace escorted by a detachment of the Royal Horse Guards. The Duchess of Roxburghe, Mistress of the Robes; Earl Sydney, Lord Steward of the Household; the Earl of Kenmare, Lord Chamberlain; and the Duke of Westminster, Master of the Horse, presented Princess Beatrice, on behalf of the Queen's Household, with a set of silver candelabra on the occasion of the coming marriage of her Royal Highness and Prince Henry of Battenberg. On Wednesday the Queen held a Drawing-room at Buckingham Palace; and her Majesty and Princess Beatrice were to proceed on Thursday to Netley Hospital, for the purpose of visiting the sick and wounded.

We are authorised to state that the Drawingroom announced for Monday next, the 18th inst., will be held by the Princess of Wales on behalf of her Majesty.

According to present arrangements, her Majesty and Princess Beatrice are expected to leave Windsor Castle on or about the 21st inst. for Balmoral.

The Prince and Princess of Wales were present at a ball given by the Marquis and Marchioness of Abergavenny at their family residence in Dover-street on Friday, the 8th inst. A distinguished company assembled to meet their Royal Highnesses. On Saturday the Prince presided at the annual meeting of the Royal Yacht Squadron, at which seven new members and eight honorary members were elected. The Princess left London in the morning on a visit to the Queen at Windsor, and lunched with her Majesty. Later in the day, the Prince of Wales, accompanied by Prince George, went to Windsor, and, after a short visit to her Majesty, drove to Cumberland Lodge and visited Prince and Princess Christian. Their Royal Highnesses returned to London in the evening and attended the performance at Drury-Lane Theatre. On Sunday the Prince and Princess, Prince George, and Princesses Louise, Victoria, and Maud, attended Divine service. On Monday, by command of the Queen, his Royal Highness held a Levée at St. James's Palace, which was numerously attended, the presentations numbering about 280. The Prince was present in the House of Lords on Monday during the speech of the Duke of Argyll on the subject of Russian policy in Central Asia. Their Royal Highnesses witnessed the performance of "Manon" at Drury-Lane Theatre on Saturday night; and, accompanied by the Princess Louise of Wales, visited the Savoy Theatre on Monday evening. Prince Albert Victor paid a visit on Monday afternoon to the Children's Convalescent Home, Yarmouth. The Prince and Princess of Wales have signified their intention of attending the performances of the open-air plays which will be given at Coombe House on May 28, 29, and 30, June 29 and 30, and July 1.

The Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh were present at the Court Theatre last Saturday evening. His Royal Highness was at the House of Lords on Monday. He has arranged to take the chair at a dinner to be held on behalf of the Royal Albert Orphan Asylum, at the Cannon-street Hotel, on June 12.

Princess Christian opened a bazaar in the Poplar Townhall, on Monday afternoon, in aid of St. Saviour's Mission, and afterwards visited three of the local hospitals. At every point her Royal Highness received a cordial welcome.

A Simla telegram states that two months' leave of absence has been granted to the Duke of Connaught.

The Duke of Cambridge had a dinner party at Gloucester House, Park-lane, last Saturday evening.

A Select Committee of the House of Lords has authorised the promoters to proceed with a bill authorising the Marquis of Bute to sell his docks at Cardiff to the Taff Vale Railway Company for £3,200,000, subject to the granting of running powers to another local company. Counsel for the promoters protested against this stipulation.

The steam-ship Arawa, of the Shaw, Savill, and Albion Company's Line, has made an extraordinarily quick run to New Zealand. She left Plymouth on the afternoon of March 28, called at the Cape of Good Hope and Hobart, and reached New Zealand on May 7, thus performing the passage from England to New Zealand in forty days, including all stoppages and excluding any allowance for difference of longitude.

Lady Grant on Monday opened a Fancy Sale in the Kensington Townhall, held for the purpose of assisting to defray the expenses incurred in building a new wing to the Royal School for Daughters of Officers of the Army, at Lansdown, Bath. Princess Louise, accompanied by the Marquis of Lorne, visited the hall in the afternoon and made purchases at every stall. The bazaar remained open the two following days.



MR. ALEXANDER CONDIE STEPHEN, C.B., C.M.G.,
ASSISTANT BRITISH AFGHAN BOUNDARY COMMISSIONER.

THE CANADIANS ON THE NILE.

Captain Egerton A. Denison, of the 4th battalion South Staffordshire Regiment, who has been serving since last September as one of the officers of the Canadian voyageurs employed on the Nile, is the eighth son of the late Colonel George T. Denison, of Rusholme, Toronto, Canada, and of his wife, a daughter of the late Major Dewson, 15th Regiment. He was educated at the College of Upper Canada, Toronto, and at the Royal Military College, Kingston, Ontario. In February, 1881, he entered the 1st Staffordshire Militia as Second Lieutenant, and obtained a captaincy in January, 1884. Captain Denison is brother to Lieutenant-Colonel George T. Denison, commanding the Governor-General's body-guard in Canada, and to Lieutenant-Colonel Fred. C. Denison, commanding the Canadian voyageurs on the Nile. It was owing to Colonel Denison being ill in Cairo, with enteric fever, that Captain Denison had to take command of the Canadian voyageurs, who were recently in London.

OFFICERS KILLED IN THE SOUDAN.

Major James Mandeville Wood Von Beverhoudt, youngest son of Major Adam Von Beverhoudt, formerly of the 58th Rutlandshire Regiment, was born in March, 1844. He passed out of Sandhurst, and was gazetted Ensign in the 90th Regiment in 1864. A few years afterwards (1869), he entered the Bengal Staff Corps, and was appointed to the 17th Bengal Native Infantry, in which he served, generally on its staff, until his death. He was promoted to the rank of Captain in 1876, and served with his regiment through the Afghan campaign. On his return to Bengal, and whilst the 17th were quartered at Calcutta, he was attached to the staff of the Commander-in-Chief as Deputy Assistant Adjutant-General. In 1881 he was gazetted to the rank of Major; and, on his regiment being selected to form one of the Indian Contingent for service at Suakim, he was, in consequence of Colonel Thompson, the Commandant, having been invalided, placed in command of the regiment. He was killed in the surprise of General McNeill's force on March 22, whilst gallantly attempting to rally his regiment, broken and disordered by the sudden onslaught of the enemy, and the stampede of the baggage mules and camels. He was an excellent and zealous officer, devoted to his profession, and a general favourite in his regiment. His brother, Augustus Von Beverhoudt, a Lieutenant in the 38th Regiment, died in India in 1866.

Lieutenant James B. Richardson, of the 5th Lancers (Royal Irish), was the eldest son of D. Richardson, Esq., of Hartfield, Renfrewshire. He received his education at Elstree, at Harrow, where he was head boy of his house, and at University College, Oxford, from which he entered the Royal Military College at Sandhurst as University candidate at the top of the list. He was a good linguist, and had learnt Russian with a view to usefulness in his profession. He was twenty-three years old at the time of his supposed death, upon the occasion of the conflict near Souakim on March 22, when Lieutenant Richardson, with three or four men, was sent out of the camp on some particular duty, and has since been missing; only his saddle and a whistle belonging to him were found.



MAJOR J. M. W. VON BEVERHOUDT, 17TH BENGAL N.I.,
KILLED IN THE SOUDAN.

THE AFGHAN BOUNDARY COMMISSION.

We give the Portraits of two gentlemen belonging to Sir Peter Lumsden's Commission for the survey and definition of the Afghan frontier, whose names have recently been much spoken of in the discussions here upon the subject of dispute between the British and Russian Governments. Captain Yate was the only British officer who witnessed the affray on March 30, at Pul-i-Khisti, between General Komaroff's troops and the Afghan garrison of Ak Tapa and Penjdeh; and Mr. Condie Stephen has arrived this week in London to give information to her Majesty's Government concerning the work of the Commission, which now gives place to the negotiations for a final settlement in London.



CAPTAIN EGERTON A. DENISON,
SOUTH STAFFORDSHIRE REGIMENT,
COMMANDING CANADIAN VOYAGEURS ON THE NILE.

Mr. Alexander Condie Stephen, C.B., C.M.G., is one of the Assistant Commissioners with Sir Peter Lumsden on the Afghan Boundary. He is the son of Mr. Oscar Leslie Stephen, and was educated at Rugby; he was nominated Attaché to the Diplomatic Service in 1876, being appointed to the Embassy of St. Petersburg. In 1879, he was transferred to Constantinople, having previously passed an examination in Public Law. He was acting Consul-General in Eastern Roumelia from 1880 till 1881. He was made a Companion of the Order of St. Michael and St. George, and was promoted to be a second secretary to her Majesty's Legation at Teheran, from which he was sent on a special mission, in the winter of 1883-4, to inquire into the condition of the border districts of Khorassan and the Persian frontier, in the prosecution of which task he travelled along the line of the Heri-Rud, making at the same time a survey of that river. It was his knowledge of the region acquired at that time, as well as his knowledge of the Russian language, which led to his being chosen to act as one of the Commissioners in the delimitation of the Afghan Frontier. For his services on the mission of 1883-4 he was made a Companion of the Bath. Mr. Condie Stephen has made a most rapid journey from the Afghan frontier, bearing papers and maps sent home by Sir Peter Lumsden, the Chief Commissioner.

Captain A. C. Yate is the eldest son of the late Rev. Charles Yate, Rector of Holme, Yorkshire, and formerly Fellow and Tutor of St. John's College, Cambridge. Captain Yate first entered the 49th Regiment, but was, in September, 1876, appointed to the Bombay Staff Corps. He was with Sir Frederick Roberts during the Afghan campaign of 1879. Before his appointment on the Afghan Boundary Commission, he was Political Assistant at Sehor.

The statements of Ministers in Parliament on Monday last, with respect to the settlement of the dispute with Russia, show that the Afghan frontier question is in a fair way of being disposed of by direct negotiations between the Cabinets of London and St. Petersburg. Earl Granville and Lord Kimberley have examined the topographical details in a conference with M. Lessar, the special agent of the Russian Government, and have substantially agreed with him in a "delimitation" which is perfectly satisfactory to the British Government, to Lord Dufferin and the Council of India, and to the Ameer of Afghanistan. It only now awaits the conclusive acceptance of the Russian Government. The question of responsibility for any departure from the agreement of March 16, with regard to the positions that were allowed to be occupied by General Komaroff's troops, and for the circumstances that occasioned the conflict between them and the Afghans at Pul-i-Khisti on March 30, is to be referred to the arbitration of a friendly Sovereign, probably the King of Denmark. The British Commissioner for the Afghan Boundary, General Sir Peter Lumsden, was at Meshed a few days ago, on his way home, and will arrive in England early in June.



CAPTAIN YATE, BOMBAY STAFF CORPS,
ON THE STAFF OF THE BRITISH AFGHAN BOUNDARY COMMISSION.

Our Special Artist, Mr. William Simpson, whose Sketches and accurate descriptions of all important localities in the disputed territory of Badghis, on the Heri-Rud, the Kushk, and the Murghab rivers, have been highly appreciated and made useful at the India Office, the Foreign Office, and the War Office, writes as follows concerning the Nialsheni Pass:—

"South of the Zulfagar Pass, and also on the right bank of the Heri-Rud, is the Nialsheni Pass; but the character of the latter is altogether different from that of the former. It has not the natural grandeur or the military importance of the other. The geological character is entirely different. The Nialsheni Pass lies among a range of low sandhills, which are bare and yellow; the sand is hardened into solidity, but the rain has worn the sides into innumerable grooves, so that they have the appearance of having been crimped or goffered. The Heri-Rud, of which a glimpse can be seen on the left of the Sketch, passes through these hills on its way to Sarakhs and the Desert. The Sketch is taken from a point on the right bank of that river, looking north, and not far from where the Jam-Rud flows into the Heri-Rud. The Nialsheni Pass is about half-way between Sarakhs and Herat; and from it to the last-mentioned place there is nothing but an undulating plain along the whole distance. The high hills seen in this Illustration are on the left bank of the river, and are within the Persian Frontier; the name of the snowy peak was given to me as Band-i-Kwojah Tagloh; but it may be mentioned that names of places are very uncertain in these regions; one man will give you a name which he knows it by, derived from some pass, shrine, or village to which he belongs. But when you travel along, another man, who knows the same hill or range, will give you an entirely new name, which he



LIEUT. J. B. RICHARDSON, 5TH LANCERS (ROYAL IRISH),
KILLED IN THE SOUDAN.



1. Camping on the Khanna Plain; a windy night. 2. Despair. 3. After three days' rain. 4. Horses standing in the mud. 5. Going over to the mess-tent.
6. Two of the Ameer's infantry. 7. One of the Ameer's cavalry. 8. Types of the Ameer's Army: one of the body-guard. 9. The Ameer's screw-gun battery.

SKETCHES AT THE RAWUL PINDI DURBAR, BY LIEUTENANT OFFLEY SHORE, 3RD PUNJAUB INFANTRY.

has been accustomed to use, derived from some other village, spring, or perhaps a caravanserai, or a prominent point near to the hill."

Mr. Simpson's letter published last week contained a notice of the Afghan General, Ghous-ud-din Khan, commanding the garrison of the Ameer's troops at Ak Tapa and Penjdeh, whose disastrous encounter with the Russians on March 30, after our Special Artist had left the country, gave occasion to so much alarm and indignation at what seemed to be an unprovoked attack on the part of General Komaroff. The Sketch of General Ghous-ud-din with some of his soldiers, now presented on our front page, has still considerable interest. The official paper at St. Petersburg this week publishes a long report from General Komaroff, in which the Russian General gives a detailed account of the recent proceedings on the Afghan frontier. The General reiterates his assertion of the aggressive attitude taken up by the Afghans, and enumerates a series of successive provocations which he declares the Afghans offered to the Russians before the battle on the Kushk. The General repeats the story told in his former despatches. He says that on March 17 the left bank of the river was occupied by the Russian forces; the Afghans had only sentinels. It is not true that a detachment of Afghans was cut off. On March 18 the Afghans opened fire first, for General Komaroff had himself forbidden Colonel Alikhanoff to make an attack, or even to reply to a fusillade, unless he received special orders to do so. General Komaroff states that he received a letter from Captain Yate requesting him to afford protection to the English; but on Colonel Zakrejevski subsequently meeting Captain Yate behind Penjdeh, the English officer withdrew his request, and declined to receive Russian protection for Englishmen. General Komaroff states that he has refused the request of the residents of Penjdeh and of the Turkomans and others for incorporation in the Russian Empire.

An Indian telegram from Simla, where the Viceroy now is, states that Colonel Stewart and one other British officer will proceed to Herat to advise the Ameer concerning the fortifications of that city. On the Russian side, we learn that draught statutes for the formation of an Amoo Daria Steam-Ship Company have been submitted to the Council of the Empire. General Annenkoff has left St. Petersburg for the Transcaspian provinces, in order to supervise the construction of the railway lines decided upon in that region.

The opening of a new Roman Catholic church, in the presence of Cardinal Manning and a large congregation, took place on the 6th inst. at East Dulwich. The church, which is a large and handsomely-designed structure, is situated in Lordship-lane, and is erected in connection with the monastery of the Capuchin Friars at the same place.

THE CHURCH.

The Archbishop of Canterbury's primary visitation will be held about the middle of October, and not in September, as previously announced. His Grace has consented to become a patron of the Church Parochial Mission Society.

The Bishop of London will hold his first ordination in St. Paul's Cathedral on the last Sunday of the present month. His Lordship has consented to become a patron of the London Church Choir Association. Dr. Temple, last Saturday afternoon, consecrated All Saints' Church, Dalmeny-road.

Dr. Bickersteth, the new Bishop of Exeter, was on Monday enthroned in the cathedral church of the diocese.

The enthronement of Dr. King, the new Bishop of Lincoln, has been fixed to take place in Lincoln Cathedral on the 20th inst.; and the consecration of the Rev. W. T. Thornhill Webber, for the See of Brisbane, has been fixed for St. Barnabas's Day (June 11).

The Bishop of Winchester has appointed his youngest son, the Rev. T. G. Browne, Vicar of Tilford, Farnham, Surrey, to the Vicarage of Fareham, Hants. The living is valued at £530 per annum, with house, and four acres of glebe.

The parishioners of Holy Sepulchre, Cambridge, are singular in having the right of appointing their own Vicar, and, there being a vacancy, there was a meeting in the vestry on the 7th inst., when the choice fell on the Rev. Stewart Gordon Ponsonby, M.A., one of the chaplains of Trinity College.

The Council of the Church Penitentiary Association has made grants amounting in all to £500 to Homes at Plymouth, Basingstoke, Carlisle, Salisbury, Paddington, Wantage, Ditchingham, Norwich, Malvern Link, Worcester, Lostwithiel, and Bovey Tracey.

In the presence of a distinguished company, Mr. Russell Lowell, the American Minister, unveiled a bust of the poet Coleridge, which has been placed in Westminster Abbey, at the cost of the late Dr. Mercer, of Rhode Island. The preliminary proceedings were held in the Chapter-House, Mr. Lowell reading an elegant and critical eulogy on the poet; while Dean Bradley, Lord Houghton, Archdeacon Farrar, Sir Francis Doyle, and the Lord Chief Justice offered appropriate remarks. The bust is in white marble, and bears the inscription, "Samuel Taylor Coleridge"; the sculptor being Mr. Thorneycroft, R.A.

A handsome stained-glass window, from the studio of Messrs. Warrington and Co., of Fitzroy-square, has been placed in St. Mary's Church, Blairgowrie.—A handsome window, executed by Heaton, Butler, and Bayne, has just been placed in Fawley church, Henley-on-Thames. It was presented by the late Dr. Almack in memory of his son, Lieutenant Almack, of H.M.S. Briton, killed while in command of part of the Naval Brigade in Egypt early in 1884. It bears an appropriate inscription, and texts.—A Munich window, by Messrs. Mayer and Co., representing Charity, has been placed in the south transept of St. Peter's Church, Cranley-gardens, Kensington, the gift of C. Dalrymple, Esq., M.P., the inscription at the foot recording the fact that it has been placed "To the memory of Alice Mary Dalrymple."

THE RAWUL PINDI DURBAR.

Our Military Correspondent, Lieutenant Offley Shore, of the 3rd Punjaub Infantry, sends further Sketches, of a rather humorous character, illustrating the uncomfortable experiences of some of his comrades encamped, in very stormy weather, on the plain outside Rawul Pindi in the first week of April; and representing also, in their most grotesque aspect, a few types of the unpolished Afghan soldiery forming the escort of the Ameer Abdurrahman when he came from Cabul. These men are partly Afghans, partly Usbecks and other natives of Afghan Turkestan; their attire and equipment, except that of the body-guard of his Highness, seemed very irregular and slovenly. The cavalry uniforms are red and blue, with long boots; the Guardsmen wear a long blue tunic, with tippet hung down the back, and sheepskin busbies. The infantry are armed with cutlasses instead of bayonets.

Mr. Cornelius Marshall Warmington, Q.C., of the Chancery bar, has been elected a Bencher of the Hon. Society of the Middle Temple.

The first report of the Royal Commission on the Housing of the Working Classes has been issued, and deals in considerable detail with this important question.

Rear-Admiral Sir F. W. Richards has been appointed to the post of Commander-in-Chief on the East Indies station, in the room of Vice-Admiral Sir W. N. Hewett.

For the past month the Board of Trade returns show a considerable improvement in imports, but a continued falling off in exports.

On the 7th inst. the Duke of Cambridge visited Aldershott and inspected the Royal Tower Hamlets and the Royal Westminster Militia regiments, which had been embodied there for the past two months, and also two squadrons of the 20th Hussars, which are expected to be shortly sent abroad.

Sir Algernon Borthwick will preside at a complimentary dinner at which Mr. Edmund Yates is to be entertained at the Criterion on the 30th inst. A list of over a hundred stewards is announced, and considerably more than 300 guests have already taken tickets, so that the accommodation of the largest dining-room at the Criterion will be severely taxed.

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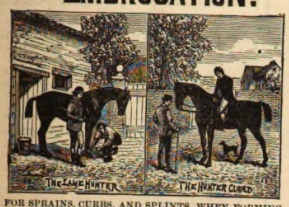
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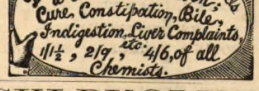
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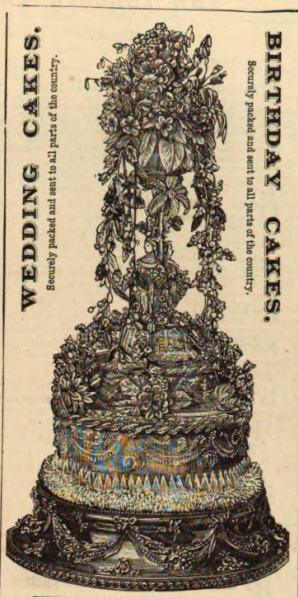
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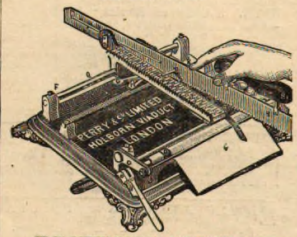
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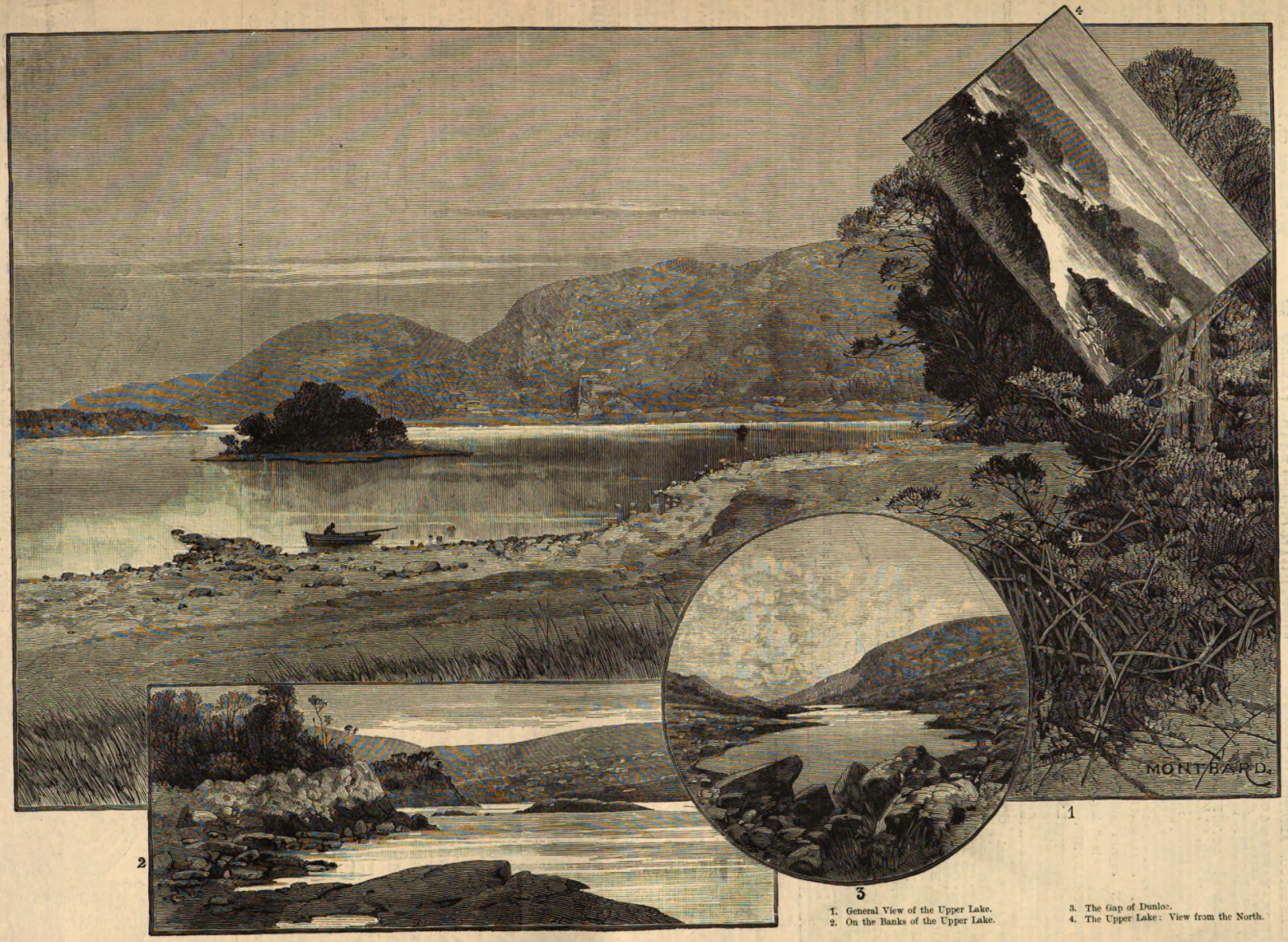
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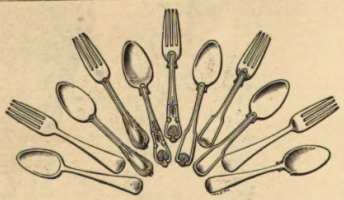
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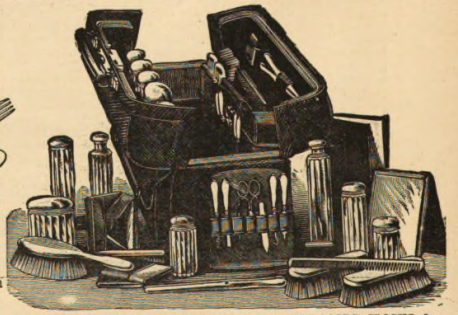
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THE LAKES OF KILLARNEY.

An account of the visit of the Prince and Princess of Wales, and their eldest son, on the 17th and 18th ult., to this romantic district of south-western Ireland, was given in our Journal a fortnight ago. The series of Views now presented, occupying four pages of this week's publication, will be of more than occasional interest to many readers. The three lakes, the Upper, the Middle Lake, between the Torc Mountain and the Muckross peninsula, and the Lower Lake, which is by far the largest, discharging their combined waters by the river Laune, lie in the heart of a region of picturesque scenery hardly surpassed by any in the British Islands. The banks of Muckross and of the Lower Lake, as far as Killarney House, are beautifully wooded, and with the Torc and Mangerton, on one side, and the Toomies and Purple Mountain on the other, divided from the Macgillicuddy Reeks by the Gap of Dunloe, there is a background of grand features in the landscape from many favourite points of view. The Upper Lake, which has an approach to sublimity of character, is connected with the Muckross Torc, or Middle Lake, by a winding channel that spreads at the "Long Range" to ample width, and here is a lofty rocky cliff, the "Eagle's Nest," frequently enlivened by music prepared for the pleasure of tourist parties. Descending by the "Canal" below, they pass the "Meeting of the Waters," at the west end of the Middle Lake. On the left bank is Glena Cottage, in the centre of this land of enchantment, just opposite Brickeen island and the charming peninsular pleasure-ground attached to Muckross, the property of Mr. Herbert. The Torc mountain, 1764 ft. high, towers above the southern shore of the Middle Lake, and the mountain stream forms a cascade in the woodland recesses at its eastern end. The Lower Lake, eight miles long, including Castlelough Bay, and four or five wide, contains several islands of some historic interest and of exquisite beauty. That of Innisfallen has been pronounced one of the loveliest places in Europe; and the larger Ross island, with the ancient Castle of the O'Donoghues, the last stronghold that held out in Munster against the army of the English Commonwealth in the Civil Wars, is a commanding feature of the principal view. Killarney House, belonging to Lord Kenmare, the mansion in which their Royal Highnesses were entertained by the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland and Lady Spencer, is conveniently situated near the little town of Killarney, which in England would be called a village; and Glena Cottage is an appurtenance of this demesne on the other side of the Lake. We understand that Lord Kenmare would not be unwilling to part with this estate to the Prince of Wales, and it deserves to become a Royal property; the same may be said of Muckross, with its noble Abbey ruins, stately cloisters amidst a grove of venerable ash-trees,

Where ivied arch and pillar lone
Plead haughtily for glories gone.

The sentimental and imaginative loiterer amid these fascinating scenes at Innisfallen or Muckross may dream to his heart's content. There is a gigantic yew-tree at Muckross, which actually helps to hold up the crumbling wall, and which could tell stories of many past ages if it were able to speak. The church of Clogherеen, near this place, is reputed the oldest in Ireland, but this may be doubted. Altogether, the Killarney region is a paradise for romantic minds. Sir Walter Scott was delighted with it, when he visited it in company with the clever, but not equally poetical, Maria Edgeworth. If Killarney had been in Scotland, or if any Irish writer of fiction had had the inventive skill and industry of Sir Walter Scott, the local inspiration might have produced some literary creation to vie with the finest of the Waverley Tales or with "The Lady of the Lake" and the "Lay of the Last Minstrel." As it is, we have to put up with the tuneful fluting of "Moore's Melodies"; and the mythical adventures of "The O'Donoghue" have, within our recollection, been made the theme of a clever theatrical burlesque on the Manchester stage.

FASHIONABLE MARRIAGES.

The marriage of Earl De Grey, son of the Marquis of Ripon, and Constance Gladys, Countess of Lonsdale, took place on the 7th inst., in the Royal parish church of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields. The wedding was a very quiet one, those present comprising only the nearest relatives of the contracting couple, among whom were the Marquis and Marchioness of Ripon, the Earl and Countess of Pembroke, the Hon. Sidney Herbert, M.P., and Lady Beatrix Herbert, Baroness Von Hügel, and the Misses Vyner. Earl De Grey was attended by Mr. Greenwood as best man, and Lady Beatrix Herbert accompanied Lady Lonsdale. The Rev. W. Gibson Humphry, Prebendary of St. Paul's, and Vicar of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, officiated, the bride being given away by the Earl of Pembroke, her brother.

At St. Mary's Church, Bryanston-square, on the same day, was solemnised, by special license, the marriage of the Hon. Ronald Leslie Melville, half-brother and heir-presumptive to the Earl of Leven and Melville, with Emma Selina, eldest daughter of the Hon. William Berkeley Portman, M.P. There was a very large gathering of relatives and friends at the church. Colonel Wynne Finch acted as bridegroom's best man; and the eight bridesmaids (four of whom were children) were the Misses Susan A. and Mary T. Portman, sisters of the bride; Miss Ethel Portman, Miss Gertrude Portman, Miss E. Foljambe, and Miss L'Estrange Malone, her cousins; Miss Kathleen Leslie Melville, niece, and Miss Adèle Hamilton, cousin of the bridegroom. They wore dresses of cream satin veiled with cream lace, and lace bonnets trimmed with roses. Each carried a large basket of flowers, and wore a pearl and coral brooch, the bridegroom's gift. The bride was attired in white satin trimmed with Brussels lace flounces, and wore a wreath of orange-blossoms and Brussels lace veil fastened with diamond stars, the gift of Viscount Portman. Her ornaments included a splendid diamond necklace, her father's gift, and a pearl and diamond pendant, the present of the bridegroom. The officiating clergy were the Rev. Fitzhardinge Berkeley Portman, M.A., Rector of Stoke St. Mary, Taunton, &c., and the Hon. and Rev. Walter Berkeley Portman, Rector of Corton Denham Sherborne, uncle of the bride. The Hon. W. Portman gave his daughter away.

The marriage between Lord Keane and Mrs. Morell took place on the 6th inst., by special license, at St. Augustine's Church, Queen's-gate, in the presence of a few relations. The service, which was choral, was performed by the Vicar, the Rev. R. R. Chope.

The marriage between the Hon. Alfred Lyttelton and Miss Laura Tennant is fixed to take place on the 21st inst.

A marriage will shortly take place between the Hon. Arthur H. Chichester, only son of Lord Templemore, and Miss Alice Dawkins, second daughter of the late Mr. Clinton G. Dawkins, formerly Consul-General at Venice.

At the anniversary festival in aid of the German Hospital at Dalston, held on the 6th inst., the Duke of Cambridge in the chair, the contributions amounted to £3470, including £200 from the Emperor of Germany, £50 from the Emperor of Austria, and £20 from the chairman.

CHESS.

R H H (Newcastle-on-Tyne).—Many thanks for the card of the new club. We are glad to note your renewed interest in the game of chess.

A B S (Tetford).—Thanks; the programme was crowded out last week, but it appears below.

W W (Elham).—We confess to having misapprehended your last problem, mistaking the R at Q R 2nd for a Pawn. It shall be re-examined.

C A F (Denmark-hill).—We believe the P and the B were transposed.

J B (St. Andrews, N.B.).—The King cannot be played to any square attacked by an adverse piece, and that appears a good reason why Black should not, in No. 2141, play his King to 5th in reply to 1. Kt to Q 4th. If he play, as you also suggest, 1. K to B 5th; the attack is a simple mate with the Rook in two moves, known to the merest tyro.

Dr V (Wolfenbüttel).—Three weeks are allowed for the receipt of solutions, and they may be expressed in any recognised notation. We shall be glad to hear from you at all times.

J L (Wexford).—A four-move problem with twenty-six pieces employed in the construction is altogether unsuitable.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2141 received from Edwin Smith (Perth), James Easton, and Chapelle-Benjacar (Malta); of No. 2142 from Congo, Henry E Joel, Trial, Edwin Smith, Chapelle-Benjacar (Malta), James Easton, F E Gibbins (Tollie, and Rev. John Wills (Barnstable, U.S.A.); of No. 2143 from Trial, Henry E Joel, Congo, Rev. W Cooper, B H C (Salisbury), James Easton, E J Cobbett (Savage Club), Leahmar, Penfold, Gustav Wasserleis, George Campbell (Belfast), Hermit, Z Ingold, Emile Frau, Jumbo, Pierce Jones, W F Schecle, W Biddle, and Stephen W Hooper; of K. Fiala's Problem from B H C (Salisbury), F Marshall, Jumbo, Rev. W Anderson (Old Romney), and T G (Ware); of the Anonymous Problem from *Nationaltidende* from Heeward, Rev. W Anderson (Old Romney), W Biddle, R Worters (Canterbury), and Emma (Darlington).

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2144 received from George Garge, Carl Stepan, E M Thorold, William Miller, Congo, T G (Ware), E J Cobbett (Savage Club), F F, L Dendon, Old Hall, Alfred S Yeoper, C A L Ball, Fiesna, Charlewood, A Wigmore, R Gray, R Worters (Canterbury), Shamrock, C Darragh, B L Duke, Ben Nevis, F Elsbury, H Lucas, Jumbo, E Lowden, H Blackbeck, R Ingersoll, S Forrest, James Pilkington, A W Servante, W Dewse, Emmo (Darlington), Heeward, A C Hunt, Otto Fulder (Ghent), Clement Fawcett, Pierce Jones, B R Wood, G Huskisson, J G Andree, S Lowndes, Richard Murphy, D McCoy, and Alpha.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEMS Nos. 2144 and 2145 received from W Biddle, C S Cozo, H H Brooke, F E H, Jupiter Junior, W J Rudman, F Ferris, W Hillier, J E M F, G W Law, Aaron Harper, Heeward, H Wardle, N S Harris, A M Forster, Rev. W Anderson (Old Hall, Alfred S Yeoper, L L Greenaway, I, Sharpwood, Ernest Sharwood, A Wigmore, R Gray, R Worters (Canterbury), Shamrock, C Darragh, B L Duke, Ben Nevis, F Elsbury, H Lucas, Jumbo, E Lowden, H Blackbeck, R Ingersoll, S Forrest, James Pilkington, A W Servante, W Dewse, Emmo (Darlington), Heeward, A C Hunt, Otto Fulder (Ghent), Clement Fawcett, Pierce Jones, B R Wood, G Huskisson, J G Andree, S Lowndes, Richard Murphy, D McCoy, and Alpha.

NOTE.—Only communications received up to Friday, the 8th inst., are acknowledged in this Number.

SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEMS.

No. 2143.

WHITE.	BLACK.
1. Kt to Kt 5th	Any move
2. Mates accordingly.	

No. 2144.

WHITE.	BLACK.
1. Q to R 8th	Any move
2. Mates accordingly.	

K. FIALA'S PROBLEM.

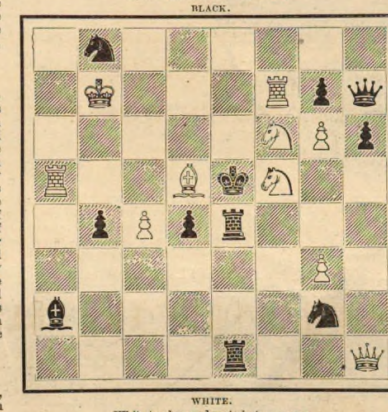
WHITE.	BLACK.
1. Kt to Q 5th	K takes Kt
2. Q to Kt 4th	Any move
3. Q mates.	

If Black play 1. K to K 5th White continues with 2. Kt to D 2nd (ch), &c.

PROBLEM No. 2147.

By HENRY BRISTOW (Crediton).

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in two moves.

A good specimen of Danish skill, from the *Nationaltidende*, of Copenhagen.
(*Centre Gambit.*)

WHITE (V. Nielsen).	BLACK (C. Dahl).	WHITE (V. Nielsen).	BLACK (C. Dahl).
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	8.	Castles
2. P to Q 4th	Kt to Q B 3rd	9. P to B 5th	B takes Kt
There is nothing better at this point than the book move, 2. P takes P; but Mr. Dahl is a skilful composer of problems, and probably has given little attention to the "bookish theorie" of practical play.		10. P takes B	Kt to R 4th
		11. B to Q 3rd	P to K B 3rd
		12. B to R 6th	R to B 2nd
3. P takes P	Kt takes P	13. P takes P	Kt takes P
4. P to K B 4th	Kt to Q B 3rd	14. P to K 5th	P to Q 4th
5. B to Q B 4th	P to K Kt 3rd	If 14. Kt takes P, then 15. Kt takes Kt, P takes Kt, 16. Q to Kt 4th (ch), &c.	
6. Kt to K B 3rd	B to Kt 2nd		
7. Castles	K Kt to K 2nd	15. P takes B P	Q takes P
8. Kt to Q B 3rd		16. Kt to Kt 5th	Q to Q R 3rd (ch)
White missed a chance here in not playing 8. Kt to Kt 5th.		17. K to R sq	R takes R
		18. Q takes R, and Black resigned.	

The Counties Chess Association has issued an attractive programme for the meeting to be held at Hereford during the week commencing Aug. 3 next. The most important of the several tourneys is that of the "Masters," for which competition, through the munificence of Mr. Charles Anthony, the president of the year, very liberal prizes are guaranteed. It will be open to all the world, and, with a few modifications, will be conducted on the same rules as those of the London International Tournament of 1883. The prizes are as follow:—First, £60; second, £25; third, £15; fourth, £5. Each competitor will be required to pay an entrance fee of £2, and a deposit of £1, the latter to be returned on the conclusion of the tournament. The time limit in this tourney will be one hour for fifteen moves. Another tourney is arranged for British amateurs who have previously won the first prize at any of the meetings of the Association, or who have, in the opinion of the committee, otherwise distinguished themselves, with three prizes of £15, £5, and £2 respectively; and yet another for British amateurs not qualified as above, with three prizes of £10, £4, and £2 respectively. The time limit in both competitions will be an hour for twenty moves, and the entrance fee in both is one guinea. There will also be the usual handicap, and arrangements will be made for evening play. The problem tourney will be open to British amateurs only; and four prizes are offered, ranging from £3 to 5s., for the best sets of three problems in two, three, and four moves respectively; and a prize of £1 10s. is offered for the best original three or two-game of any kind. The problems to be sent, in the usual way, with motto and sealed envelope, to the Rev. A. B. Skipworth, Tetford, Horncastle, on or before July 1, 1885, who will furnish a printed copy of the rules and regulations to intending competitors.

The members of the North London Chess Club now meet for play at the New Conservative Club, 206, Mare-street, Hackney. The removal to new quarters was marked on Saturday last by Mr. Gunsberg playing twenty members simultaneously.

It is understood that the programme of the British Chess Association for the year will include an International Problem Tournament. Three prizes, £5 5s., £3 3s., and £2 2s., will be given for the best sets of three problems in two, three, and four moves; and three prizes are offered for the best single problems, four, three, and two moves respectively. The problems are to be sent to Mr. L. Hoffer, the secretary of the Association, as follow:—

From competitors residing in the United Kingdom on or before Aug. 31, 1885.

From competitors residing on the Continent of Europe, the Dominion of Canada, and the United States of America, on or before Sept. 30, 1885.

From competitors residing elsewhere on or before Oct. 31, 1885.

Mr. W. W. Morgan is reprinting in the *Chessplayers' Chronicle* the American supplement to Mr. Cook's "Synopsis of the Chess Openings." The "Chronicle" is published weekly at Caledonian-road, London, N., and the price is twopence.

A new chess club has been organised at Harrogate, with Dr. J. Gordon Black as president and Mr. Alfred B. Beaty as honorary secretary and treasurer. There are forty-one members already enrolled. The meetings are held at the Trevelyan Temperance Hotel on the evenings of Tuesdays and Fridays, from seven to eleven p.m.

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated Oct. 19, 1882) of the Right Hon. Louisa Burton, Countess Dowager of Kinnoull, late of No. 41, Wilton-crescent, Knightsbridge, who died on March 9 last, at St. Leonards, was proved on the 14th ult. by the Earl of Kinnoull, the son, and sole executor. The testatrix makes bequests of jewellery, pictures, lace, &c., to her daughters, younger sons, and others; and gives some pecuniary legacies to servants. Subject thereto she leaves all the property she has power to appoint or dispose of to her son, the Earl of Kinnoull.

The will (dated Jan. 14, 1884) of Major-General Sir Arthur Henry Freeling, Bart., formerly of the Royal Engineers, late of No. 2, Elm Park-gardens, Chelsea, who died on March 26 last, was proved on the 11th ult. by the Rev. George Noel Freeling and Hugh Melvil Freeling, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £9000. The testator leaves £1000 and his wines and consumable stores to his wife; and the residue of his real and personal estate upon trust for her, for life, and then for his son, Harry, absolutely.

The will (dated July 26, 1877), with a codicil (dated July 18, 1883), of Mr. Christopher Darby Griffith, formerly M.P. for Devizes, late of Padworth House, near Reading, who died on March 19 last, was proved on the 23rd ult. by Charles Edward Hungerford Athol Colston, one of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £76,000. The testator bequeaths £1000 to his wife, and legacies to his son, executors, brother, sister, nephew, godson, servants, and others. He also bequeaths to his son £500 per annum until he attains twenty-one and then £600 per annum. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for his wife, for life, or widowhood, and then for his son.

The will (dated Feb. 24, 1885) of Mr. Francis Parsons, late of Ashford House, Hornsey, who died on March 5 last, was proved on the 16th ult. by William Davis and Llewellyn Morgan, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £67,000. The testator bequeaths £500 each to the St. Albans Dispensary and the Hemel Hempstead Infirmary; £10,000 to his uncle, Frederick Parsons; £5000 each to his executors; £5000 to Elizabeth Pattison; and other legacies. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves to Harriett Blakey, the sister of his former wife.

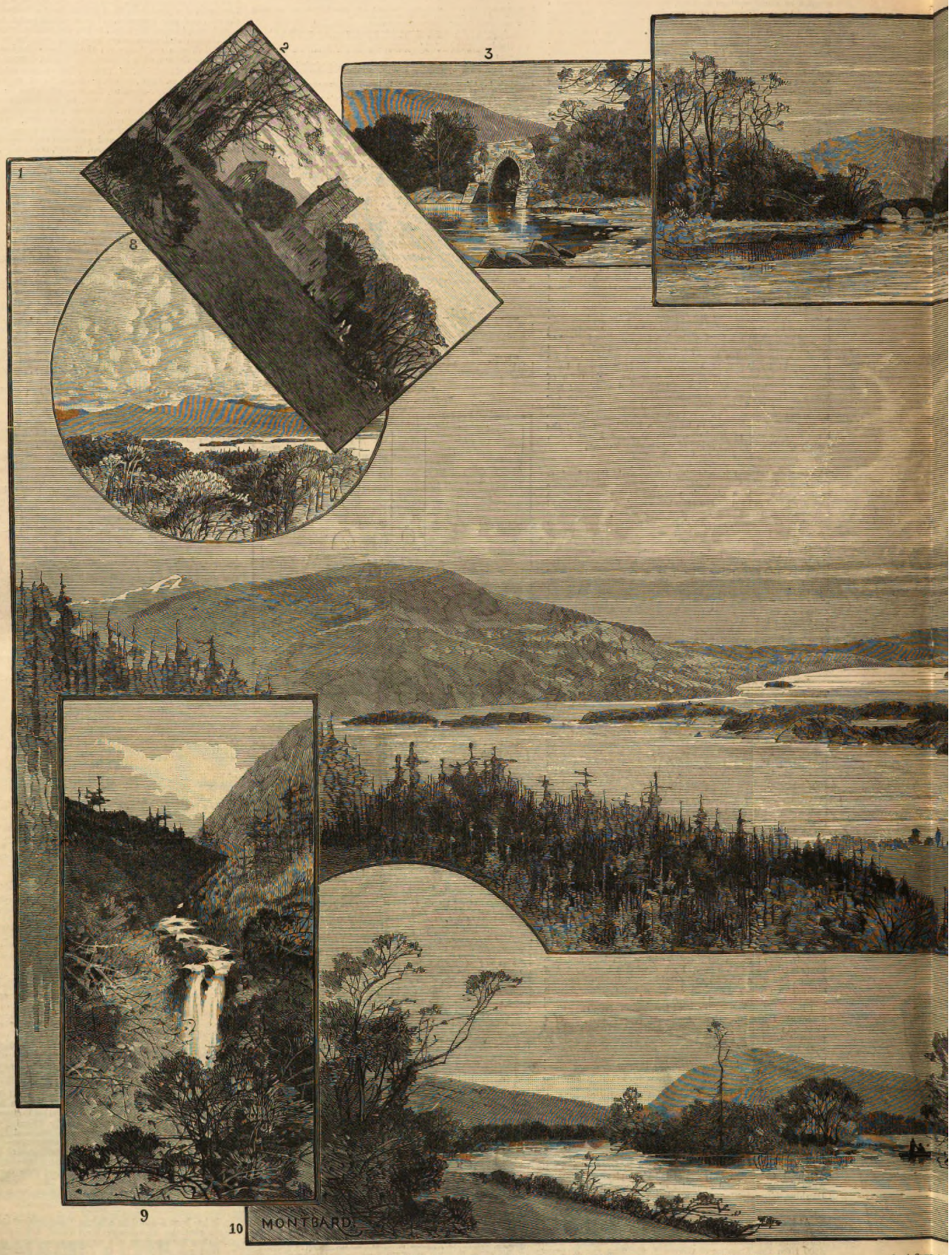
The will (dated Dec. 1, 1876), with two codicils (dated Feb. 6, 1879, and Aug. 30, 1884), of Miss Amelia Henry, formerly of Summer Hill, Oswestry, Salop, but late of Caton, near Lancaster, who died on Jan. 2 last, was proved on the 1st ult. by General Frederick John Davies and Michael Seymour Foster, the acting executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £49,000. The testatrix bequeaths £400 to the Unitarian Domestic Mission, Manchester; £200 each to the Unitarian Ministers' Benevolent Society and the Unitarian Ministers' Stipend Augmentation Fund; and numerous legacies to nephews, nieces, and others. The residue of her property she leaves, upon trust, for her nephews and nieces—George Washington Humphrys, Walter Humphrys, Mrs. Sophia Scott, Miss Margaret Humphrys, Mrs. Mary Harriet Williamson, Mrs. Frances Amelia Porter, and Miss Elizabeth Humphrys.

The will (dated Dec. 6, 1883) of Mr. William Middelton, late of Myddelton Lodge, Ilkley, and of Stockeld Park, near Wetherby, Yorkshire, who died on Feb. 26 last, was proved at the Wakefield District Registry on the 21st ult. by the Hon. Mrs. Juliana Constable Maxwell Stuart and Miss Appollonia Mary Middelton, the sisters, the executrixes, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £38,000. The testator bequeaths £20,000 to his brother John Joseph; £3000 and an annuity of £400 to his sister Appollonia Mary, and an annuity of £120 to his sister Frances Mary. Subject to the payment of these legacies and annuities and to any other charges thereon, he devises all his real estate to his brother Charles Marmaduke. Half of his plate and certain furniture and effects at Myddelton Hall, he gives to his sister Appollonia Mary; the remainder of the plate, furniture, and effects, and all the farming stock at Myddelton Hall, to his brother Charles Marmaduke; and legacies to servants. As to the residue of the personalty, he leaves one sixth each to his brothers and sisters, John Joseph Middelton, the Hon. Mrs. Maxwell Stuart, Miss A. M. Middleton, Mrs. Catherine Blundell, and Edward Middelton; and one sixth, upon trust, for the husband and children of his late sister, Mrs. Charlotte Manley.

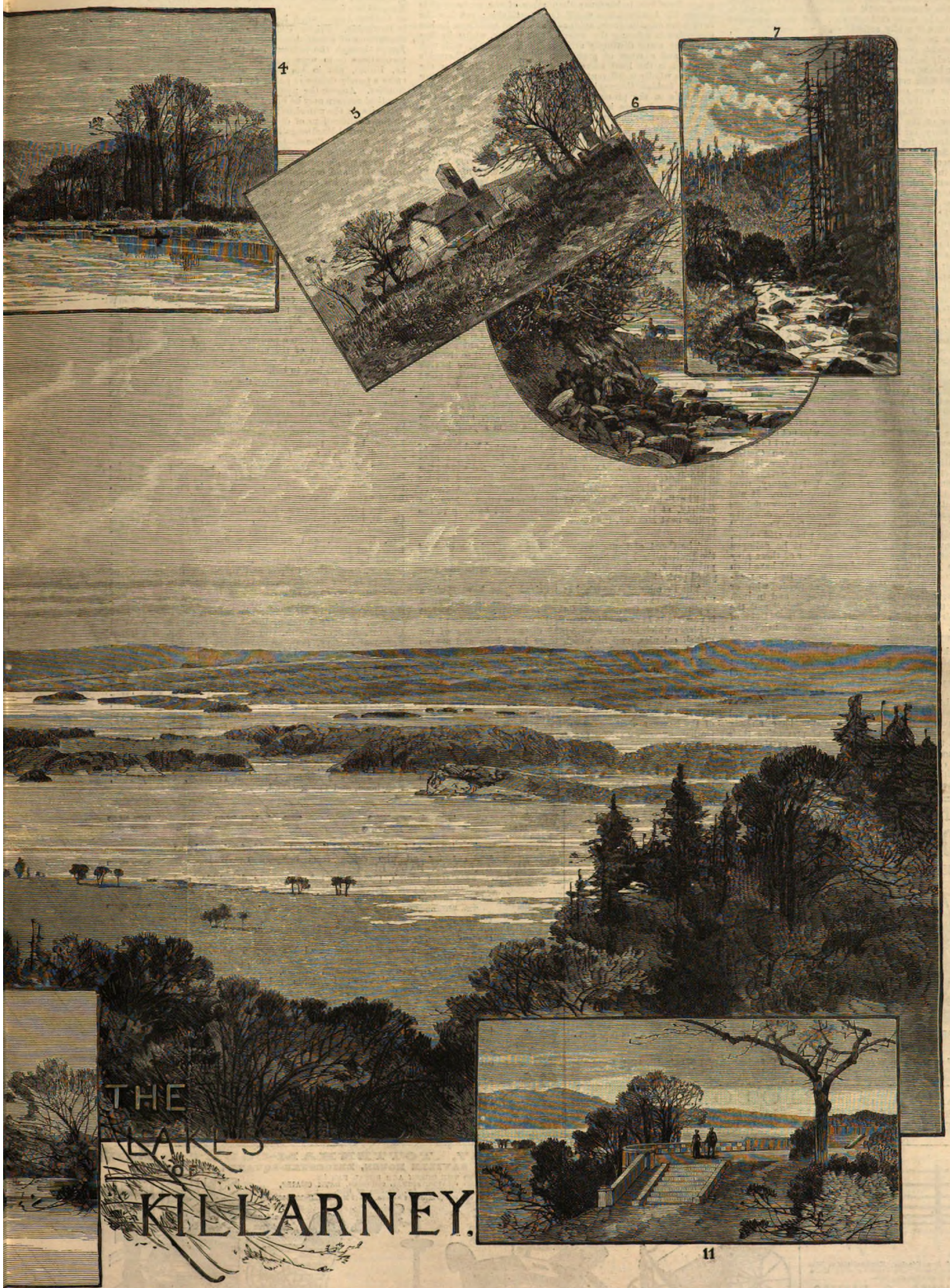
The will (dated March 24, 1880) of Mr. Kenneth Miller, late of No. 9, Pembroke-gardens, Kensington, who died on Feb. 19 last, was proved on the 8th ult. by Mrs. Caroline McLean Miller, the widow, Hugh Montgomerie Hamilton, and Henry Holmes Sutherland, three of the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £22,000. The testator bequeaths his household furniture and effects and £500 to his wife; £100 each to the Female Benevolent Institution, Thurso, Caithness, and the London City Mission; and the residue of his personal estate, upon trust, for his wife, for life. At his wife's death, one third of such residue is to go as she shall appoint, and the remainder to certain of his cousins and others.

The will (dated June 7, 1884), with two codicils (dated June 10 and July 30 following), of Mr. Stephen Cooke, late of Buckingham, was proved on the 18th ult. by John Marshall and Thomas Boyse, the executors. The testator bequeaths £500 to the Vicar and Churchwardens of Buckingham, upon trust, to apply the dividends in the purchase of coals and bread to be distributed annually on Jan. 28 among the deserving poor of that parish of all denominations; £500 to the Vicar and Churchwardens of the parish of St. Mary, Banbury, upon similar trusts; £300 to the Vicar and Churchwardens of St. Peter, Brackley, Northamptonshire, upon similar trusts; £300 to the Cancer Hospital, Brompton; £200 each to the Horton Infirmary, Banbury, and the Old Charitable Society, Banbury; £100 towards reseating the church at Buckingham; £100, upon trust, to distribute the dividends annually among the recipients of Barton's Hospital Charity, Banbury; £100, upon trust, to distribute the dividends annually among the recipients of Christ's Hospital Charity, Banbury; £100, upon trust, to distribute the dividends annually among the persons participating in the benefits of some almshouses at Brackley; £100 each to St. Bartholomew's Hospital, Guy's Hospital; the Hospital for Women and Children, Vincent-square, Westminster; the new Hospital for Women, Marylebone-road; the Hospital for Consumption and Diseases of the Chest, Brompton; the Royal Hospital for Diseases of the Chest, City-road; the National Hospital for Paralysis and Epilepsy, Queen's-road, Bloomsbury; the Royal London Ophthalmic Hospital, Blomfield-street, Moorfields; St. Peter's Hospital, Henrietta-street; the Buckingham Nursing Hospital, and the Visiting Charitable Society, Banbury; and £50 each to the Banbury Bible Society and the Banbury Mechanics' Institute, in addition to a bequest of books.

It has been decided by a Select Committee of the House of Lords that the Manchester Ship Canal Bill shall proceed, subject to the insertion of a clause compelling the promoters to have five millions of the capital subscribed before the commencement of the works.



1. General View of the Lakes of Killarney: View from above the Torc Waterfall.
2. Muckross Abbey.
3. Brickeen Bridge.
4. The Meeting of the Waters.
5. Cloghereen Church (Old Muckross).
6. A Corner of the
7. The Tow



...r of the Lower Lake.
...e Stream.

8. View of Lower Lake, from Terrace of Killarney House.
9. The Torc Waterfall.
10. South Canal, above the Meeting of the Waters.
11. The Lower Terrace, Killarney House Gardens.

ART NOTES.

The exhibition by amateur photographers, arranged by the London Stereoscopic Company, and now open at 103, New Bond-street, is a very remarkable testimony to the progress of the art. Hitherto, amateur work has found obstacles which deterred all but the most enthusiastic; and even amongst these the percentage of really artistic work was small. Now, however, thanks to the improved system of constructing cameras, the recent discoveries in sensitising paper, very many of the purely technical difficulties have been removed, or at least have been so much lightened that amateurs need not fear to meet with repeated discouragement. That they may also achieve very considerable success is evidenced by a large proportion of the exhibitors on this occasion. Amongst those who especially distinguish themselves are the Rev. H. B. Hare, the winner of the gold medal, for his water studies; Captain C. E. Abney, for his views in Derbyshire and Wales; Mr. T. N. Armstrong, for his steamers in motion; Mr. P. A. Fraser, for his South American scenery; Mr. G. R. Dunlop, for his microscopic photographs; Mr. S. Norman, for his landscapes in Sussex (gold medal also); Mr. Stephen Coleridge, for some admirable figures; Mr. T. T. Prince, for fishing-boats; and Mr. J. R. Brindson, for animals, scenery, and water groups, for which he has been very justly awarded a gold medal. That ladies also can achieve distinction in this art (without peril to their hands also) may be seen in the works of Miss Ethel Wilson's groups of animals; Miss E. Fry's views in Brussels, Antwerp, &c.; Miss Heseltine's and Miss Latham's interiors; and Miss Benett's March sunset.

The loan collection of pictures by George Stubbs, R.A., now on view at Messrs. Vokins' Gallery, Great Portland-street, will have attractions for both artists and sportsmen. Although Stubbs' work never acquired the reputation awarded to his contemporary, George Morland, owing perhaps to his narrower sympathies, there can be no question that his place amongst animal-painters is an important one; and his "portraits" of most famous race-horses and hunters of his day, speedily recognised as truthful and lifelike, were rapidly popularised by means of engravings, &c., still to be met with in many old country houses. Among the works here exhibited a few may be regarded as hard and stiff from our present standard of taste, but there are many which show a freedom of movement and grace of action which Landseer himself might have envied. As specimens of this class of work may be mentioned the "Portrait of Snap" (8), a brown horse, the grandson of the famous Flying Childers, who not only never lost a race, but on two occasions defeated the Duke of Cumberland's Marsh (the sire of Eclipse) over the Beacon Course. Another interesting animal, as well as a good picture, is that of "Mambrino" (13), a grey horse, the sire of Messenger, exported to the United States at the close of the last century, from whom descended the best American trotting-horses. It was of Messenger that it was said "that one hundred million dollars struck American soil when the old grey came charging down the gang-plank of the ship which brought him over from England." "Gimcrack" (34), gave his name to a race which still exists, and who subsequently went to France, where he galloped twenty-two miles in an hour. He was another of those grey horses which, to judge from Stubbs' pictures, must have then been far more common on the turf than now. Besides race-horses, including "Eclipse" (3), who never needed whip or spur, Stubbs drew lions, panthers, and dogs; and in such works as "Hercules overcoming the Cretan Bull," and the portraits of "Sir Joseph Nelthorpe" (15) and the "Duke of Portland" (48), he gives proof of vigour and considerable power of landscape painting.

Mr. Frederick Goodall's "Finding of Moses," now on view at 168, New Bond-street, is an effective treatment of a subject which has attracted artists in all ages; and our Royal Academician may be congratulated upon having found means of introducing some original features into its treatment. Pharaoh's daughter, a delicate-limbed, fair girl, has come to bathe in that part of the river which runs close to the Royal palace. Her two brown female attendants have already jumped into the water, and are in the act of presenting their broad shoulders to their mistress to lean upon, as she steps down from the marble terrace, when their eyes are attracted by the floating cradle, in which the infant Moses is comfortably floating, with little pretence at concealment. Except in the figures of the two slaves, there is no action in the picture; the King's daughter, who is being unrobed by her attendants, is as motionless and statuesque as the stone deities or monarchs whose black basalt statues guard the entrance to the palace. In the reconstruction of this building, Mr. Goodall has, no doubt, given freer rein to his fancy than some of the archæologists among the Academicians would deem justifiable; but into the dark mass of palm-trees, sphinxes, and huge buildings he has succeeded in infusing the sense of probability, whilst he has made the scene distinctly artistic and interesting, with rich colour and a sense of grandeur. The figure of Pharaoh's daughter is the least successful part of the picture, as she seems as wholly indifferent to the young foundling as a young lady of fashion thoroughly imbued with the spirit of caste might be in the present day; but her pose is classical and graceful, and there is a sense of general harmony, as in a southern evening, pervading the whole.

Mr. T. Blake Wirgman has extricated himself with success from what promised to be a very difficult art problem. Given the conditions under which Lord Beaconsfield reported to the Queen the result of his mission to Berlin, it was not an easy matter to make an attractive picture. In the small drawing-room of the Queen's house at Osborne, so simply furnished that many of her subjects will be surprised when they see Royalty at home, the Queen is seated in an arm-chair, bent forward to listen to the account Lord Beaconsfield is giving of the events which led to the Berlin Treaty, and how he was able to bring back "Peace with honour" to her Majesty and to this country. There is a very great dignity in the figure of the Queen, with no attempt at flattery; and, although no distinct sittings were given for the picture, those who have the best means of speaking with authority, pronounce the portrait to be an excellent one. Of Lord Beaconsfield, although one of his private secretaries testifies to its resemblance, we speak with more diffidence. He seems rather more youthful than he appeared to most eyes after his return from that momentous journey; and his attitude, leaning against the table on which are the notes and documents to which he may have occasion to refer, seems to want some of those physical proportions which are brought out so strongly in Mr. Millais' portrait. In spite of this, the picture is very interesting from an historical as well as from an artistic point of view; and the engraving, if as successful as the original, cannot fail to be popular throughout the country and the colonies, and wherever the tradition of "Imperium et libertas," as proclaimed by the late Conservative leader, are held in honour. The picture is on view in the room adjoining that in which Mr. Goodall's work is exhibited.

Messrs. Cassell and Co. will open their annual Exhibition of Original Drawings in Black and White, at La Belle Sauvage-yard, early in June. Among the works exhibited will be the original drawings executed by Mr. Frederick Barnard for his "Character Sketches from Dickens," published last autumn.

The Summer Exhibition of the Nineteenth Century Art Society, at the Conduit-street Galleries, will be open to the public next Monday, the 18th.

The Court of Common Council has accepted the offer of the Ecclesiastical Commissioners of a site at Highgate for a public park, but deferred its decision in regard to the proposed park at Kilburn.

The Premier of Victoria has received from Lord Derby a memorandum stating, in reference to the German annexation of part of New Guinea, that "there is no ground on which it is possible to base an objection to the occupation by Germany of places which lie at a considerable distance from any of the British colonies, and in which there have been and are no British settlers or traders."

The annual dinner of the friends of the Royal Hospital for Incurables was held on the 7th inst. at the Albion Tavern, Aldersgate-street, under the presidency of Mr. John Scott, M.P. The hospital is supported by voluntary subscriptions, donations, and legacies, and is excluded from the benefits of the Metropolitan Hospital Sunday Fund. The maintenance of the Home and the pension list, without cost of administration, exceeds £21,000 per annum, and since 1881 it had been found necessary to sell out £15,000 New Three per Cents. Mr. J. D. Allcroft, treasurer, proposed the health of the chairman; and donations and subscriptions were announced amounting to £4665, including one hundred guineas each from the chairman and treasurer.

THE MAY MAGAZINES.

SECOND NOTICE.

The *Nineteenth Century* has several good articles, practical and speculative. Among the latter must be reckoned Prince Kropotkin's forecast of "The Coming War" for the markets of Central Asia, though he is probably correct in considering it inevitable. Prince Halim Pasha talks plausibly on the importance of conciliating Mussulman feeling, and governing Egypt through the Sultan; but the real drift of his recommendations is to urge that Tewfik should be deposed, and he, Halim, put in his place. Major-General Green advocates a purely defensive policy for the protection of our Indian frontier. Among the numerous articles on subjects of great practical concern may be noted Mr. Justice Stephen's on inconsistencies in the punishment of crime, Sir Henry Thompson's on the modifications of diet rendered desirable by increasing years, General MacDougall's criticism of our system of infantry tactics, and Mr. Bowen-Jones's solution of the problem how to make farming pay. M. Goldsmith's narrative of the persecutions which compelled him to emigrate from Russia is interesting, and calculated to excite sympathy; but we must say that, on his own showing, the Government had ample grounds for the suspicion with which they regarded him.

Mrs. Ritchie's novel in *Macmillan* continues very pretty and charming, perhaps a trifle too domestic. Another lady writer analyses three typical French critics of English literature. M. Schérer, subtle and refined; M. Darmesteter, sensible and good all round; M. Sarrazin, superficial. "Unexplained," by Mrs. Molesworth, is a pretty German sketch which bids fair to develop into a good ghost story. The political review of the month maintains the improvement that has been recently remarked in it.

Longmans' Magazine continues Mr. William Black's "White Heather," not the most powerful, but perhaps the prettiest, of any of his fictions. Mr. R. L. Stevenson's "Prince Otto" continues perplexing. It may prove a great success, but so far the action has not taken a powerful hold upon us, though there can be no question of the merit of the style. Bret Harte's "Apostle of the Tules" is one of those Californian tales which he so well knows how to tell.

Time, which fully maintains the very considerable advance it has recently made, has, among other interesting articles, an impartial review of the Salvation Army movement, by M. Leopold Katscher; a smart indictment of the existing system of elementary education, by Mr. A. Sonnenschein; and a survey of contemporary English art, by William Sharp; while Mr. G. Legge, having terminated his connection with "society journalism," sets up to be its historian.

The *Highland Magazine* contains a number of articles interesting to Celtic scholars and ethnologists. The most remarkable contribution to *Good Words* is Professor Drummond's observations on the proceedings of the white ant.

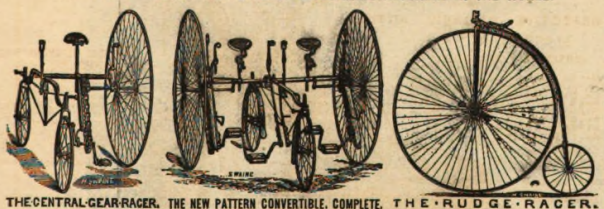
The principal serials of the enterprising firm of Messrs. Cassell, Petter, Galpin, and Co., besides The Magazine of Art (noticed last week), are—the first number of Egypt: Descriptive, Historical, and Picturesque, by Professor G. Ebers, translated by Clara Bell; Part I. of Picturesque Canada, edited by Principal Grant, of Queen's University, Kingston, Ontario, delineating by pen and pencil all the features of interest in the Dominion, from its discovery to the present day; an issue, in sixpenny parts, of the Illustrated Book of Pigeons, by R. Fulton, with fifty coloured plates, executed for the work; Cassell's Magazine, The Quiver, Cassell's Saturday Journal, Greater London, Royal Shakspere, Familiar Wild Flowers, Book of Health, Old and New London, Illustrated Universal History, Popular Gardening, Picturesque Europe, Picturesque America, Life and Words of Christ, Little Folks' Magazine, Popular Educator, and Our Own Country.

We have further to acknowledge the receipt of The Red Dragon, The Scottish Geographical Magazine, London Society, The Argosy, The Month, Good Words, The Army and Navy Magazine, Household Words, Eastward Ho! The Antiquarian, Chambers's Journal, All the Year Round, Merry England, Irish Monthly, Leisure Hour, Book Lore, United Service Magazine, Fores's Sporting Notes and Sketches, The Theatre (with portraits of Miss Kate Phillips and Miss Tilbury), St. Nicholas, Harper's Young People, Illustrated Science Monthly, Technical Journal, Baptist Magazine, Aunt Judy's Magazine, Christian Treasury, Sunday Talk, Babyhood, and The Rosebud.

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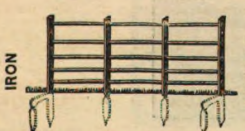
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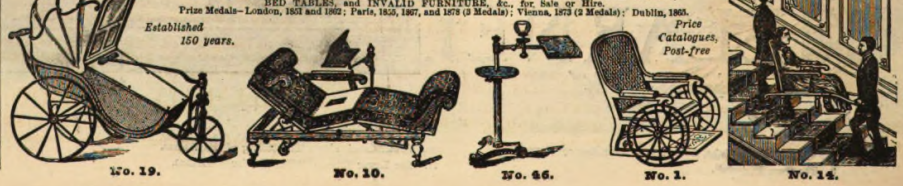
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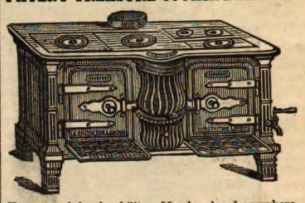
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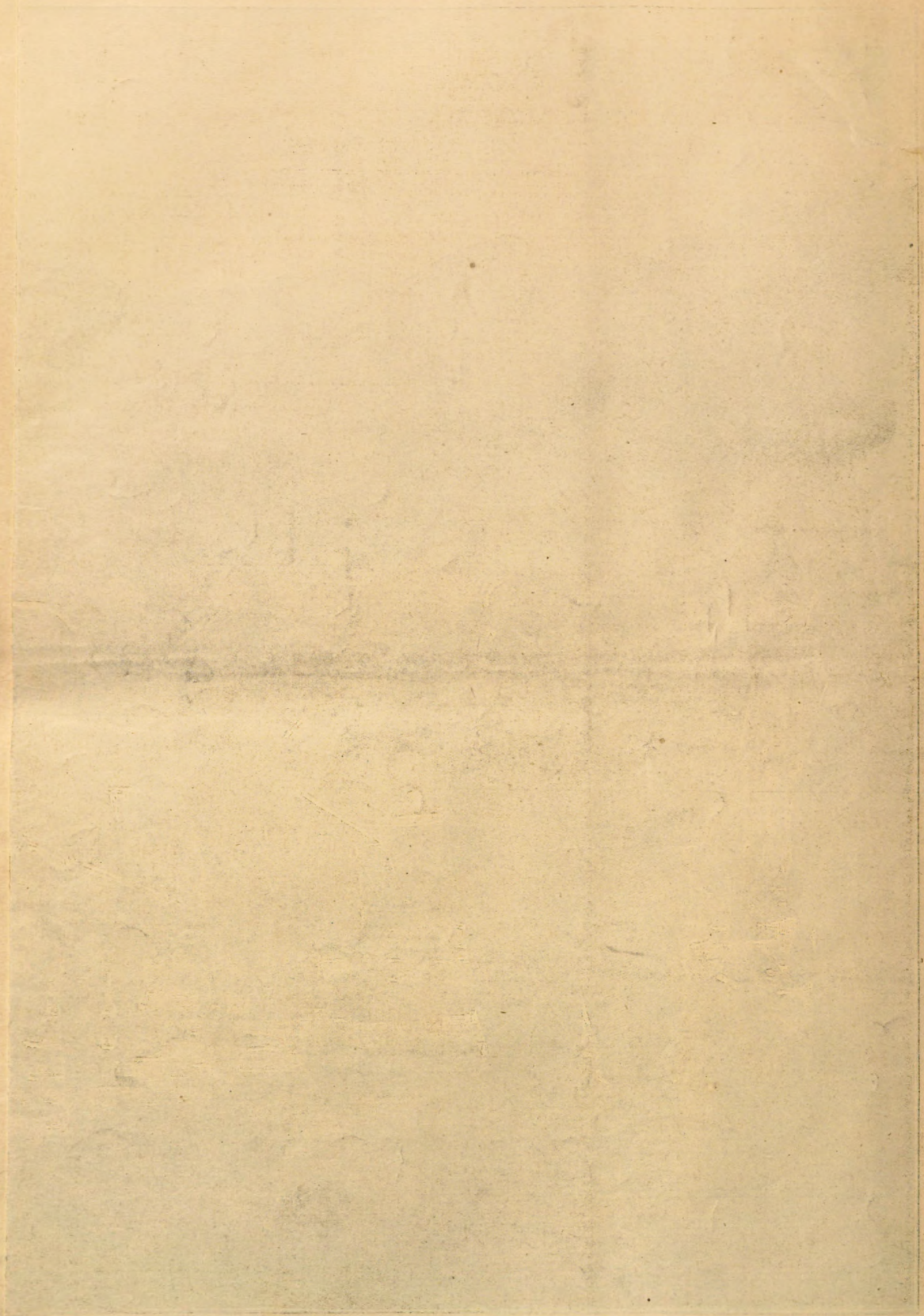
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THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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No. 2405.—VOL. LXXXVI. SATURDAY, MAY 23, 1885. WITH EXTRA SUPPLEMENT | SIXPENCE. By Post, 6½d.



THE REBELLION IN THE NORTH-WEST TERRITORY OF CANADA: CAPTAIN FRENCH (SINCE KILLED) TAKING THREE INDIAN SPIES PRISONERS.
SKETCH BY CAPTAIN H. DE H. HAIG, R.E., OF GENERAL MIDDLETON'S STAFF.

OUR NOTE-BOOK

The authorised version of the Old Testament is the noblest specimen of rhythmical English we possess in the language. Read some of the finest portions aloud and then treat in the same way the writings of any distinguished author of our day, and the notes even of a master of style like Mr. Ruskin will sound harsh in comparison. It is, therefore, no small merit of the revisers, whose fifteen years of labour have now been brought to a conclusion, that they have preserved as far as possible the beauty of form that distinguished the translation of "King James's Bible." Critics will no doubt find fault with some of the emendations, and in a work of such difficulty and magnitude there must be room for fault-finding; but it is no small satisfaction to know that the majestic and musical language familiar to us from childhood, and as dear as it is familiar, has been reverently preserved. This pious care is the more worthy of honour, since the revisers of the New Testament were less scrupulous or less capable of appreciating beauty of sound. No doubt the first object in such a revision is accuracy of translation; but, happily, this is not incompatible with sonorous language.

A University education does not always eradicate natural tastes and inclinations, or make a woman unfit for the practical business of life. A proof of this is afforded by the fact that a certain Miss Pease, who had passed her childhood herding cows in Texas, was able when she attained years of discretion to go to Vassar, where she graduated in honours. She has now, however, left the University and returned to her country life, which promises to be successful, for she is farming no less than 6000 acres, and making it pay.

Some idea of the fertility of the Sacramento Valley, California, may be formed when we hear of a farmer who has made £1200 profit out of twelve acres of asparagus this spring. Railway communication is so good and rapid that vegetables reach the markets of New York and other cities almost as fresh as when cut, and in quite as good condition as if they had merely travelled from Nice or Cannes to Paris.

The distinctive character of French artificial flowers this season is their wonderful fidelity to Nature. The Persian lilac and Guelder roses, flowers not very easily copied, are most exquisite, especially in colouring. The greenish tints in the latter old-fashioned blossoms are very difficult to get exactly; and as to the former, if there is one shade of colour about them, there is at least a dozen. Artificial fruit will be all the rage on Parisian bonnets as the summer advances, and it is being made of india-rubber. This is quite an innovation, as thin blown glass has always been used previously. The new fruit is most successful: the bunches of red currants do not look quite ripe enough to be eatable, but the plums, with the bloom on them, and the apricots are so good that it would be difficult to tell the imitation from the true if they were placed side by side in a dessert dish.

One of the most interesting dresses worn at the Artists' Ball, in Prince's Hall, Piccadilly, on Tuesday evening was Lady Brassey's. A hundred years or so ago it was new, for it really belonged to the ill-fated Marie Antoinette. The prevailing tint is something between brick-red and crimson, and it is a rich brocaded silk, with a mixture of many colours in rather a small pattern. The lace on the lower part is a kind of gold and écru Spanish, about two inches wide; but the lace in the sleeves is exquisitely fine and almost priceless old Valenciennes. If that dress could only speak, what might it not tell us about the gay young Austrian Princess, who came to so tragic an end!

The Belgian Government is very busy arranging all necessary measures for ruling the Congo, and the Constitution of the new State has been drawn up by M. Arntz, a well-known professor of the Brussels University, and Sir Travers Twiss. It is said that a high and important post in the Congo Administration will be given to the young Comte de Lalaing, who is an artist born, and made a most successful début at the Paris Salon last year. He is the son of the late Comte de Lalaing, who, in his picturesque old Huguenot costume, was so well known in Brussels all his life; and his mother, the Comtesse de Lalaing, is an Englishwoman.

When the Duchess of Connaught committed her favourite Persian cat to the care of a Royal Artillery sergeant who was coming home on board the Serapis, she certainly did not imagine that pussy would be the cause of any complications, or of a voluminous official correspondence. During the voyage she became the mother of a little family, and as sailors consider the birth of kittens on board ship a sign of the greatest good luck, they made a vast amount of fuss over them. When the Serapis reached Portsmouth, the sergeant naturally wished to take both cat and kittens on shore, but only one cat had been brought on board, and the officials had no power or authority to discharge more. The cat was accordingly carried off by the man who had her in charge, and the crew retain triumphant possession of the kittens. A great many letters have been exchanged on both sides, but at present things remain in *statu quo*.

Schoolmasters seem to be rather at a discount in the Navy, for the Admiralty have decided on withdrawing them from all the corvettes, rightly judging that there must be on every such ship someone qualified to perform the duties of an instructor, who will be glad to receive the regulation allowance for doing so, in addition to his ordinary pay.

Monseigneur Guibert, the Archbishop of Paris, after a long illness is restored to health, and has just resumed his duties, to the great delight of all who know him, whether as prelate or as man of the world. A great many anecdotes have consequently been revived, touching on his wit as well as on his liberality of thought and conduct. It may be remembered, that during the *année terrible* of the Franco-Prussian war, the Archbishop, who then resided at Tours, offered a home in his palace to M. Crémieux, the eminent Hebrew lawyer, and his wife, and they gratefully accepted it. When the aspect of things was so far altered that M. Crémieux could return to Paris, he took a most affectionate leave of his host, expressing the thanks of the "Jew" to the "good Christian," and saying, "Ah, Monseigneur! ours is the reconciliation of the Old with the New Testament. Henceforth they are one." "Pardon, M. Crémieux," replied the Archbishop, "a clever lawyer like you should not forget that the last testament annuls all previous ones. Ours alone holds good."

Having captured Riel, the leader of two revolts in Canada, the Administration cannot quite make up their minds what to do with him. To put him to death would be to raise him to the dignity of a martyr amongst his followers; whilst to imprison him would hardly seem adequate punishment for the trouble he has caused and the lives which have been sacrificed through his acts. There is always in England a natural and praiseworthy prejudice against using the severest punishment for what may be termed political offences, and this sentiment extends to the colonies. But since the Papineau rebellion in 1837, Canada has never been quite free from an inclination to rioting on the part of certain irresponsible and thoughtless sets, and some strong measures must be taken to let would-be insurgents know that the laws must be respected. It is, however, to be hoped that a method can be found to spare Riel's life, and yet permanently restore order in the colony.

The district of Bulgaria known as Dobrudscha having been infested with a swarm of ravenous locusts, the Prime Minister of the place at once adopted a warlike policy, which must be highly applauded by those who approve of strong and decisive measures. When the greedy little insects had devoured everything green within an area twenty square miles, and when the farmers could do nothing, and when a peaceful arbitration between the besieged and the besiegers did not appear likely to be agreed on, the military were called out, and the enemy was successfully exterminated. It has been said by those who object to supporting a standing army, that soldiers have nothing to do but to catch flies. The remark, if applied to Dobrudscha, would seem singularly appropriate. It has not been stated whether the Nordenfeldt gun, or torpedoes, or mitrailleuse were brought into requisition, or whether the invaders were repulsed at the point of the bayonet. Happily, not one of the Bulgarian army was killed in the encounter, though the enemy's numbers far exceeded their own.

For nearly three weeks the working tailors of Paris have been on strike, and there is now an appeal being made on their behalf for subscriptions from Englishmen in the same trade. Strikes, or, in fact, any disagreements between masters, as a class, against servants as a class, are always to be deplored, for it is by a conscientious union of the resources of both that trade develops and success is attained. Without discussing the respective merits of the parties to the present dispute, there is one grievance alleged by the men which humanity demands should be fully investigated. They complain that they frequently have to ply their calling in damp, unwholesome underground cellars, into which the light of day never penetrates. If this be true, then reform is needed, and a strike should not have been necessary to obtain for the tradesmen the opportunity of carrying on their business in a healthy atmosphere. There are, of course, other questions between the employers and the employés, but whichever side eventually concedes, the sanitary state of the work-rooms ought to be rendered as nearly perfect as possible.

While lack of appreciation on the part of the British public has rendered it doubtful whether there will be a performance of Italian opera in London this season, it is interesting to note how popular is opera—both German and Italian—in Prussia. Out of 278 general representations in Berlin 233 were of opera; in Cassel there were 107 out of 269; and in Hanover 115 out of 268. How different in London! With all our new theatres, and with the increased popularity of dramatic performances, a two-months' season at Drury-Lane is all we are likely to have in the year. In Paris, opera has done little better than in London. The official report of the Grand Opera-House for five months shows a deficiency of £6000.

Friends of Paradox, the all-but-defeated winner of the Two Thousand and the somewhat shaky favourite for the coming Derby, are looking all around them for encouragement. Peradventure, the case of the half-bred Hotspur, who all but "did" the Flying Dutchman of famous memory for the Derby, may reassure them; or the remembrance of Wild Tommy may be grateful to their feelings. For Wild Tommy, who never did anything to speak of, before or after, was within a head of beating the great Petrarch for the Doncaster St. Leger; and the Chopette colt may be as Wild Tommy, for all that anybody can tell. The performances of Whipper-In and of Metal at Chester, as well as the performance of Farewell in the One Thousand, speak volumes, of course, in favour of Paradox; but the volumes are not of such authority as they might have been under other circumstances and at other times—in the days, for instance, when Chester was Chester. Chester still knows how to "charge"; but there is no Stanley, as in the days of Sir Thomas, to "On." Kempton Park, again, seemed to show that the friends of Paradox may dismiss any uneasiness they may have felt about Esterling, Strategus, and Risingham. Thus the "field" is becoming more and more select as we approach the fatal 3rd of June.

What to believe has always been among the puzzles of life, ever since the serpent beguiled the credulous Eve. Newspapers, which, like vaccination, are a beneficent invention, but not altogether without attendant evils, have increased and intensified the puzzle, especially for anybody who is careless and desultory in reading, and cannot or will not be at the pains of glancing over as many newspapers as possible. For it sometimes happens that a newspaper which contains a certain unfounded statement does not print the contradiction or correction; or, on the other hand, the inconstant reader may read one newspaper one day and another another, so that the conscientiously inserted correction may escape observation and the erroneous statement remain fixed in the reader's mind. Take the statement concerning Mr. Condie Stephen and his luggage, for instance. First we read in one paper that he met at our Custom-House with the treatment proverbially accorded to a prophet in his own country, but was treated with extraordinary attention, courtesy, consideration, and honour by the Russians; and then we read in another paper that it was not so at all, but that the officials of our Custom-house behaved towards him with the greatest possible respect and forbearance, and "passed" his luggage as if he had been an autocrat. Whether the former paper ever revised and corrected its original assertion we, perhaps, never know; and, not seeing why we should give more credit to one paper than the other, remain in doubt for the rest of our natural lives.

How "evil is wrought by want of thought as much as want of heart" received sad illustration lately in Sussex. A poor little boy named Dale caused great annoyance to a young man named Hedger, who—as what he, no doubt, considered a "lark" and a facetious kind of punishment—tied the little eight-year-old to a cow's hind legs, or to one of her hind legs, and the frightened animal made a mad rush, struck the little boy's head against a post, and killed him. And now the thoughtless Hedger, whose deed it is impossible to attribute to anything worse than thoughtlessness, will be tried for a very serious crime, and will probably and very properly have to pay a heavy price for indulging in a dangerous practical joke.

Messrs. Peall and Mitchell played something like a match at billiards last week: it was 8000 up, and Mr. Peall won by eight points only. There cannot, of course, be a dead-heat at billiards, but Messrs. Mitchell and Peall have been next door to it.

Apropos of dead-heats, there was rather a curious one at Kempton Park last week, for the Shepperton Selling Handicap Stakes, between Wit and Eldest Miss, neither of whom was expected to win the race, but of whom the latter was the better favourite. When the dead-heat was "run off," Eldest Miss was again the better favourite, but Wit, the less fancied, though the two had been, as it were, "tried" together in the very presence of the bettors, not only won but "made the running," and won "cleverly." Something similar so frequently happens that it is almost ludicrous: witness the cases of Buckstone and Tim Whiffler, Ely and General Peel, for the Ascot Cup. In both cases the "wrong un" was made the favourite, and yet a man like the late Admiral Rous, who really knew what was what, made no mistake. It seems but yesterday that he was heard to remark, contemptuously, in his "quarter-deck" tones, "It will be odds on General Peel, and Ely will win." And so it was.

Patriots who like to lament over the decadence of their country, and never tire of pointing out how we are losing our prestige in everything, especially in sport, will no doubt wax eloquent over the defeat of our champion, Lambert, who on the 15th inst. was beaten by Pettitt, of Boston, U.S., at tennis, in a contest for the "championship of the world." Other patriots, who do not like to lament over the decadence of their country, and who cannot see any reason for such lamentation, will rather observe with pride by how almost incredible a shave the American, with youth and its accompaniments on his side, managed to beat the Englishman, with age and its accompaniments against him. Foreigners sometimes beat our race-horses, Canadians sometimes beat our oarsmen, Australians sometimes beat our cricketers, and so forth; but we can still boast that foreigners, whether Americans or others, Canadians, Australians, and all the world, are considered "very small potatoes" until they have received, as it were, their diploma in England, which has taught all nations, and may without discredit be occasionally beaten by her pupils. As regards the tennis-match, Mr. Pettitt, would himself, perhaps, be the first to acknowledge, in language peculiarly appropriate to the game in which he excels, that "youth will be *served*."

The "mashers" of Paris have been in a bad way lately, having "nothing to wear" in consequence of a "strike" among the gentry employed by the great tailors, the Pooles d'outre-mer. When a lady declares that she has nothing to wear, we know what it means, and do not apprehend any shocking deficiency of garments. But with men (if "mashers" be men) it may be different; still a great deal may be done with a good long "ulster," which will cover a multitude of deficiencies. Indeed, it has been said that a man in an ulster ought to go about with a certificate, signed by competent and credible witnesses, testifying that he has something on underneath. Could not the Parisian "masher" manage with an "ulster" until times are better?

Melton, by coming out for the first time this year last Wednesday, and winning the Payne Stakes, showed, though he had but three opponents, that he has not lost his form of last year; and the meeting between him and Paradox will be all the more interesting.

El Mahdi is not the only leader of men who sets up as a prophet at the present time; for Riel, who headed the insurrection on the Canadian frontier, announced himself as the deliverer of the half-breeds; and not only carried a cross, but performed tricks of legerdemain, in the hope of proving his Divine mission to his deluded and half-barbarous followers.

THE REBELLION IN THE NORTH-WEST TERRITORY OF CANADA.

It is satisfactory news that Louis Riel, the conceited and fanatical mongrel Canadian, who got up the Red River insurrection of 1870, and has again stirred up a rebellion among the half-breeds and some of the Indian tribes on the North Saskatchewan, is now a prisoner, and there are strong hopes of a speedy pacification. The colonial troops, under the command of General Frederick Middleton, have done admirable service in a brief campaign of hard marching and sharp fighting, some Illustrations of which appear in this week's Number of our Journal. These are supplied by Sketches with which we have been favoured by Captain H. De H. Haig, of the Royal Engineers, who is Assistant-Quartermaster-General on the Staff of General Middleton. Some explanation of the geography of the North-West Territory, and the condition of the unsettled part of its inhabitants, may first be required. That vast prairie region west of the Province of Manitoba and of Lake Winnipeg, is traversed by the two branches, the North and the South branch, of the great river Saskatchewan, both rising near the base of the Rocky Mountains, and uniting to form the lower stream which flows eastward to the head of Lake Winnipeg. The country along the South Saskatchewan is traversed by the Canadian Pacific Railway, and is being rapidly settled and occupied for cultivation, with the banks of the Qu'Appelle, a tributary of the Assineboine, three or four hundred miles west of the town of Winnipeg; and the rising towns of Regina and Moose Jaw, and the railway stations further on, Medicine Hat, Calgarry, and Morleyville, are the secure abode of colonial civilisation. The country of the North Saskatchewan, on the contrary, not having yet obtained the benefit of a railway, and being situated in a more severe climate, though its soil is very rich, still lies in a rather backward condition; the principal stations in ascending the river, which is navigable after the melting of the ice, are Prince Albert, Battleford, the seat of the administration, Fort Pitt, and Edmonton. Battleford, the centre and capital of this territory, is six hundred miles, by road, from the city of Winnipeg, the capital of Manitoba. The aggregate number of the various native Indian tribes in the North-West and in British Columbia is reckoned at 85,000, but scarcely a quarter of these belong to the region which is disturbed by the present insurrection. The half-breeds, mostly the offspring of French Canadians by Indian mothers, number about 5000; one of them is Louis Riel, who was educated in a Roman Catholic missionary college, but, instead of becoming a priest, took up the trade of a political intriguer. It does not appear that the Canadian Dominion Government has ever treated the Indians with harshness or unfairness. They have received, individually, sufficient grants of land, which instead of cultivating they have sold, and they now demand fresh grants of land, probably to be sold again, for they dislike the toil of agriculture. The outbreak of the insurrection was rather alarming, and was attended with cruel massacres, a dozen white persons, including women and children, being slaughtered by the Indians at Frog Lake; Battleford was also captured and plundered, but the resident officials and their families, with the other English there, three hundred in all, shut themselves up in the barracks, from which they were relieved, and the town was recaptured, by the Mounted Police under Colonel Otter. Fort Pitt, eighty miles above Battleford, has fallen into the power of an Indian chief named Big Bear, and much anxiety is felt concerning the fate of the few English who were there, and whom Big Bear detains as prisoners and hostages.

The operations of Major-General Middleton have some military interest. This officer, who was educated in the Royal Staff College, has fought in the Indian Mutiny War and in New Zealand, and is a C.B.; he was formerly Commandant of the Cadet College at Sandhurst, and in July last year was appointed Commander-in-Chief of the Militia forces in the Dominion of Canada. The active force of the Dominion numbers 37,036 of all ranks. In these are included permanent troops, consisting of three field batteries and three companies of infantry, which also serve as schools of instruction. In No. 10 District, which is the scene of the present revolt, there are only 607 of the active Militia. These are divided into Militia "in cities" and "rural." The former comprise a troop of cavalry, a field-battery, and a battalion, the head-quarters of which corps are all at Winnipeg. The latter consist of four independent companies of infantry. In addition there are the North-West Mounted Police, closely resembling the Irish Police. They number some 500 men, and of these about half are with Colonel Irvine, their commandant, at Prince Albert. General Middleton is at the head of 3200 men, who were brought westward by the Canadian and Pacific Railway; but at several places along that line, on the north shore of Lake Superior, the railway is not yet constructed. The troops had therefore to march about seventy miles in that part of their journey. At one place, as is shown in Captain Haig's Sketch, they crossed the ice of Nepigon Bay, a space of fourteen miles, the temperature then, at four o'clock in the morning on April 6, being many degrees below zero; the troops shown in this Sketch are the 10th Royal Grenadiers, accompanied with sledges for the conveyance of stores. The railway brought them on, through Manitoba, and westward as far as Qu'Appelle, which is situated fifteen miles north of the line. General Middleton sent an advanced guard to hold Fort Humboldt, 120 miles north of Qu'Appelle, half-way to Prince Albert, while he moved north-west to Clark's Crossing, on the South Saskatchewan, and there awaited supplies. The river there was crossed by a wire rope stretched from bank to bank, a width of three hundred yards, with a boat attached to it by ropes and pulleys. The cavalry were sent out in this neighbourhood as scouts, and captured three Sioux Indians, spies employed by Riel, who were ready to fight, when surrounded, as shown in Captain Haig's Sketch, and to sell their lives as dearly as possible; but Captain French, of the Mounted Police, approaching them unarmed, and speaking to them in their own language, persuaded them to surrender. They were the two sons and a brother-in-law of the powerful Sioux chief White Cap, who was obliged to quit the United States for having taken part in the Minnesota massacres. General Middleton, having completed his arrangements for an advance against the enemy, with eight hundred men, moved forward to the North Saskatchewan, at Gabriel's Crossing, and marched some days up the left bank of that river. On the 24th, he was suddenly attacked by the enemy, under Gabriel Dumont, in a ravine called Fish Creek, fifteen miles above Batouches, between Battleford and Fort Pitt. General Middleton had with him there only about four hundred men. The conflict was very severe, the rebel sharpshooters, under cover of buildings and rifle-pits, killing nine and wounding forty-two of the loyal troops, who were forced to withdraw from the ravine. But some days later, having got reinforcements, General Middleton forced the position, driving out the rebels from the village of Batouches, and dispersing the greater part, or forcing them to surrender. Louis Riel, Dumont, and three others fled after the battle; three scouts coming out of the bush espied Riel and summoned him to surrender. The rebels, however, fired at the scouts, and continued their flight on horseback. The scouts gave chase and succeeded in capturing Riel. He was concealed until General Middleton had been informed of his capture. The troops were then ordered to their tents, and Riel was brought into camp on the 15th inst.; but Dumont has not yet been taken. Many of the half-breed insurgents have surrendered, but hostilities continue with the Indian tribes farther up the river, under the leadership of Big Bear and Poundmaker, two of the native chiefs. In the meantime, an event of vast importance to the whole Canadian Dominion has this week been quietly accomplished by the peaceful labours of the railway engineers. On Tuesday the rails were laid down on the last unfinished section of the Canadian Pacific Railway, by which railway communication extends now in an unbroken line from the Atlantic to the Pacific, from the port of Halifax, Nova Scotia, to Port Moody, on the coast of British Columbia, traversing British territory all the way, a distance exceeding 3500 miles.

BENEVOLENT INSTITUTIONS.

The Queen has presented to the German Hospital, at Dalston, £100, as an addition to the collection made at the recent anniversary festival. The King of Bavaria has given a donation of £15 towards the funds of the German Teachers' Association in England. The Company of Merchant Taylors have given 100 guineas to the Gordon Memorial Fund for the benefit of poor children. The Court of Common Council have made a further grant of 10 guineas in aid of the maintenance of the Royal National Hospital for Consumption, Ventnor, which is being greatly enlarged to meet the pressure of applicants. The committee of the Morley House Seaside Convalescent Home for Working Men have received twenty guineas from the Mercers' Company, ten guineas from the Skinners' Company, and five guineas from the Salters' Company, towards the liquidation of the debt upon their house and grounds at St. Margaret's Bay, Kent.

Madame Cellini is organising an amateur concert, under the patronage of the Queen, the Princess of Wales, Princess Christian, and at which many of the nobility will assist, in aid of the Hospital for Sick Children in Great Ormond-street. The concert will take place on June 25, at St. James's Hall.

Yesterday week was celebrated, at the Holborn Restaurant, the thirty-third annual festival dinner of the City Orthopædic Hospital, the Duke of Portland presiding. Subscriptions to the extent of over £750 were announced.

The Lord Mayor has consented to preside at the Second Festival Dinner in aid of the funds of the London Fever Hospital, which is to be held at Willis' Rooms, on June 23.

The Duke of Cambridge presided at the annual dinner in connection with King's College Hospital held last Saturday evening in the Inner Temple Hall. There is a growing deficit in the funds, amounting last year to £6700. The sum subscribed during the evening was £2229.

The annual dinner of the members and subscribers to the Newspaper Press Fund took place at Willis's Rooms last Saturday evening, Dr. W. H. Russell in the chair. Donations to the amount of nearly £900 were announced.

Several dinners took place on the 13th inst., as follows:—

The Prince of Wales presided at the festival dinner of the North London or University College Hospital, and made a telling speech in favour of the institution. The collection amounted to £2800, including 100 guineas from the Prince of Wales, and 100 guineas from Sir Julian Goldsmid. This, with the £2000 donation from a lady mentioned by his Royal Highness, brought the total up to £4800; and Sir Julian Goldsmid, learning this, forthwith subscribed another £200, thus bringing up the total for the evening to £5000.

The Duke of Cambridge presided for a short time Sir James Lawrence subsequently taking the chair—at the festival dinner of the Royal Hospital for Children and Women, Waterloo-bridge-road, held at Willis's Rooms—the subscriptions amounting to nearly £1000.

The Marquis of Ripon presided at the annual dinner of the Railway Benevolent Institution, at the Cannon-street Hotel. His Lordship made an earnest appeal in its behalf, and the result was a contribution of about £2500 to the funds.

Mr. W. H. Smith, M.P., presided at the anniversary festival of the Artists' Benevolent Society, when a sum of nearly £2000 was subscribed.

The ninety-seventh anniversary festival of the Royal Masonic Institution for Girls was held at the Freemasons' Tavern, Sir Walter W. Burrell, M.P., Provincal Grand Master for Sussex, presiding. The subscriptions amounted to £14,187.

Lady Adeliza Manners on the 14th inst. presented new colours to the 3rd Battalion Leicestershire Regiment, in the Victoria Park, at Leicester.

The committee of the National Fawcett Memorial have decided, after placing a memorial tablet in Westminster Abbey, to devote the funds which they are engaged in raising to the promotion of the higher education of the blind. It has been determined to apply a sum not exceeding £2000 to the establishment of a Fawcett scholarship, tenable by a blind person at any of the Universities of the United Kingdom, including women's colleges, and to appropriate the balance of the fund to the higher education of the blind in connection with the Royal Normal College and the Academy of Music for the Blind at Upper Norwood in some distinct form with which the name of Mr. Fawcett shall be identified.

Four brigade field-days of metropolitan Volunteers were held last Saturday. The corps assembled as follows:—Wimbledon-common (Colonel G. H. Moncrieff, Scots Guards, commanding)—13th Middlesex (Queen's Westminster) R.V., 14th Middlesex (Inns of Court) R.V., and 20th Middlesex (Artists) R.V.; and (Colonel W. Fitzroy commanding) 1st, 3rd, 5th, and 7th Surrey R.V. Regent's Park (Colonel C. Tucker, C.B., commanding)—1st and 2nd Volunteer Battalions Royal Fusiliers and 3rd and 17th Middlesex R.V. Bushey Park (Colonel Clive, Grenadier Guards, commanding)—London Rifle Brigade, 12th Middlesex (Civil Service) and 25th Middlesex (Bank of England) R.V., 15th Middlesex (Customs and Docks) R.V., and 24th Middlesex (Post Office) R.V.

The annual meeting of the Mendicity Society was held yesterday week at the residence of Lord Norton, in Eaton-place, under the presidency of the Duke of Wellington. The report stated that, out of 1207 applicants, 1003 were sent to work, five only of whom refused to work; 194 were incapable of work, ten from various causes were declined relief. A total of 3988 meals had been given. The number of applicants showed a decrease of 182 from that of the previous year. But amongst the number of those who had been afforded temporary aid were noticed an unusual number of bona-fide working men desiring regular employment, and unable to find it. The total number of vagrants apprehended during the year was 1344, of whom 860 were new cases. Of the whole number 923 were committed and 421 discharged. The total number of letters registered for inquiry in the begging letter department of the society's work was 1450, of which 976 were new cases.

THE REVISED TRANSLATION OF THE BIBLE.

At midnight on Monday, in the neighbourhood of Paternoster-row, at the publishing warehouses of the two Universities—that of Oxford University, in Amen-corner, and that of Cambridge, in Ave Maria-lane—eager crowds of wholesale purchasers, the messengers of a multitude of booksellers, awaited the first delivery of the new English Translation of the Bible. We had previously received from Mr. H. Frowde, publisher of the University of Oxford, a copy of the edition in crown quarto, printed in minion type and in double columns, which contains the old "authorised" version alongside with the revised version. It is not within our competency to anticipate the judgment of Biblical scholars and critics upon the work performed during fourteen years of scrupulous labour by the most learned English masters of this kind of knowledge. The revised translation of the New Testament, which of course must be, to Christians, of infinitely greater theological importance than that of the Old Testament, was given to the world four years ago; and nothing has to be said of it upon this occasion.

To the general reader of cultivated literary taste, without the rare accomplishment of knowing the Hebrew language, we feel assured that the present work is one of the most valuable gifts that has ever been made, even apart from religious considerations, and that it will hereafter affect, in a vastly beneficial degree, the standard of a pure English style, of true eloquence and poetry, and the expression of noble, pathetic, and sublime feelings upon every topic of our common speech. For there is no composition, in any language ancient or modern—not even the plays of Shakspeare, not even the Greek classics, or the epics of Milton and Dante—that equals in force and beauty many passages of the Psalms, the writings of the Prophets, the first two chapters of Genesis, and the Book of Job; there is no store of pithy moral wisdom, of concise maxims upon the practical conduct of life, so perfect in form as the "Proverbs" and the Book of "Ecclesiastes." These writings, even if the ecclesiastical claim of Divine inspiration for them had never been advanced, would have exercised supreme power over the human mind by their matchless strength of thought and utterance, by their exquisite grace, their width of view, the freedom of conception, the passionate earnestness, the reach of lofty aspiration, the irresistible tenderness of their appeals to the heart of mankind. There is no great poet, no great orator, no profound speaker or writer of any nation in modern Europe, from the Middle Ages down to the generation of Carlyle, Ruskin, Tennyson, Browning, Victor Hugo, and John Bright, who has not been indebted to the Bible for much of his power of rhetorical expression, and for much of his stock of imaginative ideas. Putting it simply upon this ground, the study of those parts of the Scriptures to which we have referred is the best instrument of literary culture that can be found in all the libraries of the world. The English version, now revised and corrected, is the first and best of English prose classics; and we believe it has now been made the very best translation of the Bible in any language.

The pleasure of reading—merely as one of the highest literary delights—will be greatly enhanced by some of the improvements which the Revisers have introduced; by presenting all the poetical books, the songs and hymns and chants, the versified proverbs, and many passages in the Prophets' writings, of metrical form in the original, here printed as poetry, in lines, while the rhythmic cadence is managed with taste and skill; by casting the ordinary prose into convenient and intelligible paragraphs, according to the logical branches of the discourse or narrative, instead of cutting it up into detached verses, though the old numbering of verses and chapters is marked; and by omitting the questionable headings of chapters, supplied by theological commentators who were not infallible, and whose assistance may well be dispensed with. The substitution of good current English words of this day, belonging to our proper speech, for such as have become obsolete, and for others which are debased by coarse and indelicate associations, is a still greater improvement; but it is to be regretted that in some few instances, where the Revisers have discarded a word that was inexact, or one liable to be misunderstood, they have put in the Hebrew word ("Sheol" for instance, meaning the place or state of the dead when hidden from the survivors on earth) instead of trying to provide an English equivalent. The word "hell," as every scholar is aware, had originally no other signification, but has acquired by theological usage a dreadful meaning not intended by the author of the Book of Job. We cannot, however, dwell upon the particulars of translation. In general, the reader will find, by the help of the Revisers, numerous obscure and hitherto offensive phrases removed, the drift of argument or rhetoric made to flow clearly, smoothly, and effectively, the circumstantial descriptions rendered more exact, the eloquence and poetry of the Bible worthily presented. What effects may be produced on the use of texts for or against different systems of theological doctrine, we do not know, and we do not care.

This is merely the ordinary layman's popular view of the great work that has been completed, for which the people of England ought to be grateful. The personal services of the Revisers, whose names have frequently been mentioned, will be recognised, probably, upon some future occasion. Of those who began the work at Midsummer, 1870, including the New Testament Company and the Old Testament Company, ten have died and two have resigned, and fifteen of the original body are now living. They have laboured in eighty-five sessions, usually ten days at each session, occupying 192 days altogether; the mode of procedure is described in a preface to this volume, or rather in two prefaces, one to the Old and one to the New Testament. The Revised New Testament, as is well known, may be purchased separately; but the Revised Old Testament is sold only as part of the entire collection of books which is called the Bible, and we hope it will be sold by millions.

The total amount of the guarantee fund to the Colonial and Indian Exhibition (London, 1886), is now £183,850.

The late Lieutenant James Richardson, of the 5th Lancers, whose Portrait we gave last week, was educated at University College, Oxford, and subsequently by the Rev. G. Faithfull, at Storrington Rectory, Sussex, from whose hands he passed first into the Royal Military College at Sandhurst. The Portrait of him was from a photograph by Mr. Lafayette, Westmoreland-street, Dublin.

The Soudan War being over, Lord Wolseley left Souakim with his staff on Tuesday, after inspecting and praising the Indian troops, and bidding farewell to the Australians, who have sailed for Sydney. The troops on the Upper Nile begin to withdraw on Thursday. As the war goes off in smoke, not only of gunpowder and glory, Mr. H. K. Terry, London agent for Messrs. Allen and Ginter, of Richmond, Virginia, has generously given 1700 lb. of "Richmond mixture," which we can personally attest to be fine and wholesome tobacco, for the use of the British troops. It is forwarded by Lady Brassey and the Ladies' National Aid Society.

THE AMEER OF AFGHANISTAN AT THE RAWUL PINDI DURBAR.



DILAUR KHAN (KASSANJEE), PAYMASTER OF THE AFGHAN ARMY, WITH HIS ATTENDANTS.



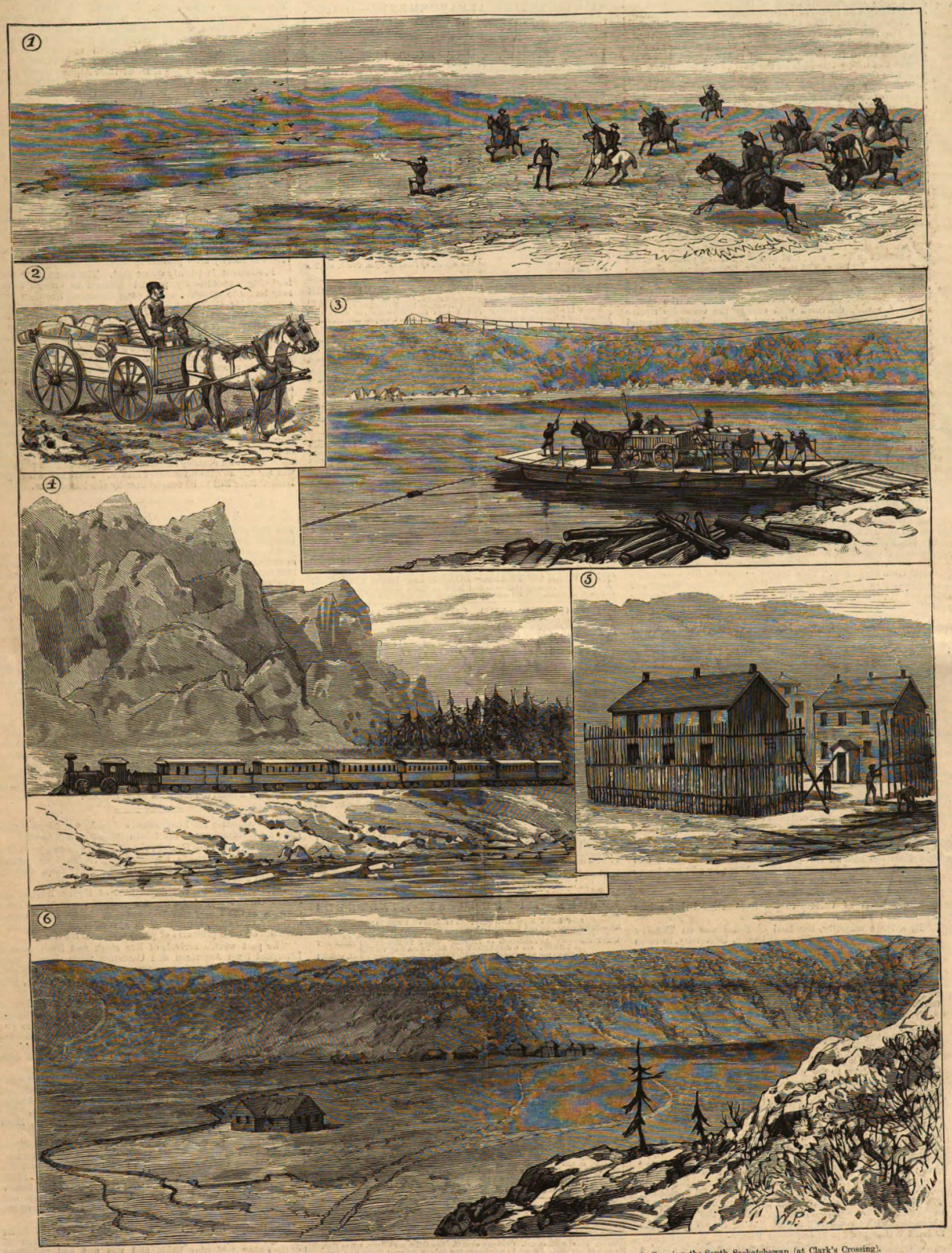
GHOLAM HAIDAR KHAN, COMMANDER OF THE AFGHAN ARMY, WITH HIS ATTENDANTS.

During the visit of the A[illegible]er Abdurrahman of Cabul to the Viceroy of India, at Rawul [illegible]di, in the Punjaub, photographs of the distinguished personages there sojourning for the Vice-regal Durbar were taken by Messrs. Fry and Lahn, of Lucknow, which are reproduced in our Engraving. The principal group is that of the Ameer, standing with the Earl of Dufferin and with his Royal Highness the Duke of Connaught, attended respectively by officers and gentlemen of their staff, including Mr. Mackenzie Wallace, the author of excellent books on Russia and Egypt, who is private secretary to the Viceroy; General Afzul Khan, the Ameer's Envoy to India; Major-General W. Gordon, C.I.E., of the Bengal Staff Corps, who received the Ameer at Peshawur; Captain Talbot and Captain J. H. Balfour, A.D.C., Bengal Staff Corps. The other Engravings represent the Commander-in-Chief of the Afghan army, Gholam Haidar Khan, and the Paymaster of the Army, Dilaur Khan, each seated with attendant guards standing behind or beside him. The Ameer has issued a proclamation applauding his troops on the frontier, under General Ghous-ud-din Khan, for the bravery they showed in the conflict with the Russians at Pul-i-Khisti on March 30, and expressing his confidence in the value of the British alliance. He has sent large reinforcements to Herat, and has permitted Colonel Stewart, Major Talbot, and Major Holdich to superintend the fortifications of that city. Gifts of military stores, rifles, and artillery, with considerable sums of money, have been made to the Ameer by the Indian Government.

The Duke of Connaught. The Ameer. Lord Dufferin.



THE AMEER, WITH THE VICEROY OF INDIA AND THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT ATTENDED BY THE STAFF.



1. Our scouts capture by mistake two of our officers who are duck-shooting.
2. One of our teamsters.
3. Crossing the South Saskatchewan (at Clark's Crossing).
4. Train waiting at the end of the Nepigon break, north shore of Lake Superior.
5. The Hudson's Bay Company's fort at Qu'Appelle.
6. View of Fort Qu'Appelle.

THE REBELLION IN THE NORTH-WEST TERRITORY OF CANADA.

SKETCHES BY CAPTAIN H. DE H. HAIG, R.E., ASSISTANT QUARTERMASTER-GENERAL ON THE STAFF OF GENERAL MIDDLETON, C.B.

THE ARTISTS' COSTUME BALL AT THE PRINCE'S HALL.

The President and Council of the Royal Institute of Painters in Water Colours (who set a commendable example of spirit and enterprise to older societies) are to be warmly congratulated upon the signal success of the brilliant Costume Ball and "Masque of Painters" at the Prince's Hall, in Piccadilly, on Tuesday night. The whole fête was an artistic triumph; and the rich feast of colour evidently afforded particular pleasure to the Prince and Princess of Wales, who had from its inception taken the liveliest interest in the affair. It was the happiest of happy thoughts on the part of the Ball Committee to ordain that "All guests must be in costume of an historic period prior to 1837." As a consequence, it was quite an exceptionally picturesque gathering of gaily and quaintly costumed guests that met the view of their Royal Highnesses when they arrived at the hall with the Princess Louise of Wales, and were received by the President, Mr. James D. Linton, handsomely apparelled as Paul Veronese, whilst the trumpeters blew a blast, and the crimson-coated company of halberdiers, led by Lieutenant W. Horsley, presented arms. Fancy-dress was worn by everyone save the Royal party, which comprised, in addition to the Prince and Princess of Wales and the youthful Princess in white, the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh, Princess Louise and the Marquis of Lorne, Prince Edward of Saxe-Weimar, Count and Countess Gleichen, and Countess Feodora Gleichen.

The tableaux vivants of the Old Masters undeniably merited the general tribute of admiration they at once secured. They were perfect in their way, and presented living pictures of the most famous artists and of their times, prepared with absolute historical accuracy under the sedulous supervision of a number of the most distinguished members of the Institute. The Chorus was Mr. J. Forbes Robertson, who, in the classic robes of Virgil, delivered with energy the verse descriptive of "The Masque of Painters," well written by Mr. Edmund Gosse. Admirably was the series opened. A bit of ancient Athens seemed realised in Mr. A. Sacheverell-Coke's group of Pericles consulting Ictinus and Phidias regarding the Parthenon, while Zeuxis on the side held converse with some Athenian ladies. There succeeded the glowing triptych designed by Mr. Walter Crane (himself performing the rôle of Cimabue) to represent the arts of Florence, Rome, and Venice—Dante and Beatrice, Petrarch and Laura, Cimabue with Giotto as a shepherd-boy, N. Pisano and Boccaccio's Fiametta forming the centre; Michael Angelo, Pope Julius II., and Raphael figuring to the right; and on the left being grouped Paul Veronese (Mr. J. D. Linton, P.R.I.), Titian (Mr. J. H. Mole, V.P.R.I.), and Venetian grandees. Mr. Linton's German tableau was eminently characteristic of this eminent painter, and introduced the spectators to Albrecht Dürer (Mr. E. J. Gregory, A.R.A.) explaining to the Emperor Maximilian his print of "Triumph," while Lucas Cranach (Mr. E. M. Wimperis) and Holbein and Peter Visscher look on. Similarly resplendent and equally applauded was the bright scene designed by Mr. R. Caton Woodville to revive the period of Benvenuto Cellini, represented as being received by a majestic Francis the First, to whom he offers specimens of gold and silver plate from his pupils. This bright group was illuminated by the beauty of Mrs. Woodville and Miss Willett. There will be an opportunity of referring to this and the following tableaux next week, when we may have space to praise as they deserved the fine reproduction of Velasquez's studio by Mr. Seymour Lucas, the very quaint and realistic picture arranged by Mr. T. Walter Wilson and Mr. Edwin A. Abbey to represent Rembrandt and Ostade and Teniers recreating themselves in a Dutch bowling-garden, and the crowning triumph of Mr. Seymour Lucas and Mr. Charles Green: the elaborate hemicycle devoted to the English School. The remarkably interesting Masque closed, the actors in this panorama of art marched in procession from the stage, and preceded the Royal party to the picture galleries, after inspecting which the Prince's circle took supper.

On the return of the Royal party to the Prince's Hall, the Grenadier Guards' band, conducted by Mr. Dan Godfrey, started the ball with a stimulating waltz. Animated and dazzling was the scene, as dancing proceeded, and the various epochs of art, religiously separated with chronological exactitude in the tableaux, became hopelessly mixed in the quadrilles and waltzes which followed. The Prince (who stayed with his party to the small hours) expressed himself as highly gratified. The costumes of the halberdiers who formed the Royal escort were designed by Mr. R. Caton Woodville and made by Messrs. L. and H. Nathan, of Coventry-street, by whom were executed several other notable costumes. Indeed, Alias and Harrison and all the principal London costumiers had their energies taxed to meet the demand for new and handsome dresses for this memorable Costume Ball.

The number of visitors to the International Inventions Exhibition for the first week was 94,959.

By a large majority, the Earl of Rosse was on Tuesday elected Chancellor of the Senate of Dublin University, in room of the late Earl Cairns. The other candidates were the Marquis of Waterford and the Earl of Milltown.

There were 2544 births and 1496 deaths registered in London last week. The deaths included 45 from smallpox, and these were exclusive of 30 London residents who died in the Metropolitan Asylums Hospitals.

Mr. E. J. Phelps, the new United States Minister to this country, has accepted an invitation to the Lord Mayor's banquet to her Majesty's Judges, at the Mansion House, on Wednesday, June 3.

Official notice is given that the State apartments of Windsor Castle will be open to the public on and after Monday next, until further orders, on Mondays, Thursdays, and Fridays, from eleven to four.

The Duke of Cambridge, presiding on Tuesday at a meeting of the National Rifle Association, explained the changes made in the regulations for the ensuing Wimbledon meeting, the most important of which is the division into three stages of the competition for the Queen's Prize.

The Poole Town Council on Tuesday unanimously passed a resolution accepting Lord Wimborne's offer of twenty-five acres of land on the north shore of Parkstone Bay for a recreation ground and public park for Poole and Parkstone. The council intend to convert the bay into ornamental water, to provide baths and gymnasium, and lay out grounds in accordance with the donor's wishes. A hearty vote of thanks to Lord Wimborne was unanimously passed.

A morning performance will be given at the Gaiety Theatre next Saturday, the 30th inst., by the "Busy Bees" A.D.C., in aid of the funds of the Central London Throat and Ear Hospital, Gray's-inn-road, on which occasion will be played "For Her Child's Sake," by Sir Charles Young, Bart., and "The Palace of Truth," by W. S. Gilbert. The performance will be under the direction of Mrs. Lennox Browne, 36, Weymouth-street, W., from whom tickets may be obtained, as well as at the theatre and the hospital.

DEATH.

On the 3rd inst., at Rome, Il Commandatore D. Pantaleoni, M.D., Senator of the Kingdom of Italy.

*** *The charge for the insertion of Births, Marriages, and Deaths, is Five Shillings for each announcement.*

WHITSUNTIDE ARRANGEMENTS.—LONDON, BRIGHTON, AND SOUTH COAST RAILWAY.—EXTENSION OF TIME FOR RETURN TICKETS for distances over ten miles.
EXTRA TRAINS (First, Second, and Third Class) from London on Saturday, May 23: Returning the following Monday and Tuesday.

PARIS.—SPECIAL CHEAP EXCURSIONS.—Leaving London Bridge 1.0 p.m. and 8.0 p.m., Victoria 12.55 p.m. and 7.50 p.m., and Kensington 12.45 p.m. and 7.15 p.m., Saturday, May 23; Returning from Paris any day up to and including June 5. Fares: First Class, 38s.; Second Class, 28s.

BRIGHTON.—SATURDAY TO TUESDAY.—SPECIAL CHEAP TRAINS, SATURDAY, May 23, from Victoria 2.5 p.m., calling at Clapham Junction; from Kensington 1.50 p.m., calling at West Brompton, Chelsea, and Battersea; from London Bridge 2.25 p.m., calling at New Cross and East Croydon.
Return only on the following Tuesday, and then only by the 7.20 p.m. train. Fares, 7s. 6d. and 5s.
EVERY SUNDAY, CHEAP FIRST-CLASS TRAINS from Victoria 10.45 a.m. and 12.30 p.m., calling at Clapham Junction and Croydon. Day Return Tickets, 10s.
SPECIAL CHEAP TRAINS on Whit Sunday, Monday, and Tuesday, from London Bridge, calling at New Cross; from Victoria, calling at Clapham Junction and Croydon. Fare, there and back, 4s.

PORTSMOUTH AND ISLE OF WIGHT.—CHEAP TRAINS, SATURDAY, May 23, to Havant and Portsmouth, from Victoria 1.0 p.m., calling at Clapham Junction; from London Bridge 2.50 p.m.; and Kensington 12.45 p.m.; returning the following Tuesday.
WHIT SUNDAY.—A CHEAP TRAIN from London Bridge 8.0 a.m., calling at New Cross, Norwood Junction, and Croydon; and from Victoria 7.50 a.m., calling at Clapham Junction, to Arundel, Littlehampton, Bognor, Chichester, Havant, and Portsmouth; returning same day.
WHIT MONDAY.—A CHEAP TRAIN from London Bridge and Victoria, 8.40 a.m., to Havant and Portsmouth.
Return Fares between London and Portsmouth Town and Havant, 7s. 6d., 5s.; Portsmouth Harbour, 8s., 5s. 6d.
For Isle of Wight connections, and Through Cheap Fares to Ryde, Cowes, and Isle of Wight Railway Stations, see Handbills.

HASTINGS AND ST. LEONARD'S.—A CHEAP TRAIN on Whit Sunday, from London Bridge 8.10 a.m., calling at New Cross, Norwood Junction, and Croydon; and from Victoria 8.0 a.m., calling at Clapham Junction.
WHIT MONDAY.—A CHEAP TRAIN from London Bridge 7.45 a.m.; from Victoria 7.58 a.m., calling at Clapham Junction; and from Liverpool-street 7.30 a.m., calling at all Stations on the East London Line.
Fare, there and back, 5s.

EASTBOURNE AND LEWES.—A CHEAP TRAIN on Whit Sunday from London Bridge 8.10 a.m., calling at New Cross, Norwood Junction, and Croydon; and from Victoria 8.0 a.m., calling at Clapham Junction.
WHIT MONDAY.—A CHEAP TRAIN from London Bridge 8.0 a.m., from Victoria 7.50 a.m., calling at Clapham Junction; and from Liverpool-street 7.30 a.m., calling at all Stations on the East London Line.
Fare, to Eastbourne and back, 5s.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—FREQUENT DIRECT TRAINS DAILY to the Crystal Palace from London Bridge and New Cross; also from Victoria, York-road, Kensington (Addison-road), West Brompton, and Chelsea.

FOR full particulars of Times, Fares, &c., see Handbills and Time Books, to be had at all Stations, and at 28, Regent-circus, Piccadilly; 8, Grand Hotel-Buildings, Trafalgar-square; Cook's Tourists' Office, Ludgate-circus; and Hay's Agency, 4, Royal Exchange-Buildings, Cornhill; where Tickets may also be obtained. (By order) J. P. KNIGHT, General Manager.

GENERAL GORDON AT KHARTOUM.
"THE LAST WATCH." THE GORDON MEMORIAL FUND PICTURE, at British Gallery, Pall-mall (opposite Marlboro' House). Ten to Six. Admission, 1s.

ANNO DOMINI, THE SEARCH FOR BEAUTY, and "The Chosen Five," by EDWIN LONG, R.A. These celebrated Pictures, with others Now on VIEW at the GALLERIES, 168, New Bond-street. Ten to Six. Admission, 1s.

THE VALE OF TEARS.—DORÉ'S Last Great PICTURE, completed a few days before he died, NOW on VIEW at the DORÉ GALLERY, 35, New Bond-street, with his other great pictures. Ten to Six Daily. 1s.

THE QUEEN AND LORD BEACONSFIELD.
The great Historic Picture of HER MAJESTY GIVING AUDIENCE TO LORD BEACONSFIELD AT OSBORNE. Painted by Mr. Wirgman from studies made by him at Osborne.—1s., New Bond-street. Admission, 1s.

ROYAL SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS.—The Hundred and Third Exhibition is NOW OPEN, 5, Pall-mall East, from Ten till Six. Admission, 1s. Catalogue, 1s.
ALFRED D. FRIPP, R.W.S., Secretary.

CORPORATION OF LIVERPOOL AUTUMN EXHIBITION OF PICTURES IN OIL AND WATER COLOURS.
The Autumn Exhibition will be OPENED in the WALKER ART GALLERY on MONDAY, SEPT. 7, 1885. Receiving Days, Aug. 1 to 12, inclusive.
Forms and all information may be obtained on application to
CHARLES DYALL, Curator.

INTERNATIONAL INVENTIONS EXHIBITION, SOUTH KENSINGTON, 1885.
Patron.—H.M. the QUEEN.
President.—H.R.H. the PRINCE OF WALES.
Division I., Inventions. Division II., Music.
Admission to the Exhibition is, every Week-day, except Wednesday, when it is 2s. 6d., 1s., or THREE. On WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY at THREE.
Tickets and, places can be secured at Austin's Ticket-office, St. James's Hall, without extra charge. EVERY WEST-END OMNIBUS will convey visitors to the doors of St. James's Hall.

ON WHIT TUESDAY AFTERNOON, AT THREE, THE
MOORE and BURGESS MINSTRELS will give an
EXTRA GRAND DAY PERFORMANCE of their NEW PROGRAMME at the ST. JAMES'S HALL, PICCADILLY.
Visitors can book from all stations on the Metropolitan and District Railways to the Regent-st. pet entrance of St. James's Hall, by asking for tickets to Piccadilly-circus.

THE PRINCE'S THEATRE.—Mrs. LANGTRY. Sole Proprietor, Mr. EDGAR BRUCE. Season under the direction of Mr. HENRY E. ABBEY. EVERY EVENING, at 8.45, the successful Play, in four acts, adapted from Sardou's "Nos Intimes," by H. C. Stephenson and Clement Scott, entitled PERIL. Characters by Mr. Coghlan, Mr. H. Beerbohm Tree, Mr. Everill, Mr. Carne, Mr. Crisp, Mr. Weathersby, Mr. Grattan, Mr. Thornbury Mrs. Arthur Stirling, Miss Agnes Ross, Miss Jones, and Mrs. LANGTRY. Doors open at 7.15. PERIL at 8.45. Preceded by, at 7.30, NINE POINTS OF THE LAW, by Tom Taylor. Carriages at Eleven. Box-Office open daily from Eleven till Five. No fees. Telephone 3700.

LYCEUM THEATRE.—Lessee and Manager, Mr. Henry Irving.—THE BELLS, TO-NIGHT (SATURDAY) and Monday next (Whit Monday), at 8.30—Mathias, Mr. Irving; at 7.45, THE BALANCE OF COMFORT. LOUIS XI., Tuesday next, at 7.45—Louis XI., Mr. Irving, OLIVIA, by W. G. Wills; Wednesday next, May 27, and Every Evening, at 8.30—Dr. Primrose, Mr. Henry Irving; Olivia, Miss Ellen Terry.—Box-Office (Mr. J. Hurst) open Ten to Five. Seats can be booked by letter or telegram.—LYCEUM.

PRINCESS'S THEATRE.—Lessee and Manager, Mr. WILSON BARRETT. EVERY EVENING, at 7.45, THE LIGHTS O' LONDON (by Gen Buchanan), Messrs. Wilson Barrett, Willard, Speakman, Hendrey, Hudson, Deane, Elliott, De Solla, Evans, Fulton, Bernage, Walton, &c., and George Barrett; Mesdames Bertrase, Walton, Cook, Wilson, Gurlt, Huntley, &c., and Miss Emmeline Ormsby. Doors open at 7.15. Carriages at 10.45. Box-Office open daily, 9.30 to Five. No fees of any kind. Prices: Private Boxes, one to nine guineas; Stalls, 10s.; Dress Circle, 6s.; Upper Boxes, 3s. Business Manager, Mr. J. H. Cobbe.

MONTE CARLO.—SUMMER SEASON.
The series of the Extraordinary Musical Entertainments having terminated with the Winter Season, the usual Concerts, directed by Mr. Romeo-Accursi, will be continued daily until further notice.
SEA-BATHING AT MONACO.
Villas and Private Houses and Apartments for every taste, and at every price.
The beach, like that of Trouville, is covered with the softest sand, and at the Grand Hotel des Bains comfortable apartments, with board, for families can be had at reasonable prices.

THE SILENT MEMBER.

Parliament did not separate for the Whitsuntide holidays without receiving another earnest and somewhat plaintive hint from Mr. Gladstone that, in the ordinary course of things, he cannot much longer occupy the office of Prime Minister. The incident which caused the Premier to make this personal statement occurred on Monday. In Committee of Supply, the Government had moved for a vote of £3,360,000 on account for the Civil Service and Revenue Departments. Thereupon, Lord Randolph Churchill moved a reduction of the vote by two millions, and delivered an incisive attack upon the Ministry on the score of their Afghan policy, which lacked firmness, he argued. In the course of Mr. Gladstone's earnest protest against the motion, there were boisterous interruptions from the Opposition benches. The unruliness provoked the right hon. gentleman to remark that "If I take any notice of the interruption it is not really on my own account. They matter very little to a person whose future intervention in political conflicts is much more likely to be measured by weeks than by months, and certainly by months more than by years. It is because of the deep conviction I have that a great blow has been struck at the liberties and the dignities of this House." The loud Ministerial cheers evinced how sincerely one side of the House sympathised with Mr. Gladstone, who will, it is to be hoped, for the rest of the Session be treated with the courtesy due to so illustrious a statesman. Though Lord Randolph Churchill wished to withdraw his amendment, Mr. Biggar refused to give leave. The division gave a majority of 63 to the Government; and the vote was shortly after passed.

Parliament is plainly dying fast. The necessary business is being expeditiously pushed forward in order that all may be made smooth for the crucial General Election that is coming. Mr. Gladstone, on the 14th, had the satisfaction of securing the grant of £6000 as the Princess Beatrice's dowry; Mr. Labouchere's adverse motion being negatived by 357 against 38 votes. On the succeeding evening, Earl Granville and the Marquis of Salisbury followed suit, and agreed with the grant. In the House of Lords, on Monday, Lord Wemyss fruitlessly urged that the Souakim-Berber railway should be completed; but Lord Salisbury made the motion the text of a vigorous and barbed attack upon what is by courtesy called the policy of the Government in the Soudan—the policy of a barometer, really. The Scottish Crofters' Bill was at last introduced in the Lower House by the Lord Advocate on Monday. Though the estimable Mr. Warton occasioned a count-out at half-past six on Tuesday evening, and the interest of members desiring re-election becomes fixed more and more upon town and country constituencies, the existing Parliament will not expire without another flicker. There is the mitigated Irish Crimes Bill to be fought over by the Parnellites.

TEL-EL-KEBIR REVISITED.

The Egyptian campaign of September, 1882, though it has brought nothing but trouble, loss, and vexation to the British public, and its consequences, including the several campaigns in the Soudan, must have cost us altogether more than twenty millions sterling, was a brilliant piece of military arrangement. The party of English officers and young ladies whom our Artist has delineated, "revisiting the trenches of Tel-el-Kebir," may have some personal reminiscences, or some associations of private friendship, prompting a special interest in the battle of Wednesday, Sept. 13, in that year, when Sir Garnet Wolseley, at daybreak in the morning, with his thirteen thousand British troops, broke into the fortified camp of Arabi Pasha, and drove out the enemy in less than half an hour. We had fifty-four killed and 320 wounded; and it is possible that some of the sufferers may have been acquaintances of these holiday visitors, or that the gallant gentlemen may have taken part in the action, which they have now an opportunity of describing on the spot. It is not very likely that any of our fair countrywomen, under similar escort in a tourist party, will ever see the more recent battle-fields of Abou Klea and Kirbekan, of El Teb and Tamai and Hasheen, which would not have been heard of but for the action of Tel-el-Kebir. Most people at home wish, by this time, with all their heart, not to hear of any more battles in that part of the world. "But 'twas a famous victory," and the British Army won a deserved addition to its renown.

On Wednesday the Pharmaceutical Society of Great Britain gave a conversazione at the South Kensington Museum.

The Kempton Park Grand Prize of £1000 was won yesterday week by Mr. Abington's Necromancer, ridden by F. Webb. Sir M. Wood's Sir Francis won the Stewards' Cup, and the Park Cup was carried off by Mr. G. Trimmer's Iris.

On Monday the seven days' trial of Henry Burton and James Gilbert Cunningham, for complicity in the Fenian outrages at the Tower and Westminster, besides other crimes of a like character, terminated in a verdict of guilty, and a sentence on both prisoners of penal servitude for life.

The past week's arrivals of live stock and fresh meat at Liverpool from American and Canadian ports show a large falling off in the imports in comparison with those of the preceding week. The total arrivals amounted to 373 cattle, 4998 quarters of beef, and 830 carcases of mutton.

An action brought by Mr. Tennent against Dr. Stocker, of Peckham, for having confined plaintiff in defendant's lunatic asylum without proper certificates, terminated on Monday in a verdict for plaintiff, with £500 damages. Execution was stayed to allow of an application for the reduction of the amount on condition of £100 being paid to plaintiff and £400 being lodged in court.

In connection with the recent visit of the Prince and Princess of Wales to Ireland, her Majesty has conferred baronetcies on Mr. Edward Cecil Guinness, of Castlehuoch, county Dublin, and on Mr. Richard Martin, of Dublin. Mr. E. J. Harland, Mayor of Belfast, and Dr. Wycherley, High Sheriff of Cork city, are to be knighted.

A full meeting of the Victoria (Philosophical) Institute took place at its house, 7, Adelphi-terrace, on Monday evening, when a paper on the monuments and traditions among the native tribes in the West of America was read by Dr. M. Eells, whose investigations have been carried on there during nearly forty years. It was announced that sixty members had joined this year as yet, and that an important meeting of the institute will take place in June.

Mr. Phelps, the new United States Minister to the Court of St. James's, accompanied by Mrs. Phelps, arrived at Southampton yesterday week, and was met and welcomed by representatives of the local authorities and others. Acknowledging his reception, Mr. Phelps expressed a hope of being instrumental in continuing the kindly relations existing between the two countries. On Saturday, Mr. Russell Lowell introduced Mr. Phelps to Earl Granville. On Tuesday Mr. Lowell had a farewell audience of the Queen for the purpose of presenting his letters of recall, and Mr. Phelps presented his credentials upon the same occasion.

MUSIC.

THE CARL ROSA OPERA COMPANY, DRURY-LANE THEATRE.

The present series of performances of operas in English is drawing towards a close, next week being the last. The past week, until Saturday night, was occupied with repetitions of works recently noticed. Mr. Goring Thomas's new opera, "Nadeshda" was given several times, and his earlier work, "Esmeralda" (first produced here in 1883), was performed for the second time this season. On Saturday evening Ambroise Thomas's "Mignon" was performed for the first time during the present season. The cast was similar to that of previous occasions. Madame Julia Gaylord, in the title-character, sang and acted with great effect, as did Madame Georgina Burns as Filina. Miss M. Burton was an efficient representative of Frederick; and the other principal characters were very efficiently sustained by Mr. Packard (Wilhelm Meister), Mr. L. Crotty (Lothario), and Mr. C. Lyall (Laertes). The opera was excellently rendered throughout, and drew a large audience. Mr. Carl Rosa conducted.

The concert of Mr. Geaussent's Choir at St. James's Hall, last week, brought forward a "Patriotic Hymn," composed by Antonin Dvorák, and performed for the first time on that occasion. The original text is a Bohemian poem, entitled "The Heirs of the White Mountain," by Vitéslav Hálek, the English version being by the Rev. Dr. Troutbeck. The music is for chorus and orchestra, and consists of one continuous piece, the opening portion of which is calm and somewhat melancholy in style, comprising much smooth vocal harmony, with some effective modulations, and some varied treatment of tempo and rhythm. Towards the close of the hymn, the music assumes a brighter and more hopeful tone, gradually rising to a jubilant and effective climax, in which the orchestral details are more prominent than before. The hymn was generally well rendered, especially by the chorus, the composer having conducted it. The concert began with Mr. A. C. Mackenzie's dramatic cantata, "Jason," which was produced at the Bristol Festival of 1882, and has been repeated elsewhere. For Wednesday's performance a new scena for Orpheus had been written by the composer. It is a fine piece of dramatic expression—quite worthy of the important work to which it has been added—and its rendering by Mr. E. Lloyd was in the highest style of vocal art. The solo music of Medeia and that of Jason was admirably rendered, respectively, by Madame Albani and Mr. Santley. The choruses were generally well sung, the performance of the elaborate orchestral details having occasionally been less satisfactory. The concert ended with the finale to the first act of Mendelssohn's unfinished opera, "Loreley," with Madame Albani's dramatic singing in the solo portion of Leonora. With the exception of the cantata, Mr. Geaussent conducted.

The Crystal Palace gave the second "Popular Instrumental and Vocal Summer Concert" last Saturday afternoon. On the first occasion Madame Biro De Marion, Miss A. Heale, Mr. J. D. Henderson, and Signor Foli contributed effective performances. Herr T. Werner played brilliantly in a movement of a concerto by Paganini, and shorter solos, and familiar orchestral pieces were rendered by the band. Last Saturday's concert included many interesting features, among them a symphony of Haydn's in E flat, which is comparatively unknown here. Mdlle. Pauline Cramer (from Munich) sang with great effect in several instances, other good vocal performances having been contributed by Miss H. Wilson, Mr. C. Chilley, and Mr. W. Mills. The Crystal Palace choir, the fine orchestra of the establishment, and Mr. Manns, the conductor, co-operated at both concerts.

The fourth Richter Concert of the present series took place, at St. James's Hall, on Monday evening, when a new overture, composed by Mr. E. D'Albert, was to have been produced, but its performance was postponed to a future concert. The programme included the fifth of Liszt's "Hungarian Rhapsodies," a sombre work of much less interest than the bright pieces which form the other numbers of the series. The other features of the concert were too well known to require mention. The orchestral playing was generally of the usual excellence.

The Highbury Philharmonic Society gave an effective performance, on Monday evening, of Dr. Gladstone's dramatic cantata, "Constance of Calais," with full band and chorus, and Madame Penna, Mr. I. McKay, and Mr. A. Moore as principal vocalists. The work contains some very pleasing music, especially in some of the choral writing. The programme of the concert also comprised portions of a symphony of Haydn and a selection from Handel's "Alexander's Feast."

Madame Jenny Viard-Louis is continuing her interesting Beethoven Concerts, in which her own clever pianoforte playing is a special feature. The second of the third series took place yesterday (Friday) week, when her coadjutors were Mr. Carrodus (violin), Mr. Libotton (violoncello), and Miss Rose Hersee, as vocalist.

The Philharmonic Society closed its seventy-third season this week with a strong programme, which included the first performance in England of a symphonic poem—for orchestra—entitled "Johanna d'Arc," composed and conducted by Herr Moszkowski. Of this, and of other features of the concert, we must speak next week.

The Tonic Sol-Fa College held their annual meeting on Tuesday evening at Exeter Hall; and the London Gregorian Choral Association held the thirteenth annual festival in St. Paul's Cathedral on Thursday evening.

Last week's recital by Herr Peiniger (a skilful violinist) possessed the special interest of bringing forward some old violin pieces of forgotten English composers. The concert-giver would do well to follow up his inquiries in this direction.

Sir Julius Benedict's annual concert is to take place at Drury-Lane Theatre on Tuesday afternoon, June 23; not on June 17, as previously arranged.

Among the miscellaneous concerts of the week were those of Mr. C. T. Speer (pianist), on Wednesday evening, at Prince's Hall; of Miss Rosa Leo (vocalist), yesterday (Friday) afternoon, at Steinway Hall; and of Mdlle. Ida Henry (pianist), in the evening, at Prince's Hall.

Mr. Oberthür will give a morning concert next Wednesday at Prince's Hall, under distinguished patronage; and the same morning Mrs. Dutton Cook's (Mrs. Charles Yates) morning concert will take place at 1, Belgrave-square, by permission of Mr. R. D. Sassoon.

THE BIRMINGHAM FESTIVAL.

The programme for this great celebration has just been issued. The performances begin on Tuesday morning, Aug. 25, with "Elijah"; in the evening, Mr. F. Cowen's new cantata, "The Sleeping Beauty," and a symphony by Mr. Prout, will be produced. On the Wednesday morning the chief event of the festival will occur—the production of M. Gounod's new oratorio, "Mors et Vita," specially commissioned for this occasion. The Wednesday evening will bring forward Mr. T. Anderton's new cantata, "Yuletide," and a new violin concerto by Mr. Mackenzie. The next morning's performance will consist of "The Messiah"; and in the evening Antonin Dvorák's new cantata, "The Spectre's Bride," and a setting of Mr. Gladstone's Latin translation of "Rock of Ages," by Dr. Bridge, will be produced. The last festival day, Friday, Aug. 28, will bring forward, in the morning, Mr. C. V. Stanford's sacred cantata, "The Three Holy Children," followed by Beethoven's choral symphony, the evening being devoted to a repetition of M. Gounod's "Mors et Vita." The principal solo vocalists will be Madame Albani, Miss Anna Williams, Mrs. Hutchinson, Madame Patey, Madame Trebelli, Mr. E. Lloyd, Mr. Maas, Mr. Wade, Mr. Santley, Mr. F. King, Mr. W. Mills, and Signor Foli. Herr Hans Richter will conduct the performances, having succeeded the late Sir Michael Costa in this office.

OBITUARY.

FRANCES, COUNTESS OF GAINSBOROUGH.

Frances, Countess of Gainsborough, who died at her residence, 17, Hyde Park-square, was widow of Charles, first Earl of Gainsborough, and eldest daughter of Robert, third Earl of Roden, K.P., by his first wife, Countess the Hon. Maria Frances Catherine Stapleton, daughter of Thomas, twenty-second Lord Le Despencer. The deceased Countess—who was for many years a Lady of the Bed-chamber to her Majesty, resigned the appointment in 1872, and was made an extra Lady of the Bed-chamber the next year—was born Nov. 20, 1814, and married, as fourth wife, July 25, 1833, Charles, third Lord Barham, created, 1841, Earl of Gainsborough, by whom she leaves a son and a daughter, the Hon. Robert Berkeley Wriothesley Noel, and Lady Victoria Buxton, wife of Sir Thomas Fowell Buxton, Bart. The Countess was a member of the Royal Order of Victoria and Albert, Third Class.

THE HON. C. S. VEREKER.

The Hon. Charles Smyth Vereker died at Bournemouth on the 12th inst. He was born April 21, 1818, the only son of the second Viscount Gort, by his second wife, Elizabeth, daughter of Mr. John Palliser, of Comeragh, county Waterford; was educated at Trinity College, Cambridge, of which he was M.A.; and was Hon. Colonel 4th Brigade, South Irish Division, R.A. Colonel Vereker married, 1842, Kate, daughter of Robert Fannin, Esq.; but leaves no issue.

COLONEL VESEY, OF LUCAN.

Colonel Charles Vesey Colthurst Vesey, of Lucan House, county Dublin, J.P., D.L., who died at his residence on the 11th inst., was second son of Sir Nicholas Conway Colthurst, of Ardrum, county Cork, Bart., by Elizabeth, his wife, only daughter and heiress of Colonel George Vesey, of Lucan House. He was born in 1826, and assumed by Royal License, in 1860, the additional surname and arms of Vesey, in consequence of succeeding to the estates of his mother's family. He married, in 1858, Anne, daughter of Colonel David Fraser, by whom he leaves three sons. Colonel Colthurst Vesey was High Sheriff, county Dublin, 1858, and Hon. Colonel 5th Battalion Royal Dublin Fusiliers.

MR. TATTON, OF WYTHENSHOWE.

Mr. Thomas William Tatton, of Wythenshowe, in the county of Chester, J.P., D.L., died at his residence on the 10th inst., in his sixty-ninth year. He was eldest son of the late Mr. Thomas William Tatton, of Wythenshowe, the uncle of the present Lord Egerton of Tatton; was born in 1816. He married, in 1843, Harriet Susan, daughter of Mr. Robert Townley Parker, of Cuerden Hall, in the county of Lancaster, and by her, who died in 1873, he leaves Thomas Egerton Tatton, his successor, now of Wythenshowe, two other sons, and a daughter. Mr. Tatton, whose decease we record, served the office of High Sheriff in the county of Chester in 1848, and was Colonel of the 3rd Cheshire Rifle Volunteers.

We have also to record the deaths of—

Canon Worsley, of Ripon, on the 19th inst., at his rectory of Little Ponton, Lincolnshire, which he had held since 1829.

Mrs. Harriet Chambers, the widow of Dr. William Chambers, at Edinburgh, on the 16th inst., in her eighty-fifth year.

The Rev. J. C. Clutterbuck, known as the "father of hydro-geology," in his eighty-fourth year. He was for fifty-five years Vicar of Long Wittenham, Berks, and for many years Rural Dean of Abingdon.

Lucy Anne, Lady Hodge, wife of General Sir Edward Cooper Hodge, K.C.B., Colonel of the 4th Dragoon Guards, on the 2nd inst. She was daughter of the late Mr. James Rimmington, of Broomhead Hall, in the county of York.

General James Charles Innes, late of the Bengal Army, at Durnsford-place, on the 5th inst., aged seventy-three. His first commission is dated June 14, 1828. He served in the Bundlecund Insurrection.

Lieutenant-Colonel Alexander Plunket Van Homrigh, on the 11th inst., at Southsea. He served in the 61st, 2nd Queen's Royals, and 36th Regiments; was at the taking of Taku Forts, and the advance on Pekin, 1860.

Major Mordaunt Charles Boyle, the King's Royal Rifle Corps, died at Kurol, Upper Egypt, from the effects of enteric fever, on the 5th inst. He was grandson of Vice-Admiral the Hon. Sir Courtenay Boyle, third son of the seventh Earl of Cork.

Lieutenant-Colonel William McCulloch, who died at Shillong, Khossi Hills, Assam, India, on the 6th ult., was formerly Political Agent at Munneepoor. His father, the late John Ramsay McCulloch, was Comptroller of her Majesty's Stationery Office.

Captain William Harris, formerly of the 16th Lancers, who died at Yealmpton, in the county of Devon, on the 5th inst., aged eighty-eight, was one of the last survivors of those present at the battle of Waterloo. He was nineteen years of age at the battle, and was said to have been the youngest British officer on the field.

Mr. Thomas M. Waller entered last Tuesday upon his duties as Consul-General of the United States in London.

According to a return relating to Post-Office Savings Banks, there was at the close of 1884 due to depositors £44,773,773. The charges and expenses incurred in the management of the department amounted for the year 1884 to £248,617.

Mr. Mundella, M.P., presided at the first annual meeting of the Teachers' Guild of Great Britain and Ireland, held last Saturday afternoon at the Memorial Hall. Among the speakers were the Rev. Canon Percival, Sir G. Young, Mr. E. N. Buxton, Rev. Dr. Rigg, Dr. Weymouth, and Mrs. Bryant.

The Prince of Wales has honoured with a visit the thirty-second Annual Exhibition of Continental Pictures at the French Gallery, 120, Pall-mall. Carl Heffner's picture of "Ostia," which made a sensation in Mr. Wallis's Winter Exhibition, has been bought by the Government of New South Wales for their gallery at Sydney.

A new commodious house was publicly opened on the 15th inst., in presence of a large company of ladies and gentlemen, at Brook-street, Holborn, in connection with St. Giles's Christian Mission, with which is associated a Home for Discharged Prisoners. Sir W. Charley (the Common Serjeant), Mr. Flowers (the Bow-street magistrate), Mr. Chance (the Lambeth magistrate), and Mr. Howard Vincent took part in the proceedings. The cost of the new portion of the building is £650, towards which £512 has been received.

PARISIAN SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

(From our own Correspondent.)

Paris, Tuesday, May 19.

The sickness of Victor Hugo, with the prospect of national mourning, has thrown all other topics into the background. The great poet was taken ill in the night of Thursday; since Sunday he has been growing weaker and weaker and his respiration more and more difficult; and in spite of all care a fatal issue is feared. Victor Hugo is suffering from pulmonary congestion, probably brought on by some imprudence, for, after always enjoying splendid health, he forgot that advancing years rendered certain precautions at least prudent if not necessary. At the reception of M. De Lesseps at the Academy, for instance, he remained for some time in the courtyard without his hat; and never at any time could he be persuaded to wear an overcoat. The poet himself believes that the end has come, and when his friends tell him that he will be well in a few days, he replies, "No; it is the end—I feel that I am going to die." Victor Hugo is now in his eighty-fourth year, having been born Feb. 26, 1802. The reports to-night state that the illustrious patient's condition is unchanged, and little hope is entertained of his recovery. This morning Victor Hugo said, "How difficult it is to die! and yet I am perfectly ready!"

The Chamber of Deputies, overwhelmed with work, is hurrying through vast reforms after very brief deliberation. The Habitual Criminals Act, for instance, has been voted by a majority of 386 against 57, and relegation to Cayenne or New Caledonia pronounced to be obligatory after a certain number of offences, all intervention of the magistrate being suppressed. The law involves extreme legal rigour and extreme administrative arbitrariness, and, although it is voted, it is generally acknowledged that the new Chamber will have to take the matter up again, and render the details of the law practical. As a complement to this bill, the Chamber voted with equal precipitation the so-called Bérenger bill for bringing lost sheep back to the fold. The bill proposes three means—ticket-of-leave after proofs of repentance and good conduct; premiums to societies for the aid of prisoners having the conditional liberty of the ticket-of-leave; and, finally, greater facilities for civil and political rehabilitation. By voting this measure, the Chamber of Deputies has placed France on a level with England, Germany, and Holland, where the ticket-of-leave and aid to discharged prisoners have long been practised. The Senate has taken its share in these judicial reforms by voting a bill ordaining the non-publicity of capital executions, and thus suppressing a disgraceful and unhealthy spectacle.

On Saturday the Chamber rejected, by 278 votes against 122, a demand for an amnesty presented by M. Clovis Hugues. The Government very justly observed that there was no necessity to vote an amnesty for the sake of the eighteen political prisoners now in French jails, inasmuch as their cases could be satisfactorily dealt with by pardon. This afternoon the great debate on the scrutin de liste began in the Senate. The Senatorial committee has reported in favour of the proposed reform in the method of voting, but is opposed to an increase in the number of deputies.

The celebrated military painter, Alphonse De Neuville, died this morning at the age of forty-nine, after a long and painful malady. His death has been regarded as inevitable for some time past, for, like Bastien Lepage, he was suffering from an incurable cancerous affection.

The Paris theatres all appear to have been very unprosperous this season. One of the boulevard theatres has already closed its doors, and printed on its playbill the traditional "clôture annuelle," as if the summer had arrived, whereas in reality we are having a colder month of May than has been known for years. On the other hand, official reports show that from Nov. 1, 1884, to March 31, the Opéra has lost nearly 155,000f.; the Odéon has lost nearly 12,000f. from June 1, 1884, to March 31; and the Opéra Comique, from July 1, 1884, to March 31, made the very small profit of 2078f. 83c. The season at the Comédie Française has been equally unprosperous.

Apropos of the stage, I may mention the great success obtained both in a public performance and in many private salons by a beautiful blond English actress, Miss Helen Bruno, who comes from the Princess's Theatre, London. Miss Bruno plays both in French and English, and she has had the great satisfaction of receiving warm approbation and encouragement from no less a critic than M. Alexandre Dumas.

There is still one more picture exhibition to be mentioned; happily, it is the last of the season, and until next winter the critics and the public will enjoy a little rest. The Exposition de Peinture Internationale in the Rue de Sèze is choice, limited in number, and very interesting. The exhibitors are Bonnat, J. L. Sargent, Liebermann, Kroyer, Edelfeldt, Cazin, Gervex, Albert Besnard, Alfred Stevens, the "Impressionistes" Claude Monet and Raffaelli, and our English painter, W. Wyllie, who sends four fine marine and Thames river scenes.

New books, especially memoirs, are abundant this week, and some of the many interesting volumes must at least be mentioned, notably M. Alfred Darimon's "Histoire d'un Parti," which is the history of the beginnings of the Second Empire; M. Blaze De Bury's "Confidences sur Alexandre Dumas"; and M. Arsène Houssaye's "Confessions," full of interesting talk about famous people, which has, however, one fault—that of being, in all probability, to a large degree apocryphal. M. Houssaye has never been famous as a respecter of truth.

T. C.

The German Emperor on Tuesday afternoon received a visit from the Crown Prince, and afterwards gave audience to several public functionaries, who reported to him on State business.—The German Reichstag has passed the Customs Tariff Bill in its entirety by 199 votes against 105.

Bishop Titcomb consecrated the new British Protestant church in Belgium on the 14th inst. The ceremony was attended by a large number of the British residents.

A terrible storm took place in Vienna on Friday night, the 14th inst. The cold was so piercing that six persons were frozen to death in the outskirts of the city.

The Illinois Legislature have elected General John A. Logan, Republican, a United States Senator.

The laying of the track on the last unfinished section of the Canadian Pacific Railway, near Jackfish Bay, was completed on Monday night. The rails have now been laid continuously from Halifax in Nova Scotia to the coast of British Columbia.

Sir Charles Warren has arrived at Shoshong, in Khama's country, and Khama himself has gladly accepted a British protectorate. His territory extends to the Zambesi.

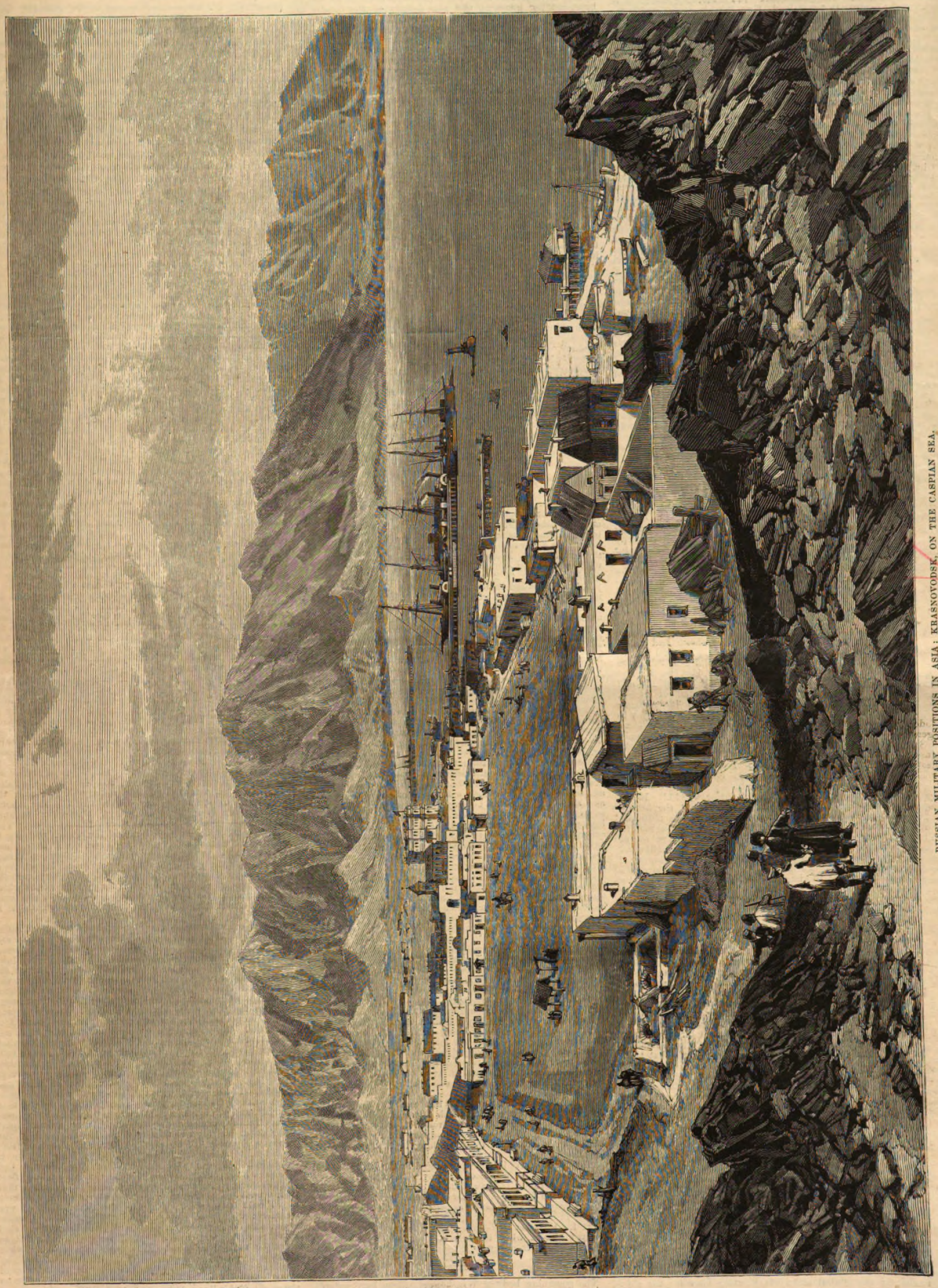
The first meet of the Coaching Club will take place next Saturday, the 30th inst., at the Magazine in Hyde Park.

The Irish Artisans' Exhibition in Dublin will be opened on Wednesday, June 24.

Under the patronage of Princess Frederica of Hanover, a morning concert took place on Monday at 105, Piccadilly, through the kindness of Sir Julian and Lady Goldsmid, the proceeds being for the Wimbledon Art College for Ladies.



THE ARTISTS' COSTUME BALL AT PRINCE'S HALL, PICCADILLY: SKETCHES OF SOME OF THE COSTUMES IN THE GROUPS.



RUSSIAN MILITARY POSITIONS IN ASIA: KRASNOVODSK, ON THE CASPIAN SEA.
SKETCH BY MR. WILLIAM SIMPSON, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST WITH THE AFGHAN BOUNDARY COMMISSION.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

The precise object that Mr. Toole evidently had in view when he produced "The Shuttlecock" in the morning instead of at night is likely to be attained. He obtained a critical audience: he saw the weak points of the comedy, and set about correcting every palpable defect before the play was put into the regular evening programme. "The Shuttlecock," as most people know by this time, is an unfinished sketch of a comedy left behind him by Henry James Byron, which was intrusted to the hands of his friend J. Ashby Sterry to finish. A more difficult or anxious task could not be confided to anyone; and it must be confessed that Mr. Sterry has done his work with considerable cleverness and with characteristic modesty. Briefly, then, when the completed play was produced last Saturday afternoon, the first act was declared to be uncommonly good; the second act certainly wanted reconsideration; and the third act was considered not at all amiss. Byron's idea was to make the popular Mr. Toole a comic Claude Melnotte, a love-sick journeyman tailor, who had fallen in love with a beautiful girl above him in social station, and his evident design was to follow Bulwer Lytton's story as closely as possible, transferring it from the regions of romantic drama to farce. Those who saw the "farci-drama" rushed to the conclusion that all that was good in it was poor Byron's, and all that was weak was Mr. Sterry's. This is scarcely fair on Byron's literary executor. In point of fact, a great deal of the successful first act was due to Mr. Sterry. The situation at its conclusion certainly was his; and I should not be surprised if the author of "The Shuttlecock Papers," who has written so much that is interesting concerning the Temple, the chrysanthemums, Garden-court, and the Thames from Oxford to the Nore, was the suggester of the luncheon party in the Temple, quite as much as the scene at the Trout Inn, at Tickleton-on-Thames. The puns which have been adversely commented on were certainly for the most part Byron's; and it was a delicate task to expunge or suppress any joke that really came from his fertile brain. Byron's text, so far as it stood, was reverently treated by Mr. Sterry; and no doubt by this time the actual story of "The Lady of Lyons" has been more closely followed than it was at the outset, particularly in the second act, where frequent opportunities occur for burlesquing the garden-scene, where Claude Melnotte, in the presence of Beauseant and Colonel Damas, poses so impudently as the Prince of Como. I should have thought that this would have been the finest moment for Mr. Toole's fun. The "snuff-box," the ring that "married the Adriatic," and once belonged to my uncle the Doge, even the duel with Damas, could have been, and no doubt are by this time, humorously treated, and will put the hall-mark of success on a very promising play. Mr. Toole as Job Pell, the sentimental tailor, is admirable; and the scene where, disguised as the captain's butler, he waits upon his beloved Araminta at luncheon, and in his flurry upsets the oysters over her father's bald head, is farce of the most amusing kind. The characters in Lytton's romantic drama are carefully imitated throughout. Mr. E. D. Ward, a clever young actor with a nice sense of parody, is the Beauseant turned into a cynical captain with iron-grey hair and an eye-glass; Miss Eliza Johnstone, whose comedy is always sparkling and refreshing, appears as the Widow Melnotte, or rather an old laundress in the Temple, who eventually becomes landlady of the inn to which Mr. Claude Melnotte Toole brings his charming Pauline. And she is indeed charming as presented by Miss Marie Linden in a boating costume of cream cashmere and Eton blue, an actress who is sympathetic and pretty in all she undertakes. Mr. Westland is the Colonel Damas, a character that will bear elaborating; and Mr. Billington with Miss Emily Thorne complete the idea as M. and Madame Deschapelles, who are in turn proud of and disgusted at their sartorial son-in-law, who, of course, comes into a fortune, and is reconciled to his æsthetic Araminta. There is far too much good stuff in this play to allow it to be blown to the winds by the first puff of criticism, and it would not be at all surprising to find that, like the once condemned "Private Secretary," it had been worked up into a genuine success.

Since the days of Robertson, I do not think I have heard more genuine laughter or more hearty applause in a theatre than were awakened by the first performance of Mr. Sydney Grundy's new comedy, "A Silver Shield." It was on the occasion of a benefit matinée, given at the Strand Theatre to Miss Amy Roselle; and the house was naturally crowded with theatrical people. As good luck would have it, the humour of the play deals mainly with the inner life of actors and actresses on the stage, and turns the limelight upon the petty anxieties and squabbles and slang and jealousies of professional people. The heroine, or one of the heroines, is a bumptious actress; the husband of the second heroine is a struggling dramatic author; the great character in the play is a manager who treats his artists as if they were slaves, and has about as much respect for the "art" with which he is connected as the butcher has for the ox he slaughters. How little did the actors and actresses know, who roared with laughter and tickled one another's sides with delight over the airs of the heroine actress and the uncompromising vulgarity of the theatre manager, what a splendid satire Mr. Grundy had prepared, and with what Mephistophelian skill he was digging a pitfall for the theatrical craze. "Ah! wad some power the giftie gie us to see ourselves as others see us!" Mr. Grundy has done it in one of the cleverest plays that has been produced in London for many a long year. Not even Mr. Gilbert himself could have conceived so apparently an innocent, but in reality so subtle and elaborate a bit of cynicism. At the outset, these innocent theatrical people, who are fonder of "shop" than any people in the world, think that they have only been laughing *with* Mr. Grundy. But when they get home and think over the play; when they remember what has been said and done; when they recall the fact that so much of the pettiness and insincerity connected with their so-called art has been ruthlessly exposed; when they remember how absolutely true to life is the Mrs. Blake of their clever play, and how faithful to Nature is Mr. Dick, the matter-of-fact and unsentimental manager, then they will know clearly enough that Mr. Sydney Grundy has been laughing at them. In Thackeray, in Robertson, and in Gilbert there was the same kind of acerbity of cynicism that exists in this latest and by far the most brilliant work yet produced by Mr. Grundy. But they had their tender moments. The sweet, as a rule, overpowered the bitter. It is the reverse with Mr. Grundy. He sees more cruelty in life than kindness. His cynicism outweighs his sentiment. In all the characters introduced in this play there is not one happy person. Reflect upon that. The old baronet has quarelled with his son; the son has not only quarelled with his father but is temporarily separated from his young wife; the worldly-minded actress is separated from her husband; the cynical artist has deserted his wife; the old parson, a humbug of the deepest dye, annoys the old partner of his life; the parson's wife is jealous of her elderly husband; even the young and pretty girl, who has tenderness and sweetness in her nature, is soured and disappointed after a few months or so of married life. No one can say that it is not all true—no one can deny the skill of the dramatist or can fail to praise his cutting retorts and incisive epigrams. But is it not a strange circumstance to find this eagerness to relish all that is heart-rending about us, and this delight of the theatre to trumpet forth to the world its own fallibility! Mr. Grundy is indeed a dramatist of the day. He understands the people about him; he has carefully studied the age in which he lives. Nay, more, he has proved, by the enthusiasm he has created over this work, that the bitterness of human nature is a more pleasant theme for contemplation than any sweetness that may exist in life. It is amusing, no one can doubt it; it is true, no one can gainsay it; but the after-taste is terrible. Instead of going to the theatre to be softened and made more charitable under its influence, we return from it more disgusted with life than before. The play was unequally acted. Once more Miss Kate Rorke distinguished herself and in a new department of her art. She is far more than the ingénue, she has promise of being an actress of considerable emotional power. In one strong scene of anguish, the young wife parting from her home, Miss Rorke brought down the house. Mr. Groves and Miss Amy Roselle were admirable as the manager and the actress. They relished the truth of Mr. Grundy's satire; but it seemed to me that the artist and the parson, played by Mr. Dacre and Mr. Rutland Barrington, were somehow misunderstood. They were both far too conscious, and gave unreality instead of reality to the scene. But of the success of the play there can be no doubt: whether a general audience, unposted in current dramatic journalism and gossip, will care for "theatrical shop" as much as actors and actresses do, is another point altogether. If they do, Mr. Grundy is perfectly right to exercise his gifts in his own way and to reproduce society as he finds it.

Morning performances, now so common, the trial-grounds for theatrical campaigns, have not resulted in much else of interest. The play called "Judael," by Mrs. Julius Pollock, produced on the occasion of the benefit of Mrs. Conover, at the Olympic, is too grimly serious for modern tastes, when hired assassins, miserly Jews, and entombed maidens provoke laughter instead of dread. The character of Judael, boldly sketched by the authoress, and admirably played by Mr. Fernandez, is striking enough, but the play is sadly lacking in female interest, and wants balance.

Mr. Austin Brereton, the industrious compiler of "Dramatic Notes," has brought that valuable and handy little periodical up to date, and given us a careful and accurate résumé of the theatrical history of the past two years. No theatrical library is complete without this book, which, by-the-way, is capitally indexed.

C. S.

CITY ECHOES.

Wednesday, May 20.

By a further reduction of ½ per cent the Bank of England standard rate of discount has got to be but 2½ per cent. This time last year it was also 2½, and early in June it was further lowered to 2 per cent. The reserve had then remained nearly sixteen millions. It is now greatly in excess of that total, and unless something contrary occurs, the rate will need to be quickly reduced to 2 per cent. The full measure of the present depression in the money market is, however, even more apparent in the rates of discount current in the open market. Three months' bills are discounted at 1 per cent per annum, and loans from day to day are made at ½. There is consequently the greatest discouragement to depositors, and it is not surprising that the disposition to buy securities increases. Prices are generally still rising under the demand so originating, and, with some exceptions, the level is higher than it was a week ago.

With the defeat of Riel and his adherents at Batoche, and his subsequent surrender, it is assumed that the rising in the Canadian North-West has received such a fatal blow that its complete extinction can only now be a question of days. This has naturally had a beneficial effect upon Hudson's Bay shares, and it has helped to make Canadian Pacific shares rise, another consideration in this case being that some further progress has been made towards the harmonious working of this company with the Grand Trunk company. This time the agreement is as to through traffic from Europe, and speculators fairly conclude that if the joint use of the North Shore line and the taking of European traffic at agreed rates are regarded as desirable, there can be nothing to prevent similar association as to the Ontario and Quebec division. Some estimates have been put forward as to the saving to the Grand Trunk of these arrangements, but it is certainly not well to presume upon any figures. It is, however, undoubted that the loss arising from dividing the traffic with a newcomer is diminished by an agreement which should prevent cutting of rates.

Hitherto, it has been customary for many holders of foreign bonds to avoid income tax on their coupons by selling the coupons to agents, who remit them for collection to a non-income-tax country, when there has been this option; and as regards some Russian issues, the coupons have fetched good prices for remittance to Russia for use in the payment of import and other duties. The new Budget proposals include provisions for making the buyers of such coupons responsible for the deduction of income tax, and the payment thereof to the Commissioners. Each buyer is to deliver a statement of the coupons passing through his hands, and his evasion of what is required of him is to subject him to a penalty of £100 over and above the duty withheld.

The Victorian Government Four per Cent Loan of £4,000,000 and the Queensland Four per Cent Loan of £2,500,000 were both successful, the former being allotted at an average of £100 13s. 9d. per cent, and the latter at £97 19s. 3d. When deductions are made for delayed payments, &c., the prices are a little more to the advantage of the purchasers than these figures indicate. As is usual in such cases, the bulk of the stock was taken by syndicates, who look to gradually retail it to the public at an advance.

A first dividend of 4 per cent is announced by the Shanghai Waterworks Company, from which it would seem that that little British investment is safely through its preliminary trials.

The National Fire Insurance Company are to pay a dividend of 3 per cent, after doing nothing in that way for the two preceding years.

A dividend of 57½ is again announced by the Liverpool and London and Globe Insurance Company. The Atlas Insurance Company are to pay 16s. per share as compared with 15s. for 1883; and the Equity and Law Life are, for the next five years, to pay £1 2s. per share, as compared with 17s. 6d.

The Trust and Loan Company of Canada make a good report for the past half-year. The dividend is again 6 per cent per annum, while the amounts carried to reserve and to next account, respectively, compare favourably with recent experience.

T. S.

The governing body of Winchester College have entered into a contract with a local building firm for the construction of a new sanatorium for the college, at a cost of £8100.

A sparrow has hatched a nest of eggs in the axletree box of the gun which is fired twice a day at Woolwich to announce the time to the garrison and neighbourhood.

KRASNOVODSK AND THE TRANSCASPIAN RAILWAY.

(From Mr. W. Simpson, our Special Artist with the Afghan Boundary Commission.)

The schemes of Russia in Central Asia are likely to make Krasnovodsk more celebrated in the future than it is at present. This town is to become the terminus of the new Transcaspian Railway, which is to be carried to Merv, Bokhara, and Samarcand in one direction, and to Sarakhs, Herat, Candahar, and in the direction of India in another. A portion of this line is already made, and working from Michaelovsk to Kizil Arvat, a distance of 144 miles. Michaelovsk is on the Caspian, but the water is so shallow there that nothing but barges, drawing little water, can approach the place. Krasnovodsk is one of the few places on the shores of the Caspian which has deep water close to the shore. Russia has made more than one attempt to establish a port on the eastern coast of the Caspian, but they have all failed from the shallow water extending far out to sea. Fort Alexandrovsk had the disadvantage of being frozen about four months in the year; and at Chikishliar the water is so shallow that the steamers have to remain about a mile from the beach. Krasnovodsk has one great drawback as a town, it has almost no fresh water; the place has to be supplied by means of condensing the sea water; luckily, petroleum can be procured very cheaply from Baku, and from the island of Cheleken, and while the supply of fuel lasts it is no difficult task to provide the distilled water. The Bay of Krasnovodsk is so large and well protected that it is undoubtedly a splendid harbour. Troops and supplies for the Transcaspian province have all to be sent to Krasnovodsk, where they are transhipped into barges and towed to Michaelovsk, which occupies about a day, after which they then proceed by railway. The extension of the railway between Michaelovsk and Krasnovodsk will be nearly 100 miles. This extension is not intended at present, as the Russian Government are using all their endeavours in pushing on the line from Kizil Arvat to Askabad and Sarakhs. Krasnovodsk was only begun in the year 1870, from which it will be understood that it is still a very young town. Its history is still in the future; but probabilities point to its name becoming prominent as the policy of Russia develops itself in Central Asia. If war should take place, as the base of supplies, its military importance will be great. In peace it will be the starting-point from which Russian commerce will penetrate into Central Asia, Persia, Afghanistan, and even to India. As large portions of Turkestan will now be changed from a desert to a cultivated condition, Krasnovodsk will become the principal outlet for the productions of that part of the world. As Batoum, with its railway to Baku, on the Caspian, is superseding the older port of Trebizond, so this young naval station will soon take away the commercial influence of Astrabad and Resht, which have long enjoyed the privilege of being the gateways of trade into Persia and the far East. General Annenkoff, the head of the Russian railway system in Russia, has still further extended views regarding this port and the railway in connection with it. He anticipates that when the line is finished to Sarakhs, and when the Indian railway system has been carried on to Kandahar and Herat, the junction of lines will be made, and when this is accomplished, that the long-desired railway communication between Europe and India will be an accomplished result. When this takes place, the Suez Canal will have a formidable rival, and all persons who wish to save time in the journey from London to Bombay or Calcutta will travel by this new overland route. It has been estimated that if special trains and steamers were arranged, then the journey from Charing-cross to the Indus could be done in about eleven or twelve days, a very little more than half the time occupied now in London to Bombay by the Suez Canal. This new route would be through Europe to Odessa; then by steamer on the Black Sea to Batoum; here the Batoum-Tiflis Railway to Baku on the Caspian begins; from Baku to Krasnovodsk by steamer takes about eighteen or twenty hours; from Krasnovodsk the line passes by Kizil Arvat, Geok Tepé, and Askabad to Sarakhs; from that along the line of the Heri-Rud to Herat; and then on to Candahar and the Indus, where the Indian railways will convey the traveller to any point he may desire. Such is the scheme which Russian foresight is working out. Somewhere between Askabad and Sarakhs the line to Merv will branch off. This will ultimately be continued across the Oxus, and on to Bokhara and Samarcand, a very fertile and rich district, whose resources will thus find a way into Russia and Europe. It may be here pointed out that a large portion of Central Asia, although now a desert, is not necessarily so, and that in the past it was cultivated and populous; large cities existed which were famed in history. Peace only is required for this condition of things to return again; and a new era will begin in the history of Central Asia.

In the event of war taking place on the frontiers of India, this railway will enable Russia to forward on her soldiers and war material in a manner which will give her immense advantages. This new condition of things, which only dates from the last three or four years, has entirely changed the whole aspect of the Central Asian question. Previously, it was understood that a large and inhospitable desert existed between Afghanistan and the Russian position in Turkestan; and also that there was a high and almost impassable barrier in the Paropamisan range of mountains, between Central Asia and India. On the east this range is undoubtedly high, and presents difficulties; but on the west, between the Murghab and the Heri-Rud, the range is of no great height, and a railway through it is now known to be perfectly practicable. Skobeleff's campaign, which terminated in the capture of Geok Tepé, ultimately led to the occupation of Merv and Sarakhs. These events, with the construction of the Transcaspian railway, have completely altered Russia's position in the East, and given her a military base from which the invasion of India becomes a question of the most serious import to England. Russia can now push on her troops from the Caucasus, by means of the ports of Baku and Derbend, from Astrakan, to which the whole Russian railway system is connected. She can also send soldiers. The Mercury and Caucasus Steam Company on the Caspian have a large fleet of fine steamers. They are largely subsidised, on condition that their vessels are to be at the use of the Government whenever they should be required. There is also a small fleet of war steamers; and in addition to that there are the steamers engaged in the new trade of petroleum from Baku—the Nobel Brothers have themselves a fleet of forty vessels: all these could be utilised as transports. With such means Russia could now pour her regiments into Krasnovodsk, and by means of the railway they would soon be on the frontier of India. Russia is at present using every means to hasten on the works of this line. It is understood that a great many of the soldiers lately sent over to Central Asia are being employed in this way. It is expected that in another year the line will be open to Askabad, and two years more ought to see it in working order as far as Sarakhs. The ground is level, so there are no great engineering difficulties to encounter.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

THIRD NOTICE.

Resuming our survey of this exhibition, Mr. Alma Tadema's portrait of "My Youngest Daughter" (386) is, after Mr. Herkomer's work, already described, the most important work in Gallery IV. Studied simplicity, both in costume and accessories, has been kept in view by the artist; and he has been well inspired in allowing the work to appeal on this ground to public taste. A plain spotted dress, a glass of flowers in her hand, and a simple door, of which she is holding the handle, are the only materials which are skilfully brought together to set off a most lifelike likeness. Of the President's "Frieze" (344) we have already spoken; but his portrait of "Mrs. A. Hichens" (300) has a somewhat pinched look, which mars the gracefulness of the figure; whilst the "Phœbe" (346), although pretty, is somewhat inane. Mr. Bryan Hook's "Gathering Eggs in the Cliffs of Lundy" (312) is a clever and promising work, and is all the more interesting as adding another to the list of Academicians' sons who this year have acquitted themselves so well, Mr. W. F. Calderon and Mr. J. F. Faed, to whom we should also add an Academician's daughter, Miss Alma Tadema. Mr. Schafer's somewhat complicated allegory "Fame" (317) is pleasant in colour and careful as an academic composition; but seems to be wanting in the life with which Mr. Markham Skipwith's unpretentious "Kittens" (318), a girl playing with a white cat, is overflowing. Of Mr. E. J. Poynter's "Diadumené" (322), in spite of its affected title, one must speak with caution. The lower limbs of the woman about to step into the bath can scarcely have been inspired by a Greek or even an Italian model; but the whole of the rest of the figure is admirable, and the pose skilfully reproduces that of the bronze figure (now in the museum of the Capitol) which ornaments the alcove of the luxurious bath-room. Mr. Henry Wood's three little bits of Venetian street-life—"The Water-Seller of San Rocco" (337), "Bartering" (350), and "Returned from the Rialto" (379)—are full of rich colours and bright sunlight. Mr. Perugini's graceful figure "Cup and Ball" (361), with its delicate colouring, is absolutely ruined by hanging so close to Mr. Herkomer's brilliant work, and Mr. Albert Moore's "White Hydrangea" (356), a study of colour and a parody of pose, shares the same fate. Mrs. Perugini's delightfully arch child's portrait, "Mollie's Ball Dress" (366), is full of subdued childlike vanity and self-consequence, and is painted with a softer hand than usual. Of the works by less known names in this room, Mr. Hamilton Jackson's "St. Dorothea" (301), a Pagan Christian diptych, Mr. W. L. Picknell's "Brockenhurst Road" (339), Mr. Fred Brown's "Rural England" (335), and Mr. E. Matthew Hale's "Work" (391), deserve notice.

In Gallery No. V. an enormous expanse of wall is occupied by Mr. F. Goodall's "Gordon's Last Messenger" (432), a gaunt Arab on a dromedary flying across the starlit desert, possibly very accurate, but obviously evolved from the artist's inner consciousness. At any rate, it is in every respect more interesting than Mr. Herbert's two works by which it is flanked. Mr. Rudolf Lehmann's "Portrait of Dr. Priestley" (482), is without character; but that of "Sir Richard Wallace" (471), by Mr. W. B. Symonds, in spite of a straining after simplicity which is too obvious, gives promise of better things. Mr. J. W. Waterhouse's "St. Eulalia" (503) is quite the best thing in this room. The saint is lying at the foot of the cross on which she has suffered martyrdom—a miraculous snowstorm covering her body with its white flakes. The artist has somewhat missed the point of the legend by clothing the maiden, but the work he has done is good. It should be compared with Mr. Maynard Brown's still more ambitious work, "Zenobia" (121), in Gallery II., a picture cleverly composed and painted with spirit, but which loses much of its force for want of concentrated interest. Among the other pictures the most attractive are Mr. Tom Lloyd's "Supper for Three" (496), Mr. John Morgan's "Don't 'ee Tipty Toe" (433), and the fresh bit of English country scenery, "The Happy Valley" (513), by Mr. Arthur Reddie, whose name is quite unfamiliar, but who seems to have more than a mere amateur's appreciation of open air.

The brilliancy of Mr. L. Fildes' "Venetians" (559) eclipses many of its neighbours in Gallery VI. by its brilliant colouring. Starting with a group of handsome girls seated beside a canal, as in his last year's picture, Mr. Fildes has thrown more life and movement into the scene by the introduction of passers-by in the background, and a group of workmen playing cards and drinking in front of a *cancora di vino*. Mr. Henry Moore's "Newhaven Packet" (533) should ensure him a place amongst the next batch of Associates, for most certainly there is not one member of the Academy, Mr. Hook included, who could render the rolling sea and rain-charged storm-driven clouds with such truth. Mr. Arthur Cope's portrait of "Mr. C. Pelham Villiers" (549) somewhat painfully exaggerates the weakness which old age has impressed upon a face which was once strikingly bold and handsome. Mr. Leader's "Hedgerow elms on hillocks green" (555) is decidedly better than many of the landscapes which he produces with almost fatal facility. The bright sun on the weald below and the blue hills beyond are pleasant to look upon, but his treatment of them scarcely reveals the magician's power. Mr. Poynter, in his portrait of "Mrs. Skipp Lloyd" (571), seems to have imagined that the spectator would be more interested in the pattern of the Persian carpet, on which he has spent vast labour, than on the figure of the lady, whose pose is at once uncomfortable and ungraceful. Mr. Atkinson Grimshawe's "Salthouse Dock" (575) is among the noteworthy pictures in this room, and although it is less striking than the artist's other work, "Dulce Domum," to which we shall have occasion to refer, it will probably attract greater approval. It represents a Liverpool quay on a wet evening, when the gaslights throw sharp shadows across the gloom, and the driven clouds scarcely reveal the ships' masts in the pale moonlight. The picture is conceived in the spirit of Mr. Frank Holl's earlier works, is thoroughly realistic, and without even an effort at sentiment. Mr. John Sargent's portrait of "Lady Playfair" (586), though clever, is conceived in the very worst spirit of contemporary French art. Its technical ability may be generally admitted, although the modelling of the arms is the reverse of graceful; but the failure of the attempt to portray a "grande dame" is painfully conspicuous. Mr. Matthew Hale, on the other hand, who has also studied in Paris, grows stronger every year; and although "Rest" (588) is hardly up to the level of interest aroused by his picture at the Grosvenor—"In the Days of Phidias"—it shows careful study and an ever-increasing mastery over the technical difficulties of his art. Three landscapes of unequal merit, but which deserve attention, are Mr. Joseph Knight's "Solitude" (605), the green top of a mountain; Mr. A. Wallace Remington's "Edge of the Hallstadter See" (595), a peaceful scene of meadow and lake, but wanting in the sublimity of the original; and Mr. Laidlay's "Twilight on the Marsh" (615). Three single figures have also been hung in close proximity, as if to challenge comparison: Miss Henrietta Rae's "Bacchante" (623), Mr. Arthur Hill's "Mœnad" (629), and Mr. W. Lomas's "Almond-Blossoms" (630), a young girl in pink. Of these, the last-named, in spite of its unfavourable position, displays gracefulness of pose and delicacy of colour rarely met with among younger artists, and favourably distinguishes it among the pictures of the present year.

The honours of Gallery VIII. are divided, as far as hanging goes, between Mr. MacWhirter and Mr. Colin Hunter; but we expect that public taste will reverse this judgment in favour of Mr. G. H. Boughton's "Visit of Andrew Marvell to Milton" (663), "the poet blind yet bold." The scene is laid in Bunhill-fields, then almost country, whither Milton had retired to end his days with his young wife, who, in her pretty Quaker dress, is seated beside him. Marvell, dressed in courtly black, is bowing ceremoniously over the extended hand of the old man, who, in spite of his sorrows and troubles, is still a courteous and hospitable host. The other figures are of that type which Mr. Boughton's New England pictures have made familiar to us, and all full of a quiet grace and holy calm. Mr. MacWhirter's "Track of the Hurricane" (662) is the head of a rocky defile strewn with broken boughs and uprooted trees, once the scene of a giant's strife, but now all peaceful and smiling. Mr. Colin Hunter, in giving "The Rapids of Niagara above the Falls" (700), has over-estimated either his own powers or the artistic resources of the scene. The broken water, eddying and flashing in the sunlight, is well conceived; but there is a monotony of colour and a hardness of touch which mar the general effect. Mr. Andrew Gow's "Absolution for the Lost at Sea" (656) is a crowded scene, full of priests and choristers, who, from the summit of a rock, are praying "for those who go down to the sea in ships," and thus associating the lives of those afloat with those ashore. It is an effective scene, although wanting in Mr. Gow's ordinary dramatic verve. Mr. W. L. Wyllie's "Debatable Ground" (679), the muddy estuary of a river, left exposed by the retreating tide, and flecked by crows and falling snow, is a weird and chilly scene, most powerfully rendered. Mr. Inchbold's "Lac Leman" (682), as well as his "Dent du Midi" (716), are fairy-like studies of lake and mountain effects, not so fanciful as to place them outside the limits of the probable, but giving evidence of a strong imaginative power combined with a careful observation of nature. Mr. Weedon Grossmith's view of life (699) is, we fancy, somewhat highly coloured; but, as he has so skilfully mastered its perspective, we can only hope that he is equally sure of his tints; but Mr. Yates Carrington, in his triptych "Hamlet and Polonius" (713-5), the story of a dog and a rat told with admirable humour, comes, we fear, nearer to the truth of the life problem. Mr. Solomon Solomon's portrait of Mrs. Ludwig Messel, in a sea of light blue satin and brocade, is, in spite of its affectation, a very delightful work, and fully maintains this rising artist's early promise.

ART NOTES.

The Marquis of Lorne has consented to open the summer exhibition of the Yorkshire Fine-Art Institution, at York, on June 11.

The Duchess of Edinburgh, who was accompanied by the Duke of Edinburgh, opened at Grosvenor House last week the annual art exhibition in aid of the Parochial Mission Women Fund, in presence of a distinguished company.

The second exhibition in pastels of drawings and sketches, abroad and at home, by H. A. Seymour, will open next Monday at 102, New Bond-street; and an exhibition of paintings, drawings, and etchings will be opened at Messrs. Gladwell's Gallery, 14, Gracechurch-street, on Tuesday next.

The sculptors invited by the Corporation to compete for the new statue of Queen Anne in front of St. Paul's are Messrs. Macarthy, Fontana, Birch, Bult, Sheldon, and Lanteret. The Corporation have voted £1800 to defray the expense, but, having regard to the importance of the work, it is believed that that amount must be exceeded.

Messrs W. H. Weatherhead, H. Caffieri, John Scott, and Thomas Pyne have been elected members of the Royal Institute of Painters in Water Colours; and Mr. Edward Combes, C.M.G., of Sydney, New South Wales, has been chosen an honorary member of the Institute.—Messrs. E. Blair Leighton and Henry Robertson have been elected members of the Dudley Gallery.

The exhibition of engravings by William Woollett, brought together at the Fine-Art Society's rooms, New Bond-street, is especially interesting to those who saw the Eighteenth-Century French engravings at the same place a few months ago. Woollett, although not the founder of the English School of Engraving, did as much as anyone to bring it to a high degree of perfection under the enlightened patronage of Alderman Boydell. It was through Woollett that the English public first became acquainted with the classic works of Richard Wilson, "the father of English landscape"—and his renderings of that artist's "Niobe" and "Phaeton" would alone justify his claim to favour. It was, however, by a more recent work, the engraving of the "Death of General Wolfe," after Sir Benjamin West's well-known picture, that Woollett has been most widely known. As the picture itself was not exhibited until 1771, Woollett, who was born in 1735, must, at the time he undertook the engraving, have been at his prime; although, perhaps, there is greater artistic sense displayed in the engraving of the "Battle of La Hogue," where the treatment of the water is very successful. Woollett was probably the first engraver who, in the production of his plates, combined etching with engraving. Some of the "states" bear evidence of the extent to which he relied upon his graver to produce the more characteristic effects, leaving the foliage, clouds, and general setting of the principal figure to be done by means of the needle and acid. There are, in addition, a few of Woollett's own works, which, however, display but little originality. He had learnt to rely so completely on the ideas of others, that he stumbles in attempting to widen his own. The exhibition, which is due to the energy of Mr. Louis Fagan, is intended as a sort of centenary fête to the engraver, Woollett having died on May 23, 1785.

Messrs. Howell and James have for the tenth time offered hospitality to the ladies and amateurs who are working, with so much perseverance and no little success, to establish painting on porcelain as a national art. The constantly increasing demand upon the space available for exhibition is not the only sign of the results attained, for there is abundant evidence that the general average of merit rises year by year. For example, Miss Dorothy Palmer's "Chrysanthemums" (887) are a model of delicate colour and careful painting; and amongst the figure subjects, Miss Bessie Gilson's "Life's Young Dream" (902), a girl in a simple grey dress holding a branch of apple-blossom, is not less remarkable. To the former a silver medal and to the latter the Princess Alice Prize have been most justly awarded. Amongst the other prize-winners may be mentioned Madame Meichelheine's portrait of "Miss Schneider" (61), taking the silver medal offered to foreign professionals; Miss Rosa Jameson Strutt, whose large plaque, "Consider the Lilies" (912), carries off the Crown Princess of Prussia's gold badge; Mrs. Rose Swain's "Orchids" (329), which obtains Princess Christian's silver badge; whilst a similar prize, offered by the Countess of Flanders, is awarded to Mrs. Willingham Rawnsley, for an excessively pretty and yet simple tea service, in red and white (496). An almost equally useful prize is that offered by Princess Mary for a decorated dessert service, and carried off by Miss Weiss; but her prize work, charming as it is, is surpassed by that displayed in the decoration of a "Primrose" service ordered by her Majesty. The other principal prize-winners are M. G. Léonce, Mrs. Sparkes, Miss Welby, Miss Edith Mallett, and Mrs. Mansell; but these by no means exhaust the list of those who acquit themselves with more than credit in this branch of art.

The portrait of General Gordon, by Mr. Lowes Dickinson, now on view at the British Gallery, Pall-mall, will be certain to attract many who have been fascinated by the career of that extraordinary meteor. The General, in his dark engineer uniform, rendered still more sombre by the black burnous, is represented on the roof of his residence at Khartoum at early sunrise, his bible in one hand, his field-glass in the other. There is more quiet dignity and repose in the figure than we expect, and the eyes are wanting in that strange wrapt look of the ancient seer which those who had once seen him could never entirely forget. But twelve months of anxiety and disappointment amid the burning sands of the African desert may well have subdued their fire, and supplanted rare hopefulness by sorrow and despair. The profits of the exhibition of the portrait of the modern "Cid Compeador" will be given to the Gordon Memorial Fund.

The managers of the Nineteenth-Century Art Society (Conduit-street) would, we think, have been well advised had they postponed their summer exhibition for a while. There are already too many picture galleries open where works of first-rate merit are to be seen, and the addition of another where the level is scarcely above the mediocre is unwise. Mr. Thomas Henry's "Old Sunderland" (218), Mr. A. D. Peppercorn's "Evening Star" (188), Mr. W. Padgett's "Moon Bring Him Home" (169), and the same artist's "Mellow Moon" (158), Mr. Aubrey Hunt's "Venice" (127), Mr. A. K. Brown's "Estuary of the Clyde" (113), and Mr. T. F. Goodall's "Tying Rushes" (39), are among the best of the landscapes; whilst among the figure-pictures Mr. W. Scott's "Zucca Sellers" (14), Mr. E. W. Blomefield's "Catechism" (140), Mr. W. Lomas' "Getting Better" (31), and Signor Guardabassi's "Native Minstrel" (273), are the most attractive. The water colours, on the whole, are more interesting than the oil pictures, and include some pretty sketches by Messrs. F. P. Barraud, J. B. Hardy, G. Guardabassi, Edwin Calvert, and others.

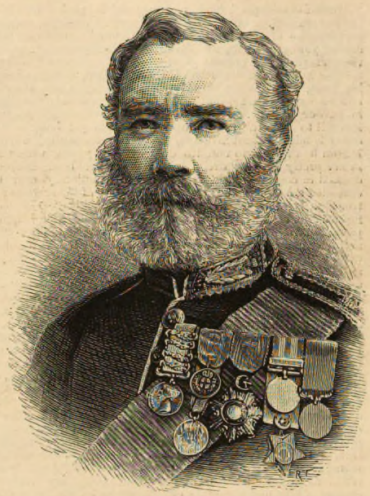
The directors of the Crystal Palace deserved a better response to the hospitality they offered to the "unlucky" of Burlington House. Out of two thousand works which were originally accepted by the "Veiled and Secret Council of Ten" who make and mar the fortunes of aspirants to art fame, only about a hundred have been sent to Sydenham; and some of these are not of the highest order. One must, therefore, surmise that a number of artists repeatedly send to the Royal Academy the same work; as a well-known artist is reputed to have done, at length obtaining upon the walls a favourable place for a picture which had been rejected for four or five successive years. If the idea put forward by the directors of the Crystal Palace had been taken up in the spirit it was offered, such suspicion would be out of place; but it is difficult to believe, after the cries of rage and disappointment to which the painters of the "want of space" pictures gave vent, that they would have thrown away the opportunity offered of challenging the decision of the Hanging Committee by an appeal to a popular verdict. The fear of offending the Burlington House authorities was, no doubt, present to the minds of many; but it is this very feeling which stands in the way of a radical cure of the abuses which on all sides are admitted to exist in the administration of the Royal Academy of Arts. In the hope, therefore, that next year the Crystal Palace proposal will be more warmly supported, we will mention a few of the works which, in our opinion, contrast favourably with many which for some occult reason commend themselves to the eyes of the "Hangers." Among such are Mr. L. Sutcliffe's "Sunlit Shore" (51) and "Swift Falls the Night" (273), two pictures rich in tone and colour, which may be compared with the same artist's "Early Morning Workers" (313), a study of French peasant life and of Millet's method of painting. Mr. Harry E. James's "Timber Barks" (309) is vigorous; and, amongst subject-pictures, Mr. M. E. Kindon's "My father urged me sair, my mither didna speak" (290), is a very simple and well-painted story, after the manner of Faed. Miss S. C. Harrison's portrait of "Miss L. E. Harrison" (279) is one of those very bold struggles with the difficulties of art which deserved a fuller recognition—the lights and shadows in the folds of a white dress being rendered with very scrupulous care, and without pedantry; whilst Mr. W. Lomas' portrait of "Mr. Luxmoor Marshall" (330), in a loose brown overcoat, has a dash and vigour too frequently wanting in the wooden, highly-stippled works which find favour in Piccadilly. The Baroness Von Preuschen's "Flowers" (314), Miss Katherine Bywater's "Lordling's Daughter" (319), Miss Florence Cooper's "Desolate," and Miss M. Grose's "Sunset at St. Ives" (6) are among the other deserving works. The hanging of the pictures, rendered easy by the space available, is very satisfactory; and much credit is due to Mr. G. A. Storey for his taste and advice in the arrangement of the exhibition, to which, by-the-way, he contributes a set of water-colour studies made ten years ago for his popular picture, "The Blue Girls of Canterbury."

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Lee, of 9, Savile-row, Burlington-gardens, gave a most interesting "At Home" a few evenings ago, at which they entertained 160 guests. During the evening Dr. Samuel Kinns, F.R.A.S., author of "Moses and Geology," gave a lecture upon "The Harmony of the Bible with Science," illustrated with numerous diagrams and geological specimens. Although the lecture lasted for an hour and a half, the audience listened the whole time with rapt attention. One special feature of the party was the large number of scientists present, who appeared to be greatly interested in the proceedings. After supper, music and a recitation by Mrs. Van Praag concluded Mrs. Lee's charming "At Home."

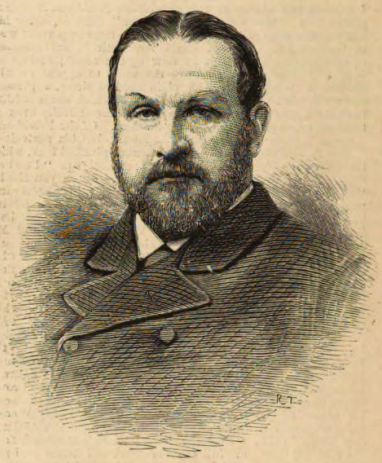
A deeply interesting ceremony in connection with the new Theatrical Institute Society took place last Saturday, when four memorial-stones of the new institute in Henrietta-street were laid by the Countess of Aberdeen, Miss Fowler, Mrs. Bond Cabbell, and Mrs. Horace B. Marshall. The sum of £392 in cash and promises was announced as the result of the gathering, completing the first £1000 of the £4000 required for the erection of the premises. The speakers were representative of every section of the Christian Church. Mr. Courthope Todd, the founder and director, told how the work had grown from one room in 1879, when the income was £18; and traced its successive stages to the present time, when ten rooms are in use by the young ladies and children, youths and boys of the profession as institutes and clubs. The income ending May 3 amounted to £1700. Any communications may be made to Mr. Courthope Todd, 21, King-street, Covent-garden.



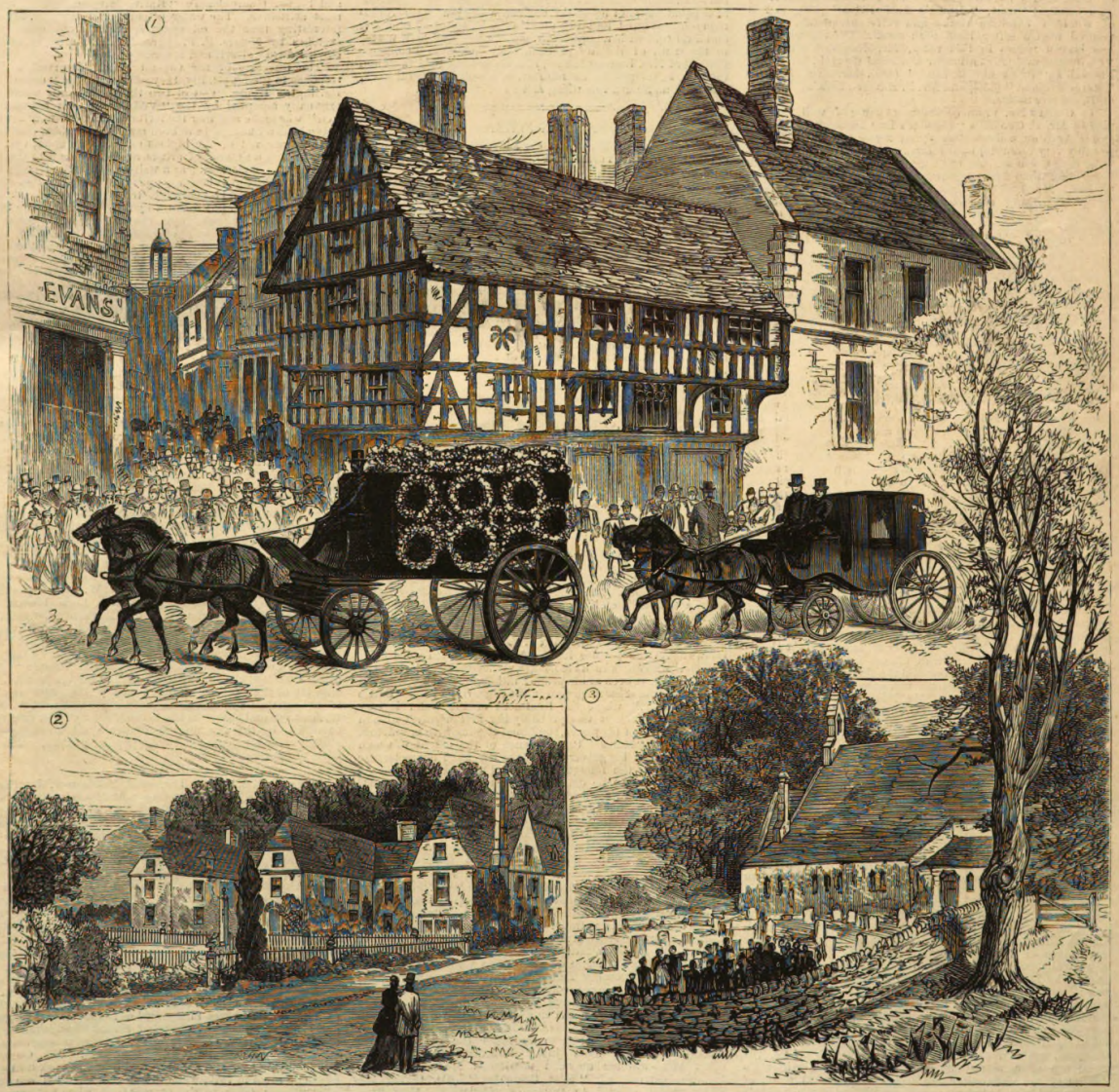
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1. Funeral Procession passing through Oswestry. 2. Llangedwyn Hall. 3. Llangedwyn Church.

FUNERAL OF THE LATE SIR WATKIN WILLIAMS-WYNN, BART.—SKETCHES BY MR. ALFRED RIMMER.

THE CHURCH.

The Archbishop of Canterbury entertained at dinner at Lambeth Palace on Tuesday evening the Archbishop of York, the Archbishop of Dublin, the Bishops of London, Durham, Winchester, Bath and Wells, Carlisle, Chester, Chichester, Gloucester and Bristol, Hereford, Lichfield, Llandaff, Manchester, Newcastle, Oxford, St. Asaph, Southwell, Truro, Derry, Brechin, Dover, Bedford, Colchester, Melanesia, Pretoria, Antigua and Victoria, Hong-Kong, Bishop Perry, and the Dean of Windsor; Archdeacon Harrison, Canon Cadman, Canon Hole, Canon Smith, Canon Elwyn, Dr. Wace, the Rev. C. B. Hutchison, and the Rev. Montague Fowler (Chaplains).

On Wednesday morning the enthronisation of the Bishop of Lincoln took place in the Cathedral. The Mayor and Corporation met the Bishop at the sub-deanery (the deanery is vacant), and accompanied him to the Minster, passing through the 3rd Battalion of the Lincolnshire Regiment. All the members of the Chapter were present, forty-eight prebendaries, and 270 of the parochial clergy of the diocese, besides a large number of laity and ladies, the Dean of Manchester, the Rev. Dr. Gott, and many clergy from other dioceses.

In the theatre of the London Institution, Mr. Mundella on Monday evening presented to the Rev. W. T. Thornhill-Webber, the Bishop-Elect of Brisbane, a handsome testimonial which has been subscribed for by the teachers of the Board schools in the metropolis, by way of marking their appreciation of the great services he has rendered in the promotion of education.

The Bishop of Exeter was entertained at a banquet on Tuesday by the Mayor and Corporation of the city in the Guildhall. Amongst those who were present on the invitation of the Mayor to meet his Lordship were Earl Fortescue, the Dean of Exeter, Colonel Fremantle, commanding the brigade depôt, and some Nonconformist ministers.

The installation of the Very Rev. H. Montagne Butler, D.D., Head Master of Harrow, as Dean of Gloucester, is fixed to take place in the cathedral at Gloucester to-day (Saturday).

The Rev. Canon Jacob has been informed by the anonymous donor of £15,000 towards the erection of a new parish church for Portsea, that he is willing to extend the time for raising a similar sum, the condition upon which the offer was made, from August 1 to a date to be hereafter named. Altogether about £10,000 has been raised or guaranteed. The new church will be one of the finest in England.

Mrs. Gladstone laid the foundation-stone of the Sunday Schools in connection with the Church of St. Michael and All Angels', Walthamstow, on Wednesday afternoon.

The committee having in hand the work of restoring St. Michael's Church, Coventry, have provisionally accepted a tender for the execution of nearly the whole of the restoration, at a cost of £31,163.

The Goldsmiths' Company have contributed £200, and the Mercers' Company £100, to the fund which is being raised for carrying out the restoration of the fine old Norman Church of St. Bartholomew the Great, West Smithfield.

At a meeting of the council of the Soldiers and Sailors Families Association, held last Saturday, the Princess of Wales presiding, the following amounts lately received were reported:—From the Kent committee, second and third instalment, £204; Lancaster committee, £60; Warwickshire committee, second instalment, £50; Oldham committee, £200; Yorkshire committee, first and second instalment, £631; Liverpool committee, third instalment, £140; Staffordshire committee, £140; per Lady Constance Stanley, Preston, and neighbourhood, £117. It was resolved, notwithstanding the more hopeful prospects of peace, to use every effort to complete the organisation by the establishment of committees all over the country. Communications from those willing to help, or applications for assistance, should be made to Major James Gildea, 20, Phillimore-gardens, W.

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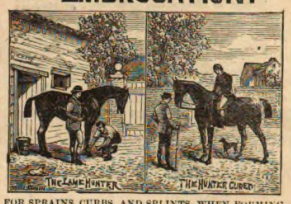
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"Are you tired, Adrian?" she asked at length.

ADRIAN VIDAL.

BY W. E. NORRIS,

AUTHOR OF "MDLLE. DE MERSAC," "MATRIMONY," "THIRLBY HALL," &C.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

THE PROMOTION OF MR. LARKINS.

An author or an artist who has established himself firmly in the good graces of the public may, no doubt, produce rubbish from time to time with comparative impunity. His rubbish, unless it be of a very rubbishy order indeed, is likely enough to pass undetected; and even in the contrary case, he may count upon being pardoned, as carelessness is pardoned in an old servant. But it is quite otherwise with him who has scored but a single hit. He stands as yet upon no pedestal, he is still upon his trial; and his first success tells rather against than for him, as fixing a standard which he is bound at least to reach and is rather expected to surpass. Adrian Vidal knew this as well as anybody; and yet, after managing to make himself famous with "Two Lovers," he sat down and wrote as ill-considered, long-winded, and pointless a story as ever came from the pen of a clever man. It was in a great measure the fault of the editor of the *Cosmopolitan Magazine*, who had offered high pay for a serial tale, to be commenced forthwith, and who, on learning that Mr. Vidal had no such tale ready, had declared that that need not stand in the way of an arrangement, provided that monthly instalments could be forwarded to him as they were wanted. Good novels have been written upon this plan sometimes, but probably not very often. Adrian started without having the slightest idea of how he was going to end, never got a grasp of his characters, and, having undertaken other work which interested him more, soon found this particular task a heavy burden, grievous to be borne. When he had written the last words, he was so relieved at getting the dreadful thing off his mind that he hardly realised how bad his performance had been, although he knew that it had been bad.

The consequence was that, as soon as he cast his three-volume novel among the critics, they sprang up and choked it. Nobody had a good word for it; and, judging by the eloquent silence of his friends, Adrian concluded that their opinion fully coincided with that of their appointed guides. One acquaintance, more outspoken than the rest, caught him by the arm, as he was walking through the Park one morning, and said, "My dear fellow, I've just been reading your book, and I'm sure you'll excuse my telling you that it's the stupidest book I ever read in all my life. How on earth came you to write such bosh?"

"You are very kind," answered Adrian; "you seem to imply that I can write something that is not bosh."

"Oh, that's of course. I read your other book—what was it called? 'Free Lovers,' or something—and thought it first-rate. I'll tell you what it is, old chap, you've been over-doing it—writing too much, you know. You take my advice, and go easy for a bit. You'll find you'll come up as fresh as paint next season."

"Very likely," said Adrian. But he added under his breath, as he walked on, "Always supposing that I survive to see another season."

He was not a man who knew how to play a losing game, or to profit in any way by failure. Discouragement numbed his faculties and soured his temper; and it was not only the ill success of his novel that weighed upon his spirits just now. That, to be sure, was a serious matter enough, for he had arranged with his publishers for payment contingent upon the sale of the book, and there was now every reason to fear that he would get hardly a fourth of the sum upon which he had calculated; but what distressed him more than this was the unquestionable fact that he had ceased to be in request socially. Had the case been that of any other man than himself, he would have understood easily enough that the people who had wanted to know a small celebrity a year ago had now satisfied their curiosity and wanted to know somebody else; but it was no more given to Adrian than it is to the generality of us to take an impartial survey of his own circumstances, and so he tormented himself with the notion that he was a sinking ship and that the rats were leaving him.

That he was not quite in a seaworthy condition must be admitted. He had spent a good deal more money of late than he had any business to spend; he had counted upon receipts which had not come up to his expectations, and when he had found himself becoming somewhat seriously involved had grown indifferent to small extra expenses, after the time-honoured fashion of those who exceed their incomes. Upon the whole, he had very good and sufficient reasons for feeling depressed; although loss of popularity was perhaps not the most legitimate of them. He thought it a little hard that there should be neither consolation nor sympathy for him at home. Of course, both Clare and Georgina must have heard of his literary fiasco; but neither of them made the most distant reference to the subject or betrayed any knowledge of his having published a new novel at all. It is true that if they had attempted to pity him he would promptly have resented their pity; but he would have liked them to say that they were sorry nevertheless. Everyone who has been in trouble must be aware that to snub one's comforters is one of the most precious privileges of affliction. This privilege was denied to Adrian, and he could not quite understand it. He was always expecting Clare's icy reserve to melt. "She could not be so unrelenting if she had any real love for me," he thought bitterly. And yet he might have known that if she had not

loved him she would have been ready to make friends with him at once.

Once, and once only, she seemed to waver in her purpose. Entering the drawing-room softly, one evening before dinner, she found Adrian reclining in an arm-chair, his head supported by his left hand, while his right hung listlessly by his side. His back was turned towards her, and she stood for a moment watching him and wondering what that attitude of exhaustion and dejection meant.

"Are you tired, Adrian?" she asked at length.

He started and looked up. "Tired? No—not more than usual, I think."

"You are not ill, are you?" pursued Clare, after pausing awhile.

Adrian rose and walked to the window. "Oh, no; I'm not ill that I know of," he answered, rather peevishly. "I don't feel in very rollicking spirits, that's all. Perhaps it would be rather odd if I did."

It was then that Clare was very nearly forgetting all her wrongs. She followed her husband to the window and said, gently, "May I know why you are out of spirits?"

"Oh, certainly," replied Adrian, with a short laugh. "I have discovered that I have made a big mistake in my life, and I am afraid the discovery comes rather too late to be of much use."

Clare froze again instantly. "I am afraid it does," she said, and left the room.

He was provoked with her for misunderstanding him so wilfully. He had meant her to question him further. Had she done so he would have explained that he was referring to his career as a novelist; and then she might have tried to encourage him; and then perhaps——But since she was pleased to assume him capable of alluding to his marriage as "a big mistake"—a thing which no gentleman would say to his wife—why, it was scarcely worth while to undeceive her. If that was the sort of opinion that she had of him, there would evidently be little use in attempting to interest her in his troubles. The latest addition to these had reached him half an hour before, in the shape of the following letter:—

"Office of the *Anglo-Saxon*, May, 188—.

"Dear Sir,—You have, no doubt, heard already that Mr. Pilkington has resigned the editorship of this journal, finding that his other occupations are likely to prevent him from discharging the duties connected with it in a manner satisfactory to himself. Under the new management some changes will be introduced into the character and appearance of the paper, with a view to increasing its popularity; but we fully expect to retain our customary list of contributors; and I may say, both on my own behalf and on that of the proprietors, that we shall be glad to receive from you such articles as you have been in the habit of writing for Mr. Pilkington. As regards remuneration, the proprietors think that this has hitherto been calculated upon rather too extravagant a scale, and it is probable that a temporary diminution, at all events, will be decided upon; but I shall be able to give you more definite information as to this in a few days' time.

"Believe me, dear Sir, faithfully yours,

"J. Larkins, Ed. *Anglo-Saxon*."

There was a good deal in this communication which was highly displeasing to Adrian. He had not been informed of Pilkington's retirement, and he thought that he ought to have been informed of it. He disliked Larkins personally, and had no belief at all in his power to improve the sale of the *Anglo-Saxon*. The proposed reduction of pay was not altogether agreeable. Finally, those references to the supreme will and pleasure of the proprietors struck him as being a trifle cool, seeing that he happened to be himself one of them. "I'll be hanged if I'll be one of them much longer, though!" he said decisively to himself, as he walked up the Strand on the ensuing morning. "I didn't quite like to draw out my money so long as Pilkington held on; but I shall make no bones about it with this fellow."

On reaching the *Anglo-Saxon* office, he found the editorial chair already occupied by its new tenant, a stout, vulgar-looking man, with a shock of iron-grey hair, bushy whiskers which met under his chin, and dirty nails.

"How are you, Vidal?" called out this unprepossessing person, cheerfully, as our hero entered. "Come to talk things over, hey?"

"How do you do, Mr. Larkins?" said Adrian, laying a very slight emphasis upon the prefix. "I received your letter, and I was sorry to hear of our loss."

"What—old Pilkington, do you mean? Well, between you and me and the post, he aint very much of a loss. It was about time he went. He's a good fellow and a gentleman all over, is Pilkington; but I can't call to mind that I ever met a much worse editor. Now that we've got rid of him, we shall work the paper differently—put a little more life into it, and get some new blood. We mean to keep on most of the old lot, though, all the same."

"That is, if you can," observed Adrian. "You mentioned something about lowering your scale of payments."

"My good fellow, it's a case of needs must. I should delight in seeing you all paid at the rate of a guinea a word; but it don't quite run to it, you see. If any of the old contributors aren't satisfied—why, it won't be a very hard matter to replace 'em. I hope *you* aint going to quarrel with your bread and butter."

"I don't know as yet whether I shall continue to write for you or not," answered Adrian, repressing a strong inclination to assault his new chief; "but independently of that, I have an interest in the paper. I put £2000 into it when it was first started, and I haven't received a farthing of interest from that day to this. I think I should now like to realise."

Larkins frowned, and pulled his whiskers. "Oh!" said he.

"I suppose," continued Adrian, interrogatively, "that I can do that?"

"I suppose so. Oh, yes; you can do that, no doubt. Only, if you do, you'll be the first that has done it; and I don't know that we should care to have you writing for us under those circumstances."

"I am quite prepared," answered Adrian, smiling, "to accept my dismissal."

"That's what I call quarrelling with your bread and butter. However, please yourself. As I tell you, you'll be the first that has thought fit to act in that way. Pilkington now—he hasn't said a word about taking out his money, though he has left us for good and all."

"Really," said Adrian, "I can see no reason why I shouldn't withdraw from a bad investment when I am convinced that it is a bad one."

"It all depends on how you look at it. When a few friends join together to start a paper it isn't quite the same thing as if they went to their brokers and told them to purchase securities. And as to bad investments, a newspaper seldom becomes a paying investment from the first."

"I had nothing to do with the starting of the *Anglo-Saxon*," said Adrian. "Am I to understand that I shall be looked upon as a traitor now if I ask for the £2000 which I can't afford to lose?"

"Well, I don't know about that. I fancy that Mr. Egerton and the others won't be best pleased. You see, it isn't only the loss of a couple of thousand pounds that they'll look at; it's the example. There are always plenty of people ready enough to do a shabby thing, if somebody will only give them a lead."

"I consider that a most offensive expression," retorted Adrian, hotly. "I am not in the habit of doing shabby things—nor of allowing anyone to call me shabby either."

"Well, well, Mr. Vidal, we needn't quarrel over it. I'm not speaking for myself; I'm only telling you what I believe will be the opinion of the proprietors. They naturally think that you owe something to them, considering that they took you up when you were a comparatively unknown writer."

"I can't admit that I am under any obligation whatsoever to them," said Adrian.

"You may depend upon it that they think you are, and if you throw them over now, when the paper is passing through what one may call a sort of crisis, they won't like it. Of course, it's for you to decide what course you will adopt. Personally, I should be sorry to lose you as a contributor. With the money part of the business I am only indirectly concerned; but I don't think that, under any circumstances, you would be in much danger of losing your £2000. Supposing that the worst came to the worst, and the paper failed altogether, I should doubt whether the gentlemen who have provided the bulk of the funds would wish those who have taken a smaller share in the undertaking to be out of pocket. Mind you, I have no authority for saying this; I merely mention it in confidence as my own impression. But you may be sure that the paper will not fail, if I can help it; and I have had rather more experience in this line than Pilkington."

From all this Adrian perceived that Mr. Larkins was very unwilling to give him his money and let him go. That, perhaps, would have made a prudent man all the more determined to take his money and go; yet the upshot of the interview was, that both Mr. Vidal's pen and his purse remained at the service of the *Anglo-Saxon*. He had made too many enemies of late, he thought: he had no wish to add to their number. Moreover, the representations of Mr. Larkins were not without their effect upon him.

"Between ourselves, Mr. Vidal," that worthy remarked, "what we want is not so much a high-class literary journal as something that people will buy at the bookstalls. We shall come out weekly now, instead of monthly; our price, of course, will be sixpence; we shall devote more of our space to politics and a good deal more to personalities: and we shall drop that stupid practice of making our writers sign their articles. I'll allow that Pilkington's notion was more original; but when originality don't pay its way, the best plan is to try being commonplace. Don't you think so?"

There seemed to be something in that.

CHAPTER XXXV.

CLARE'S VISITORS.

"Far be it from me," said Georgina, "to speak a word against those who give themselves up to good works. I feel that I may slip upon a piece of orange-peel in the street any day and be carried to the nearest hospital with a broken leg; and if that should happen to me, I have no doubt that I should fully appreciate the privilege of being nursed by a woman in my own rank of life. Besides, I have a genuine admiration for people who prefer being of some service to humanity to sitting at home and twirling their thumbs. But you will not get me to admire a woman who spends the best part of her time at the hospital merely in order that she may have an excuse for crying her eyes out when she comes home."

It was on a fine afternoon in June that Miss Vidal addressed these pointed remarks to her sister-in-law. She was waiting for a friend who had promised to call for her and take her to the Park, and her costume was in all respects worthy of the season and the occasion. The summer had begun all of a sudden; the boxes outside the drawing-room windows had become gay with flowers; the hazy London sunshine was flooding the air, and the water-carts were going about the streets.

"You are the less likely to be called upon to admire her," observed Clare, with a touch of asperity, "as it is in the last degree improbable that such an idiot can exist."

"She does exist, though," rejoined Georgina, imperturbably. "I know that she exists, because I have the honour of being acquainted with her. To be more precise, she is sitting in your chair at the present moment."

"I go to see the children at the hospital," said Clare, "because I like it, and because I believe they like having me. As for crying my eyes out, I certainly never do any such thing."

"I will withdraw the words 'crying her eyes out,' then, and will substitute 'looking heart-broken.' You can't deny that you look heart-broken; and I don't care if you do deny it: the fact remains. Isn't it nearly time that all this came to an end?"

"All what?"

"This general discomfort. It can't be kept up for ever, you know, and I have to propose that we now eat humble pie. To do Adrian justice, he looks quite as miserable as you do; and he hasn't the solace of a Children's Hospital, remember."

"I thought," said Clare, "that we had agreed to let this subject alone. I promised that I would not mention Mr. De Wynt again if you would only allow me to live my own life in my own way."

"I recollect your making that handsome offer; but I don't recollect accepting it. You have my full leave to say anything that you please about Mr. De Wynt; only I should prefer your saying something unflattering, because I hear that he is likely to be married to an heiress, whose property adjoins his, and I will go so far as to admit that my feelings are hurt. I don't think it is very pretty of him to console himself with such rapidity."

"I don't believe it," exclaimed Clare.

"It is too true, I fear; the report reached me on excellent authority," said Georgina. "But, after all, I don't want to be a dog in the manger, and I trust the heiress will prove satisfactory. Do you know," she added presently, looking out of the window beside which she was seated, "that you are about to have a visitor? That is quite an event in these days. He is a man—rather a feeble sort of man, judging by the time that he is taking to get out of his hansom—still, not advanced in years. I do believe it is Mr. Heriot!"

Heriot indeed it was; and the first sight of him, as he entered the room, was somewhat of a shock to Clare. She had been accustomed for so long to hear her old friend spoken of as being in a dying state that she had come to regard that as more or less of a figure of speech; but the moment that she saw his face now she knew that he was far worse than he had ever been before. She could not even ask him about his health; nor did he seem desirous of being questioned, for he merely mentioned that he had been ill all the winter and had not been able to get farther than Cannes; after which he immediately changed the subject.

Georgina was soon taken away by her friend, and shortly afterwards Clare, chancing to look up at Heriot, discovered that he was scrutinising her with an earnestness which brought a faint flush into her cheeks.

"You have not been well since I saw you last," he said, abruptly.

"Not very," she answered. "It was—I don't know—there was nothing really the matter; and I am quite myself again now."

Heriot stroked his beard and made no comment upon this assertion. "And Adrian?" he resumed, after a minute or two. "He has not written to me for a long time. I suppose that is a sign that he is very busy?"

"Yes; he is always busy, I believe." Clare hesitated, and then went on: "He is not satisfied with his last book—perhaps you have heard? I am afraid it has been a great disappointment to him."

"Ah, that is the inevitable consequence of taking up art or literature as a calling. There must be disappointments every now and then; and poor Adrian is sure to take disappointments to heart. Now tell me about yourself. Have you become a confirmed Londoner yet?"

Clare shook her head. "I shall never be that; but London suits me well enough. I go out very little in the evening now, and during the day I don't have many visitors."

"That sounds rather a negative way of enjoying life," Heriot remarked.

"I suppose it does; but negative enjoyment is better than positive—discomfort; and I should never have acquired a taste for society. I told you so last year, you know."

"I remember," answered Heriot; "it was at Lady St. Austell's garden party. By-the-way, are the St. Austells in town?"

"I have no idea," replied Clare; and she was conscious of a change in her voice which could hardly fail to be perceptible to her interrogator. By way of accounting for it, she was proceeding to explain, "I don't like Lord St. Austell"—— when the door was thrown open, and who should walk in but that estimable nobleman himself!

Considering what were the circumstances under which this honour had last been conferred upon her, Clare certainly had not expected that it would be repeated. She was taken aback, and showed that she was so; but Lord St. Austell did not seem to notice her embarrassment. He advanced with the smile of a guest whose welcome is assured, saying how delighted he was to see Mrs. Vidal looking so well—might he be allowed to add, looking so charming? Then he screwed his glass into his eye, and was scarcely less delighted to recognise his friend Mr. Heriot, also looking—looking—er—as usual. It was perfectly impossible to assert that Heriot was looking well; but Lord St. Austell went on, with creditable readiness: "After a certain time of life, we must be contented with looking as usual, mustn't we?"

"At no period of my life," remarked Heriot, quietly, "have I been accused of presenting a charming aspect to the eye; but I humbly trust that I have not always looked as if I had one foot in the grave."

"Oh, you're all right—you wear as well as any of us," said Lord St. Austell, who disliked allusions to the grave, and thought them in very doubtful taste.

He sat down and began to converse with easy fluency, addressing his observations for the most part to Clare, who found herself quite unable to respond to them. She was so obviously uncomfortable that Heriot took pity upon her at length, and got up. Thereupon she threw him an imploring glance, which he rightly interpreted to mean that she did not want to be left alone with Lord St. Austell; so he said to the latter,—

"Is that your brougham that I see at the door? Perhaps you will take pity on a sick man and give me a lift home?"

"My dear fellow, by all means!" cried Lord St. Austell, with alacrity. "The brougham shall take you to your own door, and then you can send it back for me. In the meantime, I dare say Mrs. Vidal will give me a cup of her excellent tea."

This was not exactly what Heriot wanted. "Oh, I'll wait till you have had your tea," he said.

But Lord St. Austell declared that he couldn't think of such a thing. "Now, Mrs. Vidal, you must not ask him to stay; he has no business to be out so late. Invalids always ought to be at home before six o'clock." And he caught Heriot by the arm and hurried him out of the room before another word could be said.

"I think I disposed of our friend rather cleverly," he remarked, on his return, seating himself complacently in a chair close to his hostess's elbow.

Clare made an inarticulate murmur. She was really frightened of this leering old man; and indeed his next speech showed that her alarm was not altogether groundless.

"I have so hoped for this moment to come!" he murmured. "I can't tell you how I have suffered since I saw you last. I have had no peace."

Indignation restored to Clare a measure of courage. She rose deliberately and moved to a chair a couple of yards away. "I am sorry to hear that," she replied. "What has been the matter with you?—gout?"

Lord St. Austell jumped up and followed her with an agility which sufficiently refuted this cruel suggestion. "Ah, don't pretend to misunderstand me!" he pleaded, rather huskily—for, alas! there comes a time of life when the human voice refuses to take pathetic modulations—"You know why I have suffered; you know that it is you who have made me suffer. Not intentionally—ah, no! you are too angelic to inflict pain willingly upon anyone; but"——

"I assure you that I am not at all angelic," interrupted Clare, "and I can't imagine what you mean by saying that I have inflicted pain upon you. I—I don't want to know what you mean," she added, hastily, perceiving that Lord St. Austell was about to explain.

"But I must tell you!" cried that susceptible veteran. "It is impossible to conceal any longer the feelings of—er—of adoration with which the sight of so much beauty and—er—unhappiness has inspired me. Dearest Mrs. Vidal, don't be unhappy any more. Your husband has shown himself unworthy of you; but there is one who"——

"Please don't trouble yourself to say any more," broke in Clare, coldly. "You are very impertinent; but I suppose that is because you know no better."

Now Lord St. Austell had often been called impertinent before, and did not mind it in the least. He regarded it, indeed, as a purely conventional phrase, commonly employed by ladies under certain circumstances, and no more intended to be taken in a literal sense than the dismissal by which it was just as commonly followed. So with unabated confidence he proceeded to make his next move, and seizing Mrs. Vidal's hand, pressed it fervently to his lips.

This was too much alike for Clare's temper and her self-respect. "Lord St. Austell," she exclaimed, "if you were not such an old man—such a very old man—I would ring the bell and have you turned out of the house. As it is, I can only suppose that you have become imbecile. Is it possible that you can imagine that any woman, whether married or single, could be in love with you?—*you!* I dare say many people would not be able to help laughing at you; but to me you are too horribly repulsive to be ludicrous. Of course,

you will understand that I cannot receive you again after this."

She had risen to her feet, as had also Lord St. Austell. His face had turned white, his eyes were glittering, and his lips quivering. He seemed as if he were going to speak; but controlled himself. The fact was that his system of ethics, which permitted him to insult a lady in the manner above described, forbade him attack her with angry words. So he said nothing at all—not even "Good-bye"—but took his hat and went away.

Clare, as soon as she was alone, sank down upon the sofa and covered her face with her hands in an agony of shame. It was bad enough that any man should have presumed to address her as Lord St. Austell had done; but it was almost worse that she should have allowed herself to retort upon him so coarsely. Her cheeks burned when she thought of the words that she had used in her haste, and she felt that she could hardly have got rid of her tormentor in a less dignified manner.

Yet, if she had but known it, she had achieved a triumph of a certain kind; for she was the only woman who had ever succeeded in putting Lord St. Austell into a genuine rage.

(To be continued.)

NOVELS.

Once more stories of mystery and crime are in vogue, and *Wyllard's Weird*: by the author of "Lady Audley's Secret" (J. and R. Maxwell) is one of the successful novels of this type. Although the murderer is recognised early in the first volume, the interest in bringing the three murders home to the perpetrator is sufficiently developed and maintained to carry the reader on; and Julian Wyllard's reception of the discovery is thoroughly dramatic. The first time, perhaps, that any sympathy is felt for Marie Prévol and her ill-fated lover is on reading the touching description of the Baronne de Maucroix's solitary life, and the further account of the deserted rooms in the old French château. With the cunning of an experienced hand, a dexterous touch is given by the simultaneous occurrence of the deaths of the Baronne and Julian Wyllard. Mrs. Maxwell's knowledge of Paris is admirably used, and the initial chapter has the merit of embarking the reader fully in the business of the plot. The part of the book least felicitous is the superficial interest of Lady Valeria's and Bothwell's loves; and both these characters, although necessary to the story, are very bodiless personages.

A very good historical novel, though perhaps a little heavy in parts, after the German fashion, is *The Chancellor of the Tyrol*: by Herman Schmid, translated by Dorothea Roberts (T. Fisher Unwin), which is pure literature in every sense, and especially in the best sense of the adjective. The hero, the Chancellor, a certain Dr. Wilhelm Biener, is a fine, noble, edifying character, a little, or more than a little, after the pattern of our celebrated Sir Thomas More; and in his tragic end the German also bears a strong resemblance to the Englishman. The Duchess Claudia of Tyrol, when Tyrol was an independent or quasi-independent duchy, in the seventeenth century, is left a widow, with a son, heir and successor; and from admiring she proceeds to love her Chancellor. He also loves her, but he is too patriotic, too unselfish, too grand, too regardful of her and her interests to take advantage of her love, which she confesses, and of his own, which she accepts. There is mutual confidence and mutual renunciation; and the scene or scenes in which they reveal their feelings, acknowledge what would be for their happiness were their social position different, and make up their minds to a double self-sacrifice, are almost sublime, if they were not so human and so touching. The exposition of what high-minded persons in lofty stations of life may be capable of thinking, saying, and doing, is a lesson worthy of being read, marked, learned, and inwardly digested, not to mention that it is taught in language full of dignity and poetry. After, all, however, the Duchess was a woman, as she most pathetically and impressively admits; and it is therefore the more difficult to believe that she could have brought herself not only to give up her Chancellor but to promote, and even exact as it were as a condition, his marriage with one of her own maids of honour. The maid of honour who had dared to marry Essex or Leicester would have had a bad time of it with "good" Queen Bess. But the Duchess Claudia was a better woman, if a weaker vessel, than the Virgin Queen. Well, in course of time, the Duchess dies, having already abdicated and been succeeded by her son; so noble a man as the Chancellor is sure to have enemies by the score, and so flighty a youth as the Duke is sure to have his better self kept down by evil counsellors; and the result is easy to divine. False charges are made against the Chancellor; then comes degradation and sentence of death. True, a reprieve is dispatched in all haste at the last moment; but messengers who carry reprieves may be tampered with, and even a pardon may come too late. It is possible that most readers will be a great deal shocked at the exceedingly blasphemous utterances of the Chancellor's wife when she finds herself made a widow; but it must be remembered that the story is German, and that Germans do indulge sometimes in some very "tall" blasphemy—in writing. Besides, there is not much of it, and it is very near the end.

A fresh, pleasant, original, charming little story is *Major Frank*: by A. L. G. Bosboom-Toussaint, translated from the Dutch by James Akeroyd (T. Fisher Unwin), a story calculated to surprise in the most agreeable manner any reader who may imagine that "Batavian grace" is incompatible with ease and sprightliness. "Major" Frank is, in fact, one of the airiest as well as loveliest and liveliest young women, for all her military title, that ever flitted through the pages of a romance. This characteristic may be attributed, if the reader pleases, to the fact that she is partly of English extraction: her moral solidity, of which she exhibits a noticeable amount, may be due to her combined Dutch and English parentage. She has been set down in the category of young "women" advisedly; for one of her peculiarities is that she—not altogether without reason—dislikes particularly to be regarded or described as a young "lady." She ought to have been a boy, her father thought; and she was therefore called "Francis" (whence "Frank") instead of "Frances." She was brought up in her early days as a boy; she was taught riding and fencing, and other exercises of a similar or dissimilar kind to the exclusion of more feminine accomplishments; and, when the reader is first introduced to her, though she has by that time gone through a curriculum better suited to her sex, she is living in Dutchland with her old grandfather, a Dutch general, whose very curious establishment she manages, holding the brevet rank and the title of Major, dressing as much like a man as she very well can, riding about the country by herself, eschewing society, scorning marriage, and giving the "ladies," among whom she declines to be numbered, considerable cause to be jealous of her beauty and very free with her reputation. She is reported, not without foundation, to have challenged to a duel with rapiers, then and there, a very eligible young aspirant who dared to demand her hand, so that he fled as from a mad woman. Such is the heroine whom the hero of the story sets out to "prospect," because he has had a large fortune left to him with the expression of a wish that he will be so good as to marry her, if he should find upon investigation that it is possible for him to do so. His experience in his course of "prospecting" forms the staple of the entertainment: and very good entertainment it is.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All communications relating to this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

W K H (Pissa).—"Conditional" is a term applied to problems such as yours, either colour to play first and mate; mate with a particular piece or Pawn; or on a particular square, &c. The end-game seems good, and if found correct shall be inserted.

W L E (Oxford).—The play in your game is interesting and the ending is neat. It shall appear, possibly, next week.

C F H (Handsworth).—In the position described, White cannot capture the Bishop, seeing that it is defended by the adverse King.

Swansea.—We have not had an opportunity of verifying the position, but a good authority informed us that there should be a White Knight on King's square.

E C (Rochdale).—Write to Herr Albert Cohn, 53, Mohrenstrasse, Berlin, for a copy of his catalogue of chess works for sale. The price is one shilling. We have not space for such a list as you ask for, and, moreover, most of the principal works on chess are in the hands of collectors. Reprints do not pay.

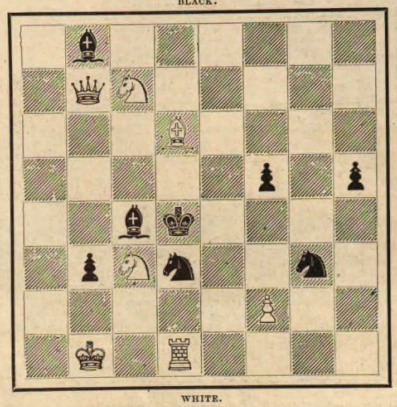
Correct Solutions of Problems Nos. 2138 and 2142 received from An Old Lady (New Jersey, U.S.A.); of No. 2141 from Emile Kreutzer (Plauen, Saxony); of No. 2140 from H Stebbing, F E Gibbins (Tiffin); of No. 2144 from F F Pott, R J G, B H C (Salisbury), W H D Hewey, and D Franzalli (Corfu); of No. 2145 from W K Hirschl (Pisa), E L G, F F Pott, Venator, J Alois Schmucke, F Marshall, J T W, T G (Ware), Edwin Smith, R J G; of the Nationalities Problem from J Alois Schmucke, T G (Ware), Jumbo, W K Hirschl (Pisa), and E L G.

Correct Solution of Problem No. 2146 received from H B, J K (South Hampstead), W Biddle, H Z (Manchester), A Karberg (Hamburg), Edwin Smith, W Hillier, A M Colborne, Richard Murphy (Wexford), Jupiter Junior, T C D 11, G Joicey, Ernest Sharswood, J A Schmucke, J T W, C Darragh, John Hodgson (Maidstone), Ben Nevis, A Harper, W Vernon Arnold, F Ferris, H Wardle, Julia Short, Charles J Brown, H H Noyes, Joseph Ainsworth, M O'Halloran, Examining Officer, R H Brooks, Stephen W Hooper, L L Greenaway, E Casella (Paris), Horace D Woolley, L Wyman, E Cornish, E L G, C Oswald, H Reeve, Columbus, Rev. W Cooper, A W Scrutton, Gerald A Nathan, W B (Clifton), N S H, Fanny H Levy (Edmonton), Hereward, H E J, Alfred J Alexander, C W Milsom, S Lowndes, A M Porter, A Wigmore, F R Greenish, L E C B, C H Burt, T Greenbank, James Pilkington, Raymond Steinforth (Liverpool), Bernard Green, R T Kemp, E Featherstone, C S Cox, J Hall, J Hepworth Shaw, George Gouge, C A L Bull, E Ebsury, Edward James Gibbs, jun., Percy Rawle Gibbs, T Sinclair, Lex, R L Southwell, W Dewse, John Thomas, J Harrop, Hermit, E E H, A J Spiers, Jumbo, J E M P, W J Bevan, F Marshall, Shodforth, Mrs Monckton, B H C (Salisbury), E Louden, E T Ward, Clement Fawcett, G W Law, L Sharswood, and E J Cobbett (Savage Club).

PROBLEM No. 2148.

By Dr. Conrad Bayer.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in two moves.

Played recently at Bath, the Rev. G. A. MacDonnell yielding the odds of Q Kt to another Amateur.

(Remove White's Q Kt from the Board.—Evans' Gambit.)

WHITE (Mr. M.)	BLACK (Mr. R.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th
2. Kt to K B 3rd	Kt to Q B 3rd
3. B to B 4th	B to B 4th
4. P to Q Kt 4th	B takes Kt P
5. P to B 3rd	B to R 4th
6. Castles	Kt to B 3rd
7. Kt to Kt 5th	

Not so good, of course, as 7. P to Q 4th; but the attack seems good enough in this case.

7.	Castles
8. P to B 4th	B to Kt 3rd (ch)
9. P to Q 4th	Kt takes Q P

Black's game is not sufficiently developed for the clearance of the board, to which this move leads.

10. P takes Kt	B takes P (ch)
11. K to R sq	B takes R
12. B to B 3rd	P to K B 3rd

12. P to Q 3rd is better.

13. Q takes B	P takes Kt
14. P takes Kt P	Kt takes P
15. B takes R	Q takes B

This capture is ill-judged, and Black loses his last chance of developing his forces in time to be of use. 15. P. to Q 4th seems the best line of play here.

WHITE (Mr. M.)	BLACK (Mr. R.)
16. R takes P	Q takes R
17. B takes Q (ch)	K takes B
18. Q takes P	Kt to Q 3rd
19. P to K R 4th	Kt to K sq
20. P to Kt 6th (ch)	K to B sq
21. Q to Q 5th	K to K 2nd
22. Q to B 7th (ch)	K to Q sq
23. P to R 5th	P to Q 3rd
24. K to R 2nd	P to B 3rd
25. Q to B 8th	B to K 3rd
26. K to Kt 3rd	K to Q 2nd
27. K to R 4th	R to Q sq
28. P to Kt 4th	B takes K Kt P

Overlooking the resource at White's disposal.

29. Q to B 7th (ch)	K to B sq
30. K takes B	P to Q 4th
31. K to B 3rd	P to Q 5th
32. K to K 2nd	P to Q 6th (ch)
33. K to Q 2nd	Kt to B 3rd
34. Q to K 6th (ch)	K to B 2nd
35. P to R 6th	R to Q 2nd
36. Q takes R (ch)	

The coup de grâce.

36.	K takes Q
37. P to R 7th,	and Black resigned.

A very clever adaptation of a simple principle by M. Otto Meisling, Chess Editor of the *Nationaltidende*, of Copenhagen:—

White: K at K B 6th, R at K R 2nd, Kt at K R 4th, Pawn at K B 2nd. (Four pieces.)

Black: K at K Kt 5th, Pawn at K R 4th. (Two pieces.)

White to play, and mate in four moves.

Chess students do not often meet with a two-move problem by Dr. Conrad Bayer, so seeing one recently in the *Zlata* of Prague, we have this week reproduced it on our diagram. It is new to us, but must, we think, have been composed many years ago. A study of it suggests the inquiry, which was first in the field, Dr. Bayer's problem, or the following by Mr. S. Loyd? The latter we know was published more than a quarter of a century ago.

White: K at Q B sq, Q at K R 3rd, R at Q 2nd, Kts at Q Kt 2nd and Q B 7th; Pawns at K 3rd, Q B 3rd, and Q Kt 6th. (Eight pieces.)

Black: K at Q B 6th, Q at Q B 4th, Kts at K 4th and Q R 4th, B at Q B 3rd; Pawns at Q 6th, Q Kt 2nd and 6th. (Eight pieces.)

White to play and mate in two moves.

The Right Hon. R. N. Fowler, M.P., Lord Mayor, has been elected Master of the Salters' Company for the year commencing next month.

The Lord Chancellor reports that the claim of Charles Henry John, Earl of Shrewsbury in the Peerage of England, and Earl of Waterford in the Peerage of Ireland, to vote at the elections of representative Peers for Ireland has been established to his satisfaction.

There was a considerable decrease of emigration last month. In the four months ending April 30 there left the United Kingdom for places out of Europe 58,739 persons of British origin, 14,781 foreigners, and 891 whose nationality was not distinguished, the total thus being 74,411.

"The Prodigal Son," a service of Song in aid of the Metropolitan Police Relief Fund (patron: Sir E. Y. W. Henderson, K.C.B.), was given in the Exeter Hall, Strand, last Saturday afternoon, by the Police Choir, in connection with the Christian Policemen's Association (Western Branch).

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated July 28, 1882), with a codicil (dated March 9, 18 5), of Sir Curtis Miranda Lampson, Bart., late of No. 80, Eaton-square, and of Rowfant, Sussex, who died on March 12 last, was proved on the 7th inst. by Sir George Curtis Lampson, Bart., and Norman George Lampson, the sons, James Timker, and James Stewart Hodgson, the executors, the value of the personal estate in England amounting to upwards of £401,000. The testator leaves his residence at Rowfant, with the pleasure-grounds and such part of the park as she may select up to twenty acres, to the use of his wife, Dame Jane Hannah Lampson, for life, and, subject thereto, he devises his Rowfant estate and all his freehold and copyhold property in Sussex to the use of his daughter, Mrs. Jane Hannah Locker, for life, with remainder to her first and other sons successively, according to seniority in tail male, and provision is made for the person becoming entitled to the said property taking the name and arms of Lampson. He also bequeaths to his wife £20,000, all his plate, pictures, wines, household furniture, and articles of use and ornament, horses and carriages, and for life £5000 per annum, and the use of his residence in Eaton-square, with the stabling; to his son George Curtis, who has succeeded to the baronetcy, £175,000; to his daughter, Mrs. Locker, his house, buildings, and land at Cromer; to his son Norman George, £40,000; to his son-in-law, Mr. Frederick Locker, £5000; to his executor Mr. Hodgson, his sister, Mrs. Laura Ann Brooks, his nephews, Frederick and William Lampson, his niece Mrs. Wortel, Caroline Lampson, and Miss Emily Clarke, £1000 each; to his niece Miss E. M. Curtis, to Mrs. Cyrus Curtis, and to Mr. Nuttingham, if in the employ of his firm at the time of his death, £500 each; to each clerk who has been five years in the employ of his firm at his death, £250; and to each domestic servant, including gardeners, coachmen, and grooms, who have been a like term in his service at his death, £50. He also leaves £100,000 and one third of the residue of his real and personal estate, upon trust, for his son Norman George, for life, then as to one half of the income to his present wife, for her life, and, subject thereto, to his issue as they shall jointly appoint; £100,000 and another third of the residue, upon trust, for his daughter, Mrs. Locker, for life, then to her present husband, for life, and then to her issue as she shall appoint; and the remaining one third of the residue to his son George Curtis.

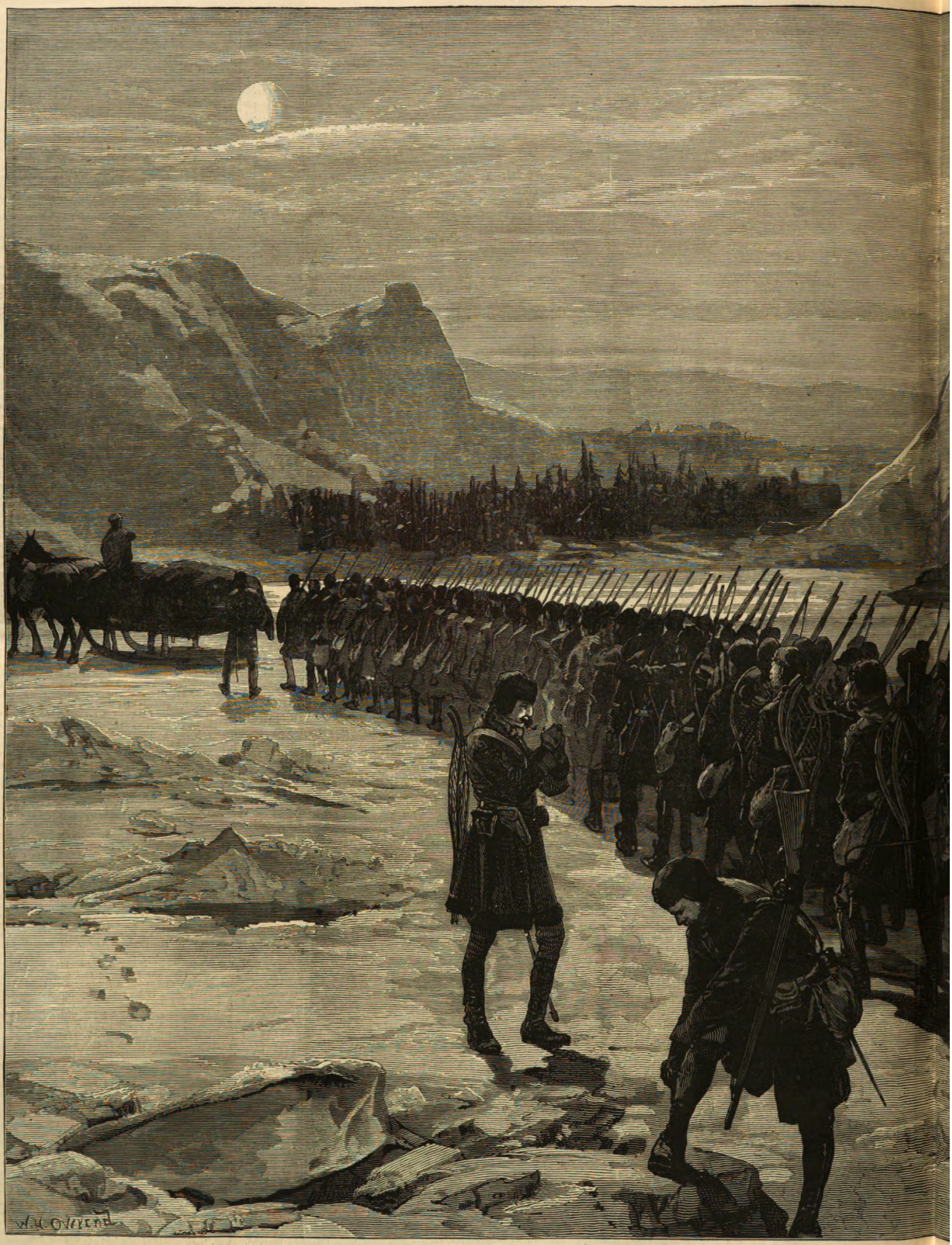
The will (dated Oct. 31, 1874), with five codicils (dated Dec. 19, 1874; June 4, Sept. 10, and Nov. 24, 1877; and Jan. 16, 1879), of Mr. Robert Barbour, formerly of Manchester, but late of Bolesworth Castle, Cheshire, who died on Jan. 17 last, was proved at the Chester District Registry on the 14th ult. by George Barbour, the son, the acting executor, the value of the personal estate in the United Kingdom amounting to upwards of £472,000. The testator leaves to his wife, Mrs. Janet Barbour, all his wines, spirits, horses, carriage, and harness, and, for life, £5000 per annum, and Bolesworth Castle, with the outbuildings and grounds, and the furniture, plate, books, pictures, and effects; at her death the said furniture and effects are to go to his said son, except what she chooses to give to their daughter, Janet, Lady Anstruther, by will or otherwise; and he bequeaths £50,000, upon trust, for his said daughter, for life, and then to be at her disposal, in addition to what he has already settled upon her; £5000 to his son-in-law, Sir Windham C. Anstruther, Bart.; £5000 to his brother George Freeland Barbour; £5000 to the family of his late brother John; £2000 each to his two sisters; £5000 to be invested and the interest applied in giving bursaries, exhibitions, or scholarships to aid and encourage young men attending the Presbyterian College, London, and studying for the ministry; £5000 to the Presbyterian Church Building Fund; £500 each to the Manchester Deaf and Dumb Institution, and the Chester General Infirmary; £100 to the Chester Ragged and Industrial School, and other legacies. The residue of his real and personal estate he gives to his said son, George.

The will (dated March 5, 1883), with a codicil, of Mr. Frederick William Heilgers, of Champion-hill, and 22, Great St. Helens, E.C., merchant, was proved on the 9th inst. by Mr. William Heilgers, the son, and Mr. Egmont Bieber, two of the executors. The testator's estate in London and Calcutta amounts to upwards of £100,000, exclusive of £10,000 settled upon his daughter at her marriage. He gives to his wife his furniture, plate, pictures, household and personal effects, horses and carriages, absolutely, and his residence at Champion-hill, for her life; and, after certain pecuniary legacies, gives the income of the residue of his estate to his wife, for her life, and, subject thereto, divides his property equally among his five children.

The will (dated July 3, 1883) of Mrs. Maria Sperling, late of Caldana, Cannes, France, who died on Nov. 20 last, was proved on the 11th ult. by Arthur Sperling, the nephew, one of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £67,000. The testatrix leaves all her real and personal estate, including the residuary personal estate of Henry John Sperling, deceased, over which, under his will, she has an absolute power of appointment, upon trust, for her sister, Emma Sperling, for life, and at her death, subject to some annuities, to her two nephews, Arthur Sperling and the Rev. Frederick Hayne Sperling.

The will (dated Aug. 12, 1884), with a codicil (dated Dec. 3 following), of Mr. Joseph Blakeley, late of Dewsbury, Yorkshire, merchant and colliery proprietor, has been proved in London by Alfred Brooke Blakeley and Stanley Blakeley, the sons, and John Whitehead Blakeley, the brother, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £44,000. The testator leaves £20,000, upon trust, for his daughters, Alice Maud and Ethel; Hollyroyd House and grounds, with the furniture and effects, to his son Alfred Brooke; another freehold house and £1000 to his son Stanley; and the residue of his real and personal estate to his said two sons, in equal shares.

The will (dated Jan. 26, 1885), with a codicil (dated Feb. 11 following), of Mr. Charles Baker, late of No. 11, Sackville-street, Piccadilly, and of No. 7, Westbourne-crescent, Hyde Park, who died on March 12 last, was proved on the 22nd ult. by Miss Eleanor Hetty Baker, the daughter, and Henry Morton Baker, M.B., the son, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £30,000. The testator leaves £100 and his wines and consumable stores to his wife, Mrs. Eleanor Sheen Baker; the furniture, plate, and household effects at his residence to his wife, for life or widowhood, and then to his two daughters, Eleanor Hetty and Mary Beatrice; the lease of No. 11, Sackville-street, with the books and furniture, to his son Charles William John; and there are other bequests to his children, partner, sisters, and daughter-in-law. The residue of his real and personal estate is to be held, upon trust, to pay the income to his wife, for life or widowhood; then each of his said daughters is to have an annuity of £250 until marriage, when £5000 is to be settled on her; the ultimate residue he gives to his two sons. The testator in his will states, "Whereas I have in previous wills left small pecuniary legacies to various friends to acquire mementos of me; but, seeing that Mr. Gladstone has taxed these little gifts, I refrain from making any such bequests in my present will."



THE REBELLION IN THE NORTH-WEST TERRITORY OF CANADA: COLONIAL TROOPS

FROM A SKETCH BY CAPTAIN H. DE H. HAIG, R.E., ASSISTANT QUARTERMASTER-G



OOPS MARCHING OVER THE ICE OF NEPIGON BAY, LAKE SUPERIOR.

MASTER-GENERAL ON THE STAFF OF GENERAL MIDDLETON, C.B.

THE GROSVENOR GALLERY.

CONCLUDING NOTICE.

Among the subject pictures of the gallery, Mr. C. W. Mitchell's "Hypatia" (111) occupies a prominent place. The moment chosen by the artist (who by-the-way has no American parentage, but is the son of a member of the world-known Elswick firm) is of intense dramatic interest, and he has availed himself fully of the opportunity. The maiden philosopher, hooted and hunted by the populace of Alexandria led by Cyril's brutal monks, has taken refuge in the cathedral, and is standing "naked, snow-white," against the altar, above which is the figure of the God whom her pursuers pretended to honour and reverence. Mr. Mitchell has shown great power in concentrating all interest in the single figure, and almost as much self-command, in not being led away by the ornamentation which an Eastern altar might naturally suggest. The background is carefully but not extravagantly painted, suggesting the repose which ought to pervade the spot, and with which the heaving agitated figure of Hypatia is in admirable contrast. If we passed any criticism upon this part of the work, it would be that the face wears too plaintive an expression for such a moment; the pose is a trifle too studied, whilst the drawing of the bent leg is not quite successful. In spite of these slight drawbacks, the picture is a very remarkable one, and foreshadows a great career for the artist. Mr. Van Haanen's "Death of Juliet" (194) will scarcely raise his reputation, and would seem to mark a phase of art into which he would do well to venture no further. Whether the death here intended is the real or supposed, we are at a loss to guess; but the rich colour of Juliet's cheeks hardly suggests that "monumental alabaster" to which her lover alludes. A cascade of black hair falls over the pillow on which she is lying, and on her bosom is a cross and some half-faded flowers. There is, as in all Mr. Van Haanen's, evidence of great power; but there is also a total absence of that refinement of feeling which we associate with the episode he has undertaken to portray. To Mr. Alma Tadema's two small works, "Who is It?" (57) and "Expectations" (81), we have already alluded: the former represents a group of three girls, of whom one is standing upon the marble bench on which the others are sitting, and is looking over the wall. In the other, a young girl, most exquisitely painted, is awaiting the arrival of a boat, which is to be seen making its way across the bay. Of the technical skill—approaching the marvellous—displayed in both works, it is impossible to speak too highly; but as Mr. Alma Tadema is realistic in the fullest sense of the term, he must subject himself to the laws of Nature, and study them elsewhere than in his studio, or through the medium of his imagination. Tested by these laws, we venture to say that "Expectations" is an impossible picture. The full blaze of sun which causes the girl and the marble bench on which she is seated to cast the shadow defined in the picture, would not leave the sea between the terrace and the shore in the deep uniform blue depicted, but would throw off myriads of bright golden tints. It is not competent for Mr. Tadema to reap the rewards of realism in one part of his picture and to claim the privileges of conventionalism or artistic necessity in the other.

Mr. P. R. Morris makes a new departure in his "Eve's Second Paradise" (135), where the mother of mankind is represented as watching her two infant children. There is some very good work in both the mother's figure and the surrounding foliage; and one is glad to have got away from the over-dressed children which Mr. Morris has of late years produced so bountifully. Even in this Arcadian work, however, he has been apparently unable to realise that a woman's second Paradise can be wholly free from finery—for he has placed dyed ostrich-feathers under the sleeping infants. Of Mr. C. E. Hallé's subject pictures, we prefer "Pets" (83) to either "The Fortune-Teller" (185), an old woman with a cunning leer, or "The Mirror" (76), to which the application of the motto quoted is not quite apparent. Although there is nothing very original in Mr. David Carr's "Bridge of Sighs" (9), a flower-girl asleep in one of the recesses on Waterloo Bridge, the moral has frequently been painted less forcibly. There is much character and even sentiment in the figure of the girl; and the grey dawn breaking over the smoky city is evidence of the artist's sense of colour and atmosphere. In a very different key is the happy scene of Mr. Stanhope Forbes' "Rope-Walk" (61), one of those studies in perspective in which he delights. The difficulties of light and drawing are honestly met and dealt with, and the result is a very interesting work. Mrs. Gardiner Hastings' "Ruth" (203), not "breast-high amid the alien corn," but in the threshing-floor of Boaz, displays a very marked advance upon her previous work. There is a sense of completeness, rather than of finish, about the picture, which suggests the pursuit of a definite purpose from the outset, and the result is that the whole picture is harmonious in colour and composition.

Of the works of the more orthodox, or rigid followers of Mr. Burne Jones, Mr. Strudwick is, perhaps, the most successful in his complicated but delicately-painted allegory, "A Golden Thread" (4); but neither Mr. Walter Crane in his "Pandora" (16), prostrate on a chest into which she might enter in search of Hope, or in his still more exaggerated "Freedom" (157); nor Mr. Holman Hunt in his "Bride of Bethlehem" (14), a hackneyed treatment of the subject; nor Miss Pickering's "Dryad" (43), a too close imitation of her master's work; nor Mr. Spencer Stanhope's "Birth of Venus" (130), can suffice to arouse our flagging interest in the neo-classics. For the moment at least, their vogue seems to have passed, and until some more vigorous exponents arise its return is a doubtful chance.

Amongst the landscapes and sea-pieces there are plenty of more than average merit, but few of any distinctive character. Mr. Napier Hemy's grey "Venice" (20), in spite of its title, is full of colour, thanks to the flowers and the ladies' dresses, with which the foreground is somewhat loaded. Mr. Alfred Parsons' "April is Coming" (104) is a very charming country lassie in a spotted cotton dress, standing in a meadow surrounded by primroses and daffodils—as pretty a suggestion of spring as one may hope to meet, and far more permanent in its attractiveness. It hangs beside Mr. Herkomer's oddly named "First Warmth of Spring" (103), which in reality is a remarkable study of lichen and moss-covered rocks, with a faint and meaningless landscape vaguely indicated in the distance. Mr. W. B. Richmond so seldom appears as a *paysagiste* that his "Athens in a Mist" (87)—a very poetical rendering of a classical subject—is doubly welcome. Mr. Mark Fisher has this year forsaken the Southdowns and gone to Ireland for his inspirations. His "Sketch" (25) and "Kerry Pastoral" (41) are soft and full of colour, whilst his "Low Tide" (2) is suggestive of that "melancholy ocean," the cause, according to Lord Beaconsfield, of so much of Irish sorrow. Mr. Edgar Barclay is especially strong in his moonlight effects—"Crossing the Beck" (45) and "Mushroom-Gathering" (46)—a dangerous subject to handle after F. W. Walker's masterpiece. Mr. David Murray's "Twixt Croft and Creek" (47), fishermen mending their nets in a pleasant green field under an open sky; Mr. M. R. Corbett's view of the "Ponte Molle" (63); Mr. Herkomer's somewhat ghastly "Gravedigger's Firewood" (73); Mr. James Orrock's "Summer on the Trent" (92); and Mr. J. Hope M'Lachlan's "Russet Woods" (184) are all marked by signs of careful work and of a certain revolt against traditional teaching; whilst Mr. W. J. Hennessy's "Flowers of May" (212) and the "Return from School" (206) of a group of happy children, above whom the spring moon is rising in chilly splendour, mark a very decided advance on the part of an artist who is thoroughly imbued with Corot's feeling for country life. Mr. Boughton appears in a new character as a salmon-fisher "On the Spey" (128) and on the "Beauley River" (178), and seems to have plied his rod—let us hope with as great success as he does his brush—in the twilight. Mr. A. Helcké's "Noontide Heat" (145) and Mr. Ernest Parton's "Country Bridge" (177) and "The Separation" (132) show to good effect; but Mr. J. W. North's "English Wood Nymph" (151), in spite of the extraordinary elaboration of the gorse and bushes, leaves too indistinct an impression on the eye to become popular.

Among the sea and water pictures, Mr. Keeley Halswelle's "Loch Awe" (8), with the mist dispersing, and "Flying Scud" (199), with the rushes shivering in the wind, are both full of movement, and in strong contrast with the long waves breaking lazily along Signor Costa's "Seashore" (40), or Mr. Talmage White's "Sands of Viarreggio" (146), across which through the dawn the rosy-tipped blue mountains of Carrara are just becoming visible. Mr. J. W. Inchbold's "Drifting" (247) has, at all events, the merit of boldness of conception; but we are unaccustomed, in these latitudes at least, to find so dominant a tone of green in sea and sky. There is, nevertheless, much that is attractive in the harmonious scheme of colour, which is not, we presume, intended to be regarded as other than a poetic fancy. On the other hand, Mr. Henry Moore in his "Queen of the Night" (120) can trace the rich blue tones of a summer sea even in the moonlight—a power denied to ordinary dwellers in our cold latitudes. Mr. C. E. Holloway cannot be accused of too pronounced a leaning to either green or blue in his work: he takes pleasure in muddy waters and dirty skies, and of this "The Harbour Bar" (59) is a typical instance. A far more ambitious, and also a more attractive, work is Mr. W. H. Bartlett's "First Sprats of the Season" (91), brought ashore in the boat round which the fisherfolk, young and old, are standing ankle-deep in the water, which gleams like molten silver under the oblique rays of the winter sun. Mr. Eugene Benson's "Venetian Lagoon" (156) is a still bolder and more remarkable attempt to deal with clouds and water; but Mr. Hamilton Maccallum's "Ship that Goes" (35) will appeal more strongly to the general public, as well as to all who value solid work.

The other pictures to which we especially desire to call attention are Mr. David Murray's "Château Gaillard" (34), Mr. Francis Bate's "Florentine Beauty" (18), a remarkable *tour de force*; Mr. Mortimer Menpes' series of little studies, Mr. W. S. Jay's "Valley of the Teme" (79), Mr. J. Ireland's "Avon, near Ringwood" (84), Mr. Padgett's "Son of Pan" (89), and Mr. George Clausen's "End of a Winter's Day" (182).

Police-Sergeants Cole and Cox, whose courage in connection with the dynamite explosions at Westminster Hall has already received public recognition, were yesterday week presented by Mr. Coleridge Kennard, M.P., with £108 10s. each, as the result of a subscription made on their behalf by members of Parliament. The presentation was made in the conference-room of the House of Commons, and was attended by several members of Parliament. Sergeant Cole, in addition to the money gift, was presented with a gold watch and chain.

MUSICAL PUBLICATIONS.

"Nadeshda," a romantic opera, in four acts; the libretto by Julian Sturgis, the music by A. Goring Thomas (Boosey and Co.). This is the new work by the composer of "Esmeralda," both having been commissioned by Mr. Carl Rosa, and brought out by him at Drury-Lane Theatre—the earlier in 1883, the later last month; each having been greatly successful, as recorded in our notices of their production. Having already commented on the merits and characteristics of "Nadeshda," we have now only to draw attention to the publication of the vocal score, in a handy and inexpensive form; the orchestral accompaniments having been skilfully adapted for the pianoforte by Mr. M. B. Foster.

"The Mikado; or, The Town of Titipu," by W. S. Gilbert and Sir Arthur Sullivan (Chappell and Co.). This new comic opera, in which the literary skill and humour of Mr. Gilbert and the musical genius of Sir A. Sullivan are—as on many previous occasions—so happily combined, was spoken of fully in our notice of its production at the Savoy Theatre last March. It is now published for voice and pianoforte in a portable shape, at a small price; the accompaniments well adapted from the full score by Mr. G. L. Tracy, of Boston, United States.

"Te Deum," by Berlioz (Stanley Lucas, Weber, and Co.). This is another publication, just issued, of a work recently commented on. The extraordinary piece of service-music now referred to was first produced at Paris in 1855, and remained unheard until performed at a Crystal Palace concert last month, when it was noticed by us. It is now available in a cheap and neat edition; the elaborate orchestral accompaniments skilfully arranged for the pianoforte by Mr. C. A. Barry, who has also written an explanatory preface.

"Irma," opera in three acts, written and composed by J. H. Bonawitz (Stanley Lucas, Weber, and Co.). This work, with an English text written by Mr. Sinclair Dunn, was performed at St. George's Hall, Langham-place, in March last, when it was noticed by us. The edition, published as stated above, contains both the German and the English words, and is neatly engraved and printed, at a moderate price.

Mr. Carnegie has consented to continue Master of the Essex Union Hunt for another season.

By 29,946 votes against 22,755, the ratepayers of Glasgow have refused to sanction the adoption of the Free Libraries Act.

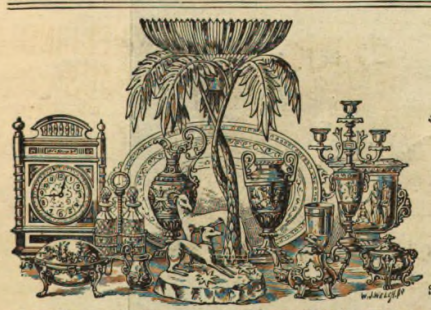
According to the bills of entry, 20,276 oxen and bulls were imported into the United Kingdom in April. The number of cows received was 3935, of calves 5929, and of swine, 320. The number of sheep and lambs imported was 70,197, of which Germany sent 54,790.—There was a large increase of imports of foreign live stock and fresh meat last week, the total being—2024 cattle, 13,132 quarters of beef, and 1609 carcases of mutton.

The Duke of Devonshire, in order to encourage an extensive fishing industry on the Sussex coast between Eastbourne and Langney Bay, has offered the fishermen a large tract of land as a gift for ever, besides £1000 for protection against sea encroachments. Mr. Davies Gilbert has promised similar gifts in land and money to complete fishermen's quarters, representing over £10,000 in fishing property.

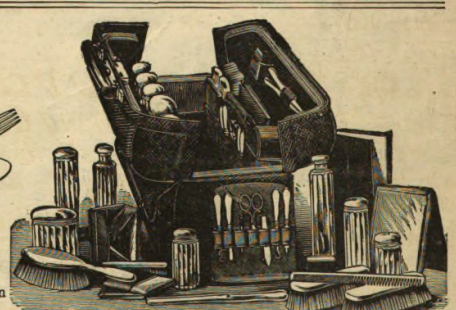
The testimonial to the Lord Mayor, which was subscribed last year, will be presented next Thursday, the 28th inst. The testimonial consists of a diamond necklace and pendant to be presented to the Lady Mayoress, and a silver centrepiece to be given to the Lord Mayor, together with his portrait, by Mr. F. Holl, R.A. The presentation will be made at the Mansion House, at 4.30 p.m., on the 28th inst., by Sir George Chambers, the chairman of the fund.

A medallion portrait of the late Mr. Peter Squire was unveiled by Sir Spencer Wells, Bart., F.R.C.S., at the house of the Pharmaceutical Society of Great Britain, in Bloomsbury-square, on Wednesday afternoon. Mr. Squire was one of the founders of the society in 1842, was thrice elected President of it, and was its Examiner in Botany for twenty-seven years. He was Chemist in Ordinary to her Majesty for forty years; and he wrote the widely-known "Companion to the British Pharmacopœia."

The report for the year ending Dec. 31, 1884, of the governors of Queen Anne's bounty states that the grants for the year amounted to £17,800, and the benefactions attracted thereby were of the value of £21,157. The governors have been enabled to make grants in respect of seventy-six applications, and for special reasons have made a second grant to nine, and a third grant to two of them. The grants were in respect of eighteen livings not exceeding £100 per annum, thirty-seven over £100 and not exceeding £150, twenty over £150 and not exceeding £175, and one over £175 and not exceeding £200. The amount received from first fruits and tenths, after deducting the expenses in respect of collection, management, and distribution, was a net sum of £13,858. This sum, increased by the surplus of the general revenue of £5699, shows the total sum available for distribution by the governors in the year 1885 to be £19,557. The governors have outstanding on mortgages of benefices the sum of £1,088,836, lent for residence houses and other purposes, in pursuance of various Acts of Parliament. The trust funds held by the governors amount to a capital sum of £4,398,159, and comprise nearly 7000 open accounts.







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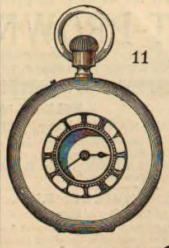
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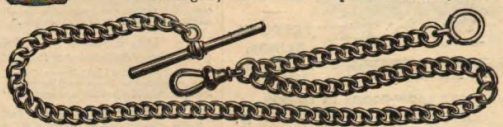


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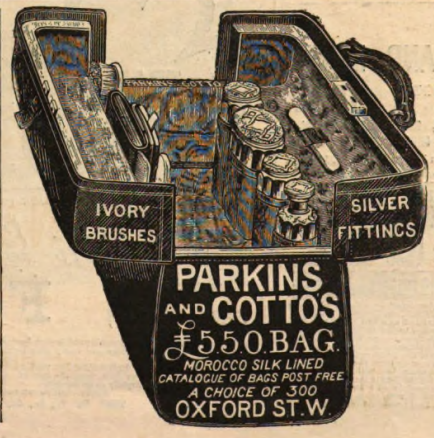


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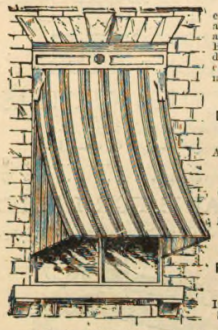
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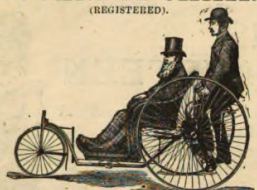
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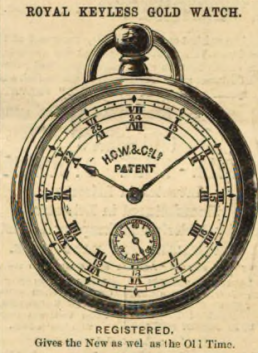
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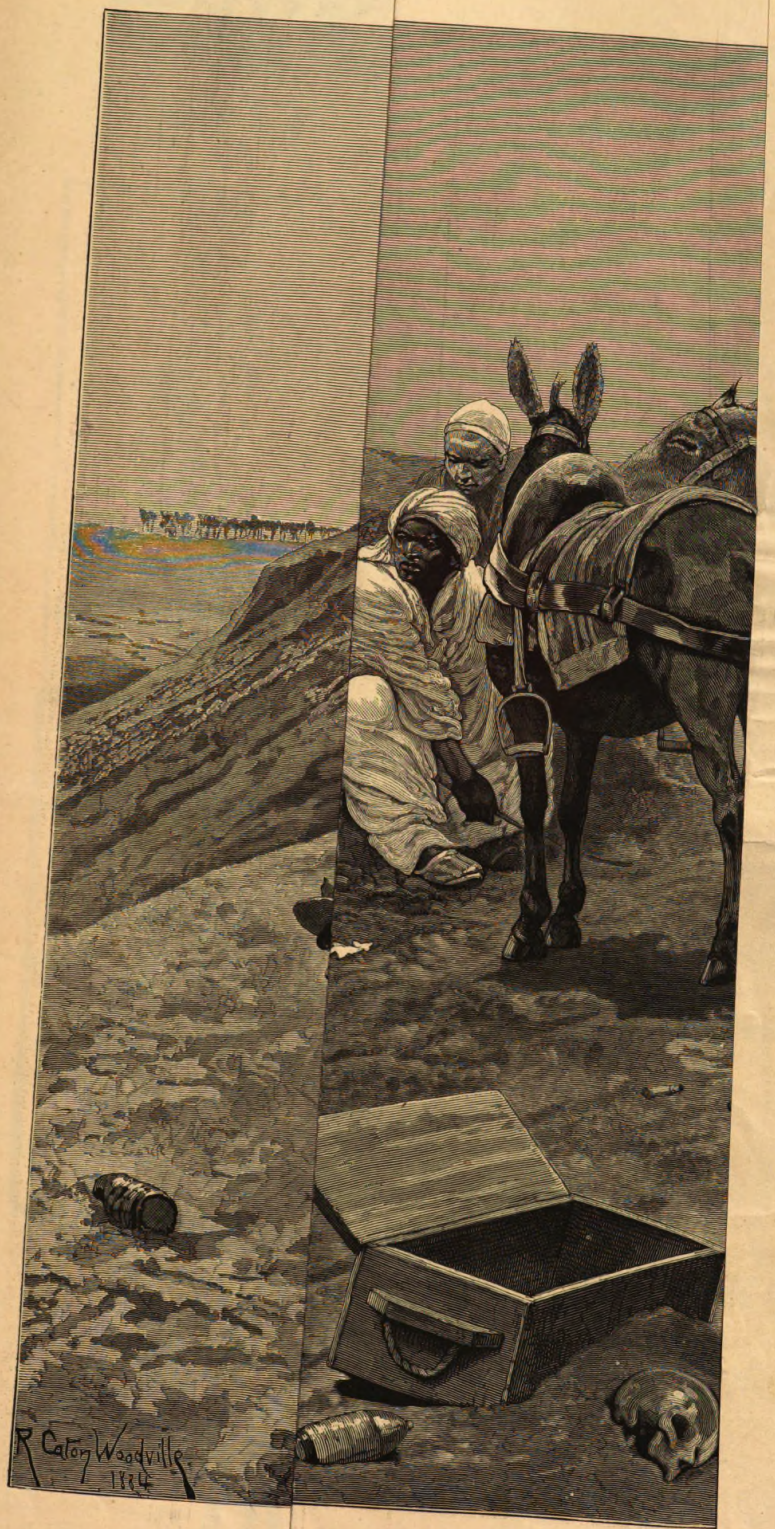
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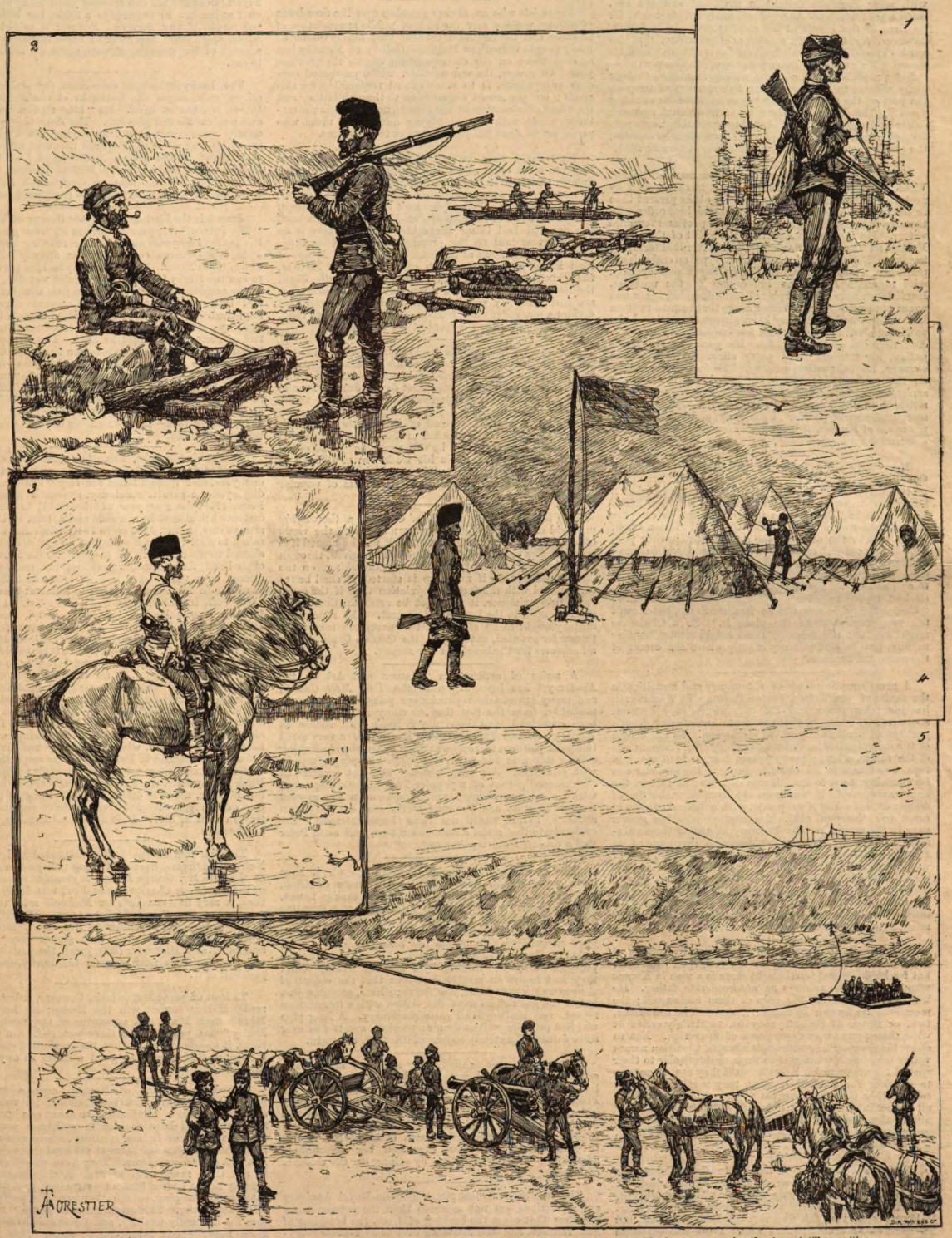


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1. Volunteer Artilleryman. 2. Artillerymen on river-bank. 3. Officer commanding. 4. Reveillé in camp, five a.m. 5. The ferry scow crossing the river: Artillery waiting.

THE REBELLION IN THE NORTH-WEST TERRITORY OF CANADA: CANADIAN MILITIA AT "CLARK'S CROSSING," ON THE SOUTH SASKATCHEWAN.

SKETCHES BY CAPTAIN H DE H. HAIG, R.E., ASSISTANT QUARTERMASTER-GENERAL ON THE STAFF OF GENERAL MIDDLETON, C.B.

OUR NOTE-BOOK

It is scarcely too much to say that the poet Gray owes all his popularity to a single poem. It is not as the author of "The Progress of Poesy" or of "The Bard" that his name is familiar to every English reader. Students of poetry admire those odes; but the "Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard" is the best known poem in the language. We learn to love it as children; we repeat it with more exquisite delight in manhood and old age. Such a poet needs no external testimony to his merit, for he lives in the hearts of his countrymen. It is fitting, however, for the credit's sake of Cambridge, that his genius should be acknowledged on the spot with which his memory is associated. Three years ago, Mr. Gosse wrote—"Not a medallion, not a tablet within Pembroke College bears witness to any respect for the memory of Gray on the part of the society among whom he lived for so many years." Thanks to Mr. Gosse's exertions, that reproach exists no longer, and Lord Houghton probably never performed a task with greater pleasure than when he unveiled the poet's bust last Tuesday in the college where he died.

France has lost her most illustrious man of letters. Victor Hugo's rank in literature must be determined by posterity; but the position he occupies at the present time in the eyes of his countrymen is of the highest order. To them he is something more than a great poet and romance writer. He is an incarnation of the spirit of the age in France, an "apostle of Humanity," whatever that term may imply—a Republican of the strongest type, an enthusiastic politician, a cosmopolitan in theory, but a cosmopolitan who regarded France as the centre of the universe. Englishmen have been perplexed and astounded again and again at utterances from Victor Hugo that seemed to them like rodomontade, but they have always appreciated the passionate love of country that has inspired his eloquence. And they can understand, too, his generous self-abnegation, his freedom from petty aims, his indomitable courage, his exhaustless activity. His faults were chiefly on the surface, his virtues appealed to the highest aspirations of his countrymen; and the loss of such a man, although at a ripe age, is one that may justly call for the sorrow of a great people. Ultimately, and out of France, the name of Hugo will be probably remembered as that of a splendid lyric poet.

Everybody must know by name Messrs. Gaze and Cook, the rivals who "personally conduct" the unprotected tourist; but everybody does not know what a humorous treasure is possessed by one of those firms. Within the last few days a tourist, wishing to compare the methods and rates of Messrs. Gaze and Messrs. Cook, paid a visit to the office of the former, and, having purchased a "guide," candidly avowed the object in view, and requested to be informed where the office of Messrs. Cook was to be found. The representative of Messrs. Gaze assumed an air which would have done credit to a student trying to solve a difficult problem, and replied: "Cook! the name seems to be familiar to me, but I can't tell you exactly where the place is." So a Gladstone might say that the name of Beaconsfield seemed familiar to him, but he couldn't say exactly where the owner of the name did business.

A great counting over of the money and securities in the vaults of the United States Treasury at Washington has just taken place, and the only discrepancy between accounts and assets is that two cents are missing from a package of small money in the cash-room. In the course of the investigation, a curious discovery was made in one of the vaults, where a heavy square box, secured with red tape, was found in an obscure corner. The key was not forthcoming, so a locksmith was sent for; and when the box was opened, it was seen to contain a bottle of diamonds and a bottle of pearls, with a flacon of otto of roses, and a lump of gold. An employé who has grown grey in the service of the Treasury identified these valuables as presents sent by the Japanese Government to President Monroe as long ago as 1823. He could not, or would not, accept them until an Act of Congress had been passed authorising him to do so; but Congress, having weightier matters in hand, postponed legislation on the Japanese present, which was deposited in the Treasury for safety, and, being out of sight, passed completely out of mind, and has remained *perdu* ever since.

We hear sometimes of cruel parents, and at others of those who, by undue sparing of the rod, spoil the child; but for kindness and forethought there is a man in Kansas who stands *facile princeps* as a considerate father. He has twelve children. Six only of them are named; the remainder are known by numbers, and will be called one, two, or three, as the case may be, until they arrive at what their parent may deem years of discretion. Not to allow his progeny to go through life with Christian names which may be objectionable to them or unsuitable to their special talents or tasks, he waits until they are of an age to consider for themselves what they would like to be called; then the numeral gives place to a prenomen, and all parties interested are satisfied. "What's in a name?" said Shakspeare's Juliet. Under similar circumstances, a sweetheart of one of the Kansas family would sigh, "What's in a number?"

An attempt to introduce trout into Cape Colony has not proved so satisfactory as could have been wished. A fund was organised to pay the expenses of the experiment, and Messrs. Donald Currie and Co. carried the ova free. A large majority of fish died through lead-poisoning, but the survivors are doing fairly well. Fresh consignments will be sent out each season, so there is yet a chance of the Cape streams being stocked with trout.

The general depression, which has affected every description of merchandise, has reduced the value of silver as compared with gold to such an extent that the Government are now making an enormous profit out of silver coinage. About fifteen years ago the profit was only nine per cent; last year a pound of silver, which made sixty-six shillings, could be bought in the market for 46s. 6d. At home we are not disposed to consider such trifles. So long as the coin passes current according to its supposititious value, we are satisfied to accept it and pay it away; but the decrease in value must, if the depression continues, cause inconvenience abroad to those who want to change English money for foreign, or vice versâ. Shall we ever have societies agitating for the big shilling as they used to cry out for the big loaf?

Pessimists who are always grieving over the decadence of art and wailing over the lack of public appreciation of pictures will be surprised to hear that nearly double as many people visited the National Gallery on Monday last as were there on the corresponding day in the previous year. Of course, the wet weather, which prevented out-door enjoyments, is to some extent responsible for this result; but the recent acquisitions to the exhibition, and the effect of education on the masses, no doubt have something to do with the gratifying increase of those who prefer art to Aunt Sally and pictures to pothouses.

Hall Place, near Bexley, about thirteen miles from London, is to come under the auctioneer's hammer next month, and it is to be hoped that the purchaser, whoever he may be, will duly appreciate all the picturesque charms of the old edifice. It has been kept in admirable order of late years, but was long dilapidated and used as a school, the fine old hall being the school-room. There is an ancient water-mill on the premises, and the River Cray, dear to anglers, flows at the back of the house. It was at Hall Place, within easy reach of the Palace at Eltham, that Edward the Black Prince lived with his wife, Joan, the Fair Maid of Kent, and a long series of black crosses are still distinctly visible in the thick roofed wall that divides a marvellous old fruit-garden from the high road, which runs very near the front of the building.

The literary and artistic worlds have a treat in store; for Professor Ruskin has compiled his reminiscences, with which we are to be favoured in monthly parts, the first making its appearance on the first day of June. True to his old raid against the profits of the publishing trade, our queer though kindly art critic will have the numbers printed at Orpington, instead of issuing them through any great firm. It is unkind of him thus to hide his light under a bushel; for he will never be "read of all men," as he deserves, while his works are so difficult to procure. They would be rapidly snapped up if they only figured in the catalogues and advertisements of popular publishers.

The idea of the Gordon Boys' Camp is a thoroughly practical one, and completely in harmony with the views of the humanitarian hero after whom it will be named if it ever becomes an actuality. Two ladies have given, through Miss Gordon, £2000 towards the undertaking, on the understanding that if no camp is started it shall be returned, and with the further stipulation that if the camp come into existence, it shall not be denominational, and shall be open to the lowest and poorest. The nineteenth century ought to be clear-sighted enough to take these things for granted, not only in the Gordon Camp, but in all schemes for the benefit of the masses.

A series of articles on "Nature and Art at the Academy" has been begun in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, and many curious discrepancies are pointed out, arising, probably, from the fact that so many artists are town born and bred, and have never lived with nature as Wordsworth and Thoreau did. It really is a very usual thing for painters to represent blue hyacinths blossoming side by side with dog-roses, and poppies keeping company with primroses. A similar instance has just occurred in the coloured picture of a popular Transatlantic magazine, where a hedge-sparrow's nest is shown on the ground among the grass and flowers. If the nest had only been a lark's, nature would not have been outraged; but evidently to that artist a nest was a nest, just as to Peter Bell a primrose was a primrose.

The enormous supplies of natural gas which have been discovered in some parts of the State of Ohio, and laid on to several important manufacturing towns, have awakened a great deal of interest among scientific men, as might have been seen by an article in *Macmillan's Magazine* a short time ago. This month a still more marvellous vein of gas has been struck at a place called Shelby, at a depth of 480 ft. The men who were prospecting for it, knowing by a peculiar roaring sound they had heard on similar occasions that the object of their search was at hand, fled for their lives, escaping just before the gas rushed from the orifice with a tremendous report, and shattered all their machinery. A long pipe was laid into the well as soon as possible, and it has ever since furnished a steady stream of fire 25 ft. in height.

Women, however exalted their rank, are not usually supposed to have much weight in the councils of nations; but it is confidently affirmed on the Continent that the Princess of Wales and the Czarina have had great influence in bringing about a peaceable solution of the Afghan difficulty. The Crown Princess of Germany, though entirely sympathising with them, judged it wise to stand aloof, but has expressed her affectionate admiration of her sister-in-law by calling her the Goddess of Peace.

The scratches on the pictures at the Royal Academy are mysterious, yet not more so than the extraordinary impulses that cause the barking of trees, the breaking of iron railings, and the knocking over of gate-posts everywhere. A propensity for wanton mischief, unhappily, is one of the signs of the times.

At Newmarket last week the match between the Duke of Portland's extremely moderate Iambic and Admiral Tryon's Asil, a pure or "natural" Arab (who won the Arab race at Newmarket last July), bred in England, was noteworthy because it proves for about the *n*th time that the "son of the Desert," though receiving 4½ st. (the almost feather-weight of 7 st. against the welter-weight, and even hunting-weight, of 11 st. 7 lb.), is of no use whatever against an ordinary English racehorse over three miles of the Beacon Course, or, indeed, over any distance of any sort. Nor is there much reason to think that the "Arab steed" is not equally played out as a sire; though in that capacity he was undoubtedly of great service to us before, and perhaps a little after, the days of Eclipse, Highflyer, Pot8os, and Waxy. But it seems as if nothing more can now be made of him; Admiral Tryon (among other enterprising gentlemen) has "tried it on," as became so suggestive a name, but hitherto without much, if any, success. Perhaps it might be worth while, until some new kind of horse is discovered, to try a cross of the quagga, if naturalists do not forbid the banns.

The Derby, which is considered (by stable-boys and others) to be one of the bulwarks of the British Constitution, is close at hand. Its "blue ribbon" will be lost and won on the 3rd proximo. The date this year is unusually convenient, as it falls during the Parliamentary recess, so that we shall be spared the farce which is generally acted in the House of Commons just before the Derby, and in which poor Sir Wilfrid Lawson, unmindful of his namesake who was so conspicuous in old times upon the turf, was wont to play a prominent part.

June 3 is the birthday of Prince George of Wales; but "The Prince" this year is "not in it," though he ran for the Derby two years ago. As for running the Derby in June, it is common enough, as has already been pointed out in these Notes. The reason why an idea prevailed that to run the Derby in June is irregular was due, no doubt, to the accident whereby it came to pass that between 1840 and 1859—that is, for eighteen successive years—it so happened that Derby Day fell in May, though Oaks Day, two days afterwards, and at the same meeting, was the 2nd of June in 1843 and in 1854. The Derby Day has fallen on some day in June nineteen times (since the institution of the race in 1780) before this year—in 1791, in 1794, and in 1797 (when an "unnamed" colt won), in 1802, in 1808, in 1810, in 1813, in 1821, in 1824, in 1829, in 1832, in 1835, in 1840, in 1859, in 1862, in 1870, in 1874, in 1878, and in 1881; and five times—in 1802, in 1813, in 1824, in 1840, and in 1874—the momentous day has been, as it is this year, the 3rd.

As regards the Oaks, which has come to be completely overshadowed by the Derby, it is the earlier institution by one year, and though fillies are very "kittle cattle," has displayed the greater constancy, as regards its conditions. From 1779 (the first year of the Oaks) to this day the distance has always been a mile and a half, and the fillies always carried 8 st. 4 lb. up to 1841, when the weight was raised to 8 st. 7 lb., as it remained up to 1862 when it was altered to the 8 st. 10 lb. of to-day. In the Derby, on the other hand, the distance was at first one mile, which was altered to a mile and a half in 1784; and the weights have varied from time to time as follows: from 1780 to 1783, both included, colts 8 st., fillies 7 st. 11 lb.; from 1784 to 1800, colts 8 st. 3 lb., fillies 8 st.; from 1801 to 1802, colts, 8 st. 3 lb., fillies 7 st. 12 lb.; from 1803 to 1806, colts 8 st. 5 lb., fillies 8 st.; from 1807 to 1861, colts 8 st. 7 lb., fillies 8 st. 2 lb.; from 1862 to 1883, colts 8 st. 10 lb., fillies 8 st. 5 lb.; which was altered last year to colts 9 st., fillies 8 st. 9 lb. So that, so far as the Derby is concerned, the tendency is towards higher weights, if not also towards the longer distances which Jeremiahs of the "old school" would fain re-establish. With the exception of 1786, when the race was run on a Wednesday, the Derby was always decided on a Thursday (the Oaks being run the very next day) up to 1838, when Wednesday and Friday were definitively assigned to Derby and Oaks respectively. The "off day" thus intervening was probably appreciated by Blink Bonny when she won both Derby and Oaks in 1857; but Eleanor, the only other filly that has ever performed that double feat, does not seem to have required the interval of rest in 1801. It is a wise and humane provision, all the same.

The first year of the Stakes instituted and named at Newmarket Second Spring Meeting in honour and memory of the late Mr. George Payne, a gambler after the heart of the illustrious Charles James Fox, was 1880, and since then, it may be remarked, for Melton's sake, that of the winners of the Payne Stakes, to wit Mask, Monarch, Little Sister and Executor (a dead-heat, after which Little Sister walked over, and stakes were divided), Splendor, and Harvester (last year), the last is the only one that has been near winning the Derby, and he won just half of it.

To lean on precedent (which, however, is but a broken reed), Melton cannot win the Derby; for he won the Middle Park Plate, and no winner of the "two-year-old Derby" has yet won the three-year-old. On the other hand, it stands to reason that the spell must some day be broken, and Melton is as good a name as any other to conjure with.

The Iowa Indians of Kansas, once a great and powerful tribe, have now been reduced by war, disease, and the pressure of civilisation, to about one hundred and fifty souls, and have decided to withdraw permanently into the wilds, or Indian territory, where some of their brethren have preceded them at different times during the last five and twenty years. They have therefore decided to sell their reservation of land on the Great Nemaha Agency to the United States Government, and deposit the price in its keeping, which they consider perfectly safe and trustworthy. This small remnant of the "noble redmen" is decidedly wealthy, and the State already holds a great many bonds belonging to them. This is a very curious result of the mingled instincts of civilisation with those of savagery.

THE COURT.

The Queen, accompanied by Princess Louise (Marchioness of Lorne), Princess Beatrice, the Princess of Leiningen and Princess Margaret, and Prince Arthur of Connaught, left Windsor on Thursday evening last week for Balmoral, arriving there on Friday afternoon. Prince Henry of Battenberg had previously left for Germany. Sunday was the anniversary of her Majesty's birthday. Divine service was conducted at Balmoral Castle by the Rev. Archibald Campbell, minister of Crathie, in the presence of the Queen, Princess Louise, Princess Beatrice, and the Princess of Leiningen. The Queen's dinner party included Princess Louise, Princess Beatrice, and the Princess of Leiningen, the Countess of Erroll, the Hon. Horatia Stopford, the Hon. Evelyn Moore. Viscount Bridport, Lord Edward Clinton, and Sir Henry Ponsonby, K.C.B. On Monday the Queen, accompanied by Princess Louise, Marchioness of Lorne, and Princess Beatrice, went out in the morning, and her Majesty in the afternoon drove with the Princess of Leiningen. Princess Louise and Princess Beatrice went out riding. Monday was the anniversary of Princess Helena's (Princess Christian of Schleswig-Holstein) birthday. The Rev. Archibald Campbell had the honour of dining with the Queen and Royal family.

Letters of grateful acknowledgment have been received by the Archbishop of Canterbury from her Majesty the Queen and his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, for copies of the revised version of the Bible, presented on behalf of Convocation. In both, the revisers are congratulated on the successful termination of their labours.

The Prince of Wales will, by command of the Queen, hold a Levée at St. James's Palace, on behalf of her Majesty, on Tuesday, June 9. The first State Concert is fixed for June 2, and the first State Ball for June 12; the second State Ball, June 26, and the second State Concert, July 3.

The Prince of Wales paid an informal visit to Yarmouth last week, inspecting the Smack-boys' Home, the Home for Convalescent Children, and other places of interest. His Royal Highness was received everywhere with loyal enthusiasm. The Prince, accompanied by Prince Albert Victor, arrived at Sandringham from Great Yarmouth on Saturday afternoon. The Princess, accompanied by Prince George and Princesses Louise, Victoria, and Maud, also arrived at Sandringham in the afternoon from London. On Sunday, the Prince and Princess of Wales, with Princes Albert Victor and George, Princesses Louise, Victoria, and Maud, accompanied by the guests staying in the house, and attended by the ladies and gentlemen of the household, were present at Divine service at the Church of St. Mary Magdalene, in the park at Sandringham. The Rev. F. Hervey, M.A., Chaplain to the Queen, Domestic Chaplain to the Prince of Wales, and Rector of Sandringham, officiated and preached. At the annual meeting of the Royal Agricultural Society yesterday week, Sir Massey Lopes, M.P., presiding, the Prince of Wales was elected president of the society for the coming year. Prince Albert Victor left Sandringham on Monday, and proceeded to Cambridge for the purpose of resuming residence at Trinity College. Prince George of Wales also left Sandringham, and proceeded to Portsmouth to resume his duties on board her Majesty's ship Excellent. Monday, June 29, has been fixed for the presentation of the freedom of the City of London to Prince Albert Victor. After the ceremony a State déjeûner will take place in the Guildhall.

The Duchess of Edinburgh and suite witnessed the second representation of "Excelsior" last Saturday evening at Her Majesty's Theatre. The Duke and Duchess have left Clarence House, St. James's, for Eastwell Park for the holidays. Prince Alfred and the young Princesses left for Eastwell on Friday, last week. The Duke, and the five young Princes and Princesses, on Tuesday visited the College at Ashford, when the new carillon was started, and performed the tunes which have been arranged to be chimed by the instrument for a fortnight. The Marchioness of Lorne has joined the Duke and Duchess at Eastwell, where she will remain for a few days.

The Duke and Duchess of Connaught arrived at Bombay last Saturday, and embarked for England on Tuesday last.

The Duke of Cambridge, as Field Marshal Commanding-in-Chief, held a Levée at the Horse Guards on the 21st inst. There was a full attendance.

Princess Mary Adelaide (Duchess of Teck), the Duke, and Princess Victoria Mary, and their younger sons, arrived at St. James's Palace on Tuesday morning from Florence, after a lengthened absence abroad.

FASHIONABLE MARRIAGES.

The marriage of the Hon. Alfred Lyttelton, brother to Lord Lyttelton, with Miss Sarah Tennant, daughter of Mr. Charles Tennant, M.P. for Peebles, was solemnised on the 21st inst. at St. George's, Hanover-square, before a large and fashionable congregation. The bride wore a magnificent dress of white satin, the orthodox veil, and a wreath of orange-blossoms, fastened with diamond stars, while she carried a very large bouquet of the choicest white flowers. The best man was the Hon. E. Lyttelton. The service was partially choral. Among the crowd of guests who filled the church were, beside the immediate relatives of the two families, the Prime Minister and Mrs. Gladstone, the Duke of Devonshire, the Marquis of Hartington, and Lord Houghton.

A marriage is arranged between Lord Norreys, son of the Earl of Abingdon, and Miss Glyn, daughter of the late Vice-Admiral the Hon. Henry Carr Glyn, C.B.

The first meet of the coaching clubs this season will take place to-day (Saturday), when the Four-in-Hand Club will assemble at the Magazine, Hyde Park, at 12.30.

Mr. E. N. Fenwick, barrister of the North-Eastern Circuit, has been appointed the first stipendiary magistrate for Bradford, at a salary of £1000 per annum.

Messrs. Field and Tuer, of the Leadenhall Press, have issued a curious little volume, entitled "Old London Street Cries and the Cries of To-Day," illustrated by a series of quaint cuts.

The Irish Lawn-Tennis Championship Meeting concluded on Tuesday, in Dublin, when Mr. E. Renshaw played for the championship of Ireland and the silver challenge cup against Mr. Lawford, the holder, who maintained his position as champion.

Mr. Lloyd Jones on Monday presided over the first of the three days' sittings of the Co-operative Congress at Oldham, and delivered an address in which he declared that co-operation, which had been the growth of years, had now been tested by severe, extensive, and long-tried experiment, and had come out of the trial triumphantly.

The polling for the county of Antrim, to fill the vacancy caused by the death of the late Mr. Chaine, took place on the 21st inst., the candidates being Mr. W. P. Sinclair, Liberal, and the Hon. Robert O'Neill, Conservative. Mr. Sinclair polled 3971 votes, and Mr. O'Neill, 3832. As Mr. Chaine, the late member, was a Conservative, Mr. Sinclair's return is a gain of a seat to the Liberal party.

THE LATE MR. PETER SQUIRE.

On Wednesday week, the ceremony of unveiling a portrait medallion of the late Mr. Peter Squire, in the Pharmaceutical Society's house, Bloomsbury-square, was performed by Sir Spencer Wells, Bart., in the presence of a large company, which included Sir Oscar Clayton, Dr. Morell Mackenzie, Mrs. Rose Mary Crawshay, Dr. Protheroe Smith, Dr. J. W. Ogle, Dr. Hare, and the Rev. W. Barker. The President of the Pharmaceutical Society (Mr. Carteighe) read letters from Sir Henry Acland (President of the General Medical Council), Sir John Clark, Bart., Sir Edwin Saunders, Dr. Quain, F.R.S., Dr. Charles West, Dr. Buchanan, F.R.S., Mr. White Cooper, F.R.C.S., and others, expressing sympathy with the object of the meeting. Sir Spencer Wells spoke of the regard felt by a great many of the



MEDALLION OF THE LATE MR. PETER SQUIRE.

medical profession for Mr. Squire, and how much they valued the association of the work of the pharmaceutical chemist with their own. He referred to the ability, energy, and industry with which Mr. Squire worked in arranging our present Pharmacopœia, and in bringing together the Scotch, Irish, and English pharmacopœias, so as to form one British work. He mentioned that when anæsthesia was first attempted in this country, Mr. Squire constructed the apparatus by which the operation was performed, which apparatus is now in the museum of University College. It will be remembered that Mr. Squire was three times President of the Pharmaceutical Society, and was its Examiner in Botany for twenty-seven years. Dr. Garrod, F.R.S., Mr. Haynes Walton, F.R.C.S., Dr. Theodore Williams, and Professor Bentley also spoke of the merits of Mr. Squire. The sculptor of the medallion is Mr. T. Brock.

THE REBELLION IN CANADA.

The rebellion of the French half-breeds and some Indian tribes in the North-West Territory of Canada was described last week. It seems nearly over; Louis Riel, the author of this folly and mischief, whose capture was announced, is to be tried at Regina for treason; an attempt will be made to prove him insane. The Indian Chief Poundmaker has made his submission, which will be followed by others more remote, but several will have to take their trial for cruel murders. Our correspondent, Captain H. De H. Haig, R.E., Assistant Quartermaster-General of the Staff of General Middleton, C.B., the able Canadian Commander-in-Chief, whose prompt and successful action merits the honours of a K.C.B. and of a K.C.M.G., has sent us a few more Sketches. One of them represents the Artillery at Clark's Crossing, on the South Saskatchewan, waiting for the ferry which was contrived, by the method of a wire-rope stretched from bank to bank, with a "scow" attached to it hauled by pulleys, to cross the river, three hundred yards wide; this could be done in two minutes and a half, and the whole operation, loading, passing over, and unloading, was performed in sixteen minutes. Captain De Haig sketched also the portraits of the three Indian spies, the two sons and the brother-in-law of White Cap, the former chief of the Sioux tribe in the United States' Territory, who had come into the Canadian Dominion to join this insurrection. It is now stated that White Cap, as well as Poundmaker, has surrendered to the authorities, and we believe none of his tribe belong to the native Indians of the Canadian Territory. Sitting Bull was another Sioux chief who came a few years ago, red-handed from the crimes he had committed, seeking refuge in Canada, but was quickly arrested and brought back by the Canadian Mounted Police, an excellent force of five hundred men, having their head-quarters at Regina, who have just lost one of their best officers by the death of Captain French in the recent fighting. The principal native tribe on the Saskatchewan and its branches is that of the Blackfeet, most of whom are peaceably disposed; the Iroquois are settled in Ontario, the Micmacs in New Brunswick and Nova Scotia, and in British Columbia there are the Chinnooks and other tribes; but they have nothing to do with each other. In general, the Canadian Indians are fairly quiet subjects; in the year 1883, in the whole North-West Territory, there were but 386 criminal charges among them, mostly for very slight offences, and but one case of murder. The Dominion Government has long taken great pains to provide for their welfare, giving them lands, keeping up agricultural and industrial schools for them, and supplying them with cattle, seed, and farming implements. Those on the seacoast and estuaries find regular employment in the fisheries. The Iroquois of Ontario are quite civilised folk, not only cultivating their farms, but keeping the local roads and bridges in repair; and some have obtained a superior education. The total number of Indians in the whole Dominion of Canada is 131,000, including the Esquimaux of the Arctic regions; there are 12,000 in the province of Quebec, 18,000 in Ontario, 34,000 in the North-West Territory, and 36,000 in British Columbia. There is not the slightest danger of their ever combining in a general rebellion.

The Whit-Monday holiday in the metropolitan district was marred by unfavourable weather, rain falling heavily during the afternoon, while the temperature was cold. Nevertheless, vast crowds of holiday-makers visited all the favourite places of public resort, the attendance in some cases being larger than on any corresponding day.—The Volunteers in camp in the neighbourhood of London went through a number of drills, and some gun practice, notwithstanding the very unfavourable weather.

VICTOR HUGO.

"The Late Victor Hugo" seems hardly the correct style of mentioning that famous old man of genius who expired at Paris yesterday week. He was so intensely full of life, and so much of his life, being mental and spiritual, subsisting in ideality and in vast and sublime aspiration, cannot depart from this world by the removal of his bodily presence. Had he not been, as he was, a rational believer in personal immortality and in Divine Providence, many unbelievers might be led to ask themselves again, contemplating such minds as his, with so grand and various a range of intellectual and moral sympathies, whether they could be wholly extinguished by what is called death.

Victor Hugo, though not the greatest of poets, and certainly not much as a philosopher or as a politician, had the aspiring, far-seeking, idealising kind of imaginative power in the highest degree. It inspired him with the vehemence of a prophetic strain, in the utterance of passionate appeals on behalf of humanity, of mercy, and of liberty, which have often touched the heart not only of France, but of Europe. His love of mankind was not merely that political enthusiasm for the masses, which values them as the source of democratic advancement; he cherished men, women, and children individually, and most tenderly the poor, the simple, the weak, the distressed, the degraded. That is a spirit which cannot be supposed to die; its mission cannot be ended in four-score years on this earth; but all we actually know is the work it has left behind it here—in his case, literary work, an immense quantity and diversity of compositions, the quality of which, from a critical point of view, appears sometimes admirable, sometimes very faulty, while its spirit, in general, is pure and noble. Great powers, exerted for great and true and lofty aims, entitle their possessor, in spite of many defects and failings, to be called a great man.

Victor Hugo was of a Lorraine family, and was born at Besançon, in March, 1802, son of an officer of the French Army, who afterwards rose to the rank of General, and whose wife, mother of the poet, was a native of La Vendée, in Brittany, an ardent Catholic and Royalist. He was educated in a rather desultory manner, his childhood, from removals of the family, being spent partly in Italy and Spain, partly in French provincial towns, and in Paris; he never became an exact or profound scholar, but gained a large acquaintance with the Latin poets, historians, and orators, from whom he made copious translations. While yet in his teens he produced a large quantity of poetry, and wrote several romantic tales. He married at twenty-one, and devoted himself to literature as a profession, receiving a small pension of £80 a year from King Louis XVIII., as his political sentiments at that time were favourable to constitutional monarchy. Under the reign of Charles X., when a reactionary system of government provoked Liberal minds to opposition, Victor Hugo joined their party, but scarcely as a politician; there was a literary and artistic revolt against orthodox rules and standards, especially those of the classical French drama, in which he soon took a leading part. The Romantic School, as it was called, allying itself with protests against every form of despotic authority in Church and State, delighted to expose the crimes of Princes and Courts, of a feudal nobility, and of a bigoted priesthood in the Middle Ages. These became themes of imaginative fiction and of theatrical representation, to which Victor Hugo contributed the most effective pieces, but they were often forbidden on the stage till after the Revolution of 1830. "Hernani," acted a few months before that memorable event, had an exciting effect on the Parisians; it was followed by "Marion Delorme," "Le Roi s'Amuse," "Ruy Blas," "Les Burgraves," and others of similar tendency. The prose romance, "Notre Dame de Paris," better known in the English translation as "The Hunchback of Notre Dame," gained popularity all over the world, and is a most interesting story of its kind.

Victor Hugo was in favour with the Government of King Louis Philippe, who made him a member of the Chamber of Peers in 1845; he had been elected to the French Academy four years before. At the Revolution of 1848, he became one of the most frequent orators in the National Assembly, having finally embraced Democratic Republican principles; and after the *coup d'état* of December, 1851, going into exile, he began to lash the Emperor Napoleon III. with tremendous severity in prose and verse. "Napoléon le Petit" and "Les Châtiments," which there is no need to quote at the present day, can never be forgotten by those who read them at the time, knowing the circumstances of the perfidious treason, the foul conspiracy and usurpation to which they related. Victor Hugo resided at first in Jersey, afterwards, during fifteen years, in Guernsey, at Hauteville House, Port St. Pierre, and did not return to Paris till the downfall of the Empire, in 1870.

His best works, those upon which his fame will chiefly rest, were written in this interval; "Les Contemplations" and "La Légende des Siècles," in verse, the latter being a religious epic, of the evolution of moral good and ultimate defeat of the powers of evil, the concluding book of which came out in 1883; and in prose, in 1862, "Les Misérables," a story of the most pathetic interest, with the most exquisite delineations of character, and breathing the finest spirit of human charity, while its scenes and incidents are most vividly described. "Les Travailleurs de la Mer," published in 1866, a Guernsey fisherman's story of labours, perils, and adventures, has even stronger narrative interest as a mere romance; but "Les Misérables" is of wider and higher scope.

It is unnecessary here to mention Victor Hugo's many other writings, some of which are extremely wild and fantastic. After his return to Paris, he was elected to the National Assembly; and under the Republican Constitution became, in 1876, a member of the Senate, but could no longer exercise much influence over the politics of the day. He presided in 1878 at the celebration of the centenary of Voltaire, and at the International Literary Congress. His own contemporaries, in February, 1881, celebrated, with public festivities and signal honours, the entrance of Victor Hugo upon the eightieth year of his age, and there was a renewed demonstration of esteem upon his eightieth birthday. He had been long a widower, and had lost two sons and two daughters, but took great delight in two young grandchildren. He has left property to the amount of £180,000, derived from his literary earnings.

What shall we say of this great French author? That we admire his genius, and feel much sympathy with his spirit, and hold him one of the literary glories of the age? If we had to assign him a place in literary history, we might say that, so far as a free-thinking Frenchman of the nineteenth century may be compared with a Florentine and scholastic Catholic of the thirteenth century, Victor Hugo has some affinity with Dante. Across the space of ages, despite the enormous difference of creeds, of institutions, of social life and manners—substituting the modern ideal of Human Progress for the mediæval ideal of a Theocracy in its twofold administration of spiritual and secular rule—Victor Hugo's "Divina Commedia" sounds a tone of similar fibre. He has the same prophetic attitude, the same oracular delivery, though he is a Parisian *homme de lettres* and not a companion of pedants and monks. The world, however, in all ages of history, goes its own way, obeying common motives and habits, while the Apostle of an Idea delivers his message and departs.



DRAWN BY F. BARNARD.

"You are very peremptory. A ball-room is not the proper place for this sort of thing."

ADRIAN VIDAL.

BY W. E. NORRIS,

AUTHOR OF "MDLLE. DE MERSAC," "MATRIMONY," "THIRLBY HALL," &c.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

"AN END OF HIM."

If Lord St. Austell very seldom permitted himself to be thoroughly angry, he was frequently out of sorts, and would snarl savagely at those about him because the weather was bad, or because he had received some troublesome letters, or because of fifty trifling vexations for which they were in no way responsible. His wife, on the other hand, who was easily moved to wrath and easily pacified, was too essentially good-natured to indulge often in a fit of general ill-temper. But these two people, like the rest of the world, had their exceptional days; and it so chanced that while one of them was allowing passion to get the better of him, as narrated in the last chapter, the other was sitting in her boudoir in Grosvenor-square, looking as cross and sulky as any shrew.

Lady St. Austell had various reasons for being at odds with Fate. To begin with, an uncle of hers had chosen that inopportune time of year to have a long illness and die, at the end of it, so that she had only just been able to return to the city that she loved. And as though it were not bad enough to be defrauded of half her season, and to have to wear mourning (which was not becoming to her) for two months, the dress-maker must needs send her home half a dozen new frocks, of which four could not, by any amount of squeezing and struggling, be made to meet, while the remaining two were disgraceful misfits. Such trials were enough to upset anybody's equanimity; but over and above these Lady St. Austell had that morning had the mortification of discovering that there was something dreadfully wrong with her hair, which was coming out in positive handfuls; and this had led her into an altercation with her maid, in the course of which the latter had addressed her most disrespectfully.

It was indeed rather of this maid's behaviour than of her other annoyances that she was thinking as she sat alone and idle, one plump little hand supporting her cheek while the other beat the devil's tattoo upon the arm of her chair. The woman had been disagreeably familiar of late, and occasionally insolent. She had taken her own way rather too openly, and had even thrown out some veiled hints that if she were interfered with, she would know how to retaliate. Lady St. Austell understood pretty well what these hints meant, and had thought it better not to notice them; because it might, perhaps, be inconvenient if Bowman were to divulge all that she had seen and heard during the past six months or so. But what was more disquieting, was that Bowman seemed to be aware of certain things which she could not possibly have either seen or heard. "I wonder whether she reads my letters," Lady St. Austell mused. "I don't very much care if she does. There are only a few that I shouldn't like her to see, and they are locked up, fortunately."

She glanced down at her châtelaine, upon which she kept the little Bramah key of the despatch-box that held these compromising documents, and suddenly started to her feet, exclaiming "The wretch!" The key was gone; and, at the same moment, she remembered that it was the first thing that she had seen, on waking that morning, had been her despatch-box, which—owing, no doubt, to the confusion attendant upon the unpacking of a host of trunks—had not yet been carried down to its accustomed place on her writing-table. Without losing a moment, she flew up stairs and burst impetuously into her bed-room.

A shriek and a loud crash greeted her entrance. There stood the guilty Susan, with an open letter in her hand; and there, at her feet, lay the overturned despatch-box, its contents scattered over the carpet.

Susan's previous experience of her mistress's ways may have led her to expect a violent outbreak; but if that was what she looked for, she was disappointed.

"Bowman," said Lady St. Austell, quite quietly, "you will receive a month's wages, and leave the house before night. You need not apply to me for a character."

Susan made for the door without replying. But upon the threshold she halted and turned round, with a malicious smile. "I think, my Lady," said she, "you had better give me a character, if I ask for it."

"You had better not ask for it," replied Lady St. Austell, coldly. "If you do, I shall give you the character that you deserve."

"Oh, very well, my Lady; thank you. I'll do as much for you—and more. I'll give you the character that you deserve without waiting to be asked for it. You see, I've got something here that's as good as a written character."

It was the letter which she had been perusing when she had been so unexpectedly interrupted, and she now held it up between her finger and thumb with a nod of triumph.

Lady St. Austell seemed alarmed. She drew a step or two nearer to her maid and said, appealingly, "You wouldn't do that, Bowman! You wouldn't really steal one of my letters and give it to somebody else to read!"

"Not unless you force me to it, my Lady."

"Not unless I force you to it?" repeated Lady St. Austell, musingly. She approached a little closer still, her eyes were cast down, and she appeared to be lost in thought. All of a sudden she made a spring at the sheet of note-paper which was being waved menacingly over her head, and snatched it out of the grasp of the astonished Susan, who had not supposed that anything of that kind was coming. "Now you can go, Bowman," said she.

Susan cast a glance at the papers with which the floor was strewn. It would have been easy enough, perhaps, to possess herself of some of them; but whether she would not lose more than she would gain by a personal conflict with her employer seemed open to doubt. "I'm sure I don't want to make mischief, my Lady," she said; "but I can't afford to be ruined either. Find me another place, and I'll hold my tongue. Refuse me a character, and I speak to his Lordship this very day."

Lady St. Austell was neither a very courageous nor a very wise woman; but she knew better than to fall into such a trap as this. "You can say what you please and do what you please," she replied; "but you will leave the house to-night, as I told you. If you are not gone by nine o'clock, I shall send for a policeman and give you in charge for breaking open my despatch-box."

It is not likely that Miss Bowman was much frightened by the latter threat; but Lady St. Austell's coolness was not without its effect upon her. She did as she was told, and went away, merely remarking, "Very good, my Lady. Don't say I didn't let you have your choice, that's all."

The moment that she was gone, Lady St. Austell gathered up the scattered letters and ran down with them to her boudoir. She sat down, and sighed once or twice as she gazed at the various samples of masculine handwriting that lay on her lap. It grieved her to break these few remaining links with the past, some of which carried her back to a period when she had owed allegiance to no aged lord and had dreamt of love in a cottage as a not altogether impossible form of happiness. But there was no time for indulging in sentimental retrospection now. She had chosen a castle in preference to a cottage, and it would never do to let written evidence remain which might deprive her of the residence that she had selected. In truth, that result was hardly one which could have been brought about by a perusal of the correspondence in question, and had it been submitted to a jury of her Ladyship's fellow-countrymen, they would probably have come to the perfectly just conclusion that she had been nothing worse than indiscreet. But Lady St. Austell, not being quite so sure of that, and having an unreasoning dread of her husband, thought it best to be upon the safe side. She hastily dragged away the stand of flowers in pots which concealed the fire-place, and, casting the cherished relics into the empty grate, applied a lighted match to them.

No one who has not tried to burn a bundle of letters in a hurry can have any idea of the time that it takes to consume a few dozen sheets of paper. Quite half an hour elapsed before Lady St. Austell threw herself back in her chair, with flushed cheeks, muttering, "There! Now, unless Johnny Spencer has kept some of my notes—which I don't for a moment suppose that that hag of a wife of his will have allowed him to do—I think I am pretty safe."

Hardly had she breathed these words when she was startled by a smart tap at the door, and before she could say "Come in," she found herself confronted with her husband. Decidedly, it was not a lucky afternoon. Lord St. Austell looked very black; his customary grin had vanished altogether; his thin lips were tightly set, and it was easy to see that he was in one of his least amiable humours.

"Burning letters?" he asked, with a glance at the shrivelled shreds of paper on the hearth. "An excellent plan. There is only one better as far as I know, and that is not to receive any."

"How can one help receiving letters?" asked Lady St. Austell, faintly.

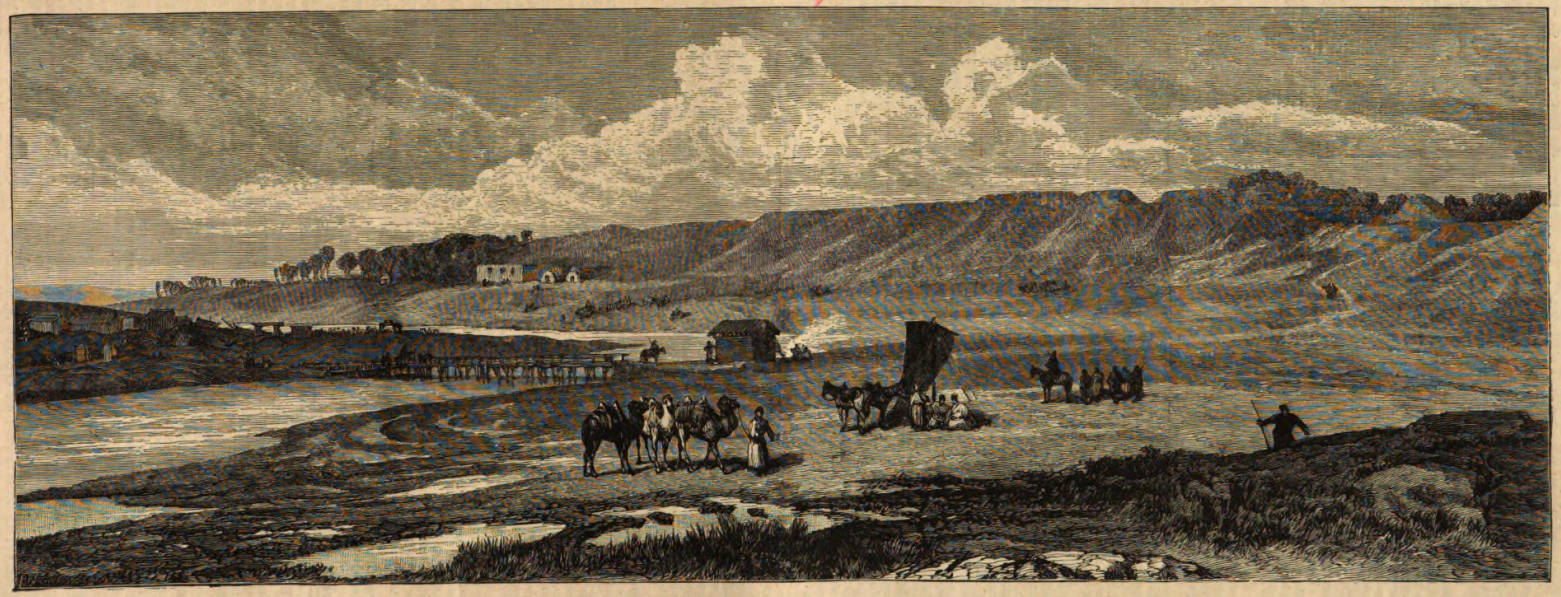
"I'm sure I don't know—I wish to goodness I did! But your letters, I should imagine, are chiefly answers, and I can give you as practical a piece of advice about them as 'Ask no questions, and you'll be told no lies.' Don't write rubbish to young fools, and you won't have to scorch your face till you look like a cook by burning their replies on a hot summer afternoon."

"How coarse you are!" cried Lady St. Austell, indignantly. "I am not given to behaving in the way that you describe."

"Are you not? But I haven't asked any questions, you know, so you needn't—well, you needn't answer. In point of fact, I don't feel the slightest curiosity about the matter. All



BATOUM, ON THE BLACK SEA.



MERV, IN THE OASIS OF THE TEKKE TURKOMANS.

THE RUSSIAN ADVANCE IN ASIA, FROM WEST TO EAST: BATOUM TO MERV.

the same, I wouldn't keep such a rascally lady's-maid, if I were you."

"I am not going to keep her; I have just dismissed her. Has she been speaking to you?"

"Yes; she has. Bounced out at me as I was coming up stairs and began to pour out such a stream of venom that she positively frightened me. I told her to go to blazes."

"Did you, really?" exclaimed Lady St. Austell, gratefully. "Thank you, Sidney; you acted like a gentleman."

"That appears to surprise you. Personally, I am not certain that it is very like a gentleman to use strong language to one's inferiors; but she ought not to have bounced at me. I can't stand being bounced at. She is a good-looking woman, too," continued his Lordship, meditatively. "Cursed with a vile temper, though, I should think."

His own temper seemed to have improved since he had entered the room; but presently his brow grew dark again. "I don't often interfere with you," he resumed. "I let you choose your own acquaintances, as a rule. You don't choose them wisely; but that is rather more your affair than mine. Every now and then, however, I must claim a right of veto; and, just now, you will oblige me by striking those Vidal people off your visiting-list."

"By all means, if you wish it," answered Lady St. Austell, with the most heartless alacrity. "I had almost forgotten that we knew them."

Even Lord St. Austell could not help smiling at this. "The extraordinary part of it," he remarked, addressing himself to no one in particular, "is that she is speaking the simple truth."

"Of course I am speaking the truth," she returned; "what is there so extraordinary in that? I generally do speak the truth, if you only knew it. I told you nothing but the truth that unfortunate day when you found me at Mr. Vidal's house; and if you imagine that I have the least wish to see him again"——

"I assure you I have never indulged in any speculations upon that point. All I know is that *I* don't wish to see him again—or his wife either. They are objectionable, vulgar sort of people; and we will not receive them any more, if you please."

And with that, Lord St. Austell, who, perhaps, feared that if he lingered he might be drawn into explanations which he would afterwards regret, picked up his hat and stick, and went off to his club.

On his way down Bruton-street he encountered a young man of amiable, but somewhat jaded aspect, who smiled and half stopped as though with the intention of accosting him; but perhaps he did not recognise this young man, for he passed on, staring blankly at vacancy through his eye-glass, and Adrian, proceeding towards Grosvenor-square, muttered, "I wonder whether that was an intentional cut."

Adrian had heard that Lady St. Austell was in London, and, after some hesitation, he had decided to call upon her. He had been able to give himself various good reasons for so doing. It would be an act of common politeness; it would show her that the unpleasant circumstances of their last meeting had not lessened his friendly regard for her, and so forth. But in reality he was going to Grosvenor-square, because he was anxious to see how Lady St. Austell would receive him. Would she express any regret for having got him into trouble with his wife by her imprudence? Would she show him the cold shoulder, as so many others had taken to doing of late? Above all, would she join in the general condemnation of his new book? There was little enough danger of her offending him in this last particular, seeing that she did not so much as know that he had published another work; but such ignorance as that he may be pardoned for not having foreseen, and he stepped on towards his doom with more or less of cheerful anticipation.

He was admitted into the long drawing-room which he knew so well, and was kept waiting about a quarter of an hour before Lady St. Austell appeared. When she did appear, it was with an air of hurry and preoccupation. She said, "Oh, how do you do?"—and sitting down, began to open and examine a number of notes—invitations apparently—which she had carried in with her, addressing a little perfunctory conversation to her visitor while she did so.

Presently, she rose, crossed the room to her writing-table, and began to scribble off replies. "May I trouble you to ring the bell?" she said, and when a servant presented himself, she wanted to know why the *menu* had not been sent up to her? Let it be brought immediately. And covers were to be laid for sixteen not fourteen. Had the flowers arrived from the country? and had anybody unpacked them yet? From time to time she threw a remark or a question over her shoulder at Adrian. "How hot it is to-day, is it not?" "Can you tell me what the day of the month is?" "Have you been long in London?" &c., &c.,

All this evidently meant, "I don't want to be bothered with callers just now, and I should be much obliged if you would take yourself off." It is never exactly agreeable to receive such broad hints; but if Adrian's mind had been in its normal condition, he would have retired gracefully, without showing any foolish consciousness of having been snubbed. His condition of mind, however, happened at that time to be abnormal, and he could not for the life of him help showing that he was angry.

"My name is Vidal, and I live in London," he said at length. "I mention these facts because you appear to have forgotten who I am."

"Oh no," answered Lady St. Austell, laughing a little; "I remember you quite well."

"Then may I ask whether I have offended you in any way? Because, if you remember me at all, you must remember that we were rather friends a few months ago."

Lady St. Austell laughed again. She would have preferred that Mr. Vidal should go away in a huff without demanding explanations; but the main thing, after all, was to get rid of him, and she knew that she could do that in a very few minutes.

"I don't go in for undying friendships," she replied. "When people begin to claim the privileges of friends, they invariably begin to be bores."

"I should be sorry to be a bore," said Adrian, getting up, "and I think I may safely take upon myself to say that you will not find me one; for I shall certainly claim no privileges of any sort or kind in future. You are quite right to throw me overboard; you only follow the fashion. Everybody else is doing the same."

"Can't you swim?" asked Lady St. Austell, with an air of innocent wonder.

"I am almost afraid not; but whether I swim or sink, I suppose the ship will sail on without me much as usual. Good-bye."

"Good-bye," said Lady St. Austell, sweetly; and thus Adrian left the house in Grosvenor-square for the last time.

"So there is an end of *him*," mused her Ladyship, after he had gone. "I don't think I regret him much. He was extremely good-looking; but he didn't seem to know how to use his advantages, and I was getting very tired of him. I wonder what he meant by people having thrown him overboard. Perhaps they are getting tired of him, too. That would not astonish me."

CHAPTER XXXVII.

UNCONDITIONAL SURRENDER.

Among the oral traditions of the Vidal family, it is related that, at the tender age of five and a half, Adrian, who had been guilty of some infantile misdemeanour, was sentenced to a period of solitary confinement extending over several hours. At the expiration of the term, the nurse was sent to release the prisoner, and, on approaching the apartment in which he was locked up, was horrified at encountering a strong smell of burning. "I do believe that wicked boy have gone and tumbled into the fire, just to spite his mar!" she is reported to have exclaimed. Adrian, however, had not adopted quite so extreme a measure. He was found seated on the heathrug, in a state of absolute nudity, pensively contemplating the slow combustion of his boots, which, together with his shirt, tunic, and other articles of apparel, he had placed upon the red-hot coals, and which by this time were reduced very nearly to ashes. When Mrs. Vidal, in her cold way, asked him what he had expected to gain by this act of incendiarism, he replied to the effect that his object had been twofold. In the first place, he had wanted something to do; in the second, he had considered that the punishment inflicted upon him was out of all proportion to his offence, and, as it had not been in his power to lessen the former, he had felt it incumbent upon him to establish an equilibrium by increasing the latter. The destruction of his clothing had seemed to him the readiest means of achieving this end, and he had destroyed his clothing accordingly.

More than once in later life Adrian acted upon a similar principle, though perhaps without acknowledging it so plainly either to himself or to others. At the period of his history to which we have now come, he was suffering under a deep sense of wrong. Everybody had treated him badly—his wife, the critics, Lady St. Austell, the editor and proprietors of the *Anglo-Saxon*—in short, the world at large; and his nature forbade him to sit down and brood over unmerited ill-usage. It was no discredit to him that he felt the same necessity in his manhood as in his childhood to be doing something; but it was certainly unfortunate that he had not grown out of the childish notion that that something, in order to be at all satisfactory, must be more or less naughty.

If he had been asked why at this time he joined himself to a rather faster set than any that he had hitherto been mixed up with, and why he made himself conspicuous by his attentions to certain ladies who were known to delight in conspicuous attentions, he might have replied that he wanted to drown care; but it may be assumed that the pain thus inflicted upon his wife was not only known to him, but in a measure agreeable. He had spoken of being thrown overboard; but in reality he could still go to two or three parties on most nights, if he was so inclined; and it suited him to do so. There was no longer any question of Clare's accompanying him; she, as has been seen, had adopted another method of dealing with care. Sometimes, however, he had the honour of escorting his sister into the world.

Georgina so far resembled her brother that she was fond of society, and could not endure inaction. Possibly, she may have resembled him in the further particular of thinking society the best cure for low spirits. She was, at all events, not so cheerful as she had been the year before, and many of her friends noted a disposition towards silence and listlessness on her part, which had never been among her characteristics, and for which they were at a loss to account.

A still more remarkable phenomenon—nothing less, indeed than a genuine and vivid blush—might have been seen upon the countenance of Miss Vidal one evening in July, at a ball to which she and her brother, among several hundreds of others, had been invited. But as nobody could have expected to witness such a manifestation, it probably escaped notice, and was certainly not observed by the individual who was responsible for it. He said, "How do you do, Miss Vidal?" without any apparent embarrassment, and Georgina quickly recovered her self-possession.

"So here you are back in London again," was her greeting.

"Yes," answered De Wynt "here I am again; and I want to talk to you, if I may."

Georgina drew her skirts away from the few extra inches of bench which they had been covering. "Sit down," she said, "and proceed. What is your news?"

"It isn't exactly news," answered De Wynt, squeezing his small person into the space cleared for him. "That is, I am not sure how far it may be news to you; but most likely you don't hear all that I do. You know your sister-in-law was awfully kind to me while you were away."

"Was she? I have no doubt you deserved her kindness."

"I don't know about that; but she was kind to me. And your brother—well, he is your brother."

"That is undeniable."

"So that even if I didn't care about him for his own sake, I should for the sake of others; and I don't like to see him going to——to——may I speak plainly?"

"By all means. You don't like to see him going to the devil."

"I meant to say, the dogs; but perhaps the other expression comes nearer the truth."

"And how are you going to prevent him from reaching his destination, whatever it may be?"

"I don't suppose I can prevent him; but you might. I know you think I attach too much importance to what the world says; but I do assure you that no man can afford to be talked about as people are talking about Vidal now. And that isn't all. I am afraid he is coming to grief in other ways. I am afraid he is getting indifferent about his work, and running into debt. I don't apologise for repeating what I hear to you, because I am sure you won't misunderstand my motives. No doubt a great part of it is not true; but it is safe to conclude that a small part is."

"As far as I can judge, it is all true," said Georgina, with a sigh.

"Well, we know pretty well what the meaning of it is, and the cause of it, and that the whole thing could be set straight if only one of two persons would give way just a little bit. Now, I don't think there's much good in speaking to Mrs. Vidal."

"I don't think there is," agreed Georgina. "I made my little effort in that quarter, and the result was discouraging."

"Heriot might help; but he's too ill to leave his house, poor beggar, and Vidal won't go near him. He told me so the other day, when I looked him up. So you see, there really is only you."

"And what am I to do?" inquired Georgina.

"I shouldn't venture to suggest. I am rather dull, as you know; and you are very clever."

"Clever as I am, I confess that I don't quite see my way. If people will insist upon marrying, I am afraid they must accept the natural consequences of their folly."

"Quarrels and misunderstandings are not the natural consequences of marriage," said De Wynt, dogmatically.

"Are they not? Well, I never was married myself, so I can only judge by appearances. You, I hear, will soon be in a position to speak authoritatively upon the point."

"What do you mean?" asked De Wynt.

"It is currently reported that you are about to be married—and to an heiress, too. I don't mean to assert that marriages of that kind are acts of folly."

"Whoever told you that I was going to be married told you a—a deliberate falsehood!" cried De Wynt, warmly. "No one can possibly have believed such a thing—you least of all."

"I did believe it, though; why should I not? You will probably marry one of these days."

"I don't know. It will depend upon whether the only woman whom I shall ever ask to marry me persists in refusing me or not. But, as I was saying, marriages don't necessarily bring about dissensions. When they do, it is because there has been no previous understanding. Now, I do think that you and I understand one another perfectly. You have your tastes and I have my little prejudices. We should both have to give way to a certain extent; but I don't think we should mind that—at least, I am sure I should not. Only, I should have to bar the South Sea Islands. When one has a property to look after, one can't go quite so far as that every winter."

"It seems to me," remarked Georgina, "that we are getting very far indeed from the subject that we started with."

"No, not so very; because, supposing that we could act together, we might see our friends through their troubles, I think; and I am sure that I could be of use in many ways, if only you would give me the right to be of use."

"But, Mr. De Wynt, I have told you already that I cannot accept your offer."

"You never gave me any reason for refusing it, though. If you tell me that you don't care enough about me to marry me, there's an end of it, and I won't bother you any more; but if it is only that I happen to have come into a little money"——

"You have been writing to Clare!" broke in Georgina, suspiciously.

"Yes, I have; I am not ashamed to confess it; and it was she who told me what you said about not choosing to marry a man who had just inherited a fortune. As though I should be likely to think that you would accept me for that reason! Now, Miss Vidal, I have a right to an honest answer. Can you or can't you care for me?"

"You are very peremptory. A ball-room is not the proper place for this sort of thing."

"Nobody is looking at us; and I shouldn't care if everybody was. Don't keep me in suspense any longer. I have been very patient—I think you will allow that—and surely I am entitled to an answer now."

"If you are quite convinced that it is my duty to Adrian and Clare," began Georgina.

"It is your duty to yourself to answer Yes, if you can," said De Wynt, earnestly. "And your duty to me too," he added.

"Ah, yes: I foresee that I shall hear a good deal about my duty to you. Well—I surrender, then. It's an unconditional surrender. I haven't the slightest belief in your give-and-take system, you know. Of two people, one must rule and the other must be ruled; and I suppose perhaps you had better be the ruler. Give me your orders, and I will humbly endeavour to execute them."

But De Wynt had no specific commands to give; and although the newly engaged pair did not separate for another hour, it must be confessed that at the end of that time they had agreed upon nothing more precise then that it behoved Georgina to "speak to" her brother.

(To be continued.)

THE GREAT HOLIDAY IN THE NORTH.

The great holiday began on Monday, extending in the manufacturing districts over the greater part of the week.

The annual Whitsuntide procession of children attending the Church of England Sunday-schools in Manchester took place, as usual, on Monday, under very favourable conditions as to weather and organisation. Children to the number of nearly 30,000 marched from all parts of the city in the morning to Albert-square, fronting the Townhall, until, at half-past nine o'clock, the whole quadrangular space was occupied by them, with from thirty to fifty bands of music, each band followed by a magnificent banner, and throughout the ranks of the processionists hundreds of bannerets and mottoes were carried, which gave a very picturesque appearance to the spectacle. After perambulating the main thoroughfares of the city, the children attended religious service in the Cathedral, and others in the churches connected with the schools they attend. In the afternoon they enjoyed the annual visit to the fields in the locality.

At Preston the festival opened with a great school procession. Then followed the procession of the Catholic Guilds, which took over an hour to pass a given point. The town was crowded with visitors, chiefly from North and East Lancashire, and the streets were lined with spectators as the processions passed. Most of the thoroughfares were decorated with flags and streamers. The Orange bodies also walked in procession, and the demonstrations in connection with the Church of England schools took place in the afternoon.

A gathering of nearly 40,000 people assembled in the Piece-Hall of Halifax on Tuesday to commemorate the centenary of Sunday-schools. These large assemblies are held at intervals of five years. The scholars and teachers, numbering about 29,000, were entering the hall from ten o'clock to twelve, and formed, with the 600 vocal performers and 500 instrumentalists, a very powerful band and chorus—Mr. Abel Dean conducting for the eighth time. There were also more than 8000 spectators. The programme of music included six hymns, also three choruses, these being Beethoven's "Hallelujah," Haydn's "The Heavens are telling," and Handel's "Hallelujah," all of which were given with impressive effect by so vast a body, who for a long time have been carefully trained.

John Dailey was on Monday brought up at Bow-street Police Court, charged with wounding Elizabeth Whiting, a domestic servant, in Torrington-square. He called at the house, suddenly took a knife from his pocket, and stabbed her three times. Jealousy appears to have been the cause of the act. He was committed for trial.

Miss Bertha Dennis, a young woman belonging to Reigate, who mysteriously disappeared on March 4, has returned home, giving a remarkable story to the effect that she was drugged in a railway carriage, kidnapped, and forcibly detained in some house, the whereabouts of which she can give no account. The police are inquiring into the matter.

A daring diamond-robbery has been committed in Hatton-garden. While Mr. J. F. Alexander, one of the partners of Alexander Brothers, was seated in his office, a man entered, seized a pocket-book containing upwards of £2000 worth of stones, and, disabling Mr. Alexander by throwing snuff in his face, succeeded in escaping. In the course of a struggle, a pistol which the thief carried was discharged, injuring Mr. Alexander in the right hand.

BATOUM TO MERV.

The march of the Russian Empire from west to east so far across Central Asia has been made a theme of indignant political comment. It should, however, be observed that, until of late years, when the transit of the Caspian became an important factor of the military problem, it was from the North—from the old dominion of the Czars in Siberia—that compulsory civilisation made its descent first on the Mongolian, then upon the barbarian Turkish nations around the Aral Sea, whence it passed up the Syr Daria, the ancient Jaxartes, to occupy the fertile regions about Khokand. The annexation of Merv is an event of yesterday, having taken place only in January, 1884; while the subjugation of the Turkomans along the direct line eastward from the south-eastern ports of the Caspian, which Mr. Simpson, our Special Artist, has recently described, is a novel feature in this grand transformation of Central Asia. Bokhara and Khiva have not yet been annexed, but have been reduced to political vassalage under the domestic misrule of their Turkish Khans. The reader who wants fresh and full information concerning the present state of all these countries is recommended to get the two volumes published by Messrs. Sampson Low and Son last week, entitled "Russian Central Asia," by the Rev. Dr. Henry Lansdell, to which we have referred in another article. But in the actual situation of affairs, more especially in view of any military action which the Russian Empire might have to direct towards the frontier of Afghanistan (which we trust will now be averted by wise counsels of equity and peace) the line of advance might possibly be from the shores of the Black Sea, or from the Caucesian provinces, over to the Caspian; then by the short steam-boat passage from Baku to Krasnovodsk, of which port Mr. Simpson gave us a capital View last week; and on by the railway already constructed from Michaelovsk, which line will soon be extended the whole length of the Trans-Caspian provinces, by Askabad to Sarakhs and to Merv. All this has been explained in detail by Mr. Simpson; and it justifies our presenting now the Views of Batoum and Merv together, as the western and the eastern terminus, respectively, of a most important line of communication, running tolerably straight, from the Black Sea to the heart of Central Asia. The entire distance would be about 1300 miles, including the passage of the Caspian, and may possibly hereafter be accomplished by passengers in a week.

The port of Batoum, which was ceded by Turkey to Russia under the stipulations of the Berlin Treaty of 1878, was to be a "free commercial port"; but there was no express prohibition to fortify it, or to erect a naval arsenal there, which Russia is reported now to do, violating perhaps the spirit and understood intention, though not the letter, of the European compact. It belongs to what is now the Russian part of Armenia, which includes also the famous fortress of Kars; and it is situated on the Black Sea, about thirty miles south-west of Poti, the original starting-point of the Tiflis railway, which is continued to Baku, on the Caspian Sea. Batoum will henceforth be the western terminus of the railway, the distance to Tiflis being about 220 miles, while from Tiflis to Baku is 340 miles. Batoum affords the only natural harbour in that part of the Black Sea; a spit of land projects into the bay here, and gives a shelter, but the harbour still lies rather open to gales from the north-east, and it is intended to run out a mole from the land on the east side, which will make it a large and safe port, having a depth in most parts of 60 ft. The railway starts from the harbour shore, close to the landing, and sweeps round the town, whence it follows the line of the bay to the east. The Russians have quite lately been busy at work reconstructing the old Turkish fortifications which face the sea; and our Special Artist's Sketch shows, to the right hand, another old earthen fort, still called by the Turkish name of Kara Listif, commanding the inside of the bay.

We are enabled also, through Mr. Simpson, to copy a view of Merv from a picture which was painted by Colonel Zumkoffski for the Emperor of Russia. Merv, which was locally known as "Kala Kaushid Khan" while held as a Tekke Turkoman stronghold, is little better than a collection of mud huts, with a large unfinished fort which those people began to erect after the capture of Geok Tepe, but which they surrendered to the Russians without fighting. It occupies the site of a former important trading town, some traces of which are visible; but its situation, in a fertile oasis watered by the artificial canals made long ago from the Murghab river, which spends itself in this place, having no further outlet through the desert, can support a large population. The oasis around is covered with large mounds, which are the remains of the ancient city. The late Mr. Edmond O'Donovan, Special Correspondent of the *Daily News*, who resided five months at Merv, has described it in a most interesting narrative of personal adventure. He mentions a wooden bridge over the Murghab, which is probably the same that is shown in this picture; and it may be conjectured that the long mound here visible is part of the fortifications erected by the Tekke Turkomans at the time when he sojourned among them.

A lacrosse-match between teams representing England and Ireland was played at Belfast last Saturday, and resulted in a victory for the home team by six goals to nil.

The great summer exhibition of flowers at the Crystal Palace was held on Friday and Saturday last week. It is described as the finest show of the kind ever held there.

Last Saturday the old burial-ground of St. John the Evangelist, Horseferry-road, Westminster, now converted into a public garden, was formally opened by the Duke of Westminster, who has contributed most of the necessary cost.

The late Lord O'Hagan has, by his will, left to his daughter Frances, the wife of Mr. Justice O'Hagan, £10,000 for her separate use. Besides some smaller legacies to his relatives and friends, he bequeaths all the rest of his property, real and personal to his wife, who is to be the guardian of his children.

The coal-fields of New South Wales are of enormous extent. The mineral has been traced for hundreds of miles along the coast, and has been worked at various levels, from 450 feet below to 1500 feet above the sea. The lower beds are geologically older than any that have been yet worked in Europe, and the quality of the coal which is taken from these inferior strata is therefore unsurpassed. Not only so, but in certain districts immense seams of this mineral are found in immediate juxtaposition with an abundance of iron ores, limestone, and fire-clay. Hence Nature seems to have indicated New South Wales as the great manufacturing colony of the Australasian group. Up to the present time, coal has been ascertained to exist over an area of something like 25,000 square miles of country; and it is almost everywhere within easy reach of water or railway communication. Now, when it is remembered that the coal-fields of Britain only cover one twentieth part of the area of the country, or about 4000 miles, and that nevertheless the output of this mineral in the mother country is upwards of 120,000,000 tons per annum, it would be difficult to over-estimate the magnitude of the proportions to which the coal trade of New South Wales may be expected to grow hereafter

BIRTH.

On the 25th inst., at Tower House, Epsom, the wife of C. C. Murray, of a son.

DEATHS.

On March 15, at Santiago, Chili, John Spratt, late of Norwich and London.

On the 20th inst., at his residence, 53, Mare-street, Hackney, Robert Chillingworth, aged 84, formerly of 26, Spital-square, Norton Folgate, London, E.

*** *The charge for the insertion of Births, Marriages, and Deaths, is Five Shillings for each announcement.*

ANNO DOMINI, THE SEARCH FOR BEAUTY, and "The Chosen Five," by EDWIN LONG, R.A. These celebrated Pictures, with others Works, are ON VIEW at the GALLERIES, 168, New Bond-street. Ten to Six. Admission, 1s.

THE VALE OF TEARS.—DORÉ'S Last Great PICTURE, completed a few days before he died. NOW on VIEW at the DORÉ GALLERY, 35, New Bond-street, with his other great pictures. Ten to Six Daily. 1s.

THE QUEEN AND LORD BEACONSFIELD. The great Historic Picture of HER MAJESTY GIVING AUDIENCE TO LORD BEACONSFIELD AT OSBORNE. Painted by Mr. Wirgman from studies made by him at Osborne.—168, New Bond-street. Admission, 1s.

HER MAJESTY'S DRAWING-ROOM, BUCKINGHAM PALACE. Painted by F. SARGENT, 1883. This Historical Picture depicts the ceremony of a Presentation at Court in the present time. It contains Portraits from special sittings of her Majesty, their R.H. the Prince and Princess of Wales, and other members of the Royal Family. The Court, Leading Ladies of Society, Ambassadors, Ministers, &c. ON VIEW, at 175, New Bond-street. Ten to Six. Admission, One Shilling.

ROYAL SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS.—The Hundred and Third Exhibition is NOW OPEN, 5, Pall-mall East, from Ten till Six. Admission, 1s. Catalogue, 1s.
ALFRED D. FRIPP, R.W.S., Secretary.

GENERAL GORDON AT KHARTOUM.
"THE LAST WATCH."
By LOWES DICKINSON.
THE GORDON MEMORIAL FUND PICTURE, at British Gallery, Pall-mall (opposite Marlboro' House). Ten to Six. Admission, 1s.

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INTERNATIONAL INVENTIONS EXHIBITION, 1885.

MR. HENRY LESLIE'S CHOIR, ST. JAMES'S HALL. The FIRST CONCERT will be given on THURSDAY EVENING NEXT, JUNE 4, at Eight. Soloists, Miss Florence Perugini and Mr. Edward Lloyd. Solo violin, Mr. John Dunn. The programme will include Mottett for double choir, "In Exitu Israel," S. S. Wesley. Organist, Mr. John C. Ward. Accompanist, Mr. J. G. Callcott. Conductor, Mr. Henry Leslie. Sofa Stalls, 7s. 6d.; Balcony, 3s.; Admission, 1s. Tickets at Austin's Office, St. James's Hall, and usual Agents.

LYCEUM THEATRE.—Lessee and Manager, Mr. Henry Irving.—EVERY NIGHT at 8.30, OLIVIA, by W. G. Wills—Dr. Primrose, Mr. Henry Irving; Olivia, Miss Ellen Terry. Preceded, at 7.45, by THE BALANCE OF COMFORT. Box-Office (Mr. J. Hurst) open Ten to Five. Seats can be booked one month in advance by letter or telegram.—LYCEUM.

PRINCESS'S THEATRE.—Mr. WILSON BARRETT, Lessee and Manager. THE LIGHTS O' LONDON (by Geo. R. Sims) EVERY EVENING, at 7.45. Characters by Messrs. Wilson Barrett, Willard, Speakman, Huntley, Hudson, Doone, Elliott, De Solla, Evans, Fulton, Berrage, Walton, &c., and George Barrett; Misses Emmeline Ormsby, Walton, Cooke, Wilson, Gurth, Mrs. Huntley, &c., and Miss Eastlake. Box-Office, 9.30 to Five. No fees. Prices: Private Boxes, one to nine guineas; Stalls, 10s.; Dress Circle, 6s.; Upper Boxes, 3s. Business Manager, Mr. J. H. Cobbe.

HENGLER'S GRAND CIRQUE.—HORSE-TAMING. Professor H. SAMPLE, assisted by Professor Galvayne, will hold his class of instruction EVERY AFTERNOON, at Three o'Clock. Members' tickets, £5 5s. Any member is entitled to bring any of his horses, to see the system tested. For full particulars apply at the Box-Office.

ST. JAMES'S HALL, PICCADILLY.
THE
MOORE and BURGESS MINSTRELS'
HOLIDAY PROGRAMME. A SIGNAL SUCCESS
from beginning to end.
All the New Songs, which were sung for the first time on Whit Monday, having been received with the greatest enthusiasm by
THE VAST AUDIENCES that crowded the
ST. JAMES'S GRAND HALL IN EVERY NOOK,
UPWARDS OF TEN THOUSAND PERSONS HAVING PAID FOR ADMISSION to the Two Performances on the day in question.
the New Programme will be repeated EVERY NIGHT at Eight.
MONDAY, WEDNESDAY, SATURDAY, at Three also.
The distinguished American Comedian and Humourist commences a brief Engagement on Monday.

MONTE CARLO.—SUMMER SEASON. The series of the Extraordinary Musical Entertainments having terminated with the Winter Season, the usual Concerts, directed by Mr. Romeo Accursi, will be continued daily until further notice.
SEA-BATHING AT MONACO.
Villas and Private Houses and Apartments for every taste, and at every price.
The beach, like that of Trouville, is covered with the softest sand, and at the Grand Hôtel des Bains comfortable apartments, with board, for families can be had at reasonable prices.

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EPSOM DOWNS STATION.—This spacious and convenient Station, within a few minutes' walk of the Grand Stand, has been specially prepared for the Epsom Race Traffic, and additional First Class Ladies' Waiting-Rooms, elegantly furnished, will be provided.

FREQUENT DIRECT SPECIAL EXPRESS AND CHEAP TRAINS between the above stations on all Four Days of the Races, also extra First Class Special Express-Trains on the DERBY and OAKS days.

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THROUGH BOOKINGS.—Arrangements have been made with the London and North-Western, Great Western, Great Northern, and Midland Railways, to issue Through Tickets from all their principal stations to the Epsom Downs Station on the Race-Course.
The Trains of the above Railway Companies all run either to the Victoria or Kensington Stations in connection with the above Special Trains to the Epsom Downs Station.

FOR FURTHER PARTICULARS, see small bills, to be had at London Bridge, Victoria, and Kensington Stations, and at the Brighton Company's West-End General Offices, 28, Regent-circus, Piccadilly, and 8, Grand Hotel Buildings, Trafalgar-square; also at their City Offices, Hays' Agency, Cornhill, and Cook's, Ludgate-circus, where tickets may also be obtained.
The West-End Offices will remain open until Ten p.m. to Monday, Tuesday, and Thursday, June 1, 2, and 4.
(By order) J. P. KNIGHT, General Manager.

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MUSIC.

THE CARL ROSA OPERA COMPANY, DRURY-LANE THEATRE.

The eight-weeks' season of performances of operas in English will terminate this (Saturday) evening with Mozart's "Marriage of Figaro" strongly cast. Since our last notice there has been nothing calling for comment, Mr. Goring Thomas's "Nadeshda" and "Esmeralda," M. Massenet's "Manon," and other operas recently noticed, having been repeated to good audiences. Our comments on the closing performance of Mozart's immortal work—given for the first and only time this season—must, of course, be made next week.

The Philharmonic Society's concert of last week closed the seventy-third season with the sixth performance of the series. The occasion brought forward, for the first time here, an orchestral "Symphonic Poem," entitled "Johanna D'Arc," which was conducted by the composer, Herr Moszkowski—a native of Berlin—who has produced some charming pianoforte music. The piece now referred to is probably written in emulation of the "Poèmes Symphoniques" of Liszt, Herr Moszkowski having sought in like manner to illustrate a given subject—in this instance, the career of the Maid of Orleans, according to the dramatic version of Schiller. The music is divided into four portions, respectively dealing with Joan's pastoral life and her vision of the mission assigned her; her inward struggles and memories of the past; the procession of the conquerors to the coronation at Rheims; and the captivity of Joan, her release, triumph, death, and apotheosis. Each division contains some very effective writing, with an occasional tendency to diffuseness, especially in the first and last movements. The second number (an "Andante") is by far the best in its continuous interest, the beauty of the melodic themes, and the variety of the orchestral effects. Herr Franz Rummel played Beethoven's Pianoforte Concerto in E flat ("The Emperor"), Mr. Santley contributed vocal pieces, and the orchestra gave effective performances of Wagner's overture to "Der Fliegende Holländer" and that by Gounod to "Mireille." With the exception above specified, Sir Arthur Sullivan conducted with the same ability as throughout the series of concerts just terminated. The season is understood to have been a successful one.

The fifth Richter Concert of the season—last week—comprised fine orchestral performances of Brahms's Academic Festival Overture, the Funeral March from Wagner's "Götterdammerung," Mendelssohn's "Hebrides" Overture, and Beethoven's Fourth Symphony (in B flat), which last was preceded by an extract from the final scene of Wagner's opera-drama, "Das Rheingold," in which the vocal music of the Rhine-daughters was well sung by Misses A. Sherwin, Friedlander, and Goldstein; as was that of Loge and Froh by Mr. B. Lane, and that of Wotan and Donner by Mr. W. Mills. There was no absolute novelty, but the programme was of strong and varied interest. The sixth concert of the series takes place next Monday evening.

The Royal Academy of Music gave a students' concert of chamber music at St. James's Hall yesterday (Friday) week, when the performance was preceded by the Dead March in "Saul"—played on the organ by Mr. Tonking, with accompaniment of drums by Mr. A. Godfrey—in tribute to the memory of the recently deceased Earl of Dudley, president of the institution, and of Mr. W. H. Holmes and Mr. Brinley Richards, distinguished professors of the pianoforte at the Academy. Several students displayed great talent.

Miss Rosa Leo gave a matinée musicale at Steinway Hall yesterday (Friday), when she contributed several pleasing vocal performances. The young lady possesses a voice of considerable compass and sympathetic quality, and her acquaintance with various styles of music was manifested in pieces of very opposite characters. Mr. C. Chilley and Mr. H. Thorndike contributed to the vocal programme, and Miss Leo was also assisted by Miss B. Waugh (pianoforte), Mr. F. Meen (piano and organ), and Mr. W. C. Hann (violoncello).

Mrs. Dutton Cook (Mrs. Charles Yates) gave an interesting concert during the week, of which we must speak in our next number. The lady has for several years been known as a sterling pianist.

"Elijah" was announced to be given by Mr. Michael Watson's choir at St. James's Hall on Thursday evening.

The thirteenth annual festival of the London Gregorian Choral Association was celebrated last week in St. Paul's Cathedral by the usual service of evensong, as it is called. The choir numbered 1066 voices, and was larger by about 200 than at recent festivals. This fact is regarded as affording a complete answer to the allegation that a reaction has set in against the Gregorian form of Church music. A striking feature of this festival is the procession of choristers round the cathedral, singing the simple melody of a processional hymn. The hymns used last week included the "Pange, lingua, gloriosi corporis" (Sarum Hymn Melodies) and the "Hymn of Incarnation" (York Hymnal, 1541). The anthem was Dr. Gauntlett's "I will go unto the altar of God."

Herr Peiniger gave another of his interesting violin recitals at Prince's Hall on Tuesday afternoon, when, as on the previous occasion, he introduced violin pieces by forgotten English composers. It is to be hoped that this skilful violinist will pursue his researches in this direction when giving his projected series of evening concerts in October and November next.

Mr. Oberthur's concert was one of the specialties of this week. The programme included his own skilful performances on the harp. Madame Frickenhaus and Mr. Ludwig gave the second of their interesting chamber concerts at Prince's Hall on Thursday evening. Among other concerts of the week were those of Professor Bergson (pianist) and Miss E. Lewis (vocalist).

Mr. Otto Goldschmidt has resigned the office of conductor of the Bach Choir, which has been accepted by Mr. C. V. Stanford, of Cambridge.

An evening concert will be given by Mr. Ernest Hensley at the Townhall, Kensington, next Saturday evening, June 6, in aid of the funds of the People's Entertainment Society. The following ladies and gentlemen have kindly promised their valuable assistance:—Viscountess Folkestone, Mrs. Tuer, Miss Evelyn Capel, the Misses Sinclair Thomson, Mr. Dundas Gardiner, Mr. H. J. Graham, Mr. Frank Pownall. Pianoforte, Miss Stone; violoncello, Mr. Otto Leu. Conductors—Mr. J. Maude Crament, Mus. Bac., Oxon., Mr. Jefferys, and Mr. H. R. Bird. The concert is under the patronage of H.R.H. Princess Christian of Schleswig-Holstein.

Mr. R. De Cordova's recital of Mr. W. S. Gilbert's Fairy play, "Broken Hearts," was given on Tuesday evening at Steinway Hall.

A performance of "The Busy Bees," in aid of the Central Throat and Ear Hospital, Gray's-inn-road, will be given this (Saturday) afternoon at the Gaiety Theatre.

Lord Rosebery has been appointed interim Keeper of the Great Seal of Scotland, in the room of the late Earl of Selkirk, the hereditary keeper.



THE ARTISTS' COSTUME BALL AT PRINCE'S HALL, PICCADILLY: THE FRANCIS I. AND



BENVENUTO CELLINI GROUP PASSING THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES.

THE PAINTERS' MASQUE AND COSTUME BALL.

Givers of Fancy-Dress Balls during the London season wishful to secure the utmost variety and brilliancy at their fêtes could not do better than take a leaf out of the programme of the energetic and progressive Royal Institute of Painters in Water Colours. Worthy general acceptance was the golden rule of the Royal Institute that, "All guests must be in Costume of an Historic Period prior to 1837, and no modern dress or uniform can be admitted."

The talented Painters in Water Colours themselves offered the brightest example of the richest diversity of costume at their memorable Masque and Fancy Ball in the Prince's Hall, under the same roof as their popular picture galleries in Piccadilly, on Tuesday, the Nineteenth of May. From the courtly President, handsomely and tastefully apparelled as Paul Veronese, to what Mr. Whistler might designate that "elegant harmony in grey and blue," Mr. Keeley Halswelle, one and all were dressed in the best of taste. Moreover, each figure was an accurate realisation of the artistic period represented. This was pointed out last week, when we particularised the seven glowing and beautiful tableaux vivants illustrating Art History from the time of Apelles to the period of Gainsborough. When these seven living pictures, sonorously described by the Virgil of the occasion, Mr. J. Forbes Robertson, who recited the erudite explanatory verse of Mr. Edmund Gosse, had been duly admired by the six hundred spectators, the characters formed a resplendent procession, and charmed everybody afresh as they wended their way in twos down the flight of steps in the centre of the stage, and past the Royal personages present, in the manner delineated for us by Mr. R. Caton Woodville, one of the principal originators of this gay artistic fête.

This unique procession as well as the Masque afterwards elicited warm praise from the Prince of Wales, who was in evening dress, but wore the broad ribbon of the Order of the Garter, and who was accompanied by the Princess of Wales in a charming silk dress of light hues, and by Princess Louise of Wales in white. The Royal party also included the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh, plainly in the best of spirits, Princess Louise and the Marquis of Lorne, Prince Edward of Saxe-Weimar, Count and Countess Gleichen and Countess Feodora Gleichen, Lord Londesborough and Mr. Francis Knollys. Lieutenant W. Horsley, the urbane and zealous commandant of the crimson-coated company of halberdiers, had dispatched his stalwart "beefeaters" in front, but retained the brace of sword-bearers as a guard of honour. It is safe to say the Princes and Princesses had never before witnessed so comprehensive and so elaborate a procession representing the most famous of the Old Masters and their illustrious patrons and contemporarics.

Now first behold, soon as the haut' oys cease
Come shadowy flames from fair historic Greece:—

Pericles (Mr. John Fulleylove), Phidias, Apelles, Zeuxis, and Ictinus, the famous Greeks in Mr. A. Sacheverell-Coke's admirable opening tableau of Athens, led the van. Quickly followed the more brightly costumed personages who figured in Mr. Walter Crane's fine triptych illustrating the arts of Florence, Rome, and Venice: Dante (Mr. A. Sacheverell-Coke) and Beatrice (Miss Lehmann), Petrarch and Laura (Mrs. Walter Crane), Cimabue (Mr. Walter Crane), and Giotto, Fiametta, Michael Angelo (Mr. John O'Connor), Pope Julius II., Raphael, Venetian ladies and senators, Paul Veronese (Mr. James D. Linton, President), and Titian (Mr. J. H. Mole, Vice-President of the Royal Institute). Soon succeeded the picturesque figures who had stepped from Mr. J. D. Linton's own effective tableau, so eminently characteristic of this clever historical painter, and comprising Albrecht Dürer (Mr. E. J. Gregory, A.R.A.), the Emperor Maximilian (Mr. R. J. Stock), the lifelike Lucas Cranach (Mr. E. M. Wimperis), Holbein, and Peter Visscher (Mr. James Orrock). The exceedingly graceful and good-looking Queen of France in Mr. Caton Woodville's Benvenuto Cellini group (portrayed in the Illustration with Major Wallace Carpenter as King Francis I.) was Miss L. V. Willett, and the pretty Duchesse in the ruby velvet dress and hat was Mrs. Caton Woodville; whilst Captain A. Hutton made a commanding Benvenuto Cellini, Mr. F. Verrall was handsomely garbed as Paolo Romano, the Hon. Duff Tollemache was Ascanio, and Mr. Geflowski followed in the suite as Cellini's "ghost." Velasquez, fresh as paint from Mr. Seymour Lucas's faithful tableau, succeeded in the train of King Philip IV. (Mr. Haynes Williams), and Queen Mariana (Miss Day), with Mr. Fred. Barnard as an impressive Cardinal Gaspar De Borja, in company with Doña Marcela De Ulloa (Mrs. Haynes Williams). Quaintest of all, in their Dutch costumes, were the actors in the signally successful group designed by Mr. T. Walter Wilson and Mr. Edwin A. Abbey, including Rembrandt and Cuyp, Ostade and Teniers, Mr. C. B. Birch, A.R.A., being jovially conspicuous among them. As for the English Masters and their patrons (posed with wonderful ingenuity by Mr. Seymour Lucas and Mr. Charles Green), there were recognised as they filed past—Charles I. (Mr. Arthur Lucas) and Queen Henrietta (Miss Florence Cotton), Vandyke, Hogarth (vividly realised by Mr. C. M. Barker), Sir Joshua Reynolds (Mr. R. R. Collins), Angelica Kauffman (Miss Alma Tadema), and Gainsborough.

The pageant in the Prince's Hall became most dazzling when, the remarkably good collection of Water Colours duly inspected, and supper taken by the Princes and Princesses with the President and Vice-President, the Royal Party reassembled on the dais, and smilingly witnessed the opening of the lively ball. To the music of Mr. Dan Godfrey's Grenadier Guards' band, there revolved in a prismatic waltz a Regency beauty in white muslin and powdered hair (Miss Mortlock, the graphic painter of Colonel Burnaby's portrait) with Dr. Lennox Browne in black as partner, and a heterogeneous and spinning throng of Greeks in classic robes, demoiselles in the high-waisted gowns of the Empire, scarlet-coated hunting men, and couples in all the flashing hues of the rainbow. The spectacle was charming. Mention has been made of the picturesqueness of the costumes which became Mr. J. D. Linton and Mr. Keeley Halswelle so well. Not less noticeable were Mr. Charles Green in a very handsome, close-fitting Spanish dress, Mr. Caton Woodville in the resplendent gold-embroidered tunic and voluminous white skirts of an Albanian chief, Mr. T. Walter Wilson (the ubiquitous and genial M.C.) as an armoured knight, and Mr. A. Everill, the omni-present secretary, as a Court gallant of the Elizabethan period. Under the hood of an Arab could be identified the good-humoured features of Mr. Phil Morris, A.R.A. Exquisite in its girlish charm and simplicity was the early Italian costume worn by Miss Mason Jackson, as may be judged from the drawing of this bewitching little lady, who stands to the extreme right of the Illustration. Here was Mr. Alma Tadema, R.A., in the Roman robe he revels in painting. There Mr. Henry Blackburn suitably habited as "that heathen Chinee"; and close by, Mr. H. W. Sweny, most flowery of Art critics, in the black velvet of Thomas Strafford. Prominent, also, in a handsome suit of black velvet, was Mr. Augustus Harris as Ruy Blas, Mrs. Harris being in white silk as the Queen. Mr. Arthur à Becket shone as a Crusader, and Mr. W. S. Gilbert as King Hildebrand. Lady Brassey was in a dress actually worn by Marie Antoinette. Mr. A. M. Broadley made a colossal Henry VIII. Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft appeared respectively as Fouché and a Dominican nun. Mr. Hare was Touchstone. But many notabilities could not be recognised in their multifarious disguises. Well did Mr. Godfrey Turner (a Rubens of the pen) grace the becoming garb of a Merchant of Venice, A.D. 1490, however; and particularly graceful was Miss Godfrey Turner, in a pink satin and Honiton lace ball-dress that belonged to a relative of renown, Mary Wollstonecraft.

The ball was an unmistakable success; and the Masque was applauded so warmly that the committee will be justified in repeating the tableaux vivants for the benefit of the Society's Schools of Art. Possibly, the first public performance will take place next Tuesday evening, at the Duke of Wellington's Riding-School. Of the eminent costumiers engaged, it should be mentioned that the sumptuously magnificent costumes designed by Mr. Caton Woodville for the Benvenuto Cellini tableau were most faithfully executed by Alias, who artistically fashioned them to look like historic instead of stage dresses. The martial uniform of King Hildebrand and several other attractive costumes were to be placed to the credit of Auguste and Co.; whilst MM. Nathan (who made Mr. Woodville's halberdier dresses), May, Harrison, and Simmons were also well represented, the last named furnishing the costumes of the Earl of Mayo and Lord and Lady Walter Campbell. Naturally, Mr. W. Clarkson was in great request as perruquier for both masque and ball. Finally, as a souvenir of the Artists' fête, the committee of the Royal Institute are to offer to the Princess of Wales an album containing the photographs of the painters and visitors, taken in costume on the night of the ball by limelight by Mr. Barraud, of 263, Oxford-street. Similarly good photographic portraits of many guests were taken gratuitously by Disderi.

CITY ECHOES.

Wednesday, May 27.

The Whitsuntide holidays have greatly interrupted business during the past week, and the influences recently at work have lost some of their force by reason, not only of the extent of the recovery which had already taken place, but of a renewal of misgiving as to the course of foreign political affairs, to which may be added indications of a conflict of opinion upon certain home matters amongst Ministers. It has followed that the recent movements in securities have been due more to local considerations than has of late been experienced, though the funds and some other typical stocks lost ground upon purely general influences. The settlement commenced this morning, and as money is very abundant and cheap, and many stocks are still scarce, the tendency of prices is better. Consols have returned to 99⅛, which is the highest point reached during the recent rebound.

A circular from the chairman of the voting trustees of the New York, Pennsylvania, and Ohio Railroad Company appeals to the holders of first mortgage bonds to suspend their right to have unpaid interest converted into the same denomination of bonds, and to simply let unpaid interest rank as overdue, and without title to interest for such overdueness. In 1883 and 1884 something substantial was paid in cash in respect of the coupons, but in January last nothing was paid, and it is contended that the large additions made to the amount of first mortgage bonds for unpaid interest make it increasingly difficult to cope with the claims. When this arrangement began, the total was 34,500,000 dols., and it is now 44,447,000 dols., with the prospect of being further increased in July next by 1,500,000 dols., which is about the amount of the interest then due. It is, therefore, quite time that the bondholders made a further sacrifice.

The directors of the Royal Bank of Scotland, whose dividends have for two previous years been at the rate of 10 per cent per annum, announce a reduction to 9 this year, as the result of the depression of business on the one hand and the high rate of interest paid for deposits on the other. The latter of these drawbacks has since been removed, the Bank of England rate, which governs the allowance for deposits, having been recently reduced by successive steps from 5 to 2½.

The dividend of 7 francs per share declared by the South Austrian Railway Company is the best return to the proprietors since 1874, when the rate was 7½. For the years 1875-80 there was no payment, but 4 francs were paid for 1881, 5 for 1882, and 6 for 1883. In 1875 the shares were quoted 13⅜, and during the non-dividend period they fell to 5⅛, while they are now about 11.

The dividend of the Caledonian Insurance Company for the past year is 18s. 6d. per share, as compared with 17s. 6d. for each of the two preceding years. The Northern Assurance again pay £2 per share, and the Positive Government Security again pay 2½ per cent.

For 1884 the Buenos Ayres (New) Gas Company maintain their dividend at 10 per cent, and the directors of Young's Paraffin Light and Mineral Oil Company are to pay 8 per cent, as compared with 6 for 1883-4 and 4 for 1882-3. T. S.

Mr. H. H. Cozens Hardy, Q.C., has been elected a Bencher of Lincoln's Inn.

The Rev. J. P. Way, M.A., Assistant Master at Marlborough College, has been elected Head Master of the King's School, Warwick.

Our Portrait of the late Mr. Frederick Fargus, "Hugh Conway," the author of "Called Back," is from a photograph by Messrs. Elliott and Fry.

The public baths and wash-houses erected by the Dublin Corporation on the same plan as is adopted in the principal towns in England were on Monday opened by the Lord Mayor and Corporation in state.

The annual Whitsuntide meetings of Oddfellows, Shepherds, and other benefit societies have been held this week at Aberystwith, Aylesbury, Bristol, Birkenhead, Reading, and other towns.

At the last meeting of the Académie de Médicine de Paris, a special prize was awarded to Dr. William Murrell, of the Westminster Hospital, for his discovery of nitro-glycerine as a remedy for angina-pectoris.

A general meeting of Old Harrovians and Harrow Masters, convened by Sir Matthew Ridley, Bart., M.P., will be held at the Westminster Palace Hotel, on Tuesday afternoon, June 9, for the purpose of taking the necessary steps to raise a fund to commemorate, at Harrow, the head-mastership of Dr. Butler.

Lieutenant-Colonel T. Ridgeway, Assistant Commissioner of the Afghan Boundary, whose Portrait was given last week, was accidentally confounded with a namesake of his, Captain R. K. Ridgeway, of the Bengal Staff Corps, who won the Victoria Cross in a campaign on the North-east Frontier. The Major Talbot, R.E., who has been at Herat assisting to inspect the Afghan fortifications, is the Hon. Milo George Talbot, a son of Lord Talbot de Malahide. Captain Adalbert Cecil Talbot, a relative of the Earl of Shrewsbury, is on the Staff of the Viceroy of India, and was interpreter in the late interview of Lord Dufferin with the Ameer of Afghanistan.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

There is a slight lull before a storm of dramatic excitement. Before the next article on "The Playhouses" is published, we shall have been down to Coombe House to see the "pastoral players" and to study "As You Like It," under the direction of Mr. Godwin, in snow maybe, or happily in sunshine. A charming notion this, of playing Shakspeare under the trees of an English park, but a risky experiment surely, and full early in a year that finds us shivering over fires at the dawn of June! The amateurs are to be the kings and queens of the coming days. For does not a popular amateur series commence at the Olympic next Friday, when devoted enthusiasts propose to benefit one of the innumerable Gordon funds by dressing up and acting in a regular theatre? Mr. Samuel Brandram, the well-known Shakspearean reader is to join their ranks anon, but "we shall see what we shall see" next Friday. Saturday sees Shakspeare at the Haymarket. Mrs. Bernard Beere and Mr. Forbes Robertson are to enact Katharine and Petruchio in David Garrick's stage version of "The Taming of the Shrew," and it is to be hoped that Mr. Bancroft will get rid of several of the detestable and indefensible stage traditions connected with this time-honoured piece of buffoonery. The blackened leg of mutton is an insult to common-sense, and most of the accepted "business" of the scene is as bad as bad can be. As a deliberate contrast to this noisy farce will come "Sweethearts" and "Good for Nothing," in which Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft will appear, warning us that the season is drawing to a close and the unwelcome "farewell" is approaching. For an oncoming matinée Mrs. Langtry is preparing the "Young Tramp" of Mr. Wills; and, unfortunately, too late for notice this week will be the revived "Olivia" at the Lyceum, of which great things are expected. Whitsuntide has been comparatively dull. The place of honour was claimed by Mr. George R. Sims at the Princess's, where Mr. Wilson Barrett revived that capital and interesting play "The Lights o' London" with very marked success. Everyone was there to welcome an old friend. The play went better than it had ever gone before. The robbing of that hard-hearted old gentleman, Mr. Armytage, of Armytage Hall; the rescue of the convict by the humble showfolk who traverse the country roads in a caravan; the substitution of honest showman Jarvis for his new-found friend when the detectives are on his track; the night scene at the slips in the Regent's Park, when hungry and half-starved Mr. Barrett leaps into the canal to save a stalwart gamekeeper; and the ever memorable street costermonger scene and "free fight" in the Borough, caused unusual excitement, compelling a double call for the author and a speech from Mr. Wilson Barrett, who, when he had got his breath, announced the next new drama for August next, written by himself and Mr. Henry Arthur Jones, of "Silver King" renown; a mysterious poetical play to follow, and another Shakspearean production later on. But it is unwise to discount the future. Mr. Wilson Barrett is doing capitally with his melodramas of modern life; and so long as he keeps such a good team in hand as that composed of Miss Eastlake, Miss Emmeline Ormsby, Mrs. Huntly, Mr. Willard, Mr. Speakman, and notably Mr. George Barrett, one of the best comic actors in London, there can be little question that good fortune will follow his theatre.

The famous "Excelsior" ballet has at last come to London from the Eden Theatre, in Paris. One would have thought that such a wonderful show as this would have found, at the Empire Theatre, in Leicester-square, one of the finest theatres in Europe and specially adapted for an entertainment of this kind; but Fate willed it otherwise, and condemned "Excelsior" to Her Majesty's, which at present suffers from the chill of neglect and the ill star of bad fortune. Rehearsal after rehearsal, more or less inefficient, resulted in a first performance that was almost "fatal," on account of want of finish. If the ballet had not been superlatively good it would have been condemned out of hand, but so spirited was the dancing of male and female performers, so novel the effects, and so instructive the story, that Hope gave "Excelsior" a new lease of life. It was believed that it would turn out trumps in the end, and so it has, thanks to Signora Rossi and Signor Cecchetti, who are as indefatigable as they are unquestionably clever. In this wonderful ballet may be found an instructive lesson for Mr. Augustus Harris and all spirited providers of the moribund art known as pantomime. Why drag on through the well-worn list of nursery tales and baby legends, when we can get good and evil fighting over science, art, and literature? The pictures of the Brooklyn Bridge, the Suez Canal, the Washington Post Office, and the St. Gothard Tunnel are surely more interesting than aimless and meaningless processions.

I prophesied luckily last week; for "The Shuttlecock," despised one Saturday morning at Mr. Toole's Theatre, turned out trumps the Wednesday following, and Mr. J. Ashby Sterry lost no time in adding to the good work he has done on Mr. Byron's play. It is a genuine success. Mr. Charles Wyndham flatters himself that he has got the last of the H. J. Byron series in "The Wicked Major," which will be produced at the Criterion some future day. May it be a success whenever it comes! But the trustees of the Byron estate announce that they have another "comedy-drama," written by the author for himself, but never acted. It is highly spoken of. C. S.

The Spring Exhibition of Water Colours at the Royal Pavilion Gallery, Brighton, will open on Monday, June 1.

A statue of the poet Gray was unveiled on Tuesday afternoon in the hall of Pembroke College, Cambridge. The Master of the college presided. Speeches were delivered by Lord Houghton, Sir F. Leighton, and Mr. Russell Lowell. The latter spoke in the highest terms of Gray. He added that as this was the last occasion upon which he might have the opportunity of addressing an English audience, he desired to express his sincere gratitude for the kindness that had been shown him in this country. He came as a far-off cousin, but he felt on leaving that he was something like a brother.

In order to assist in the collection of funds for the Gordon Memorial Hospital, to be erected at Port Said, a series of amateur theatrical performances has been arranged, which will be supported by members of the Cambridge Amateur Dramatic Club, and other well-known amateurs, and will be given at the Olympic Theatre on May 29 and 30, June 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5. The list of patrons and patronesses comprises a large number of Royal and distinguished personages, at home and abroad, including H.R.H. Prince Albert Victor of Wales, himself a member of the C.A.D.C. The principal characters will be taken by Mr. Samuel Brandram, Mr. A. Capper, Mr. Fourdrinier, Mr. Dundas Gardiner, Sir William Magnay, Bart., Mr. H. Percival, Mr. Scott Sanders, Mr. W. R. Sluter, Mr. C. W. Trollope, Mr. Quintin Twiss, and Mr. W. R. Walks; Lady Greville, Mrs. Beerbohm-Tree, Mrs. F. Copleston, Mrs. Charles Fane, Mrs. Clark Kennedy, Miss Grace Murray, and Miss Beatrice Ward—subject to alteration. The orchestra will be composed of the bands of Grenadier and Scots Guards, Royal Artillery, Royal Marines, and St. George's Rifles, under the direction of Mr. Dan Godfrey, Mr. J. P. Clark, Chevalier Zavertal, and Mr. Fleet.

PARISIAN SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

(From our own Correspondent.)

Paris, Tuesday, May 26.

Victor Hugo died last Friday afternoon, after an illness of eight days, in the eighty-fourth year of his age. The immensity of Victor Hugo's glory, and the incomparable greatness of his genius, render all commentary on his life and works superfluous. He was the greatest and the most famous citizen France has had since Voltaire, and a poet greater than any who had preceded him.

His funeral is the great preoccupation of Paris at the present moment, the more so as the anniversary of the Commune, which was celebrated on Sunday last, gave rise to regrettable incidents which some think to be indicative of approaching troubles. During thirteen years the return of May 24 has been celebrated by the advanced revolutionaries without any disturbances and without any bloodshed. Last Sunday blood flowed in the cemetery of Père Lachaise; there was a riot and a fight; both police and military drew arms against the unarmed people. Nineteen policemen and soldiers were wounded; a large number of civilians were cut with sabres and bayonets; and a still larger number arrested. What was the cause of the riot? The Anarchists and the various revolutionary societies went, as usual, to make speeches and manifestations over the graves of the Communists who are buried in Père Lachaise, in the so-called Champ des Fédérés; the different groups had their red flags or black flags, which they unfurled as soon as they entered the cemetery; and the police, in accordance with superior orders, proceeded to snatch and tear down these flags, and so the fight began. Yesterday (Monday) a Communist named Cournet was buried. The funeral procession, accompanied by the red flag, marched through the streets to the cemetery of Père Lachaise, the police having received orders to allow the exhibition in the cemetery on Monday of the emblem which they had been ordered to tear down on Sunday. So in the cemetery yesterday there were no policemen and no soldiers; the citizens delivered their speeches and cried "Vive la Commune!" unmolested; and after Cournet was buried, the manifestants went to the Champ des Fédérés, waved their red flags, cried "Vive la Commune!" and made more speeches. On coming out of the cemetery, some of the Anarchists hoisted their flags, and were immediately charged by the police; and then the fighting of Sunday was renewed; and until between nine and ten o'clock last night the neighbourhood of Père Lachaise, the boulevards Menilmontant and Charonne, were occupied by police and cavalry; stones and lumps of lead were flung by the mob; several policemen were wounded, and a number of workmen and loafers arrested. The excitement in all this populous quarter of Paris was great; and the furious crowd, restrained only by a formidable array of police and military, vented its rage in cries of "Vengeance!" "A bas la police!" "A bas les assassins!" "Vive la Commune!" "Vive la Révolution Sociale!" The Radical papers yesterday and this morning are full of incendiary articles; and while some recommend calm and moderation, others demand vengeance, and intimate that the day of the Hugo funeral is an opportunity not to be lost.

To-day was the third day of the Communist manifestation, the occasion being the burial of Amouroux, the ex-member of the Commune, member of the Municipal Council, and recently elected deputy for St. Etienne. A great crowd assembled to see the funeral, but happily no incident happened. The Anarchist manifestants were warned by the police that they would not be allowed to carry their red flags through the streets, but that inside the cemetery they would be free to display whatever emblem they pleased. Thus, the third day of the celebration of the Commune passed in perfect calm, except so far as regards the violent and exaggerated eloquence of some of the orators over Amouroux's grave.

These grave events have naturally caused no little alarm, and coming, as they do, on the eve of the elections, the reactionary party does its best to exaggerate them, to magnify the culpability of the Government, and to discredit the Republic as being unable to maintain order in the streets of the capital and to assure the security of the citizens. These disturbances formed the subject of a discussion in the Chamber to-day, and a motion was made by M. Lacroix on the subject, on which, however, the Government was victorious by 423 votes to 44. A subsequent vote of confidence was carried by 388 votes to 10. Victor Hugo's corpse is gradually being converted into a subject of strife. The funeral is to be purely civil in accordance with the great poet's last instructions, which run as follows:—

> I give 50,000f. to the poor.
> I wish to be carried to the cemetery in their hearse.
> I refuse the oraisons of all Churches.
> I ask a prayer of every soul.
> I believe in God. VICTOR HUGO.

Furthermore, the proposition of restoring the Pantheon to its destination of a mausoleum for great men, and of burying Victor Hugo there, has been discussed by the press, and came before the Chamber this afternoon. The Pantheon is to be restored to its original use, and Victor Hugo is to be buried there. It is understood that the funeral will be on Monday next. These two facts have sufficed to put all kinds of political and religious passions into a state of ebullition, and at the present moment the reactionaries have already, by anticipation, characterised the Hugo funeral as an apotheosis of Atheism, Communism, Free Thought, Anti-Clericalism, and all that is abominable. As for the disturbances and fighting of the past two days, Radicals and reactionaries alike exaggerate their importance from different motives. The first impression, it is true, is bad; it is true also that there is a revolutionary force in Paris, and that the Government has shown a moment of weakness and indecision in dealing with it. Public opinion, we can readily understand, is disconcerted; but it needs very little reflection to see that the Anarchists and revolutionaries are not strong enough or sufficiently organised to take advantage of circumstances momentarily favourable to their cause, whatever that cause may be, and that in sober reality public security is by no means compromised by a scuffle in a populous quarter of the capital. In spite, therefore, of the predictions of alarmists and the lamentations of the reactionaries, we may hope that the funeral of Victor Hugo will be simply the imposing and solemn manifestation which the departed genius deserves.

The French Oaks, run for at Chantilly on Sunday, attracted nine runners; and of these M. Ephrussi's Barberine came in first, M. Donon's Diaprée being second, and Baron De Schickler's Escarboucle third. T. C.

The veteran patriot, poet, and philosopher, Count Terenzio Mamiani Della Rovere, died at Rome, on the 21st inst., at the ripe age of eighty-five.

The venerable Emperor of Germany continues to make satisfactory progress, and was able to transact business with several of his Ministers on Saturday. On the 22nd inst. the garrison of Berlin, numbering about 12,000 men, was reviewed by the Crown Prince, acting for the Emperor. The numerous suite of the Crown Prince included all the Military Attachés, and the Crown Princess and the other ladies of the Imperial family also attended.—Queen Victoria's birthday on Sunday was celebrated at Berlin at the Crown Prince's Palace, Potsdam, by a State banquet, to which numerous guests were invited, including Lord Rosebery, Sir E. Malet, and all the members of the British Embassy. Both Prince Bismarck and Count Hatzfeldt called on Sir E. Malet at the Embassy, over which the union jack was displayed.—The Emperor William has confirmed by charter his sovereignty over the New Guinea Company's territories.—Lord Rosebery's visit to Berlin has been the event of the day. He remained at the Crown Prince's Palace at Potsdam on Sunday night and returned to Berlin on Monday. Lord Rosebery passed the greater part of his time with Count Herbert Bismarck and at the Chancellor's Palace, where he also had repeated conferences with the Prince. Lord Rosebery and Count Herbert Bismarck left Berlin on Tuesday evening for the Hague, the former on his way back to England, the latter to present his letters of recall.

The Austrian Derby was run on Monday, at Freudenau, near Vienna, and won by Count Sztary's Buzzo.

The Dobrudscha, we learn from various reports, has been devastated by swarms of locusts.

The Greek Parliament was opened on the 21st inst. The King in his speech stated that the foreign relations of the country were friendly. Greece must endeavour to utilise the present time of peace in Europe by steady progress and internal development, observing great economy in all departments, so as to effect a balance between revenue and expenditure. There would be a reorganisation of the army and navy.

Sir William White, on Saturday last, presented his credentials to the Sultan of Turkey as representative of this country until the arrival in Constantinople of Sir E. Thornton. The usual complimentary speeches were exchanged.

At the annual meeting of the Royal Society of Canada on Tuesday the Governor-General delivered an address, in which he spoke of the necessity of bestowing greater attention on the subject of forestry. Lord Lansdowne also dwelt on the advantage to politicians of cultivating science and letters.—The revenue of Canada was 25,717,293 dols., and the expenditure 24,687,018 dols., for the ten months ending April 30 last.

The *South Australian Register* publishes a letter addressed to the Government by all the leading merchants of Adelaide, urging the necessity of establishing an outer harbour.

THE CHURCH.

The Archbishop of York on Tuesday reopened All Saints' parish church, Northallerton, which has been restored at a cost of over £6000. The original church, on which the present structure now stands, was founded by the Northumbrian Apostle Paulinus.

It is authoritatively announced that Dr. Moberly, Bishop of Salisbury, who is now in his eighty-second year, will resign the Bishopric in the course of the ensuing summer.

The annual meeting of the Spanish and Portuguese Church Aid Society was held on Tuesday afternoon in the lower room of Exeter Hall—the Archbishop of Dublin, Lord Plunket, in the chair. The report was satisfactory, and a resolution affirming the need of increased help was adopted.

Her Majesty, it is stated, has allowed the Vicar and churchwardens of Kew to hold a fête and bazaar in the Queen's Cottage and grounds, which have been closed for more than twenty years, for the purpose of extinguishing the debt on the Royal church at Kew, which has recently been enlarged.

At St. Paul's Cathedral on the 20th inst., a full choral service was given in celebration of the 231st festival of the Sons of the Clergy; and in the evening several prelates and about 200 clergy dined together at Merchant Taylors' Hall, the Lord Mayor presiding. The collections at the service and the dinner amounted to £431.

On Ascension Day a painted three-light window, representing Faith, Hope, and Charity, was unveiled in the St. Luke's Chapel of the Royal National Hospital for Consumption, Ventnor, being the gift of Mr. Stafford Henry Northcote and family, in memory of the late Mrs. Northcote, who was a warm friend and benefactress of the hospital. The work was executed by Messrs. Heaton, Butler, and Baynes, of Garrick-street.—A three-light stained-glass window, by Mayer and Co., of Munich, has been placed in Prestbury parish church, Macclesfield. It represents the Good Samaritan, and is the third already executed by the same firm for this church.

A bazaar will be held on July 1, 2, 3, and 4, in Mrs. Merryweather's Grounds, 277, Clapham-road, in aid of the funds for erecting a new institute and parochial hall in the parish of All Saints', South Lambeth. The new institute will hold a thousand people—is the freehold property of the Church of England, and will cost, with the site, nearly £4500. It is earnestly hoped that everyone who is interested in Church work in South Lambeth will vigorously help this effort. Princess Louise has consented to crown the bazaar with her presence, and to inaugurate its proceedings on the opening day. The Vicar, or any member of the Committee, will thankfully receive contributions in money, paintings, cutlery, artificial flowers, plants, glass, stationery, books, pictures, toys, hosiery, needlework, and goods of every description for sale at the bazaar.

The Royal Humane Society's Medal has rarely been awarded for a more gallant act than that which won for Lieutenant Walter Ingram this coveted guerdon. Whilst proceeding up the Nile in his steam-launch to join Lord Wolseley's Expedition, this courageous young officer of the Middlesex Yeomanry met with a disaster at the Dal Cataract. The hawser at which the natives were hauling snapped. The launch was capsized, and dashed against a rock; Lieutenant Ingram and Mr. Mitchell, the engineer, clinging for safety to the keel. His hold relaxed, Mitchell got entangled in the gear, was swept down the rapids, and was in imminent risk of being drowned, when Lieutenant Ingram perceived the peril he was in, quick as thought swam ashore, ran along the bank till he got opposite the sinking engineer, plunged into the swift rapids, swam out to his man, and towed him safely ashore. Pluckily done! It may be remembered that Lieutenant Walter Ingram also gained honourable mention in a recent issue of the *London Gazette*. The services he had the good fortune to render when he took part in Lord Charles Beresford's smart expedition up the Nile towards Khartoum to rescue Sir Charles Wilson and his belated party were with sailor-like readiness generously borne witness to by his Lordship in the following passage of his despatch:—"I consider that we owe our safety in the steamer, as well as the safety of Sir Charles Wilson and, his party, who undoubtedly would have been killed if the steamer had been destroyed, to the untiring energy of Sub-Lieutenant Keppel, and Mr. Webber, boatswain (who worked the howitzer), to Lieutenant Bower, commanding the picked shots of the Mounted Infantry, and to Mr. Ingram, of the Yeomanry, who is attached by order to the Naval Brigade, and who attended to the working of the Gardner, after Lieutenant Van Koughnet was wounded, at the moment the fort bore on the beam."

OBITUARY.

THE EARL OF HUNTINGDON.

The Right Hon. Francis Power Plantagenet Hastings, thirteenth Earl of Huntingdon, in the Peerage of England, died at his residence, Sharavogue, near Parsonstown, King's County, after a brief illness, on Wednesday, the 20th inst. He was born Dec. 4, 1841; the only son of Francis Theophilus Henry, twelfth Earl, and received his education at Christ Church, Oxford. He was a Justice of the Peace for the county of Waterford and King's County, a Deputy Lieutenant of the former county, and served as High Sheriff for that county in 1873. Lord Huntingdon married Mary Anne Wilmot, only child and heiress of Colonel the Hon. John Craven Westenra, M.P. for King's County, third son of the second Lord Rossmore, and by her leaves three sons and five daughters. The eldest son, Warner Francis John Plantagenet, Lord Hastings, born July 8, 1868, is now fourteenth Earl. The earldom of Huntingdon is one of the oldest English Peerages extant, being third on the list of existing Earls; it was granted by Henry VIII. in 1529, but the family of Hastings was ennobled by the early Plantagenet Kings, and enjoyed baronies, which were inherited by the heiress of the tenth Earl, and are now vested in the Earl of Loudoun.



MR. ADAIR, OF RATHDAIRE.

Mr. John George Adair, of Rathdaire, Queen's County, and Glenveagh Castle, county Donegal, J.P., died on the 14th inst. He was born in 1823, and served the office of High Sheriff of Queen's County in 1867. In the same year he married Cornelia, daughter of General Wadsworth, of Genesse, in the State of New York, and widow of Colonel Ritchie, of the American Army, but leaves no issue.

THE ARCHDEACON OF ARMAGH.

The Ven. Robert Vickers Dixon, D.D., Archdeacon of Armagh, Rector of Clogherny, county Tyrone, and Chaplain to the Archbishop of Armagh, died on the 14th inst., at his Rectory. Doctor Dixon graduated at Trinity College, Dublin, in 1833, and obtained a Fellowship there in 1839. In 1853 he resigned his Fellowship, on being presented Rector of Clogherny, and was appointed Archdeacon of Armagh in 1883.

We have also to record the deaths of—

Grizilda Anne, Lady Harding, widow of Lieutenant-General Sir George J. Harding, K.C.B., on the 20th inst., aged eighty.

The Rev. Robert Gray, Hon. Canon of Chester, Chaplain to the late Bishop of Sodor and Man, on the 19th inst.

The Rev. Pennyman Warton Worsley, Canon of Ripon and Rector of Little Ponton, county Lincoln, on the 19th inst., in his eighty-ninth year.

Colonel Albert Henry Ozzard, Royal Marines, at Portsmouth, on the 16th inst. He had the command of the Marines at Souakim, and was lately invalided home.

Mr. John Jones, the chairman of the City Bank (Limited), and a director of the Chartered Bank of India, Australia, and China, and some minor companies, at the age of eighty-four.

Lieutenant-Colonel Archibald Buchan Hepburn, Bengal Staff Corps, on board the Merton Hall, in the Red Sea, on the 10th inst., in his forty-fourth year. He was formerly an officer in the 26th Regiment Bengal Native Infantry.

Mr. Evelyn Jerrold, son of the late Blanchard Jerrold, and grandson of Douglas Jerrold, suddenly, of heart disease, on the 23rd inst. Mr. Evelyn Jerrold up to a few months since resided much in Paris, where he filled the post of special correspondent to a London newspaper. He was a widower, and leaves behind him two young children.

General Thomas Polwhele, of the Bengal Army, on the 23rd inst., at Tivoli Lodge, Cheltenham, aged eighty-seven years. He entered the Army in 1815, served in the Nepaul campaign in the following year, and accompanied the expedition to Ceylon in 1818. He took part in the Burmese war in 1824-5, the campaigns in Candahar and Afghanistan from 1839 to 1842, and the Sutlej campaign of 1845-6.

The Princess Caraffa of Naples, at the Convent of the Sisters of Charity of St. Vincent de Paul, Clerkenwell-road, on the 21st inst., about thirty years of age. The deceased lady was known in religion as Sister Mary, and had been a member of the sisterhood from an early age. She was well known amongst the poor Italians in the neighbourhood of Hatton-garden, and was greatly beloved by them for her many acts of kindness.

The Countess Dowager of Galloway, on the 25th inst., at her residence in Eaton-square, after an illness of only two hours' duration. She had been in failing health for some time past, but during the last few weeks had been somewhat stronger. The deceased Countess was the daughter of Henry Charles, sixth Duke of Beaufort, K.G., by his marriage with Lady Charlotte Sophia Leveson Gower, daughter of the first Marquis of Stafford, and was born in 1811. She married, in 1833, the ninth Earl of Galloway, who died in 1873, and leaves surviving issue the present Earl and a large family.

Mr. Allan Maclean Skinner, Q.C., for more than thirty years Recorder of the Royal borough, on the 23rd inst. The barristers who are old enough to remember Mr. Skinner's brilliant speeches, as one of the leaders of the Oxford Circuit, will have no difficulty in calling to mind his vigorous and persuasive eloquence. Many were surprised when he accepted a County Court Judgeship in South Staffordshire, and retired from the Bar at the comparatively early age of fifty. As County Court Judge, he won the confidence of those who appeared before him by the suavity and firmness with which he presided on the Bench. Mr. Skinner was the fourth son of the late Lieutenant-General John Skinner, the conqueror of Guadaloupe. He was educated at Eton and at Balliol College, Oxford, and was called to the Bar by the Honourable Society of Lincoln's Inn in 1834. It was his good fortune, as Treasurer of Lincoln's Inn, forty-three years later (1877), to preside over the calling to the Bar of his Royal Highness the late Duke of Albany; and it may be added that the Recordership of Windsor brought frequent and interesting official connection with the ceremonial events in her Majesty's family. As Recorder, he presided in the Townhall of Windsor only a few weeks before the commencement of the illness that terminated his career. It will be long before his amusing conversation, redundant of wit and kindliness, will be forgotten by those who knew him. The poor of London also benefited by his genial sympathetic disposition, as he threw open the gardens of Lincoln's Inn in the summer to their enjoyment.



1. A Barber-surgeon, "cupping and bleeding."
2. Towing a "nuggur."
3. Our Special Artist cuts the *Times'* correspondent's hair.
4. The Muezzin calling to prayer.
5. A Dongolese nursery-maid.
6. "Please, Sir, how about that there beer?"

SKETCHES IN THE SOUDAN BY COUNT A. E. GLEICHEN, LIEUTENANT GRENADIER GUARDS, AND OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. WALTER PAGET.



THE LATE MR. FREDERICK FARGUS, "HUGH CONWAY,"
AUTHOR OF "CALLED BACK."



THE LATE M. ALPHONSE DE NEUVILLE,
FRENCH PAINTER.

SKETCHES IN THE SOUDAN.

The end of the twofold campaign, on the Upper Nile and in the plains and hills around Souakim, produces no more scenes of sanguinary conflict with the hostile Arabs under the standard of the Mahdi, but such amusing incidents as those presented on the opposite page. Our Special Artist, Mr. Walter Paget, contributes one or two of these Sketches; and the others are furnished by a military correspondent, Count A. E. Gleichen, Lieutenant of the Grenadier Guards, who has been serving in Lord Wolseley's Camel Corps, and writes to us from Dongola on April 21. He sketches a "nuggur" or heavy barge on the Nile, towed by a party of naked natives wading in the shallower water near the river's bank; a "muezzin," or Moslem summoner to prayers, standing at the appointed hour aloft upon the summit of the minaret, and calling with a loud voice to the disciples of Mohammed in the town below; a Dongolese servant-woman, employed as a nursery-maid, leading two nude little boys to school or to their home; and a native barber who acts as a surgeon, performing the salutary operation of letting blood, with his razor, from the back of a man's head, the patient being apprehensive, we suppose, of an attack of apoplexy in the heat of summer. Mr. Walter Paget, as we see in one of his own Sketches, has been doing a friendly turn for his fellow-Special, the *Times'* correspondent, in the absence of a professional hair-dresser in camp: but he has kept himself, in the pause of active warfare, shrewdly observant of the habits and manners of Tommy Atkins, the British private soldier, and of every class and rank of our countrymen assembled at Souakim for the different operations of the late campaign. In the present instance, it is of course not a soldier, but one of the railway "navvies" belonging to Messrs. Lucas and Aird, contractors for the projected Souakim and Berber line, who considers himself and his mates much aggrieved by their not having been allowed a certain allowance of beer at the regimental canteen of the gallant Berkshire Regiment, then guarding the line. Like a frank and straightforward Englishman, he has resolved to carry his complaint personally to the Commander-in-Chief, having failed in a previous application to the commanding officer of the regiment. Seeing his opportunity, when Lieutenant-General Sir Gerald Graham, K.C.B., is riding by, in company with Sir Allen Young and the Italian Military Attaché, this honest fellow comes up, pulls his forelock by way of salute, and begins at once. "I want to speak to you, Sir; how about this here beer?" General Graham listens very good-naturedly to a rather tedious statement, and promises to make inquiry; it proved, as we understand, that there was some objection, upon grounds of regimental discipline, to the ordinary labourers getting their beer at the same place and time with the soldiers; but nobody had intended that the "navvies" should be deprived of their proper share of that most refreshing English beverage while they had to work so hard as they did in the exhausting climate of Souakim. A convenient and simple arrangement was easily made for their separate supply, and the "navvies" have since enjoyed their daily beer in moderation, thanks to the worthy spokesman who called the General's attention to this matter. He is not disposed, we believe, "to rob a poor man of his beer." The troops are now fast coming away; the Guards have left Souakim; and Merawi, on the Nile, was abandoned this week.

THE AUTHOR OF "CALLED BACK."

The name of "Hugh Conway," which was assumed by this clever and original writer in publishing his very successful story, is familiar to a multitude of readers. Mr. Frederick Fargus, whose early death has occasioned much regret, was the real author of that remarkable tale and of some other writings, by which he had shown his capacity, if health had been granted to him, for a further continuance of literary work. He was, until about two years ago, engaged in business at Bristol. He died on the 15th ult., at Monte Carlo, on the Riviera, in which place he had sought refuge from our winter climate, under medical advice, when attacked with pulmonary disease.



THE REBELLION IN THE NORTH-WEST TERRITORY OF CANADA: INDIAN PRISONERS.
SKETCHED BY CAPTAIN H. DE H. HAIG, R.E., OF GENERAL MIDDLETON'S STAFF.

THE SILENT MEMBER.

When the House of Lords rose on May 21 and the Commons separated the next day for the Whitsuntide Recess, the stormy petrel of the evening press alarmed the public with tidings of a Ministerial Crisis. Probably, as the Government as a whole has lasted so long, the Cabinet will hold together till the General Election in November comes to settle the critical question whether Mr. Gladstone and his colleagues shall continue to be her Majesty's advisers, whether a more Radical Administration is desired by the new constituencies, or whether the combined wisdom of the Marquis of Salisbury and Lord Cranbrook, of Sir Stafford Northcote and Sir Richard Cross, tempered by the youthful vivacity of the irrepressible leader of the "Fourth Party," is to be preferred. One thing is certain. If a breeze *was* occasioned in Ministerial circles by the alleged differences of opinion between Mr. Joseph Chamberlain and Sir Charles Dilke on the one hand, and Mr. Gladstone and the majority of the Cabinet on the other, in consequence of the former Ministers' sturdy opposition to the reintroduction of what Mr. Parnell terms the Coercion Act for Ireland, the breeze has subsided into the merest zephyr. Mr. Gladstone has consoled himself in the congenial company of the Druids, or such-like Oddfellows, at Hawarden Castle this Whitsuntide; and Sir Charles Dilke has sought inspiration regarding the Irish Problem on the salubrious banks of the Liffey. Meantime, Mr. Childers will deserve well of the public if he gathers up courage during the holidays, and takes advantage of the pacific state of the horizon in the East to abandon the objectionable extra taxation on beer and spirits.

The Earl of Rosebery's Whitsuntide visit to Count Herbert Bismarck at Berlin, and consequent interviews with Prince Bismarck himself, have set many tongues wagging, and many pens writing. Berlin and Paris Correspondents have vied with each other in devising the most ingenious conversations between the illustrious Chancellor and Mr. Gladstone's youngest but most promising Cabinet colleague. The colloquies do justice to their authors' powers of imagination. Nothing could be more natural than that the Prime Minister's confidential friend, being on a visit to Berlin, should endeavour to bring about a cordial rapprochement between Prince Bismarck and Mr. Gladstone. A sincere Anglo-German alliance would undoubtedly be an all-important factor in preserving the peace of Europe. It is under these circumstances earnestly to be hoped that Lord Rosebery's timely Berlin holiday may contribute to bring about this desirable result.

There is one plain advantage in extending the Whitsuntide Recess of the Commons to Thursday next. The House will not be put to the trouble of adjourning over Wednesday for the Derby.

COLLISION WITH AN ICEBERG.

From the accounts of ship captains who have just crossed the Atlantic, it appears that the quantity of ice encountered in mid-ocean is of vast extent, and navigation was carried on with the utmost difficulty. Several vessels were damaged, and it is feared that some have foundered. The Inman Line steamer City of Berlin sustained serious injury by collision with an iceberg on the 19th inst., when on her voyage to New York. The vessel, however, reached her destination last Saturday. None of the passengers or crew were injured. A passenger on board the steamer gives the following account of the accident:—

I was awakened in my berth by a sudden shock to the vessel. This was quickly followed by two shocks, as if she were grating against something. As soon as I could, I went on deck. It took me some minutes to realise what had happened. There was a very dense fog. I could see only a rod ahead. There, towering much higher than the steamer, and three times as large, was a grey object, which I knew at once to be an iceberg. The bowsprit had been knocked into splinters, and the bow was smashed in. Many tons of ice fell on the forecastle deck, breaking it through, and going down the hold. Two men on the look-out had a very narrow escape, the fog being so thick at the time that they could not see the berg until it came tumbling on the forward deck where they were standing, forcing them to run for their lives. At the time of the shock the chief officer, Mr. Tarleton, and the second officer, Mr. Barker, were on duty on the bridge, and with great promptness Mr. Barker rushed to the bow to ascertain whether the ship was cut through below the water-line, at the same time giving orders to cut away lashings of life rafts and boats, and prepare for lowering in case the ship should sink. Two boats were swung outward, and others put in readiness. When it was discovered that the ship was not leaking, the orders were countermanded. The consternation among the passengers can be imagined. They ran helter-skelter to and fro, screaming and praying. The description of the scene is beyond my powers. The fright of the feminine portion was terrible. They rushed about the deck screaming, at their wits' end. The ship trembled like a reed. Many thought it was all over with them, and rushed on deck in the condition in which they had left their berths, so sudden was the shock and so great the haste. Some ran about uttering heartrending cries of distress and getting in the way of the sailors. In front there was a vast mountain of ice that rose in the air like a huge crystal wall. The cold was something terrible. I shall never forget the scene. The crew was excited at first, but the coolness of the captain equalled that of the iceberg, and he soon had things put right. He assured the passengers that there was no immediate danger, and the calm way in which he went about his work did more than any talking could have done to reassure the timid ones.

THE LATE ALPHONSE DE NEUVILLE.

This eminent French artist, whose pictures, especially those of battle-scenes in the war between France and Germany in 1870, attracted much attention in Paris and in London, died on the 19th ult., at the age of forty-nine. He was a native of St. Omer, and had married shortly before his death. He studied art as a pupil of Meissonier, and his works showed a remarkable mastery of finished execution, as well as great and varied powers of conception. He painted the battles of the French army in the Crimea, in Italy, and finally in France, serving personally in the defence of Paris.

THE MINT.

The fifteenth annual report of the Deputy Master of the Mint for 1884 states that the total number of "good pieces" struck, including colonial, was 56,363,301, as against 39,119,714 in 1883; and their value, real or nominal, £3,157,966 10s. 1d. The total number of "good pieces" of the Imperial coinage for Great Britain and Ireland struck was 41,903,301, and their value as follows:—Gold: Sovereigns, £1,769,635; half-sovereigns, £566,878. Silver: Half-crowns, £196,146; florins, £144,737; shillings, £196,199; sixpences, £85,564; fourpences (Maundy), £89; threepences, £41,586; twopences (Maundy), £50; pence (Maundy), £58. Bronze: Pence, £48,761; half-pence, £14,561; farthings, £6022. It is stated that the annual trial of the Pyx took place at Goldsmiths' Hall on July 9, when sample coins from gold and silver coinages of the value of £1,763,197 and £1,080,090, respectively, were examined. The results of the trial were perfectly satisfactory, as the average fineness of the gold coins examined was only one ten-thousandth below the exact legal standard, while the ingot into which the other coins taken were melted was found to contain the precise amount of pure metal required by law. The average fineness of the silver coins examined was slightly above standard.

By a majority of nearly two to one the members of the Reform Club have resolved not to abolish the political committee.

Mr. F. J. Williamson, of Esher, has been unanimously elected to execute the Sister Dora statue for Walsall. It will be of Sicilian marble, on a polished granite pedestal, with relievos in each panel, representing incidents in Sister Dora's quiet but eventful life.

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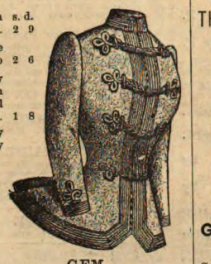
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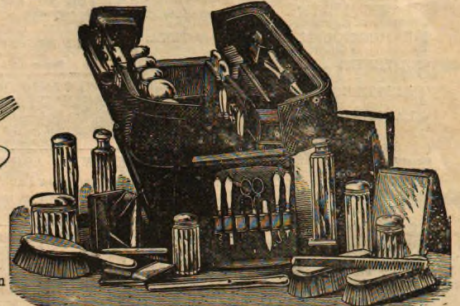
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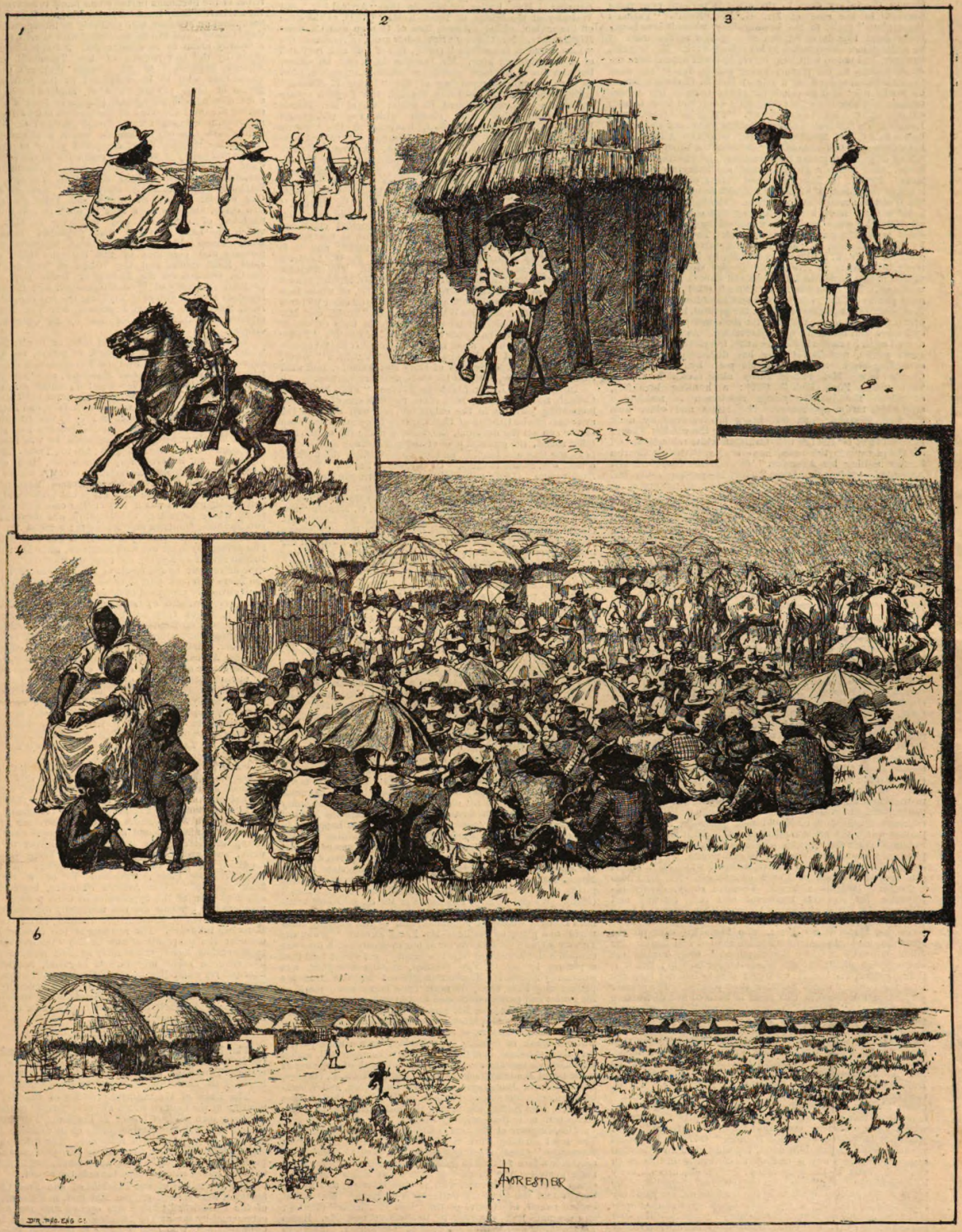
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THE BECHUANALAND EXPEDITION.

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1. A conference with Mankoroane's Staff: one of his mounted escort.
2. Mankoroane, Chief of the Batlapins.
3. Two of Mankoroane's suite.
4. A mother and children (Batlapins).
5. Great meeting of Mankoroane's tribe at Taungs, Feb. 9.
6. Taungs, the capital of Mankoroane's tribe.
7. Vryburg, the capital of Stellaland.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

CONCLUDING NOTICE.

The general effect of Gallery No. VIII., which contains some interesting works, is dreadfully marred by careless hanging. For example, Mr. Alfred W. Hunt's "Bright October" (756), a very subtle analysis of light, is absolutely destroyed by being placed to the left instead of on the right of the room, though the injury done to the artist is perhaps even more flagrant in the case of Mr. G. B. O'Neill's "Father's Breastplate" (205), in the large gallery, where it is so hopelessly skied that it is impossible to judge of the work of an artist whose strength lies in his refined work. Mr. O'Neill, however, had not to wait long before he could appeal from the Academicians to the picture-loving public, for in the week the Exhibition opened, at a sale at Messrs. Christie's, two of his works were sold at prices far above those of the Academicians in whose favour his this year's work had been hoisted out of sight. Mr. Laslett Pott's "Priscilla" (746), from Longfellow's "Miles Standish," scarcely brings out the artist's best quality, his anecdotic power; but Miss Alice Havers has struck a true art-note in the "Belles of the Village" (748)—a bevy of girls, returning from washing, and crossing the river bridge, near which a group of men are lounging under the trees. Mr. P. R. Morris's "First Prince of Wales" (757), lying in the hollow of his father's shield, is being presented to the Welsh assembled at Carnarvon. The figure of Edward I. is not without merit both of drawing and colour; but as the whole of the scene has to be imagined by the spectator, its effect is spoilt for want of the context. Two portraits—one, by Mr. Herkomer, of "Mr. J. D. Allcroft" (772), and the other of "Mr. T. F. Twemlow" (768), by Mr. Ouless—show these two artists in rivalry, the former strong and almost violent in his effects, the latter soft and smooth to the verge of weakness. Mr. John Collier's "Circe" (810) is one of the good pictures of the year, and the best exhibited by this artist. It represents the goddess lying on the ground, her arm thrown over a beautiful tiger, whilst in the darkened groves leopards and other wild beasts are quietly roaming. As a composition, as well as in its rendering of the nude, the picture is worthy of great praise, and Mr. Collier has discreetly avoided the stumbling-block which lay in his path by turning away Circe's face. Mr. Frank Dicey also scores a success with "His First Pink" (799): a hunting breakfast, at which the bashful young sportsman is making a somewhat tardy appearance. The ladies and older men are well grouped: and Mr. Dicey has successfully dealt with a difficult problem raised by placing the window whence falls the light behind the well-furnished white tablecloth. Of all the pictures in the room, however, Mr. Pettie's "Charles Surface Selling his Ancestors" (812) is the best; as Mr. Armitage's "After the Arena" (792) is—putting aside Mr. Eyre Crowe's "Honeymoon" (780)—almost, if not quite, the worst. In the former the attitudes are easy, the composition compact, and the colour good—qualities for which it might be thought that Mr. Pettie would be glad to be handed down to posterity, instead of through the medium of the sorry work purchased last year out of the Chantrey Fund. Mr. Armitage's huge picture suggests some mysterious rite of which the weighing of the postulant formed part of the initiation, rather than the solemn reception in the catacombs of the young Christian martyr. Mr. S. E. Waller has found an excellent subject in his "Outward Bound, 1805" (823), a scene at a posting-house on the road to Portsmouth. Old soldiers, happy sailors, and others are crowding about the inn; and in the centre of the picture is the young mother with her midshipman-boy, just appointed to serve under Lord Nelson. It is a pity that Mr. Waller's fondness for horses and his skill in painting them should have made the "change team" the centre of interest in his picture. In the same room may be mentioned Mr. Joseph Henderson's "Jura, from Kintyre" (770), Miss Mary Hayllar's "Helping Gardener" (787), Mr. David Murray's "Rother-at-Rye" (783), Mr. Percy Thomas' "Old Sketchbook" (790), and Mr. D. W. Wynfield's "Royal Fugitive" (813), an episode in the flight of Charles II. after the battle of Worcester.

In Gallery No. IX., Mr. Millais' "Orphans" (859), his best picture of the year, deserves the foremost place. He has seldom done anything better than the little puckered face, scarcely able to control the sob which lurks beneath those eyes. In her apron the little damsel dressed in white carries a motherless leveret, whose soft head is peeping out most plaintively. Mr. Stacy Marks' "At the Printseller's" (853) is one of those carefully finished old men possessed by a ruling passion which the artist renders so well; and it matters little to him whether the collector makes birds, books or butterflies, plants or pictures, the object of his enthusiasm, for the accessories, after all, are but materials upon which the artist can expend his love of Dutch minuteness. Mr. L. Fildes "Roset a" (861) is a bright Venetian study, chiefly interesting for its firm treatment and rich colour; and although Mr. Pettie's interview between "Sir Peter and Lady Teazle" (868) abounds in humour and the lady in pertness, there is in the figure of Sir Peter, who turns his back on the spectator, more of petulant irritation than of real anger. Sir John Gilbert's "Gipsy Encampment" (869) recalls too obviously his picture at the Water-Colour Society; but it is rich in colour, and makes one regret that he had not long ago trod the road to which Salvator Rosa pointed. The greater portion of the space in this room is devoted to a distracting collection of "cabinet" pictures, so small that in many cases the frames overpower the paintings. To these it is not possible to give the attention they doubtless merit; one feels that they are out of place here, whilst recognising that some provision for their proper display should be made. Amongst such works, attention is especially attracted by Mr. A. J. Hook's "Cornish Port" (905), Mr. Reginald Bottomley's "Death's Betrothed" (906), Mr. T. G. Cooper's "Trust" (920), Mr. Herbert Schmalz' "Elaine" (939), and Mr. P. H. Calderon's "Woodland Spring" (940), a very charming ideal of the homely presiding genius which "On summer's eve might haunt the stream." Mr. Atkinson Grimshaw's "Dulce Domum" (947) is a somewhat vacuous lady in a pale-blue dress, reposing in an overcrowded drawing-room. There is undeniable cleverness in this, as in the other work by the same artist; but he obscures his story by drawing away attention from the principal character. The tones of the peacock feathers in the background are painfully sharp, suggestive only of two huge hyena eyes glaring upon space. Mr. Blair Leighton's "Involuntary Variations" (948), and Miss Marianne Stokes' "Capri Witch" (954) are attractive and promising works; whilst in such landscapes as Mr. Oake's "Passing Squall" (956) and his "Fishing-Boats" (981), and Mr. H. W. B. Davis's "Done Work" (891), we find the usual excellencies and drawbacks of these well-known artists.

In Gallery No. X., military episodes predominate, but allusion must be first made to Mr. J. D. Linton's marriage picture of the Duke of Albany (1028), in which military uniforms, at least, hold a conspicuous place. The result of Mr. Linton's efforts to make a picture out of the materials offered should be to discourage all artists who care for their art more than for Royal commands. With the best intentions possible, with a consummate knowledge of the uses of brilliant colour, Mr. Linton has failed to produce a natural or a happy work. It is no fault of his, for he gives proof of the best intentions and of the most laborious effort. He has gone so far as to tone down some of the scarlet tunics, and to throw over the scene a harmonising atmosphere—but with little result. The battle-pieces are numerous, and reveal quite a bevy of artists ambitious to occupy the places left vacant by MM. Philippoteaux, and more recently by the untimely death of M. De Neuville. Mrs. Butler contributes the "Arrival of Lord Wolseley at the Bridge of Tel-el-Kebir" (1081), at the close of the action, riding between files of Gordon and Cameron Highlanders. Mr. Charles Fripp sends another version of the "Last Stand at Isandlhula" (1065), full of fire and fury and of soldiers two feet high. Mr. Douglas Giles, once an officer, but now one of the most promising battle-painters, furnishes us with a brilliant rendering of the "Battle of Tamai" (1068), when the Arabs broke through the English square and for a moment captured its guns; whilst Mr. Ernest Crofts sympathises more closely with the phlegmatic Dutch William, whose conduct, however, at the "Battle of Landen" (1051) raised the loyalty of "My Uncle Toby" to a high pitch of enthusiasm. Among the more quiet subjects, the eye rests with pleasure upon Mr. F. S. Walker's "Butterfly Age" (1017), Mr. F. Calderon's "Showing his Paces" (1018), Mr. Arthur Hacker's "Fisherman's Wife" (1026), and Mr. A. H. Burr's "Grandad's Delight" (1023). In spite of its dramatic title, "Found" (1021), depicting a "tender of the goats" in olden days, who has come upon the hiding-place of a wounded chieftain, the chief interest of Mr. Herkomer's picture is centred in the landscape, and the careful study of rocks; and it is interesting to contrast this work with Mr. B. W. Leader's "Old Holyhead Road" (1033), hanging near. The excellent portrait of "Mr. Simon Fraser" (1082), by Mr. Millais, almost extinguishes Mr. Pettie's "Bret Harte" (1077), of whose face the painter has missed the finesse. Among the other pictures to be noticed are Mr. MacWhirter's "Iona" (1043) and Mr. Tom Lloyd's "Toilers of the Sea" (1040), in both of which the colour is somewhat crude; Mr. R. W. Macbeth's "Miller and the Maid" (1044), a sad falling off from his East Anglian farm scenes; and M. Eugène de Blaas' "Vexation" (1050), a little domestic episode, full of story and humour, told with careful minuteness, sustains his well-earned reputation.

In Gallery XI. Mr. Stanhope Forbes' "Fish Sale on a Cornish Beach" (1093), is in some respects one of the most interesting pictures in the exhibition, and well deserves the attention of the trustees of the Chantrey Bequest. The gleam of the sun on the wet sand, the natural rendering of the fish lying round, the graceful pose of the girl leaning against the boat, are true and forcible, and are incontestably the work of a man who means to excel. Of Mr. John Brett's "Norman Archipelago" (1106), with its blue sea glittering in the golden sunlight, we have already spoken. It is not only his best work of the year, but it will bear comparison with his "Cornish Lions." Close at hand, however, is Mr. J. G. Naish's "Sea Gate, Sark" (1108), which boldly challenges Mr. Brett's exclusive pretension to the Channel Islands. Mr. Briton Rivière's "Stolen Kisses" (1100), a child in blue with a fox-terrier in her lap, is cleverly drawn and painted; but as a picture of real dog and child life it must in conception yield the palm to Mr. C. Burton Barber's "Once Bit, Twice Shy" (1120), a small child, with determination in every limb and feature, insisting upon bringing a puppy's nose into contact with the mustard spoon. Another bit of child life in this room, but hopelessly skied, is Mr. Savage Cooper's "Princess Eliza" (1116) and her picture-book, which had cost half a kingdom, well known to the readers of Hans Andersen's tales. From a distant view, it seems to be carefully drawn and skilfully coloured, but its other merits must be ascertained by means of a telescope. Mr. Colin Hunter has a pretty sea-beach study, "The Girl who Baits the Line" (1148) a quieter and more concentrated work than his "Salmon-Fishers" (1064), in the adjoining room, of which the chief merit is its breeziness. Mr. Herkomer's "Hard Times" (1442) is a powerfully-painted scene of wayside life—a navvy, or perhaps a tramp, with his wife and child, cold and hungry, resting at a gate-way, within which, perhaps, the employer lives who has turned them adrift. Mr. Storey's "Chocorua Zenaxia" (1149), may have certain merits of colour, but anything more like the occupants of an English boarding school and less like those of a Greek temple it is impossible to conceive. Mr. Story's *forte* is not classicism, and it is a pity he should attempt it. Mr. Seymour Lucas finds some of his old power of raising an imaginary scene to the level of an historical scene: "From the Field of Sedgemoor" (1128) represents what might have happened in any cottage within twenty miles of that sad field whilst "Kirke's lambs" were scouring the country. The other pictures of this last room which deserve notice are Mr. Frank Holl's portraits of the Bishop of Peterborough (1141) and Mr. Evan Sutherland (1145); Mr. R. Macbeth's "Ripe October" (1128), a broadly-painted girl in an apple-tree; and Mr. J. Aumonier's "Village Green" (1096). We cannot close this notice of the oil paintings without referring to a picture which has, in the eyes of the council, been thought worthy of admission, and by the hanging committee to a place on the line—Mr. Franz Rubens' "When the Painter is Out" (1140). As far as our eyes can see, it does not contain a single element of art or beauty; yet we are told that a picture by Mr. C. Van Haanen, another foreigner, was summarily rejected. However indifferent Mr. Van Haanen's picture may have been, it must have borne some mark of his genius and patient work, and could not have failed to teach us something; whereas Mr. Rubens' work can only help the artist to a belief that a blind chance presides over him.

Of the water colours, of which there are three hundred, we will not speak in detail. They display, for the most part, a very high standard, and this is almost to be regretted, seeing that most visitors are as careless of this branch of painting as is the Royal Academy itself. Messrs. Arthur Crofts, E. Hughes, Bright Morris, Jules Lessore, Andrew Donaldson, and Wormleighton are a few among the men, as Miss Jane Dealey, Miss Corkran, Miss Naftel, are among the ladies who acquit themselves with more than ordinary success.

The sculpture of the year is not of the very highest order. The most striking work is Mr. Onslow Ford's relief, "In Memoriam" (2084), a young woman half turning towards the spectator a face relaxed in death but still beautiful; her arms hang nerveless, the hands just locked: at either end of the couch stand two cherubs, with torches reversed, and in the background the symbolic butterfly is escaping. Mr. Barnes' bronze panels, illustrative of the "Life of Æneas" (2086-8), are original and vigorous in treatment; and Mr. Hamo Thorneycroft's equestrian statuette of "Edward I." (2133), in wax, designed for one of the buttresses of Blackfriars Bridge, makes us hope that the decision of the "Commissioners of Sewers" to reject it, is not irrevocable. Mr. Onslow Ford has also a life-size seated figure of "Mr. H. Irving as Hamlet" (2131), but somewhat too realistic; whilst, on the other hand, we should think that Mr. Thornycroft's bust of Gray errs on the other side, by giving too much of the poet and too little of the man.

Here we bring our notes on the Royal Academy Exhibition to a close; having endeavoured to show that, although containing few, if any, works of extraordinary originality or power, it bears witness to the continued vitality of the English school.

THE BECHUANALAND EXPEDITION.

Major-General Sir Charles Warren, R.E., the Special Commissioner of her Majesty's Government appointed to examine and settle the claims of the Bechuana tribes outside the west-western frontier of the Transvaal, has gone far to the north, visiting the countries ruled by the chiefs Sechele and Khama, towards the land of the Matabele. A British protectorate over all the tribes of the Bechuana nation seems likely to be accepted; but the territories lately included in the irregular Boer Republics of Stellaland and Goshen will probably be incorporated with the Cape Colony, and will be connected with West Griqualand by a railway about to be constructed. No opposition has been made by the Government of the Transvaal or "South African Republic" to Sir Charles Warren's proceedings, which have only to be completed by the judicial investigation of some private titles of land-ownership, and of a few criminal charges against persons accused of violent acts during the brief existence of the Goshen and Stellaland communities, now brought under British jurisdiction. The Special Commissioner, as our readers are aware, is accompanied by a respectable military force, composed partly of the Queen's troops and partly of volunteer regiments in the service of the Cape Colony, one of which is the corps of Mounted Infantry commanded by Colonel the Hon. Paul Methuen, raised in England, and commonly known as "Methuen's Horse." Our Special Artist, Mr. Julius M. Price, is serving in this corps, and has been able to send us many interesting Sketches of camp life and marching in that country, which we have engraved and published from time to time. Those which appear this week represent mostly the features and costumes of the Batlapin tribe, with their chief Mankoroane, and the village of Taungs, where he dwells, situated on the Kolong or Harts river, near the northern extremity of West Griqualand, with the neighbouring Boer town or village of Vryburg, the late capital of Stellaland, where the deposed President, Mr. Van Niekirk, was arrested and committed for trial by Sir Charles Warren's orders.

The Batlapins are a mongrel tribe, or fraction of a tribe, whose chieftainship was disputed, or rather, the paramount supremacy of their chief over the Korannas and other kindred tribes, by the Koranna chief Massiouw, an ally of the Transvaal Boers. Mankoroane is a reputed younger son, though his legitimacy is doubted, of the former Batlapin chief Molchabane, whose elder son, Gasibone, was killed in 1856, and Botlasitse, the son of Gasibone, was deposed in 1878 by the British Government of West Griqualand. As Mankoroane had assisted the British Government upon that occasion, he was recognised as paramount chief of the Batlapins; but the Transvaal Republic, previously to its temporary annexation, had denied the authority of the British Government over the border territory; and when the Transvaal again became independent, four years ago, the strife once more broke out between Mankoroane and Massiouw. It was a very similar case with the Barolong tribe, whose hereditary chieftainship was disputed between two brothers, Montsioa and Moshette; some of the Boers, for the sake of getting paid by Moshette in grants of land, assisted him personally in his war with Montsioa, while Montsioa gained British favour by helping the refugees from the Transvaal who were driven out by the revolt of the Boers in 1881. Those of the Boers who took part in these Bechuana conflicts, and who were obviously prompted to do so by sordid motives of private gain, were rewarded by the conquerors with considerable gifts of land, which they are now compelled to surrender, as Mankoroane and Montsioa are restored to the tribal sovereignty by British intervention on their behalf. One or two Englishmen, Mr. Christopher Bethell, formerly an officer of the Frontier Armed Police, and a man named Honey, were killed in the course of these miserable conflicts; there is evidence to prove that they were deliberately murdered by vindictive Boers of the opposite party; and therefore, although they were certainly not acting under orders in the British service, it devolves upon the new British Protectorate to see that the murderers are brought to justice. There was no regular administration of law in Goshen or Stellaland under the Boer rule, and the Transvaal Government has always declined to be responsible for acts done beyond its frontier.

Some little approach to civilising the Batlapins and other tribes has been made through the influence of a well-known resident missionary, the Rev. John Mackenzie, who assisted the Colonial Office last year in the negotiations that took place in London with the President of the Transvaal Republic, together with Sir Hercules Robinson, Governor of the Cape Colony. Mankoroane and many of his people wear clothes of European make; some of them have learnt to read and write, and profess to be Christians, being in a similar condition to that of domesticated Kaffirs in the Cape Colony; but their civilisation is of a very superficial character. Our Artist's Sketches, however, give a sufficient idea of the appearance of these people; and their manners and customs are not materially different from those of other natives of South Africa dwelling within the range of European influence. The meeting of the tribe on Feb. 9, to consider the proposals of the British Commissioner, was a rather curious scene; an assembly of black men, dressed much like common rustic labourers in England, but with slouch hats and big umbrellas to shield them from the sun, and with their horses picketed around. They are generally well off, possessing land and cattle, and benefiting by the opportunity of trade; while their disposition is peaceable enough, when not disturbed by foreign intriguers.

The Marquis of Lothian presided at the annual dinner of the Royal Caledonian Asylum, which took place at the Freemasons' Tavern on the 21st inst. The subscriptions to the funds of the institution amounted to about £1200.

The Duke of Westminster presided on the 21st inst. at a meeting of the Council which has been formed in the interests of young men without homes in London. The scheme submitted included the establishment of institutions for young men and a central place of reference. The Bishop of London and Archdeacon Farrar were among the speakers who testified to the importance of the work undertaken, and it was resolved to invite public subscriptions towards the object.

The Assemblies of the Established and Free Churches of Scotland were opened on the 21st inst. in Edinburgh. That of the Established Church was opened with the usual State ceremonial by the Earl of Aberdeen, her Majesty's Lord High Commissioner, who held a Levée in Holyrood Palace, which was attended by several Scotch dignitaries. About mid-day Lord Aberdeen drove by Calton-hill to St. Giles's Cathedral, where service was conducted by Dr. Mackenzie, the retiring Moderator, and thence to the Assembly Hall, where the court was duly constituted—Professor Mitchell, of St. Andrew's, being elected Moderator. The day was observed as a holiday in celebration of the Queen's birthday, and consequently the procession, which was on a more elaborate scale than usual, was witnessed by large crowds. The streets were lined with military. Principal Burns, Aberdeen, was elected Moderator of the Free Church Assembly. The income of the Church for the past year amounted to £626,028.

NOVELS.

Readers in whom is the artistic spirit, combined with a love of painters and all their works, are best adapted for the full appreciation of *Louisa:* by Mrs. Macquoid (Richard Bentley and Son), although the novel has charms and graces which cannot fail to make a favourable impression upon the most ordinary, the least artistic and æsthetic of mortals. Whether Louisa, the aunt, or Francesca, the niece, be the more skilful portrait, the more interesting study, is a question which few men would undertake to answer; women alone can be expected to speak with authority upon a point which seems to lie within their province more particularly. That the story is coloured Italian is a fact to note and to be thankful for; inasmuch as the writer appears to be peculiarly qualified to deal with what is in itself a thing of beauty, and that is Italian colouring. An Italian count, a worthy though somewhat childish gentleman, without much regard for the art-treasures with which his historic country abounds, has married a lovely Englishwoman, who is, or affects to be, overflowing with the regard in which he is deficient. He is an ardent husband, she is a somewhat frigid wife, who has married rather for position and for the comforts and ornaments of life than for love. Yet has she a good store of passion lurking beneath her cold and statuesque exterior. With this couple lives a niece, a full-born Italian, daughter of the Count's sister; and between this niece and her uncle exist profound attachment and mutual understanding; between this niece and her aunt neither love nor sympathy. There enters upon the scene a handsome Englishman, a friend of the Count's and an amateur artist of great authority and considerable executive ability, who paints the portrait of the niece and falls in love with her, instructs the aunt and is fallen in love with by her, awakens all the dormant passion in her, and quite unintentionally, even unconsciously, drives the poor Count to the verge of madness with jealousy of him, and the poor Countess to the verge of madness with jealousy of the niece. Moreover, the niece loves the handsome Englishman, but fears that her love is not returned, and at the same time she knows or guesses what are her aunt's feelings towards this fascinating gentleman, and in the course of a quarrel betrays her knowledge or lets out her guesses to her aunt, who, of course, is anything but pleased thereby. Out of this pretty entanglement a way has to be found by the ingenious novelist, and it is scarcely necessary to say that somebody's life has to be sacrified in the process. Whether it be the life of the Count, or of the Countess, or of the niece, or of the handsome and unwitting cause of the whole trouble may be most agreeably if not most easily ascertained by a perusal of the three volumes.

Eccentricity is the main characteristic of *Wilbourne Hall:* by Mrs. Cumont (T. Fisher Unwin); and that, it is to be feared, is scarcely sufficient of itself to carry a read comfortably through two volumes. It is not enough to introduce a number of curious personages and put them through a series of extraordinary incidents; to hold a reader's attention, the personages must have an intrinsic interest of their own, or the story must be constructed with consummate art, or the narrative must be remarkable for attractiveness of style, or there must be something so new and striking about the events and dialogue as to make up for other deficiencies. It were well if something of the kind were more discernible in the novel under consideration. It is a tale of changelings; and there is certainly nothing novel about that theme, nor is there anything especially noteworthy about the girl and boy who are the changelings upon the present occasion. There is not even, in this case, so strong a reason as novelists usually invent to account for a wicked substitution of one child for another; at any rate the equally strong reason, if it exists, is not put prominently forward at the beginning, and kept steadily in view from start to finish. On the other hand, a more than usually happy and satisfactory settlement of all difficulties is, no doubt, accomplished. How, by the agency of a wicked nurse and of one Sally, a dreadful old hag and a "wrecker" by trade, a "workhouse-boy," known as Dan Carter, is proved to be the son and heir of Squire Wilbourne, whilst the Squire's reputed daughter is proved to be Maude Carter, the wicked nurse's grand-daughter—this is the gist of the story. It will be seen that there is no great originality about the conception, and the development is not distinguished for any particularly ingenious or skilful treatment.

A romance of an uncommon and uncommonly good order, with a brilliancy, glow, luxuriance, and picturesqueness appropriate to the South American localities in which the scenes are laid for the most part, is *Lil Lorimer:* by Theo Gift (Ward and Downey), though it is quite impossible to sympathise with the heroine or to acknowledge that her character and actions are drawn on the lines of verisimilitude. She is so pretty and fascinating that, of course, it would have appeared to anyone (but her husband) who came within the range of her personal charms that whatever she did was right, that she was a suffering angel, and that she deserved commiseration rather than blame; but a reviewer, being at a safe distance from her eyes, may venture to say that, good as she was at heart and sensible as she was in many respects, she behaved very often, if not generally, like a downright idiot, and that her own feminine instincts should have been enough to keep her out of nearly all the scrapes and more serious troubles in which she became involved. She really must be considered by all readers whose common-sense is not dazzled into temporary insanity to have deserved little or no pity for the very worst that befell her. However, she was undoubtedly a very charming little beauty; and seldom has a novelist presented any prettier picture than that of the three motherless and, so far as supervision goes, fatherless girls, Lil and her two sisters, who are joint heroines, in diverse degrees, of this certainly entertaining and interesting, but unequal, and in some points unsatisfactory, novel. The flirtations of the sisters, the freedom of their intercourse with the other sex, their mingled "fastness" and genuine innocence, their independence, and, at the same time, their unblushing husband-hunting and cool acceptance of attentions without any intention of committing themselves, are capitally and most amusingly described. But Lil has more heart than her two sisters; and that heart would assuredly have taught her a better, a more honest course than that which she adopts. She is a coward, the novelist tells us; but a truly good heart will prevail against moral cowardice, though it may be powerless against physical. Still, it is easy to forgive her that cowardice when her exhibition of it enables us to appreciate more fully the noble, heroic character of Alice Duncan. It must be confessed that Lil is placed in a very awkward position; her thoughtless flirtations have caused a gallant gentleman to be murdered before her eyes by a jealous South American, and by the law of her destiny she marries the man whose half-sister was engaged to the murdered man. Of course, none of the interested persons are aware of this at the time of the marriage; and, when Lil discovers it, she is so horrified that, having no strength of mind, she keeps up the prevarication which had led her at first to pretend that she knew but slightly the gentleman who was murdered in the very act of throwing her (though as a friend and admirer only, and not as a lover) a complimentary bouquet. It was, perhaps, a perfectly natural and harmless prevarication at first, just to save her from the disagreeable necessity of satisfying vulgar curiosity or impertinent inquisitiveness; but it certainly looked very bad when she seemed to have tried to conceal the facts from her husband and his half-sister. It then looked as if there was some truth in the very worst that was said of her and her sisters by Captain Carnegie. At the same time, a protest must be entered against the view which the novelist appears to take of what an officer and a gentleman (and Captain Carnegie is described as being a gentleman as well as an officer in the Navy) would permit himself to say to a lady under the grossest provocation: it is impossible that he could ever have spoken and behaved to Lil as he is represented to have done—not though he believed her to have ruined the happiness of the girl he loved, and to have caused the death of his best friend by her heartless, selfish flirtation. It were well to read the novel, and form a personal opinion about this and other questions.

Some stories, without taking hold of you at the outset, have a way of growing upon you until you are quite sorry when you have come to the end; and that is the case with *Miss Bretherton:* by Mrs. Humphry Ward (Macmillan and Co.), against which, perhaps, a reader may be set at first by finding the odious word "chaperone" (*sic*) as early as the seventh page; but which gradually increases in interest and ultimately leaves you in what authors do not consider the objectionable position of "asking for more." No doubt it will be correctly inferred from the title that the story resolves itself for the most part into a study of a single character, which is that of the heroine, Miss Bretherton. What enhances the attractiveness of the study is that the portrait of the heroine seems to have been painted from observation of two living actresses, of whom each has suggested certain portions, and that, as a foil, a third living actress, of great celebrity, has been enlisted in the service. By this remark it is not intended that any unwarrantable liberty has been taken; but just so much of an idea, or of several ideas, seems to have been borrowed, as any person who courts publicity may fairly be called upon to lend. Miss Bretherton, then, is a "royal" beauty; she "hails," as the Americans say, from "a sugar plantation not far from Kingston," of which plantation her father was overseer; she is half Scotch, half Italian, which accounts for the peculiar brilliancy of her personal charms; she, as quite a little girl, showed a turn for acting, and had performed in private theatricals, so she "goes on the stage" in Kingston first, and then, thanks to her good looks rather than to her talents, in London; she is received with acclamation and becomes the rage, but for her personal attractions, not for her acting; in point of fact she cannot act a bit. It dawns upon her at last that she is accepted for her physical and not for her intellectual or artistic charms; she indulges in a tremendous outburst of indignation, showing thereby that "the root of the matter" is in her; she studies, she takes lessons, she trains herself and is trained by others; and at last she attains an excellence which would have raised her to the summit of her profession, had she been as little lovely to the outward vision as Madame Rachel was in her day. This gradual development is very well described; and with the description is intermingled the inevitable quantum of love, the intermixture being treated with skill, grace, force, and pathos.

"I speak of Africa and golden joys" is the motto chosen from Shakspeare by the Hon. Emily Lawless for her new novel, *A Millionaire's Cousin* (Macmillan and Co.). The scene of the tale is chiefly laid in Algiers, where John Hargrave, a thoroughly good fellow, has a charming villa worthy of a millionaire. John's one fault, in the eyes of Hildegarde Bonson, is that he is too rich. She is as proud as she is beautiful; and being at the same time poor, shrinks back the more John Hargrave advances. Mrs. Bonson, an affected woman who talks much nonsense about art, and is not as amusing as she is probably intended to be by the novelist, strongly promotes the match while unwittingly doing her utmost to prevent it. Hargrave has an artist cousin who visits him in Algiers, and relates the story of the wooing. When Miss Bonson refuses Hargrave, she comes to London to try her fortune as a painter. The girl's success seems very doubtful, in spite of the assistance of the cousin, who falls in love with her himself, and one is glad that all goes happy as a marriage bell at last. The volume is very readable, although not exciting, and a distinctive character is given to the story by the description of Algerian life and scenery.

Sir Charles Strickland has permanently reduced the rents of his Yorkshire tenantry by 15 per cent.

In congregation at Cambridge, it was agreed to raise on loan the sum of £70,000 for building the proposed new chemical laboratory and the Sedgwick Geological Museum.

The Show of the Bath and West of England and Southern Counties Association will be held, at the commencement of next month, in Preston Park, Brighton.

The new railway connecting Swanage and Corfe Castle with the main South-Western line from Waterloo to Weymouth was opened on the 20th inst.

The present Sir Watkins Williams-Wynn has succeeded to the Mastership of the Wynnstay Hunt, which was held for more than forty years by the late Baronet.

The School Board for London, at its meeting on the 21st inst., again discussed at considerable length the question of their legal expenses. The Board adjourned till June 18.

The Mayor of Lincoln (Mr. F. J. Clarke) has announced his intention of building a new Catholic church and presbytery in Silver-street, Lincoln. It is understood that the cost will be about £14,000.

The state of Sir Algernon Borthwick's health compelling him to relinquish for a time all public engagements, Lord Brabourne will occupy the chair at the complimentary dinner to Mr. Edmund Yates on the 30th inst.

The judges of the Stanhope historical essay at Oxford have adjudged the prize to Herbert John Maynard, scholar, St. John's, and they think the composition of Edward Douglas Maclagan, commoner of New College, worthy of honourable mention.

Yacht-racing has begun, and the regatta fixtures of the leading clubs run on until Sept. 10. Interest in the sport will, however, be drawn out to a later period, owing to the international races for the "America Cup" having been arranged to come off during the fall of the year.

At the triennial festival of the Charing-cross Hospital, held at Willis's Rooms, on the 20th inst., the Duke of Edinburgh presiding, subscriptions to the amount of £6500 were announced; and the chairman thanked Miss Matilda Levy for the munificent gift of £3000 for establishing a ward, in which Mrs. Brydges Willyams had also provided a fourth bed.

An attractive variety of entertainment took place each evening in Whitsun week at the Royal Victoria Hall and Coffee Tavern, Waterloo-bridge-road. The annual flower festival for children will be held to-day (Saturday) from two to four o'clock. Poole's splendid Diorama of Egypt will be on view at the hall all through June and July.

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated June 19, 1884), with two codicils (dated Oct. 6 and March 4 following), of Sir William Wellesley Knighton, Bart., late of Blendworth Lodge, Horndean, Hants, who died on March 13 last, was proved on the 9th inst. by Lieutenant-Colonel Henry Clarke Jervoise and Arthur Pollock, the acting executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £159,000. The testator leaves his property, Myrtle Farm, in the parish of Blendworth, to Edward Hobart Seymour, charged with the payment of the yearly sum of £360 to William Arthur Seymour for life; and he bequeaths £10,000 to Catherine Jane Jameson; £5000 each to Susan Frances Grace Seymour, Thomas Colthurst Jameson, Thompson Sampson Jameson, George Vaughan Jameson, and Sydney Beckwith Jameson; and other legacies. The residue of his real and personal estate is to be held, upon trust, to pay the income to his brother-in-law, Admiral Sir Michael Seymour, G.C.B., for life; at his death, one third is to go to Edward Hobart Seymour and the children of Michael Francis Knighton Seymour by his first wife, except the said William Arthur Seymour; £5000 to Mrs. Mackenzie; and the ultimate residue is to be held, upon further trust, for Mrs. Blanche Dawson, for life, and at her death for her issue as she shall appoint, except Helen Dawson and any female who shall enter any sisterhood, convent, or nunnery, or any similar institution, of the Greek, Roman Catholic, or Protestant Churches.

The will (dated July 1, 1881) of the Right Hon. Emily Theophila, Dowager Viscountess Ashbrook, late of No. 26, Queen's-gate-terrace, Kensington, who died on April 9 last, was proved on the 9th inst. by Lord Monson and Colonel William Lewis Grant, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £73,000. The testatrix bequeaths £500 to Theophilus John Metcalf; £200 to each of her executors; £50 each to the National Orphan Home, Hunncommon; the Princess Helena's College, late the Adult Orphan Institution, Regent's Park; the National Home for Crippled Boys, Kensington; and the Royal Normal School and Academy of Music for the Blind, Westow-street, Upper Norwood; and legacies to servants. The residue of her personal estate she leaves, upon trust, for her great-grand-daughter, Lady Clementine Frances Anne Pratt.

The will (dated Sept. 7, 1883) of the Right Hon. Anne Elizabeth Emily, Lady Cremorne, late of No. 34, Prince's-gate, who died on April 11 last, was proved on the 9th inst. by the Earl of Dartrey, the son, and the Hon. Richard Maitland Western Dawson, the grandson, two of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £11,000. The testatrix bequeaths £3000 to her said grandson the Hon. Richard M. W. Dawson; and there are specific gifts to her son, grandchildren, niece, and others. The residue of her estate and effects she leaves to her grandsons, Vesey John Dawson and Douglas F. R. Dawson.

The will (dated Jan. 24, 1882), with a codicil (dated Jan. 12, 1883), of Mr. Robert Parnall, late of No. 187, Bishopsgate-street Without, wholesale clothier, of The Cottage, Llanstephan, Carmarthenshire, of Ruislip Park, Middlesex, and of No. 69, Addison-road, Kensington, who died on Jan. 31 last, was proved on the 6th inst. by William Henry Woods and David James, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £216,000. The testator leaves all his freehold, copyhold, and leasehold estates and hereditaments in the counties of Carmarthen, Suffolk, and Middlesex, and elsewhere, upon trust, for his wife, Mrs. Elizabeth Parnall, if she so long continues his widow, until his son, Robert Henry, attains twenty-five—he receiving an allowance therefrom in the meantime—and then for his said son; he bequeaths £1000, and all his furniture, plate, pictures, books, effects, horses and carriages, to his wife; £70,000 upon trust, for her, for life, then as to £30,000 thereof as she shall by will appoint, and as to the other £25,000 to the person who would take his personal estate under the Statute of Distributions if he had died immediately after his wife intestate; £25,000, upon trust, for his wife, if she shall so long continue his widow, until his daughter, Rose Elizabeth, attains twenty-one, and then for her; and liberal legacies to his sisters, executors, wife's relatives, persons in his employ, servants, and others. The residue of the personalty he gives to his wife absolutely, and he confirms the settlement made on her. Full discretionary powers are given to his trustees to continue and carry on his business.

The will (dated Jan. 28, 1885) of Mr. Thomas Kelsey, late of Highfield, Winchmore-hill, who died on Feb. 15 last, was proved on the 15th ult. by Mrs. Elizabeth Mary Kelsey, the widow, Henry Richard Kelsey, the brother, and Thomas Boyle Woolley, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £31,000. The testator bequeaths to his wife an immediate legacy of £300, and the horses, carriages, wines, furniture, plate, jewellery, and effects at the dwelling-house in which he shall reside at his death; a further sum of £1000, to be applied by her for such charitable purposes as she shall think fit; and £100 to each of his executors, Mr. Kelsey and Mr. Woolley. The residue of his real and personal estate is to be held, upon trust, to pay the income to his wife, for life or widowhood, she maintaining, supporting, and educating the children of his second marriage, and then for all the children of his first and second marriages, to be equally divided amongst them.

The will (dated March 15, 1884), with a codicil (dated Nov. 10 following), of Mrs. Susannah Arethusa Milner-Gibson (widow of the late Right Hon. Thomas Milner-Gibson, P.C., M.P.), late of No. 5, Hyde Park-place, who died, on Feb. 23 last, at No. 11, Avenue du Bois de Boulogne, Paris, was proved on the 1st inst. by Jasper Joseph Alexander Milner-Gibson and George Gery Milner-Gibson Cullum, the sons, and George John Braikenridge, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £24,000. The testatrix directs £5000 to be raised out of certain trust funds, and, subject to the payment of two annuities of £50 and £100 thereout, gives the same to her son George Gery; the residue of the said trust funds she leaves, upon trust, for the daughters of her late daughter, Alice Mary Robertson; and there are some other bequests. All the freehold, copyhold, and customary hereditaments, under another settlement, she appoints to her said son George Gery, to whom she also leaves the residue of her real and personal estate.

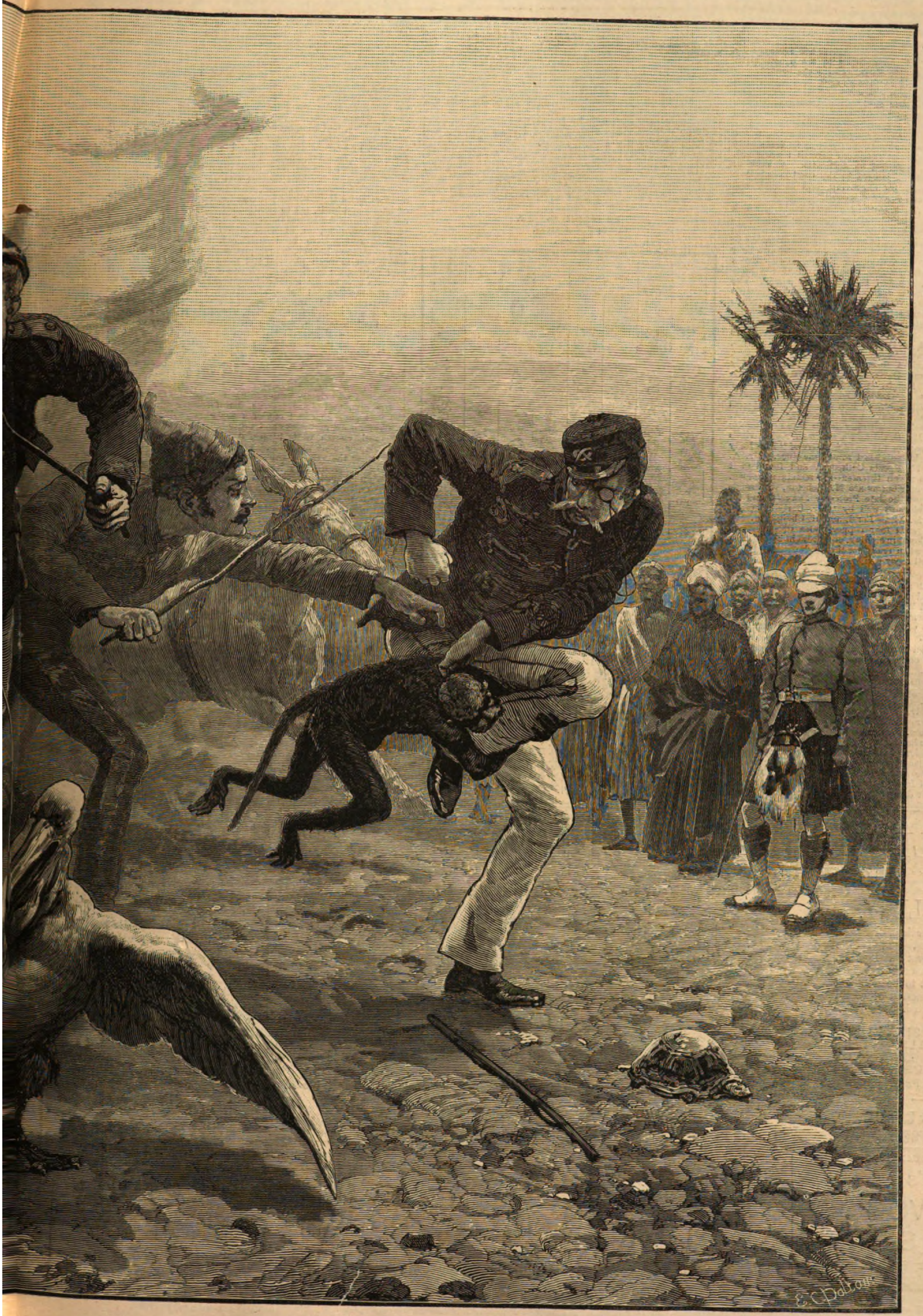
The will (dated April 23, 1873) of Major George Henry Cobbold, formerly of the 84th Regiment, but late of the 45th Regiment, who died, at sea, on Nov. 11 last, was proved on the 13th ult. by Horace Cobbold, the uncle, and Spencer Dixon, the half-brother, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £20,000. The testator leaves one moiety of his real and personal estate, upon trust, for his mother, for life, and then for the said Horace Cobbold; and the other moiety to the said Spencer Dixon and his brother, Alfred Dixon, in equal shares.

Bartholdi's gigantic statue of "Liberty" left Rouen on the 21st inst., on board the Isère for Bedloe's Island, New York Harbour. Military music was played by a garrison band as the anchor weighed.



AMUSEMENTS IN CAMP: A MEN

DRAWN BY R. C. WOODVILLE.



AGERIE RACE.

ART NOTES.

Mr. F. Sargent's picture of "Her Majesty's Drawingroom," now on view at Messrs. Tuck's Gallery, 175, New Bond-street, will not fail to attract a continuous stream of visitors. Those who have passed the ordeal will go to criticise, and those who have not will be glad to see what a Drawingroom really is. From an artistic point of view the scene presents so many difficulties that one cannot but admire Mr. Sargent's courage in attempting to reproduce it. The colours are arranged by the orders of the Lord Chamberlain, or by the equally stern laws of precedence, and over them, as over the grouping of the personages, the artist, who must on such an occasion be a realist, is helpless. The scene is supposed to be taken from the outside of the diplomatic circle, looking towards the dais on which the Queen, surrounded by the members of the Royal family, is standing. The picture contains some hundred or more portraits of well-known personages of the Court, the Ministry, and the Corps Diplomatique; and as in most cases Mr. Sargent has had sittings from the persons represented, the likenesses may be regarded as authentic. A work of this nature can scarcely be judged by the usual standard of criticism; it is intended for engraving, and as such will probably have a great and deserved success.

The exhibition of the Society of Painter-Etchers, which this year is held at the Dudley Gallery, Egyptian Hall, shows a very marked advance upon its predecessors. During the four years the society has been in existence it has attracted to its exhibitions many recruits, and has put the veterans on their metal. The president (Mr. Seymour Haden) contributes a single work, a mezzotint, "The Breaking up of the Agamemnon," (142), the moon just rising over the clouds. The lighter side of the plate is excellent, but the darker shadows are almost spongy. Mr. William Strong contributes a series of illustrations to Burns' songs and to Nicholson's "Brownie of Blednoch," of which the three relating to the latter (96-9) are excessively weird and clever. Of Mr. C. O. Murray's Oxford sketches, that of the "Virgin Porch, St. Mary's, Oxford" (175), is the most highly finished and delicate. Mr. M. L. Menpes has half a dozen excellent sketches, chiefly Spanish, and Mr. Frank Davenech is as prolific of Venetian studies. Mr. Joseph Knight is beginning to display very considerable power as a mezzotint engraver, and his talents and taste as an artist urge him to choose subjects eminently well adapted for this branch of the art. Miss E. A. Armstrong is always welcome with her little scraps of domestic or peasant life, and Mr. David Law's series of Scotch views show a marked advance upon those illustrative of "The Lady of the Lake," which he published some time since. Mr. A. Haig has "discovered" Upsala Cathedral, and found in it architectural beauties which threatened to remain unknown. Among the foreign contributors are M. Richeton, who sends an excellent portrait of the late Professor Fawcett, and M. Léon Richeton, who does as well by "Mr. Carlyle" (316), M. Brunet Debaines, M. Alexis Forel, and M. Chaigneau. Mr. P. G. Hamerton also sends four copper-plates illustrative of various processes employed in etching, and brought by different methods to the state when ready for the needle. Altogether, the exhibition will well repay a visit.

It is proposed that an Art Treasures Exhibition similar to that which was held at Manchester in 1857, and since then at Leeds, Dublin, and Wrexham, shall be held at Folkestone next year. The scheme is being warmly taken up in the district, and the list of patrons includes a large number of distinguished persons.

A society has been formed for the encouragement and cultivation of the art of making medals, under the title of the Society of Medallists. The committee consists of the Deputy Master of the Mint as president, the Slade Professors of London and Cambridge, the President and other members of the Royal Academy, the engraver of the Mint, Professor Chandler Roberts, Mr. W. Richmond, and others. The honorary secretaries are Mr. R. S. Poole and Mr. H. A. Grueber, of the British Museum. A small space in the International Inventions Exhibition having been placed at the disposal of the society for the exhibition of modern machinery and appliances used in the production and duplication of medals, it is proposed to illustrate their use by a limited series of selected medals by living British and foreign artists. The exhibition will be prepared with as little delay as possible.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All communications relating to this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

E H K (Brockley).—The last appeal is irresistible. The problem shall appear next week. Do you wish it to be published under initials, or your full name?

C A L B (Teddington).—Your last problem is good. You can obtain diagrams from W. Morgan, Caledonian-road, London, N.

J J L.—Surely, you do not want to be told that if, in No. 2144, after 1. Q to Q R 8th, Black play 1. B to Kt 2nd, White mates by 2. Q to Q R square?

J W B (Paignton).—We were all interested with your first communication; that is to say, all that is left of us. Thanks for good wishes.

Emmo (Darlington).—Mr. Brierley will be glad to know that you consider No. 2147 "out and out" the best two-mover you have solved for a long time.

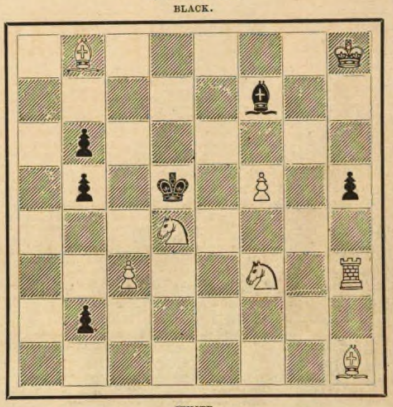
Correct Solutions of Problems Nos. 2135, 2136, 2137, and Jan Berk's Problem received from J S Logan (Blackburn, Natal); of Nos. 2137, 2139, and Jan Berk's Problem from O H Bate (Richmond, Cape of Good Hope); of No. 2143 from An Old Lady (New Jersey, U.S.A.); of Nos. 2140 and 2144 from Rev. John Wills (Barnstable, U.S.A.); of No. 2144 from F E Gibbins (Tiflis); of No. 2145 from Carl Stepan; of Nos. 2145 and 2146 from Marion Gurney (Thame); of No. 2146 from Emmo (Darlington), F B Webb, J W B (Paignton), D Waugh, F West, W M (Manchester), and Laura Greaves (Lugano).

Correct Solutions of Problem No. 2147 received from L Desanges, C S Coxe, S Farrant, Norma, Jupiter Junior, C A L Ball, B M W, R Gray, J E M F, L Falcon (Antwerp), C Darrach, Charles H Hanlon (Dublin), T Sinclair, W Dewse, F West, H Ingersoll, W J Rudman, H Lucas, Shadforth, R H Brooks, Hereward, B R Wood, E J Winter Wood, J H Shaw, Ben Nevis, John Hodgson (Maidstone), J A Schmucke, L Sharswood, Ernest Sharswood, F Ferris, Mrs. Monckton (Maidstone), D W Keil, Emmo (Darlington), A W Scratton, S Lowndes, D Waugh, F E H, Rev E Wells, An Old Hand, Rounton, E Louden, W H D Hewer, R J G, E Casella (Paris), "Kirby and the Essign," H Blackbeck, G W Law, A M Colborne, Aaron Harper, Julia Short, George Gouge, J K (South Hampstead), Otto Fulden (Ghent), R L Southwell, Charles G Brown, S Bullen, Richard Murphy (Wexford), A C Hunt, Lex, W Hillier, Rev. W Anderson (Old Romney), L Wyman, Clement Fawcett, J P Langley, A M Porter, W B (Clifton), N S Harris, Carl Stepan, F Marshall, and James Pilkington.

PROBLEM No. 2149.

By J. Sargeaunt.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in two moves.

An instructive Game played, in the last Winter Tournament of the City of London Chess Club, between Messrs. E. Hamburger and J. T. Heppell, the latter giving the odds of Pawn and move.

(Remove Black's K B P from the Board.)

WHITE (Mr. Hamburger).	BLACK (Mr. Heppell).	WHITE (Mr. Hamburger).	BLACK (Mr. Heppell).
1. P to K 4th	Kt to Q B 3rd	15. Q to B 3rd	Q to R 3rd
2. P to Q 4th	P to Q 4th	16. R to Q sq	Kt to R 5th
3. P to K 5th	B to B 4th	17. Q to Kt 4th	R to B 4th
4. B to K 3rd	P to K 3rd	Well played. Black has now a fine combination in his hand.	
5. P to Q B 3rd	K Kt to K 2nd	18. Kt (Q 2nd) to B 3rd	Kt (R 5th) takes P
6. B to Q 3rd	B takes B	19. K to R 2nd	
7. Q takes B	Kt to B 4th	If White had taken the Kt, Black would have recovered the piece with a winning position—thus:	
8. Kt to B 3rd	B to K 2nd	19. Kt takes Kt	Kt takes P (ch)
9. Q Kt to Q 2nd	Castles	20. K to R 2nd (best)	It takes Kt, and wins.
10. Castles (K R)	Q to K sq	19.	Kt takes Kt
11. B to Kt 5th		20. K R takes Kt	Kt takes P
Weak; because it has no better purpose than exchanging pieces.		21. K to Kt 3rd	Q R to K B sq
11.	Q to R 4th	22. R to K 3rd	Kt to Kt 4th
Taking immediate advantage of the adversary's mistake.		23. R to Q 3rd	Kt takes Kt
12. B takes B	Q Kt takes B	24. R takes Kt	R to Kt 4th, and White resigned.
13. P to K R 3rd	Kt to Kt 3rd		
14. Kt to K sq	Kt to B 5th		

A MENAGERIE RACE IN CAMP.

Our British soldiers, in the tedious garrison service and long periods of inactivity in camp, which most of the troops in Egypt and in the Soudan have endured from time to time, needed occasional amusement. Lord Wolseley, in his excellent manual, "The Soldier's Pocket-book," recommends every officer to take a lively interest in the sports which afford wholesome diversion to the men under his command. His Lordship does not particularise any of these; but it is known that he, as Commander-in-Chief of the Army in Egypt, has permitted a variety of entertainments to be got up, to relieve the monotony of camp life. Races, cricket, football, athletic contests of strength and agility, and many other healthy open-air pastimes, have generally been encouraged; but the queerest thing we have heard of is the "Menagerie Race," which our Artist, Mr. R. C. Woodville, when he was at Cairo in 1883, had an opportunity of seeing and sketching, and which has since been performed at Souakim, though not very recently, by some of the officers and soldiers belonging to the force of Sir Gerald Graham. The rule of this peculiar race is that the men run on foot, each driving loose before him some animal of his own choice; and there is an elaborate system of handicaps, of course, with a scale of precise distance allowances for the different powers of speed in such a diversity of beasts and birds, not to mention reptiles and insects. We are not informed who was the original inventor of this ingenious piece of drollery, or in what region of the globe where British troops have been quartered, and at what period of our military history, it first provoked the hearty laughter which is of so much physical and mental benefit to men long kept waiting for orders to march and chances of fighting. It seems to have become an established institution connected with all race-meetings at Cairo, along with the camel-races, the donkey-races, and a special form of horse-racing, in which the rider of one horse drives another, with long reins, in front of him, tandem-fashion, making on the course a very effective display. The Menagerie Race can be varied at pleasure, to any extent, by the competitors selecting and procuring whatever animals they may fancy; and in the unexpected appearance of novelties, with the absurdity of such an incongruous assemblage, is great part of the fun. Upon one occasion, we are told, Major Chermside, R.E., the distinguished officer lately commanding at Souakim, drove a mouse before him, and Lord Marcus Beresford, for his part got the best pace he could out of a snake; but dogs and cats, monkeys, geese and ducks and other domestic fowl, are more frequently chosen, while horses, donkeys, mules, camels, and oxen may be made available. The handicapping is arranged by starting the various animals and drivers, with consideration of the respective kinds, at different distances from the winning-post, calculated according to the speed of the creatures, so that the mouse, for example, would have but five yards to run, while the dog or the donkey might have a course of two hundred yards. The allowance for a snake or a tortoise has not been recorded in Mr. Woodville's report of this diverting affair, which causes great merriment among the civilian spectators and the native people, as well as in the breasts of Tommy Atkins and his comrades of the Queen's Army.

The gold medal awarded at the London University presentation was gained by Edmund Wilkinson Wroughton, M.D., of St. Bartholomew's Hospital.

At the last monthly court of the Fishmongers' Company, it was unanimously resolved that a grant of £2000 be made to the Marine Biological Association of the United Kingdom—£1000 to be paid this year, and the remainder in annual sums of £200 during the next five years.

The executive council of the American Exhibition of 1886, after examining the merits of various sites, have given the preference to that at Earl's-court, Kensington, in close proximity to the site of the South Kensington annual exhibition, and of equal area—about twenty-two acres.

In the absence of Lord Shaftesbury, Sir John Kennaway on the 21st inst. opened a branch of the Prison-gate Missions in Grosvenor-road, when Mrs. Meredith, the head of the home, gave some particulars as to the manner in which the female criminals of the neighbouring Millbank Prison were received as they quitted the gates, and detailed the means adopted to bring them back to an honest and useful life.

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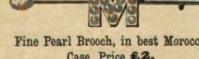
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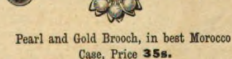
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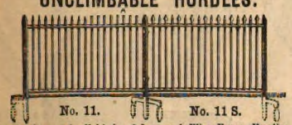
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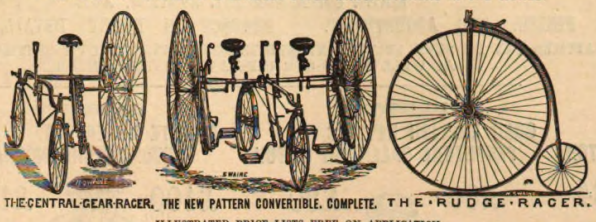


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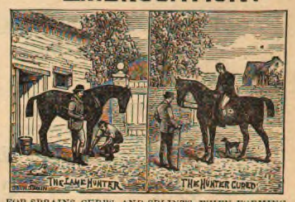
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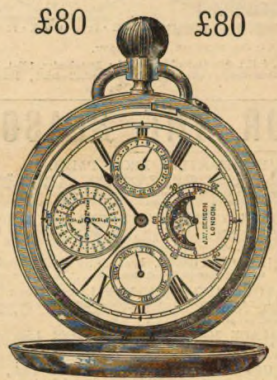
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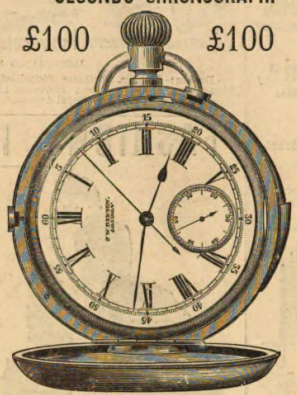
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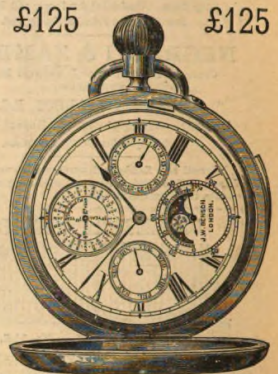
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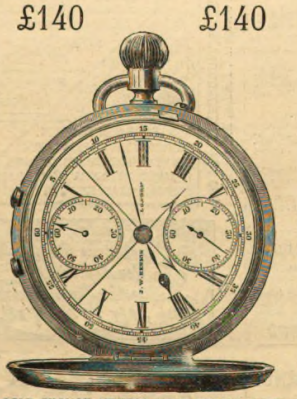
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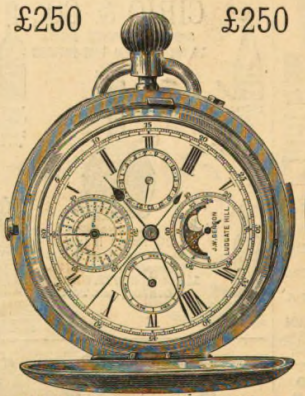
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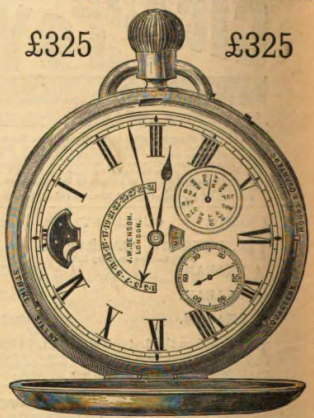
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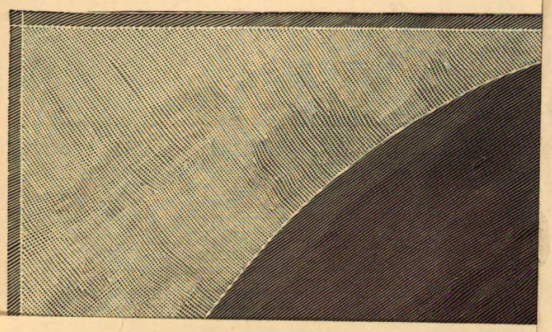
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Rosalind (aside to Celia): I will speak to him like a saucy lackey, and, under that habit, play the knave with him. Do you hear, forester?

Orlando: Very well. What would you?

Rosalind: I pray you, what is't o'clock?

THE PASTORAL PLAY AT COOMBE HOUSE, KINGSTON-ON-THAMES: SCENE FROM "AS YOU LIKE IT."

OUR NOTE-BOOK

This week the Derby has been the favourite topic, and any kind of Derby talk has been taken kindly.

Some benighted heathen, apparently, does not even now know that Diomed, the first winner of the Derby, was imported into America (Virginia) by Colonel Hoomes, and died there at the great age of thirty-one years, having previously become the sire of the great American horse, Sir Archy, who was the sire of Timoleon, who was the sire of Boston, who was the sire of Lexington, who was about the best horse ever bred in the United States, and was himself the sire of the famous Harry Bassett and of Preakness, Duke of Magenta, Bay Final, Brown Prince, and other horses, besides Optimist, well known in this country.

Nor, it would seem, does everybody know that the same Colonel Hoomes was almost certainly the first "Yankee" who ever competed for our Derby, for which he ran a colt (called Horns in England, where he was bred, and Escape in the United States) as long ago as 1801. This was half a century or more before the era inaugurated by Mr. Ten Broeck.

Some people, too, are evidently "surprised to learn" that there is a case of a colt which ran but once in his life (in a public race) and then won the Derby. This was (Chestnut) Middleton, who won the Derby in 1825, though he had a "bucket of water inside him," which his stable-lad had (for a consideration) allowed him to drink. However, his trainer declared that he could have won "with five gallons inside him," and could have won in "a trot." Yet such a horse never did anything before or after, and made no mark here as a sire. What he did in Russia, whither he was sent in 1833, may no doubt be ascertained from the Russian records.

Though the horse that is favourite at starting does very often win the Derby, he is more frequently "bowled over," in the proportion hitherto of about 2 to 1. In fact, out of 105 Derbys the favourite, up to this year, had been "bowled over" sixty-nine times.

Ever since the Dewhurst Plate was won by Paradox last year, he had been first favourite for this year's Derby, or had disputed the favouritism with Melton, until the Two Thousand was lost and won in so exciting but unsatisfactory a fashion. Paradox then wavered a while, disputed pre-eminence with Melton, dropped down a point or so, and ultimately on the 28th ult., amidst a shower of sinister reports, sank, though only for a day, and without the slightest reason, below Melton, Xaintrailles, the Chopette colt, and Royal Hampton. As for Xaintrailles, the "Frenchman," when it was known that he was not to run for the French Derby, which valuable stake seemed to be at his mercy, prophets of evil shook their heads over "poor old Entrails" and predicted that it would be with him as it was in 1876 with his compatriot Braconnier, who, after four "successive wins," came over here (instead of remaining in his own country to dispute the French Derby with Kilt) to run for our Derby and got well "bet" for his pains. We now know all about it until next year brings round the same state of uncertainty again; for last Wednesday the relative positions of Melton, the favourite, Paradox, Royal Hampton, Xaintrailles, the Chopette colt (Crafton), Red Ruin, and the rest of them, were settled, when the most puzzling Derby of some years past was decided, and "public form" was completely vindicated by the positions of first and second obtained by Melton and Paradox, respectively. It would have been almost too much if Mr. Brodrick-Cloete, in his very second season of racing (at any rate, in his own name), had won both Derby and Two Thousand, and so beaten the records of the "fortunate youth," Mr. Bowes, of Streatlam, and of the "lucky Baronet," Sir J. Hawley. And so Melton, as was suggested in these Notes last week, has broken the spell that seemed to have hitherto prevented a winner of the Middle Park Plate from winning the Derby.

The phonograph, an instrument for bottling up sound, to be poured out at will, not once only, but many times, is an amusing toy, which has found favour with many musicians, amongst them being Madame Adelina Patti, whose favourite method of surprising her guests at her Welsh home is to sing her sweet notes into it, and, by turning a handle, make them repeat themselves through the metal tube. Beyond entertainment, it is difficult to see what use the phonograph can effect; but someone has recently patented an invention, which, properly applied, will be a great boon to the public. It is called an antiphone, and for it is claimed that it can reduce sound to a minimum. If it only can be procured at a reasonable price, how eagerly it will be sought after by those who are bothered by street-organs or brass bands! How delightful it will be to be able at will to deaden the shrill cry of the fishwoman at the seaside, and to stop the noisy wailing of a baby! Should the invention really be genuine and practicable, there is a grand future for it.

There was an item missing from the recent ill-fated Japanese Exhibition which certainly might have attracted considerable interest—a direct descendant of the first professor of dancing. In Japan vocations are hereditary—a man succeeding to the occupation of his father as a matter of course. At Tamba next month Umewaka Makoto will celebrate the one-thousandth anniversary of the death of Hiyogo-no-Kami Tomotoki, his first ancestor in the terpsichorean line of business; and it does seem disappointing that the interesting commemoration could not have been held at Knightsbridge.

The recent revision of the Bible has called attention to Bibles generally, and especially to those famous for their curious misprints. Several of these have been issued since 1611, when the old authorised version was published and dedicated to the "high and mighty" King James I. The earliest is the "Placemaker's Bible," printed at Geneva in 1561, in which the letter *l* was substituted for an *e* in the seventh beatitude. The "Vinegar Bible" was published at Oxford in 1717, the word *vineyard* being misprinted *vinegar*. In the "Wicked Bible," only four copies of which are now in existence, the negative was left out of the seventh commandment, and the printer was fined £3000 by Archbishop Laud, though it is said to have been finally commuted to £300. The "Persecuting Printers' Bible," in which the Psalmist is made to say "Printers have persecuted me without a cause," dates from 1702. The "Ears-to-ear Bible" was printed at Oxford early in the present century, the mistake occurring in Matthew xii. 43; and no less than three editions, the latest being 1823, transform the word *fishers*, in Ezekiel xvii. 10, into *fishes*, so that the phrase reads "fishes shall stand upon it." "Breeches" Bibles are comparatively common, and are so called because the garments made by Adam and Eve of fig-leaves are styled "breeches" instead of "aprons."

Some fine old Beauvais tapestry, which had found its way to New York, was cut up in a most heart-breaking and sacrilegious manner a week or two ago. The treasure belonged to a firm of dealers in curiosities, who had occasion to remove into larger premises, and while that operation was going on, it was stolen by a man who sold it as old rags for a few pence. The purchaser cut it into six pieces for bags, but most willingly gave them up when he heard what the value was, and how the tapestry was obtained. It will probably be joined together again; and, as public attention has now been called to its antiquity, will be readily sold.

Every now and then some novel production proves the wonderfully artistic eye possessed by some of the lower industrious Irish. A few rich and beautiful rugs and portières have been seen of late in wealthy New York mansions, which present an Oriental appearance of all that is subduedly gorgeous, with occasional glints of gold and silver. Everyone wonders what they are made of, and in spite of their costliness there is a large demand for them. The truth is that they are neither more nor less than silk rag carpets made in a heavy old fashioned-loom by an Irishman who solaces himself with a black pipe, and works by the light of a couple of tallow candles. Old silk skirts, ribbons, &c., from the rag-shops are cut into small strips and woven in promiscuously with morsels of gold and silver thread sparingly intermixed. The borders are woven separately in rich patterns, all of which come as if by instinct from the Milesian's brain through the medium of his apparently clumsy fingers.

Anecdotes of Victor Hugo are legion, and some of them are interesting because they turn on the conduct of other prominent people. During the worst days of the siege of Paris, the poet gave away a great deal of money, making use of Madame Paul Meurice—who did not long survive that terrible time—as his almoner. She told him one day of a poor woman, without clothes, food, or fuel, whom she thought very deserving; and Victor Hugo gave her a hundred francs, which were gratefully accepted. Two days afterwards, Madame Meurice found the woman in the same state of destitution, and asked where the hundred francs had gone. She said she had distributed them among famishing mothers and children of her acquaintance; and, as inquiry proved that this was perfectly true, Victor Hugo sent her another hundred francs, on condition that she spent it on her own necessities. This she absolutely refused to do, saying that she would rather not have it at all: so Madame Meurice gave her *carte blanche* to do as she would with it. This obstinate woman was no other than Louise Michel.

Miss Robinson's Institution for Soldiers and Sailors at Alexandria is doing a good work. Every troop-ship is met, and hot coffee served out to the men; and the commander of the six hundred Marines who have just returned home in the Australia says that it was a godsend to his men.

A praiseworthy example of the thrift and industry of American women a generation or two ago is afforded by a Mrs. Button, who kept her hundredth birthday on May 20, near Newhaven, Connecticut. When young she earned her living, and saved money, as a dressmaker, making as many as 160 dresses in a year; and, on the principle that change of work is as good as play, she used to rake rye in the fields at harvest-time, buying her own clothes with the payment she received for doing so. She was, moreover, a good spinner, and could spin a hundred knots of yarn in a day, walking ten miles out and home to the work, and also did a good deal of hand-loom weaving at a shilling a yard. During her married life she kept all her husband's business accounts in her head; but her widowhood has been long, as Mr. Button died in 1834. She lives in great comfort on a valuable little estate, which is the fruit of her earnings, and is said to be in good health.

What is the meaning of the sugar-loaf hat which it has pleased ladies to adopt in these latter days? Do they wish to be regarded as witches, to all of whom—and not to the Lancashire variety only—that sort of hat was wont to be attributed? If so, they might proceed a little farther and assume the broomstick also; a score or two of witches riding broomsticks instead of "screws" in the Row would be a decided novelty, and would assuredly attract that attention which the sex that wears the sugar-loaf hat is said to value above rubies.

A new kind of buoy and other life-saving appliances has recently been tested in the sea off the Atlantic Yacht Club, near New York, and found perfectly successful. Everything was stuffed with Alaska down, and the hair of deer and antelopes, and all the articles proved extremely buoyant; so that even the smallest of them would be amply sufficient to support two grown persons in the water.

FUNERAL OF VICTOR HUGO.

The preparations for the apotheosis of Victor Hugo have absorbed the attention of all France during the past week. The funeral decoration of the Arc de Triomphe, the transformation of the Panthéon, the prospect of a collision between the police and the revolutionaries, the possibility of getting a good place to see the show—such have been the great topics of the day. From the beginning, the funeral of the great poet assumed the character of a "show." The construction of the colossal catafalque in the Arc de Triomphe was watched day and night by thousands of sightseers, and finally a regular fair was improvised on the Place de l'Etoile. Last Saturday many people passed the night in the open air in order to witness the translation of the coffin from the poet's house to the cenotaph. On Sunday, from ten a.m. to six p.m., hundreds of thousands defiled past the cenotaph, which was covered with an immense black velvet pall, spangled with silver tears, piled up with wreaths and flowers, and guarded by successive detachments of the scholar battalions. At night, green fire was burnt in huge candelabra arranged round the Place; mounted cuirassiers holding torches were drawn up in line on either side; all the gas-lamps from the Place de la Concorde up to the Place de l'Etoile were covered with crape; the Arc itself was draped with crape and an immense veil of black crape slung over one side. The aspect of the monument at night was very curious; it loomed up darkly from amidst a surging crowd of men, women, and children, roaring, screaming, whistling, singing—an irreverent, disorderly, and dangerous multitude.

On Monday, the day of the funeral, this crowd was driven back by the police and military, who occupied all the avenues as early as six o'clock, when the deputations and groups began to arrive and take up their positions. I may say at once that the organisation of the whole ceremony was admirable. All the twelve hundred groups, societies, and delegations which took part in this colossal manifestation found their stations without confusion in the vast avenues which stretch west, north, and south from the Arc de Triomphe. In all the great arteries leading westward you saw nothing but troops, cavalry, gymnastic societies, bearers of crowns, flowers, banners, and emblems of all kinds, forming veritable torrents of humanity. By ten o'clock every coign of vantage along the route was occupied. Paris was ready to witness the spectacle.

No words can describe that spectacle. Prodigious, astounding, unparalleled, thrilling, colossal, are but feeble adjectives compared with the impression which it is desired to convey. The cortége itself was prodigious. In striking contrast with the splendour of the military, itself augmented by the presence of Arab chiefs in brilliant costume; with the magnificence of the ten chariots laden with flowers and wreaths, and escorted by 3000 children of the scholar battalions; and with the grandeur of the interminable cortége, was the simplicity of the poor man's hearse, the *corbillard des pauvres*, in which lay the coffin of the poet, adorned simply with two palm branches and two wreaths of white roses. And behind the hearse followed deputation after deputation, crowns of flowers, flags, banners, bands playing the "Marseillaise," regiments with muffled drums, gymnastic societies in gay uniforms, firemen with their helmets glistening in the sun, deputations of the towns of France and of the two hemispheres, bringing lyres constructed of flowers and wreaths, so immense that some of them had to be drawn by horses. Even more striking than the procession itself, which, according to official statistics, was composed of at least 800,000 persons, was the still more numerous crowd which thronged along the Champs Elysées, the Place de la Concorde, the Boulevards Saint-Germain and Saint-Michel, and around the Panthéon. Every tree swarmed with people, every window, every ledge, every balcony, even every chimney—for it is literally true that people were to be seen quietly seated on the vertiginous elevations of chimneys and eating a modest breakfast under the shelter of an umbrella. In the Boulevard Saint-Germain, especially, the façades of the houses swarmed with humanity, clinging to the stone like flies by prehensile means not displayed in the occupations of ordinary life. The statues of the Place de la Concorde, representing the great cities of France, were laden with humanity; in the basins of the fountains men and boys found sitting and standing room; under the very hoofs of the cavalry horses forming the barrier between the crowd and the cortége sightseers found a perilous place; along the quays and wharves of the Seine the crowd was so thick that the front rows stood up to their knees in water. Never has such a crowd been seen in Paris. No King, Emperor, or General ever received the homage of such a vast multitude.

The head of the procession, which started from the Arc de Triomphe at 11.30, arrived at the Panthéon at 1.45 without incident or accident. The bier was conveyed into the crypt; the orators took up their position at the head of the steps, where a catafalque had been erected; and the défilé began. Only the press and a privileged few were admitted inside the railings of the Panthéon; the rest of the procession passed to the right or the left of the monument, and dispersed. Each group as it passed dipped its flag or banner, and deposited its wreath of flowers on the steps of the Panthéon or against the railings. Candelabra and lampadaria, placed under the colonnade and at each corner of the palisades, shot green flames into the air, and mingled a smell of incense with the perfumes of the flowers. The air re-echoed with the "Marseillaise," alternating with the rolling and rattling of drums, the strident notes of bugles, and the clapping of hands and applause, as the deputations of Belfort, Metz, Strasbourg, Alsace-Lorraine, Alexandria, Rio Janeiro, the Ligue des Patriotes, &c., arrived with magnificent floral trophies. This unparalleled défilé, which began at 1.45, continued rapidly and with interruption until seven p.m., when the last squadron of cavalry and the last battalions of the army of Paris marched past the front of the Panthéon.

The Anarchists and revolutionaries, about whom we have heard so much lately, made a pitiful show in this colossal ceremony. Some eighteen groups presented themselves with red flags, which were seized by the police during the formation of the procession without difficulty or resistance. If the revolutionaries chose the Hugo funeral as an occasion for showing their numbers, they amply proved that they are not worth notice. The curious thing is that a handful of imbeciles should be able to make so much fuss in the newspapers. It is true that if the revolutionaries had been a thousand times more numerous yesterday, they would have been unable to do anything, so excellent were all the arrangements for preserving order. But the important point to be noticed is that the population of Paris takes no interest in these ranting disturbers of the peace, and that a Ministry so wanting in prestige as the present one has only to take the most ordinary precautions in order to frighten the whole band into respect. In short, Monday was a great day for the Republic, and a great day for literature. Certainly there was excess and exaggeration in the details of the spectacle of this funeral, the whole ceremony, grandiose as it was, lacked majesty and dignity. Nevertheless, in the whole history of humanity we find no record of homage paid to literary genius such as that which Paris and France and the whole civilised world paid on Monday to Victor Hugo.

T. C.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

The revival of "Olivia" at the Lyceum redeems the passing season from the sin of common-place. Here, at any rate, is one entertainment wholly free from the silliness that disfigures the major part of modern dramatic art, and honestly delights the reflective playgoer. This charming fancy, half pastoral, half poetic, as human in its idea as it is dramatic in exposition, was the great and memorable success of the management of Mr. Hare at the Court Theatre in 1878. Mr. W. G. Wills, who had done so much good work for the stage, had never before pleased his audiences so well, and the loving care which was devoted to this old English classic by Mr. John Hare, in conjunction with his friend Mr. Marcus Stone, marked a new era in poetic revivalism in connection with histrionic art. When the rumour first spread that Mr. Henry Irving intended to revive "Olivia" when he returned from America, anxious fears were expressed as to the wisdom of the proceeding. First of all, it was argued that Miss Ellen Terry and her companions of the Court had acted "Olivia" so well that it was simply impossible that it could be done better. Then there were other considerations—Would not the Lyceum stage be too large for the elaboration of so simple a play; would not its bouquet be lost in so extended an atmosphere; and, lastly, how would Dr. Primrose, the dear old Vicar of Wakefield, suit the style of Henry Irving? All hesitation is now lost in a chorus of praise, as sincere as it is well deserved. The Lyceum stage is not at all too large for Olivia; its fragrance is as dominant and as delightful as ever; and Henry Irving's Vicar of Wakefield is as interesting, as picturesque, and as well considered a study as his Charles the First, or his Eugene Aram. Those who doubted the wisdom of the revival forgot what strong dramatic interest is contained in this simple story of the home affections; they failed to observe, in addition, its pretty detail, the representation of English country life in the middle of the last century, the delightful pictures of Vicarage garden and parlour, the trees in fruit, the beds in bloom, and all that pastoral peace which is occasionally presented to us across the footlights. Still, this was no light lyric lost in an elaborate and beautiful binding. The sudden reduction of the good Vicar's family from opulence to penury, the temptation of Thornhill, the flight of Olivia, the discovery of the young Squire's treachery, the identification of the sententious Burchell with Sir William Thornhill, the moralist, the wandering of the old Vicar in search of his child, and the return of the lost lamb, are in reality as strong elements of human and dramatic interest as are contained in the boldest of dramas. Elsewhere they are treated roughly; here they are delicately handled. At other places they may be utilised for modern melodrama; but in this case, Mr. Wills, with his graceful and refining touch, has retuned the poem without injuring the play. There is no disputing about matters of taste. Such a work as "Olivia" is gall and wormwood to the Philistines. They ridicule it, as they must ridicule all that is imaginative and fanciful; but, on the other hand, it is a distinct gain to secure in London, at the present moment, a play so interesting and so well acted as this. Miss Ellen Terry has improved upon her original conception of Olivia. Those who are familiar with the present version of the old story will remember that exquisitely touching moment where the Vicar's daughter, on the eve of her departure from home, distributes her love-gifts to the assembled family, and with difficulty breaks away from the associations that are dearest to her in the world. This scene, as interpreted by Miss Terry with heartfelt emotion, is one of the most pathetic moments in modern dramatic literature. It shares with the farewell scene in "Charles the First" the honour of drawing more tears than have fallen in a theatre since Robson gave his inimitable performance of Sampson Burr in the "Porter's Knot." That Olivia's farewell is as profoundly touching now as it was in 1878 need not be stated to those who understand the strange effect of Miss Terry's deep but tender tones. But it is in the third act that this graceful artist now shows how great an influence she has over the sympathies of her audience. The change from the gay, light-hearted, and childlike wife to the bruised, beaten, and despondent woman; the contrast between Olivia rejoicing at the prospect of a return to home and loved ones, and Olivia standing crushed and disgraced before the false man who has deceived her, are interpreted with consummate skill. No less admirable and pathetic are the scenes where the old Vicar forgives his erring child, and comforts her out of her almost hysterical grief. It is here, most of all, that the assistance of such an actor as Henry Irving in the character of Dr. Primrose is found. Every scene with the daughter is lifted, beautified, and idealised by the actor, who has made such a loving study of Goldsmith's venerable clergyman. The scene where the Vicar breaks away from Olivia, tries to lecture her on her transgression, and breaks down over the hopeless task, is as natural as it is finely executed. Mr. Irving makes of Dr. Primrose a refined gentleman, a chastened Christian, an idolizing father. By one of our most able literary critics, the position of Goldsmith's Vicar of Wakefield has been likened to the sorrows and resignation of Job. "He begins life with a good fortune, a handsome house, and wealthy friends, but is reduced to utter poverty without any fault of his own, and being reduced like Job, like Job he is restored." This comparison is certainly not rendered less apposite from a study of Mr. Irving's acting, so full of dignity and delicate pathos, so firm in outline and so subdued yet harmonious in colour. It is certainly one of the very finest and most consistent of Mr. Irving's many studies of the human mind under "the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune," and is as subtle in device as the conscience-haunted Matthias or the despairing Eugene Aram. Another most able performance is the Squire Thornhill of Mr. William Terriss, a picture of eighteenth-century manner of the most vivid and admirable kind. Mr. Terriss not only looks the rake and heartless lady-killer, but gives to the personation far more original thought than is usually expended on such characters by young and popular actors. The careless insincere love-making, the reckless contemptuous air of the pampered man, the frequent signs of awakened conscience, and the fierce rage with which Thornhill turns, when he is wounded with reproach, on the taunting Burchell, are admirable points in a performance of great power and excellence. This is certainly one of the best things Mr. Terriss has ever done. At the outset, it was thought to improve on the last act of the play by constantly changing the scene from the exterior to the interior of the Vicar's house. But, however good in idea, it was feeble in execution. The value of the play is its simplicity, and what could be more beautiful than the idea of the weary clergyman and his repentant child stealing into the Vicarage parlour in the chill grey hours of Christmas morning? How suggestive the fancy of the sleeping household to be rejoiced with the sight of their loved ones on this day of reconciliation and love! The cold room warmed by the fire of human affection! No snow-scenes or landscapes are required to suggest what has been so admirably suggested by the poet-dramatist. Mr. Irving has accordingly reverted to the original arrangement of the scene, and abandoned the "mechanical changes," which were always ingenious but never very popular.

The public who love clever acting will be delighted to find Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft once more in "Sweethearts," that pretty and clever contrast by Mr. W. S. Gilbert that created such a favourable impression when first produced at the old Prince of Wales's Theatre. A still more brilliant artistic "contrast" is that between Mrs. Bancroft's Jenny Northcott and her Nan in "Good for Nothing." When this gifted lady retires from the stage it will lose one of its greatest ornaments and the most consummate artist of her time. Not all the brilliant dash or impetuous style of Mrs. Bernard Beere, or the endeavour of Mr. Forbes Robertson will win favour for Garrick's iconoclastic version of Shakspeare's "Taming of the Shrew" called "Katharine and Petruchio." It is a bad, senseless play, created when the actor's vanity was in excess of his love for Shakspeare or veneration for his art; and no acting will rescue it from the contemptuous treatment it deserves.

C. S.

THE PASTORAL PLAY AT COOMBE HOUSE.

Following the precedent created by herself last summer, Lady Archibald Campbell and her "Pastoral Players" gave on Saturday last the forest scenes of "As You Like It" in the historic grounds of Coombe House, where Lord Liverpool, seventy years ago, entertained the Allies on their way to the grand naval review at Portsmouth.

The audience, headed by the Prince and Princess of Wales and Prince George of Wales, with the three Princesses, his sisters, included Prince Edward of Saxe-Weimar, the Duke of Saxe-Meiningen, the patron of players *par excellence*, the Marquis of Lorne, the Persian Ambassador, Malcomb Kahn, and other foreign Ambassadors, as well as some five hundred men and women representative of leisure, rank, and culture. Plaudits, repeated and spontaneous, showed how thoroughly the audience approved of the manner in which the piece was produced and played.

The total absence of all theatrical conventionality gave to the whole performance a charm of exhilaration and novelty. Among the company were many amateurs, but the fact of their being so was undiscernible; also several professionals of note, such as Mr. Hermann Vezin, Mr. Charles Fulton, and Mr. Elliot, but they brought with them no suggestion of the foot-lights. When the curtain rose, or rather fell, it was a veritable forest glade that filled the eye; and the hunters, in buff and russet clad, as they grouped themselves on the uneven sward, seemed, thanks to the nice colour-sense possessed by Lady Archibald Campbell, and which her manager, Mr. E. Godwin, threw into correct archæologic form, as natural an element in the woods of Coombe as ever were Robin Hood and his merry men in the forest of Sherwood. The leaves overhead rustled in the breeze, and the birds sang in the sunshine, filling up the pauses in the chorus-singing, and aiding the nymph Echo to give natural continuity to "What shall he have who killed the deer?" We need not enlarge on the charms of Miss Calhoun's Rosalind, or the naiveté of Miss Annie Schletter's Celia—they played well together—or the fascinating picturesqueness of Mrs. Plowden's Phœbe, or the pastoral *gaucherie* of Miss Fulton's Audrey. We can say, without any reserve, that the players of both sexes did admirably, and that the stately, yet lithe and graceful, figure of Orlando (played by Lady Archibald herself), coupled with sonorous declamation and emphatic yet natural action, gave a crowning propriety and verisimilitude to the whole performance.

How far Lady Archibald Campbell, who has created this woodland delight for us, is filled with the true dramatic instinct, may be read in the current number of the *Nineteenth Century*, in which she has a remarkably appreciative and learned article on "The Faithfull Shepherdesse" of Fletcher. By a happy coincidence, Lord Archibald Campbell, who afterwards entertained the Royal party at dinner in his own house of Coombe Cottage, was able to present to the Princess of Wales the first copy of his sumptuous book (published by Blackwood and Sons) on "The Folk-Lore, Songs, and Legends of Argyll."

Another representation of "As You Like It," at Coombe House, will take place this (Saturday) afternoon. "The Faithfull Shepherdesse" will be produced on Tuesday, the 23rd inst., and will also be performed upon the 25th and 27th inst.

J. F. R.

Mr. E. Watts-Russell gave one of his charming recitals on Wednesday afternoon at Prince's Hall.

A more than usually excellent amateur performance was given at the Gaiety Theatre last Saturday morning by the "Busy Bees," in aid of the Central London Throat and Ear Hospital, the pieces chosen being "For Her Child's Sake," and "The Palace of Truth." Mr. Ayres and Mrs. Lennox Browne in the first part evinced real pathos. The same lady as the Queen, Miss Edith Gellibrand as the Princess, and Miss Brandon as Mirza, combined to ensure an exceptionally fine performance of Mr. W. S. Gilbert's comedy. A net profit of nearly £200 was announced.

At a special assembly of the Incorporated Society of British Artists, held on Tuesday evening, Mr. Mortimer L. Menpes was elected a member.

Miss Nellie Bass, daughter of Sir A. Bass, M.P., unveiled a bust of the late Mr. M. T. Bass, at St. Paul's Institute, Burton-on-Trent, on Tuesday afternoon, in the presence of a large company, including Mr. Wiggin, M.P., and Sir A. Bass, M.P.

It is stated that the secretaryship of the Beaconsfield Club, the vacancy in which was filled up a day or two ago, was contested by some 500 applicants, including Baronets, Generals, and other officers of the Army and Navy, members of Parliament, and members of the Civil Service.

Hawarden was visited last Saturday by many hundreds of excursionists, who enthusiastically cheered Mr. Gladstone. Their efforts to induce the right hon. gentleman to address them were, however, fruitless, as he was suffering from a cold. He was, however, able to read the lessons at church on Sunday.

The Free Church Assembly of Scotland, meeting in Edinburgh, discussed the subject of disestablishment at great length on Thursday week, and by a large majority adopted a motion proposed by Principal Rainy declaring that disestablishment is urgently called for in the interests of justice and of the peace and welfare of the country.

A new Congregational church in Castletown-road, near West Kensington railway station, was opened on Tuesday with a service, at which the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon preached the sermon. It is a handsome building, costing, with the site, £15,000. Of an early Gothic character, the general shape is cruciform, with a massive central tower and a clerestory supported by flying buttresses.

A sale of work from the Gentlewomen's Self-Help Institute (15, Baker-street, Portman-square) will be held at 23, Rutland-gate, by permission of Lord and Lady Egerton of Tatton, next Thursday and Friday, June 11 and 12. The work will consist of fancy and useful articles of every description; also clothing for the poor. All the work of necessitous ladies, and sold for their benefit. Entertainments at intervals during the day. The Lady Mayoress will open the sale on June 11 at 2.30.

MUSIC.

THE CARL ROSA OPERA COMPANY, DRURY-LANE THEATRE.

The series of performances of operas in English closed, last Saturday evening, with Mozart's "Marriage of Figaro," which was given for the only time during the season. The cast was generally excellent, Madame Marie Roze and Madame Georgina Burns having, respectively, as Susanna and the Countess, sung and acted with charming grace and refinement. Madame Julia Gaylord, as Cherubino, displayed high dramatic talent in representing the pert humour of the forward Page, and genuine sentiment in the delivery of his music. The cast was completed, with various degrees of efficiency, by Mr. B. Foote as Figaro, Mr. Ludwig as the Count, Mr. Burgon as Bartolo, Mr. C. Lyall as Basilio, Miss E. Collins as Marcellina, and others in subordinate parts. Mr. Carl Rosa conducted, and he and Mr. Augustus Harris and the principal performers were called forward and enthusiastically applauded.

The performances all through the series have been of high efficiency: and they have been ably conducted, alternately, by Mr. Randegger and Mr. Goossens; Mr. Rosa having presided on two or three occasions.

Last week's concerts included a performance at St. James's Hall of "Elijah" by Mr. Michael Watson's choir, conducted by him; the occasion having been for his benefit.

The second of the series of excellent chamber-music concerts, given last week by Madame Frickenhaus and Herr Ludwig at Prince's Hall, comprised performances of classical instrumental music, in which the skill of the concert-givers, respectively as pianist and violinist, was very successfully displayed. Mr. Lionel Hume made a highly favourable impression in his rendering of several vocal pieces. It was his first appearance, and his performances were such as to hold out a prospect of a successful career. His voice is a baritone of agreeable quality and good range.

Mrs. Dutton Cook (Mrs. Charles Yates) has returned to the exercise of a profession in which she attained a deservedly high position at an early age. As a pianiste, she was a distinguished student of the Royal Academy of Music, and her proficiency was successfully manifested at the concert given by her last week at the residence of Mr. R. D. Sassoon, Belgrave-square. The concert-giver's technical skill and refined style were specially displayed in Sterndale Bennett's beautiful sonata "The Maid of Orleans," and in shorter solos, besides her co-operation with Signor Albanesi in a duet for two pianofortes. Vocal pieces were contributed by Mesdames Valleria, Biro Marion, Fassett, Misses Phillips and Elliott; recitations were given by Mrs. Bernard Beere and Mr. Wilson Barrett, and a musical sketch by Mr. Grossmith.

Señor Sarasate—the eminent Spanish violinist—gave the fourth of his series of orchestral concerts at St. James's Hall last Saturday afternoon, when his rare executive skill was displayed in M. Lalo's "Symphonie Espagnole," and smaller pieces by other composers. Orchestral works were rendered by a full band conducted by Mr. W. G. Cusins.

Madame Jenny Viard-Louis gave the third of the present series of her interesting Beethoven concerts at Prince's Hall on Monday afternoon.

The sixth Richter Concert of the present series took place last Monday evening, when the programme opened with Beethoven's overture in C, op. 15, entitled "Namensfeier"—a composition produced, in 1814, in celebration of the name-day of the Emperor of Austria. Although not ranking among the best works of Beethoven, the overture deserves to be heard more frequently than it has been. It was followed, at Monday's concert, by two orchestral movements from Liszt's oratorio, "Christus"; one illustrating the "Singing of the Shepherds at the Manger," the other the "March of the Three Holy Kings." There is much effective writing in each piece, together with some of that eccentricity which characterises most of Liszt's music. A remarkably fine rendering, by Madame Valleria and Mr. E. Lloyd, of the great love-duet for Sieglinde and Siegmund, from the first act of Wagner's "Die Walküre," was a special feature of the concert, which closed with Beethoven's Pastoral symphony.

Mr. Henry Leslie's choir began a new season—at St. James's Hall—on Thursday evening under his conductorship. The programme comprised several works of interest.

This (Saturday) evening will bring forward, at the Gaiety Theatre, for the first time in England, M. Delibes' opera, "Lakmé," by a French operatic company, including Mdlle. Van Zandt, who will represent the heroine of the work just named, as in its original performances in Paris.

The far-famed Strauss band, from Vienna, was announced to appear this week at the International Inventions Exhibition.

An American concert is to be given next Tuesday evening, at St. James's Hall, in aid of the relief fund for sick and wounded soldiers in the Soudan. The performers—amateur and professional—will be of American nationality.

A Balfe memorial concert will be given at the Royal Albert Hall, next Wednesday evening, when Madame Christine Nilsson will make her first appearance since her return to London. The programme also includes the names of Madame Trebelli, Mr. Sims Reeves, Mr. Maas, Signor Foli, and other eminent artists, in association with a varied selection from the works of Balfe.

It is now stated that there will be an Italian Opera Season at Covent-Garden Theatre, under Mr. J. H. Mapleson's management, to consist of twelve performances—on Tuesdays and Saturdays—beginning on June 16—Madame Adelina Patti to be the leading attraction.

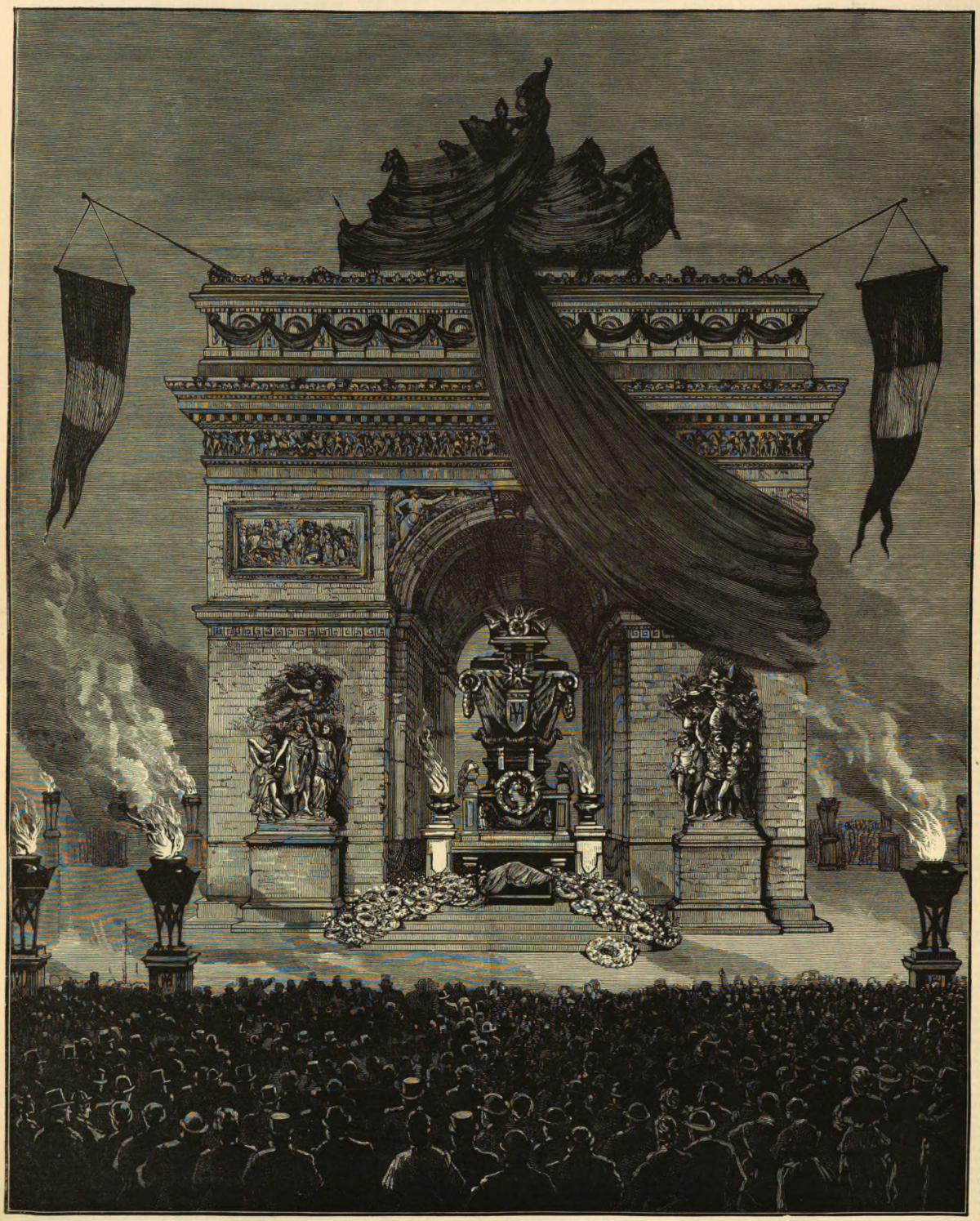
The London branch of the United Richard Wagner Society successfully inaugurated their season on Friday, May 29, by a conversazione at the Art Galleries of Messrs. Dowdeswell in Bond-street. Instrumental and vocal selections from Wagner's works formed a special feature of the evening's entertainment, Mr. Walter Bache presiding at the pianoforte.

Mdlle. Rosebery gives her second and last pianoforte recital of the season at St. James's Hall this (Saturday) afternoon; and the Musical Artists' Society give their thirty-seventh performance of new compositions this (Saturday) evening at Willis's Rooms.

Mr. Herbert Reeves will give his first concert at the Crystal Palace next Monday afternoon; and Madame Catherine Penna's annual matinée musicale is announced to be given, the same time, at Beethoven Rooms, Harley-street.

The loan collection of historical musical instruments, musical manuscripts, and other curiosities in connection with music at the Inventions Exhibition, was submitted to view last Saturday, previous to the formal opening thereof. The exhibition of pianos and their predecessors, violins, piano-organs, and other instruments of various kinds and periods, and of ancient and modern manuscripts, will prove of high interest and attraction to the musical public.

The Dublin Corporation have decided that instead of three black castles on a blue ground, the future city flag shall exhibit a harp on a green ground, with three white castles in one quarter on a blue ground.



FUNERAL OF VICTOR HUGO IN PARIS: THE BIER AT THE ARC DE TRIOMPHE, CHAMPS ELYSÉES.



DRAWN BY F. BARNARD.

Police-Constable Z 99 came round the corner, and interposed his bulky person between the combatants. "Now then!—now then!" said he; "just stop that, will yer! A couple o' gents like you!—you ought to know better."

ADRIAN VIDAL.

BY W. E. NORRIS,

AUTHOR OF "MDLLE. DE MERSAC," "MATRIMONY," "THIRLBY HALL," &C.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

THE WRATH OF MR. WILBRAHAM.

Doubtless there are circumstances under which it becomes a duty to inform some relative or friend that he is conducting himself like a perfect idiot; but under no circumstances can this duty be an agreeable one to those who are at all likely to discharge themselves of it with success. The people who find satisfaction in it are precisely those who might keep silence with advantage. Georgina's announcement of her engagement brought her such hearty congratulations from her brother that she felt it impossible to attack him then and there upon the subject of his misdemeanours; and when, a few days later—being urged thereto by De Wynt—she ventured upon a tentative remonstrance, he checked her at once.

"For Heaven's sake," he exclaimed, "don't begin to scold! I am not sure what are the crimes that you suppose me to have been guilty of; but to save time, let us say that I have broken the entire decalogue at a blow, like Moses. Well, I don't repent. I am not in a repentant humour, and you won't bring me into one by telling me what a poor opinion you have of me. Really and truly, you had better leave me alone."

Georgina was very much inclined to agree with him. She secretly sympathised far more with her brother than with her sister-in-law, and thought that the latter had brought the greater part of her troubles upon herself. As she did not deem it prudent to say this, she held her tongue.

In the meantime, De Wynt was not the only person who was keeping a watchful eye upon Adrian and his proceedings. From the outset Mr. Wilbraham had detested his successful rival. Indeed, he was a man to whom successful rivals were very apt to be detestable, and he would, no doubt, have discovered plenty of defects in Adrian's character, if the latter had not saved him the trouble of making any research in that direction. When, therefore, he saw Vidal dancing half the night through with that naughty little Mrs. Black, or sitting in dark corners with the more demure but not less dangerous Mrs. White, and when at balls, dinner-parties, and crushes, he looked in vain for Vidal's wife, his blood began to boil. Where was Mrs. Vidal? Did that fellow lock her up, so that he might be the more free to carry on his endless flirtations? Did he ill-treat her? Did he beat her? Wilbraham believed that the man was capable of it. His apprehensions became at length so harassing to him that he resolved to find out whether they were well founded or not by the simple expedient of calling in Alexandra-gardens. Some men might have felt this to be an act of doubtful wisdom; but it did not appear so to Wilbraham, who would no more have thought of making love to his neighbour's wife than of picking his neighbour's pocket, and who merely wished to be assured that the woman who might have ruled over his heart and household, was contented with the destiny which she had chosen in preference to that. What course he was prepared to adopt in the contrary event, he had not asked himself.

He found Clare at home and alone. She was sitting beside her work-table, and as she rose to receive him, laying down the doll which she had been dressing, a faint flush mounted into her cheeks. Evidently she was a little surprised at seeing Wilbraham, who had never until now chosen to darken her doors; but she did not express her surprise in words, and it was he who experienced a momentary embarrassment. He accounted for his presence, after a few minutes, by saying:—

"I called to see whether you were still alive, Mrs. Vidal. I meet your husband almost every evening; but you, never. Why do you hide yourself from your friends in this way?"

"The few friends that I have in London know where to find me," answered Clare. "I am not particularly fond of parties."

"Yet you used to be fond of them. I don't think anybody enjoyed balls more than you did in Rome."

"Ah, that was a very long time ago."

"Two years."

"Well, two and a half. But two years may be a long time. It all depends what has happened in the course of them. One can't manage to enjoy dancing after one is married quite as much as one did before."

"Your husband"—began Wilbraham, but stopped himself. It would be rather bad taste to tell her that her husband did not find matrimony incompatible with social diversions; and, besides, she could hardly require to be informed of that fact. "You were ill nearly the whole winter, were you not?" he asked, abruptly. "You don't look very well now."

"Don't I? I feel perfectly well," answered Clare; "and I was not really ill then. I am afraid I am always ready to make the most of any excuse for getting out of London."

"Of course you are!" cried Wilbraham, warmly; "and quite right too! A born and bred Londoner may go on filling his lungs with coal-smoke, and persuading himself that he likes it; but as for anybody who has been accustomed to breathe *air* keeping well here, I simply wouldn't believe him upon his oath if he asserted such a thing. And why on earth should you live in a place which you hate, and which doesn't agree with you? Vidal isn't a doctor or a lawyer or anything of that kind. You ought to insist upon his moving into the country."

Wilbraham fastened eagerly upon this grievance, in default of a better, and made himself quite hot over it. His vehemence rather amused Clare, who laid her work down upon her knees and looked up at him with a smile.

"Married people can't insist upon having everything that they wish for," she remarked. "Some day, perhaps, Mrs. Wilbraham will insist upon spending the greater part of the year in London; and then what will you say?"

"I shall give in—or rather I *should* give in. I don't say that I should like it; but I would let her have her own way if I thought it would make her happy, and I certainly shouldn't hesitate for a moment if I thought her health depended upon it. However, it does not much matter, as the case will not arise."

"Let us hope not. Still, it may."

"Excuse me; it cannot arise. I shall never have an opportunity of showing my devotion to Mrs. Wilbraham for the excellent reason that there never will be a Mrs. Wilbraham. I think you must know that."

Clare stitched on at her work without replying, and presently Wilbraham asked, "Do you mind my saying so?"

"I would rather you did not talk like that," answered Clare, glancing up at him for a moment. "It—it seems such a pity."

The pity of it all was very visible to her. She could not help being touched by the constancy of the man whom she had rejected, and contrasting it with the inconstancy of the man to whom she had given all the love that she had to bestow. She could not help seeing what a much happier thing it would have been if she had been able to love the first instead of the second—much happier, not only for Wilbraham and for her, but for Adrian himself, as well as for the clan of young Irvines, whose respective careers might have been made smooth for them by a rich and powerful brother-in-law. But she had not been able to love Wilbraham; she had not been able to help loving Adrian; and so everybody concerned had been disappointed. There was no use in thinking about it, still less in talking about it—but it was a pity.

Wilbraham unconsciously echoed the last of her thoughts, without having divined the preceding ones. "Yes; it's a pity," he agreed; "but, as you say, there's no use in talking about it."

Apparently, he did not find it easy to hit upon any other theme of conversation, for he sat for some time in silence, gazing at Clare, who had resumed her occupation of putting little naked dolls into decent clothing.

"What are you going to do with those things?" he asked, at length.

"With the dolls? I am going to take them to my children."

"Your children?"

"At the hospital, I mean. Did you know that there was such a place as a Children's Hospital in London? I did not, until a short time ago. Somehow, one doesn't associate the idea of suffering with children. Yet they do suffer—some of them dreadfully—and I think the saddest part of it all is their patience."

"Poor little things!" said Wilbraham. "Do they want money at this hospital?"

"All hospitals want money," answered Clare, smiling.

"I'll remember. And so you take them dolls and things. Do you go there often?"

"I manage to go there most days. They have got to know me now, and I flatter myself that some of them are disappointed when I don't appear. I enjoy sitting with my children much more than going to balls."

"Well, but that isn't quite natural," remonstrated Wilbraham. "It's very good of you, and just like you, to take pleasure in visiting the sick; but it ought not to be your only pleasure. At your age, you ought to like amusement."

"But I don't, you see."

"That is just it; that shows that there must be something

wrong. No one who was happy at home would want to—to run off to a hospital every day."

This was assuming a little too much, and Clare perceived that she had been imprudent in allowing such an inference to be drawn. "I did not mean you to understand that I was unhappy at home," she said, with a slight accent of displeasure. "I don't know why you are so determined to take that for granted. I remember that you said the same thing to me a year ago."

"Yes; I know. I ought not to say it, I suppose; but I can't pretend that your happiness is a matter of indifference to me. It was not very likely that I should cease to care from the moment that you married whether you were happy or not. Can you tell me that you are?"

"You have no right to ask," returned Clare. "Supposing that I were as miserable as you wish me to make out, I certainly should not like to confess it; but you would put me into such a position that I should be almost obliged to confess it. The truth is that you can't believe in the possibility of my being happy with anyone except yourself. You made up your mind from the first that my husband and I were not suited to each other; and when you discover that he is fond of society, and that I am not, you begin to triumph."

This was rather hard upon poor Wilbraham; but Clare felt that she must be hard upon him, if she wished to preserve her self-respect. To complain to him of Adrian would be disgraceful, and to let him go away with the impression that cause for complaint existed would be scarcely less so.

Such, nevertheless, was the impression with which he did go away. He accepted his rebuke meekly enough. He apologised, and begged Clare to forgive him; but not the less was he convinced that she was a martyr. He left the house, full of pity and anger, and with a bitter sense of impotence. She had chosen her lot, and neither he nor anyone else could alter it. That fellow would go on as he had begun—if indeed he did not grow worse as he grew older—and the end of it would be that, some fine morning, he would elope with one of the married women to whom he was so fond of paying court. Just the sort of thing that a man of that description was bound to do sooner or later!

"I should dearly love to break his head for him!" muttered Mr. Wilbraham, as he strode down Cromwell-road, brandishing his stick, and scowling fiercely at the surprised pedestrians whom he met in that interminable thoroughfare.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

CHILL PENURY.

It is said by the experienced in such matters that there can be no greater mistake than altering the name of a newspaper or magazine which has been for a certain time before the public. According to this theory (which, if correct, exhibits the intelligence of the ordinary reader in a somewhat startling light), you may change your politics, your editor, your writers, and other trifling adjuncts without thereby lessening your average sale, since those who have been purchasers will continue to be purchasers from mere force of habit; but the moment that you adopt a new title your publication becomes a new one, and must fight its way into popular recognition in the face of the customary difficulties. Possibly, the proprietors of the *Anglo-Saxon* may have been advised to this effect when they took to themselves a fresh editor, revised their list of contributors, and decided to bring their periodical out once a week, instead of once a month. If so, they had perhaps omitted to take into account that there may be just as much risk in retaining a name associated with failure as in discarding one which has hitherto been connected with success. Be that as it may, the young *Anglo-Saxon* could not be got to rise resplendent from the ashes of the old. Country clubs and reading-rooms did not seem to care about it, the railway traveller fought shy of it, and its contemporaries did not welcome its appearance in that brotherly spirit which the enlightened mind is ever ready to display towards a rival.

Of course, there were various ways of accounting for so discouraging a state of affairs. The editor averred that the cold shade of Pilkington still brooded over his paper; Egerton complained that the tone of the principal articles was too flippant to please; while Adrian was inclined to attribute the small sales to the invincible stupidity of the public, against which, as we know, the gods themselves contend in vain. But there could be no difference of opinion as to the fact that the paper was not paying, had not paid in the past, and showed little sign of paying in the future. That being so, the time seemed to have nearly come for singing its requiem. And one disconsolate contributor only sighed and murmured, "I expected this," when he received a note from his chief briefly informing him that the forthcoming number of the *Anglo-Saxon* would be its last.

Obviously, the very first thing to be ascertained was what effect this collapse was likely to have upon the pecuniary interests of the humbler proprietors; and Adrian promptly set forth to seek out Mr. Larkins and question him upon the point. For three days he sought him in vain. Larkins was not at the office, he was not at his club, nor could he be heard of at his private residence at St. John's-wood, which *ultima Thule* Adrian reconnoitred without avail.

"It really almost looks as if the man wanted to keep out of my way!" he exclaimed, at last, to Percy Kean, whom he had chanced upon in the course of his peregrinations, and who laughed and said,

"I don't know why he should want to keep out of your way. You can't bully him, now that he isn't your editor any more."

"I never did bully him; it was he who used to bully me. I am anxious to see him now, because I happen to have invested £2000 in his confounded paper, and I should like to have them back, if quite convenient."

Kean whistled. "You don't say so! I had no idea you were such a—h'm—public-spirited fellow. But what are you going to do with poor Larkins when you catch him? I don't suppose you 'll find your two thousand inside him if you kill him and cut him open."

"No; but he always managed the money, I believe. At least, I used to be paid for my articles by cheques bearing his signature."

"Oh! Well, there may be a balance of £2000 at the bank for him to draw upon; but I shouldn't think it was over and above likely. If I were you I should look up old Egerton. That 's your best chance."

Adrian rather thought it was, though at the same time it did not strike him that his best chance was a particularly good one. However, he betook himself to the house of Mr. Egerton, whom he found not only at home, but quite ready to condole with him.

"Upon my word, Vidal," said he, "I feel quite ashamed when I think that it was I who originally led you into joining this fiasco of an *Anglo-Saxon*. All I can say is that I honestly believed I was doing you a good turn at the time."

"I am sure you did," answered Adrian. "You couldn't foresee that it would be a fiasco."

"No, by George! nor that it would be such an expensive one either. If I had—but there 's no use in grumbling about it. It 's the old story, you know—a fool and his money. Well, I shall know better another time."

"You consider your money lost, then?"

"It 's all spent, at any rate. In fact, I don't know that I shall not have to spend a little more, for we haven't finally squared up accounts yet. I suppose it 's all right; but it seems to me as if this paper must have been utterly mismanaged."

"I put two thousand into it," observed Adrian, mournfully.

"Sorry to hear it. Pilkington tells me that he did the same."

"I imagined from what he said that he had put in more. It was he who persuaded me to make the investment, though I was rather unwilling to do so. But I did think that I should at least be able to withdraw my money when I wished."

"So you could, I suppose, so long as it was there to be withdrawn. What was to prevent you?"

"Mr. Larkins prevented me. That is, he represented that I should give offence if I left you just at the time when the paper was taking a fresh start. And he gave me to understand that the chief proprietors would not allow me to incur any loss."

"If Larkins said that," cried Egerton, reddening, "he said a most improper thing! Larkins seems to think that he can take the coats off our backs, and that we shall immediately offer him our cloaks also. I am sincerely sorry that you should have dropped money; but if I make myself responsible for other people's losses in addition to my own, may I be part proprietor of an infernal silly newspaper for the rest of my days! You must see yourself that such demands are preposterous."

"I am quite aware that I have no legal claim"—began Adrian.

"Nor any moral claim either, that I can see."

"Well, I hardly know as to that. I must say that Mr. Larkins warned me that he was speaking without authority; but he certainly led me to believe that I might safely leave my money where it was, and upon the strength of that I did leave it where it was."

"Well," said Egerton, who was walking about the room, with his hands in his pockets, "I 'll be hanged if I see it! You have a case against Larkins, I allow; but why didn't you come to me and ask whether we were really such fools as he made us out? You see, if we indemnified you, we couldn't well refuse to indemnify Pilkington, and, for anything that I know, half a dozen others into the bargain. It 's rather too much to expect of us that we should do that."

Adrian could not but feel that it was. He went away with the melancholy conviction that he had not only failed in the object of his visit, but had left a disagreeable impression behind him. Though still a young man, he had lived long enough in the world to be aware that those who have been the victims of sharp practice should never proclaim themselves victims. Enmity may be obtained in that way and sometimes contempt; but restitution never. Moreover, he had caused Egerton to lose his temper and speak sharply; and that is an offence which no man can easily forgive.

These reflections kept our luckless hero company as he wended his way westwards, and very poor company he found them. It annoyed him to think that he had behaved in an undignified manner; but a momentary loss of dignity was not, after all, so bad as the permanent loss of £2000; and this again was but a trifle in comparison with the sacrifices which he knew that he must shortly make in order to meet his liabilities. When to these causes for unhappiness he added the failure of his last novel, the coldness of many of his friends, and, last, not least, Clare's stubborn resentment, he felt that he was indeed justified in calling himself a miserable man. He would have to go home and tell his wife that their style of living must be reduced. Probably they would be obliged to move into a smaller house; certainly they would have to give up such superfluous luxuries as entertaining their friends at dinner and keeping a man-servant. The whole prospect was gloomy enough. "I might as well die, and have done with it!" inwardly ejaculated Adrian in one of those outbursts of petulance which had lately become common with him.

It was getting late in the afternoon when he entered the Park, and, striking across it, saw in the distance that slowly-flowing stream of carriages which, at a certain season of the year, may be taken as fairly representative of the wealth and aristocracy of England. "Good-bye!" he murmured, regretfully, as he gazed at the colour and glitter of that significant procession. To him it was significant; to him it was the expression of a life which he loved, and which he was leaving. Fashionable society had treated him very kindly, and had endeared itself to him, not because he was infected either by the old form of snobbishness which worships a coronet or by the baser form of modern snobbishness which bows down before a full purse, but because well-bred people are more agreeable to associate with than those who are not well-bred, and because even rich people are able to surround themselves with refinements which are denied to the poor. Adrian thoroughly appreciated these refinements; he liked to have pretty things about him, to look at pretty faces and listen to soft voices and to sit down to dinner at tables made beautiful by cunning floral decoration. But now there must be an end of all that. What his future life would be like, he could only conjecture dimly; but that it would have to be ruled for some time to come by a rigid economy was certain, and every pleasure that entailed expenditure must be sternly rejected. The one solace to which he was able to look forward was hard work; and even hard work can give little comfort to a man who has begun to doubt his powers.

Now, it is perfectly possible to walk along the streets of London, lost in a sombre reverie and pensively swinging your umbrella between your finger and thumb, so long as you steer straight ahead and remember the rule of the road for foot-passengers; but any sudden change of course demands a more careful look-out; and of this Adrian was made aware when, on turning a sharp corner in the neighbourhood of Cromwell-road, he came violently into collision with a big man who was twirling a big stick.

The stick caught Adrian's umbrella and sent it flying into the middle of the road; the man nearly knocked Adrian himself off his legs and then, with great presence of mind, called out, "Why the devil don't you look where you are going, Sir!"

"My dear Wilbraham," remonstrated Adrian, mildly, "is that the tone of voice in which to address a man whose best umbrella you have just deposited in a sea of mud?"

"Oh, how do you do, Vidal? I didn't know it was you," said the other. "Beg your pardon, I 'm sure. It was your own fault, all the same."

"I suppose so," observed Adrian, meekly; "I notice that most things are my fault. I much resemble the lamb who couldn't help interfering with the wolf's water-supply even though he did drink lower down the stream."

Wilbraham snorted, without making any articulate response.

He was not by nature a quarrelsome man, but he was in a very quarrelsome mood; and at that moment nothing would have afforded him greater delight than to roll Adrian over in the mud beside his umbrella. As this was not practicable, he very foolishly determined to relieve his feelings by giving Vidal a piece of his mind.

"I have just been at your house," he began, in a decidedly aggressive tone.

"Yes?" said Adrian. "I am sorry I was not at home; but I hope you saw Mrs. Vidal."

"I did; and I was shocked to see her looking so pale and ill."

Adrian's brows drew together. "I don't think you had any occasion for being shocked," he remarked. "My wife is quite well."

"I thought her looking very pale and ill," repeated Wilbraham, doggedly. "I 'm not surprised at it either. Are you aware that she goes every day of her life to a hospital, where she may catch scarlet fever or mea-les or—or goodness knows what? How you can allow her to run such risks I can't understand!"

"Infectious cases are not taken at the hospital which you speak of," answered Adrian, very quietly; "and will you excuse my adding that I don't care about being told what my duty to my wife is?" He saw that the other meant to pick a quarrel with him, and he was not himself in the humour to put up with much impertinence.

"I dare say you don't," retorted Wilbraham, with a short laugh. "No; I should think your duty to your wife would be about the last thing you would like to be told of."

"May I ask what you mean by that?"

"Certainly you may; and I 'll answer you, too. I mean that it isn't doing your duty to your wife to keep her mewed up at home while you go larking about all over the place. I mean that it isn't doing your duty to your wife to make love to every silly woman you meet. That 's what I mean."

"As that description does not apply to me," observed Adrian, still preserving a calm exterior, "I don't know that I need notice it."

"You can notice it or not, as you please," returned Wilbraham, evidently disappointed. "If you think the cap don't fit you, you had better consult Mrs. Vidal. Perhaps she may take a different view."

"What!" exclaimed Adrian hotly. "Do you mean to say that she"——

"I don't mean to say another word about the matter, except that *I* consider that the cap fits. And if you ask me my personal opinion of a fellow who acts in that way, I haven't the least objection to telling you that I look upon him as a blackguard."

What in the world is to be done with a man who stops you in a public thoroughfare and calls you a blackguard? A Frenchman, of course, would have no difficulty in answering the question; but an Englishman, to whom custom has denied the use of pistol and small-sword, has little choice between passing on with the ignoble retort of "You 're another" and doing as Adrian did, and hitting out with his left.

The objections to this latter course are obvious, and they become greatly increased if you unfortunately fail to knock your antagonist down. Wilbraham, who was not unskilled in the art of self-defence, avoided the blow, dropped his stick, and threw himself into a fighting attitude; and a most merciful thing it was, both for the respectable member of Parliament and for the distinguished literary man concerned, that Police-Constable Z 99 came round the corner at this juncture with measured tread, and, taking in the situation at a glance, interposed his bulky person between the combatants.

"Now then!—now then!" said he; "just stop that, will yer! A couple o' gents like you!—you ought to know better. Now, are you agoin' to walk off quiet, or would you rayther come along o' me to the perlice-station?"

Everybody knows the effect of a pinch of snuff upon two dogs who have fastened on one another. However enraged they may be, however intrepid, they must needs leave go in order to sneeze; and it frequently happens that, having sneezed, they will trot away in opposite directions to think things over. Honour has been satisfied, and a fight which ends in a draw is very nearly as good as a victory. It was thus that Messrs. Wilbraham and Vidal went their several ways without exchanging another word or look, and thus that the readers of the daily papers were defrauded of a delightful bit of scandal.

(To be continued.)

Mr. H. M. Stanley was entertained at a public breakfast by the Baptist Missionary Society, in acknowledgment of the great work which he had been instrumental in carrying out in Africa, and especially of his services to missions. Mr. Stanley gave a sketch of the hardships endured by missionaries, and admitted that at one time he had ill-understood them.

There will be a grand concert on the Crystal Palace Handel Orchestra next Wednesday, by 5000 selected voices from the Sunday-schools of London and the country, accompanied by the Crystal Palace Band and the great organ. The programme will include the "Hallelujah Chorus," from "The Messiah"; an anthem composed for the occasion by David Davies, the organist of the choir; and other suitable anthems, choral pieces, psalm tunes, &c. Conductor, Mr. Luther Hinton; organist, Mr. David Davies.

The instruction which the St. John Ambulance Association has given as to the means to be taken to give first aid to the injured, is frequently unavailable for the want of simple bandages in the necessity for a tourniquet to stop the bleeding from a dangerous wound such as may arise, especially from accident, in the crowded streets of London. To meet this want Messrs. Russell and Everett, of Rochampton-street, Vauxhall-bridge-road, have, under the auspices of the association, brought within the compass of a pocket-book the appliances which an instructed person can use in an emergency for the saving of life from the result of an accident or crime.

At the Inventions Exhibition, in the South Central Gallery, the well-known firm of J. W. Benson, Ludgate-hill and Old Bond-street, shows some curious and uncommon miniature watches, costly complicated watches, the chronograph used for timing the Derby, the perpetual calendar and clock watches, &c. Two watchmakers are engaged in putting together the newly invented "Ludgate" watch, the various parts of which are made in grosses, and to illustrate the interchangeable system upon which the whole watch is made. The workmen take the pieces from the bulk as they come, and thus form the complete watch.

The annual court of governors of the Hospital for Consumption, Brompton, was held last week in the board-room of the hospital—Mr. T. P. Beckwith in the chair. From the report of the committee of management, read by the secretary (Mr. Dobbin), it appeared that the charity benefited a larger number of in-patients in 1884 than in any previous year. The financial position of the hospital was so frequently misunderstood and mis-stated that the committee felt compelled to reiterate the fact that the fixed income did not amount to £3000 a year, whilst the ordinary expenses of the two buildings, containing 321 beds, exceeded £24,000 per annum; hence the necessity of liberal and sustained support to carry on this great work. The report was unanimously adopted.

THE COURT.

The Queen is in the enjoyment of excellent health; and nearly every day walks or drives, being generally accompanied by Princess Beatrice. Her Majesty, Princess Louise, Marchioness of Lorne, Princess Beatrice, and the Princess of Leiningen were present at Divine service on Sunday at the parish church of Crathie. The Rev. Dr. Donald Macleod, one of the Queen's chaplains, and minister of Glasgow, officiated. Lord Carlingford and the Rev. Dr. D. Macleod had the honour of dining with the Queen and Royal family. For the first time this season the Queen visited Braemar on Monday. Her Majesty's birthday is to be kept to-day (Saturday).

By command of the Queen, a State concert was given on Tuesday night at Buckhingham Palace. The Prince and Princess of Wales, and other members of the Royal family, were present. Madame Christine Nilsson, Madame Albani, and Madame Marie Roze sang.

The Prince and Princess of Wales, accompanied by their daughters, arrived at Marlborough House yesterday week from Sandringham. The Prince was present in the evening at the last concert of the Royal Amateur Orchestral Society at the Prince's Hall. On Sunday the Prince and Princess, Prince George, and Princesses Louise, Victoria, and Maud, were present at Divine service. The Duke and Duchess of Teck visited the Prince and Princess of Wales, and remained to luncheon. The Prince received the United States Minister (Mr. Phelps) at Marlborough House, last Monday morning, on his being accredited to the Court of St. James's. His Royal Highness dined with the members of the 1st (or Grenadier) Guards' Club at the Freemasons' Tavern in the evening. On Tuesday the Prince and the Duke of Edinburgh privately visited the Historic Music Loan Collection in the galleries and rooms of the Royal Albert Hall. Subsequently the Princess, accompanied by Princess Louise of Wales, paid a visit to the exhibit of the Donegal Industrial Fund at the exhibition. The Prince went to Epsom Downs. Prince George, second son of the King of the Hellenes, arrived at Marlborough House on a visit. Prince Albert Victor, attended by the Rev. J. N. Dalton, and Prince George likewise arrived from Trinity College, Cambridge, and her Majesty's ship Excellent at Portsmouth, respectively. Prince Albert Victor distributed the prizes won at the annual competitions of the Town and County of Cambridge Rifle Association, of which his Royal Highness is president. Prince George of Wales attained his twentieth birthday on Wednesday, having been born on June 3, 1865.

The Duke of Edinburgh was on Monday re-elected Master of the Trinity House for the ensuing year.

On Monday the Duke and Duchess of Connaught arrived at Aden on board the Sutlej en route for England.

Princess Christian assisted on Thursday evening last week at a concert given by the Windsor and Eton Amateur Madrigal Society, at the Albert Institute, Windsor. Her Royal Highness played a pianoforte selection by Bach, an aria by Paradies, and, with Miss L. Blair Oliphant, in a duet for pianoforte and violin, "Romance," by Svendsen.

FASHIONABLE MARRIAGES.

The marriage of Mr. Seale, only son of Sir Henry Paul Seale, Bart., with Miss Jodrell (who was given away by her brother, Sir Alfred Jodrell, Bart.) was solemnised on Tuesday with full choral service at St. Andrew's, Wells-street. The bride wore a dress of rich duchesse satin of the deepest ivory tint, draped with some magnificent point-lace, the corsage and train being of a rich brocade, and small bunches of oranges and their flower at the throat. Her ornaments were a single-stone diamond necklace with crescent pendant, and the veil was fastened with one diamond star, while she had a diamond and sapphire bracelet on her right arm. She was attended by seven bridesmaids—Lady Jane Turnour, Lady Jane Grimston, the Hon. Andalusia Molesworth, the Hon. Clementina Maude, Miss Preston, Miss Margaret Seale, and Miss Elizabeth Seale.

At St. Paul's Church, Knightsbridge, on Tuesday, Mr. Alfred Gaussen was married to Lady Kathleen Bernard, youngest daughter of Francis, third Earl of Bandon, and sister of the present Peer. Mr. J. E. Gladstone was the bridegroom's best man. The nine bridesmaids were Lady Emily and Lady Emma Bernard, sisters of the bride; Miss Alice Gaussen, sister of the bridegroom; Miss Lucy Leslie Melville, the Hon. Marion Brodrick, and Miss Mildred Whitmore, cousins of the bride; Miss Blois, the Hon. Nora O'Brien, and Miss Smith Bosanquet. The bride was conducted to the chancel by the Earl of Bandon.

The marriage of Mr. Charles Carmichael Lacaita, only son of Sir James P. Lacaita, K.C.M.G., with Mary Annabel, only daughter of Sir Frances Hastings Doyle, Bart., took place in St. George's Church, Hanover-square, on Tuesday morning. Mr. Thomas Gibson Carmichael was best man to the bridegroom. The six bridesmaids were Miss Agnes and Miss Annora Williams Wynn, Miss May Kinlock, Miss May Popham, Miss Hermione Ramsden, and Miss Leveson-Gower.

A meeting will take place at the Mansion House on June 9, with the object of furthering the interests of the Volunteer Medical Staff Corps.

In London last week 2209 births and 1538 deaths were registered. The deaths included thirty-eight from smallpox, ninety from measles, ten from scarlet fever, seventeen from diphtheria, and fifty from whooping cough.

The Duke of Devonshire has issued a circular to his Irish tenantry, stating that he has decided on giving a reduction of 20 per cent off their half-year's rent. His Grace has intimated to his tenantry in Buxton and the neighbourhood that he has decided to make an allowance of one year's rent, to be expended on lime for the land.

BRIGHTON. — Frequent Trains from Victoria and London Bridge.
Also Trains in connection from Kensington and Liverpool-street.
Return Tickets, London to Brighton, available for eight days.
Weekly, Fortnightly, and Monthly Tickets, at Cheap Rates. Available to travel by all Trains between London and Brighton.
Cheap First-Class Day Tickets to Brighton every Weekday, from Victoria 10.0 a.m., fare 12s. 6d., including Pullman Car.
Cheap Half-Guinea First-Class Day Tickets to Brighton every Saturday from Victoria and London Bridge, admitting to the Grand Aquarium and Royal Pavilion.
Cheap First-Class Day Tickets to Brighton every Sunday from Victoria at 10.45 a.m. and 12.50 p.m., fare 10s.
Pullman Drawing-room Cars between Victoria and Brighton.
Through Bookings to Brighton from principal Stations on the Railways in the Northern and Midland Districts.

PARIS.—SHORTEST, CHEAPEST ROUTE.
Via NEWHAVEN, DIEPPE, and ROUEN. Tidal Special Express Service (1st and 2nd Class).
From Victoria and London Bridge every Week-day morning. Night Service Week-days and Sundays (1st, 2nd, and 3rd Class).
From Victoria 7.50 p.m., and London Bridge 8.0 p.m. Fares—Single, 34s., 25s., 18s.; Return, 57s., 41s., 32s.
The Normandy and Brittany, splendid fast Paddle Steamers, accomplish the Passage between Newhaven and Dieppe frequently in about 3½ hours.
A through Conductor will accompany the Passengers by the special Day Service throughout to Paris, and vice versâ.
Trains run alongside steamers at Newhaven and Dieppe.

TICKETS and every information at the Brighton Company's West-End General Offices, 28, Regent-circus, Piccadilly, and 8, Grand Hotel Buildings, Trafalgar-square; City Office, Hay's Agency, Cornhill; Cook's, Ludgate-circus; also at the Victoria and London Bridge Stations.
(By order) J. P. KNIGHT, General Manager.

Ready June 22

OUR SUMMER NUMBER.

AN ORIGINAL STORY,
"MARUJA,"
BY
BRET HARTE,
ILLUSTRATED BY
R. CATON WOODVILLE.

A MAGNIFICENT COLOURED ENGRAVING,
"Coaxing Better than Scratching,"
FROM THE PICTURE BY
BURTON BARBER.

Two Sheets and a Half, Inclosed in an Elegant Wrapper.

PRICE ONE SHILLING.
By Book Post, 3½d.; by Parcel Post, 3d.
198, Strand, London.

DEATHS.

On the 7th ult., at Beauharnois, Canada, Mary Helen De Blaquiere, relict of the late R. H. Norval, aged 74 years.

On the 29th ult., at 47, Russell-square, London, Henrietta Laetitia, widow of John Coxhead, Esq., and daughter of the late Barnaby Maddan, Esq., who was for many years resident in Jamaica. Jamaica papers please copy.

*** *The charge for the insertion of Births, Marriages, and Deaths, is Five Shillings for each announcement.*

INTERNATIONAL INVENTIONS EXHIBITION,
SOUTH KENSINGTON, LONDON, 1885.
Patron.—H.M. the QUEEN.
President.—H.R.H. the PRINCE OF WALES.
Division I., Inventions. Division II., Music.
Admission to the Exhibition 1s. every Week-day, except Wednesday, when it is 2s. 6d.
On FRIDAY, JUNE 5, and on FRIDAY, JULY 3, the EXHIBITION will be CLOSED at Six p.m.
TWO MILITARY BANDS DAILY
(The Royal Irish Constabulary, which on and after June 3 the Strauss Orchestra from Vienna).
EVENING FETES. Illuminated Fountains, and Gardens Lighted every evening by many thousands of Electrical Glow Lamps. Special Evening Fêtes, Wednesdays and Saturdays.
INTERNATIONAL INVENTIONS EXHIBITION, 1885.

ROYAL ALBERT HALL.—Under the immediate patronage and presence of the Right Honourable the Lord Mayor and the Sheriffs. A BALFE MEMORIAL CONCERT, consisting entirely of selections from "The Talisman," "Bohemian Girl," and his other popular works, will be given on WEDNESDAY EVENING NEXT, JUNE 10, at the Royal Albert Hall, at Eight o'Clock.

BALFE MEMORIAL CONCERT.—Royal Albert Hall, WEDNESDAY EVENING NEXT, JUNE 10.—Artistes: Madame Christine Nilsson, Mdlle. Ida Corani, Miss Hope Glenn, and Madame Trebelli; Mr. Sims Reeves, Mr. Herbert Reeves, and Mr. Joseph Maas; Signor Foli, Mr. Barrington Foote, and Mr. Leslie Crotty.

MADAME CHRISTINE NILSSON has the honour to announce that the FIRST CONCERT at which she will SING, on her return from Paris will be the BALFE MEMORIAL CONCERT, to be given at the Royal Albert Hall on WEDNESDAY EVENING NEXT, JUNE 10, at Eight o'clock, when she will sing from Balfe's Grand Opera, "The Talisman," "Edith's Prayer," "Keep the Ring" (with Mr. Joseph Maas), and the Rondo, "Radiant Splendour"; and on this occasion she will sing (for the first time), "I dreamt that I dwelt in marble halls," from Balfe's celebrated Opera, "The Bohemian Girl."

BALFE MEMORIAL CONCERT, JUNE 10.—Mr. W. G. Cusins, Conductor. Orchestra and Chorus of 200 Performers. Boxes, £2 2s. to £4 4s. Tickets, 10s. 6d., 7s. 6d., 5s., 4s., 2s. 6d., and 1s., at the Albert Hall, Austin's Office, St. James's Hall; and the usual Agents.

M. WILHELM GANZ begs to inform his friends and pupils that his MATINEE MUSICALE will take place on TUESDAY, JUNE 9, at his residence, 126, Harley-street, W.

PRINCESS'S THEATRE.—Mr. WILSON BARRETT, Lessee and Manager. THE LIGHTS O' LONDON (by Geo. R. Sims) EVERY EVENING, at 7.45. Messrs. Wilson Barrett, Willard, Seamans, Huntley, Hudson, Doone, Elliott, De Solla, Evans, Fulton, Bernage, Welton, &c., and George Barrett; Misses Emmuline Ormsby, Walton, Cooke, Wilson, Garth, Mrs. Huntley, &c., and Miss Eastlake. Box-Office, 9.30 to Five. No fees. Prices: Private Boxes, one to nine guineas; Stalls, 10s.; Dress Circle, 6s.; Upper Boxes, 3s. MORNING PERFORMANCE, SATURDAY, JUNE 13. Business Manager, Mr. J. H. Colebe.

LYCEUM THEATRE.—Lessee and Manager, Mr. Henry Irving.—OLIVIA, by W. G. Wills, Every Evening at 8.15. Dr. Primrose, Mr. Henry Irving; Olivia, Miss Ellen Terry. At 7.45, THE BALANCE OF COMFORT. Box-Office (Mr. J. Hurst) open Ten to Five. Seats can be booked one month in advance and by letter or telegram.—LYCEUM.

ST. JAMES'S HALL, PICCADILLY.
THE
MOORE and BURGESS MINSTRELS'
HOLIDAY PROGRAMME. A SIGNAL SUCCESS
from beginning to end,
All the New Songs, which were sung for the first time on Whit Monday, having been received with the greatest enthusiasm by
THE VAST AUDIENCES that crowded the
ST. JAMES'S GRAND HALL IN EVERY NOOK,
UPWARDS OF TEN THOUSAND PERSONS HAVING PAID FOR ADMISSION to the Two Performances on the day in question.
the New Programme will be repeated EVERY NIGHT at Eight.
MONDAY, WEDNESDAY, SATURDAY, at Three also.
The distinguished American Comedian and Humourist Every Night at Eight.
Monday, Wednesday, and Saturday, Three and Eight.

ST. JAMES'S HALL, PICCADILLY.
SPECIAL NOTICE.
MR. W. P. SWEATNAM, the eminent American humourist, who created such a marked sensation on the occasion of his first appearance there a few weeks ago, will have the honour of making his reappearance FOR A FEW NIGHTS
prior to his return to America in July.
MONDAY, JUNE 8,
POSITIVELY THE LAST OPPORTUNITY OF SEEING this distinguished artiste in England.
Mr. Sweatnam will appear twice on Monday, at Three and Eight.
EVERY NIGHT at Eight.
WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY, Three and Eight.

ANNO DOMINI, THE SEARCH FOR BEAUTY, and "The Chosen Five," by EDWIN LONG, R.A. These celebrated Pictures, with others Works, are ON VIEW at the GALLERIES, 168, New Bond-street. Ten to Six. Admission, 1s.

THE VALE OF TEARS.—DORÉ'S Last Great PICTURE, completed a few days before he died, NOW on VIEW at the DORÉ GALLERY, 35, New Bond-street, with his other great pictures. Ten to Six DAILY. 1s.

THE QUEEN AND LORD BEACONSFIELD. The great Historic Picture of HER MAJESTY GIVING AUDIENCE TO LORD BEACONSFIELD AT OSBORNE. Painted by Mr. Wirgman from studies made by him at Osborne.—168, New Bond-street. Admission, 1s.

ROYAL SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS.—The Hundred and Third Exhibition is NOW OPEN, 5, Pall-mall East, from Ten till Six. Admission, 1s. Illustrated Catalogue, 1s.
ALFRED D. FRIPP, R.W.S., Secretary.

GENERAL GORDON AT KHARTOUM.
"THE LAST WATCH."
By LOWES DICKINSON.
THE GORDON MEMORIAL FUND PICTURE, at British Gallery, Pall-mall (opposite Marlboro' House). Ten to Six. Admission, 1s.

MONTE CARLO.—SUMMER SEASON.
The series of the Extraordinary Musical Entertainments having terminated with the Winter Season, the usual Concerts, directed by Mr. Romeo Accursi, will be continued daily until further notice.
SEA-BATHING AT MONACO.
Villas and Private Houses and Apartments for every taste, and at every price. The beach, like that of Trouville, is covered with the softest sand, and at the Grand Hôtel des Bains comfortable apartments, with board, for families can be had at reasonable prices.

GREAT EASTERN RAILWAY.—SEASIDE.
TOURIST FORTNIGHTLY and FRIDAY or SATURDAY to TUESDAY (First, Second, and Third Class) TICKETS are issued by all Trains to YARMOUTH, LOWESTOFT, Cleeton-on-Sea, Walton-on-the-Naze, Harwich, Dovercourt, Aldeburgh, Felixstowe, Southwold, Hunstanton, and Cromer.
TOURIST TICKETS are also issued from LIVERPOOL-STREET by the New Route to Scarborough Filey, Whitby, and the principal Tourist Stations in Scotland.
For full particulars see bills.
WILLIAM BURT, General Manager.
London, June, 1885.

CITY ECHOES.

Wednesday, June 3.

The Bank rate is now at its lowest (2 per cent), a further reduction of ½ having been made last Thursday. The rate of interest now allowed for deposits is 1 per cent, and the working rate of discount is ¾ or ⅞ per cent. Moreover, there is the prospect of a long continuance of this depression. Under such circumstances, it is not surprising that investors and the large money institutions should turn to securities. Under the influence of such considerations, Consols have risen to over par, so that Mr. Childers's conversion plans again excite interest. Most other classes of securities have also risen considerably since the fear of a war with Russia died out; but from the Stock Exchange come complaints of unimproved business, the rise being explained by the mere closing of accounts between members. American securities continue an exception to the prevailing tendency. They, indeed, got worse instead of better; bad as they were before.

Colonial Government bonds are just now exciting particular interest, their market value rising in the face of repeated new issues. Just recently, New South Wales and Queensland placed fresh amounts, and New Zealand and South Australia invite tenders for a million and a half each, while Canada is successfully funding five millions of 5 per cents into 4 per cents, and is preparing for a new issue, which is to cover every actual and prospective commitment of the Government.

Coal and iron companies have long been in depressed circumstances, and with a capital of about a quarter of a million the Pelsall Coal and Iron Company have in the past year made a debit of £2000. This is one of the companies formed during the inflated period of 1873. In the twelve years which have elapsed, the dividends have amounted to 18 per cent, or 1½ per cent per annum.

Owning land in a thriving British colony rarely fails to be remunerative. The directors of the Australian Company have announced a dividend of 10 per cent, and a bonus of 5 per cent, making 15 per cent for the past year. This company's dividends have steadily advanced from 8 to 9, 10, 12, and now 15. But the dividend of the Agricultural Company of Mauritius is not so good as usual, it being 15, as compared with 20 for several previous years.

Several of the Indian Tea companies are issuing their annual reports. Their experience has been very varied. The Tokai shareholders are to receive 10 per cent as compared with 4 for each of the two preceding years, and the recently formed Panitola Company is to pay 10 per cent. The Chargola Tea Company is to pay 7½; and the Dejoo Tea Company 2 per cent only, as compared with 7 last year. The Luckimpore Company announce a dividend of 3½ per cent, which is the first payment since the year 1879.

After an experience of three years, the New Zealand Grain Agency and Mercantile Company (Limited) have decided to withdraw from business. £500,000 of shares had been subscribed, and £175,000 had been paid. Debentures to the amount of £101,691 had also been issued. In respect of 1882 a first dividend of 6 per cent per annum was paid. For 1883 there was no dividend, but £5338 was carried forward. In 1884 this balance was absorbed, and £48,889 of the capital was lost. Hence the decision to wind up.

A very welcome rise in the price of both copper and tin has been followed by a sharp rebound in the share quotations of the principal companies concerned in those metals. Mason and Barry's shares, which were recently as low as 7½, are now 10; and Rio Tinto shares have risen from 7½ to 11. T. S.

Dr. Charles A. Cameron has been appointed President, and Dr. W. Stokes Vice-President, of the Royal College of Surgeons of Ireland.

The Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress attended the opening of the Essex Agricultural Society's Show, at Waltham Abbey, on Thursday.

The Duke of Westminster has accepted the position of President of the East London Union for Advanced Education (Evening Classes).

Sir Lyon Playfair announces that it is not his intention to seek re-election for the Universities of Edinburgh and St. Andrews.

The Inner Temple Gardens are open to the public from six until nine o'clock nightly. The privilege thus granted is especially intended for the benefit of the poorer class of children inhabiting the surrounding neighbourhoods.

The photographs taken at the Artists' Ball, mentioned in our last issue, were by the electric light, the current for which was supplied from the Electric Power Storage Company's accumulators.

The Country Brewers and Licensed Victuallers' Organisations held a meeting in Her Majesty's Theatre on Tuesday, and passed resolutions condemning the additions made to the beer and spirit duties.

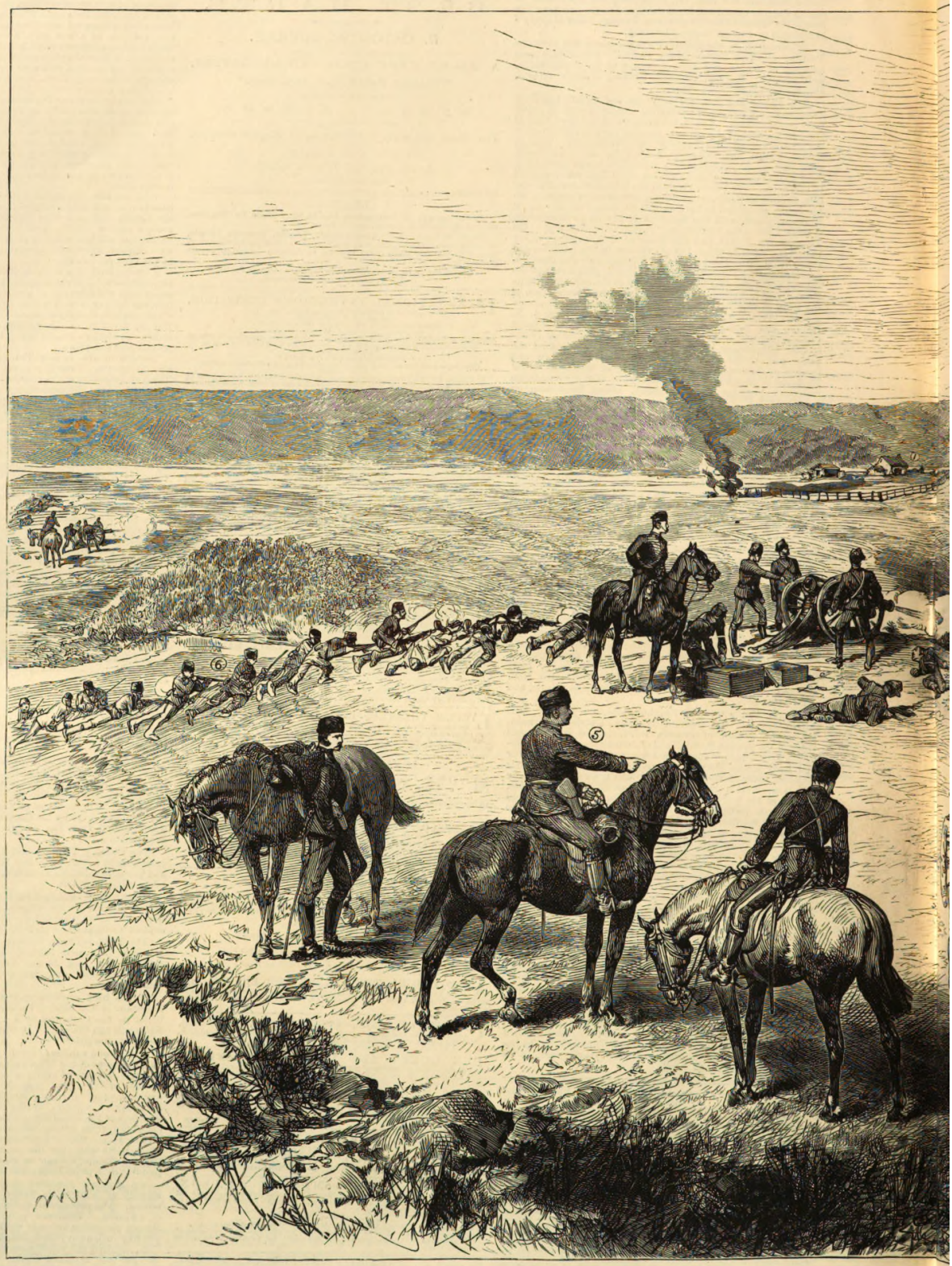
After having been in a small boat for six days and nights, the crew of the barque Themis, abandoned among the ice in the Atlantic, were picked up by the steamer Missouri. The captain's wife and two children were also saved.

The Dublin Trinity Sittings at the Law Courts began on Monday. The new Lord Chancellor sat in the Court of Appeal, with Lord Justice Fitzgibbon, and, addressing the Attorney-General and the Solicitor-General, called them within the bar.

It has been resolved to raise a fund for a scholarship of literature at the Bristol University, and to place a bust or tablet in the Cathedral as a memorial to the late Mr. F. Fargus (Hugh Conway). It was stated that the scholarship would require £1500.

The second volume of the Report of the Royal Commission on the Houses of the Working Classes has been published. It contains minutes of evidence as to England and Wales, and consists of 728 pages. Appended are reports on the Artisans' and Labourers' Dwelling Act, 1875, from various towns, and a number of statistics bearing on the general subject.—The members of the Royal Commission on the Housing of the Poor concluded their sittings in Dublin last week, and afterwards attended a meeting of the Dublin Ladies' Sanitary Association. Sir C. Dilke said that the condition of the dwellings of the poor in Dublin, though in some cases bad, was not so deplorable as in other Irish cities and towns, or in London.

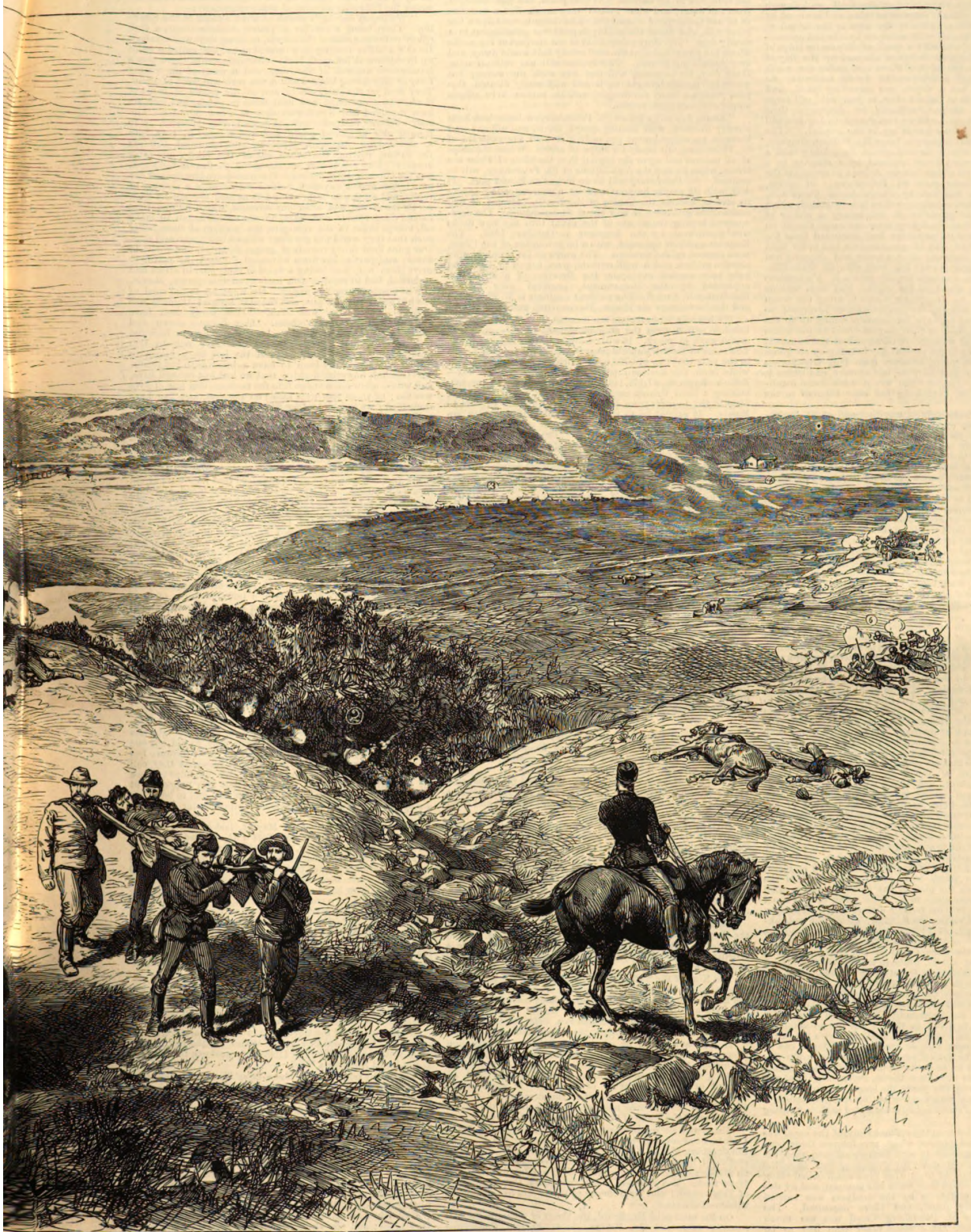
On Monday, Elizabeth Grey, a gipsy, was brought up in custody at Whitehaven Police Court charged with fortune-telling. The prisoner at various times had gone to the house of a farmer at Moor-row, to whose housekeeper, named Mary Briggs, she stated that she would read the planets for her and put bad luck away; that Miss Briggs would marry some rich man, and that she would have better health. In various sums, the prisoner obtained £105. Last Thursday evening she called again and wanted another £30, and when she could not get it said it was a bad job, as she could do nothing without it, and that it was a pity, as there was a full basket of gold coming to Miss Briggs. She was sentenced to three months' imprisonment.



1. House of Madame Tourcau, a half-breed lady. 2. Enemy's rifle-pits in the ravine. 3. The enemy firing from a distance. 4. Ga

THE REBELLION IN THE NORTH-WEST TERRITORY

FROM A SKETCH BY CAPTAIN H. DE H. HAIG, R.E., ASSIST



...ss set on fire—riflemen behind. 5. General Middleton, with Staff officers; the nine-pounder gun above. 6, 6. Riflemen firing into the ravine.

...F CANADA: THE BATTLE OF FISH CREEK, APRIL 24.

...NT QUARTERMASTER-GENERAL TO GENERAL MIDDLETON, C.B.

ST. PETERSBURG A SEAPORT.

The Emperor and Empress of Russia, on Wednesday week, the second anniversary of their Coronation at Moscow, opened the Maritime Canal, in the Bay of Cronstadt, the shallow upper extremity of the Gulf of Finland; by which great work the City of St. Petersburg is made a seaport as much as London. St. Petersburg, indeed, stands almost on the sea-shore, at the very mouth of the Neva, though behind several low islands which crowd the head of the Gulf; and though this is an inland sea without saltness or tides, and is closed by ice in winter. Seventeen miles to the west is the island of Cronstadt, a great fortress, with naval dockyards and arsenals for the Imperial fleet, and with a spacious harbour for ships of commerce. The navigable entrance channel up the Bay of Cronstadt to the mouth of the Neva lies under the south side of Cronstadt, and is commanded by its batteries. As the bay eastward has a depth not exceeding 12 ft., and the depth of the Neva at its bar is but 9 ft., all large vessels have been obliged hitherto to discharge their cargoes at Cronstadt, to be there transferred to lighters and barges which brought the goods up to the capital. "The delay and expense of this process," says Mr. William Simpson, our Special Artist, "will be understood by stating that a cargo might be brought from England by a steamer in a week, but it would take three weeks at least to transport the same cargo from Cronstadt to St. Petersburg. Of course, much of this time was lost by custom-house formalities. Sometimes it has taken even longer than is here stated, which made the delivery of goods at St. Petersburg a matter of great uncertainty, thus rendering time-contracts almost an impossibility. This state of things had continued from the time of Peter the Great, and his great scheme had never been fully realised. The increase of commerce and shipping had long made this a crying evil; but even with all these difficulties, the trade here has been rapidly growing. A scheme to bring the shipping direct to the capital had thus become almost a necessity. As Manchester wishes to bring the ocean traffic to her doors without the intervention of Liverpool, so St. Petersburg desired to have its steamers sailing up to the city, delivering and loading their cargoes direct at the stores and warehouses in her streets. If Glasgow had not improved the Clyde, and had up to the present day to bring up all goods carried by her ocean-going steamers from Port Glasgow—a place constructed for that purpose last century, and which is twenty miles from Glasgow—she would have been handicapped exactly as St. Petersburg has been till now in the commercial race.

"For some years the subject was discussed at St. Petersburg, and more than one scheme was proposed; at last the project of General N. Pooteloff was adopted. According to this plan, a canal has been cut through the shallow bottom of the Gulf of Finland, all the way from Cronstadt to St. Petersburg. The line of this canal is from north-west to south-east; it may be said to run very nearly parallel to the coast line on the south side of the Gulf, and about three miles distant from it. This line brings the canal to the south-west end of St. Petersburg, where there are a number of islands, which have formed themselves, in the course of ages, where the Bolshaya, or Great Neva, flows into the Gulf. It is on these islands that the new port is to be formed. It is a very large harbour, and capable of almost any amount of extension. It will be in connection with the whole railway system of Russia. One part of the scheme is that of a new canal, on the south side of the city, to connect the maritime canal, as well as the new harbour, with the Neva, so that the large barges may pass, by a short route, to the river on the east, and thus avoid the bridges and traffic of the city.

"The whole length of the canal is about eighteen miles. The longer portion of it is an open channel, which is made 350 feet wide at bottom. Its course will be marked by large iron floating buoys; these it is proposed to light with gas by a new self-acting process which has been very successful in other parts of the world; by this means the canal will be navigable by night as well as by day. The original plan was to have made the canal 20 feet deep, but this has been increased to 22 feet. The Gulf of Finland gradually deepens towards Cronstadt, so that the dredging was less at the western end. This part was all done by dredgers, and the earth brought up was removed to a safe distance by means of steam hopper barges. The contract for this part of the work was sub-let to an American firm—Morris and Cummings, of New York. The eastern portion of the work on the canal is by far the most important, and about six miles of it is protected by large and strong embankments on each side. These embankments were formed by the out-put of the dredgers, and are all faced with granite boulders brought from Finland; at their outer termination the work is of a more durable kind, the facing is made of squared blocks of granite, so that it may stand the heavy surf which at times is raised by a west wind in the Gulf. These embankments, as already stated, extend over a space of nearly six miles, and represent a mass of work to which there is no counterpart in the Suez Canal; nor does the plan of the new Manchester canal present anything equivalent to it. The width of this canal also far exceeds any of those notable undertakings. The open channel is, as stated above, 350 ft. wide; within the embankments the full depth of 22 ft. extends to 280 ft., and the surface between the embankments is 700 ft. This is nearly twice the size of the Suez Canal at the surface, which is 100 mètres, or about 320 ft., while it is only about 75 ft. at the bottom; the Amsterdam Canal is 78 ft. wide. The new Manchester Canal is to be 100 ft. of full depth, and it boasts of this superiority over the great work of Lesseps. The figures given above will show how far short it comes of the dimensions of the St. Petersburg Canal. The Manchester Canal is to be 24 ft. in depth, in that it has the advantage of 2 ft. more than the St. Petersburg Canal; but with the ample width this one possesses, this, or even a greater depth, can be given if it should be found necessary. Most probably this will have ultimately to be done, for ocean-going steamers are rapidly increasing in size since the St. Petersburg Canal was planned, and in a very few years the larger class of steamers might have to deliver their cargoes at Cronstadt, as before, if the waterway to St. Petersburg be not adapted to their growing dimensions.

"The dredging between the embankments of the canal was done by an improved process, which may interest those connected with such works. It may be remembered that the Suez Canal was mostly made by dredging, and that the dredgers had attached to them what the French called 'long couloirs' or spouts, into which water was pumped, and by this means the stuff brought up by the dredgers was carried to the sides of the canal, and there deposited. The great width of the St. Petersburg Canal was too much for the long couloirs, hence some other plan had to be found. The plan adopted was that invented by Mr. James Burt, and which had been used with the greatest success on the new Amsterdam canal. Instead of the couloir, floating pipes, made of wood, are in this system employed; the earth or mud brought up has a copious stream of water poured on it, which mixes in the process of descending, and the whole becomes a thick liquid. This, by means of a centrifugal pump, is propelled through the floating pipes to any point required, where it can be deposited. The couloir can only run the out-put a comparatively short distance, while this system can send it a quarter of a mile, or even farther, if necessary. Its power is not limited to the level surface of the water. I saw on my visit to the canal one of the dredgers at work, and the floating pipes lay on the water like a veritable sea-serpent, extending to a long distance where the stuff had to be carried. At that point, the pipe emerged from the water, and what looked very much like a vertebra or two of the serpent crossed the embankment, went down the other side, and there the muddy deposit was pouring out in a steady flow. Mr. Burt pointed out to me one part of the works where his pump had sent the stuff nearly half a mile away, and over undulating ground. This system will not suit all soils. Hard clay, for instance, will not mix with the water; but where the matter brought up is soft and easily diluted, this plan possesses many advantages, and its success here affords ample evidence of its merits.

"About five miles below St. Petersburg, a basin had been already finished, with landing-quays, sheds, and offices; and there is an embankment connecting it with the railways of St. Peterburg, all ready for ships to arrive When the ships of all nations sail up to the capital then the ideas of Peter the Great, when he laid the foundations of St. Petersburg, will be realised. St. Petersburg will be no longer an inland port. It will, with its ample harbour and its numerous canals among its streets, become the Venice of the North. Its era of real commercial greatness is now about to commence. The ceremony of letting the waters of the canal into the new docks was performed by the Emperor in October, 1883. The Empress and heir apparent, with a large number of the Court, were present on the occasion. The works on the canal, costing about a million and a half sterling, were begun in 1876, and have been carried out under the direction of a committee appointed by the Government, presided over by his Excellency N. Sarloff. The resident engineer is M. Photiesky; and the contractors are Messrs. Maximovitch and Boreysha."

We heartily congratulate the Russian Government and the Russian nation upon the accomplishment of this great and useful work of peace. It will certainly benefit English trade. The value of British imports from the northern ports of Russia in the year 1883 was £13,799,033; British exports, £6,459,993; while from the southern ports of Russia our trade was—British imports, £7,177,149; British exports, £1,169,890, making a total British commerce with European Russia of £20,976,182 imports from Russsia, and £7,629,883 exports to Russia. It cannot be to the interest of nations which are such large customers of each other, to go to war about a few miles of Afghan frontier. The London *Chamber of Commerce Journal*, ably edited by Mr. Kenric B. Murray, secretary to the Chamber, has in its May Number an article upon this subject well deserving of perusal. It points out that, in the case of war, most of the British export trade to Russia would go through Germany, and might possibly never again return under British control. In spite of Russian Protective duties, this trade has been well maintained, even while the British import of Russian commodities, wheat, flax, hemp, tallow, and timber, was declining 40 per cent from 1883 to 1884. The St. Petersburg Maritime Canal will evidently give much improved facilities to the direct export of English goods to Russia. Without reference to our own manufactures, it should be observed that the Russian cotton-mills, including those in Poland, consume yearly 264 million pounds of cotton, most of which comes through England. The importation of English coal to Russia has afforded a noteworthy instance of the disadvantage hitherto occasioned by the want of direct navigation to St. Petersburg; the freight of a ton of coal from Newcastle to Cronstadt was six shillings and sixpence, but from Cronstadt to St. Petersburg it cost two shillings more. It is often said, in a tone of alarm and reproach, that Russia is very eager to get to the sea. The more Russia gets to the sea everywhere, the better will it be for British trade with Russia; and friendly intercourse with an Empire containing nearly a hundred millions of people is not to be lightly rejected.

Mr. Edmund Yates was on Saturday last entertained at a complimentary dinner, at which Lord Brabourne presided. Members of Parliament and about 200 representatives of literature, art, and the drama were present.

The Lady Mayoress (Miss Fowler) held her first reception at the Mansion House on Tuesday. The receptions will be continued on the third Tuesday in June and the first and third Tuesdays in July.

Earl Spencer presided last Saturday at a Privy Council meeting in Dublin Castle, and subsequently visited Sir Edward Cecil Guinness, whose baronetcy was gazetted on Friday, in connection with the Royal visit.

Steamers arrived at Liverpool during the past week with live stock and fresh meat on board from American and Canadian ports bearing 2026 cattle, 9644 quarters of beef, and 1350 carcases of mutton, showing a decrease in the supply of live stock, but an increase in that of fresh meat.

Owing to the great success of the "Masque of Painters" at the Royal Institute of Painters in Water Colours, and in compliance with numerous requests, the Committee gave a repetition of the tableaux at the Kensington Townhall on Thursday evening.

The King of the Netherlands has awarded to Mr. H. Baxter, master of the Grimsby smack General Wolseley, and four of the hands, a bronze medal each for gallant conduct in saving the lives of the crew of the Dutch lugger Maartje under perilous circumstances in the North Sea. Mr. Baxter has also been presented with a diploma by the Netherlands Government.

It was announced at a meeting held at Marlborough House last Saturday that the Lord Mayor's committee for promoting the Gordon Memorial had been compelled to abandon the scheme of erecting an hospital at Port Said, on account of the unsuitability of the site. It was resolved to invite fresh proposals for the consideration of a sub-committee. This course received the approval of the Prince of Wales and the Duke of Cambridge, who were present.

There was an unprecedentedly large assemblage in Hyde Park last Saturday to witness the first meet for the season of the Coaching Club. The master of coaches, headed by Lord Hothfield, numbered twenty-two.—Eighteen coaches mustered on Monday at the opening meet of the Four-in-Hand Club in Hyde Park. The Prince of Wales occupied a seat on the Earl of Fife's coach; and the Princess of Wales and her daughters witnessed the start.

On the motion of Mr. Beard, the Court of Common Council recently requested the Bridge House Estates Committee to obtain from four eminent artists designs for statuary for the pedestals of Blackfriars Bridge, and to select therefrom four subjects for the approval of the Court. It was also agreed to vote 200 guineas for a marble bust of the late Lord Mayor, to be placed in the Guildhall. The Council likewise resolved to increase the salary of Sir John Monckton, the Town Clerk, from £2500 to £3000 per annum from Lady Day last.

THE REBELLION IN THE NORTH-WEST TERRITORY OF CANADA.

Our military correspondent, Captain H. De H. Haig, R.E., Assistant Quartermaster-General on the Staff of General F. D. Middleton, C.B., commanding the militia forces of the Dominion of Canada, has sent us a Sketch of the first conflict with the half-breed and native Indian rebels, which took place on April 24, at Fish Creek, on the North Saskatchewan. He writes the following account of this engagement:—

"We began our day's march at seven o'clock in the morning. There being a number of prairie chickens about, a staff officer rode out ahead of the scouts, to shoot them undisturbed. He saw a heifer feeding in a cleared space, and called a scout up to capture it for fresh beef; while doing this, there was a tremendous amount of shouting, and a party of the enemy forty or fifty strong dashed out of the ravine in front of them. They fired at the staff officer, and at the scouts in front of them, who dismounted and held them in check, but had six men wounded and five horses shot in a few minutes. The staff officer escaped and informed the General, who formed the advanced guard and the troops in rear into a skirmishing line with supports, and advanced towards the ravine, driving the rebels out of the bluffs, one after another. The rebels now set the grass on fire on the right, but the effect was not serious. Our nine-pounders opened fire on a house and a haystack, behind which were a number of rebels, and set fire to both. Our left pushed the enemy back across the ravine, and after our advance, which at one time looked dangerous to our right, all the rebels began to make off, except those in the rifle-pits, the position of these being such that they could not get away without being seen and shot. Our guns fired thirty rounds of grape, shrapnel, and shells at them; and part of our force advanced through the ravine to drive them out, but, losing a third of their men in killed and wounded, had to return. Our half-breed interpreter, Howie, was now sent forward to parley. He went up to the crest of the hill above the rifle pits, and asked if Gabriel Dumont was present. The answer was 'Yes.' 'How many men have you?' 'Plenty,' said Gabriel. 'May I come down and speak to you?' asked Howie. An ominous silence followed this inquiry, and Howie thought it better not to try. Shortly after this, the troops from the left bank began to arrive, and were very keen to have a brush with the rebels. The General, however, decided that we had lost enough lives, and would allow no one to go into the ravine. Our loss of lives was ten; of these five were killed on the spot, and five have since died; we had altogether fifty-two killed and wounded, and among these were five officers, of whom one has died; the remainder are doing well. Both of the General's aides-de-camp were wounded, one having also two horses shot under him; while the General had a bullet through his cap. As we did not go over the battle-field for two days, the enemy carried off all their dead and wounded, except two dead Sioux Indians, who were so far advanced that they were afraid to come for them. Judging by the amount of blood, clothing, and arms that were left, their loss must have been very heavy; probably about sixty. Fifty-six of their ponies were killed and about twenty captured, besides forty head of cattle. All the houses in the half-breed settlement around here are deserted, but all their furniture, tools, and implements left standing. I have drawn a plan of the battle-field, showing the enemy's position at the beginning of the engagement, and our position at the end of it. More difficult country for a military advance it is hard to conceive. There are many coppices and bluffs, with not more than fifty or a hundred yards of level grass between them, and extending a vast distance. Each bluff affords shelter for hundreds of men, if they choose to hide there, and no amount of scouting can completely guard against ambushes, the favourite Indian method of warfare. Had the rebels chosen a better position, we might have had another Majuba Hill or Isandlwana, but owing to no fault of our own. However, we shall now move out of this country, and advance through open prairie by a longer but safer route. This experience shows some of our difficulties; we are 230 miles from a base, in a country affording scarcely any supplies, our waggon-train has therefore to be enormous, an average of one waggon to five men. Half our force, on the day of battle, was on the left bank of the Saskatchewan, while the fight was on the right bank. We rigged up a wire rope, to aid our one boat in crossing the 300 yards width of rapid stream; but when a quarter only of the waggons, or trams, as they call them here, were over, the rope broke. We intended to work all through the night of the battle; but this happened at midnight, and the waggons of the left column had to be left in a very dangerous and badly protected situation for a day and a night."

The latest news is that on May 31, last Sunday, General Middleton left Battleford for Fort Pitt, in steamers, with three regiments of infantry, two Gatling guns, and a body of cavalry, to reinforce General Strange. The latter, with 300 men, has been keeping at bay for three days Big Bear and 500 braves, who have been used to Indian warfare in the United States. Big Bear has a stronghold some twelve miles north-east of Fort Pitt, in a country abounding in deep ravines and wide streams, and covered with dense forest. Last week General Strange had a fight, which lasted four hours, with Big Bear's force, when the field-guns silenced the Indian fire; but fighting of the same nature was renewed the next day. Since the victory of General Middleton at Batouche, Gabriel Dumont has fled into the United States territory of Montana

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In acknowledgment of the position and services of the late Lord Mayor, Mr. Alderman Nottage, Mr. Gladstone has intimated to Mrs. Nottage that the Queen has sanctioned her assumption of the title belonging to the wife of a knight.

At the request of the Queen and in commemoration of the visit of the Prince and Princess of Wales to Queenstown, the naval station at Haulbowline Island is henceforth to be known as the Royal Alexandra Yard.

The Royal Irish Military Three-Days' Tournament was held at the close of the week in Dublin, the event being under the patronage of the Queen. Cavalry, artillery, infantry, and Dublin police took part in the different competitions, there being 870 competitors. Lemon-cutting, tent-pegging, tilting, and driving competitions were included in the programme. There was a military encampment on the grounds.

Situated on the Norfolk coast in a most enviable position, Cromer has been since 1780 a fashionable resort for Norfolk families; and it is proposed to make its health-giving properties and romantic scenery available to a wider circle. The owners of the property are alive to the importance of further developing this beautiful place. On Wednesday next, the 10th inst., the first sale of freehold building plots is to take place; and the Great Eastern will on that day run a special train from London—leaving Liverpool-street station at nine in the morning, and returning the same evening—to suit the convenience of persons wishing to invest their money by building for themselves or others seaside residences. The town stands at a considerable height above the beach, and is sheltered on three sides by a towering amphitheatre of hills; and the sea view is nowhere to be excelled in extent and sublimity.

INDIANS ATTACKING A MAIL-COACH.

The North American Indians in the south-western territories of the United States, as well as those in the North-West Territory of Canada, have lately been giving much trouble. Only last week, it was reported that fresh outrages had been perpetrated by the Apaches of Arizona, where five white settlers had been killed by them, and they captured and plundered a "mail-stage," what used to be called in England a "mail-coach," between the towns of Eagle and Grafton. Incidents of this disagreeable kind have often occurred to travellers in that region; and two or three such stories are told by Mr. A. Hayes in his book on "New Colorado and the Santa Fè Trail," published four years ago. But the marauding parties of highwaymen were more frequently those white desperadoes, who are euphoniously called "road-agents," and who disguise their faces with black masks, each man being armed with two loaded revolvers. So recently as the 22nd ult., near the Yosemite valley in California, a stage-coach with a party of tourists was attacked and robbed by a gang of these ruffians; a large sum of money, besides the gold watches and ladies' jewellery, became their valuable booty. The wild Apache Indians of Arizona may be worse, as they will add torture, mutilation, and massacre to the practice of plunder; but the white men do not scruple to kill, if there be any attempt at resistance. The Indian band in Arizona, led by a captain named Geronimo, killed or wounded more than twenty persons in a week of the present year's campaign. A strong force of United States' troops has been sent in pursuit of them, and it is hoped that they will soon be captured or slain.

THE ULSTER LIBERAL CLUB, BELFAST.

The new building shown in one of our Illustrations is that which has been erected in the thriving and growing town of Belfast for the accommodation of the Ulster Liberal Club. It was to have been opened last week by Lord Hartington, but his Lordship was unfortunately taken ill while at Dublin, a day or two before, and his visit to Belfast has therefore been deferred till after the conclusion of the Parliamentary Session. We shall probably then have a better opportunity of describing the Ulster Liberal Club, or Reform Club, of which Lord Waveney is President, and which is likely to exert some influence over the efforts of the Liberal Party in the North of Ireland at the approaching General Election. A banquet which had been arranged for the reception of Lord Hartington took place on Thursday week at the Ulster Hall, Belfast, and was very well attended; Lord Waveney was in the chair, and the Earl of Howth, the Earl of Granard, the Attorney and Solicitor-General for Ireland, Sir E. P. Cowan, Mr. T. Dickson, M.P., Mr. Villiers Stuart, M.P., and other gentlemen of position in the Irish Liberal Party, were present.

St. Paul's Church, Woodford, Essex, was on Monday almost wholly destroyed by fire. The walls and the spire still stand, but it is expected that they will have to be replaced.

The Bishop of London presided on Thursday week at a meeting in support of the Women's Union of the Church of England Temperance Society, held at Grosvenor House, which was addressed by several speakers.

The annual congress of the General Association of Church School Managers and Teachers was held at Worcester, at the close of last week. There were about 350 delegates present. Earl Beauchamp, the President for the year, gave an address in which he enforced the advantage to teachers of a clear perception of religious truth.

The eighth annual special excursion on behalf of the London, Brighton, and South Coast Railway Station-Masters and Inspectors' Mutual Aid and Widows' Fund will take place on Monday, the 29th inst. Admission has been granted to the beautiful grounds of Devonshire Park, and the company has arranged for very cheap fares to Eastbourne.

THE NEW HEAD MASTER OF HARROW.

The important post of Head Master of Harrow School, made vacant by the appointment of the Rev. H. M. Butler to the Deanery of Gloucester, is filled by the election, a month ago, of the Rev. J. E. C. Welldon, who has for three years past been the successful Head Master of Dulwich College. Mr. James Edward Cowell Welldon had a distinguished career at Eton, and King's, Cambridge, of both which colleges he was a scholar. At Eton he won the Newcastle Scholarship; and at Cambridge, where he went up in 1873, he was Bell's Scholar in 1874 and Craven Scholar in 1876, and obtained in 1873 the Carus Greek Testament Prize, and in 1875 and 1876 Sir William Browne's medal for a Greek ode. He took his degree in 1877 as Senior Classic and Senior Chancellor's Medallist, and was elected, in 1880, a Fellow of his college. He was ordained in 1883. It will be remembered that Mr. Welldon was last year a candidate for the head mastership of Eton, on Dr. Hornby's resignation, and it was understood that the choice of the electors ultimately lay between him and Dr. Warre, the present Head Master.

The Portrait is from a photograph by Mr. Fradelle, Regent-street.

THE LATE MASTER OF CHARTERHOUSE.

The Rev. George Currey, D.D., Prebendary of St. Paul's Cathedral, and Master of the Charterhouse, who died on the last day of April, had been born and bred in that ancient and venerable institution. His father, the Rev. James Currey, was preacher of the Charterhouse seventy years ago. The late Master was born there in 1816, was educated at that school, and subsequently at St. John's College, Cambridge, where he took his degrees and won high University honours, and became a Fellow of the college. He was at one time a preacher at the Royal Chapel, Whitehall, and was Hulsean Lecturer to the University in 1851 and 1852. He was also a contributor to the "Speaker's Commentary on the Bible," and was held in much reputation for theological learning and general scholarship, as well as for his services in the government of the Charterhouse School.

The Portrait is from a photograph by Messrs. Boning and Small, 22, Baker-street.

Despatches from Naples report that the eruption of Vesuvius continues with increased activity.

The improvement in the health of the Emperor William continues steadily.

The Queen of Sweden and Prince Charles returned to Stockholm on Tuesday from the East. The Prince is fully restored to health.

The Prince of Hohenzollern died at ten o'clock on Tuesday morning; and on the same day died the Prince of Thurn and Taxis.

Sir Peter Lumsden arrived at Constantinople on Sunday, and alighted at the British Embassy, where he was the guest of Sir William White. He left for London on Tuesday.

In recognition of the loyalty and progress in civilisation of the tribal Indians in Ontario, Quebec, and the Eastern Provinces, the Dominion House of Commons have granted them the franchise for the Federal elections.

The Spanish Government have asked the Cortes to authorise the raising of a sum of four millions sterling, by way of loan, in aid of the Cuban Treasury. The Imperial Government will add to the Colonial guarantee if the latter is deemed insufficient.

Marquis De Bouthillier's Reluisant won the Prix du Jockey Club (French Derby) at the Chantilly Meeting, M. J. L. De F. Martin's The Condor being second, and M. P. Donon's Extra third.—Robert, eldest son of the Duc De Chartres, aged nineteen, died from bronchitis last Saturday; and on the same day the Duc De Noailles, the senior member of the French Academy after Victor Hugo, died, aged eighty-three.

BENEVOLENT OBJECTS.

The Rector and Churchwardens of St. Andrew, Holborn, have handed over to the vestry of St. Pancras the conveyance of the disused burial-ground in Gray's-inn-road, together with a faculty obtained from the Bishop of London for laying out the same as an open space.

An attractive bazaar was opened by the Lord Mayor in the large hall of the Cannon-street Hotel on Tuesday afternoon, on behalf of the Working Lads' Institute, Whitechapel. The institution provides boys employed in the east end of London with healthy sources of amusement and improvement during their leisure hours. It has been the means of benefiting about 1300 youths hitherto, and the new building will provide permanent accommodation for 1130 members. The estimated cost of the site and structure is £10,500, of which sum £5500 has been raised.

The Board of Trade have awarded a binocular glass to Captain Pierre Joseph Joonnekindt, of the Belle Hélène, of Dunkirk, in acknowledgment of his humanity and kindness to the shipwrecked crew of the British vessel Sophia, of Carnarvon, which was abandoned at sea on Aug. 24, 1884.—The Board of Trade have received through the Foreign Office a gold medal, which has been awarded by the President of the United States to Mr. Norman Bell, mate of the British ship Jessie Burrill, in recognition of his services in rescuing the crew of the American ship Jennie Morton on Feb. 9, 1882.—The board have also received through the Foreign Office a gold watch and chain, which have been awarded by the President of the United States to Captain Bartholomew Cremor, of the British ship Don Enrique, for his humane services in rescuing the crew of the American barque Aberdeen in November, 1881.

Last Saturday the inhabitants of Dumbarton received a free gift from Mr. Peter Denny, of Helensile, and Mr. John M'Millan, of College Park, of a public park, which has cost about £20,000. The day was observed as a general holiday.

Countess Cadogan yesterday week opened the grounds adjoining Christ Church, Battersea, which have been laid out by the Metropolitan Public Gardens Association.

Last Saturday the annual meeting and jubilee of the supporters and friends of the Princess Louise Home and National Society for the Protection of Young Girls was held at Exeter Hall. Lord Brabazon presided, supported by the Bishop of Bedford, the Hon. and Rev. E. Carr Glyn, and others. The prizes and rewards gained by the children of the homes during the past year were distributed by Lady Brabazon.

Major Gildea, in closing his work of supplying our sick and wounded with readable matter (now undertaken by the National Aid Society), wishes especially to thank the authorities at the Admiralty, the P. and O. Steamship Company, and Messrs. Dixon, of the Harrow-road Depository, for their valuable aid. During the last six months, over 20,000 books, 11,000 cigars, 40,000 cigarettes, besides jackets, smoking-caps, and games, have been forwarded to the Soudan. The books yet left over Major Gildea proposes sending in due course to the Gordon Memorial Hospital, at Port Said; and to hand over the balance from expenses, amounting to £31, in three equal amounts, to the Royal Cambridge Asylum, the Royal School for Daughters of Officers of the Army, and the Sailors' Orphan Girls' School and Home.

The fifty-eighth anniversary festival of the Licensed Victuallers' Asylum will be celebrated next Tuesday in the grand concert-room at the Crystal Palace.

A meeting will be held this (Saturday) afternoon at Grosvenor House in aid of the Hospital for Women, Soho-square—the Duke of Westminster in the chair, supported by several noblemen and gentlemen.

The Nottingham Corporation has decided, at a cost of £141,000, to buy a number of small unhealthy tenements in the centre of the town, and to erect upon the spot a hospital, at a further expenditure of £26,000.

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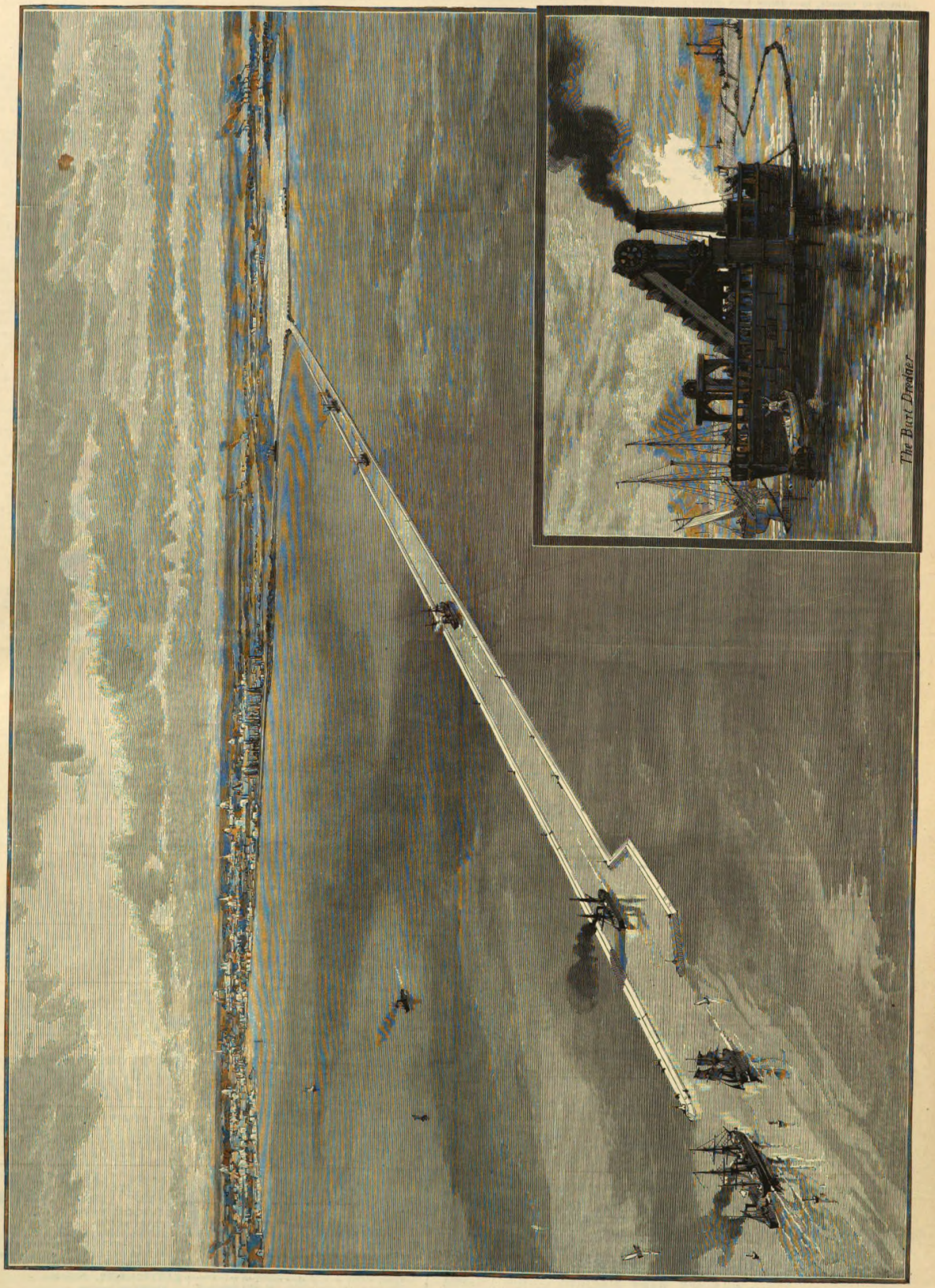
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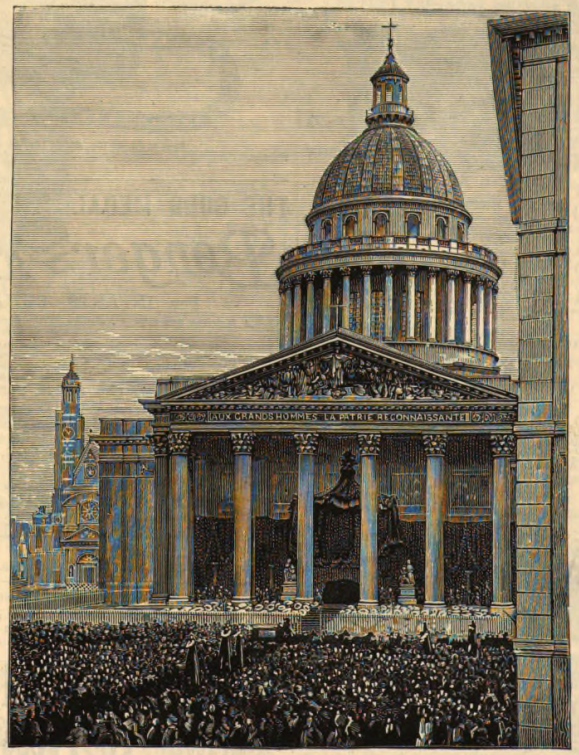
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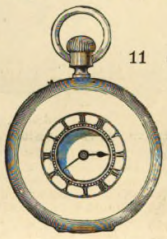


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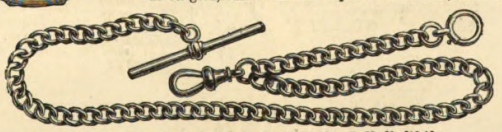
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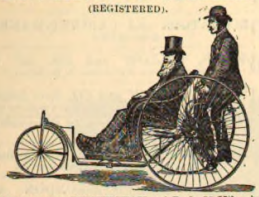
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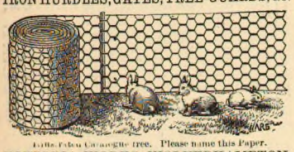


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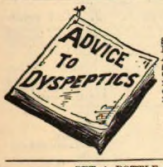
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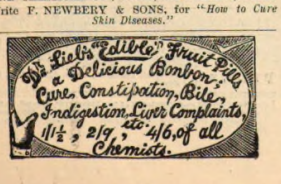
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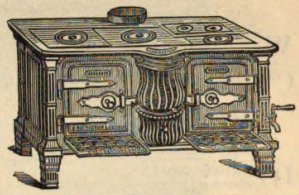
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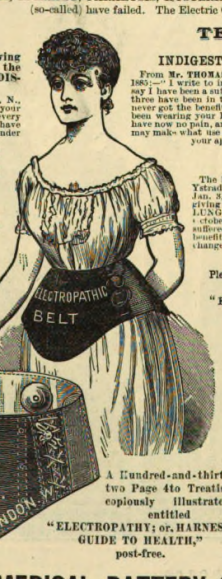
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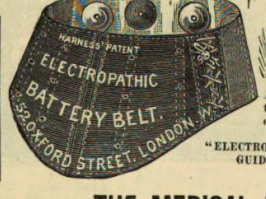
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INDIGESTION AND LIVER COMPLAINT.

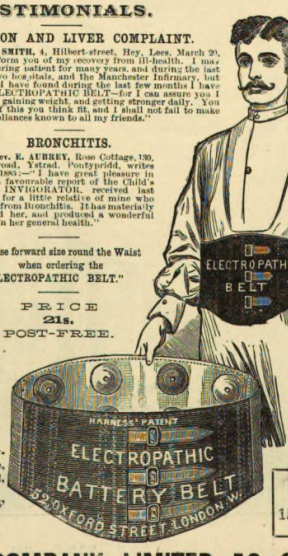
From **Mr. THOMAS SMITH**, 4, Hilbert-street, Hey, Lees, March 2?, 1883:—"I write to inform you of my recovery from ill-health. I may say I have been a suffering patient for many years, and during the last three have been in two hospitals, and the Manchester Infirmary, but never got the benefit I have found during the last few months I have been wearing your ELECTROPATHIC BELT—for I can assure you I have now no pain, am gaining weight, and getting stronger daily. You may make what use of this you think fit, and I shall not fail to make your appliances known to all my friends."

BRONCHITIS.

The **Rev. E. AUBREY**, Rose Cottage, 130, Ystrad-road, Ystrad, Pontypridd, writes Jan. 3, 1883:—"I have great pleasure in giving a favourable report of the Child's LUNG INVIGORATOR, received last October for a little relative of mine who suffered from Bronchitis. It has materially benefited her, and produced a wonderful change in her general health."

Please forward size round the Waist when ordering the "ELECTROPATHIC BELT."

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TESTIMONIALS.

INDIGESTION AND CHRONIC DIARRHŒA.

Mrs. C. HITCHCOCK, Brashfield, Bicester, Oxon, Jan. 5, 1883:—"I am thankful to tell you what great benefit I have derived from your ELECTROPATHIC BELT. I wish I had had one long before I did, and thus prevented so much suffering. I am a great deal better in every way; sometimes I felt nearly dead from exhaustion, and after suffering so many months from a fearfully weak digestion and a very sluggish liver, bringing on chronic diarrhœa until I was almost helpless. I had not worn your ELECTROPATHIC BELT a week before I began to feel stronger, my chest got gradually better, until I may say my digestion is almost perfect; my liver is much more active, and the diarrhœa gone long since. I was so ill and weak I even felt afraid to try your Belt, but it has strengthened me more than all the food I took before, because I could not digest it. I say again, I wish I had purchased one before, and remain, yours thankfully, C. HITCHCOCK."

RHEUMATIC GOUT.

Major PAKENHAM, Lonestone-house, Armagh, Feb. 2?, 1885, writes:—"I am very happy to inform you that the ELECTROPATHIC BELT which you supplied me with has completely cured me of the Rheumatic Gout, from which I had suffered such intense agony for nearly two years, and I now feel as strong and active as I have ever felt in my life. Several of my friends have, on my recommendation, tried these Belts, and in every case the result has been most satisfactory."

On receipt of Post-Office Order or Cheque for 21s., payable to C. B. HARNESS, Managing Director, THE MEDICAL BATTERY CO., LIMITED, 52, Oxford-street, London, W., will forward, post-free, to any part of the United Kingdom, the ELECTROPATHIC BELT, for a Lady or Gentleman, as represented in the accompanying woodcuts.

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Note New Address—**THE MEDICAL BATTERY COMPANY, LIMITED, 52, OXFORD-STREET, LONDON, W.**

THE TIME OF ROSES.

The months of June and July in England—it is just the opposite among our colonial kinsfolk in Australia—subdue the senses and the heart with the sweetness of the early summer. Year by year, if we are free from disease, free from painful anxieties, free from guilt, from "envy, hatred, and all uncharitableness," each of us, young and old, may for a few short weeks feel the kindness of Nature, and bask in her maternal smiles. It is then good simply to be alive on earth, though we have nothing, and can do nothing, and can be nothing but her children or her guests, enjoying the mere gift of life in a genial atmosphere, the sunlit sky above us, the verdure and flowers of a grateful soil around us. This is the time of many pleasant and beautiful things; and it is "the Time of Roses," which are things whose beauty not only pleases the eye, as their fragrance delights another sense, but is associated to the English mind with ideas of the most engaging aspect of human life. Our poets, the teachers of imaginative sentiment, have vied with one another in likening the rose to the bloom of youthful womanhood, which has its own season, at least from seventeen to five-and-twenty, and is more charming than any flower. Witness the young lady whom our Artist has drawn, carrying her basket of roses, holding one in her hand, and wearing another in her bosom—does she not render fair observance to the bounty of Nature in June or July? The earth, the sky, the sun, whatever else they combine to produce and cherish, foster no living creature so lovable as a human being of this age and sex. Must she grow old, have infirmities, perhaps defects or even deformities of old age, and finally succumb to death? Yes; for earthly life and its beauty is temporal and subject to gradual decay. The rose, indeed, has often been noted, in our climate, to lose its peculiar glory more suddenly than most other flowers; but it is not so with our English women, the physical constitution of their race is such as to preserve the charms of their youth much longer than do those of Southern and Eastern nations. Some English poets, it must be confessed, have pursued the topic of this comparison too far, insisting with questionable accuracy upon the speedy decline of female loveliness immediately after its full bloom, the limit of which varies in different specimens of the human flower. It is bold to contradict Shakspeare; but we must deny the truth of his assertion in this:—

> For women are as roses; whose fair flower,
> Being once displayed, doth fall that very hour.
> And so they are; alas that they are so!
> To die even when they to perfection grow.

There is a great deal more to the same effect, about the fragile tenure of beauty, and even of life, in women as in roses, to be found in Shakspeare, Spenser, and many of the Elizabethan and of the seventeenth-century poets. We can only say that it is not so with the women of the nineteenth century in this country, some of whom contrive to shift their floral existence, metaphorically speaking, to the proper blossoms of a later season, and, after having been roses in July, make very agreeable chrysanthemums in the November of life. Moreover, we have invented conservatories and imported a great variety of exotics with which Shakspeare and the old poets were unacquainted. No woman, since Madame Rachel was discredited, can expect to be "beautiful for ever"; but it is possible, somehow or other, to be attractive all the year round. Everyone, married or single, for the sake of others, not for vanity, should study to keep her good looks as long as she can.

SKETCHING TROUBLES.

The landscape artist who visits a rustic neighbourhood, for the purpose of sketching its picturesque views, ought to proceed with circumspection, as he has to take care of his easel, his box of colours and brushes, his paper and unfinished work. An incautious movement or brief absence, leaving these essential articles without protection, especially near a farmyard, may be followed by such disastrous consequences as are displayed on our next page. The stupid and mischievous persons, very likely insane, who scratched many of the oil-paintings at the Royal Academy Exhibition one day last month, could find among geese and swine fellow-conspirators and culprits of congenial taste. We sympathise with our industrious friend, who set forth in the fair summer morning, laden with the instruments of his charming pursuit, and judiciously chose his point of view at the stile overlooking a characteristic bit of rural scenery. He sketches the field rising to a flowery hedge and clump of trees, with an orchard and some cottages, and the village spire rising behind them. Any lover of nature and of mankind, anyone who enjoys art and is a friend of artists, happening to stroll that way, at the hour when patient labour deserves and craves the modest refreshment of bread and cheese and beer, would have readily offered to stand on guard, while this interesting stranger to the country walked half a mile to the nearest public-house. The hissing and the grunting tribes of brute unsympathetic critics should have been driven from the spot; the meddlesome curiosity of little children, and the pilfering or annoying disposition of rude persons, should have been checked; the whole sketching apparatus, with the pleasing work begun in a promising moment, should have been kept perfectly safe. This little service, which we, for our own part, would have been glad to render to the humblest of the brethren of that gentle craft, whose skill reproduces the beauties of rural landscape to delight the eyes of dwellers in town, was unfortunately not to be had. The poor artist goes and returns; but what havoc is made in the meantime of all that he has been striving to create! Who could laugh at him, or even laugh with him, though with the light-heartedness of an elastic youthful mind, and with a lively perception of the ridiculous, he might himself turn disgust and disappointment to an occasion for manly mirth? Yet there is an extremely comical and humorous aspect of this sad affair; the congregation of silly animals, after shyly inspecting his incomplete picture, seem to have decided, like a Hanging Committee, or like a clique of connoisseur reporters in the Fine-Art Galleries, that it is not fit for public exhibition. They have zealously demolished it, there and then, as an offence against their profound judgment of art. He remembers, with a slight trace of remaining bitterness, but no longer with personal resentment, how it fared last season, and the year before, with some laboured work of his proffered in vain to certain authorities in London, or perhaps exhibited and scornfully contemned by some arbitrary and prejudiced writer for the Press. Alas, he thinks to himself, the pigs and the geese are not the only stupid folk in the world; others there are, who have equally belied my talent, and their ignorance, if not malice, would destroy my career, though it may not actually destroy my pictures!

At the anniversary festival of the Hospital for Diseases of the Chest, held at Cannon-street Hotel last week, subscriptions were announced to the amount of £1712.

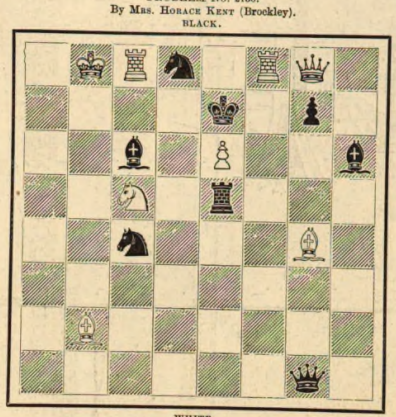
A handsome piece of plate, subscribed for last year, has been presented to the Lord Mayor, Mr. Alderman Fowler, M.P., in recognition of the many services which he had rendered to the city of London. A necklace and a bracelet have been presented to the Lady Mayoress.

CHESS.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2144 received from An Old Lady (New Jersey): of No. 2146 from Emile Frau, R Worters, William Davis, T G (Ware), Franklin Institute, George J Veale, G C B, Plevna, W F schoele, Pierce Jones, Rev. W Anderson, (Old Romney), Rev. J W Brown (Paignton), Chapelle-Benjacar (Malta); of No. 2147, from W K Hirschl (Pisa), Emile Frau, F F Pott, E L G, R Worters, Y Naylor, T G (Ware), William Davis, E A S (Exeter), J B (St Andrews), George J Veale, J Hall, Columbus, R Dunipace, Hermit, J T W, Plevna, W L Salusbury, Edwin Smith, Chapelle-Benjacar (Malta), W Park, Jumbo, G C B, J Lambe, Rev. Henry D Nicholson, Pierce Jones, E Cornish, Charles Mitchell, Charles Waller; of O. Meisling's Problem, from Edwin Smith, Rev W Anderson (Old Romney), Hereward, Carl Stepan, R Dunipace, J E M F, Jumbo, Pierce Jones, Emmo (Darlington), R H Brooks, of S. Loyd's Problem from Carl Stepan, D Waugh, R Dunipace, J E M F, Richard Murphy (Wexford), F West, F Marshall, George J Veale, Pierce Jones, Rev. Henry D Nicholson, Emmo (Darlington), J A Schmucke, Edwin Smith, Rev. W Cooper, James Griffiths, J T W, and Rev. W Anderson (Old Romney).

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2148 received from I, Desanges, George Gouge, J Hall, C A L Bull, R L Southwell, L Falcon, W Biddle, A W Scrutton, Jupiter Junior, S Farrant, C S Coxe, Ben Nevis, W Hillier, Aaron Harper, John Hodgson (Maidstone), Hereward, Edwin Smith, G S Oldfield, Otton Fulder (Ghent), Y Naylor, D W Keil, C Darragh, A M Porter, Jr, L Greenaway, G W Law, L Sharswood, Ernest Sharswood, Rev. W Cooper, John Thomas, Percy Rawle Gibbs, Edward James Gibbs Junior, James Griffiths, Rev. W Anderson (Old Romney), J T W, B R Wood, H Lucas, C Oswald, W L Salusbury, H H Noyes, W Warren, Carl Stepan, S Lowndes, C Hunt, D Waugh, R Dunipace, J E M F, Julia Short, Rounton, F Featherstone, H Reeve, F Ferris, R Ingersoll, G T Addison, W B (Clifton), Richard Murphy, J K (South Hampstead), W H D Henvey, Lex, Jumbo, W F Welch, F West, Columbus, E E H, N H Mullen, W J Rudman, Charles G Brown, Raymond Steinforth, J Lambe, Plevna, W Y Potter, George J Veale, F Marshall, Pierce Jones, E Louden, Hermit, E Cornish, Emmo (Darlington), Shadforth, F F Pott, and R H Brooks.

PROBLEM No. 2150.
By Mrs. Horace Kent (Brockley).
BLACK.



WHITE.
White to play, and mate in three moves.

A Game played at the Melbourne Chess Club between Mr. Blackburne and Mr. C. M. Fisher. The notes appended are by Mr. Blackburne.

(Two Knights' Defence.)

WHITE (Mr. B.)	BLACK (Mr. F.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th
2. Kt to K B 3rd	Kt to Q B 3rd
3. B to B 4th	Kt to B 3rd
4. P to Q 3rd	

This is considered by many persons to be too slow; however, it is quite as good as the orthodox move, 4. Kt to Kt 5th.

4.	B to B 4th
5. Castles	

Somewhat premature. The modern method in this kind of opening is to develop the Queen's Knight, and delay castling as long as possible.

5.	P to Q 3rd
6. P to B 3rd	B to Kt 3rd

Fearing 7. P to Q 4th; but there was nothing to apprehend from that move, and it would have been better to "castle" at once.

7. Kt to R 3rd	Castles
8. Kt to B 2nd	B to K 3rd
9. B to Kt 3rd	Q to Q 2nd

It is the usual and better plan to bring the Queen's Knight round to K Kt 3rd, via K 2nd, before playing the Queen, so as to give her the choice of K 2nd or Q 2nd, according to circumstances.

10. Kt to K 3rd	Kt to K 2nd
11. B to B 2nd	P to B 3rd

Leaving the Q P weak. Perhaps 11. Kt to Kt 3rd would have been stronger.

12. P to Q 4th	P takes P
13. Kt takes P	

WHITE (Mr. B.)	BLACK (Mr. F.)
	So as to enable him to bring the Rooks to bear on the weak Pawn.
13.	P to Q 4th

This is immediately fatal, but Black has already a bad position.

14. P to K 5th	Kt to K 5th
15. P to B 3rd	Kt to Q B 4th
16. P to K B 4th	

Driving the Kt back to R 3rd by 16. P to Q Kt 4th would have been better.

16.	Kt to K 5th
17. P to K Kt 4th	P to K B 4th
18. P takes P (*en. pas.*)	Kt takes K B P
19. P to B 6th	B to K B 2nd
20. P to Kt 5th	Kt to K 5th
21. K to R sq	B to B 2nd

The Kt's Pawn cannot be safely captured, because of 22. P to B 6th, and then, if 22. P takes P, 23. Kt to Kt 4th.

22. Q to Kt 4th	Q to Q 3rd
23. Q to Kt 2nd	B to K B 4th

Again he cannot take the Kt's Pawn, and for the reason given above.

24. P to B 6th	Kt takes K B P
25. Kt (K 3rd) to B 5th	Kt takes Kt
26. Kt takes Kt	Q to Q 2nd
27. P takes Kt	R takes P
28. Q to R 3rd	Q to K sq
29. B to Kt 5th	R to K 3rd
30. Kt to K 7th (ch),	and Black resigned.

THE BRITISH CHESS ASSOCIATION.

The programme of the first meeting of the revived British Chess Association was settled at a meeting of the council, held at Simpson's, on the 30th ult. There will be two playing tournaments—viz., 1. Open to all members of the B.C.A., bonâ fide domiciled in the British Empire. Entrance fee £1, to be applied to increasing the number or value of the prizes, which shall not be less than—First prize, £21; second prize, £10 10s.; third prize, £5 5s.; fourth prize, £3 3s.

2. Open to two representatives of each club or association federated with the B.C.A. Prize—a silver cup, to become the property of the successful club. Entrance fee, £1. The entries for these tourneys will be closed on the 12th inst.

3. Problem Tournament: For the best sets of three problems in two, three, and four moves respectively—First prize, £5 5s. (presented by J. O. S. Thursby, Esq.); second prize, £3 3s.; third prize, £2 2s. For the best single problem: In four moves, £3 3s. (presented by W. Baldwin, Esq.); in three moves, £3 3s.; in two moves, £2 2s. Free entrance to all members of the B.C.A.; other competitors will be required to pay an entrance fee of five shillings. Problems must be received, under the usual conditions of mottoes and sealed envelopes, from composers resident in the United Kingdom, on or before Aug. 31, 1885; from Europe, Canada, or the United States, Sept. 30, 1885; from elsewhere, Oct. 31, 1885. The judges appointed by the Council are Messrs. P. T. Duffy and J. O. S. Thursby, Mr. F. H. Lewis acting as umpire. To be addressed to Mr. I. Hoffer, honorary secretary, 21, Fulham-place, Maida-hill, London, W.

Problem Solution Tourney.—Prizes presented by Thomas Hewitt, Esq., for the quickest and most correct solution of problems. Time limit, two hours. Entries any time prior to hour fixed for competition. Problem in four moves—first prize, £2 2s.; second prize, £1 1s.; problem in three moves, £1 1s.

Blindfold Play.—The council hope to arrange an exhibition of blindfold play by a master against eight adversaries, for which prizes will be provided.

Consultation Tourney.—Chess Master and Amateur v. Chess Master and Amateur, members of the B.C.A.—Prize, £5 5s., presented by F. H. Lewis, Esq.

Four-handed Chess.—Prizes, two silver cigarette cases, presented by W. B. Woodgate, Esq.

Best Original or Composed Game.—Prize, chess board and pieces, presented by Wordsworth Donnisthorpe, Esq.

Most Brilliant Game Played during the Meeting.—Prize, £3 3s., presented by L. O. Howard Taylor, Esq.

Essay on any Original Variation of Chess Openings, to be handed in before the close of the meeting.—Prize, £3 3s.

Best Report (in any daily, weekly, or monthly periodical) of the Proceedings of the Association.—Prize, £3 3s., presented by W. Cubison, Esq.

A prize, consisting of the works of the Poet Laureate, Lord Tennyson, with his Lordship's autograph inscription will be presented for competition by two representative members of the professions, the Church, Law, Medicine, Army, Navy, and Literature.

The meetings will be held in rooms specially provided by "Simpson, Limited," and will extend over the two weeks beginning the 15th and ending the 27th of June.

A match between the Rev. A. B. Skipworth and Mr. H. E. Bird was begun at the St. George's Chess Club on the 21st ult. The first game was won by Mr. Skipworth; and he scored one more in the course of the match, which was eventually won by Mr. Bird by five games to two.

A return-match, Bristol and Clifton against Bath and District, was played at Bath on the 20th ult. There were thirteen competitors a side, and the play resulted in a decisive victory for the champions of "Avon's rolling pride," with a score of sixteen games to eight for Bristol.

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated July 25, 1872), with three codicils (dated July 24, 1874; March 5, 1881; and Nov. 22, 1882), of Mr. John Eden, late of Beamish Park, Durham, and of No. 15, Wilton-crescent, Belgrave-square, who died on April 4 last, was proved on the 19th ult. by the Rev. Arthur Duncombe Shafto and the Rev. Edward Abercrombie Wilkinson, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £307,000. The testator bequeaths £10,000 to the Durham Infirmary; £10,000, upon trust, to apply the income in payment of the repairs and of the superintendent of the almshouses erected by him at Beamish, and the remainder of the income to be divided among the almspeople therein; £5000 each to the Northern Counties Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, Newcastle-on-Tyne, and the Royal Albert Asylum for Idiots, Lancaster; £2000 to the Cancer Hospital, Brompton; £1000 to the Royal Victoria Asylum for the Blind, Newcastle-on-Tyne; £500 to the Ryde Infirmary; £200 each to the Gateshead Infirmary and the Ramsgate Dispensary; £200 to be distributed by the Incumbent among the poor inhabitants of Tanfield, Durham; his wines, consumable stores, live and dead dairy and farming stock, and £2000, to his brother, Edward Methold; £6000 to his said brother's wife; the household furniture and effects at Beamish Park to go as heirlooms with the estate, under the settlement thereof; and considerable other legacies. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves to his two executors for their own use absolutely.

The will (dated May 15, 1876) of Mr. John Lucas Walker, formerly of Albany Court-yard, but late of 71, Oxford-terrace, Hyde Park, who died on Dec. 12 last, was proved on the 19th ult. by Thornton Roger Trevelyan, the sole executer, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £297,000. The testator bequeaths numerous legacies, including £10,000 to Mr. R. E. Webster, Q.C., to be spent as he shall think best in the promotion, without regard to sect or party, of scientific and literary research, or either of those objects, in Cambridge or in the metropolis, or in both places; £10,000 to the National Gallery, to be spent in the purchase of a picture or pictures for the national collection, the said picture or pictures to be labelled with the donor's name; and £100 each to the Royal Humane Society, the Society for the Organisation of Charitable Relief and the Repression of Mendicity, and the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. All the legacies are directed to be paid free of duty. The residue of his real and personal estate is to be divided between the persons who would be entitled to his personal estate under the Statute of Distribution if he had died intestate.

The will (dated Feb. 18, 1874), with four codicils (dated Feb. 22, 1882; March 28 and Aug. 29, 1883; and Oct. 30, 1884), of Mr. William Muggeridge, late of Knightons Dunsfold, Surrey, and of Reed's Rest, Clifton Hill, Brighton, who died on Feb. 10 last, was proved on the 5th ult. by Thomas Benjamin Muggeridge, the brother, and Frederick Sharp and Edward Henry Sharp, the nephews, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £74,000. The testator leaves to his wife, Mrs. Sarah Rose Muggeridge, £1000, all the household furniture and effects at his principal residence, an annuity of £100, and a contingent further annuity, in addition to the provision made for her on their marriage; to his daughter, Mrs. Helen Adams, his freehold house Reed's Rest, with the furniture and effects, and an annuity of £500; to his nephew Edward Henry Sharp £10,000; an annuity to his sister, Mrs. Willeter, and legacies to her children, and also to his executors, Mr. T. B. Muggeridge and Mr. F. Sharp. The residue of his real and personal estate is to be held, upon trust, to accumulate for a period, then to pay the income to his said daughter, for life, and at her death for his grandchildren, May Helen Adams, George Muggeridge Adams, and Harold William Adams, in equal shares.

The will and codicil (both dated Dec. 16, 1880) of Mr. Charles Stephenson, late of No. 67, St. George's-square, Pimlico, surveyor, who died on Feb. 11 last, were proved on the 2nd ult. by Mrs. Mary Ann Stephenson, the widow, and Harry Jones, the acting executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £38,000. The testator bequeaths legacies to his wife, children, grandchildren, and brother; and he leaves all his real estate (if any) and the residue of the personalty, upon trust, to pay the annual produce to his wife, for life, and then to transfer the same equally between all his children.

The will (dated Jan. 22, 1885) of Mr. Samuel Ashton, late of Telham, Battle, Sussex, who died on Feb. 19 last, at Colombo, Ceylon, was proved on April 25 by Charles Andrew and James Crofts Ingram, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £32,000. The testator makes bequests to his brother-in-law, Colonel John Ashton Papillon, R.E., and to his sisters-in-law, Mary Graham Papillon, Catherine Papillon, and Florence Papillon; and leaves the residue of his real and personal estate to fourteen nephews and nieces.

The will (dated July 5, 1878) of Mr. James Cooper Hall, late of Whitby, who died on Oct. 11 last, has been proved by William Henry Marwood and John Henry Corner, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £15,000. The testator bequeaths his furniture and household effects to Jane McKenzie, for life, and then to the Evangelisation Society, Surrey-street, Strand, free of duty; £500 to the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, or the person who shall be the director, at the time the legacy becomes payable, of the Baptist Pastors' College in connection with the Metropolitan Tabernacle; £500 to George Müller, or the director, at the time the legacy becomes payable, of the New Orphan Houses, Ashley Down, Bristol; £500 each to the British and Foreign Bible Society, the Religious Tract Society, and the London City Mission; £100 to the said Evangelisation Society; and other legacies. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for his nieces, Dorothy Ann Barnes and Edith Dickson, and their children.

The will (dated Oct. 23, 1883), with a codicil (dated Nov 8 following), of Miss Mary Ann Blundell, late of No. 184, Alexandra-road, St. John's-wood, who died on the 14 ult., was proved on April 29 by James Frederick Robinseu, the sole executor. The testatrix bequeaths £200 each to the British and Foreign Bible Society and the Church Missionary Society; £100 each to the London City Mission, the Seaside Home in connection with the London City Mission, the Church Pastoral Aid Society, the British Home for Incurables, Clapham-rise; the London Society for Promoting Christianity among the Jews; and the Clergy Orphan Corporation, 63, Lincoins-inn-fields; and £200 to the Vicar and Churchwardens of St. Mary's, Kilburn, to be applied as they think best for the use and benefit of the charitable and benevolent institutions connected with the church and district, or any of them.

The Scotch Confirmation, under seal of the Commissariot of Edinburgh, of the trust disposition and settlement (dated July 4, 1879) of Captain William Hobson Moubray, R.N., of Otterston and Cockairnie, county Fife, and of No. 7, Belgrave-crescent, Edinburgh, who died on Feb. 7 last, granted to Captain William Henry Hallswell Carew Moubray, Lieutenant Beauchamp St. John Moubray, R.N., and Arthur Moubray, the sons, William Babington and Thomas Paterson, the executors nominate, has been resealed in London, the personal estate in England and Scotland exceeding £46,000.

TROUBLES OF AN ARTIST IN SKETCHING FROM NATURE.



He sets forth.
He is satisfied with his work as far as it has gone.
He returns to find the critics have been at work.

He selects his subject.
He goes to the village for refreshment.
Despair!

ASIATIC SUBJECTS OF THE RUSSIAN EMPIRE.

KALMUCK DWELLINGS.





KALMUCK TARTARS.

THE PARIS SALON.

SECOND NOTICE.

Although Antonio Mercie, who is famous also as a sculptor, may cite the interests of science as a warranty for his work, the subject he has chosen and painted so powerfully is only on that ground less repulsive than those mentioned in our last notice. It represents Michael Angelo, a dead subject before him, eagerly copying, by the light of a spluttering candle, the exposed muscles of a dissected arm, which a piece of cord retains in an uplifted position.

Léon Bonnat, for his "Martyrdom of St. Denis," may plead the commands of the Church; and, considering that he had to struggle against the comical on one side and the repulsive on the other, it is astonishing the amount of religious exaltation he has managed to throw into his subject. The decapitated St. Denis is seen, to the horror of the Pagan priest and the executioner, round whom lie the trunks of butchered martyrs, quietly stooping to pick up his own head. A star-like effulgence covers the shorn neck, and a halo glorifies the trunkless head, while, above, an angel holds over the saint a palm-branch and a martyr's crown. Of all the decorated panels in the Panthéon, there is little doubt this will be the one most edifying. There are several other pictures whose subjects would be very questionable in English eyes.

Turning to themes of more immediate interest and more in accordance with Western ideas of civilisation, we would name three life-sized groups which for their high art merits have deservedly attracted much attention. First, there is the meeting in the Salon of the "Jury of Painters," who give their votes for the pictures they approve by an excited uplifting of sticks and umbrellas. The thirty-three portraits include all the most famous painters in France. The author is Henry Gervex. Then there is the "First Meeting of the Municipal Council of Paris Round the Table in the New Hôtel de Ville," by Jobbé-Duval; and lastly, there is a no less forcible group, by Fantin-Latour, of gentlemen gathered around a pianoforte-player.

Among the sea-pieces which have attracted our attention we would record our special admiration for the fleet of returning shrimpers taking the harbour of Honfleur under a brisk wind and a lowering sky, with some rocks in the right foreground, by Courant; for the long wave with the swirl of level water preceding it, all in excellent drawing by Alexander Harrison, of Philadelphia; and, especially, for the truly dramatic sea-piece by George Haquette, showing a fisherman's wife and little girl standing on a storm-beaten jetty, watching an approaching vessel. The mother holds up her arms in an agony of terror and suspense, for at that moment a mighty sea has struck the craft.

We would include also in this list Hagborg's "Fisherman's Daughter" wheeling a barrow across the wet sand, Lepic's "Stand by to Luff!" Clay's "Vessels Under a Morning Effect," Vernier's fishermen pulling in a boat on the top of the tide, and Morlon's "Life-Boat" bringing through a tempestuous sea some shipwrecked mariners. Mesdag's "Boats Under an Evening Effect" is finely studied.

Sargent, the American artist, born at Florence, fully maintains his high reputation. His portraits of the three sisters, all in one canvas, is very powerful; so also is his portrait of "Madame V——," though in a less degree, perhaps. Mr. Whistler is much more appreciated in Paris than he is in London. His portrait of "Theodore Duret," with a lady's pink cloak over his left arm and carrying his hat in his right hand, is wonderfully simple and natural in attitude; and his "Lady Archibald Campbell," in black dress and black fur tippet, who turns her handsome face towards us as she walks away, is no less telling, and occupies a conspicuous place on the line. The portrait of "Miss H——," by William Dannat, of New York, is a good example of the Whistler school.

Léon Comerre has two female portraits in blue. His portrait of the lovely "Madame F. D." is in dark blue; that of "Mdlle. C. F.", at the other end of the room, each being in the place of honour, is in light blue, and strikes us as fuller of knowledge and the better of the two. The left arm of the former is rather stiff and lacks modelling; but they are both of them remarkably clever. Carolus-Duran has two admirable lady portraits in Room 10. William Stott, of Oldham, has his father and mother on one canvas most admirably painted.

J. L. Stewart, of Philadelphia, sends a "Hunt Ball," which has attracted no small share of the attention of artists. The white and pale-pink and lavender dresses of the ladies contrast well with the strong red of the gentlemen's coats, their black breeches and stockings and white waistcoats. There is only one black coat in the whole composition, and its wearer sits chatting with a comely lady in the foreground. It is surprising how cleverly the artist brings the whole into harmony by the judicious treatment of the curtained doors and mirrors of the background. Another eminent American, Julian Story, is well represented by the picture of an "Odalisque."

A picture very much affected by artists fills a very large canvas in the first *Salon Carré*. It represents a vast grey stone-yard with masons and labourers all busy at work. A grey horse is in the centre of the picture, and a lofty stage with a moving trolly runs across the canvas, while the Seine flows in the background. The author is A. P. Roll, and his method recalls that of the late lamented Bastien Lepage, without for a moment suggesting anything like imitation. A similar subject is handled in a similar manner by Roger Jourdain. It represents two men in a lime quarry near Villerville. The one is seated on a barrow, and the other stands on the edge of the white rock looking seawards. The painting of this is perhaps closer and firmer than that of Roll, who purposely affects a looser and slighter handling.

Opposite the great stone-yard of the latter hangs a fine historical work by Casanova Y. Estorach, of Tortosa, representing "The Last Moments of Philip the Second." The haggard face of the cruel and wily fanatic is as white as his pillow, and a courtier kneeling in white, and a lady standing by the Monarch's bedside weeping, also attired in white, give the focussing keynote to a scheme of colour which affects the eye pleasurably and lightens up what would otherwise be a sombre enough subject. On one side of this picture hangs a lady's full-length portrait by Adolph Yvon, in white-flowered creamy satin kirtle and claret-coloured dress trimmed with white lace. This is the painter who painted for the Emperor the battle-pieces at Versailles of the Crimea and Italy. The pendant to this is a lady in black figured dress, sitting on a sofa of dark yellow and red, in the act of buttoning her glove. The artist of this remarkably fine portrait is an Italian named V. M. Corcos; and, between these portraits of two elegant ladies, lies her length on the grass a peasant girl shading her eyes from the sun. The painter is A. Durst.

In the *Salon Carré*, to the extreme left, is displayed the largest canvas in the exhibition, showing a Moorish conqueror on horseback surveying the spoils of victory. The gigantic negro in the foreground, bestriding a dead woman and holding aloft in his arms a live one, gives dramatic intensity to G. Clairin's gorgeous creation. This same quality of intensity is conspicuous in the hurrying down to the water-side of the body of the murdered "Chilperic," by E. V. Luminais. P. A. P. Lehoux has rendered with similar force the carrying away of a man "After the Combat." Harry Thompson's "Shepherd outside the Fortifications of Paris" minding his sheep has a soothing effect after contemplating these scenes of blood.

J. F. R.

KALMUCKS OF THE RUSSIAN EMPIRE.

The whole population of the Russian Empire is computed to exceed ninety millions, of whom ten millions are in Asia, but some fragments of Asiatic races are to be found in the south-eastern part of European Russia. That portion of the country was formerly overrun by the Tartars, of whom there are several different nations. The Kirghese Tartars, dwelling in the country east of the Caspian, and spreading around the Sea of Aral and on the north bank of the Syr Daria, or Jaxartes, are a pastoral folk, of mixed Turkish and Mongolian race, professing the Mohammedan religion. The Kalmucks are purely Mongolian, and are mostly adherents of the Buddhist creed; their principal abode is to the south-east of Lake Balkash, on the river Ili, and on the western slopes of the mountains bounding Chinese Turkestan. But some of them, more than a hundred years ago, found their way along the north coast of the Caspian and across the Volga, where they still inhabit a corner of the European territory, preserving their language and their peculiar habits. They freely pitch their kibitkas or tents on the steppe, and keep their herds of cattle, flocks of sheep, horses and asses, paying a yearly rent or tribute to the Russian Government. The total number of these people is only a few thousand; but they are the remnant of a once powerful, conquering nation, which contested the dominion of Western Central Asia with the Turkish Moslems during the ages preceding Russian conquest. In the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, the Kalmuck kingdom of Sungaria, beyond Lake Balkash and up the Irtish, towards the Altai mountains, was really formidable; and Peter the Great repeatedly sent military expeditions to check its aggressions, leading to the formation of the Russian province of Semipalatinsk. The north-eastern part of Turkestan was at this time subject to Kalmuck rule; but, in the middle of the last century, the Sungarian Kingdom was overthrown by the power of China, and great part of its population was dispersed, some flying westward, across the Kirghese country, to seek refuge in Russia. An account of these people, as well as of the Kirgheses, and of the different Turkish nations, will be found in "Russian Central Asia," by the Rev. Dr. Henry Lansdell, just published by Messrs. Sampson Low and Co.

The Queen has contributed a special donation of £50 towards the Triennial Festival Fund being raised at Charing-cross Hospital for providing accident wards, a children's ward, and other improvements.

The twenty-fifth annual meeting—known as the Northern Wimbledon—of the Yorkshire Rifle Association, was held last week at Sowthorpe Common, near York. There were ten competitions; nearly £620 was offered in 368 prizes. For the first time the Volunteers used the Martini-Henry rifle, and a marked improvement in the scoring as compared with last year was noticeable.

An important meeting was held at the Townhall, Folkestone, on Tuesday week—presided over by the Mayor—for the purpose of furthering the promotion of a National Art-Treasures Exhibition, to be held in Folkestone next year. A resolution was passed unanimously:—"That a National Art-treasures Exhibition should be held in Folkestone next May till the following October." Guarantees to a very large amount were announced. Mr. Felix Joseph has consented to act as honorary director.

NEW BOOKS.

The trumpet of many thinkers in the present day has an uncertain sound, and is on that account perhaps listened to the more eagerly. In *Quest*, by Thomas Sinclair (Trübner and Co.), a variety of topics, social, theological, and literary, are alluded to or discussed, sometimes with much ability, often with considerable daring and a disregard of public opinion. The reader who likes to be startled may have his taste gratified in this volume. The writer is often highly suggestive, and more frequently paradoxical. We may agree with him that "the publication of a true book hot from the soul is a far greater event for man than the taking of the greatest city"; but when he says that "Browning has long since forgotten what poetry is, if he ever knew"; that "Swinburne is a manufactured metrist, not an original one"; that Goethe's "Faust" "is too pantomimic, too burlesque, too ridiculous for the height of the high argument that it grew to at last"; and that, of the greater souls, there was never a blinder searcher after truth than he; and when he writes that there is a hardness in the best work of Shakspeare and Milton "which only the strongest readers can completely musicalise," the reader is apt to wish that Mr. Sinclair would give some reasons for these eccentric judgments. There are many more of such eccentricities in the volume for those who care to seek them. Thus we read—"It would not perhaps be far from truth to say that all martyrdoms, if not mistakes, which they possibly may be, are the undoubted signs of limitation in the natures of those martyred. Dying for truth is rhetorical nonsense." In spite of much effort to say profound things, rhetorical nonsense is a fault from which Mr. Sinclair is by no means free himself. There is more cant than meaning in such phrases as "processional lyric regions," "a purely processional poet," and in the remark that Milton, in his youth, "was a fine example of the musical, the processional, and the incipient epical." And is the English language so limited that the writer is forced to employ such words as "animalic" and "musicalise"?

The publication of such a work as Mr. J. E. Brown's *Forest Flora of South Australia* (Adelaide, S.A.), of which Part V. has just reached us, is sufficient evidence that the authorities are not neglectful of one of the most hopeful sources of revenue in that colony. The author, who holds the post of Conservator of Forests for the Government of South Australia, appears to be going carefully through the natural products of the South Australian soil, not only with the object of framing a scientific catalogue for the use of present and future students of botany, but with the more popular aim of making known the conditions under which the trees were originally found; the uses to which their fruits, bark, or wood may be applied; and of laying the foundation of a comparative dictionary of the local names by which the trees are now recognised. For example, the Poison-Berry Tree (the only *Pittosporum* of South Australia) is already known locally, in the far north of the colony, as the "Butter-Bush Tree"; on Yorke's Peninsula as the "Willow Tree"; and in the south as the "Native Willow," and as the "Poison-Berry Tree." Which of these popular names will survive, it is impossible to foretell; but future students of Australian folk-lore will find in Mr. Brown's "Forest Flora" help for whatever theories they may be anxious to set afloat. From an artistic point of view, we cannot speak too highly of the very excellent illustrations with which this publication is enriched; and we must congratulate our Australian relations on the degree of perfection to which they have brought colour-printing. In each case, in addition to a full-page coloured drawing of a branchlet of the tree, showing both fruit and flowers, longitudinal sections are given (magnified when necessary) of the flower, the fruit, the seed, the branch, and of the trunk, the last indicating the grain of the wood, and suggesting its applicability to trade purposes.

In the present day, history, like literature, is frequently brought before the public in brief "Studies," to be read without labour in a leisure hour. Mr. Alexander Charles Ewald, having written such essays for magazines, has now published them in a volume, entitled *Studies Re-studied: Historical Sketches from Original Sources* (Chatto and Windus). If the sources are new, the facts are, in many cases, familiar; but Mr. Ewald knows how to use his pen, and the reader will find much in the varied contents of the volume that is entertaining and suggestive. It would have been difficult to say anything new about a book so familiar as "Lord Hervey's Memoirs," but Mr. Ewald has contrived to make an attractive paper from it which will be acceptable to readers into dislike trouble. Bright, too, and picturesque is the description of "The Field of the Cloth of Gold"; and if the writer cannot be said to cover new ground in the account of Queen Elizabeth's rejected suitors, of "The Bloody Assizes," and of "The Rye House Plot," he has used his materials for these sketches like a skilful literary craftsman. Perhaps the first essay in the books is the weightiest. "A Bas les Juifs!" is a masterly statement of the persecutions of the Jews in England. It is strange to remember that, as recently as 1832, no Jew was allowed to open a shop in London, since that was a privilege only to be enjoyed by a freeman, and that even a converted Jew was not admitted to the freedom of the city until 1825. "Even now," Mr. Ewald writes, "though Jews have seated themselves in numbers upon the green benches of the House of Commons, no Jew by religion has ever sat as legislator upon the red benches of the House of Lords."







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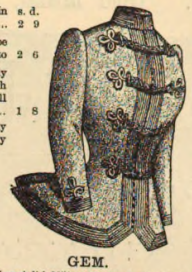
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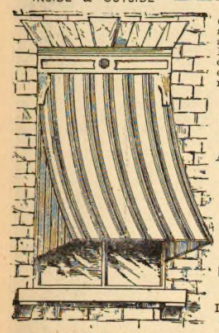
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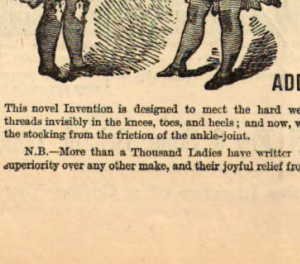
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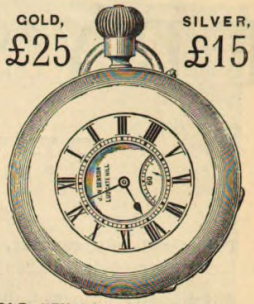
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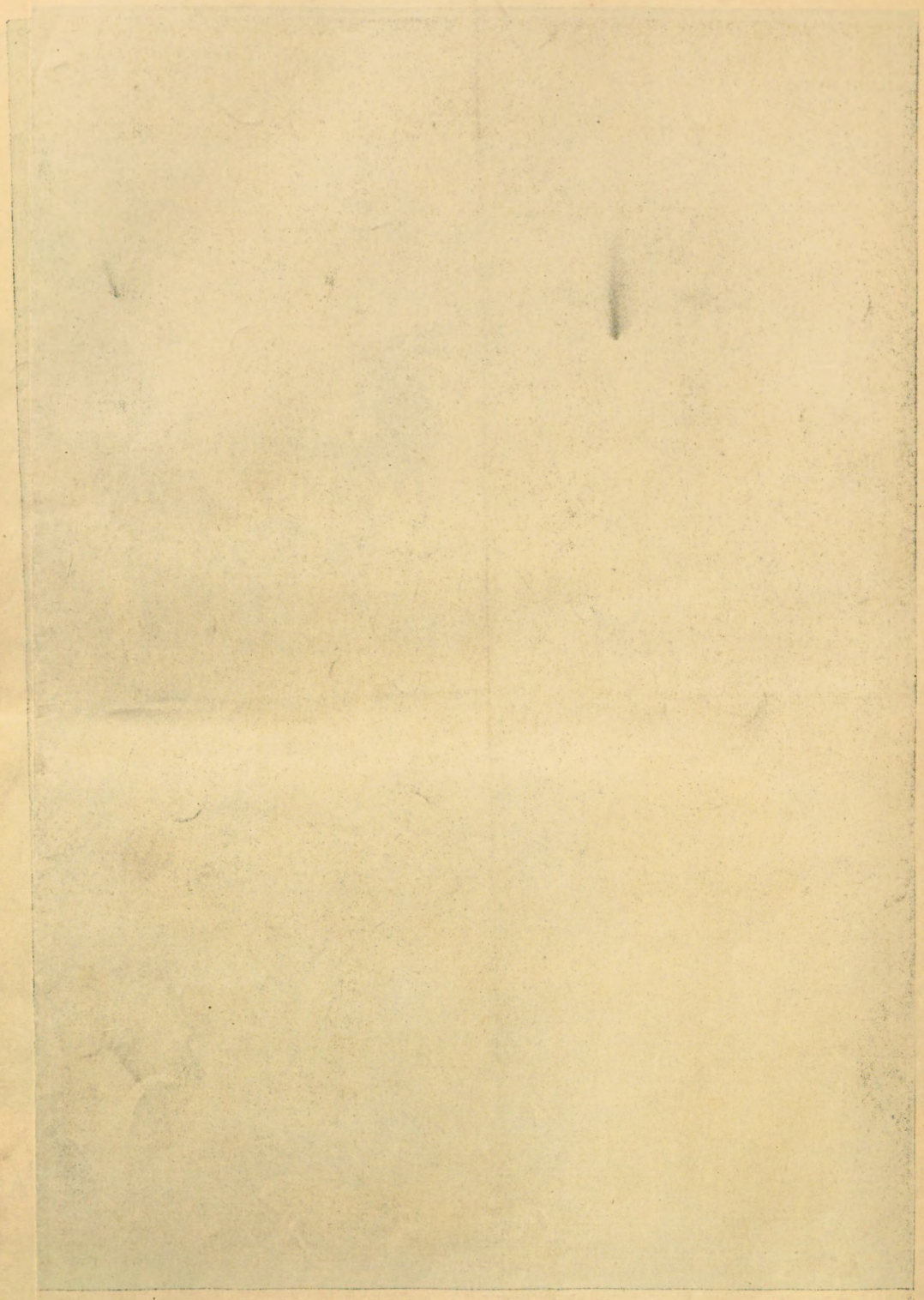
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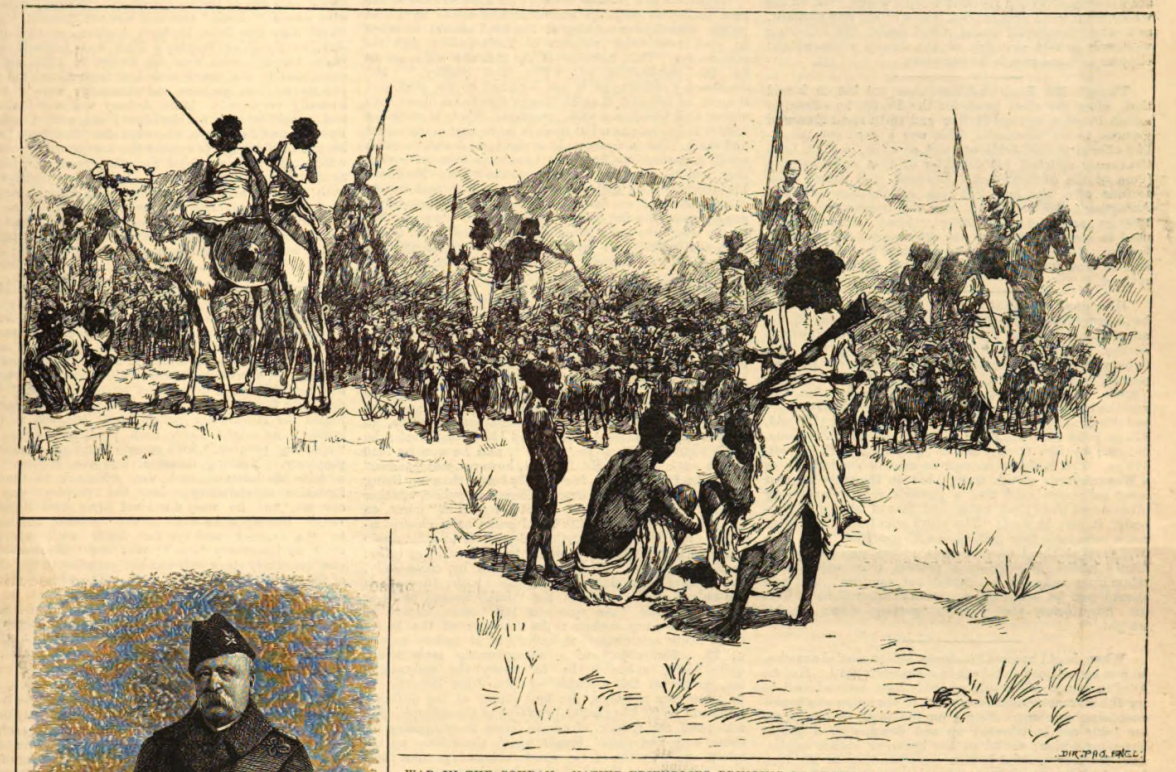


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WAR IN THE SOUDAN: NATIVE FRIENDLIES BRINGING IN PRISONERS AND CAPTURED SHEEP AND GOATS.
A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. WALTER PAGET.



MAJOR-GENERAL F. D. MIDDLETON, C.B.,
COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF OF THE COLONIAL MILITIA OF CANADA.



A GREAT CATCH ON THE NILE.
A SKETCH AT TANI, BY CAPTAIN VERNER, INTELLIGENCE DEPARTMENT.

OUR NOTE-BOOK

Those, and they were many, who anticipated a poor yachting season, need not have any fears now. For a long time, in fact during the whole of the winter, orders for building were few and far between, several of the best-known cracks were reported as either to be relegated to cruising or not to be commissioned at all. But whether owing to the fine weather, or the chances of peace, last week threw quite a different light on the scene. Two of our smartest vessels will under winter spars and try-sails cross the Atlantic, the while their racing tackle precedes them by steamer, in a plucky endeavour to wrest back the cup which the America deprived us of in 1851. Schooners are certainly down in the world; but the schooner as a racing vessel has for a long time been no favourite with yachtsmen. The 40's look well, as do the 20 s, and there are stories told about new little craft which are determined to clip the Buttercup's wings. So, on the whole, what was a dark outlook is now bright and pleasant, and when Goodwood comes round again, the following week will behold as many of the dainty white-winged clippers as it has seen in former years.

Though Mr. Brodrick-Cloete does not bet, it is said that, after the close finish for the Derby, he offered to match Paradox against Melton and stake eight thousand guineas to six thousand. This was a good sportsman-like offer of the old-fashioned sort, as when, in 1719, Lord Grosvenor matched his daughter of Dux and Curiosity (dam of the celebrated sire Buzzard, well named Misfortune after she had lost the match) against Lord Abingdon's Cardinal York, over the Beacon Course, for 1000 gs., and 6000 gs. to 3000 gs. "bye." But there is no need to wonder if the offer was not accepted; it is not the fashion of the day to make matches for such a sum, and it would be a pity, perhaps, if the fashion were revived.

How good a thing it is to be a successful jockey may be inferred from the fact that up to the end of the Epsom meeting last week, at the rate officially recognised by the Jockey Club (but multiplied in practice by five, ten, twenty, up to a hundred) of five guineas for a "winning mount," and three for a losing (to say nothing of fees for "trials"), the amounts won in little more than two months by the most fortunate jockeys would have been as follows:—By Mr. F. Archer, 770 gs.; by Mr. C. Wood, 626 gs.; by Mr. A. Giles, 420 gs.; by Mr. J. Watts, 394 gs.; by Mr. G. Barrett, 671 gs.; by Mr. F. Barrett, 416 gs. This is almost enough to made a Vanderbilt's or a Westminster's mouth water; but on the other hand, it must be remembered that a jockey's mouth must very often do no more than water, and that of him, if of anybody, it may be said: "The youth who trains to ride or run a race, must bear privations with unruffled face." You may meet at the Turkish bath a grown man who is evidently rather undergoing a process than enjoying a relaxation, and who is carried out fainting; and you should not be surprised to learn that "That is Tela (or Sagittarius) the jockey, 'getting down to his weight.'"

When, in old age and blindness, Milton needed exercise, he was accustomed to take it in a kind of swing. Had he lived in our day, he would probably have been advised to try the automatic exercising stool, or the automatic horse-exercising machine. Sitting on the stool, the body, we are told, can be vibrated up and down, with a gentle bumping action; seated on the horse, or rather saddle, with its four padded buffers corresponding to the four feet of a horse, the rider can cause the movement to be as easy or as violent as he pleases. A horse-machine that can be kept in a bed-room has obvious advantages over a horse that must be kept and fed in a stable. The best trained horse may rear, may shy, may run away, or may stumble. "How can you ask if I keep a dog," said the poet Gray; "an animal that might go mad and kill me?" But horses cause far more deaths than dogs, and yet rash people will persist in keeping them: and, in order to preserve health, are daring enough to risk life. A horse-machine will save both purse and bones. Instead of a glorious gallop over turf, with its attendant dangers, a rider can now sit at home at ease, and in imagination perform the most daring feats of horsemanship. Truly a brave pastime! and one that, if its inventor's wishes are fulfilled, may make a desert of Rotten-row.

Lieutenant Austin, who behaved so pluckily in the defence of Baker's zereba, came home last week from Souakim, on board the Tyne, with his wound still unhealed, but bringing with him the standard for which he has suffered so much. It may be remembered that he dashed out from the main body of the troops and presented a revolver at the head of an Arab standard-bearer, who threw his spear at the same moment as the English officer fired. The savage fell dead, but his weapon tore a deep jagged gash from Lieutenant Austin's wrist to his elbow; in spite of which he advanced to his mark, and returned to his commander carrying the captured standard.

Cricket extraordinary may be looked for—nay, has already been exhibited—this year; for, not to mention any other instance, there were 330 runs scored, in the match between M.C.C. and Yorkshire, on the 2nd inst., by Gunn and Barnes together, before they were separated. This is a "long firm" partnership with a vengeance; in fact, "the longest on record (for a first-class match) by six." Altogether, moreover, there was "a full day's cricket, in which 437 runs were scored," and yet "only three wickets fell." We may expect to see Mr. Jingle's famous feat, with the "bat in blisters," reduced to the common-place before the season is over.

American women are very patriotic, and there is an assemblage of thirteen of them now sitting at Mount Vernon, once the abode of General Washington. One of them, a delegate from South Carolina, has just had the old dining-room carefully restored with funds contributed in that State; another, who comes from Louisiana, has presented to the association a piece of the point lace which the father of his country wore on his sleeves when sitting for his portrait to Gilbert Stuart; and the bereaved husband of the lady who until her recent death represented Alabama hung up in the hall the sword that General Washington wore and probably used at Braddock's defeat. Mount Vernon has become a kind of national museum, a shrine to the memory of the national hero.

One day last month the *New York Herald* kept its fiftieth birthday, and among other curious items of information given to the public on that occasion was that the now world-renowned paper was first published in a cellar, and the furniture of that queer editorial office consisted only of a broken chair and a board laid across an empty barrel to form some sort of substitute for a desk. The population of New York at that date was 270,000, and it now contains 1,400,000 souls. This is something like growth.

Because a few fatuous worshippers have written of the poet Shelley as wellnigh immaculate, it seems hard that people who believe nothing of the kind should be asked to read two thick volumes of fault-finding and re-crimination. This, however, is the demand made on us by the publication of "The Real Shelley." Mr. Jeaffreson's indictment is not confined to the poet, and it must be allowed that he always directs his blows with vigour and sometimes with precision. There is pertinent matter in his volumes, but there is more that is irrevelant and much that is coarse. It is right, no doubt, to call a spade a spade, but there are two ways even of saying that, and Mr. Jeaffreson has chosen the worst. No doubt his laborious book will dispel some illusions, and rectify some mistakes; no doubt it has cleared the ground in some respects for the future biographers of the poet; but on the whole the game is not worth the candle. If it had been the writer's sole purpose to refute certain opinions expressed by enthusiastic admirers of Shelley, he might have achieved that purpose in fifty pages. He has written more than nine hundred, and, like a tedious preacher, who exhausts his congregation, has spoilt his work.

Last week there was another match for the championship of billiards; this time between the Champion, Mr. John Roberts, jun., and an ex-Champion, Mr. Joseph Bennett. The match was no match; Mr. Roberts led from start to finish, "beating the record" both in the total number of points made at a break and in the number of consecutive "spots" (at a championship table, in a championship match). He scored 155 in one break; he made sixteen consecutive "spots"; and he won by 1640 points out of 3000. Mr. Bennett, however, was "amiss." Mr. John Roberts, jun., is evidently better than any living English player who has ever performed in public, whether at the "spot-barred" game or at the "all in" game, on an ordinary table, or at the usual game on a championship table. It may be worth while to call to mind again how a championship table differs from an ordinary table: in the former, the "spots" are marked by chalk only, the pieces of black plaister are dispensed with; the pockets are only 3 inches wide at the "fall," instead of 3¼ or 3½ inches; the "red spot" is 12½ inches, instead of 13, from the top cushion; the diameter of the D (as the "baulk semicircle" is called) is 21 inches instead of 23. The object of a championship table is not quite plain, unless it be to weary the spectators; for, so far as the example of Mr. John Roberts can be taken for a guide, the best player at the ordinary table will be (if he practises) the best at the championship table, and the former, of course, gives more opening for those long and varied breaks which alone keep up the spirits and attention of the spectators, and prevent them from wishing that they had never been born.

The small island of Tristan d'Acunha, which supports a vigorous little colony of about a hundred souls, is as much overrun by rats as Australia by rabbits, and with similar deplorable results. The destructive little rodents were imported by accident, an American schooner having been wrecked on the coast, when the rats from her hold swarmed up into the fields and devoured the promising harvest. This was quite misfortune enough for one season; but before the next came round, the creatures had increased and multiplied to such an extent that it was no use planting cereals at all. The inhabitants are now entirely dependent on passing vessels for supplies of flour and meal, for which they barter fish, poultry, pigs, and cattle. The island is so mountainous that their pasture land is limited in extent; but it affords abundant feed for six hundred head of cattle and five hundred sheep. A dozen good wiry terriers, with reputations to maintain, would be a perfect godsend to the colonists.

Belgium and the International African Association have unforeseen difficulties to cope with in the government and occupation of the Congo Free State. A powerful chief named Tipu Taib has proclaimed the territory as belonging to the Sultan of Zanzibar, and announced his intention of fighting to the bitter end in its defence. He has a large and powerful army, a considerable portion of which is armed with modern weapons; and it is thought that all the Mohammedan races in Central Africa will join him. Tipu Taib has had his eyes opened to the riches of the interior by having acted as escort and protector to one of the ivory expeditions commanded by an agent of the International Association, which ought to have followed the precedent of descending the Congo River to Stanley Pool with its valuable collection of tusks, but instead of doing so pushed on eastward to Zanzibar. Tipu honourably carried out his bargain, but kept his ears open; and having heard that El Mahdi had not been altogether routed by the British in the Soudan, determined to become the leader of the tribes around Lake Tanganyika, and to offer a stout resistance to all encroaching foreigners.

The sugar trade has never been at such a low ebb as during the last few months, when the very best loaf has been sold retail by all the large firms at twopence per pound, and the planters of Barbadoes and Demerara have been wellnigh ruined. Those who are learned in the subject say that this state of things has been brought about by the excessive production of beetroot sugar on the continent of Europe which has entirely supplied itself, England being the only European country that has demanded cane sugar. But there has been so little profit on the beet crop after all expenses were paid that growers have planted less and less of it for two years, the quantity being 130,000 tons less in 1884 than in 1883; and, as there is just as much demand for sugar as ever, merchants are ordering the product of the cane so rapidly that a large quantity of gold has been sent out to Havana to enable planters to increase the area of their cane-fields as speedily as possible.

Of the five "classic" races (the Two Thousand, the One Thousand, the Derby, the Oaks, and the St. Leger) four have already been decided; and it is worthy of note that all the winners (Paradox, son of Sterling; Farewell, daughter of Doncaster; Melton, son of Master Kildare; and Lonely, daughter of Hermit) are descendants in the direct male line of Darley's Arabian. The only horse that ever won a "classic" race and was not descended in the direct male line from Darley's Arabian, or Godolphin's Arabian (Barb), or Byerley's Turk, was Aimwell (son of Marc Antony), who won the Derby in 1785, and was descended in the direct male line from Alcock's Arabian (whose services, perhaps unfortunately, were not very liberally employed). Marc Antony was a "first foal" and a half-brother to Highflyer; and with Conductor, Pyrrhus, and Pantaloon, who were also "first foals" and of his year, did enough to remove the unreasonable prejudice which nevertheless existed for many years after his date against a dam's first produce. It is a pity, perhaps, that both Aimwell and Marc Antony, like Alcock's Arabian, were, to all appearance, comparatively neglected as sires; for Marc Antony was a very stout horse, and won twenty out of the twenty-eight events for which he started, and he ran nowhere but at Newmarket.

A truly remarkable career is that of William Mellor, farm labourer, who was reported the other day to be "wanted" by the police for stealing a horse. At nine years of age, when some geniuses, like Mozart or another, would be astonishing the world with precocious musical or other performances, Mellor, it is said, "collected eight shillings for a juvenile Wesleyan missionary" in a money-box, and "then got drunk and burned the box." With this early feat to his credit, he "nearly twenty years ago joined the Manchester (police) force; but was soon dismissed," as might have been predicted, even by a "sporting prophet," with some chance of a successful prophecy. Nothing daunted, however, Mellor "made a false declaration, and was admitted to the Staffordshire constabulary; but the perjury was discovered, and he was dismissed after two days' service." Hereupon he rose to the occasion, and applied to "a money society for funds with which to stock an imaginary farm"; took the "inquiry officer" over somebody else's well-stocked premises in the absence of the owner; and obtained £120, with which he naturally decamped, and which he must have employed to some purpose as he was "not heard of again for ten years." Then came his greatest triumph, when he "succeeded in representing himself as dead, in registering his death, and in obtaining burial-money from a lodge of Foresters, of which he was a member."

That a man who had thus taken the bread, as it were, out of the mouth of an undertaker, and had actually lived on his own funeral, should have been driven by adverse circumstances to common horse-stealing, shows once more to what "vile uses we may come." Mellor is clearly one of those felonious persons to whom, when they are caught and convicted, a Judge is wont to deliver an address about their talents which, "if properly applied to some honest trade, &c.," would have enabled them to reach a "position of respectability and affluence." It has always seemed strange that "the prisoner at the bar" has never retorted: "But you forget, my Lord, that we thieves are, as yet, a minority; there is too much competition in the honest line." Or does "the prisoner at the bar" believe that all men are as bad as he, only they have not been found out? This may account for his silence. At any rate, it is a fallacy to hold that the very greatest talents will certainly bring success in "the honest line," though that is no reason for trying the dishonest.

There is a new proposition with regard to silver coinage, which would, if adopted (an unlikely contingency), effectually put a stop to any public disadvantage which might be effected in consequence of the depreciation of the intrinsic value of the white metal. A new coterie in America suggest that instead of issuing coin the silver should be kept in bars, and that certificates should be issued to anybody disposed to accept them in lieu of currency. Unfortunately for the ingenious promoters of the idea, it cannot become popular because the holders of the certificates would at once become speculators in silver. If the value decreased, their securities must go down; and if it went up, the public could purchase what they wanted from the Treasury at the market or current value. The suggestion, therefore, must fail, although some proposition which would be advantageous and just would be welcome on the principle pointed out in these columns the week before last.

The fine old line-of-battle ship Howe, one of our few remaining "wooden walls," is about to be sent to Devonport as a training-ship, in the place of the Impregnable, which has been there for the last five-and-twenty years. The Hastings, another old liner, has been examined as to its capabilities, and will probably be handed over to the Government of New South Wales after being properly fitted up for training purposes.

THE COURT.

Her Majesty's birthday was celebrated in the customary way last Saturday by the Brigade of Guards "trooping the colours" on the Horse Guards' Parade. The Prince of Wales and the Duke of Cambridge took part in the display, and the Princess of Wales, with the Princesses, was among among the spectators. In the evening dinners and receptions were given by the Ministers and the principal officials. The Prince of Wales and Prince Albert Victor dined with the Premier; and the Prince and Princess, with Prince Albert Victor and Prince George and Princess Louise, were present at the evening party given by Countess Granville. The Hon. Artillery Company and the Post-Office Volunteers held special parades in honour of the occasion, which was also observed in the usual manner by military displays in Dublin and at some of the other principal garrisons. A number of appointments were made to various orders and to knighthood. Divine service was conducted on Sunday at Balmoral Castle by the Rev. Archibald Campbell, Minister of Crathie, in presence of the Queen, Princess Beatrice, Princess of Leiningen, and the Royal household. The Rev. A. Campbell had the honour of being invited to dine with the Queen and Royal family. On Monday afternoon her Majesty drove to Braemar. Mr. William Simpson, Special Artist of the *Illustrated London News*, has had the honour of submitting to the Queen at Balmoral, for her Majesty's inspection, drawings of various places on the line of the Russian and Afghan frontier, and in Persia, which Mr. Simpson made when accompanying the Afghan Frontier Commission. The Queen has contributed £50 to the Newspaper Press Fund.

A Levée was on Tuesday held at St. James's Palace by the Prince of Wales, on behalf of her Majesty, at which the presentations numbered 430. The Prince was accompanied by the Duke of Edinburgh and the Duke of Cambridge. Prince Edward of Saxe-Weimar, the Prince of Leiningen, and the Duke of Teck were present.

The Prince and Princess of Wales, Prince Albert Victor, and Prince George, and Princesses Louise, Victoria, and Maud, were present at Divine service on Sunday. The Prince and Princess, accompanied by Princesses Louise, Victoria, and Maud, left Marlborough House on Monday morning for Gravesend, where they embarked on board Lord Alfred Paget's steam-yacht, the St. Cecilia, and witnessed the first day's regatta of the Royal Thames Yacht Club, of which his Royal Highness is the Commodore. Their Royal Highnesses returned to London in the evening. On Tuesday morning the Prince proceeded to the Natural History Museum, in Cromwell-road, South Kensington, where, in presence of a numerous and distinguished company, his Royal Highness, as principal trustee for the British Museum, accepted, in the name of the trustees, a marble statue of the late Charles Darwin, formally presented by Professor Huxley on behalf of the Darwin Committee. In the afternoon the Prince and Princess, with their daughters, and the Duke of Edinburgh, visited the Horse Show at the Royal Agricultural Hall; and in the evening the Prince and Princess of Wales, with the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh, Princess Louise (Marchioness of Lorne), and other members of the Royal family, were present at the concert given at St. James's Hall by the American residents in London in aid of the National Fund for Sick and Wounded Soldiers. On Wednesday Prince Albert Victor was called to the Bench of the Middle Temple, and dined with the Benchers in their fine old hall in Plowden-buildings. The Prince of Wales, who is also a Bencher of this society, was present. About 400 members of the Inn dined in the hall, and several distinguished guests accepted invitations.

Princess Christian assisted on Tuesday evening at a concert given by the members of the Windsor and Eton Amateur Orchestral Society, at the Albert Institute, Windsor. Her Royal Highness played a pianoforte solo and in a concerto for pianoforte and orchestra, by Bach, and was much applauded.

A select wedding party met early last Saturday morning at the Church of Holy Trinity, Sloane-street, Chelsea, for the marriage of Viscountess Helmsley and Mr. Hugh Owen. Lady Helmsley was attended by her children, the Hon. Mary Duncombe and Viscount Helmsley, and her nephew and nieces, Viscount Castlereagh and Lady Helen Vane Tempest, and the Misses Chaplin. Captain Owen acted as best man to his brother. Theresa, Countess of Shrewsbury, gave her daughter away.

THE WAR IN THE SOUDAN.

A remaining Sketch of Mr. Walter Paget, our Special Artist late with the army of General Sir Gerald Graham at Souakim, is presented on our front page. It is that of a scene which took place on April 15, after a reconnaissance conducted by Captain Briggs and Mr. Brewster, of the Intelligence Department, who had procured the assistance of a friendly native tribe. The "friendlies," knowing the position of Osman Digna's followers, assisted in the capture of some prisoners, including several women of the enemy's family, whom they mounted on a camel with a screen or curtain over the seat to protect them from observation; also flocks of sheep and goats, which were driven into the camp. We have engraved also a Sketch from the Nile; one by Captain W. W. Verner, of the Rifle Brigade, Deputy Assistant Adjutant-General at the camp at Tani, commanded by Major-General the Hon. J. C. Dormer, on May 1, which shows a large crocodile killed by a shot from a Martini-Henry rifle. His stomach contained the greater part of a donkey, which he had evidently bolted whole; along with the skull and jawbones of an ox, and a quantity of stones and gravel, swallowed apparently to assist digestion.

GENERAL F. D. MIDDLETON, C.B.

A Portrait of Major-General Frederick Middleton, C.B., Commanding the Militia Forces of the Dominion of Canada, who has displayed great ability and energy in his recent operations in the North-West Territory against the insurgent bands of French half-breeds and Indian tribes, is presented in this Number of our Journal. It is from a photograph by Mr. Topley, of Ottawa. General Middleton is an officer of distinguished merit, who was educated at the Royal Staff College, served in India during the Sepoy Mutiny War, and in the Maori War in New Zealand, was more recently Commandant of the Cadet College at Sandhurst. He was appointed, in July last year, to the command of the Colonial forces of Canada, amounting to 37,000 well-trained troops, whose organisation has been described in this Journal. The latest news from the North Saskatchewan seems to indicate that the rebellion is effectually subdued. Big Bear, the remaining hostile chief, has retired northward with a few desperate followers, and fifty of his captives have escaped in safety. General Middleton is in pursuit of Big Bear.

The annual show of the Bath and West of England Society and Southern Counties Association opened on Monday morning at Preston Park, Brighton. There was an extraordinary increase in the number of entries in the principal departments.

THE SILENT MEMBER.

DEFEAT OF THE GOVERNMENT.

"It is the unexpected that always happens!" Mr. Gladstone's second Administration, after triumphing over innumerable resolutions condemnatory of the Egyptian policies of the Government, was at the commencement of the week vanquished by the Opposition in the fight over the alcoholic clauses of Mr. Childers's unpalatable Budget. Perfectly resigned to their lot, resignation ensued. In the ordinary course of things, her Majesty calls upon the Party which brought about the defeat of the Government to furnish a fresh Ministry. Always notable as having the courage of his opinions, the Marquis of Salisbury is not likely to shrink from the task if he should be honoured by the Queen's commands.

The languor observable on the Ministerial side when the House of Commons reassembled after the Whitsuntide Recess augured badly for the Government in the momentous debate. Both on the Thursday and Friday of last week, the attendance of members was slack, a few votes in Supply only being passed on the first evening, and the House being counted out before the Princess Beatrice's dowry was reached on the 5th of June. In the Lords, the most interesting event on the latter day was Lord Garmoyle's entrance into political life, his Lordship taking the oath of allegiance as the heir of his late illustrious father, Earl Cairns; but it was also noticeable that Lord Salisbury was as busy writing on the front Opposition bench as though the great coming event had already cast its shadow before it.

In vain did Mr. Childers strive on the Friday (backed by the presence of the pallid Premier), to propitiate the House by hopeful reference to the possibility of only Nine Millions of the War-vote of Eleven Millions being required after all. In vain did the Chancellor of the Exchequer in his blandest tones state that he would abate the increased duty on spirits to a shilling a gallon, and continue the shilling a barrel on beer for a year only. Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, Sir Richard Cross, and Mr. W. H. Smith looked as implacable as ever in the centre of the front Opposition bench. Lord Randolph Churchill in his coign of 'vantage irreconcilably curled the ends of his moustache. War to the knife was plainly intended, and was made clear by hostile interrogations.

Sir Michael Hicks-Beach lost no time in running his colours up to the mast-head directly Mr. Childers on Monday had moved the second reading of his Budget Bill, as amended. The right hon. Baronet, who has clearly the will to fill the House with a fairly resonant voice, and who will probably succeed in time in doing so, with some trenchancy moved the following amendment:—

That this House regards the increase proposed by this Bill in the duties levied on beer and spirits as inequitable in the absence of a corresponding addition to the duties on wine, and declines to impose fresh taxation on real property until effect has been given to its resolution of April 17, 1884, and of March 28, 1884, by which it has acknowledged further measures of relief to be due to ratepayers in counties and boroughs in respect of local charges imposed on them for national services.

Sir Michael Hicks-Beach had the temerity to allude to tea as an article that might bear additional taxation instead of beer and spirits. Energetically condemning this suggestion as impracticable, both Sir Charles Dilke and Mr. Gladstone criticised the right hon. baronet's speech with much vivacity. The President of the Board of Trade frankly said the "question cannot be treated as a mere change of Budget. It is a question of life and death." Immediately following Sir Stafford Northcote (who spoke as a past Chancellor of the Exchequer, be it remembered, and was sure there would be no difficulty in readjusting the Budget, albeit he did not countenance any fresh impost on tea), the Prime Minister spoke in his most dashing style. Mr. Gladstone, impressively premising that "it is simply for the Government a question of life and death," scouted, as aforesaid, the notion of alienating the tea-drinker, ironically referred to "the regular Opposition, the loyal Opposition, the national Opposition, the patriotic Opposition, the Constitutional Opposition," as refusing the Government the money needed, not because they really entertained compassion for the beer and spirit drinker, but because "the death duties of my right hon. friend have invaded the sanctuary of landed property." The Premier gallantly fought a losing battle. Extraordinary was the excitement. Lord Randolph Churchill frantically waved his hat, and the Parnellites flung taunts at the Treasury Bench, when it was seen that the Opposition "whips" had precedence at the table, and it was known the Government must be in a minority. It proved that Sir Michael Hicks-Beach had a majority of 12—264 against 252 votes—but the victory was secured by the alliance of the unstable Parnellite party with the Conservatives, by a few Liberal defections, and by the absence of numerous Ministerialists from the critical division. Mr. Gladstone philosophically bore the rebuff. As a necessary consequence of the defeat, he briefly moved the adjournment of the House in the small hours of Tuesday morning. Mr. Gladstone was rewarded by an enthusiastically loyal outburst of cheering from his followers when he re-entered the House on the Tuesday afternoon. It was known that the Ministry had resigned. But, in accordance with precedent, Mr. Gladstone simply said in the course of his short address that "the Cabinet assembled to-day and thought it their duty through me to submit a dutiful communication to her Majesty." The right hon. gentleman in answer to an inquiry on the part of Sir Stafford Northcote, added that, in the event of the Lords returning the Redistribution of Seats Bill on Friday (to which day both Houses stand adjourned), it would be advisable then to consider their Lordships' amendments.

At the annual meeting of the Geographical Society on Monday, the Marquis of Lorne was elected president for the ensuing year in the place of Lord Aberdare, who has resigned. At the dinner which took place in the evening at Willis's Rooms, Sir Peter Lumsden and Mr. Stanley made characteristic speeches.

Two fine rhododendron shows were opened on Monday—one that of Mr. Anthony Waterer, at the gardens of the Royal Botanic Society, Regent's Park; and the other that of Messrs. John Waterer and Son, at the gardens of Cadogan-place, Sloane-street: both will remain open during the present month.

The case of "Adams v. Coleridge" was again mentioned in the Appeal Court on Tuesday, when the Attorney-General stated that it had been agreed that no judgment should be given in the case, and that the action against Lord Coleridge should be stayed. Mr. Coleridge apologised and withdrew all imputations, and Lord Coleridge restored Miss Coleridge to her former position, and had agreed to settle on her £600 a year.

By a resolution of the Court of Fishmongers', the freedom of their ancient company has been offered to Prince Albert Victor of Wales, who has accepted the same. A gold casket to contain this document having been also voted, from the designs submitted to the Court that of Mr. J. W. Benson, of Ludgate-hill, has been selected. The casket, which is of a highly artistic, appropriate, and special character, will form a pleasing souvenir of the Prince's association with one of the principal of the civic companies.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

A very dull and, from all accounts, an equally disastrous theatrical season has been momentarily brightened by the arrival at the Gaiety of the now celebrated Jane Hading and an excellent company of French players. Mr. John Hollingshead, who for twelve consecutive seasons has brought over to this country so many admirable foreign artists, including the full company of the Comédie Française, has this year given the whole weight of responsibility to his able coadjutor Mr. M. L. Mayer, who, in addition to the operatic performances with Mdlle. Van Zandt at their head, has already introduced Jane Hading in the character of Marsa in "Le Prince Zilah" of Jules Claretie and promises eventually Sarah Bernhardt in Théodora. But it is not M. Mayer's plan to unduly encourage the star system. His theatrical planets are invariably surrounded by satellites of extraordinary power and brilliancy. Thus with Jane Hading come that admirable actor and old favourite at the Gymnase, M. Landrol, and M. St. Germain, one of the best eccentric comedians in France. By-and-by, in the company of Sarah Bernhardt, we shall see Marais, Marie Laurent, and the now celebrated Garnier, who has been offered an engagement at the Théâtre Français.

The new play, "Le Prince Zilah," founded on Jules Claretie's novel proved somewhat of a disappointment. We had heard much of this work in its dramatised form; its strange, but uninteresting, prologue; its bloodhounds, who bay behind the scenes and are supposed to tear the villain to death; its two strong and striking scenes connected with the wrecked life of the gipsy-bred Marsa, beloved by the Prince Zilah, but persecuted by a dishonouring scoundrel called Menko: but few who had not seen the play in Paris were prepared to find it, on the whole, so ineffective. The prologue, that gave so much offence to the critics in Paris, has been wisely suppressed, and we plunge at once into the purpose of the story; but, truth to tell, it is not a well-balanced work; the minor characters are tedious; and the great scene of the attack of the bloodhounds, intended, no doubt, to be very weird and terrible, appears, in English eyes, to be exceedingly trivial, if not comic. Of course, there is nothing particularly new in the story that M. Claretie has used both for novel and play. Women who are anxious to live down their past are perpetually threatened by villains who hold compromising letters, and happy lives are continually wrecked by the presence of some scoundrel, who, from jealousy or greed, desires a wretched form of revenge or retaliation. In real life it may be added that the victim is not necessarily a woman. Men suffer as much, if not more, from black-mailing women than women do from black-mailing men. Anyhow, this is one of the few motives that are the stock-in-trade of the dramatist and novelist as well. I am reminded that, long before M. Claretie's book appeared, Mr. A. W. Pinero used the same story in his play of "The Rector," at the Court Theatre—a play of considerable merit, but which failed in its object to please, owing to some defect in the method of setting forth the plot. It is quite certain that "Le Prince Zilah" cannot be quoted as a brilliant example of dramatic construction, by any means. It is saved alone by some very excellent acting. I should very much like to hear the opinion of M. Landrol on the art of Jane Hading, for it will be remembered that this faithful actor was attached to the Gymnase Théâtre all though the sad later career of Aimée Desclée. He has had opportunities of watching them both, and has, no doubt, frequently compared them. In the quieter and more reflective sides of their acting, they are to me very similar in style. Jane Hading has that strange power of attracting her audience to her by means of those waves of expression too often neglected on the stage. The fear of the actress is seldom still. It is an index to the mind, and is just as sensitive to every external and internal impression as a field of grass or corn that bends or sways to the slightest breath of wind. Jane Hading becomes the woman she personates, and a more beautiful example of her style could not be given than in the first act of the play, where the dejected and unsettled Marsa receives the love avowals of the passionate Prince. Her song, too, at the piano, where the sad woman breaks down over the recollection of some Hungarian air dear to her in old days, is a really delightful moment. But then, of course, Jane Hading is, or was, as accomplished a singer as an actress, and proceeded to comedy from comic opera. It is only in the stronger and more emotional scenes that the actress cannot conceal her effort to be natural. In striving after Nature and desiring effect she often proves artificial. Her powerful and passionate scenes do not ring quite true, and her evident admiration for the method of Sarah Bernhardt only intensifies the difficulty. But all that will come in time, and Jane Hading is distinctly one of the most interesting, and certainly the most promising, of the younger actresses of her time. Landrol gives a very fine performance of an old officer whose faith in the villain of the play is shaken by untoward circumstances, and who is compelled to be his executioner; but St. Germain was not seen at his best. He seems to trade upon his "throaty" manner, and to have become exceedingly mannered.

Mrs. Langtry, who was to have produced a new play by Mr. W. G. Wills next Saturday afternoon, has postponed it for further rehearsal—indeed, there is very little animation in the theatrical world, and all the managers appear to be shirking the summer and preparing for a more favourable autumn campaign. C. S.

An exhibition of industry and art, was held in the new schools at Upton, near Chester, lately built by Colonel and the Misses Humberston, the work, drawings, models, &c., were the production of the people of the village.

The tableaux which formed such a striking feature of the fancy-dress ball at the Institute of Painters in Water Colours were repeated with remarkable success before a large audience at the Kensington Townhall on Thursday, the 4th inst. The entertainment was for the benefit of the school of water-colour painting, founded by the Institute.

Mr. Norman Forbes's matinée will take place at the Prince's Theatre on Monday, June 22, when will be produced, for the first time in English, "Gringoire," an adaptation expressly written for him by Mr. W. G. Wills. The cast will consist of Messrs. Mansfield, Louther, Archer, and Norman Forbes, Miss Dorothy Dene and Miss Lee. Madame Antoinette Sterling, Miss Hope Glenn, and Mr. J. Robertson have kindly consented to sing on that occasion. Miss Maud White will play a solo on the pianoforte, and Messrs. Hermann Vezin and William Terriss will give recitations.

The Albert Palace at Battersea, which has been constructed to provide rational amusement and recreation for the public, was opened last Saturday by the Lord Mayor, who was accompanied by the Lady Mayoress and the Sheriffs. In spite of most unpropitious weather, there was a good attendance. In the afternoon a concert was given in the Connaught Hall, when an ode, written for the occasion, was performed by a large choir, assisted by artists. This concert is noticed in our Music column, and among the Art Notes is one referring to the pictures in this palace.



DRAWN BY F. BARNARD.

"He used me badly; but he's a good fellow. You tell him I said so—tell him Susan said so."

ADRIAN VIDAL.

BY W. E. NORRIS,

AUTHOR OF "MOLLE. DE MERSAC," "MATRIMONY," "THIRLBY HALL," &C.

CHAPTER XL.

ADRIAN'S LAST ATTEMPT.

Adrian walked home in a white heat, and his anger was only to a small extent against Wilbraham. The man had insulted him grossly and stupidly, and he had done what he could to avenge the insult. If he had not exactly succeeded in washing it out in blood, that did not signify so very much, after all. What hurt him far more than anything that Wilbraham could say was the thought that Clare had complained of her lot to an outsider. Had he been less incensed, he would have known that to complain to an outsider was about the last thing that she was likely to do; but he had not all his wits about him, and he was under the impression that Wilbraham had given himself out as being in some sort Mrs. Vidal's spokesman, as well as her champion. That was the last straw! It was rather hard that, with the sense of his wrongs strong upon him, he should have to go straight to Clare and make a humiliating confession; but there was no help for it—the confession must be made. To confine himself to the bare announcement that he had been extravagant, and must retrench, would—though disagreeable enough—be plain sailing. Many a man is compelled to make such announcements to his wife; and she, if she be worthy of the name of wife, will be pretty sure to try and console him, instead of reproaching him. But Adrian rather doubted whether he would be able to stop there, and doubted still more whether anything would be gained by proceeding farther. He bitterly regretted now that he had put himself in the wrong by pretending to flirt with women whom he neither liked nor respected. If he accused Clare of having traduced him to a third person, she would have an answer ready to which it might not be easy to find a rejoinder; for the legal maxim of "the greater the truth, the greater the libel" is one which has never yet commended itself to feminine minds. On reaching Alexandra-gardens, he turned and walked back for some distance, and then turned again, debating with himself whether he should tell Clare of his encounter with Wilbraham or not; and when at length he entered his house he had reached no decision.

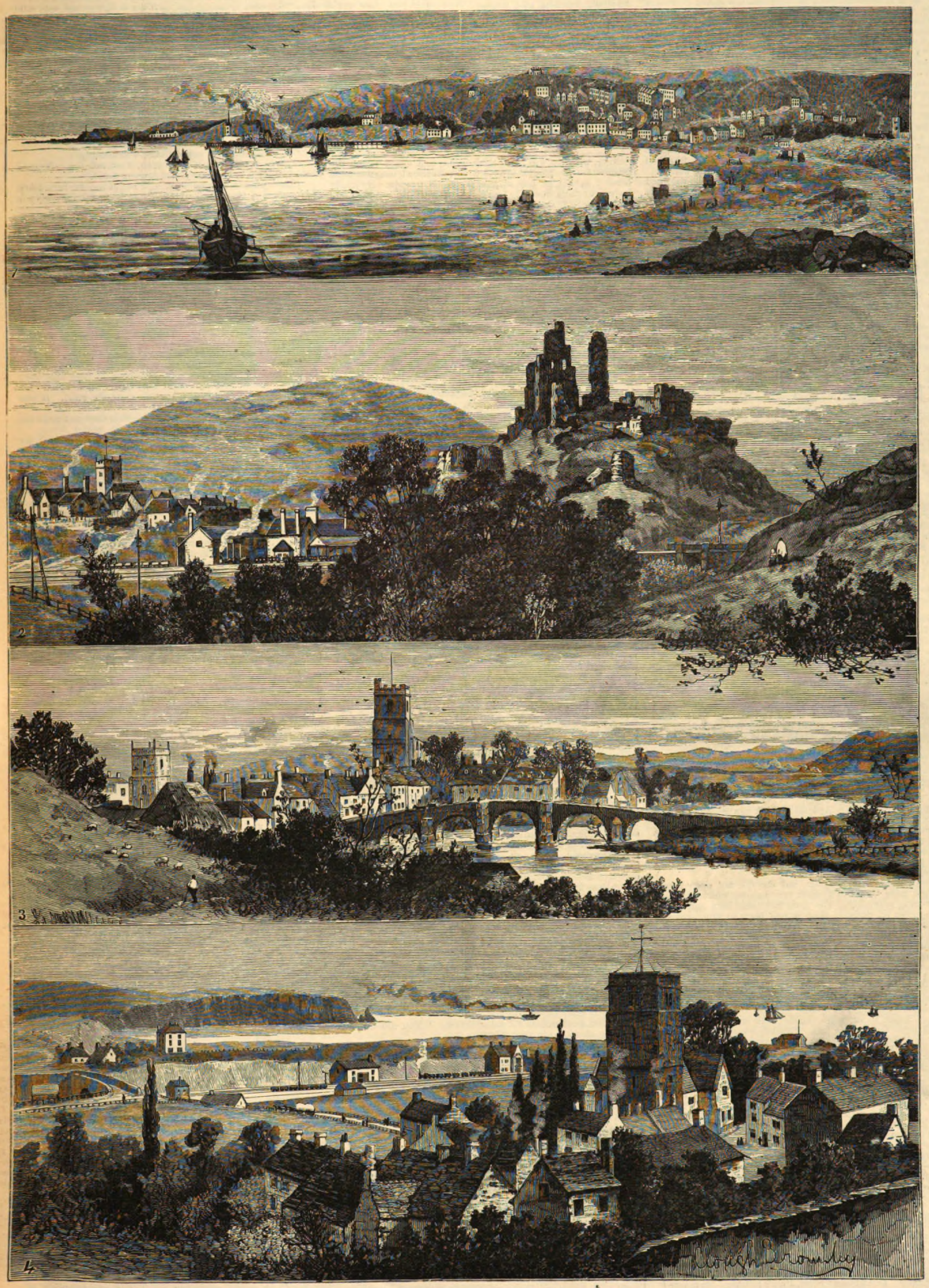
He had still several hours in which to cool down and consider himself; for he found Georgina in the drawing-room, and presently De Wynt, who had been asked to dine, came in. Unfortunately, however, the presence of De Wynt did not serve to sooth Adrian's irritated nerves. Why is it that, during the interval which separates betrothal from marriage, ninety-nine couples out of a hundred become a standing affliction to all who are forced to dwell under the same roof with them? Why are they for ever exchanging meaning glances? Why must they needs indulge in mute demonstrations which everybody in the room sees perfectly plainly, but which they absurdly assume to be visible only to themselves? What strong delusion possesses them that they seem to take a positive pride in conduct which they would ridicule and despise in anybody else? A happy thing it is for them that they speedily forget this period of insanity—forget it as we have all forgotten the time when we were red and squalling infants. But those who saw us as infants do not forget the circumstance. They may forget a good deal about us, but they never forget that; and never fail to remind us of it. Nor is the behaviour of engaged lovers ever forgotten by those unfortunates who have chanced to be shut up in the house with them for a few days. Let young lovers bear this truth in mind, and tremble.

The worst of it is that age would seem to be no safeguard against the above-mentioned malady. Georgina and De Wynt—neither of whom was in the first blush of youth—were quite as ridiculous as any boy and girl: and even Clare, heartily as she rejoiced in the engagement which she had done her best to bring about, was obliged to admit that they were not the best of company at this time. De Wynt was by far the greater offender of the two. Georgina, true to her principle of self-effacement, simply did what he told her, and appeared to delight in this unwonted attitude of compliance; but he—whether because he wished to indemnify himself for many years of sober common-sense, or because he really was not responsible for his actions—went on in a way which was found very trying by his future brother-in-law, and which did little credit to his reputation for tact.

"I say, Vidal, you're not really busy just now; what should you say to our giving ourselves a three or four days' holiday on the river?" he began, in a sort of "let's-all-be-happy-together" tone, as soon as he had taken his place at the dinner-table. "We would take it easy, you know, you and I pulling, and one of the ladies steering for us; and whenever we thought we had had enough work, we could stop a night at one of those jolly little riverside inns. Don't you think that's a first-rate idea?"

"I daresay it is," answered Adrian, shortly; "but unfortunately I couldn't manage to get away at present."

"Oh, bosh!" returned De Wynt; "you can if you choose. Mrs. Vidal, *you* get him to come. He won't refuse you."



1. Swanage, Dorsetshire. 2. Corfe, and Ruins of Corfe Castle. 3. Wareham. 4. Swanage: View from Mr. F. A. Burt's Garden.

OPENING OF THE WAREHAM AND SWANAGE RAILWAY.

Clare said, "I doubt whether either of you would be equal to the exertion of pulling up stream for several days. Besides, it might come on to rain."

But De Wynt was not to be discouraged. He now turned to Georgina, and, with one of those pregnant glances which have been alluded to above as characteristic of the betrothed lover, persisted: "We should all enjoy it. You would, wouldn't you? And so would Mrs. Vidal—and so would Vidal, really. They only want to be stirred up. Do use your eloquence upon them."

"I think it would be great fun," responded the submissive Georgina.

Thereupon Adrian lost patience and exclaimed, "It would indeed! We should be a gay and frolicsome party. Only, as I can't possibly go, I am afraid we shall have to content ourselves with keeping up our usual flow of uproarious jollity at home."

He knew perfectly well what De Wynt was driving at, and was not ungrateful to the little man, whose good intentions he recognised; but it was rather exasperating to be treated as though he and his wife were a couple of children who had had a tiff, and must be reconciled by older and wiser persons.

De Wynt was silenced for the time being; but he returned to the charge repeatedly in the course of the evening, employing all kinds of transparent stratagems to get Clare and Adrian to speak to one another, suggesting various absurd projects, and accepting the snubs which he thus brought down upon himself with the most inexorable good humour.

Towards eleven o'clock he rose to depart. Adrian, as in duty bound, begged him to stay a little longer and smoke a cigar, trusting that the invitation would not be accepted, yet experiencing a slight chill of disappointment when it was declined. Most of us, as we stand upon the dentist's doorstep, have just the shadow of a faint hope that he may not be at home; but he always is at home, and we should be justly indignant with him if he were not. By the time that Adrian had shut the front-door behind his guest he had overcome his momentary longing for a reprieve, and only wished to get through the coming bad quarter of an hour as speedily as might be. He walked back to the foot of the staircase and called to Clare, who was just preparing to ascend to her bedroom.

"Would you mind coming into the study for a few minutes?" he asked.

She looked a little startled, he thought; but she turned at once and came down. Presently she followed him into the little room, which was but partially lighted by the shaded lamp upon the writing-table, and silently awaited his pleasure. Neither of them sat down.

"I wanted to tell you," Adrian began, looking away from her as he spoke, "that I have got into difficulties. I have made much less this year than I expected to make; our expenses have been heavier than I thought they would be, and to-day I heard of the loss of some money which I had invested in the *Anglo-Saxon*. The upshot of it all is that we shall have to make a change in our manner of living."

He glanced quickly at Clare when he had made this brief statement; but she did not reply, nor did she seem to be in any way moved.

"I am very sorry about it," he went on, after a pause. "I have been unlucky; but I have been imprudent too, and I certainly owe you an apology. Perhaps I ought also to apologise for having written a stupid book which nobody will buy. I might have known that I am not the sort of writer to make money."

"It will be easy to economise," said Clare, quietly.

Adrian was not sure that he quite liked this indifference. "It will be necessary; I don't know about it's being easy," he observed. "We shall have to make sacrifices—to give up this house, for instance."

Then for the first time Clare exhibited some sign of interest. "Shall we go away from London?" she asked.

"Is that the only thing that you care about?" cried Adrian, irritably. "No; I don't suppose we shall leave London. I don't think it would be wise to do so; I don't see any reason for our doing so. Why should we?"

"I don't like London."

"Well," said Adrian, subduing his impatience, "that is a reason, no doubt. The only question is, would you be any happier in the country? You are not happy here; I am quite aware of that."

To this Clare made no reply.

"Yet you might be. At least, I think you might. To live always with a man whom you distrust and suspect—that is enough to make anyone unhappy. But is it so certain that you are right to distrust and suspect me? Just ask yourself the question. Why have we been strangers all this long, weary time? Has it been worth while? Has there been any real cause for it?"

Clare's lips were quivering; but she did not open them. Her eyes were cast down upon her fingers, which she was intertwining nervously. The time had been long and weary to her—more so, perhaps, than it had been to him; yet she could not say that she had had no cause to distrust him; and therefore it seemed best to say nothing.

"Let us go back to the beginning," resumed Adrian. "It all began—did it not?—with your dislike of Lady St. Austell. You saw that she was a flirt, and you couldn't trust me with her. You did not see that, besides being a flirt, she was a stout, middle-aged woman; though that might have reassured you, even if you could feel no confidence in me. And then, most unfortunately, you found her in the house. You wouldn't listen to my explanations; and it was hopeless to try and force them upon you. Besides, I confess that I was angry, as I really think that I had a right to be. But one can't go on being angry for ever—at least, I can't. The explanation was simple enough. Lady St. Austell came here, not for the pleasure of seeing me, but to scandalise Lord Blaise, who had taken upon himself to rebuke her; and when she came I could hardly send her away. That is the whole truth; I hope you believe it."

He waited for some time; but, as Clare still continued silent, he repeated, in a somewhat sharper tone, "Do you or do you not believe that I never cared a brass farthing for Lady St. Austell?"

Clare had turned very pale. She remembered the scene which she had witnessed in Kensington Gardens; of that, no explanation was possible. She could forgive her husband, but to tell a lie or to acquiesce in one was beyond her. "I want to believe you!" she exclaimed, spreading out her hands with a despairing gesture; "but I can't! Adrian, I would so much rather—so much, much rather that you told me the truth!"

"I have told you the truth," answered Adrian, coldly, "and you have refused to believe me. You need not be afraid that I shall make any more attempts. I have already acknowledged that I have been very much to blame in living too extravagantly. In addition to that, I have latterly—for reasons which you may or may not understand—gone more into society than a married man ought to do without his wife. Neither of these offences will be repeated, and I cannot accuse myself of having failed in my duty to you in any other respect. I have only one thing more to say. I must request that any future complaint which you may have to make of my conduct may be made to me, and not to Mr. Wilbraham, or to other persons of your acquaintance."

"I never complained to Mr. Wilbraham!" cried Clare, suddenly bursting into tears. "How could you—how could you think!"——

Adrian smiled coldly. "You doubted my word just now," he said. "Excuse me if I take the liberty of doubting yours. For such a very distrustful person, you seem to choose your confidants rather rashly, and I should recommend, both for my sake and your own, that in future you should trust nobody."

After this there was silence for a few minutes, broken only by Clare's stifled sobs, then Adrian held the door open for her, and she passed out without another word.

CHAPTER XLI.

THE RESULT OF AN ACCIDENT.

Adrian, when he was once more alone, and could review the incidents of the painful interview just described, congratulated himself in that he had at least kept his temper. He might have done more wisely to lose it. The impression which Clare carried away with her was that her husband cared very little whether their quarrel were made up or not. His language had been in some measure conciliatory, but it had not been in the least affectionate; and his object, Clare thought, had been rather to place her in the wrong than to convince her that he loved her still.

So far, he had been successful; for he had certainly made it appear as though she were in the wrong. Yet in his heart he must have known that it was not so. Before her eyes he had embraced Lady St. Austell, and to ask her after that to believe that he had never cared a brass farthing for the woman was to make too large a demand upon her credulity. If he had confessed, she could have forgiven him—not very easily, perhaps, since forgiveness of such injuries did not come easily to her; still, she could have forgiven him. But to make a fresh start upon the false assumption that she had been mistaken all along was neither possible nor desirable. The accusation which Adrian had brought against her of having denounced her fate to Mr. Wilbraham did not trouble her long, nor did she even feel much curiosity as to the source whence he had derived his information. At any other time she would have been more distressed by it; but now it seemed a little thing in comparison with the dreadful certainty which she felt that she and her husband could never again be to each other what they had once been.

She lay awake through the greater part of the night, turning it all over in her mind; and always the same conclusion stared her in the face—it would be better that they should part. The argument which has kept many a woman from leaving an unhappy home was not present in her case. She had no children; no one would suffer by her setting Adrian free to follow his own devices; she herself would be the happier in some ways for having done so, and it was beyond all question that he would be. For her own future she had a plan which, vague at first, developed gradually into a fixed purpose. Her experience at the Children's Hospital had shown her that she possessed some of the qualities of a good sick-nurse, and such technical training as she would need to enable her to adopt nursing as an occupation would, she thought, be acquired without difficulty. Sister Jane would doubtless be willing to give her information and assistance.

On the following morning Adrian went out early, leaving word that he would not be home again before dinner time, and Georgina also departed for Brighton, whither she had been summoned to receive the formal congratulations of her mother, and to be presented with certain articles of jewellery, "for which," as Mrs. Vidal the elder wrote, with the graciousness which distinguished her, "I have no further use." Clare, being thus left alone, had ample leisure for considering her scheme, and the more she thought of it the more advisable it seemed to her to put it into practice without delay. Everyone knows the value of an accomplished fact; and it seemed to her that if she were to pack up her clothes quietly, leave her home, and write to her husband to inform him of the step that she had taken, she would forestall a good deal of the opposition which was to be expected both from him and from her own family. The only point as to which she felt a little uncertain was whether Sister Jane would be able and disposed to give her shelter under such circumstances.

She was sitting in the dining-room, making a pretence of eating the luncheon for which she had no appetite and trying to make up her mind that she would go and consult her friend that afternoon, when, as if in answer to her half-formed intention, the following telegram from Sister Jane herself was delivered to her.

"Come to me here, at once, if you can. I want particularly to see you." The address given was that of the hospital served by the society to which Sister Jane belonged.

Clare was on her way in less than ten minutes. She was too much preoccupied with her own affairs to think of anything else during the greater part of the long drive, and it was only towards the end of it that she began to wonder why she had been so hastily summoned. The explanation which she received on reaching her destination mystified her completely.

"The poor woman will be very glad to hear that you have come," Sister Jane said. "She has been asking for you incessantly since the morning."

"What poor woman?" asked Clare. "You did not say anything about her in your telegram."

"Did I not? Her name is Susan Bowman. It is an accident case. She was run over in the street and brought in here a few days ago."

"I never heard of her that I can remember."

"No; she said you probably would not know her by name, although she knows you very well, and has something which she is anxious to tell you, Her great fear has been that you would arrive too late."

"Is she dying, then?" inquired Clare.

"Oh, yes," answered the other, in her quiet, placid way. "Nothing could be done for her. She has sustained internal injuries and has suffered a good deal of pain, poor thing; but that is over now. Indeed, I think mortification has set in. But you need not be afraid of seeing her," she added; "there is nothing to shock you."

"I should not be afraid in any case," returned Clare, who had her own reasons for wishing to show that she had no timid shrinking from unpleasant sights; "only I cannot imagine who she can be or why she wants to see me."

"Well, will you come and ask her?" said Sister Jane. And she led the way up the broad stone staircase, Clare following.

A woman with a deadly pale face and large black eyes, which opened slowly and fixed themselves with a steady lack-lustre gaze upon her visitor—a woman who must have been handsome a few days ago—— Perhaps the first apprehension which came into Clare's mind was not unnatural; for there is no denying that she was, as Adrian had asserted, very easily made suspicious. She was upon the point of saying that she would rather not be told anything that it might be better for her not to be told, when suddenly the name of Susan Bowman seemed to stir some faint reverberation in her memory.

"Have I not heard my mother speak of you?" she asked.

The woman made a sign of assent. "I told her a pack of lies," she said, bringing out the words slowly and with difficulty; "but that hasn't done her any harm, I suppose. And her Ladyship sent me away without a character."

"Don't trouble yourself about it," said Clare, gently.

Susan smiled. "That don't trouble me. But I 've got to die, they tell me, and I thought I 'd see you first and let you know of something that you 'll be pleased to hear. It wasn't worth taking so much trouble over a bit of work to unpick it all as soon as it was done; but I don't seem as if I could get out of the world comfortably any other way, somehow. It 's lucky for you that that 'bus-driver knocked me over." She paused for a moment, and then added, "It wasn't quite the fair thing to make you suffer, anyway; for you 've never done me a bad turn."

"Why should I?" asked Clare, wonderingly.

"Ah!—but I did you a bad turn, I can tell you. It was I sent you those two letters about your husband."

Clare's cheeks became pink. "I ought not to have taken any notice of them," she said. "And—and I dare say you meant them kindly."

"Not me!" returned the other, with the ghost of a laugh. "No; I didn't owe you any kindness, and that 's the truth. I had my own reasons—may be they were bad ones. You were ready enough to believe a lie, though."

"Was it a lie?" exclaimed Clare, eagerly. And then, "But it could not have been a lie. I saw"——

"You didn't see what you think you saw," interrupted Susan. "It wasn't her Ladyship whom you saw your husband kissing; it was me. And he kissed me because I made him, not because he wanted to, goodness knows! I tell you that now, in case I shouldn't have the strength to get through the whole story. But I 'll try. You 're a jealous sort of woman, aren't you?"

"Yes; I am afraid so," answered Clare, humbly.

"And you don't know much about men, that 's evident. It will make you pretty angry, I suppose, to hear that your husband was in love with somebody before he saw you. He was in love with me, and I was his mother's maid. If you don't like that, you must—lump it."

"But, indeed, I am not so foolish—that does not make me angry—I am sorry," stammered Clare.

"He thought it would make you angry, at all events; for he was frightened out of his life lest I should tell you of it. To the best of my belief, he hasn't been in love with anyone but you since his marriage; but I shouldn't advise you to go on sulking with him as I hear you 've been doing. He isn't the sort of man to make himself miserable for any woman's sake longer than he can help. I don't want to speak against him, though. I don't think he treated me well, that 's all."

"Did he—did he promise to marry you?" asked Clare, hesitatingly.

"Yes; he did. You may say that he was little more than a boy at the time, and that I was a fool for thinking the thing could come on again, after it had been put a stop to by his friends; but we most of us are fools—you in one way, and I in another, you see. My way was to take it into my head that I could learn to be a lady, and that a gentleman always kept his word. Well, if I had never been anything worse than a fool, I could die easier."

"I think I understand it all," said Clare. "You must not tire yourself with talking any more now. It was very good of you to send for me." And, stooping over the bed, she took the dying woman's hand and held it in a soft clasp.

But Susan's was a somewhat stubborn nature, and it is not likely that she felt any great affection for Mrs. Adrian Vidal. She drew her hand away, and answered: "I didn't send for you out of goodness. As for talking, I 'd as soon talk as not. You say you understand; but you must be cleverer than you look if you do. *I* don't understand it. I don't see why I plotted and planned to make him suffer. Where 's the good of revenge? After all, I don't care"——

Her voice died away, and she lay for some time with half-closed eyes, breathing heavily. Clare did not expect her to open her lips again; but by-and-by she resumed, speaking, as before, with a slow, laboured utterance, and pausing between each short sentence:—

"I swore I 'd punish him, and that wasn't a difficult thing to do. He hasn't much pluck. I scared him by threatening to go to you and tell you how he had behaved to me, and he didn't defy me, as any sensible man would have done. I knew he wouldn't. That was how I got him to meet me in Kensington Gardens. I dressed myself to look like her Ladyship, and I kept him talking till I saw you. Then I made him kiss me. He didn't half like it—though there was a time when he wouldn't have minded."

"It was rather cruel to me," Clare could not help saying.

"I didn't think about you; but I 've put it right now. There 's no harm done. Now you go home and make it up with him. There never was anything between him and her Ladyship—unless it was on her side—and he 's a good fellow by nature. He used me badly; but he 's a good fellow. You tell him I said so—tell him Susan said so."

Those were the last intelligible words that she spoke. She went on talking; but her mind had begun to wander; her voice became weaker and weaker, until it ceased altogether, and she sank into a sort of stupor.

Sister Jane, who had moved away at the beginning of the colloquy, returned now and bent down over the bed. "There is scarcely any pulse," she remarked, presently; "it will be all over soon." Then she looked up at Clare's face, which was scarcely less white than that of the dying woman. "Had you not better go away now?" she asked. "There is nothing more to wait for, and you look very tired."

Clare nodded and went, without saying anything. She passed down the stairs and out into the street, and walked away, hardly noticing whither she was going. All her wrongs, all her misfortunes had been imaginary, then! She could not yet rejoice at that thought; there was room for nothing in her heart but bitter humiliation and self-reproach. Adrian had never been false to her; all that he had told her had been true; what he had concealed he had hidden from her only because he knew her jealous nature, and believed that she would resent what assuredly she had no right to resent. No; there was nothing to rejoice over in that; and what was worst of all was that she feared she had worn out his love. Never, surely, would it be possible to him to think of her again as he had thought of her once. Even she herself, though she had loved him all through, felt that something had been lost since the happy days of their honeymoon—something that neither repentance nor forgiveness could ever quite restore to her.

And she was right. Something had indeed passed out of her life, and would not return to it, however intensely it might be longed for. It passes out of all lives and goes by various names; but most people call it Youth, which is perhaps as near an approach to a definition as can be reached.

(To be continued.)

THE AFGHAN BOUNDARY COMMISSION.

Major-General Sir Peter Lumsden, the Chief of the Commission for examining and settling the north-west frontier of Afghanistan, arrived in London at six o'clock last Saturday evening. He was met at Charing-cross station by a large number of friends, including Lord Chelmsford, Lord Strathnairn, Lord Napier of Magdala, Field-Marshal Sir Peter Grant, and other officers of distinction, and was loudly cheered on alighting from the train, and by a crowd outside the station.

Her Majesty the Queen last week honoured our Special Artist, Mr. William Simpson, with an express invitation to visit her at Balmoral Castle; and the *Court Circular* of Wednesday, July 3, contains the announcement that on that day "Mr. W. Simpson arrived, and in the evening had the honour of submitting to her Majesty's inspection drawings of various places on the line of the Russian and Afghan frontier, and also in Persia." We may here mention that Mr. Simpson, on his way home from Central Asia, having crossed the Black Sea to Odessa, came through Berlin, where her Imperial and Royal Highness, the Princess Imperial of Germany and Prussia (our Princess Royal), hearing that he was there, invited him to call upon her, and expressed her interest in the task in which he had been employed. A few days since, Mr. Simpson, by special invitation, went to Marlborough House and showed his Sketches to the Prince and Princess of Wales, and to Prince Albert Victor, Prince George, and the three young Princesses.

Two of the remaining Sketches drawn by Mr. Simpson during his sojourn at Bala Murghab, from December to the middle of February, are presented in this Number of our Journal. One is that of the old fort of Bala Murghab, which has been sufficiently described. The other shows an interesting scene in the dwelling of a Jamsheedie family at a village in that neighbourhood, where Surgeon C. W. Owen, the principal medical officer attached to the expedition of Sir Peter Lumsden, performed an operation for the relief of a distressed patient. Mr. Simpson, writing to us at that time, and describing the work of "the doctor in the Murghab valley," said of Surgeon Owen that "he has been doing much good among the native populations. I went the other day with Dr. Owen to a village in the neighbourhood to see him operate on a young woman, who had fallen some time ago into the fire and burnt the right side of her face. It was healed up, but the shrivelled skin had contracted and made the eye a hideous thing. The operation is one known as 'plastic,' the object being to take away the contracting power of the skin, so that the eye might be brought back to something like its original condition. For this purpose incisions were made above and below the eye, and the skin was separated; a portion of skin from the girl's arm was removed, and was placed on the space made by each incision; these I learn since have taken root, so that the wounds made will, when healed, be smooth and regular. A plan was adopted to prevent the eye from opening till the healing process is complete, and it is expected that it will then be restored to something like its former appearance. The operation was, of course, performed under chloroform. The girl did at times moan during the operation, and her female friends thought she was suffering; they called out her name soothingly, which was 'Gulsaman,' or 'Bosom Flower.' Afterwards, they were all astonished when the girl told them that she had never felt anything. This is the first time that such operations have been performed in this out-of-the-way region."

THE SWANAGE RAILWAY.

The opening, on the 20th ult., of the new short line of railway from Wareham to Swanage, on the Dorsetshire Coast, has brought within easy reach of London one of the most agreeable places of seaside recreation in the South of England. Swanage is situated in a little bay at the foot of the lofty chalk hills of the Purbeck district, which form cliffs, with intermixed strata of greensand, marble, shell, and rocks presenting an interesting geological study. The stone quarries are of considerable importance. The road from Wareham, eleven miles distant, passes by the ruins of Corfe Castle, and through a chasm in the hill-range. The railway, which is connected with the main line of the London and South-Western Company at Wareham, was designed by Messrs. Galbraith and Church, engineers to that company. Mr. Harold Jones has been the executive engineer on behalf of that firm. The contractors for the railway were Messrs. Curry and Reeves, of Westminster, at a cost of rather less than £77,000, not including rails and stations. There is a station at Corfe Castle, and one at Swanage, built by Messrs. Bull and Sons, of Southampton. The line goes through some deep cuttings, over two large iron viaducts, and at Corfe is carried over a bridge of four massive arches. The opening was celebrated at Swanage with due tokens of local festivity; and addresses were presented to Mr. Burt and Mr. J. C. Robinson, directors, congratulating them upon the accomplishment of the scheme.

IN THE ROW, HYDE PARK.

The pleasant afternoon lounge beneath the trees in the Park, where equestrians taking their mild exercise in Rotten Row, and family parties in the carriages driving round, afford an interesting spectacle to persons of their acquaintance, is an agreeable feature of London in June. Our Artist has studied the character and humours of this assembly of "people in society," and even the costume of the present season, with as much accuracy as could be expected; and the truthfulness of his representation, in all important particulars, will be generally perceived. The reader will not be in need of any verbal commentary to interpret the various moods and tempers, sociable or solitary, of the ladies and gentlemen here spending a leisure hour in a fashionable place of resort, where friendly greetings and easy conversation, if they are so disposed, may be enjoyed more conveniently than at night in the crowded drawing-rooms. The fresh air, the foliage, and the grassy spaces beyond, have a soothing effect upon nerves jaded with the pursuits of town life and with the keeping of late hours, to say nothing of political and social ambitions, and of personal or domestic cares.

The British Dairy Farmers' Association on the 4th inst. inaugurated its first conference out of London by a visit to Nantwich, Cheshire. Lord Vernon, president of the British Dairy Farmers' Association, occupied the chair.

A sewer burst close to Sloane-street, Chelsea, on Monday afternoon, and the water broke into the District Railway, which was flooded for some time near the station. It made way also into several houses in Lower Chelsea and in Lowndes-square. Much mischief was also done at Chelsea Barracks.

A Melbourne telegram states that the manager and accountant of the suburban branch of the National Bank of Australasia, upon entering the premises at ten o'clock on the morning of the 3rd inst., were attacked and overpowered by three masked men, who succeeded in making their escape after taking a sum of £1100.

Ready June 22.

OUR SUMMER NUMBER.

AN ORIGINAL STORY,
"MARUJA,"
BY
BRET HARTE,
ILLUSTRATED BY
R. CATON WOODVILLE.

A MAGNIFICENT COLOURED ENGRAVING,
"Coaxing Better than Scratching,"
FROM THE PICTURE BY
BURTON BARBER.

Two Sheets and a Half, Inclosed in an Elegant Wrapper.

PRICE ONE SHILLING.
By Book Post, 3½d.; by Parcel Post, 3d.
198, Strand, London.

DEATH.

On the 31st ult. (midnight), Margaret, the wife of Anthony George Hockley, of 15, Great Marlborough-street, W., at 41, Warwick-road, Maidahill, N.W., aged 30.

*** *The charge for the insertion of Births, Marriages, and Deaths, is Five Shillings for each announcement.*

THE QUEEN AND LORD BEACONSFIELD.
The great Historic Picture of HER MAJESTY GIVING AUDIENCE TO LORD BEACONSFIELD AT OSBORNE. Painted by Mr. Wirgman from studies made by him at Osborne.—I.-s. New Bond-street. Admission, 1s.

ROYAL SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS.—The Hundred and Third Exhibition is NOW OPEN, 5, Pall-mall East, from Ten till Six. Admission, 1s. Illustrated Catalogue, 1s.
ALFRED D. FRIPP, R.W.S., Secretary.

HER MAJESTY'S DRAWING-ROOM, BUCKINGHAM PALACE, 1885.

THE HOUSE OF LORDS, WESTMINSTER.
The two Grand Historical Paintings by F. Sargent, contain upwards of 300 Portraits from Special Sittings. On view at 170, New Bond-street Ten to Six. Admission, One Shilling.

GENERAL GORDON AT KHARTOUM.
"THE LAST WATCH." By LOWES DICKINSON. THE GORDON MEMORIAL FUND PICTURE, at British Gallery, Pall-mall (opposite Marlboro' House). Ten to SIX. Admission, 1s.

ANNO DOMINI, THE SEARCH FOR BEAUTY, and "The Chosen Five," by EDWIN LONG, R.A. These celebrated Pictures, with other Works, are ON VIEW at the GALLERIES, 168, New Bond-street. Ten to Six. Admission, 1s.

THE VALE OF TEARS.—DORÉ'S Last Great PICTURE, completed a few days before he died. NOW on VIEW at the DORÉ GALLERY, 35, New Bond-street, with his other great pictures. Ten to Six Daily. 1s.

INTERNATIONAL INVENTIONS EXHIBITION,
SOUTH KENSINGTON, 1885.
Patron.—H.M. the QUEEN.
President.—H.R.H. the PRINCE OF WALES.
Division I., Inventions. Division II., Music.
Admission to the Exhibition 1s. every Week-day, except Wednesday, when it is 2s. 6d.
TWO BANDS DAILY (the Strauss Orchestra from Vienna, and the Pomeranian (Blücher) Hussars).
EVENING FETES, Illuminated Fountains, and Gardens Lighted every evening by many thousands of Electrical Glow Lamps. Special Evening Fêtes, Wednesdays and Saturdays.
INTERNATIONAL INVENTIONS EXHIBITION, 1885.

ST. JAMES'S HALL, PICCADILLY.
THE
MOORE and BURGESS MINSTRELS'
NEW AND BRILLIANTLY SUCCESSFUL PROGRAMME.
EVERY NIGHT, EIGHT.
Monday, Wednesday, Saturday, at Three and Eight.
the eminent American Humorist, Mr. W. P. SWEATNAM, will appear at Every Performance.
Tickets and Places, Austin's Office, St. James's Hall. No fees.

LYCEUM THEATRE.—OLIVIA, by W. G. Wills, Every Evening at 8.15. Dr. Primrose, Mr. Henry Irving; Olivia, Miss Ellen Terry. At 7.45, THE BALANCE OF COMFORT. Box-Office (Mr. J. Hurst) open Ten to Five. Seats can be booked one month in advance and by letter or telegram.

PRINCESS'S THEATRE.—Mr. WILSON BARRETT, Lessee and Manager. THE LIGHTS O' LONDON (by Geo. R. Sims) EVERY EVENING, at 7.45. Messrs. Wilson Barrett, Willard, Speakman, Huntley, Hudson, Deane, Elliott, De Solla, Evans, Fulton, Bernage, Walton, &c., and George Barrett; Misses Emmeline Ormsby, Walton, Cooke, Wilson, Garth, Mrs. Huntley, &c., and Miss Eastlake. Box-Office, 9.30 to Five. No fees. Prices: Private Boxes, one to nine guineas; Stalls, 10s.; Dress Circle, 6s.; Upper Boxes, 3s. MORNING PERFORMANCE, THIS DAY, SATURDAY, JUNE 13. Business Manager, Mr. J. H. Cobbe.

MONTE CARLO.—SUMMER SEASON.
The series of the Extraordinary Musical Entertainments having terminated with the Winter Season, the usual Concerts, directed by Mr. Romeo-Accursi, will be continued daily until further notice.
SEA-BATHING AT MONACO.
Villas and Private Houses and Apartments for every taste, and at every price.
The beach, like that of Trouville, is covered with the softest sand, and at the Grand Hôtel des Bains comfortable apartments, with board, for families can be had at reasonable prices.

GREAT EASTERN RAILWAY.—SEASIDE.
TOURIST FORTNIGHTLY and FRIDAY or SATURDAY to TUESDAY (First, Second, and Third Class) TICKETS are issued by all Trains to YARMOUTH, LOWESTOFT, Cromer, Sheringham, Mundesley, Walton-on-the-Naze, Harwich, Dovercourt, Aldeburgh, Felixstowe, Southwold, Hunstanton, and Cromer.
TOURIST TICKETS are also issued from LIVERPOOL-STREET by the New Route to Scarborough, Filey, Whitby, and the principal Tourist Stations in Scotland.
For full particulars see bills.
WILLIAM BIRT, General Manager.
London, June, 1885.

BRIGHTON.—Frequent Trains from Victoria and London Bridge.
Also Trains in connection from Kensington and Liverpool-street.
Return Tickets, London to Brighton, available for eight days.
Weekly, Fortnightly, and Monthly Tickets, at Cheap Rates. Available to travel by all Trains between London and Brighton.
Cheap First-Class Day Tickets to Brighton every Weekday, from Victoria 10.0 a.m., fare 12s. 6d., including Pullman Car.
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Pullman Drawing-room Cars between Victoria and Brighton.
Through Bookings to Brighton from principal Stations on the Railways in the Northern and Midland Districts.

PARIS.—SHORTEST, CHEAPEST ROUTE.
Vià NEWHAVEN, DIEPPE, and ROUEN. Tidal Special Express Service (1st and 2nd Class).
From Victoria and London Bridge every Week-day morning. Night Service Week-days and Sundays (1st, 2nd, and 3rd Class).
Fr-m Victoria 7.50 p.m., and London Bridge 8.0 p.m. Fares—Single, 34s., 25s., 18s. Return, 57s., 41s., 32s.
The Normandy and Brittany, splendid fast Paddle Steamers, accomplish the Passage between Newhaven and Dieppe frequently in about 3½ hours.
A through Conductor will accompany the Passengers by the Special Day Service throughout to Paris, and vice versâ.
Trains run alongside steamers at Newhaven and Dieppe.

TICKETS and every information at the Brighton Company's West-End General Offices, 28, Regent-circus, Piccadilly, and 5, Grand Hotel Buildings, Trafalgar-square; City Office, Hay's Agency, Cornhill; Cook's, Ludgate-circus; also at the Victoria and London Bridge Stations.
(By order) J. P. KNIGHT, General Manager.

Through an explosion of coal-gas last Monday, on board the ironclad Inflexible, which is now at Portsmouth not in commission, twelve men were injured.

At the meeting of the Royal Institution of British Architects on Monday night—Mr. Ewan Christian presiding—the Royal Gold Medal, given by her Majesty, was presented to Dr. Schliemann, in recognition of his laborious and important explorations on the site of ancient Troy.

PARISIAN SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

(From our own Correspondent.)

Paris, Tuesday, June 9.

The Brisson Cabinet is winning the confidence of the Opportunists and losing that of the Radicals. The anger of the latter is comprehensible, for, thinking to become the majority, thanks to the new Radical Cabinet, they find themselves once more in the minority. In the matter of the impeachment of the Ferry Ministry, the Cabinet took a conciliatory attitude, deprecated sterile recriminations and advocated union amongst Republicans. The debate on Thursday was nevertheless long and tumultuous. M. Ferry was accused of duplicity, roguery, lying, impudence, and treason. M. Delafosse showed that M. Ferry had begun the war with China without necessity, and that the peace signed with China to-day is less advantageous than the peace offered by China after Bac-Lé. The proposition of impeachment was rejected by 322 votes against 153. The new electoral law has been passed by the Chamber in conformity with the modifications introduced by the Senate. The new elections will therefore take place by the scrutin de liste; there will be one deputy for every 70,000 inhabitants; but in these 70,000, foreigners will not be allowed to count. The present Chamber has 557 members, the new Chamber will have 584. The Senate has 300 members; so that in a congress of the two Houses, it will not in future have great influence.

When first formulated, the idea of a grand Centenary Exhibition in 1889 was received in France with acclamation. It was indeed hinted that some Monarchical and Imperial Powers would look askance at the celebration of the centenary of a principle the triumph of which meant their downfall. On the other hand, 1789, regarded merely as the beginning of a new era of intellectual, moral and material emancipation, of liberty, is a date which will ever remain glorious in the history of civilisation; the appeal of France to other nations to take part in this exhibition was evidently disinterested; and so the adhesions and marks of sympathy were numerous. The project of an exhibition having been thus accepted, measures were taken for choosing a site and drawing up plans. Then suddenly, no more was heard about the matter. For many weeks the French press has remained silent, and in reality nothing has been done. The reason, it appears, is that a band of men, who make politics a pretext for speculation, have been endeavouring to monopolise the Universal Exhibition for their own exclusive advantage. At last a few of the independent newspapers—and, above all, *Le Petit Journal*, which has the colossal circulation of over 900,000 copies, and of course great influence—have begun to protest against this prolonged hesitation, and proposed the separation of the Exhibition from politics altogether. The non-political combination would be M. De Lesseps president of the centenary, the Minister of Commerce president of the committee, and M. Georges Berger commissioner-general. This plan satisfies the public; but its adoption would ruin the politico-financial syndicate in question; and so the intriguing continues, and the President of the Republic is getting dragged into the discussion.

The Clerical party has taken the laicisation of the Panthéon as a declaration of war on the part of the new Cabinet, and an active newspaper warfare is going on between the organs of the Republic and the organs of the Church. The Archbishop of Paris has written a very violent protestation against "this arbitrary act of force accomplished under pressure of the mob." The Archbishop abuses the Republic in very violent terms, and prophesies that the new régime, "which promised liberty for all, will see such excesses that its very name will become synonymous with tyranny and license." M. Goblet, the Minister of Public Worship, has replied, and called the Archbishop to order for his strong language and regrettable attitude, which, he says, is not likely "to pacify the relations between the State and the Church."

The Catholics, furious at having lost such a great convert as Victor Hugo—a loss which they attribute to the influence of the Freemasons—have insinuated in some of their journals that Victor Hugo did ask to see a priest before he died, but that his family prevented him. In the *Rappel* M. Lockroy and the Drs. See and Vulpian formally deny this statement.—The last number of the *Revue félibrienne* contains an article proving that Gordon, the hero of Khartoum, comes of a family of French origin established centuries ago at Quercy. The elder branch became extinct in 1606 in the person of Antoine De Gourdon, Marquis De Cenevières. Certain collateral branches still exist, but most of them have become merged in the houses of Fontanges, Durfort-Boissière, and Crussol D'Uzès.—At the sale of M. Gréau's very important collection of antique bronzes, the British Museum bought a Livia with the attributes of Juno for 12,000 francs; the Louvre, and the Museum of Lyons also bought largely. The highest prices were paid by M. Basilewsky—27,500 francs for a bust of Alexander found at Pompeii, and 38,000 francs for a goddess found at Athens. A Gaulish wild-boar, a fine bronze "described by the poet Archias in the time of Cicero," says the catalogue, was bought by the Louvre for 14,000 francs.—Zola's new novel is to be called *L'Œuvre*: it will be a study of the artistic world, a contrast of the painters of the old school and of the new, with details of studio life, Hôtel Drouot, art exhibitions, &c.—M. Jules Ferry has returned to Paris, where, according to some, he will henceforward occupy the position of a second Emile Ollivier.

T. C.

King Humbert has decided to bestow a Royal gift on Naples. In the façade of the Royal Palace in the Piazza Plebiscito there are eight niches intended for statues the emptiness of which has always been an eyesore. The King has given orders to eight Neapolitan sculptors to execute statues for these niches, the subjects being the chief founders of dynasties and rulers of South Italy—an historical series.

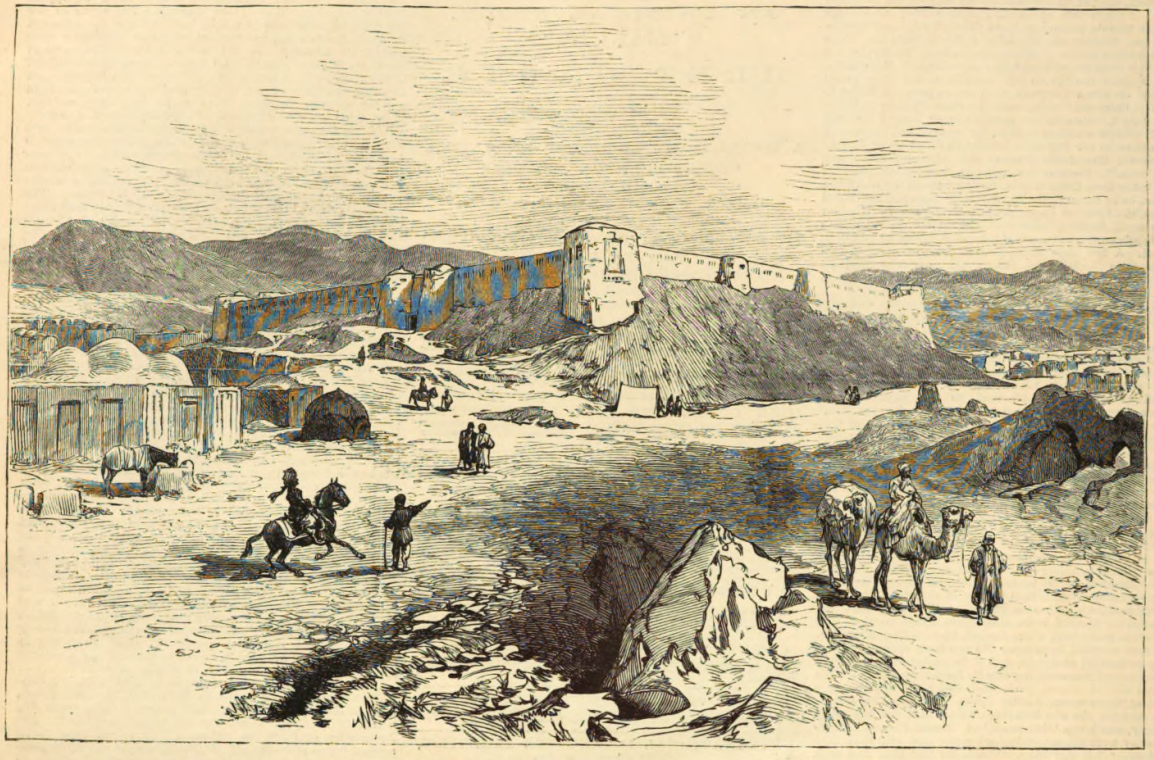
The Emperor William drove out last Saturday for the first time since his recent illness, and was greeted most enthusiastically at every point. His Majesty was in an open carriage and looked remarkably well. The Crown Princess, her daughters, Princesses Victoria, Sophia, and Margaret, and Prince William, went to Berlin on Saturday to attend the marriage of Princess Elizabeth Radziwill, the daughter of the Emperor's aide-de-camp, to Count Potocki. Among the numerous handsome presents to the bride were two given by the Emperor. The Prince of Hohenzollern was buried on Saturday at Sigmaringen, the funeral being attended by the Crown Prince and numerous other distinguished persons.

Daniel Murphy, a Roman Catholic merchant of San Francisco, who was a munificent subscriber to Catholic charities, died on the 3rd inst. He was created a Marquis by the Pope, in recognition of his benevolent gifts.

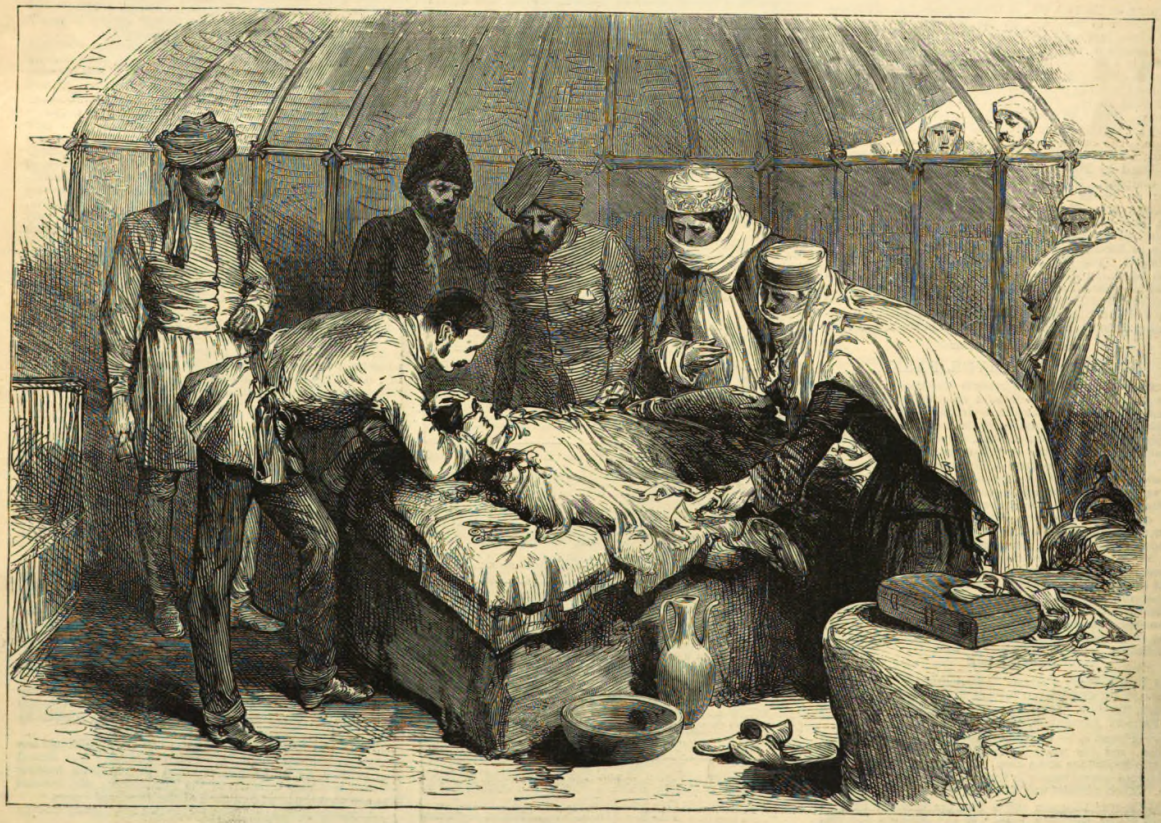
From Durban we learn that the Transvaal Volksraad has passed a resolution disqualifying all the persons who signed the petition for annexation to Great Britain from holding office or becoming members of the Legislature. Mr. Joubert has accepted the chief command of the Transvaal forces.

A cyclone passed over Aden on the 3rd inst., doing damage which is estimated at £50,000.

The British Resident in Cashmere has telegraphed that in the earthquake shocks at Srinagur, on the 31st ult. and 1st inst., eighty-seven persons were killed.



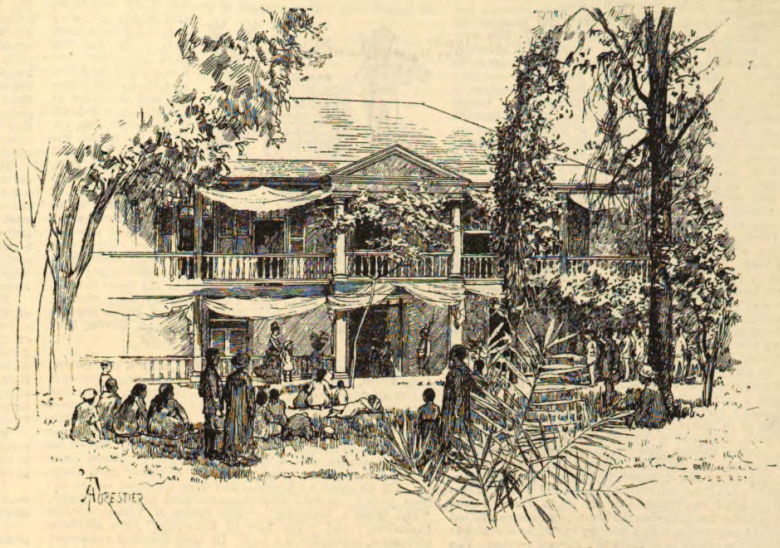
THE FORT AT BALA MURGHAB.



A SURGICAL OPERATION IN THE MURGHAB VALLEY: THE PATIENT UNDER CHLOROFORM.

WITH THE AFGHAN BOUNDARY COMMISSION: SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. W. SIMPSON.











1. House of the late Queen Emma at Honolulu. 2. One of the Mourners. 3. Mourners in the Garden. 4. The Coffin lying in State.

THE LATE QUEEN EMMA OF THE SANDWICH ISLANDS.

THE LATE QUEEN EMMA.

The death, on April 25, at Honolulu, of Emma Kaleleonalani, Queen Dowager of Hawaii or the Sandwich Islands, has occasioned much regret. This lady, who had received an English education, visited Europe nearly twenty years ago, leaving her home in May, 1865, and returning in October, 1866; she made many friends in England, one among them being Queen Victoria, with whom she has often since corresponded. She was born in January, 1836, the daughter of Naea, a chief of high rank, her mother being Fanny Young Kekelaokalani, niece to King Kamehameha I. She was brought up in the house of Dr. T. C. B. Rooke, an English physician, who had married her aunt, Grace Kamaikui Young, sister to Fanny Young Kekelaokalani. Dr. Rooke was a native of Hertfordshire, well connected, having two brothers in the Indian Army; he had studied for the medical profession in London, and went out to the Sandwich Islands in 1830; there he married, and resided till his death, in 1858. The future Queen received instruction in her girlhood from Mr. and Mrs. Cooke, directors of the Royal School for children of native chiefs, and from a private governess, Mrs. Von Pfister, a German lady. In 1856, she was married to the late King Kamehameha IV. (Alexander Liholiho), and as Queen Consort, till the lamented death of her husband, in 1863, shared all his plans and efforts to promote the welfare of the people. They had one child, a little boy, who was taken from them by a short illness at four years of age, and whose death was soon followed by that of his father.

The funeral, of which we give some Illustrations, was attended by many of the chief personages at Honolulu, and by a large assemblage of the people. The coffin lay in state, covered with a purple pall richly embroidered, in a room of the late Queen's house, which is in Nuuanu-street, and the garden-front of which is shown in one of our Views. Young women or girls, prostrate or kneeling on the ground outside the house, uttered wailing cries of lamentation, as prescribed by native custom. Within the house, or in the verandah, were the friends of the deceased, including Princess Liliuokalani, Princess Likelike, Governor Dominis, and several officers of the King's Staff and Household. At eight o'clock in the evening, the coffin was placed on the hearse, and was conducted by a torchlight procession, with a military escort, to Kawaiahao church, where the clergy performed the funeral service. The figures of attendants, shown in our correspondent's sketches, are represented as holding the ceremonial "kahilis," which are maces surmounted with a splendid arrangement of plumes, black, white, crimson, or yellow, made of the precious dyed feathers of a famous Hawaiian bird which has become extinct. The hearse or bier was drawn all the way by members of the Poola Society; and the effect of this gorgeous plumage under the flashing torchlight was very beautiful. A Portrait of the late Queen Emma is included among our Illustrations.

HAYSMAN'S INTERNATIONAL COLLEGE.

The International College, for which a building is now being erected adjacent to the Finchley-road station, in the parish of Hampstead, is intended to become the central institution for the extension of "Haysman's System of International Education (founded 1862) to Daily Pupils, Daily Boarders, and Weekly Boarders" from all parts of London. Mr. James Haysman, the inventor of this system, was born in 1839, apprenticed to the scholastic profession in 1852, and was a successful student at St. Mark's College during 1858 and 1859. In 1864 he built the East London College, which, with its branches at Hackney, Bow, and Poplar, was speedily filled. In 1866 he sought for premises in Paris, with the view of starting his International scheme, and in 1867 the Anglo-French College, at Burgess-hill, Finchley-road, London, was founded. The special feature of Mr. Haysman's system of education is that the pupils can, at any time, entirely at the discretion of their parents, go from England to France or Germany, and enter with special advantages into old-established French and German schools, which have been adapted, by Mr. Haysman's long connection with them, to the proper dieting, care, and education of English boys. It is an important feature of the scheme that never more than ten per cent, and often not more than six per cent, of the pupils at these foreign schools are English, thus avoiding the possibility of an English colony being, so to speak, established at each school, to the detriment of the study and practice of the foreign language. We are informed that hitherto this scheme has met with great success, many thousands of English youths having been benefited by it. Mr. Haysman has sons of his own, and he hopes that, in the immediate future, their experience of the enlargement of the scheme to daily pupils, on the foundation that he has already laid, may result in its rapid and beneficial development. The system appears to be well planned in all its details, and especially suitable for that large part of the middle-class whose sons must hope to gain their livelihood in mercantile business, and in other pursuits, where a practical acquaintance with Continental languages is absolutely necessary for success.

The buildings now being erected are from the designs of Mr. Banister Fletcher, F.R.I.B.A., 29, New Bridge-street, Ludgate-circus. The builders are Messrs. Aldridge and Jenvey, of Cork-street, Camberwell.

The Cambridge Mathematical Tripos List will be published in the Senate-House this day (Saturday).

The Town Council of Edinburgh, at a meeting held on Tuesday, resolved to confer upon the Earl of Aberdeen the freedom of the city.

In appreciation of his services in connection with the Corrupt Practices and Reform Bills, the dignity of a Privy Councillor has been conferred on Sir H. James, Attorney-General.

The Queen has approved of the appointment of General Lord Wolseley, at present in command of her Majesty's forces in Egypt, to be one of the Knights of the Order of St. Patrick, in the room of the late Lord O'Hagan.

In London last week 2409 births and 1521 deaths were registered. Allowing for increase of population, the births were 236, and the deaths 1, below the average numbers in the corresponding weeks of the last ten years.

Sir Frederick Bramwell, President of the Institution of Civil Engineers, and Lady Leonora Bramwell, gave a conversazione on the 5th inst. at the International Inventions Exhibition, which was attended by a brilliant company.

Thirteen vessels forming part of the Evolutionary Fleet sailed on Tuesday for Bantry Bay, under the command of Admiral Sir G. Phipps Hornby. They are to be joined by a number of other vessels, comprising every variety of which the British Navy is composed.

On the occasion of the celebration of the silver jubilee of Monsignor Goddard, Roman Catholic priest at Chiselhurst, a touching letter was read from the ex-Empress Eugénie, in which, after referring to the fact that the little Church of St. Mary contains the remains of those dear to her, she says, "I am left alone, the sole remnant of a shipwreck, which proves how fragile and vain are the grandeurs of this world."

OBITUARY.

SIR ROBERT HAY, BART.



Sir Robert Hay, eighth Baronet of Smithfield and Hagstoun, died on the 30th ult., at Lyons, France, aged sixty. He was the third but eldest surviving son of Sir Adam Hay, the seventh Baronet, and succeeded to the title on the death of his father, Jan. 18, 1867. Sir Robert was born May 8, 1825, and married, Aug. 3, 1853, Sally, daughter of Mr. Alexander Duncan, of Providence, Rhode Island, North America, and by her leaves four sons and two daughters. The deceased Baronet was a Deputy Lieutenant for the county of Peebles, and was formerly Major in the Midlothian Rifle Volunteers. He is succeeded by his eldest son and heir, now Sir John Adam Hay, the ninth Baronet, Major 3rd Volunteer Battalion Royal Scots Lothian Regiment, formerly Lieutenant in the Scots Guards, who married, in 1881, Miss Anne Salisbury Mary Meliora, daughter of Sir Robert John Milliken Napier, eighth Baronet of Napier, and has a son and heir, Duncan Edwin, born in 1882.

SIR JULIUS BENEDICT.

Sir Julius Benedict died on the 5th inst., after a long illness, from which, however, he appeared to be recovering a few days before his death, having been out for a drive on the Wednesday previous. He was born at Stuttgart in 1804, and, after studying under Hummel at Weimar, he became, when little more than sixteen years old, a pupil in pianoforte playing and composition of Weber. Benedict was early known as a skilful pianist and a successful composer. When quite young he produced stage works in Germany and Italy. In 1835 he came to London, and here his chief career has been passed. Several English operas were produced by him. "The Gipsy's Warning," "The Brides of Venice," "The Crusaders," and "The Lily of Killarney," have all been successful, especially the last. In 1850 Benedict went with Jenny Lind to America, and directed the concerts given by her there. In 1871 he received the honour of knighthood. Besides his operas, he has produced some very fine cantatas and a grand oratorio, "St. Peter," brought out at the Birmingham Festival of 1870. In addition to these works, a large quantity of pianoforte and vocal music remains to attest the versatility and activity of the deceased composer. Benedict also acted for many years as conductor of the Norwich Festivals and of various operatic and concert performances; and as a pianoforte accompanist he was especially eminent. Besides his professional attainments, Sir Julius Benedict was a man of large and varied acquirements — a most genial and intelligent companion.

SIR WILLIAM MUIR MUIR.

Surgeon-General Sir William Muir Muir, K.C.B., Officer of the Legion of Honour, Honorary Physician to the Queen, and Director-General of the Army Medical Department, died at his residence, Oak Lodge, Blackheath Park, on the 2nd inst., aged sixty-six. Sir William was born in 1819, took his degree of M.D. in 1840, and became Assistant Surgeon in the Army in 1842. He served twenty-four years in foreign service—in the Crimea, Turkey, the Mauritius, India, China, and North America—and became Surgeon-General in 1873, in which year he was nominated a Knight Commander of the Bath. He married, in 1875, Rachel Stanley, daughter of the Rev. George Heaton.

MR. CHARLES FIESCHIE HENEAGE.

Mr. Charles Fieschie Heneage, Gentleman Usher of her Majesty's Privy Chamber, died on the 1st inst., aged eighty. He was eldest son of the late Mr. Thomas Fieschie Heneage, by the Hon. Arabella Pelham, his wife, daughter of the first Lord Yarborough, and married, in 1827, the Hon. Louisa Elizabeth Graves, daughter of the second Lord Graves; by her, who died 1868, he leaves two sons and two daughters.

The twenty-second annual Metropolitan Horse Show has been held this week at the Agricultural Hall, Islington. The entries outnumbered those of any previous exhibition.

Sir Peter Lumsden arrived in London last Saturday evening, and was met at Charing-cross station by a large and distinguished company, who welcomed him with enthusiastic cheers. He afterwards attended the State dinner given by the Secretary for India.

There was a large and distinguished company present on Thursday week at the usual Fourth of June Celebration at Eton College. After the orations Dr. Hornby entertained the visitors at luncheon. In the afternoon a cricket-match was played, and in the evening the procession of boats took place.

There were ten runners for the Oaks Stakes at Epsom, Archer bringing in first Lord Cadogan's Lonely, Lord Zetland's St. Helena being second, and Lord Rosebery's Cipollina third. Mr. R. Peck's Philosophy won the Acorn Stakes.

In the absence of the Lord Mayor, Mr. Samuel Morley, M.P., presided at a public meeting held at the Mansion House on the 5th inst., in aid of a fund for completing a new wing now being added to the Royal Hospital for Chest Diseases in the City-road, with a view of providing seventy additional beds in that institution.

The Friday evening's discourse at the Royal Institution on the 5th inst., the last of the season, was given by Professor Dewar. The subject title as announced was "Liquid air, and the zero of absolute temperature." In the course of the lecture a considerable range of experiments were shown, and the climax of the discourse was the production of liquid air.

The Hon. J. Russell Lowell, lately American Minister, left London on Sunday evening, a large number of friends assembling at Euston Station to bid him adieu. After visiting the Duke of Westminster at Eaton Hall, Cheshire, he sailed from Liverpool for Boston on Wednesday.—At a banquet given on the 3rd inst. at the Mansion House to her Majesty's Judges, Mr. Phelps, the new American Minister, made his first public appearance in this country. He acknowledged the welcome he had received in England, and spoke of the sympathy and fraternity that existed between the people of the United States and the English as largely resulting from the great intercourse between the two peoples. Speaking as a lawyer, he said in hundreds of courts, and among thousands of lawyers and Judges who never saw and never will see the faces of the English Judges, their names to-day are household words, and their decisions are the subject of constant study and of constant instruction. In no one thing are the British people to be more largely congratulated than on their judiciary. Never did the judgments of the courts command higher regard and more complete consideration than they do to-day. It is the justice done in the land that makes your commerce possible; it is that justice which has built up British liberties.

CITY ECHOES.

Wednesday, June 10.

The Ministerial crisis has had a disturbing effect upon all business. In the Stock Markets a severe fall has been general. The Money Market cannot, however, be made perceptibly firmer, apparently, as the rate of discount is still under 1 per cent per annum. Agricultural interests have, however, benefited by a copious fall of rain after a week of great heat. A return of hot weather would make vegetation grow apace, and thus would there be promise of all agricultural interests making further progress this year. Mercantile and manufacturing business does not, however, improve, if we may base a general conclusion upon the figures just published as to our foreign and colonial trade so far this year.

The Eastern and Eastern Extension Telegraph Companies are doing well in connection with the causes for anxiety as to our affairs in Egypt and India. So far this year—that is, to the end of May—the Eastern Company have received £28,045 more than for the corresponding period of last year; and the Eastern Extension Telegraph Company £21,568 more. This is a gain of about 10 per cent, and the shares of the respective companies have correspondingly risen. Eastern shares have within the past few weeks gone up from 10 to 11¾, and Extension shares from 11½ to 12¾.

The holders of the Costa Rica bonds have accepted terms of settlement. A new 5 per cent bond is to be created, and to be exchanged for the present bonds in the proportion of £50 of the new bonds for each £100 of old bonds. Arrear coupons are to be exchanged for shares in a company which is designed to construct an important railway in Costa Rica. The interest of the new bonds is to be secured on the customs revenue, but as such revenue is, up to Jan. 1, 1888, assigned to the liquidation of the internal debt, the Railway Company are to pay interest up to that date.

Hudson's Bay shareholders are to receive no dividend in respect of the year just closed, a result mainly due, no doubt, to the extraordinarily severe fall in the prices realised for furs at the recent sales. The report will be issued almost at once.

The Canadian Government have just converted a 5 per cent loan of several millions into 4 per cent bonds, thus effecting a very substantial further saving in debt charge.

The South Australian loan of £1,560,400 has been placed at £100 6s. and upwards per cent.

Owing to falling off of water revenue, due it may be supposed to the fresh basis of calculation arising from recent litigation, the Southwark and Vauxhall Water Company's dividend for the past half-year is to be at the rate of 7 per cent per annum, as compared with 8 and 8½ for some time past.

The directors of the Darlington Steel and Iron Company, Limited, have made their report for the past year. It is not bad in its way; but there is still no dividend for the ordinary shareholder. This company was established in 1872, and underwent reconstruction in 1882.

For the past half-year the dividend of the Bank of British North America is to be 6 per cent per annum, a rate which the company has maintained since 1881.

The Suez Canal dividend of 62·25 francs per share of 500 francs, is in addition to the 5 per cent interest paid by coupon. For 1883 the excess was 63·65 francs.

T. S.

BENEVOLENT OBJECTS.

Princess Louise will lay the foundation-stone of the new out-patient department of the Victoria Hospital for Sick Children on Tuesday, the 23rd inst.

An anonymous donor has given £10,000 to the Hull General Infirmary, and £5000 each to the two orphan homes in that borough.

The summer fête at the Little Boys' Home at Farningham was celebrated very successfully last Saturday, in spite of the wet weather which prevailed throughout the morning.

An amateur dramatic performance, in aid of the funds of the Hospital for Epilepsy and Paralysis, will be given this (Saturday) evening at St. George's Hall, Langham-place.

The Lord Mayor on Wednesday presided at a meeting held at the Mansion House on behalf of the Mary Wardell Convalescent Home for Scarlet Fever, of which the Princess of Wales is patroness.

The committee of the Royal Institute of Painters in Water Colours have consented, on the invitation of the Lady Mayoress, to give a representation of "The Masque of Painters" at the Mansion House on June 25, in aid of the Royal Hospital for Children and Women in the Waterloo-bridge-road.

On Thursday and Friday a sale of work from the Gentlewomen's Self-Help Institute was held at No. 23, Rutland-gate, by permission of Lord and Lady Egerton of Tatton. The work consists of fancy and useful articles, and also of clothing for the poor, all being the work of necessitous ladies, and sold for their benefit.

Baroness Burdett-Coutts on the 4th inst. opened a bazaar at the Cutlers' Hall, Sheffield, in aid of the funds of the Jessop's Hospital for Women. The hospital, which cost upwards of £30,000, was presented to the town by Mr. Jessop, steel manufacturer. To meet the demands upon it, all the wards were recently opened, and to cover the increased cost the bazaar was held.

The celebration of the fifty-eighth anniversary festival of the Licensed Victuallers' Asylum took place at the Crystal Palace on Tuesday evening. Mr. H. A. Simonds, chairman of the Country Brewers' Society, took the chair, and was supported by about 600 gentlemen, the galleries being filled by ladies. The secretary announced subscriptions amounting to £4500, more than one fourth of which had been collected by the chairman and his friends.

A meeting to take steps for raising £100,000 for the enlargement of the Hospital for Women, Soho-square, was held last Saturday afternoon in Grosvenor House, the Duke of Westminster presiding. The meeting was addressed by the Earl of Aberdeen, the Bishop of Derry, Dr. Protheroe Smith, and others; and a resolution to promote the appeal was unanimously adopted.

A ballad concert, under the patronage of the Duchess of Edinburgh, Princess Louise, and others, is announced for the 16th inst. at Prince's Hall, Piccadilly, in aid of the funds of the Society (of 28, Finsbury-circus) for providing Artificial Limbs and Surgical Appliances to Poor Cripples. Madame Patey, Signor Foli, and several other well-known artistes are engaged, and Mr. Sidney Naylor will conduct.

"The Conversion of England," an historical drama, describing the mission of St. Augustine of Canterbury to Ethelbert, King of Kent, and the conversion of the Anglo-Saxons to Christianity, will be enacted at St. Peter's Schools, Vauxhall, on Thursday evening, July 2, and Friday evening, July 3. The characters will be represented by divers persons connected with the church, supported by a chorus of the St. Peter's choir. Tickets of admission to be obtained of Miss Herbert, the Parsonage, Vauxhall, S.E. Prices on Friday, 5s.; on Thursday, 2s. 6d. The profits will be given to the parochial charities.

MUSIC.

FRENCH OPERA AT THE GAIETY THEATRE.

The season of French performances under the direction of Mr. M. L. Mayer opened last Saturday evening with M. Delibes' "Lakmé," a work that was originally produced at the Paris Opéra Comique in 1883, when the title-character was sustained by Mdlle. Van Zandt, as it is in the present series of London representations. The composer of "Lakmé" has recently acquired celebrity by several works, this being the most important of them.

The scene of the opera is laid in one of the English possessions in India, the action taking place in our own times. Lakmé is a beautiful young girl, daughter of Nilakantha, a Brahminical priest, the grounds of whose temple are entered by an inquisitive group of English, comprising two officers, Gérald and Frédéric, Ellen, the daughter, and Rose, the niece of the Governor (the young ladies being respectively engaged to the young officers), and Mrs. Bentson, the gouvernante. Gérald remains alone in the gardens sketching, and encounters Lakmé, an instantaneous and mutual passion ensuing. His sacrilegious intrusion and Lakmé's love become known to Nilakantha, who vows revenge, and, finding an opportunity when Gérald is detached from his friends, the priest stabs the young officer, whom he leaves for dead. The wounded man is secretly succoured by Lakmé, who has him conveyed to a retreat in the recesses of a forest, where she watches his recovery, endeavouring to convert him to her faith and to secure her union with him. During her temporary absence, Frédéric succeeds in tracing his friend, whom he rouses to a sense of duty both as an engaged lover and an officer who is due with his regiment in an impending engagement with rebels. Lakmé, in despair, suddenly snatches and swallows a leaf from a poison tree, and speedily expires, her lover being safe from her father's vengeance, having drunk with her from the sacred cup. There is not much incident in the plot, which we have given from the original book. In Saturday's representation the characters of the English ladies, and a quintet in which they are concerned, in the first act, were omitted.

M. Delibes' music, without possessing very special dramatic power, has touches of a distinctive individuality, and a French tone, that are welcome in days when there is so little distinguishing nationality in music. In the first act, the Brahminical choral music, Lakmé's characteristic Prayer, a graceful duet for her and her attendant, Mallika, a beautiful air, "Fantasies aux divins mensonges," for Gérald, and a fine duet for him and Lakmé, are notable features. The second act contains some bright choral and ballet music in the opening market-scene, followed by some expressive stanzas addressed by Nilakantha to Lakmé, and her delivery of the "Légende de la fille de Paria," an elaborate scena, with many florid bravura passages; a fine love-duet for her and Gérald being an important feature of this portion of the opera. The third act opens with a "Berceuse," sung by Lakmé while watching over the wounded Gérald. This simple piece is followed by more important music for the two, the final duet for them, in which her despairing love and his vacillating character are well expressed, being one of the important numbers of the work. In the orchestral features of his score, M. Delibes manifests much skill in the command over varied and characteristic effects. The performance of Mdlle. Van Zandt as Lakmé was of transcendent excellence, both vocally and dramatically. Her voice is at once brilliant and sympathetic in quality. She commands an exceptionally high compass, and executes bravura passages with refined skill. Her success was very great. Mdlle. Hamann was thoroughly efficient as Mallika, and MM. Dupuy and Carroul were eminently successful, respectively, as Gérald and Nilakantha. The former gentleman has a resonant tenor voice, which he uses with judgment and taste, both in expressive and declamatory passages; the representative of Nilakantha possessing an excellent baritone voice, which told with great effect in all his music, especially in the stanzas addressed to Lakmé, which were very finely delivered. M. Soulacroix (formerly of the Royal Italian Opera) sang and acted well as Frédéric. A fine orchestra—comprising many of our best instrumentalists—and an efficient chorus (from the Brussels Opera) are associated in the performance of "Lakmé," which was skilfully conducted by Signor Bevignani. The composer was called forward at the close of the opera.

Mr. Henry Leslie's Choir gave the first of two concerts at St. James's Hall, on Thursday week, when he resumed the office of conductor, which he had temporarily resigned to Mr. Randegger after the dissolution of the society in 1880. Its reorganisation soon followed, and the institution is now apparently in a condition of as great efficiency as at any past period. Its rendering of unaccompanied part-music at last week's concert was in every respect admirable. Vocal solos were contributed by Miss Perugini and Mr. E. Lloyd, and Mr. John Dunn contributed some skilful violin playing.

The opening of the Albert Palace, Battersea Park, on Saturday last, included musical performances, among which was that of a new "Dedication Ode," the words (appropriate to the occasion) by Mr. W. A. Barrett, the music composed by Mr. A. J. Caldicott. The score is for soprano and baritone solo, chorus, and orchestra. There is some very effective writing in the several movements of which the ode consists; and a good climax is obtained in the final chorus, closing with the chorale "Gotha," composed by the late Prince Consort, and introduced by special permission of her Majesty. The soloists in Saturday's performance of the cantata were Madame Valleria and Mr. Thorndike, and it was directed by the composer, who is appointed conductor to the institution.

Messrs. John Broadwood and Sons, the eminent pianoforte makers, have issued a very interesting pamphlet in reference to their exhibits at the International Inventions Exhibition. It contains much important information as to the progressive improvements in the art (for it is more an art than a manufacture) of constructing pianofortes, in which Messrs. Broadwood have been eminent for more than a century. Instruments of various kinds and dates are exhibited by Messrs. Broadwood, besides other interesting objects, among them being the letter of Beethoven, dated Feb. 3, 1818, conveying his enthusiastic thanks to the firm for their present to him of a grand pianoforte of their make.

A pianoforte recital was given in the music-room of the International Inventions Exhibition last week, when the excellence of the "Sostenente" pianos of Messrs. John Brinsmead and Sons was manifested by performances given by Signor Bisaccia.

The celebrated Strauss band, from Vienna, is continuing its performances at South Kensington. It is in its spirited execution of bright dance music that this orchestra is heard to most advantage. In order to give Herr Strauss the opportunity of playing some of the finer portions of his répertoire less suited to open-air performance, the band played on Tuesday in the Royal Albert Hall instead of in the gardens.

Mr. Herbert Reeves, son of our great tenor and himself a vocalist of high accomplishments, gave his first concert at the Crystal Palace last Monday afternoon, when his own refined singing and that of his father were features in a long programme to which several other eminent artists, vocal and instrumental, contributed. The Crystal Palace band, conducted by Mr. Manns, performed orchestral pieces, and recitations were given by Mr. Henry Irving, Mr. W. Terriss, and Mr. J. L. Toole.

The Richter concerts are within two of the close of the eleventh season. The seventh performance of the series took place at St. James's Hall last Monday evening, when the programme included two novelties, as far as these concerts concerned. The first was an overture to "Hyperion," by Mr. E. D'Albert, in which there is some effective orchestral writing; this, and the general style, being strongly reflective of the influence of Wagner. The concert ended with Berlioz's "Symphonie Funèbre et Triomphale," which had before been given at a Crystal Palace Concert. The performance of these and of more familiar works at Monday's concert was of the usual excellence.

The American concert given at St. James's Hall on Tuesday night calls for but little comment beyond recording the excellent purpose for which it was given—the bringing of aid to the relief fund for sick and wounded soldiers in the Soudan. Mdlle. Van Zandt came from the Gaiety Theatre after her performance as Lakmé, and, in the costume of that character, sang the "Shadow Song" from "Dinorah" with brilliant effect. Miss Griswold, Madame A. Sterling, and several other vocalists (some amateurs), contributed to a long programme, which also included pianoforte performances by Lady Randolph Churchill, a violin solo by Miss N. Carpenter, and recitations by Miss A. Detchon. A new song, "Longing for Home," composed especially for the occasion by Sir A. Sullivan, was sung, with much effect, by Madame Sterling.

A big list of works was presented at the thirty-seventh performance of new compositions by the Musical Artists' Society, at Willis's Rooms, last Saturday evening.

Of the Balfe memorial concert at the Royal Albert Hall we must speak next week.

Miss Margaret Wild displayed special merit as a pianiste at the concert given by her last week at Prince's Hall. Miss Skinner (violinist) co-operated in the concert, and Miss C. Elliot contributed vocal pieces.

Madame Jenny Viard-Louis will give her fourth concert of the third series of Beethoven's works at Prince's Hall next Tuesday afternoon.

Madame Frickenhaus and Herr Josef Ludwig gave one of their chamber concerts at Prince's Hall, on Thursday; and Signor and Signora Samuelli gave a concert in the evening at Steinway Hall.

Colonel Henry Mapleson gave an invitation concert at St. James's Hall on Friday evening, June 12. Many distinguished artistes were announced to appear. During the evening a brief address was to be delivered by Dr. Carter Moffat on his invention the "ammoniaphone," for improving the tone and extending the range of the human voice.

Covent-Garden Theatre is to be opened for Italian Opera on Tuesday next—the performances taking place each Tuesday and Saturday during the series. Madame Adelina Patti will be the principal attraction on each occasion.

Mr. W. H. Cummings has been appointed conductor of the Sacred Harmonic Society.

The honour of knighthood was conferred last Saturday on Dr. C. A. Cameron, Superintendent Medical Officer of Health for Dublin, in recognition of his distinguished services in the cause of sanitation. Dr. Cameron is president of the Royal College of Surgeons, Ireland, and vice-president of the Chemical Institute of Great Britain.

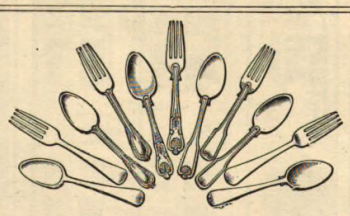
THE WINNER OF THE DERBY.

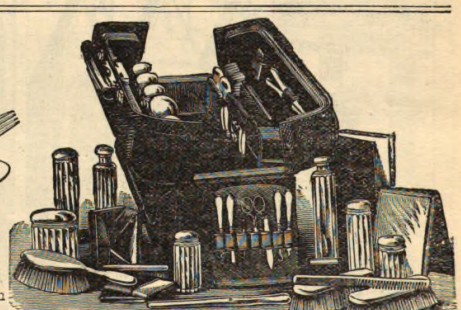
Melton, who won the "blue ribbon" after one of the closest and most exciting finishes ever seen, is the property of Lord Hastings, by whom he was bred at Melton Constable. He is by Master Kildare from Violet Melrose; and it may be noted that his sire, who is an Irish horse, earned his chief reputation at Epsom, where he beat a field of twenty-seven for the City and Suburban with 9 st. 2 lb. on his back. His dam was of no repute on the turf, and he is her first foal. Melton is a bright bay colt, standing about 15 hands 2½ in., which is rather below the average height of a Derby winner. As we were watching him being saddled for the all-important race of last Wednesday week, a young lady standing near us exclaimed, "What a dear little horse!" and really, her description was by no means inapt. Without possessing very much bone or power, he is a wonderfully elegant colt, full of quality: in fact, a perfect little gentleman all over; and his action, when fairly extended, is very taking, as he bounds along in light, corky style, and covers an immense amount of ground at each stride. No horse could well have a more creditable record, as his six essays have only resulted in one defeat, and, on that occasion, the verdict against him was but a head. He made his first appearance as a two-year-old in the New Stakes at Ascot. After this excellent beginning, he was made a very strong favourite for the July Stakes at Newmarket, in which, however, he sustained his solitary reverse, and just succumbed to Luminary, after an unusually long and punishing struggle. Soon after this he went amiss, and it was more than three months before he ran again. As a natural consequence, he was not much fancied for the Middle Park Plate, and his easy victory, under the full penalty of 7 lb. was specially meritorious. A fortnight later the Criterion Stakes proved a very easy task for him, as there was very little form amongst his seven opponents, and he retired into winter quarters with a great reputation, and was almost as good a favourite as Paradox for the great race at Epsom. He would doubtless have been even more fancied but for the fact that one of his fore-legs has never been perfectly sound, and it was the opinion of a great many people well qualified to judge of such a matter that he would never stand training. Matthew Dawson, however, always asserted that he should be able to give the colt a thorough preparation for the Derby. Melton naturally required very delicate and careful treatment, whilst Paradox did so well throughout the winter, and won such an extraordinary trial in the spring, that the Kingsclere champion ousted the Newmarket horse from his position at the head of the Derby quotations. The First and Second Spring Meetings at Newmarket, however, completely altered the tone of the betting again. The head victory of Paradox in the Two Thousand was gained in very slovenly fashion; whilst Melton carried off the Payne Stakes in gallant style, beating Kingswood, Lonely, and Present Times, without the semblance of an effort. Public opinion, therefore, veered completely round again, and, at the start for the Derby, 15 to 8 was the best offer against Melton, the comparatively long odds of 6 to 1 being easily obtainable about Paradox. The start was a remarkably good one; but the favourite began slowly, and they had gone fully a mile before he showed prominently in the race. A quarter of a mile from home, the struggle was reduced to a match between Paradox and Melton; and the former held such a nice lead, and was going so well, that it did not look as though he would ever be caught. From the distance, however, Melton made up his ground in remarkable fashion, and, drawing level about eighty yards from the winning-post, had an advantage of fully a neck in another couple of strides. Then Paradox came again, and the pair ran a desperate race home, the favourite winning by a short head, though the second was in front again immediately they had passed the judge's box. This was Archer's fourth Derby, the great jockey having previously won on Silvio, Bend Or, and Ioquois. Melton is the first horse that has ever secured the Middle Park Plate and the Derby; and he is now being backed at 2 to 1 for the St. Leger, in which race Paradox is not engaged.

THE DERBY OF 1791.

Our Engraving is copied from an aquatint by J. W. Edy, in the British Museum. This was published in 1792 by J. Harris, of Sweeting's-alley, and Broad-street. It was drawn after the picture by J. N. Sartorius, representing the race at Epsom for the Derby Sweepstakes on June 9, 1791. The inscription underneath the print states that the race was one of three-year old colts, carrying eight stone three pounds weight, and the winner was the Duke of Bedford's brown colt Eager (own brother to Fidget, son of Florizel and a Matchem mare). Nine out of the thirty-two subscribers ran horses, and eight at least of those horses were run by members of the Jockey Club; for the Prince of Wales ran two candidates (St. David by Saltram, and a colt by Highflyer), Lord Foley ran Vermin, Lord Egremont ran Proteus (as the colt by Mercury was called), Mr. Vernon ran a colt by Garrick, Sir Charles Bunbury ran Playfellow, Lord Grosvenor ran Gumcistus, and the Duke of Bedford won with Eager. The Duke of Bedford also won the Derby of 1789, with Skyscraper; and that of 1797, with a nameless colt, the son of Fidget and of a "Sister to Pharamond." This Duke, who died in 1802, was a crack gentleman-jockey, and figures in anecdotes of the Turf.







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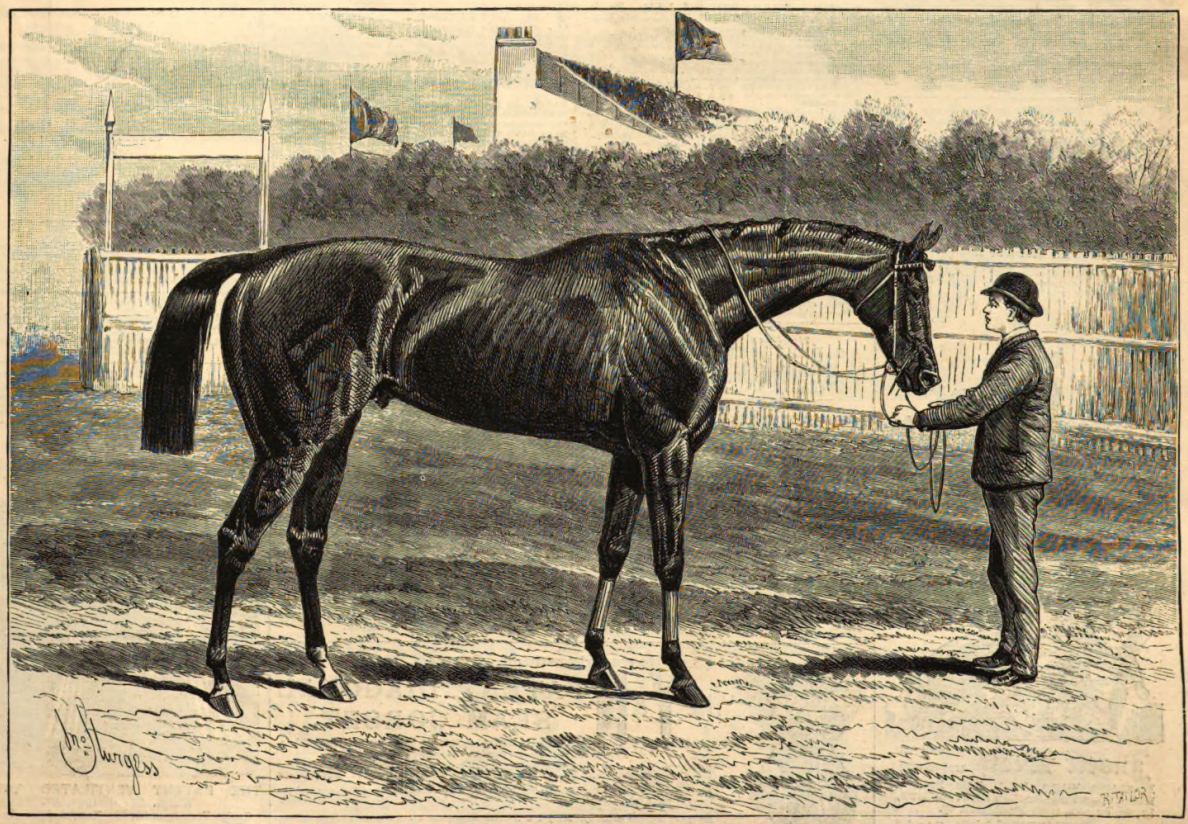
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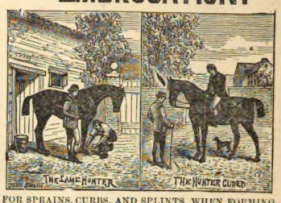
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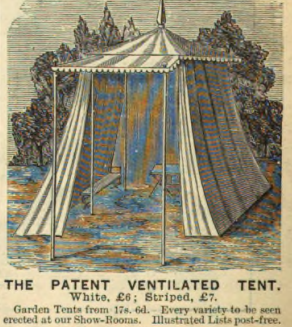
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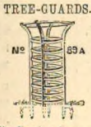
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FLORILINE.
For the TEETH and BREATH.
A few drops of the FRAGRANT FLORILINE on a wet tooth-brush produces a delightful foam, which cleanses the Teeth from all impurities, strengthens and hardens the gums, prevents tartar, and arrests the progress of decay. It gives to the teeth a peculiar and beautiful whiteness, and imparts a delightful fragrance to the breath. It removes all unpleasant odour arising from decayed teeth, a disordered stomach, or tobacco smoke. The FRAGRANT FLORILINE is purely vegetable, and equally adapted to old and young.
The FRAGRANT FLORILINE should be used in all cases of bad breath, and particularly by gentlemen after smoking. The Florline combines, in a concentrated form, the most desirable, cleansing, and astringent properties. At the same time it contains nothing which can possibly injure the most sensitive and delicate organisation.
It beautifies the teeth and gums.
It arrests the decay of the teeth.
It is as a detergent after smoking.
It renders the gums hard and healthy.
It neutralises the offensive secretions of the mouth.
It imparts to the breath a fragrance purely aromatic and pleasant.
Put up in large bottles (only one size) and in elegant toilet-case, complete, at 2s. 6d. Sold by all Chemists and Perfumers.
Wholesale by the ANGLO-AMERICAN DRUG COMPANY, Limited, Farringdon-road, London.

FLORILINE.
For the TEETH and BREATH.
Sweet as the ambrosial air,
With its perfume rich and rare;
Sweet as violets at the morn,
Which the emerald meads adorn;
Sweet as roseburds bursting forth
From the richly-laden earth,
Is the "FRAGRANT FLORILINE."

The teeth it makes a pearly white,
So pure and lovely to be sight;
The gums assume a rosy hue,
The breath is sweet as violets blue;
While scented as the flowers of May,
Which cast their sweetness from each spray,
Is the "FRAGRANT FLORILINE."

Sure, some fairy with its hand
Cast around its mystic wand,
And produced from fairy's bower
Scented perfumes from each flower:
For in this liquid gem we trace—
All that can beauty add and grace—
Such is the "FRAGRANT FLORILINE."

FLORILINE.
For the TEETH and BREATH.
Is the best liquid dentifrice in the world; it thoroughly cleanses partially decayed teeth from all parasites or living "animalculæ," leaving them pearly white, imparting a delightful fragrance to the breath. Price 2s. 6d. per Bottle. The Fragrant Florline removes instantly all odours arising from a foul stomach or tobacco smoke.
For children and adults whose teeth show marks of decay its advantages are paramount. The "Florline" should be thoroughly brushed into all the cavities; no one need fear using it too often or too much at a time. Among the ingredients being soda, honey, spirits of wine, borax, and extracts from sweet herbs and plants, it forms not only the very best dentifrice for cleansing ever discovered, but one that is perfectly delicious to the taste and as harmless as sherry. The taste is so pleasing that, instead of taking up the toothbrush with dislike, as is often the case, children will on no account omit to use the "Florline" regularly each morning, if only left to their own choice. Children cannot be taught the use of the toothbrush too young; early neglect invariably produces premature decay of the teeth. "Florline" is sold by all Chemists and Perfumers throughout the world, at 2s. 6d. per Bottle.

FLORILINE.
For the TEETH and BREATH.
If teeth are white and beautiful,
It keeps them so intact;
If they're discoloured in the least,
It brings their whiteness back;
And by its use what good effects
Are daily to be seen;
Thus hence it is that general praise
Greets "FRAGRANT FLORILINE!"

One trial proves conclusive quite,
That by its constant use
The very best effects arise
That science can produce,
It is the task of every one,
An all-absorbing theme;
Whilst general now becomes the use
Of "FRAGRANT FLORILINE."

It makes the breath as sweet as flowers
The teeth a pearly white;
The gums it hardens, and it gives
Sensations of delight.
All vile secretions it removes,
However long they've been;
The enamel, too, it will preserve,
The "FRAGRANT FLORILINE."

FLORILINE.
For the TEETH and BREATH.
It may or may not be generally known that microscopical examinations have proved that animal or vegetable parasites gather, unobserved by the naked eye, upon the teeth and gums of at least nine persons in every ten; any individual may easily satisfy himself in this matter by placing a powerful microscope over a partially-decayed tooth, when the living animalculæ will be found to resemble a partially-decayed cheese more than anything else we can compare it to. We may also state that the FRAGRANT FLORILINE is the only remedy yet discovered able perfectly to free the teeth and gums from these pests without the slightest injury to the teeth or the most tender gums.
Read this.—From the "Weekly Times," March 26, 1871.—"There are so many toilet articles which obtain all their celebrity from being constantly and extensively advertised that it makes it necessary when anything new and good is introduced to the public that special attention should be called to it. The most insignificant and erective toilet article for cleansing and beautifying the teeth that we in a long experience have used is the new Fragrant Florline. It is quite a pleasure to use it, and its properties of imparting a fragrance to the breath and giving a pearly whiteness to the teeth make it still more valuable. Of all the numerous nostrums for cleaning the teeth which from time to time have been fashionable and popular, nothing to be compared with the Florline has hitherto been produced, whether considered as a beautifier or a valuable cleanser and preserver of the teeth and gums."
From the "Young Ladies' Journal":—"An agreeable dentifrice is always a luxury. As one of the most agreeable may be reckoned Florline. It cleanses the teeth and imparts a pearl colour to the breath. It has been analyzed by several eminent professors of chemistry, and they concur in their testimony to its meritorious. We are frequently asked to recommend a dentifrice to our readers; therefore we cannot do better than advise them to try the Fragrant Florline."

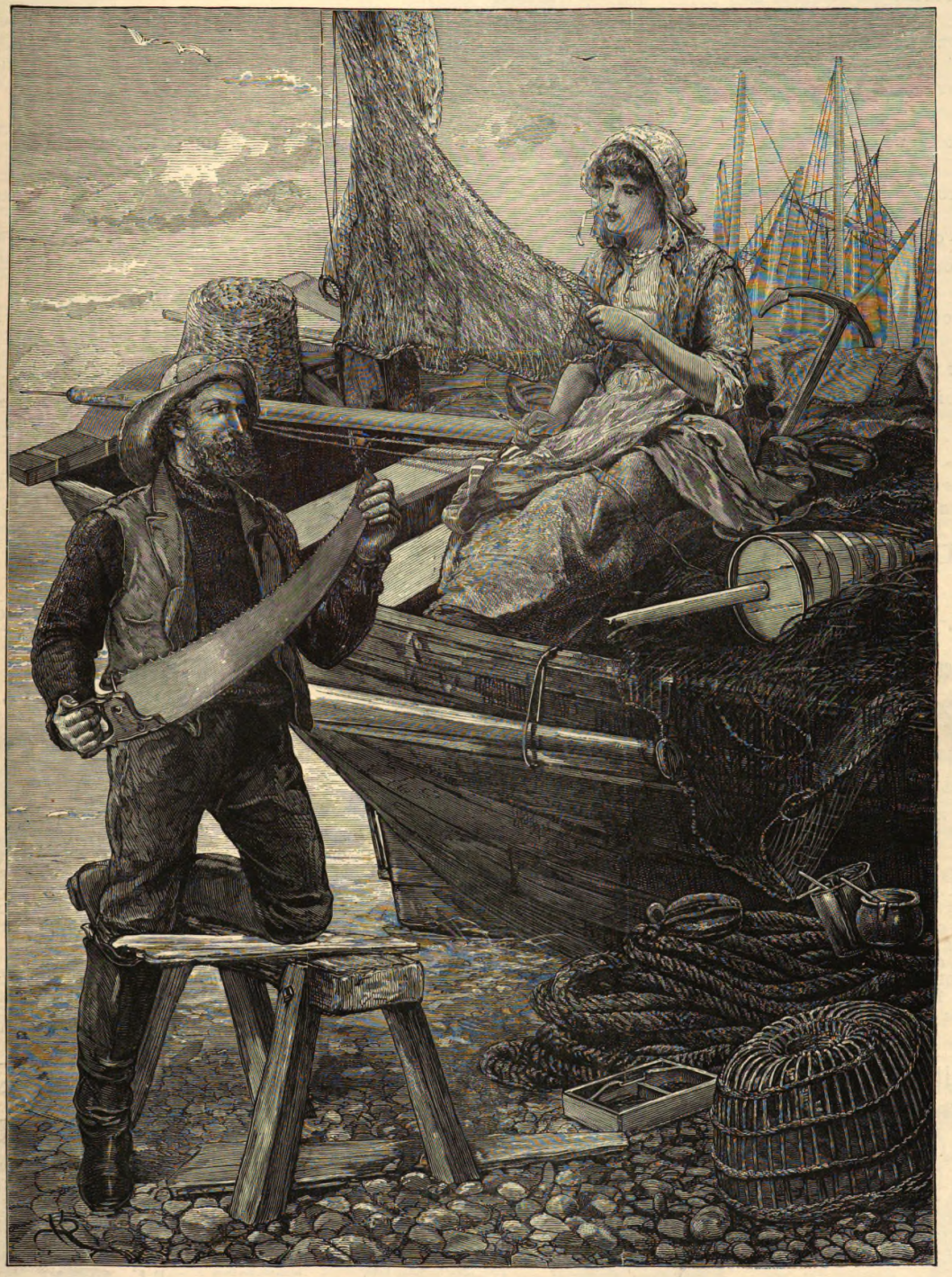
FLORILINE.
For the TEETH and BREATH.
I have heard a strange statement, dear Fanny, to-day,
That the reason that teeth do decay
Is traced to some objects that form in the gums,
And eat them in time quite away.
Animalcules, they say, are engendered—that is,
If the mouth is not who-lesome and clean;
And I also have heard to preserve them the best
Is the fragrant, the sweet "FLORILINE!"

Oh, yes; it is true that secretions will cause
Living objects to form on your teeth,
And certainly and steadily do they gnaw on
In cavities made underneath;
But a certain preservative has now been found
To keep your mouth wholesome and clean;
And you're perfectly right, for your teeth to preserve,
There's nothing like sweet "FLORILINE!"

'Tis nice and refreshing, and pleasant to use,
And no danger its use can attend;
For clever physicians and dentists as well
Their uniform praises now lend.
They say it's the best preparation that's known,
And evident proofs have they seen,
That nothing can equal the virtues that dwell
In the fragrant, the sweet "FLORILINE!"

FLORILINE.
For the TEETH and BREATH.
The "Christian World" of March 17, 1871, says, with respect to Florline:—"Florline bids fair to bec me a household word in England, and one of peculiarly pleasant meaning. It would be difficult to conceive a more efficacious and agreeable preparation for the teeth. Those who once begin to use it will certainly never willingly give it up."
Dr. G. H. Jones, of 37, Great Russell-street, London, Surgeon-Dentist, and Doctor of Dental Surgery, F.R.M.S., F.R.S.L., F.L.G.S., F.S.A., &c., in his pamphlet, "Painless Dentistry," says:—
"I consider 'Fragrant Florline' is, without exception, as excellent preparation for the teeth and gums."
The words "Fragrant Florline" are a Trade-Mark.
Sold retail everywhere; and wholesale by the ANGLO-AMERICAN DRUG COMPANY, Limited, Farringdon-road, London.

LONDON: Printed and Published at the Office, 198, Strand, in the Parish of St. Clement Danes, in the County of Middlesex, by INGRAM BROTHERS, 198, Strand, aforesaid.—SATURDAY, JUNE 13, 1885.



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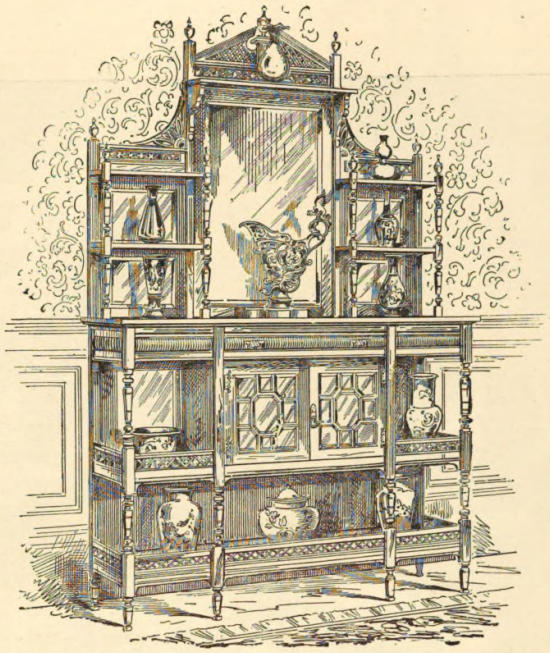
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ANGLO-VELLORE CARPET, the cheapest thick Axminster, reproducing beautiful Eastern designs and colourings, in all sizes, at 10s. 6d. per square yard. A carpet 11 ft. 9 in. by 9 ft. only £5 18s. 6d.

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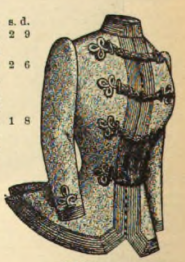
This very pretty Jacket is made in the new Bouclé Cloth, trimmed Chantilly Lace. Price 37s. 6d. upwards. Also in Faille, Française, and various other Silks. Price from £3 3s. upwards. And in Broché, Gauze, Velvet, Beaded Gauzes, &c. Price from £3 18s. 6d. upwards.

SPECIAL SILK NOTICE.

Silk is now lower in price than at any period since the French Revolution, 1848.

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Every Combination of Colour in New Stripe Skirtings, 40 in. wide, per yard ... 1s. to	2 6
Rampoor Chuddah Cashmere, a beautifully soft, pure wool Fabric, in all the high art and ordinary shades of Colour, full width, per yard	1 8
A New Fabric, "Crêpe de Lille," specially prepared for Summer wear, in every variety of Stripe, also Cream, White, and all plain Colours to match, the Dress	10 6
Plain, Striped, and Checked Zephyr Lawn, per yard 6d. to	0 9
Tufted and Broché Zephyr Lawns, in delicate tints, and all New Colours, per yard ... 1s. to	1 9
Every variety of Make and Colour in Nun's Cloths, Foulé, Casimir, Angola, Beige, Satin Cloths, &c., from per yard, 1s. to	1 6



GEM.

Very stylish Military Stockinette Jacket, in Black only. Price from 29s. 6d. upwards. Also a large variety of Military Jackets, from 21s. upwards.

PETER ROBINSON, OXFORD-ST.

"LITTLE GOODS, LITTLE CARE."

The truth of this meek proverb has not generally commended itself to an anxious and often covetous world. Many people would be happy to believe it, if they could; and some might find this easier than to contrive a safe way of increasing their store of "goods." To the poet, and even to the artist in a poetical or philosophical mood, this picture of a virtuous and affectionate couple, whose only apparent wealth is a boat with some nets and fishing-gear, a set of carpenter's tools, their wearing apparel, and the wife's needle and thread and cooking utensils, may be quite satisfactory. It is very certain that, taking a wide view of the condition of mankind, not only among European nations but in Asia, Africa, and North and South America and in the isles of the Pacific, this is a stock of domestic properties much above the average standard. But we doubt whether it is always accompanied by entire freedom from care for the needs of the daily livelihood. There was Enoch Arden, to be sure, a brave and skilful fisherman, who could also handle the saw, the axe, the hammer, and augur, as we read in Tennyson's poem:—

> He purchased his own boat, and made a home
> For Annie, neat and nest-like, half-way up
> The narrow street that clambered toward the mill.

Seven happy years "of health and competence," with successful toil on the sea and trade on shore in the fish of his own catching, allowed him to support his wife and two children. But at last, by an accident which disabled him for a time, poverty crept into the humble home; and he was obliged to go for a sailor, to earn a needful sum of money. We know what came of it; a very sorrowful story. Let us hope that more solid prosperity may reward the industry and thrift of this fine fellow, and of his gentle partner, who sits in the boat mending his nets. We should be glad to hear that he was the owner of several boats; also of a comfortable cottage, or a house with room for six children; with plenty of good furniture, and with two or three hundred pounds laid by in the bank. His cares would not be thereby increased, but lightened; and it would be far better for the wife, and for the coming boys and girls. A boat may go to the bottom of the sea; and so may a man, unhappily, leaving wife and children to starve, as many poor people on the east coast, from the Humber to Hartlepool, know too well. From a sentimental point of view, "Little Goods" may appeal to sympathetic approbation; but we should like to see the little become a good deal more.

DEER-SHOOTING ON A LAKE.

The State of New York, though we are apt to think of that name chiefly in connection with the greatest commercial seaport and city of the American Republic, is a country of large extent, not very much less than that of England (without Wales), and of most diversified aspects, containing rivers, lakes, mountains or hill-ranges, and woodlands, the variety of scenery in which is surpassed by few countries of equal size. The banks of the noble Hudson river, with the Katskills, are known to thousands of travellers from Europe; the State, at its north-western boundary, reaches the Falls of Niagara, includes the southern shores of Lakes Erie and Ontario, and part of the St. Lawrence, and on its north-east side, bordering on Vermont, possesses a beautiful chain of lakes, those of Champlain and George, overlooked by the "Green Mountains" and the Adirondacs. The forests on the shores of some of these sequestered lakes abound with game for the sportsman's rifle; deer being of course the most desirable, though bears, wolves, raccoons, wild cats, and other destructive quadrupeds, may be freely killed. It is in the summer, in this highland region, that the deer become an object of pursuit; and they are frequently shot as they come down to drink of the water of a lake. Our Illustration represents such an exploit performed from a boat lying close to the woodland shore, in a scene of great natural beauty, which is easily accessible to the wearied man of business, when he gets a brief holiday from his counting-house and from Wall-street; as the Londoner seeks his recreation, if he can afford the cost, in the Scottish Highlands or in Norway. Deer-stalking, however, is not practised in North America with the same degree of scientific method and laborious exertion as on the mountains and moors of North Britain.

"OUT OF HIS DEPTH."

Here is another fisherman of our seacoast, whose face has not such an intellectual expression as that of the happy husband in "Little Goods, Little Care." He, too, like Enoch Arden, is accustomed to carry his fish through the village for sale, though we do not see that he possesses a cart and a white horse. So many dozen mackerel, or the number of fine soles, or whatever he may have had of "ocean-spoil," in his osier basket, ought to have enriched his pocket with a certain amount of shillings and pence. But he is, unfortunately, no scholar; for in his boyhood the village school did not teach arithmetic beyond a little counting up, adding, and subtracting; and the reduction of pence to shillings, with the incidental allowance of two fish for three-halfpence, makes a problem harder for him than setting his nets at night on the famous ground between the rocks, where the tide-current flows swiftly into the bay. Every man, if he takes enough pains to learn, can become very clever in his own way; but ciphering was never in this man's way, and it is a pity that he has not a clever wife, such as the pleasant young woman sitting in the boat, in Mr. Davidson Knowles's picture, who could put his calculations right in a moment. It is too late, perhaps, for him to think of that, and he stands here in perplexity, mentally quite "out of his depth." There is one resource for an unmarried man in this plight; but we do not at all recommend it; he may turn in at the Blue Anchor, and try the effect of a pint of beer, with a screw of "bacy," to assist the working of an untutored brain. He will then find, after muddling his mind a little more, that he has really not got so much money as he ought to have; and there can be no question in general, that any man attempting by this process to recover his understanding, whenever he happens to be a little bit "out of his depth," is likely to be "bound in shallows," as Shakspeare says, for "all the voyage of his life." It is the way to have "Little Goods," but, in the long run, not to have "Little Care."

The Royal Dublin Society have resolved to hold an International Exhibition of Arts and Industries on a very extensive scale, at Balls Bridge, in 1887.

Mr. Alfred Waterhouse, architect, has been elected a Royal Academician; and Mr. Henry Moore, painter, Mr. E. Burne Jones, painter, and Mr. J. W. Waterhouse, painter, have been chosen Associates.

The sale of the collection of pictures, sculpture, decorative furniture, porcelain, old French tapestry, plate, jewels, &c., formed by the late Mr. Christopher Becket Denison, commenced last Saturday at the rooms of Messrs. Christie, Manson, and Woods. The catalogue comprises 3354 lots, the dispersal of which will occupy twenty-two days, commencing with Dutch and Flemish pictures, and ending with Chippendale furniture, statuary, and the fine Florentine Pietre-Dure Mosaic table from the Hamilton Palace collection.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All communications relating to this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

E L G (Blackwater).—If you place a White Knight on K square, which was omitted in the description, the solution is then effected by 1. R to K 3rd, P to K 5th; 2. Q to K B 2nd, B takes P (at any one move); 3. Q to Q 8th interposing and mating.

W B (Stratford).—Why send a diagram without the name of the author or the conditions of mate appearing on it? If it becomes detached from the letter, it is lost to the world for ever.

COLUMBUS.—Too elementary for our readers; and, besides, three checks in a three-move problem are two too many.

A S (Manchester).—Please accept our thanks for your game, which shall appear next week. Due acknowledgment or your courtesy was crowded out last week.

C W (Thorpe).—Except in the case of a two-move problem, a full solution should be sent. We have no objection to post-cards, properly addressed.

F MARSHALL.—Yours is a very remarkable analysis of No. 2149, but who is your authority for stating that a Knight moving discovering check is a "violation of modern rules"?

J K (South Hampstead).—See the note below. You were correct in substituting the B B for the B P.

W R C (Lee).—We do not understand your question, "Is a Knight allowed to move over his own piece?" The Knight may be played to *any* vacant square within the scope of his peculiar line of movement.

D A (Dublin).—The problem marked J is good, and we have no recollection of having examined it before. The one marked F was set aside because of the capture on the first move of the solution and subsequent lack of point. J is marked for insertion if you have no objection.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEMS Nos. 2138, 2139, and 2140 received from J S Logan (Blackheath, Notts); of No. 2146 from E J Winter Wood, F E Gibbins (Tiffin), Rev. John White (Barnstaple, U.S.A.), C P (Paterson, U.S.A.); of 2147 from E L G, W F Schiele, L E C B, E J Winter Wood, H E J, C Walker, D Fairmile; of No. 2148 from E L G, T G (Ware), C J P, E J Winter Wood, B H C (Salisbury), Charlotte F Hanlon (Dublin), Jumbo, H E J, and Crane Alford; of M. MEISLING'S PROBLEM from E L G; of S. LOYD'S PROBLEM T G (Ware) and E Corni li.

PROBLEM No. 2149.—It is only proper to mention that in the diagram of this problem a Black Pawn is substituted for a Black Bishop in error. The following correspondents have, nevertheless, correctly solved the diagram and sent the author's solution:—Rev. W Anderson (Old Romney), E Casella (Paris), F W Balfour, E Louden, Shadforth, Richard Murphy, Charles H Hanlon (Dublin), W Park, W Hillier, A W Scrutton, Nerina, Ben Nevis, George J Veale, S Rollen, G S Oldfield, Joseph Ainsworth, Andrew Junior, Julia Short, Columbus, A Wigmore, D W Keil, Edwin Smith, L L Greenaway, Aaron Harper, F West, E Cornish, T G D C, R L Southwell, S S Cone, A C Hunt, W B (Clifton), J W B (Paignton), S Lowndes, H Wardell, B R Wood, Jumbo, J Sharswood, Ernest Sharswood, John Thomas, R H Brooks, I. Desanges, and J K (South Hampstead).

SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEMS.

No. 2145.

WHITE.	BLACK.
1. B to Q R 6th	K takes P*
2. Kt to K 8th (ch)	Any move
3. Mates accordingly.	

* If Black plays 1. B takes R; White continues with 2. Kt to K 8th (ch), and 3. B mates.

NATIONALTIDENDE.

WHITE.	BLACK.
1. P to K 8th (R)	Any move
2. R to R sq	P takes R
3. Q to Kt 8th.	Mate.

No. 2146.

WHITE.	BLACK.
1. P to B 4th	Any move
2. Mates accordingly.	

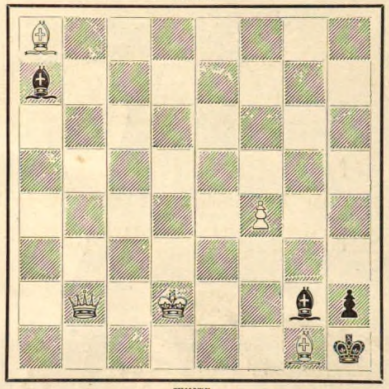
No. 2147.

WHITE.	BLACK.
1. R to B 8th	Any move
2. Mates accordingly.	

PROBLEM No. 2151.

By M. HANUSCH (Prague).

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

A lively Game played in the last Winter Tournament of the City of London Chess Club.

(Remove Black's K B P.)

WHITE (Mr. C. J. Woon).	BLACK (Mr. W. E. Vyse).
1. P to K 4th	P to K 3rd
2. P to Q 4th	P to Q 4th
3. P to K 5th	P to Q B 4th
4. P to Q Kt 3rd	P takes P
5. Q takes P	Kt to Q B 3rd
6. B to Q Kt 5th	Q to R 4th (ch)
7. Kt to Q B 3rd	B to Q Kt 5th
8. B to Q 2nd	K Kt to K 2nd
9. K Kt to K 2nd	B to Q 2nd
10. B takes Kt	P takes B

Kt takes B looks tempting, but the move in the text was best, as it gave Black a fine centre of Pawns.

11. Kt to K 4th	
12. Q takes B	B takes B (ch)
13. Kt takes Q	Q takes Q (ch)
14. Kt takes Q	P to Q B 4th

To force exchanges, as Black was threatening P to Q B 4th and then P to Q 5th.

15. K to B 2nd Castles (K)

A weak move, which was the cause of all White's subsequent troubles. He should have castled at once.

14.	Kt to K B 4th
15. K to B 2nd	Castles (K)

Taking prompt advantage of his opponent's error.

WHITE (Mr. C. J. Woon).	BLACK (Mr. W. E. Vyse).
16. P to Kt 3rd	Kt to K 2nd
17. P to K R 4th	Kt to Q B 3rd
18. P to Q R 3rd	

Kt to K B 3rd would probably have been better. Black's move of Kt to Kt 5th might have been then parried.

18.	Kt takes P
19. K to Kt 2nd	Kt to K Kt 5th
20. Q R to Q B sq	P to K R 4th
21. K R to K sq	B to Q B 3rd
22. K to Kt sq	P to K 4th

Forcing White either to take the Pawn or let it be pushed on as a passed Pawn.

23. P takes P	R to B 7th
24. Kt to K B sq	Q R to K B sq
25. Kt to K B 4th	P to Q 5th

Threatening mate in a few moves, commencing Q R takes Kt.

26. Kt to K 3rd.	

R to K 2nd would have been no better, as Black would have taken the Kt with the Queen's Rook, and mated in a few more moves.

26.	P takes Kt
27. R takes P	Q R takes Kt
28. P takes R.	

Black mates in three moves.

A material increase in the numerical and playing strength of the Newcross Chess Club has been effected by the accession of many members of the Greenwich Club, recently dissolved. The latter was a fighting club, and we shall trust that "in its ashes live its wonted fire," so that we may next season hear of its influence upon the club with which it has now linked its fortunes.

In our issue of the 23rd ult. we raised a question relating to the priority of publication of a problem by Dr. Bayer (No. 2148), and one by Mr. Loyd, which we knew had been published as far back as the year 1859. We have since heard from the Rev. W. Wayte that Dr. Bayer's problem was published, under the motto "Ultima Thule" in the *Chessplayers' Chronicle* for 1874, p. 25. The resemblance of one problem to the other, in conception and construction, has been noticed by many of our solvers, and the coincidence is the more extraordinary because both problems emanate from two composers of marked originality.

We are indebted to the courtesy of the honorary secretary of the Irish Chess Association, Mr. T. B. Rowland, for the constitution and programme of that society, adopted at a general meeting of the members held on April 6 last. The Irish Chess Association is a federation of clubs and individuals, and its object is the promotion of the theory and practice of chess in all its branches. The subscription is five shillings per annum, and the meetings are to be held annually in Dublin and one of the large provincial towns alternately. The first meeting is fixed to take place in Dublin in October next, ending with the distribution of prizes and a banquet. Prizes, the value of which will depend on the amount of subscriptions received, will be for:—1. A tournament open to residents of Great Britain and Ireland. 2. A tournament open to residents of Ireland only. 3. Tournament open to clubs federated with the association. 4. A handicap tourney. 5. Problem solution tourney. 6. Blindfold play between eminent specialists and members of the association. 7. Telegraphic matches between the Associations and the great towns. 8. Other matches and competitions to be fixed by the council. Chessplayers desirous of becoming members of the I.C.A. should address the hon. sec. and treasurer, Mr T. B. Rowland, Victoria-terrace, Clontarf, Dublin.

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated Feb. 24, 1882) of Lady Alicia Conroy, late of Arborfield, Berks, who died on Jan. 21 last, was proved on the 8th ult. by Sir John Conroy, Bart., the son, the sole executor, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £19,000. The testatrix devises and bequeaths all the real and personal estate to which she shall be entitled at the time of her decease to her said son, absolutely. The deceased was the daughter of Lawrence, second Earl Rosse.

The will (dated Aug. 12, 1881) of General Richard Parker, Colonel 5th (Princess Charlotte of Wales's) Dragoon Guards, late of Castle Malwood, Lyndhurst, in the county of Southampton, who died on March 15 last, was proved on the 22nd ult. by Sir William Parker, Bart., the nephew, and Nathaniel Barnardiston, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £11,000. The testator, among other legacies, bequeaths £2000 to his nephew Major Bevil Granville. The residue of his personal estate he leaves, upon trust, to pay the income to his sister, Mrs. Ann Granville, for life, and then, subject to a further trust for accumulation, to the younger sons of the said Sir William Parker, as he shall appoint.

The will (dated Dec. 5, 1881) of Sir Harry Smith Parkes, G.C.M.G., K.C.B., her Majesty's Ambassador at Pekin, who died on March 22 last, was proved on the 21st ult. by Sir Thomas Douglas Forsyth, C.B., K.C.S.I., and Hall Rokeby Price, two of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £8000. The testator bequeaths legacies to relatives and others; and the residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for all his children, in equal shares.

The will (dated April 1, 1885) of Colonel Francis Octavius Montgomery, formerly of the North Down Militia, but late of the Army and Navy Club, Pall-mall, and of Folkestone, who died on April 19 last, was proved on the 15th ult. by Edward Parker Wolstenholme and Nathaniel Tertius Lawrence, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £161,000. The testator bequeaths £5000 each, free of duty, to his great-nephews, William Edward, Robert Arthur, Percy Hugh Seymour, Francis Henry, and George Fitzmaurice, the sons of his nephew, Hugh Montgomery, and two or three other legacies. The residue of his real and personal estate he settles to go with the Grey Abbey estates, in the county of Down, Ireland, but so that his said great-nephew William Edward Montgomery, or other the person entitled in expectancy on the death of his nephew, the said Hugh Montgomery, shall take the first life interest, as though his said nephew were dead.

The will (dated June 19, 1873), with a codicil (dated May 22, 1878), of Mr. Robert Edmund Oliver, late of Sholebrook Lodge, Whittlebury, Northamptonshire, who died on March 12 last, was proved on the 8th ult. by Abraham John Robarts, John Locke Stratton, and Henry Philip Markham, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £88,000. The testator bequeaths liberal legacies to his executors, servants, and others; and the residue of the personalty and all his freehold, copyhold, and leasehold property he leaves, upon trust, for his brother, Richard Silver, for life. At his brother's death he gives £500 to the Hon. Ismay Mary Helen Augusta Fitzroy, the eldest daughter of his late friend, Charles, Lord Southampton; and the ultimate residue of all his property to the Hon. Edward Algernon Fitzroy, the second son of the said Lord Southampton.

The will (dated Sept. 9, 1882) of Mr. Peter Atrell, late of No. 24, Tredegar-square, Mile-end, who died on April 30 last, was proved on the 20th ult. by John Joseph Hickmott, jun., and George James Wagstaff, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £80,000. The testator bequeaths £500 each to the London Hospital, Whitechapel; the City of London Hospital for Diseases of the Chest, Victoria Park; and the East London Hospital at Shadwell for Children;—£300 each to the Asylum for Fatherless Children, Reedham; the Merchant Seamen's Orphan Asylum, Snaresbrook; the Deaf and Dumb Asylum, Old Kent-road; St. Mark's Hospital for Fistula, City-road; and the Blind School, St. George's-fields, Southwark;—£250 to the Poplar Hospital, East India-road, Poplar; £200 to the Royal Hospital for Incurables, West-hill, Putney; £150 to the Stepney Relief Society; £50 to the Mile-end Philanthropic Society; and £25 to the Horn of Plenty Philanthropic Society, Globe-road, Mile-end. He gives numerous freehold and leasehold houses and other property, upon trust, for his sister Mrs. Adelaide Hocken, for life, or until she shall marry again, and then for her children, Florence Nightingale and Thomas Hocken; a gift of similar properties, upon trust, for his sister Mrs. Adelaide Hickmott, for life, and then for her children; various properties to his nephew, William Arment; and many other legacies. The residue of his real and personal estate is left upon trusts for accumulation; at the expiration of seven years he leaves one fourth of such part as may by law be bequeathed for charitable purposes to such of the said charitable institutions as his executors in their discretion may think fit; one third of the remainder to his sister Mrs. Hocken, and her said two children, in equal shares; one third to his sister Mrs. Hickmott, and one third to his nephew, William Arment.

The will (dated May 20, 1883) of his Excellency Mariano Balcarce, Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary of the Argentine Republic in France and Belgium, late of No. 5, Rue de Berlin, Paris, who died on Feb. 20 last, was proved in London on the 6th ult. by Madame Josefa de Gutierrez de Estrada, the daughter and sole executrix, the value of the personal estate in England amounting to over £34,000. The testator appoints his said daughter the sole and only universal heiress of all the property he shall possess at the time of his death.

The will (dated Oct. 5, 1883) of General John Edmonstoune Landers, Bengal Establishment, late of No. 7, Bryanston-street, Portman-square, who died on April 6 last, was proved on the 5th ult. by Mrs. Mary Elizabeth Cordelia Landers, the widow and sole executrix, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £15,000. The testator bequeaths £1000 each to his sister, Mrs. Corbett; his nephew, John Edmonstoune Landers; his niece, Mrs. Henrietta Morrison; and to his cousin, Mrs. Frances Magdaline Stewart; and legacies to domestic servants. The residue of his real and personal estate he gives to his wife, absolutely.

A sale of the inmates' work, for their own benefit, will be held at the Royal Hospital for Incurables, West-hill, Putney-heath, next Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday.

The Archbishop of Canterbury presided on the 3rd inst. at the 184th annual meeting of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, and, in opening the proceedings, asked if, in the sight of all the great peoples and tribes and churches that were forming under our very eyes like crystals in some chemical fluid, there could be in the present day any duty more incumbent upon Christian people than to support the missionary societies? While the Church people raised £500,000 a year for foreign missions, the Nonconformists raised £550,000; and he hoped that in the present year the Church of England would clear this additional £50,000.



DEER-SHOOTING ON A NEW YORK LAKE.—DRAWN BY R. F. ZOGBAUM.



OUT OF HIS DEPTH.—DRAWN BY W. RAINEY.

PEDESTRIANISM ON A NEW YORK LAKE.—DRAWN BY S. P. ZOGBAUM.

ART NOTES.

Sir Edward Lee, the manager of the Albert Palace, Battersea Park (which is now open), may be congratulated on the collection of pictures he has succeeded in bringing together. It not unfrequently happens that in exhibitions of this nature we find little more than the abortive efforts of unknown artists to obtain notoriety through the more recognised channels, or, on the other hand, the sweepings of the studios of painters already before the public. There is little or nothing at the Albert Palace to suggest that recourse has been had to either expedient in order to cover the walls of one of the best-lighted picture galleries in London or the suburbs. It is no reproach to the manager or to the artists that some of the works exhibited have already appeared (under less favourable conditions) at the Royal Academy and elsewhere, but these form the exception amongst the 500 specimens here brought together. Amongst the most attractive pictures may be mentioned, as a capital figure-piece, Mr. John Burr's "Resting" (32); Mr. James Peel's "Snowdon" (106), a glossy but forcibly painted landscape; Mr. Henry Moore's "Deep Water" (111), a small but eminently characteristic work, and his larger work, "Calm Before Storm" (142); Mr. G. A. Storey's "Kitty" (101), a carefully finished head of a young girl; Mr. Edwin Douglas's "Muffins" (129), which for harmony of colour was one of the most promising works in the Academy last year; Mr. Arthur Stock's "Unknown Species" (181); two capital Cornish sea-pieces, "Keynance Cove," by Mr. Edmund Gill (239), and "The Gurnard's Head," by Mr. J. G. Naish (180); a delicate single figure of a girl, "Sea Dreams," by Mr. Blair Leighton; and "Shylock" (288), by Mr. William Weekes—a raven standing on a bill of exchange, the very type of the usurer. Amongst the foreign schools, those of Munich and Düsseldorf are well represented; and there is one work, by the American artist, Mr. J. Maclure Hamilton, entitled "The Last Appeal" (165)—a dog seated on a table before the scientist—which is already known by engraving, but which is infinitely better in its original state. It deserves to find a place in the board-room of the Anti-Vivisection Society, except that there it would, perhaps, only appeal to those who were already convinced. Not the least admirable part of the picture is the drawing of the professor's hand, placed upon the table, speaking the man's character even more truthfully than his concealed face could have done. It should be added that this exhibition is in connection with an art union, according to the terms of which 20 per cent of the amount received from the sale of season tickets to the Albert Palace will be set apart for the purchase of pictures. If the quality be maintained at the level of the first year, this ought to induce many who live far away from Battersea to associate themselves with the work, in the hope of reaping personal advantage to themselves. Should, however, the generous offer of the committee of management fail to meet with any general response from the richer quarters of the town, that body deserves, at all events, the thanks of all who care for the improvement of popular taste, for having endeavoured—and so far with success—to give the inhabitants of the southern suburbs the enjoyment of really good pictures, and of perhaps the most satisfactory collection ever exhibited on the south side of London.

At Messrs. Dickenson's Gallery (114, New Bond-street) there is now on view a collection of the works of Mr. Frank Miles, which give a very fair idea of the artist's versatility. The most important work is a large study of falling water, seething amid black rocks, whilst above a thin watery mist is floating upwards through the trees and bushes. There is more strength as well as imaginative power in this work than in the garden scene of Bingham Abbey, of which the rich colouring does not supply the want of a central interest. In his other landscapes, Mr. Miles seems to have allowed himself to be influenced by Mr. Whistler, and of these the sketch off Beachy Head, in spite of its dull-coloured sea, is the best. There are two important figure-pieces, "Sea Dreams," a seated figure of a girl in white against a pink background, listening to the "murmur of the shell"; and "Sweet Doing Nothing," a girl in blue reflected in a looking-glass, which unfortunately suggests too vividly the idea of the two-headed Nightingale suffering from the miseries of a bifrontal headache or the perplexities of a Dual Control. There are, however, numerous other works, especially portraits, in Mr. Miles' slighter, and we cannot help saying it, happier style, which must ensure to both the painter and his models the success of this exhibition.

Messrs. Cassell and Co. are well advised, both in their own interest and in that of art, in allowing the public to judge of the standard of work requisite for illustrated publications. It is scarcely possible, in cases where many thousands of copies have to be struck off a single block, to retain the delicacy which may have distinguished the original drawing; whilst at the same time the engraver, on wood or metal, may not always have been successful in seizing the artist's inner thoughts. The collection of works now on view at La Belle Sauvage, Ludgate-hill, includes originals of the principal pictures which have appeared in the *Magazine of Art* and in other works issued by the firm during the past year. The great majority of them are in black and white, and are therefore chiefly noticeable for their drawing; but there are a few distinctive coloured works, such as Mr. A. F. Grace's reproductions after Turner (54) and Mason (57), and Mr. Birket Foster's "Hospenthal" (19), which are especially noteworthy. These, however, form the exceptions, and the bulk of the work is wholly confined to black and white. Among the products of this style there is much to commend in Mr. Fred Barnard's series of illustrations to Dickens, and Mr. Boot's series of views of the Thames from its source, and in Mr. A. W. Henley's delightful sketches of the New Forest and other familiar spots in England. Amongst figure-subjects we must mention Miss Alice Havers' "Off to School" (209); Mr. G. L. Seymour's "Her Ladyship" (255), and still more especially his "Violet" (208), one of the most attractive works in the exhibition; Mr. M. L. Gow's "Reverie" (210) and "Child's Legacy" (171); and Mr. W. J. Hennessy's "Bunyan in Prison" (168). Mr. G. L. Seymour also illustrates the course of the Thames with no small skill and feeling, and Mr. Blair Leighton contributes at least half a dozen excellently composed *genre* subjects—simple yet effective—while in Mr. Percy Tarrant he finds a valuable coadjutor.

Messrs. Graves (Pall-mall) are now publishing an excellent engraving of Mr. W. P. Frith's picture of "The Private View," exhibited at the Royal Academy three years ago. Perhaps less popular, both in subject and treatment, to the "Derby Day" and "The Railway Station," this work cannot fail to have attractions for those who desire to possess lifelike portraits of celebrities of the day, grouped together under natural conditions; for in composition, the "Private View at the Royal Academy" is quite on a level with the best of Mr. Frith's work. Opinions may differ as to the taste which accords equal prominence to mere butterflies of fashion and to men of real importance; but as it is by no means improbable that the former can claim a wider circle of acquaintance, Mr. Frith may not have been altogether ill-inspired in according them a position in his picture which they can never expect to occupy elsewhere. The portraits of Mr. Millais, Lady Burdett-Coutts, Sir Henry Thompson, and Mr. Robert Browning are amongst the most successful; whilst the softening influences of art may be traced in the little group of statesmen where Mr. Gladstone and Sir Stafford Northcote are warmly shaking hands, and whilst Mr. Bright and Sir William Harcourt are smilingly looking down on this pleasant episode, and Lord Beaconsfield, from his canvas by Millais, surveys the scene with an air of amused cynicism. The engraving and picture are on view together at Messrs. Graves'; and the respective merits of the two works can be better appreciated when seen together than by any attempt at verbal description.

Mr. Thomas Woolner, R.A., has completed, for the Government of New South Wales, five bronze portrait busts of eminent English Statesmen, Lord Palmerston, Earl Russell, the Earl of Derby, Lord Beaconsfield, and Mr. Gladstone. Sir Henry Parkes, when in office, during a visit to England, commissioned Mr. Woolner to execute these busts, which are to be placed in the Executive Council Chamber in Sydney.

A GERMAN PRAYER PROCESSION.

Special prayers for seasonable weather to bless the labours of the husbandman are not unknown in the practice of the English Church. In the Roman Catholic parts of South Germany, and in the Austrian provinces, a parish priest will, upon occasion, lead his rustic congregation, preceded by the cross-bearer, to chant this pious service in the open harvest-fields. Our Artist, Mr. Schönberg, himself an Austrian, has represented the scene with much truth of expression; but in that climate, unlike ours, it is more often the want of rain than its untimely excess, that has to be deprecated. The drooping barley, the rye, the wheat, or any other cereal crop which is suffering from a continued drought, may soon be revived by gentle showers; and there is less danger than in our country of its being spoilt in the reaping-time by many days of wet. "Old men and maidens," mothers and children, but not all the "young men" of the parish, follow with trustful docility their ecclesiastical guide and teacher in this venerable religious ceremonial. They are little disposed to philosophical or scientific inquiry concerning the uniform operation of physical causes in the perturbations of the atmosphere. Every country, almost every district, is supposed to have its own particular sky, as meteorology is still an imperfect science; and few even of the wisest can yet conceive that the "partial evil" of a local drought, or of a local excessive rain, may be a necessary incident of some "universal good"—of the restoration it may be, of a general balance of atmospheric forces, a more equable distribution of the common bounty of Heaven, to vast continents and quarters of the globe.

After a successful run of a month, the East London Industrial Exhibition was closed on the 4th inst., the prizes, amounting to £300, being distributed by the Marquis and Marchioness of Ripon.

The Bishops of Lichfield and Bedford, who were requested by the Bishop of Tasmania to select a successor to the Very Rev. Dr. Bromby, as Dean of St. David's Cathedral, Hobart Town, have appointed the Rev. Charles L. Dundas, late Fellow of Jesus College, Oxford, to the post. Mr. Dundas has accepted the appointment.

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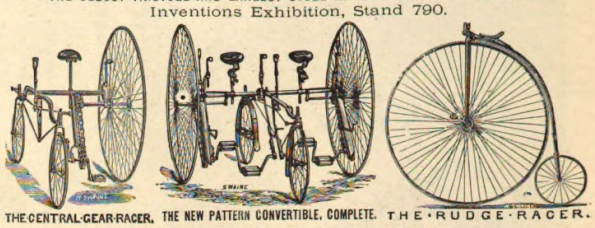
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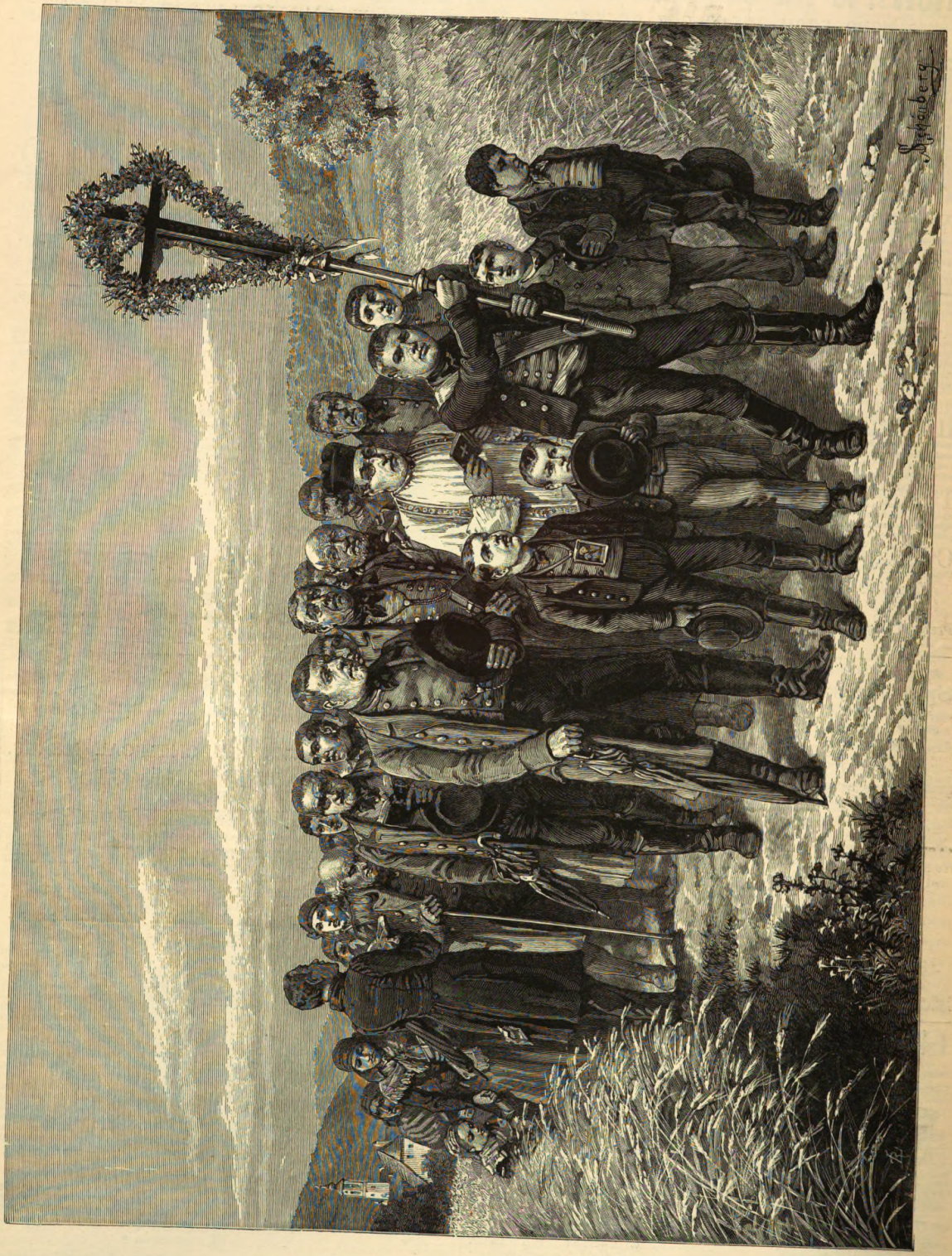
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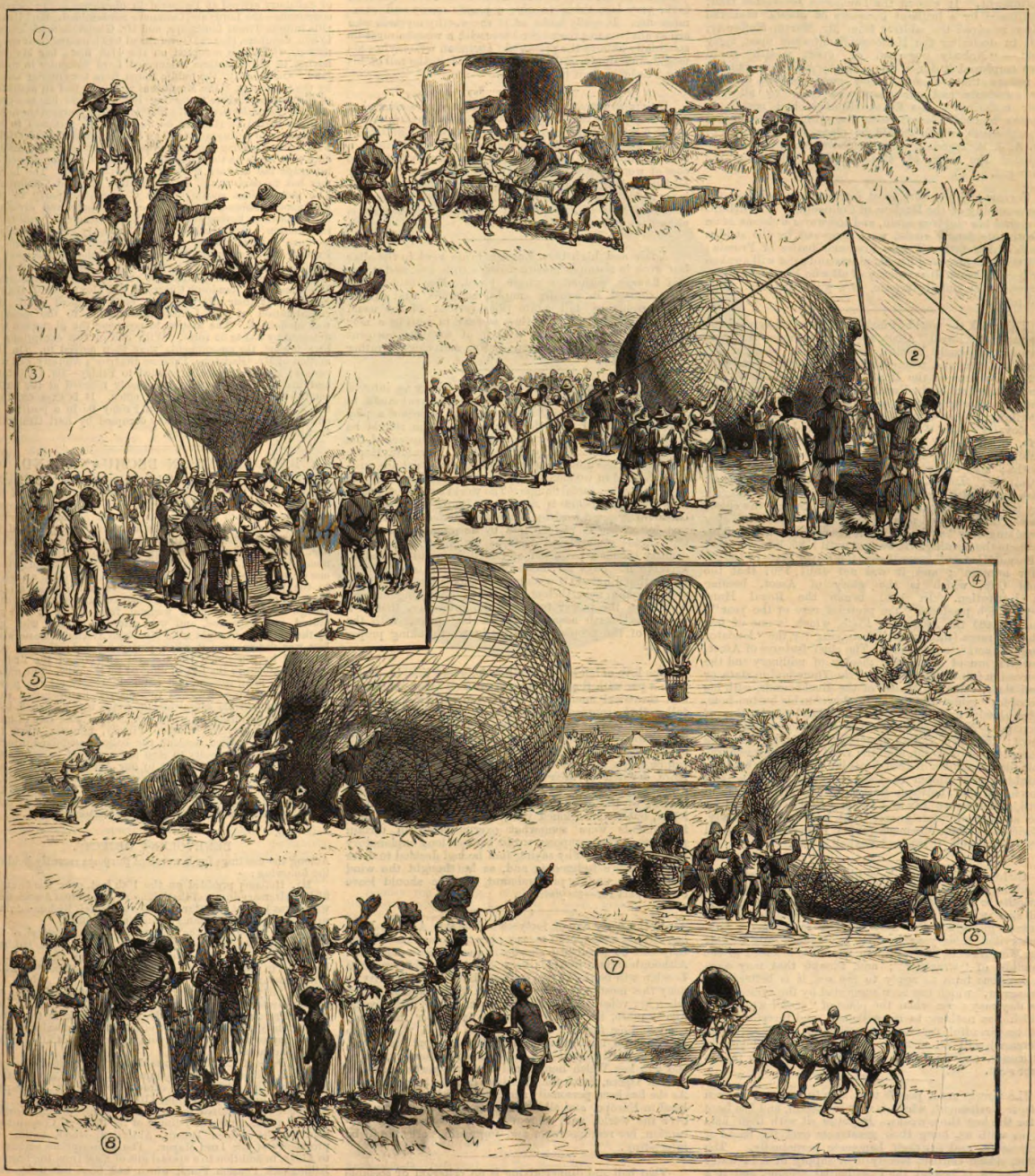
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THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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1. The balloon taken out of the waggon at Mafeking. 2. Putting the net over the balloon. 3. The General about to enter the balloon car. 4. The balloon in mid air.
5. A catastrophe. 6. Expiring struggles. 7. Collapse and decease: funeral procession. 8. The native spectators.

BALLOONING IN BECHUANALAND.

FROM SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. JULIUS M. PRICE, OF "METHUEN'S HORSE."

OUR NOTE-BOOK

Ascot Week opened with one of those notable ceremonies which the Prince and Princess of Wales perform to perfection. The Prince and the Royal party, en route to Berkhampstead, halted at Virginia Water Station on Monday afternoon, in order that his Royal Highness might open the magnificent new Palace of Health close by—the Holloway Sanatorium. This superb red-brick building, constructed in the Early English Renaissance style after the design of the architect, Mr. W. H. Crossland, has cost, with the finely-wooded estate on which it is erected, about £300,000. The beauty of the interior decoration surpasses expectation, the dwelling-rooms being adorned with charming taste, and the Chapel, Recreation Hall, and Refectory being radiantly magnificent. It was in the handsome Recreation Hall, brightened by a brilliant company of guests, that the Prince received the address from Mr. Martin-Holloway, and, in declaring the Holloway Sanatorium open, aptly said: — "Nobody possessed of great wealth could have employed it for a more excellent object—namely, to relieve those of our fellow creatures who demand our assistance and our charity in order to alleviate their suffering." His Royal Highness had reason to express himself pleased with the admirable inaugural arrangements, which should be placed to the credit of Mr. A. J. R. Trendell, whose well-written report clearly explains the scope of this palatial asylum for the deranged.

Sorrow and joy were most intricately mingled in the home-coming of the Duchess of Connaught. The delight of seeing her children again, and the warm welcome of an affectionate family circle, were tempered by the sudden death of her father, Prince Frederic Charles of Prussia; and the coincidence of her happiness and grief will awaken for her the heartfelt sympathy of all who know her, either personally or only by repute, as a good daughter, wife, and mother.

This week the world of fashion has been all agog about the races at "Royal" Ascot, so called for many sufficient reasons; especially because Ascot Heath, whereon the races are run, and where there was racing as early as 1727, is so near to the Royal residence at Windsor; because the kennel of the Royal Buckhounds found an excellent site there; because, in consequence of convenient proximity, it has always been the favourite race-ground of Royalty, since "Farmer George" and Charlotte, his wife, with the "First Gentleman" and their other children, would stroll affably about among the tents and booths; and because two Dukes of Cumberland, the "Culloden" Duke (who was Ranger of Windsor Great Park and bred King Herod and Eclipse), and the "foolish boy who disgraces the title" (brother to George the Third, which "foolish boy" won a Gold Cup at Ascot in 1772 by "walking over" with his mare, Maria), did their best to promote the meeting. It was not until 1785, however, that "Farmer George" himself gave the Royal Plate of 100 gs. "for hunters"; and it was not until 1807 that the Gold Cup, which is the glory of Ascot, became an institution. In 1843 began the Royal Hunt Cup, which produces "the prettiest race of the year"; and in 1865 the Alexandra Plate, which is one of few "long" races (three miles) remaining for the "laudator temporis acti" to rejoice in. The chief features of Ascot, however, are of course the display of millinery and the procession (on the Tuesday and the Thursday) in state or semi-state, when the Master of the Buckhounds, with his "couples" round his neck and a flower in his button-hole, rides slowly up the course at the head of the line of carriages. Nevertheless, there is always good racing at Ascot: the New Stakes generally bringing out some "crack" two-year-old, and the Gold Cup being remarkable for the number of dead-heats it has produced, between Brighton and Epsom in 1808, between Camarine and Rowton in 1832, between Buckstone and Tim Whiffler in 1863, and between Ely and General Peel in 1865, and for the number of "foreigners" that have won it—namely, Gladiateur (1866), Mortemer (1871), Henry (1872), Boiard (1874), Verneuil (1878), and Foxhall (1882).

Girton and Newnham have given a new interest to the Cambridge Tripos. We look with something better than curiosity to see how the severe reasoning of the mathematics will agree with the British feminine constitution, and what "sweet girl-graduate" may bid fair to become a Mrs. Somerville. This year we find two ladies, Miss Rickett and Miss Hewett, of Newnham, who have attained to the standard of "wrangler"; and, though that may seem an ominous term to apply to the sex, it is better than "knagger," which has been suggested by the cynics; and the day may come when the place of "senior wrangler" (which has nothing to do with age, and therefore need not be dreadful for its suggestion of a disagreeable inference) will be virtually assigned to a candidate in petticoats, and Man will begin, with shame, to take a lower seat.

The Greeks are a people who love to be *sans gêne* even in their Parliament, which is now in session, and has been so for the last three weeks. Deputies sit with their hats on, as with us, hang their greatcoats over the backs of their seats, and sip their lemonade perpetually. The buffet, which consists merely of a supply of cold water and lemons, is behind the Presidential tribune, and if a speaker pauses to take breath, or to pick up the thread of his discourse, there is a general rush to light cigarettes at the President's taper. When the King is present, the cigarettes and lemonade are less *en évidence*, but the members yield their places to officials, and there is a sprinkling of ladies and of men who take a merely theoretic interest in politics.

The Queen always keeps her eye on the Female School of Art, and has ordered a fan, designed and painted on silk by Miss Alice Elfrida Manby, as one of her special wedding presents to Princess Beatrice on her marriage.

The sabre just presented by the Czar to General Komaroff is a *chef d'œuvre*, like some old and much admired French ones. The blade, of finest Damascus steel, bears the inscription "Pour la bravoure," and the handle and scabbard are of gold thickly set with brilliants.

People who have slaughtered other people are very appropriately presented with swords of honour; and therefore General Komaroff deservedly receives a sword, for, in the words of Homer, he precipitated many brave souls into Hades. But whom did Sir Peter Lumsden slay? His object was thought to be a peaceful solution of a difficult question, and his complaint was supposed to be that the Russians used physical force unwarrantably. By all means let Sir Peter have presents and honours; but why give him a sword, rather than an olive-branch or the "Turnerelli wreath," if that is still to be had? A sword is the very last thing to give a pacific envoy and commissioner. It really looks as if the worthy myriads who are so anxious to present Sir Peter with a weapon must be spiritually akin to the proverbial Irishman who invites his neighbours significantly "just to thread on the tail of his coat" as he trails it before them.

We are so accustomed to regard a piano as a somewhat massive piece of furniture that it is almost startling to see, in the musical department of the Inventions Exhibition, one of Messrs. Brinsmead's pianos quite complete as a skeleton, minus the case. Close by stands a very handsome case of wood into which it can easily be screwed; but, for all harmonious and professional purposes, the instrument is perfect without it. One might almost call it the disembodied spirit of a piano, and the music it discourses is almost seraphically sweet in tone.

A fair and high-born English bride went to the altar last week in a simple muslin dress, a tulle veil, and a few real flowers, without a single jewel. Her bridesmaids were dressed in equally simple materials, and carried single stems of tall white lilies instead of the usual elaborate bouquets. May they succeed in setting a new fashion, and inaugurating a style of wedding garment which is more suitable than costly, and elegant rather than elaborate!

In these days, when the masses are taking an interest in pictures and art generally, such as does great credit to the educational system of the country, it seems a pity that the national collections or any of them should be jeopardised or neglected. Yet, one of the trustees of the National Portrait Gallery, Mr. A. J. B. Beresford-Hope, admits that the unique and priceless gems of art are carelessly housed in wooden sheds which are food for fire, and therefore in continual danger. The world's stock of paintings by old masters is necessarily limited, and though occasionally some wealthy iconoclast purchases a treasure, and by having it restored or by keeping it in a damp unsuitable atmosphere destroys its value, when the country becomes possessed of one it is in duty bound to preserve it. Says Mr. Beresford-Hope, "it is a platitude to say that England is a country of anomalies"; but it is worth saying, nevertheless, and worth impressing on those who have the power to abate the grievance, that, if a picture is worth acquiring at a big price, with the money of the people, it is equally worth taking proper care of.

The love of an earnest author for every line he writes is on a par with that which a parent feels for his children; and theatrical managers and editors of newspapers know full well the reproaches they have to encounter when they delete a scrap of dialogue from a play or a line from a paragraph. But if a story which is going the rounds concerning M. Reyer, author of the new opera "Sigurd," can be taken as typical, then musical composers are even more devoted to their work than the journalist or the dramatist. A critic, having been invited to hear the rehearsal of the opera, wrote M. Reyer a congratulatory letter, but he mentioned that, in his opinion, the wind instruments were somewhat overpowering in certain passages. The composer wrote back a long explanatory letter, but finished by saying that he had decided to defer to the critic's judgment; and, as he thought the wind instruments unduly preponderant, that he should leave out the part for—*the flute*.

At the early age of forty-two Madame Adelina Patti has already commenced to write her "reminiscences," and they will be published shortly in an American magazine. Although certain journals have hinted that this season in London will be the Diva's last, we have her authority to deny this most emphatically. And why should she retire when her voice is as pure and fresh as it was fifteen years ago?—more, its commercial value is higher than ever, commanding for one evening a sum which would keep half a dozen families in comparative comfort for a year. Madame Patti caught cold in her head on Sunday, before she left her Welsh home, and the first performance of Italian Opera, fixed for Tuesday, had to be postponed. As she has been personally acquainted with every crowned head in Europe, and all the men of light and leading all over the world, and, moreover, is a lady of keen perception, her reminiscences and impressions are sure to be interesting.

That ball and dinner giving is no criterion of sociable and hospitable feeling is proved by the promptness with which invitations are cancelled on the morrow of a political crisis. The consequence on trade is that dresses are countermanded and workwomen thrown out of employment; the "bitter cry" becomes intensified; and the philosopher reflects on "what great effects from little causes spring."

THE SILENT MEMBER.

"Audacity, Audacity, and always Audacity!" Danton's famous oratorical prescription has once again proved triumphant. It seemed to be generally agreed in Club-land in the middle of the week that the vivacious and dashing young leader of the omniscient "Fourth Party" had had his way, and that, yielding to the pressure put upon him by this lively section of the Conservative front rank, the Marquis of Salisbury had, after a long interview, offered Lord Randolph Churchill a Cabinet post, promised Sir Michael Hicks-Beach the leadership of the House of Commons, and conciliated Sir Stafford Northcote with a dignified office in the Ministry and elevation to the Peerage. Report has it that other ex-Ministers are to accompany the right hon. Baronet to the House of Lords. Mr. Gladstone, too, has been graciously offered an Earldom "in recognition of his services to his Sovereign and his country"; but it is semi-officially intimated that, "while gratefully appreciating her Majesty's intention," Mr. Gladstone "has asked to be allowed to forego the high honour which Her Majesty was ready to confer upon him." It is safe to predict the right hon. gentleman will find some of his late colleagues and supporters less coy of entering the Upper House.

The plain record of the Ministerial crisis is as brief—acceptably brief—as a speech by the Prince of Wales. On the Friday of last week—June the Twelfth, the day the Marquis of Salisbury arrived at Balmoral in obedience to the Queen's commands—the Lords and Commons reassembled. Earl Granville informed their Lordships, and Mr. Gladstone made known to hon. members, that the Government had tendered their resignation, which was accepted on the 11th inst., her Majesty having in the meantime summoned Lord Salisbury to Scotland. On Monday, the public learnt from the circular issued by the Court that "the Marquis of Salisbury had an audience of the Queen previous to leaving Balmoral, and has accepted office." Naturally tired by the double railway journey, the noble Marquis rested at Hatfield on Sunday. He returned to his town house in Arlington-street on Monday, and had interviews with several leading Conservatives. But an unexpected difference that arose in the Commons the same day threatened to interrupt the delicate work of Cabinet-making. The Lords met but to part again, on the motion of Lord Cranbrook. The independent spirits of the Conservative party in the Commons, however, found excuse for debate and division. Mr. Gladstone, having stated that he had received "authentic information" that the Marquis of Salisbury had undertaken to form a Government, proposed a fresh adjournment to Friday. Then arose the difference of opinion with respect to the Redistribution Bill. The authority of Sir Stafford Northcote was directly disregarded not only by Sir H. Drummond-Wolff and Lord Randolph Churchill, but also by Sir M. Hicks-Beach. But their effort to stay, on a technical point, the consideration of the Lords' amendments to the measure was ineffectual. The motion to postpone the discussion was defeated by 333 to 35 votes. With one or two exceptions of little import, the amendments were then agreed to. On the motion of Mr. Gladstone, Princess Beatrice's Annuity Bill was passed; and the House adjourned to Friday—Mr. Gladstone and his colleagues looking immensely relieved at the forthcoming freedom from the cares of office. It is expected that the Marquis of Salisbury will on Friday be in a position to announce, from the place lately occupied by Earl Granville, that he has formed a Ministry.

BALLOONING IN BECHUANALAND.

The expedition commanded by Major-General Sir Charles Warren, R.E., Special Commissioner for the settlement of the Bechuana country, on the western frontier of the Transvaal, was furnished with a balloon to be used for military reconnoitring service. An experimental ascent was prepared by the officers in charge of the apparatus when the General's head-quarters were at Mafeking, in Montsioa's country, in the month of April; and our Special Artist, Mr. Julius M. Price, one of the troopers of "Methuen's Horse" forming an escort to the party of Royal Engineers, has contributed several Sketches of this proceeding. The balloon arrived at the native village of Mafeking in a waggon, from which it was removed and unpacked, and was carefully inflated with gas by the apparatus brought from Woolwich Arsenal. The network bag was drawn over it when partly inflated; the car was attached by ropes, and the General was one of the first to make an ascent to the height allowed by the rope. The native Barolongs, men, women, and children, nearly all the population of Mafeking, watched this marvellous operation with the greatest possible astonishment, which was increased by a subsequent performance, when the balloon rose free in mid-air, hovering over the village. Finally, however, upon the occasion of a sudden descent, the balloon sustained injuries which made it necessary to stop the series of experiments; and the last scene delineated by our Artist is when it was packed up and carried away, with something of the sadness of a funeral procession. Its practical utility, in assisting the conduct of a campaign in the field, would no doubt have been proved in South Africa as it was in the Eastern Soudan.

BENEVOLENT OBJECTS.

Among the meetings for benevolent purposes recently held are the following:—

Mr. Hollams presided on the 10th inst. over the twenty-fifth anniversary dinner of the Solicitors' Benevolent Association, which was held at the Star and Garter Hotel, Richmond; the subscriptions and donations amounting to £2178.

On the same day, the thirteenth annual festival of the Poplar Hospital for Accidents took place at the Holborn Restaurant—Mr. J. P. Currie, Governor of the Bank of England, in the chair; subscriptions to the amount of £1450 being announced.

The forty-eighth anniversary festival of the Coffee and Eating-House Keepers' Association was held on the 11th inst. at the Freemasons' Tavern—Mr. J. T. Peacock in the chair; the secretary announcing a list of donations and subscriptions amounting to nearly £300, including a donation of fifty guineas from the chairman.

The Duke of Edinburgh presided at the annual dinner of the Royal Albert Orphan Asylum, held at the Cannon-street Hotel, on the 12th inst., subscriptions being announced amounting to £1570, including £100 from the Queen.

About two hundred gentlemen were present on Monday evening at the anniversary dinner of the Printers' Corporation, held at the Albion Tavern, Aldersgate-street, under the presidency of the Lord Mayor. The subscriptions amounted to £1018, in addition to a special gift of £500 from the Pardoe-Killingback Pension Fund, which had been raised by subscription principally from the printing machine managers.

The fifty-third anniversary festival of the United Law Clerks' Society was held at the Freemasons' Tavern on Tuesday night—Mr. Justice Wills in the chair; the donations amounting to between £300 and £400.

The festival dinner of the friends and supporters of the London Fever Hospital, Liverpool-road, will be held next Tuesday—the Lord Mayor, M.P., in the chair.

THE MAGAZINES.

The interest of the *Cornhill* this month is almost entirely divided between its two serial fictions. "Court Royal" cannot be taken very seriously. Incidents and dialogue are alike fantastically overdone; and the personages are gross exaggerations of types exceptional at the best. But it is full of vigour and go: and the reader who will resign himself to the author's humour may make sure of plenty of entertainment. "Rainbow Gold" continually gains in mechanical cleverness: the scenes are wonderfully wrought; but there is a continual suggestion of ropes and pulleys. "Next-of-Kin Agencies" is an entertaining account of the agent's calling, seasoned with anecdotes illustrative of its picturesque side.

Besides the continuation of Mrs. Ritchie's graceful and pathetic "Mrs. Dymond," *Macmillan* has three articles of unusual merit—a picturesque account of a voyage up the La Plata from Monte Video to Paraguay, with interesting remarks on the prospects of the country; a notice, by "M. E. W.," of "Marius the Epicurean," as refined in style as the book itself, and much more healthy in sentiment; and a review by Mr. W. T. Arnold of Mommsen's great but imperfect volume on the administration of the Roman Empire. Mrs. Molesworth's ghost story is much too long. Professor C. H. Pearson gives some useful information on the advantages of Australia as a residence for persons with small fixed incomes.

The chief contribution to the *English Illustrated Magazine* is a delightful paper, delightfully illustrated, by Miss Dorothy Tennant, on the manners and customs of the London ragamuffin. Mabel Collins's paper on the New Forest is also accompanied by charming illustrations. "A Family Affair" continues attractive, and "In the Lion's Den," by Mr. Baring-Gould, promises to be a very pretty story.

Blackwood has one contribution of great importance, Hobart Pasha's letter suggesting methods of defence against torpedoes, the danger from which he considers greatly exaggerated. Both the novels, "The Waters of Hercules" and "Fortune's Wheel," are full of exciting interest, and the latter has brilliant social portraiture also. The letters describing the Russian military manœuvres of last year, and the route home from them, are lively and graphic. The hopeless attempt to prove that Shakspeare's sonnets were inspired by Dante is resumed without even the redeeming quality of perverted ingenuity. The height of absurdity as well as paradox is surely reached when Shakspeare's pretty conceit on the harpsichord is traced to Dante's rapt vision of the glories of Paradise.

There is nothing remarkable in *Longmans'* except the continuation of Mr. Stevenson's "Prince Otto," which is becoming more definite in plot and promises powerful interest.

The *Fortnightly Review* contains several valuable articles, among which we cannot reckon Sir Julian Goldsmid's attempt to rehabilitate Ismail Pasha, or Mr. Marindin's optimistic view of Eton in 1885. But Dr. Morell Mackenzie's remarks on the growth of specialism in medicine, Professor Gardiner's account of the new light thrown by archæological discovery on the beliefs of the Greeks respecting the future world, and Mr. Sutherland Edwards's picture of the decay of opera from the dearth of great singers, all make substantial contributions to knowledge. Professor Vinogradoff's essay on Oxford and Cambridge contains little novelty; but at least assures us that intellectual foreigners see our Universities much as we see them; and it is amusing to find the Parnellite party twitted by a more advanced Nationalist with conspiring to extinguish Irish nationality by substituting a Secretary of State for the Lord Lieutenant. Mr. F. Marshall labours to prove that Paris is a delightful residence for English people who will learn the language and accommodate themselves to the ways of the natives; but his own figures seem to show that it is a very expensive one.

The *Nineteenth Century* has no remarkable article, but many sensible ones—among which may be especially noted Captain Verney's appeal for a reform of the Indian Army, getting rid of the present almost incredible confusion and complication; Lord Bramwell's reply to Archdeacon Farrar on the drink question; and Mr. Jephson's argument, enforced by the proceedings of the Irish Parliament in 1782, that there is no medium between complete union and complete separation. Lady Archibald Campbell illustrates Fletcher's "Faithfull Shepherdesse" very agreeably, and Mr. Sully partially explains the notorious tendency of genius to insanity.

The *Contemporary Review* has a powerful exposition of the needs of the Volunteer Force, by Mr. Howard Vincent; and a very timely and sensible appeal by Mr. Dillwyn in favour of the common-sense reform of allowing Acts of Parliament to be taken up in any session at the stage which they may have reached in the proceeding. Professor Parker expounds the pedigree of the higher animals with exceeding clearness; Dr. Hatch makes a strong point of Canon Liddon's omission to allude to the Ignatian epistles when arguing for the apostolic succession of bishops; Sir Rowland Blennerhassett proposes to provide funds for making Irish tenants into landlords by a reimposition of the house tax; and Mr. Glennie contends that Shakspeare has been calumniated in the matter of inclosures, the town clerk of Stratford having had an unfortunate trick of writing "I" when he meant to write "he." Internal evidence certainly seems in favour of this, at first sight, startling suggestion.

With the exception of Mr. Armstrong's review of the Academy and Salon, and Mr. Courthope's acute but unsympathetic discussion of Coleridge and Keats, the articles in the *National Review* are mainly political. They do not individually seem very practical, and taken together increase the general impression of the difficulty which, in spite of unexampled opportunities, the Conservatives feel in suiting themselves with a policy.

"At the Red Glove," one of the best contemporary serial stories, attains a satisfactory conclusion in *Harper's Magazine*, which has also excellently illustrated articles treating of the cattle ranches of the Far West; of the picturesque city and tableland of Bogota, of the manœuvres of the German troops, and of the personages and incidents of East Tennessee at the end of last century. An essay on Mr. Watts's art, prompted by the exhibition of his pictures, shows fine appreciation of his poetical charm. The *Century's* histories of the civil war relate this month to Jackson's wonderful campaigns in the Shenandoah and the battle of Gaines's Mill, the first in the Chickahominy campaign. Three splendid portraits of the three Herschels are briefly but effectively illustrated by the text of Professor Holden, and capital pictures accompany the papers on grizzly bears, on orchids, and on the New Orleans exhibition. One difficulty with Mrs. Howell's "Silas Lapham" is to conceive how anybody could care for either of the young ladies. The "Prophet of the Great Smoky Mountains" is ably continued in the *Atlantic Monthly*. The chief of the miscellaneous articles is a valuable and discriminating criticism on Mrs. Oliphant, by Miss H. W. Preston.

"Mitre Court," Mrs. Riddell's serial in *Temple Bar*, is one of the most lively stories now publishing, full of variety and excitement, and rich in well-defined character. "A Girton Girl" has fewer literary pretensions, but is still very good. "The Varnishing Ticket," the tale of a "broken-hearted artist," is a very pathetic story. "The Russian Armament" has nothing to do with recent politics, but is a clever evisceration of the memoirs of Sir James Bland Burges.

With the exception of Miss O'Hanlon's spirited novel, the articles in the *Gentleman's Magazine* are scientific or literary. Mr. Grant Allen traces up the origin of life to chlorophyll, Mr. Baring-Gould gives a brief account of the Erckmann-Chatrian pair, Dr. O'Leary criticizes the revised version of the Old Testament with favour, and Mr. Atwell obliges us with some select thoughts of the Swiss moralist, Petit Senn. "A Strange Voyage" and "Babylon" continue to amuse the readers of *Belgravia*, the minor contributions are of little mark. *Time* has a somewhat remarkable study of Mr. Gladstone, by Mr. T. P. O'Connor, who has evidently been a close observer of the Premier. There is much poetical power in Miss E. Nesbit's poem "The Dead to the Living"; and Mr. Purves's criticism on Mr. Thomas Hardy's rustics is much to the point. *London Society*, considerably improved of late, has interesting papers on "Curiosities of the Cardinalate," "Oxford Memories," and "The Family of an Afghan Prince in Exile."

The *Art Journal* has for frontispiece a line engraving after A. C. Gow, A.R.A., called "Requisitioned," which, as an engraving, is extremely poor and weak. Mr. Joseph Hatton continues to gossip about "London Clubland," and Mr. F. G. Stephens contributes an interesting paper on Hammersmith and Chiswick. Notes on the exhibitions and other articles help to make up an agreeable Number.

The *Magazine of Art* for June (Cassell and Co.) is remarkable for an interesting article, well illustrated, on Handel and his portraits. The other contents of the Number, literary and pictorial, are varied and good.

Besides the Magazine of Art, the principal serials of the enterprising firm of Messrs. Cassell, Petter, Galpin, and Co., are—Egypt: Descriptive, Historical, and Picturesque, Illustrated Book of Pigeons, Picturesque Canada, Cassell's Magazine, The Quiver (containing an article on the Revised Version of the Old Testament, by the Dean of Canterbury, one of the revisers), Cassell's Saturday Journal, Greater London, Royal Shakspere, Familiar Wild Flowers, Book of Health, Old and New London, Illustrated Universal History, Popular Gardening, Picturesque Europe, Picturesque America, Life and Words of Christ, Little Folks' Magazine, Popular Educator, and Our Own Country.

We have further to acknowledge the receipt of Moniteur de la Mode, World of Fashion, La Saison, Le Follet, Gazette of Fashion, The Red Dragon, The Scottish Geographical Magazine, London Society, The Argosy, The Month, Good Words, The Army and Navy Magazine, Household Words, Eastward Ho! The Antiquarian, Chambers's Journal, All the Year Round, Merry England, Irish Monthly, Leisure Hour, Book Lore, United Service Magazine, Fores's Sporting Notes and Sketches, The Theatre, St. Nicholas, Harper's Young People, Illustrated Science Monthly, Technical Journal, Baptist Magazine, Aunt Judy's Magazine, Christian Treasury, Sunday Talk, Babyhood, and The Rosebud.

Sixty head mistresses of high and intermediate schools, representing upwards of 12,000 pupils, assembled at the Grey Coat Hospital, Westminster, on Friday and Saturday last week, on the occasion of the annual conference of the Association of Endowed and Proprietary Schools. Many subjects of importance connected with teaching were discussed.



THE ROYAL HUNT CUP, ASCOT RACES.
SHIELD REPRESENTING "THE MARCH OF THE AMAZONS."

THE ROYAL HUNT CUP, ASCOT.

The piece of plate representing "the Royal Hunt Cup" at Ascot Races this year is not a cup, but a silver shield, manufactured by Messrs. Hancocks and Co., of Bruton-street, which is a good work of art. It was designed and modelled by a well-known sculptor, Mr. C. B. Birch, A.R.A.; the design represents, in the centre, the head of Hippolyta, the Queen of the Amazons; and, round this, some equestrian groups of those female warriors passing in procession before their Queen. The arms or weapons carried by the Amazons are represented on the border. The shield, which consists of 600 ounces of silver, with its surface partly oxydised, is thirty-two inches in diameter, and is mounted on a black ebony plinth; its cost is £500. It will be a handsome ornament in the house of the winner of the "Royal Hunt Cup."

THE HOLLOWAY SANATORIUM.

On Monday the Prince of Wales, accompanied by the Princess of Wales and their three daughters, and by the Duke of Cambridge, opened this noble institution, at St. Anne's-heath, close to the Virginia Water railway station. It is an asylum for patients of the middle classes of both sexes, afflicted with mental disorders, but is intended to be, in its ordinary management, to a considerable degree self-supporting, a moderate charge being made for the reception of inmates whose families can afford to pay. The munificent founder, the late Mr. Thomas Holloway, bestowed more than a million sterling upon the erection and permanent endowment of the Sanatorium and of the Holloway College for Women, which stands at a short distance, at Mount Lee, and which has been described and illustrated in this Journal. His noble designs have been carried out by the trustees of his fund, Mr. George Martin-Holloway, his brother-in-law, and Mr. Henry Driver-Holloway. The buildings for the two institutions are planned and completed in every detail with the minutest care and forethought, and with the finest taste for beauty and pleasantness. The architect is Mr. W. H. Crossland, who designed the Townhall at Rochdale. All the features of structure and decoration in the Sanatorium, from the tower, like the famous belfry of Ypres, to the kitchen, from the recreation or lecture hall to the garden and shrubbery, are on a grand scale, and devised with the kind purpose of affording weary if not worn-out brain-workers an opportunity of recovering their faculties. Red brick with stone dressing for the exterior and grey marble for the interior of the large hall, the refectory, and other chief apartments, were not considered to afford sufficient variety, so the stone surfaces have been enriched with colour and plentiful gilding. In one part the interior decorations are of the grotesque character often associated with Gothic architecture. The great lecture-hall is very richly gilt, and is adorned with portraits of distinguished persons. The refectory, also richly decorated, is made additionally beautiful and interesting by a series of pastoral fancy groups after Watteau, forming a frieze, above which are smaller groups in lunettes. Throughout the building the idea of variety, of the importance of placing objects of interest before a dimmed but not inferior intelligence, is never lost sight of. There are no blank walls; but the whole, even of the entrance-hall and staircase, except the marble top of the balustrade, is covered with gilding or bright colour. Every apartment has its own bright, cheerful, artistic treatment; so that the Sanatorium must rank amongst the public buildings of the country famous for their decorations. The rooms, great and small, are exquisitely furnished. Much of the art work has been executed by students of the National Art-Training School, under the direction of Mr. Poynter. The institution and the surrounding grounds include some forty acres, the building containing about 600 rooms, disposed on four floors, and capable of accommodating about 250 patients. The expense hitherto incurred is about £300,000. Dr. Sutherland Rees Philipps is appointed Medical Superintendent.

The opening ceremony was in the large hall, which is to be used for concerts and other entertainments. The Royal party having taken their places on the platform, Mr. Martin-Holloway delivered a brief address, explaining that all the internal arrangements of the Sanatorium are planned for maintaining general health, for isolating special cases of disease, for enabling the attendants to live unobtrusively close to their patients, and for giving the patients an idea of freedom combined with active surveillance. The Prince of Wales briefly replied; and the guests dispersed to enjoy the hospitality of their host in dining-rooms and tents. The arrangements, which were in charge of Mr. Trendell, were perfectly successful. The Sanatorium is ready for immediate occupation; and we believe that some patients were in the establishment this week. It is available only for curable cases of insanity; and the fees paid by patients will depend upon the amount of accommodation they require. Applications for half the possible number of admissions have been already accepted, and by the end of the year it is expected that the Sanatorium will be full.

Oxford Commemoration festivities have been held this week.

Her Majesty's armoured barbette-ship Benbow was launched from the yard of the Thames Iron Works and Shipbuilding Company at Blackwall on Monday, the christening ceremony being performed by Mrs. Gladstone.

A fire broke out last Wednesday morning in one of the haberdashery shops at Mr. Whiteley's, in Westbourne-grove, Bayswater. The outbreak occurred in the portion of the premises replacing that destroyed by fire nearly three years ago. About one fifth of the Westbourne-grove premises have now been burnt out. The building is insured, but not the stock or fixtures.

The Marquis of Lorne opened on the 11th inst. the summer exhibition of the Yorkshire Fine Art and Industrial Institution, York, at which Princess Louise is an exhibitor. There was a distinguished company present, including the Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress, Sir Frederick Milner, M.P., and the members of the City Corporation. Subsequently Lord Lorne was entertained by the Lord Mayor to luncheon.



1. Entrance-hall for patients. 2. Turkish-bath rooms. 3. Chapel. 4. Recreation-hall. 5. Patients' villa. 6. Dr. Phillips's house. 7. One of the sitting-rooms.

THE HOLLOWAY SANATORIUM, VIRGINIA WATER.



DRAWN BY F. BARNARD.

Great was his astonishment when Clare suddenly fell on her knees, crying—"Oh, Adrian, do you think you will ever be able to forgive me!"

ADRIAN VIDAL.

BY W. E. NORRIS,

AUTHOR OF "MDLLE. DE MERSAC," "MATRIMONY," "THIRLBY HALL," &C.

CHAPTER XLII.

"THE LAND WHERE ALL THINGS ARE FORGOTTEN."

Adrian had left his house in the morning without any more distinct idea of how he was going to spend the day than that he did not mean to spend it at home. There were a good many things which it behoved him to do—amongst others, it might be well that he should begin getting in his tradesmen's bills and forming some estimate of what he owed—but he did not feel equal to undertaking disagreeable duties, and in the end he sauntered down to his club and tried to read the papers. Whilst he was thus occupied, a note, addressed in Heriot's shaky handwriting, was brought to him.

"Dear Adrian (it ran),—If you will look in to-day or to-morrow, and rather to-day than to-morrow, I shall think it kind of you. I have been very bad this last week—about as bad as I could be—and I don't want to miss the chance of seeing you, now that I have a respite.

"Yours always, W. H."

Adrian's conscience pricked him when he read this appeal. He had made only one effort to see Heriot since the latter's return to England, and on that occasion his friend had been too ill to receive him. Since then he had found one excuse after another for shirking the interrogatories which he was sure awaited him in Brook-street. He had never until now felt that his breach with Clare was likely to prove a final one, and so long as it remained unhealed the less that was said about it the better. But he could not refuse to visit the sick when directly begged to do so; nor, indeed, did his reason for absenting himself any longer exist. He could relate the plain facts now, and really it did not appear to him that he was open to the rebuke of any candid man. Such sins as he had committed he had confessed and asked pardon for. Heriot would hardly suggest that he should acknowledge himself guilty where he had been innocent, or that he should tamely submit to be disbelieved when he had pledged his word to the truth of a statement.

But he forgot all about his wrongs and his rights the moment that he entered the bed-room where Heriot lay extended upon a sofa. When a man has been dying for a number of years, the end generally comes as a shock to those who have watched him; and the first sight of his friend's face sent the blood back to Adrian's heart. Nor was he able to conceal his dismay; for Heriot said at once, with a faint smile,

"I have pretty nearly come to the last words of the last chapter, you see."

"My dear old chap, I won't have you talk like that!" exclaimed Adrian, recovering himself. "You've had a bad bout of it, that's all."

But Heriot, still smiling, shook his head. "No; I have had my last bout but one. I don't want to brag; but I think I may say that I have fought Death as long as any man could be expected to fight. Now he has got me down, and I am only waiting for the coup de grâce. The doctor told me plainly, the other day, that I had not the strength to rally from another attack."

"How can he possibly tell?"

"Perhaps he can't; but I can. I know when I am beaten; and, to tell you the truth, I am not very sorry to be near the finish. I have been through a good deal of suffering, as you know; but I am not sure whether intense weakness is not worse. And I have no fear of death. Death, after all, is a release. Nobody knows what it is; but I suppose it must, at all events, be that. Isn't it curious to think how very little speculation there has been upon the subject? The whole army of humanity marching steadily on towards the same goal, and not one individual having the slightest idea whither he is bound—or caring much!"

"But we have some idea, surely," objected Adrian, who was himself orthodox after a somewhat unthinking fashion, and had never doubted but that his friend was equally sound.

"You mean that most of us believe in the immortality of the soul, and that you and I are Christians. But Christianity tells us nothing about a future state of existence; for I should think there are very few people who can accept the Apocalypse as a literal description of it, or would like the prospect if they could. For the rest, we have one branch of the Church believing in Paradise and Purgatory, while another declares them to be fond things, vainly invented, and sends mankind direct to Heaven or Hell, with perhaps just the shadow of a mental reservation as regards the latter. All these are only names; we can't conceive the meaning of them any more than we can comprehend infinity."

"I suppose that is why speculation has always been felt to be useless."

"Perhaps so. Still it seems strange that the mystery of our fate should weigh so little upon us. When I look back upon my life, it appears to have been quite short—only a few years—and now eternity is close upon me. What is going to be done with me, I wonder?"

"I know one thing, Heriot," said the younger man, warmly; "if ever mortal deserved Heaven, you do!"

But Heriot was not listening to him. "'The land where all things are forgotten,'" he murmured, dreamily—"the man who said that was in no hurry to go there. But I don't know—it has a restful sound."

"Not to me!" exclaimed Adrian. "To me it sounds like a cry of despair. You can't wish to forget everything and everybody; that would be tantamount to losing your identity altogether; it is another word for annihilation. You can't wish for that."

"I wish for rest, I think. A long, long sleep—I believe that is what I should like, if I could choose. The fact of the matter is that I am tired out. Adrian, old fellow, we have always been good friends, haven't we?"

"Always, dear old man," answered Adrian, getting up and seating himself nearer to the sofa on which Heriot was lying. "And now we have to bid one another good-bye. As I tell you, I don't know what is going to become of me, or whether I shall be able to remember you in 'the land where all things are forgotten'; but I shouldn't like to be forgotten at once by you—or by your wife."

"You know you won't be forgotten."

"Well, not literally, I hope. And perhaps you will feel glad to have granted the last favour that I shall ask of you."

"Heriot," said Adrian, "if there is any possible return that I can make for all the kindnesses that you have done me ever since I first knew you, tell me of it. The more difficult it is, the better I shall be pleased."

"It's a little difficult—not very," answered Heriot, smiling. "I only want you two to be friends again."

Adrian groaned. "I am afraid you have asked for an impossibility," he said. "I came here to-day thinking that you meant to lecture me, and I was prepared to defend myself; but I won't say all that I intended to say. I will only tell you that I have tried to make friends, and that I have utterly failed. She never had much confidence in me, and now she tells me plainly that she has none, and declines to believe my word. Don't let us speak about it any more."

"Come, Adrian, you can't suppose that I shall accept that as an answer. Tell me what you were going to say, if I had lectured you. Tell me the whole history, will you? I don't believe I have ever understood all the ins and outs of this matter. I am going to die, you know, so I can't betray your secrets; and you used to think me a pretty good hand at giving you advice in difficulties."

Adrian was not altogether unwilling to comply with this request. He said, despondently, "Talking about it won't make it any better;" but probably that statement did not quite accurately express his belief. He gave a very fair account of his married life, concealing none of its events, and not endeavouring to make out a better case for himself than the circumstances warranted.

"You see," he said, in conclusion, "it's hopeless. Do you remember that evening when you came down to my lodgings at Polruth and warned me that Clare was a woman who could be easily made unhappy and who could not easily forgive? You might have gone farther, and said that there wasn't a chance of her being happy with me and that she couldn't possibly forgive. She would, if she could; I don't doubt that. Last night she told me that she wanted to believe me—only she couldn't. It has been so from the first. It isn't in her power to trust me when appearances are against me; and so I don't see how we can ever be friends. We shall not quarrel again, though, if that is any consolation."

Heriot, who, during Adrian's narration, had been lying back with closed eyes and had made no remark, remained silent a little longer. "Are you quite sure that you have told me everything?" he asked, by-and-by.

"Everything, upon my honour. *You*, at all events, will believe me when I say that."

"You must remember that you have given Clare's faith in you some rather severe trials. How would you have liked it if she had received a letter from some man—let us say from Wilbraham, though that is scarcely putting it strongly enough—and had torn it to pieces before your eyes, sooner than let you read it? What would you have thought if you had found her in Wilbraham's house? Supposing she had refused to enter into any explanations, but had simply said, 'I am innocent, and you ought never to have doubted me'? Supposing you had had the extraordinary magnanimity to promise that you would say no more about it, only stipulating that she should cease to receive Wilbraham, and supposing that she had gone on receiving him in spite of you?"

"Really, Heriot, the cases are not parallel."

"Of course they are not—from a conventional point of view; but I want you to realise her point of view; and I think, after all that has passed, you can hardly blame her for being a little more incredulous than you would like her to be. And if she is, never mind. You have only to speak to her in a certain way, and she will believe a contradiction in terms. Now, you know that as well as I do, don't you?"

"I am not sure," said Adrian, dubiously.

"Oh yes, you are. Believe me, it isn't worth while to stand on your dignity with a person whom you care for. What you gain by it doesn't make up, by a very long way, for what you lose. And please to observe that I practise what I preach. I may have thought it a little unfriendly of you to stay away from me all these weeks; I may have been fully entitled to say to myself that you might go to the deuce for me. But you see I didn't want to die without saying good-bye to you; and so I put my pride in my pocket. Shall I part with the last shred of pride that remains to me, and make a confession to you which I have never made to any other living being? Will you laugh at me if I do?"

"It would puzzle you to say anything that would make me feel inclined to laugh just now," replied Adrian, drearily.

"Well, I don't know why I shouldn't carry my secret to my grave with me, except that I have a foolish feeling that I should like Clare to hear of it after I am gone. It is only that, if I had been a man who could think of marriage, I should have asked her to marry me years ago. There! Don't make any remark about it, please. It is permitted to every man to dream—especially when his dream is beyond the remotest possibility of realisation. You won't mind; nor, I hope, will she. And perhaps you will both understand better now why I wish so much that you should be happy together again, as you used to be."

"Ah, Heriot, you would have made her happier than I ever can!"

"Don't talk nonsense. There is only one person in the world who can make her happy, and that is yourself. Resign yourself to the fact that there is to be an end to your troubles; and in the meantime oblige me by looking a little less dismal."

Adrian shook his head. "I can't help it. You can't expect me to look cheerful when you tell me that I am going to lose my best friend."

"It will be time enough to moan when you have lost him."

"I have completely failed in my trade, too."

"Excuse me; you have done no such thing. You have had a slight check, which will make you more careful in future—nothing worse than that."

"Besides, I am in a mess about money. I shall have to start again as a much poorer man than I expected to be."

"I don't think you need let that worry you much."

Adrian shrugged his shoulders. It was all very well for a rich man to make light of the ills of poverty; but he knew that they were real enough, though they might not be so great as the other misfortunes which he had to face.

"And now," said Heriot, after an interval of silence, "I must send you away. I am beginning to feel tired, and I shall have to stop talking. I want you and Clare to come and see me to-morrow afternoon, if you will. You can tell her all that I have said to you—except, of course, the one thing which she must not be told so long as I am alive—and as soon as you come in, I shall know by your faces whether the bad days are over or not."

"I will bring her," answered Adrian, getting up and taking Heriot's hand. "And I promise you," he added, "that, if it depends upon me to put an end to the bad days, they shall be put an end to."

"Thank you. I don't doubt you, and I have no fear. Till to-morrow, then."

CHAPTER XLIII.

WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

Adrian's heart was heavy as he walked away. He knew very well what it was that he had promised; he meant to keep his promise, and believed that the result would be much what Heriot had predicted; yet he could not look forward to the future with any feeling of hope or joy. It was probably true that if he spoke to Clare, as Heriot had said, "in a certain way," she would cease to doubt him; but it seemed to him that it was not so much his pride as his self-respect that he was asked to sacrifice, and he could not think that Clare's love for him was capable of resuscitation by such means. The dead past could not, perhaps, be resuscitated by any means—certainly not by the kind of reconciliation which he foresaw. Still, it would please Heriot—poor old Heriot, who was neither poor nor old in the sense given to those words by the dictionary, but who, now that his life was near an end, could look back upon a greater measure of suffering than most old men look back upon, and whose lack of the good things of this world had been equal to that of many a so-called pauper. The tears came into Adrian's eyes when he thought of the man's quiet heroism and of the romance which had been so long and so successfully concealed. His impressionable nature had been profoundly moved by that revelation; he had at once realised how many hundreds of stabs Heriot must have received and submitted to with a smiling face; he pitied him with a pity which may have been more intense than the case called for. For, indeed, it is no such easy matter to distinguish between what is real and what is imaginary in this world of shadows; and the happiness that comes from dreams is at least as real, while it lasts, as any other kind of happiness. It is certain that Heriot would not at any time have consented to part with his dream. But Adrian was not cold-blooded enough to take comfort from analysis of emotion. He could only see the pathetic aspect of his friend's life. Never once had he heard Heriot utter a complaint of pain, physical or mental; he had borne everything with the same unfaltering patience—a patience sublime and possibly self-sufficing, but which had met with very little recognition, and could now meet with no reward—unless it might be "in the land where all things are forgotten."

Those words kept on ringing in Adrian's ears. To him, in the fulness of youth and health, they were terrible words. He could not conceive of a state of mind in which perfect rest should seem to be the chief good. He endeavoured to imagine what the *probable* awakening of the spirit, set free from the body, would be, and found, of course, that there is nothing upon which to base even the shade of probability. Who has not, at one time or another, striven with aching eyes to see through the impenetrable darkness which hangs over the grave? Who has not learnt that such strivings are vain? "They that have done good shall go into life everlasting, and they that have done evil into everlasting fire," say the orthodox, and are content with that; "Death is at least the end of pain," say the heterodox, and seek to know no more; while those who halt between two opinions—are they not the majority?—can only turn away with a sigh and try to think about something else.

The latter course was undoubtedly that which Adrian would adopt in due time; but just now it was a little beyond his reach. He could not acquiesce quietly in anything that was sad or painful or incomprehensible; he must either put it out of his mind or it must be explained for him. His was one of those natures which demand consolation, and which, fortunately, are ever ready to accept it, so long as it presents itself in an attractive form. The grey towers of Westminster Abbey and the bell tolling for afternoon service struck him as a sort of response to his unspoken appeal. He had intended to take the underground railway at St. James's Park and make his way home; but now he thought he would turn aside into the old Abbey, where so many generations of worshippers have found comfort for their souls, and see whether the influence of the place would not do for him what it had done for them.

He entered at the moment when the organ was pealing out the opening voluntary. The procession of clergy and choristers was passing into the choir, and he, following in their wake, slipped into a vacant stall. The congregation was not a numerous one, consisting only of some half-dozen persons scattered among the stalls and of a rather larger number assembled in the transept. Adrian did not notice them. Already he was beginning to find what he had come to seek. His senses were soothed and his nerves quieted by the gloom and coolness, by the shafts of coloured light that streamed through the stained windows, by the thick London atmosphere which penetrated into the building and lent additional height and space to the pillars and arches and the vaulted roof. He felt the charm of the clear, sweet singing, and of the dignity and refinement which seem to raise the Anglican cathedral service to a somewhat higher religious plane than can be reached by the ceremonies of the older Catholic communion, with its strange mixture of grandeur and tawdriness, and its still stranger insensibility to bathos.

Adrian, however, was not occupied in drawing comparisons; nor, if the truth must be told, was he saying his prayers, as he knelt there, his elbows on the huge, musty-smelling volume which lay open before him. His wandering thoughts—led thither, perhaps, by the familiar chants and cadences—had drifted away to his school-days; to those old days when everything had been so plain and simple, and when the broad black and white which distinguished right from wrong, and truth from falsehood, had been obscured by no perplexing intermediate tints. "After all," he reflected, "one must go back to that: blind faith or no faith at all." In that solemn, ancient cathedral the faith to which it owed its existence, the faith of childhood, the faith of the saints and martyrs, was less difficult to lay hold of, and the Heaven of the Revelations, which Heriot had said that no man could desire to accept literally, did not seem a mere allegorical vision.

And when Adrian had mechanically risen to his feet and had looked up the anthem, what was it that they began to sing? "Behold, I show you a mystery. In a moment, in the twinkling of an eye. . . . The trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall be raised incorruptible, and we shall be changed."

Great is the power of words: upon Adrian it was somewhat greater than upon the ordinary run of mortals. Those magnificent rolling sentences, wedded to music not less magnificent, lifted him out of himself; he seemed to see the gates of Heaven open and time lost in eternity, and could understand that of such a man as Heriot it might well be said *Mors janua vitæ*. Logic was not his strong point; he had not that fatal precision of ideas which is such a sad curb upon the imagination of those who possess it. In compensation he often reached the truth at a bound, and, having done so, never cared to cast a backward glance upon the maze through which others had laboriously threaded their way to the same point. There was no valid reason why his doubts and perplexities should have been dissipated by the repetition of phrases which he must have heard a hundred times before; but they were so dissipated, and that was all that he asked for.

When he sank upon his knees again he could look out on the present and the future with an altered gaze. The littlenesses and pettinesses of life had shrunk almost to the point of disappearance, and he marvelled that he had allowed them to loom so gigantic before him as to shut out all view of the hereafter. It will be understood that the power of seeing things in their actual proportions was denied to him; he had always to look through a telescope or a microscope, or a diminishing-glass. But perhaps that is no such uncommon case; and at all events he had now reached the happy conclusion that his long quarrel with Clare was but a molehill which his folly and hers had exaggerated into a mountain. He thought that if she were beside him at that moment it might be swept away almost without any need for speech. Then he started violently; for his eyes, roaming idly this way and that, had fallen upon the north transept, where, with her chin upon her folded hands and a stray sunbeam lighting up her golden hair, Clare herself was kneeling.

It was evident that she was unaware of her husband's vicinity. Her head was slightly thrown back; her eyes had a rapt unconsciousness; her face wore a look of pain and humiliation. She might have passed for some suppliant sinner, asking of Heaven the pardon which it was vain to expect from man. But it was not in that way that Adrian interpreted her attitude and expression. He saw that she was suffering; he thought he knew why she was suffering, and he longed to step softly across the intervening space and whisper to her that she need be unhappy no more.

Since that was impracticable, he waited until the service was over, and then, following her as she passed out, touched her lightly on the elbow.

When she turned and recognised her husband, a rush of colour came into her cheeks, then ebbed away, leaving her paler than she had been before. "I—I did not know you were here," she said, in a bewildered, hesitating way. "I was on my way back from the hospital, and I thought I should like to come in for the service. You said you would not be home before dinner-time."

"Are you apologising for going to church on a week-day?" asked Adrian, smiling. "I believe there is no law against that; but if there is, I am as guilty as you."

He supposed that it was of the Children's Hospital that she spoke, and set down her agitation to surprise at seeing him. "Shall we go home together?" he asked, presently.

"Yes, if you like, answered Clare; and then, with a sort of gasp—"Adrian, I must say something to you."

"But not now—not now," he returned, hastily. "I, too, have something to say as soon as we get home; I can't speak about it in the street."

He called a hansom, helped her into it, and sat down beside her. Not another word passed between them from that moment until they reached their own door; but Adrian's hand sought Clare's, and though she did not return the pressure which he gave to her fingers, she allowed him to kept possession of them, and that was perhaps as much as he had any right to expect.

When at length they were within their own four walls, Adrian drew Clare after him into the drawing-room and stood, holding both her hands and looking into her eyes, which dropped before his. Hopeful as his mood was, he still thought that he had a task of some little difficulty before him, and great was his astonishment when Clare suddenly fell on to her knees, crying—

"Oh, Adrian, do you think you will ever be able to forgive me?"

He stooped and raised her to her feet by main force. "My dear child," he exclaimed, "what do you mean? I was going to ask you to forgive me. It was my fault that you didn't believe what I told you yesterday; but you believe me now, don't you? And if you don't, I can convince you—I am sure I can."

But she drew back, saying, "Stop! you don't know what a wretch I have been! It has been my fault, not in the least yours, from beginning to end; and there is no excuse for me, because, if I had been open with you, everything would have been explained long ago. I don't see how you can possibly go on caring for me after I have told you this; but there is no help for it—I must tell you."

She sank down into a chair and partly covered her face with her hands. "Don't look at me!" she exclaimed. "Don't come near me until I have finished!"

But Adrian ventured to disobey this command. He seated himself close to his wife, put his arm round her waist and drew her head down on to his shoulder. "My dear," he said, "you may be very sure that you have committed no offence against me that I can't easily and willingly pardon."

"Ah," she cried, "you trust me! I didn't trust you."

"Trust me now," returned Adrian. "Tell me everything, and don't be afraid."

And so it was that by slow degrees the story of Susan Bowman's revenge and repentance was unfolded.

(To be continued.)

Mr. Allan Hornsby, Secretary to the Irish Fisheries Board, has been appointed Inspector of Irish Fisheries, in the room of Mr. W. Johnston; and Mr. George Coffey, Barrister, has been appointed Secretary to the Board.

Monday was the last day of the fence season for Thames coarse fish angling, and all-round angling can now be enjoyed. The Thames, by the action of the voluntary preservation societies, is well stocked with pike, perch, roach, chub, barbel, bream, carp, and other varieties of coarse fish, as well as with trout of large size.

Messrs. Christie on Saturday last brought to a close the sale of the first portion of the Beckett-Denison art collection, which included the pictures. A remarkable incident of the day was the disposal of the famous painting by Rubens, "Daniel in the Den of Lions," for which Mr. Denison gave 5000 guineas at the Hamilton Palace sale. It was now bought back on behalf of the Duke of Hamilton for 2000 guineas, his Grace thus clearing 3000 guineas by this transaction. The first portion of the sale realised £47,795.

MUSIC.

The Royal Italian Opera was to have opened on Tuesday evening; but, in consequence of the indisposition of Madame Adelina Patti, the opening was postponed to this (Saturday) evening, when she is to appear as Violetta, in "La Traviata," as announced for Tuesday.

The Balfe Memorial Concert, which took place at the Royal Albert Hall last week, was a great success. It began with a selection from "Il Talismano," a posthumous work originally composed to English text as "The Knight of the Leopard," and first produced in Italian as "Il Talismano" at Drury-Lane Theatre in 1874, when Madame Christine Nilsson sustained the character of Edith Plantagenet, the selection including Madame Nilsson's charming vocalisation in "Edith's Prayer" and the Rondo "Radiant Splendours," and with Mr. Maas in the beautiful "Ring duet." Madame Trebelli gave Berengaria's "Romance" with naïve expression, Mr. Maas sang the "Rose-Song" with refined style, and Mr. L. Crotty delivered the prayer and war-song with excellent declamation. Various pieces followed the operatic selection. Mr. Sims Reeves gained the usual applause in "Come into the garden, Maud," and other effective performances were contributed by Mdlle. Corani, Miss Hope Glenn, and Mr. L. Crotty. The remainder of the concert consisted of extracts from "The Bohemian Girl" and a short miscellaneous selection, in which vocalists already named were heard.

The St. Cecilia Society (directed by Mr. Malcolm Lawson) gave its sixth public concert at St. James's Hall last week. The band and chorus consist of lady performers reinforced by Miss Carmichael at the pianoforte and Mr. Turpin as organist. The chorus was heard to advantage in several pieces, and effective vocal performances were contributed by Miss L. Phillips, Madame Fassett, and others; dance music of the old school having been played by the lady instrumentalists.

Señor Sarasate, the renowned Spanish violinist, gave the fifth and last of his grand orchestral concerts of the season, at at St. James's Hall, last Saturday afternoon, when he performed with rare skill and refinement a "concert-stück" and Rondo by M. Saint-Saëns, and solo pieces of his own composition. A full orchestra, conducted by Mr. W. G. Cusins, contributed to the programme.

The eighth Richter concert of the eleventh series took place at St. James's Hall last Monday evening, when a symphony, by R. Fuchs, was performed for the first time in England. The work contains some effective orchestral writing, but has no special characteristics, and it produced but little impression. The remainder of the programme requires no comment. Herr Henschel was the vocalist.

The concert announced some weeks back to be given by the late Sir Julius Benedict at Drury-Lane Theatre on Tuesday next, will take place for the benefit of Lady Benedict, the programme being similar to that previously arranged, including dramatic as well as musical performances.

Mdlle. Van Zandt appeared at the Gaiety Theatre on Tuesday night, in the performance, by the French Opera Company, of "Mignon," in the title-character of which the young lady achieved a success equal to that which she obtained in her recent performance as Lakmé, already noticed. In the dramatic and poetical aspect of Goethe's imaginary heroine, and in vocal charm and brilliancy, Mdlle. Van Zandt's performance on Tuesday was alike admirable. Mdlle. Hamann as Philine, M. Dupuy as Wilhem, M. Soulacroix as Laerte, M. Carroul as Lothario, and others, contributed to the general efficiency of the cast. Signor Bevignani conducted.

The Handel Festival at the Crystal Palace will be the musical event of next week, when it will be held, twelve months in advance of its regular triennial recurrence, on account of this year being the bi-centenary of the composer's birth. We have already given a list of the solo singers. A great musical success may be anticipated from the assemblage of about four thousand performers, conducted by Mr. Manns (who replaced the late Sir Michael Costa at the last Festival, in 1883). The grand public rehearsal took place yesterday (Friday). Of this and of subsequent performances we must speak next week.

Colonel Henry Mapleson's invitation concert on Friday week, at St. James's Hall, was a great success. There was a crowded and brilliant audience, and the programme, in which Madame Marie Roze, Madame Lablache, Miss Kate Flinn, Mr. Herbert Reeves, Signor Papini, and other artists took part, was thoroughly enjoyed. During the evening Dr. Moffat gave a short address on the merits of the ammoniaphone, a reference to Mr. Gladstone as one who had obtained benefit from the invention causing a lively demonstration.

Herr Franz Rummel gave a pianoforte recital at St. James's Hall on Wednesday afternoon; Mr. Alfred H. West gave a pianoforte recital at Messrs. Collard's concert-rooms on Thursday afternoon; and in the evening Madame Dukas' pupils gave a concert at Steinway Hall.

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PARIS.—SHORTEST, CHEAPEST ROUTE. Via NEWHAVEN, DIEPPE, and ROUEN. Tidal Special Express Service (1st and 2nd Class).
From Victoria and London Bridge every Week-day morning. Night Service Week-days and Sundays (1st, 2nd, and 3rd Class).
From Victoria 7.50 p.m., and London Bridge 8.0 p.m. Fares—Single, 34s., 25s., 18s.; Return, 57s., 41s., 32s.
The Normandy and Brittany, splendid fast Paddle Steamers, accomplish the Passage between Newhaven and Dieppe frequently in about 3½ hours.
A through Conductor will accompany the Passengers by the Special Day Service throughout to Paris, and vice versâ.
Trains run alongside steamers at Newhaven and Dieppe.

TICKETS and every information at the Brighton Company's West-End General Offices, 28, Regent-circus, Piccadilly, and 8, Grand Hotel Buildings, Trafalgar-square; City Office, Hay's Agency, Cornhill; Cook's, Ludgate-circus; also at the Victoria and London Bridge Stations.
(By order) J. P. KNIGHT, General Manager.

GREAT EASTERN RAILWAY.—SEASIDE. TOURIST FORTNIGHTLY and FRIDAY or SATURDAY to TUESDAY (First, Second, and Third Class) TICKETS are issued by all Trains to YARMOUTH, LOWESTOFT, Clacton-on-Sea, Walton-on-the-Naze, Harwich, Dovercourt, Aldeburgh, Felixstowe, Southwold, Hunstanton, and Cromer.
TOURIST TICKETS are also issued from LIVERPOOL-STREET by the New Route to Scarborough, Filey, Whitby, and the principal Tourist Stations in Scotland.
For full particulars see Bills. WILLIAM BEST, General Manager.
London, June, 1885.

GENERAL GORDON AT KHARTOUM.
"THE LAST WATCH." By LOWES DICKINSON.
THE GORDON MEMORIAL FUND PICTURE, at British Gallery, Pall-mall (opposite Marlboro' House). Ten to SIX. Admission, 1s.

ANNO DOMINI, THE SEARCH FOR BEAUTY, and "The Chosen Five," by EDWIN LONG, R.A. These celebrated Pictures, with other Works, are ON VIEW at the GALLERIES, 168, New Bond-street. Ten to Six. Admission, 1s.

THE VALE OF TEARS.—DORÉ'S Last Great PICTURE, completed a few days before he died. NOW on VIEW at the DORE GALLERY, 35, New Bond-street, with his other great pictures. Ten to Six Daily. 1s.

Ready next Monday, June 22.

OUR SUMMER NUMBER.

AN ORIGINAL STORY,
"MARUJA,"
BY
BRET HARTE,
ILLUSTRATED BY
R. CATON WOODVILLE.

MAGNIFICENT COLOURED ENGRAVING,
"Coaxing Better than Scratching,"
FROM THE PICTURE BY
BURTON BARBER.

Two Sheets and a Half, Inclosed in an Elegant Wrapper.

PRICE ONE SHILLING.
By Book Post, 3½d.; by Parcel Post, 3d.
198, Strand, London.

POSTAGE FOR FOREIGN PARTS THIS WEEK.
JUNE 20, 1885.

The publication of the Thin Paper Edition of the ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS being for the present week suspended, subscribers will please to notice that copies of this Number forwarded abroad must be prepaid according to the following rates:—*Twopence* to Africa (West Coast of), Alexandria, Australia, Austria, Belgium, Brazil, Canada, Cape of Good Hope, China (viâ United States), Constantinople, Denmark, France, Germany, Gibraltar, Greece, Holland, Italy, Jamaica, Mauritius, New Zealand, Norway, Russia, Spain, Sweden, Switzerland, and United States of America; and *Threepence* to China (viâ Brindisi), India, and the Transvaal. Newspapers for foreign parts must be posted within eight days of the date of publication, irrespective of the *departure* of the mails.

MARRIAGE.

On the 11th inst., at the parish church, Willesden, Thomas Ramson Whitty, eldest son of the late Thomas Whitty, of Nottingham, to Charlotte Frances, second daughter of the Rev. Martin E. Smit, of Bridlington Quay, formerly of Graham's Town.

*** *The charge for the insertion of Births, Marriages, and Deaths, is Five Shillings for each announcement.*

HER MAJESTY'S DRAWING-ROOM, BUCKINGHAM PALACE. 1885. THE HOUSE OF LORDS, WESTMINSTER. The two Grand Historical Paintings by F. Sargent, contain upwards of 350 Portraits from Special Sittings. On view at 170, New Bond-street Ten to Six. Admission, One Shilling.

THE QUEEN AND LORD BEACONSFIELD. The great Historic Picture of HER MAJESTY GIVING AUDIENCE TO LORD BEACONSFIELD AT OSBORNE. Painted by Mr. Wirgman from studies made by him at Osborne.—1s. New Bond-street. Admission, 1s.

ROYAL SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS.—The Hundred and Third Exhibition is NOW OPEN, 5, Pall-mall East, from Ten till Six. Admission, 1s. Illustrated Catalogue, 1s.
ALFRED D. FRIPP, R.W.S., Secretary.

INTERNATIONAL INVENTIONS EXHIBITION, SOUTH KENSINGTON. 1885.
Patron.—H.M. the QUEEN.
President.—H.R.H. the PRINCE OF WALES.
Division I., Inventions. Division II., Music.
Admission to the Exhibition 1s. every Week-day, except Wednesday, when it is 2s. 6d.
TWO BANDS DAILY: the Strauss Orchestra from Vienna, and the Pomeranian (Blücher) Hussars.
EVENING FETES. Illuminated Fountains, and Gardens Lighted every evening by many thousands of Electrical Glow Lamps. Special Evening Fêtes, Wednesdays and Saturdays.
INTERNATIONAL INVENTIONS EXHIBITION, 1885.

ROYAL MILITARY TOURNAMENT, AGRICULTURAL HALL, LONDON.
Patrons—Her Majesty the Queen, H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, K.G., H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh, K.G., H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught, K.G., H.R.H. Prince Christian, K.G., H.S.H. the Duke of Teck, G.C.B., the Right Hon. the Lord Mayor.
President—the Duke of Cambridge, K.G. President of Committee—Major-General R. Gipps, C.B., Commanding the Home District.

ROYAL MILITARY TOURNAMENT, AGRICULTURAL HALL, LONDON, JUNE 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, and 27, 1885.
including Encounters on Horse and Foot between the best representatives of her Majesty's Regular and Auxiliary Forces with Lance, Sword, and Bayonet; Tent Pegging, Tilting at the Ring, Cleaving the Turk's Head; Displays by picked Teams of Cavalry and Infantry; Driving Competitions between Horse and Field Batteries of the Royal Horse Artillery at the Trot and Gallop; Wrestling on Horseback, Bayonet Exercise, Tug of War. Double Ride and Charge by the Royal Horse Guards.

ROYAL MILITARY TOURNAMENT, AGRICULTURAL HALL, LONDON.
EXCURSION-TRAINS have been arranged from nearly all the stations on the London and North-Western, Great Western, Midland, Great Northern, Great Eastern, and other Railways.

ROYAL MILITARY TOURNAMENT, AGRICULTURAL HALL, LONDON.
MORNING COMPETITIONS commence each day at Two o'Clock; carriages at five o'clock.
EVENING COMPETITIONS commence each day at Seven o'Clock; carriages at 10.30.
Tickets may now be obtained at the Box-Office at the Agricultural Hall; Mitchell's, 33, Old Bond-street; Keith, Prowse, and Co., 48, Cheapside; and Austin, 149, Piccadilly; and Alfred Hayes, Royal Exchange. Numbered and reserved seats, 10s. 6d.; unreserved seats, 5s., 2s. 6d. and 1s. Admission, One Shilling.

ROYAL MILITARY TOURNAMENT, AGRICULTURAL HALL, LONDON.
For the BENEFIT of the MILITARY CHARITIES.
A GRAND REHEARSAL of the Cavalry Displays of the Dragoon Guards and Hussars, will take place this (SATURDAY) AFTERNOON, at Three o'Clock precisely, and an entirely novel display by the Royal Engineers and Infantry from Aldershott, will also be carried out under the direction of Lieutenant-Colonel Onslow. Inspector of Gymnasia for Great Britain, to be followed by the Trotting and Galloping of the Royal Artillery and Royal Horse Artillery, and at Four o'Clock by the Double Ride and Charge of the Royal Horse Guards. Tickets as above.

PRINCESS'S THEATRE.—Mr. WILSON BARRETT, Lessee and Manager. THE LIGHTS O' LONDON (by Geo. R. Sims) EVERY EVENING, at 7.45. Messrs. Leonard Boyne, Willard, Speakman, Huntley, Hudson, Doone, Elliott, De Solla, Evans, Fulton, Bernage, Walton, &c., and George Barrett; Misses Emmeline Ormsby, Walton, Cooke, Wilson, Garth, Mrs. Huntley, &c., and Miss Eastlake. Box-Office, 9.30 to Five. No fees. Prices: Private Boxes, one to nine guineas; Stalls, 10s.; Dress Circle, 6s.; Upper Boxes, 3s. Business Manager, Mr. J. H. Cobbe.

LYCEUM THEATRE.—OLIVIA, by W. G. Wills, Every Evening at 8.15. Dr. Primrose, Mr. Henry Irving; Olivia, Miss Ellen Terry. At 7.45, THE BALANCE OF COMFORT. Box-Office (Mr. J. Hurst) open Ten to Five. Seats can be booked one month in advance and by letter or telegram.

ST. JAMES'S HALL, PICCADILLY.
THE MOORE and BURGESS MINSTRELS' NEW AND BRILLIANTLY SUCCESSFUL PROGRAMME, EVERY NIGHT at EIGHT. Monday, Wednesday, Saturday, at Three and Eight. The eminent American Humorist, Mr. W. P. SWEATNAM, will appear at Every Performance. Tickets and Places, Austin's Office, St. James's Hall. No fees.

MONTE CARLO.—SUMMER SEASON. The series of the Extraordinary Musical Entertainments having terminated with the Winter Season, the usual Concerts, directed by Mr. Romeo-Accursi, will be continued daily until further notice.
SEA-BATHING AT MONACO.
Villas and Private Houses and Apartments for every taste, and at every price.
The new Plage that of Terraville, is covered with the softest sand, and at the Grand Hôtel des Bains comfortable apartments, with board, for families can be had at reasonable prices.

SWISS POSTAL SERVICE. — During the Summer Season will be commenced the complete Alpine Routes, as follows:—
The Simplon, Spluegen, Bernardhin, Brunig, Furka, Oberalp, Schyn, Julier, Albula, Flue a, Lukmanier, Landwasser, Landquart, Bernina, Maloja, Engadine-Tirol, Aigle, Château d'Oer, Bulle-Saanen, Thun-Saanen, and Brunnen Einsiedeln.
A regular Postal Service, with comfortable Post-Carriages, with Coupés and Banquettes.
The fares are regulated by the Swiss Government. Extra Post-Carriages can be obtained on most of these routes, to secure which, or the ordinary courses, address Swiss Post Offices, and the Tourist Offices of Messrs. Cook and Son, and Gaze and Son, of London.

PARISIAN SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

(From our own Correspondent.)

Paris, Tuesday, June 16.

The only political event of capital importance during the past week has been the announcement of the signature of the preliminaries of peace with China, on June 9. Unfortunately, just at the moment when the country was rejoicing over this news, there came the painful announcement of the death of Admiral Courbet. The Minister of Marine communicated this news to the deputies yesterday, and the sitting was raised in sign of grief. Admiral Courbet, who had, it appears, been suffering for some months past from liver and gastric affections, died of an attack of bilious fever, after forty-eight hours' suffering, on June 11, on board his flag-ship, Le Bayard, moored off Makung (Pescadores Islands). Admiral Courbet was born in 1827, and he was given the command of the Tonquin naval and military expedition after the death of the Commandant Rivière, and the French boast he had nothing but successes. Rear-Admiral Lespès now takes the command in Tonquin. Admiral Courbet's remains will be brought back to France, and will be honoured with a state funeral.

The Grand Prix was run at Longchamps last Sunday, in presence of an immense international crowd and under a broiling sun. The result was in accordance with the general expectation—Paradox, the English horse, first; Reluisant, second; and Present Times, third. According to tradition, the Paris season is now at an end, and people will begin to go to the seaside and the mountains, especially if the present exceedingly hot weather continues.

A new opera, "Sigurd," by M. Ernest Reyer, libretto by MM. Du Locle and Blau, was produced at the Grand Opéra on Friday. M. Reyer finished his score twenty years ago. Under the successive managements of MM. Halanzier and Vaucorbeil, the opera was refused or put off. It was produced at Brussels last year and afterwards at Lyons, and, finally, it has conquered its way before a Parisian public. The story of the opera is taken from the first part of the epopée of the "Nibelungen." One may legitimately ask, Of what essential interest this German legend is to the French? and frankly one cannot prophesy an immense success for the work. In the first place, the opera as presented on Friday was very much truncated, even the overture was suppressed; secondly, the public seemed rather lost in presence of the new slightly Wagnerian formula of the score wanting in simple melodies, duos and cavatines. The music of M. Reyer seems to be inspired chiefly by that of Weber, Gluck, and Berlioz; it is real dramatic music, following closely the letter and the spirit of the word; it is the music of a sincere artist. But, to speak frankly, my impression is that the Parisian audience found "Sigurd" awfully long, and the music—well, not amusing at all.

There is talk of creating once more a Théâtre Italien at Paris, the performances of which would take place at the Grand Opéra on Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays. The Under-Secretary of State for the Fine Arts is favourable to the project, in which, it appears, Madame Patti is interested.—The last will of Victor Hugo, dated 1875, names M. Léon Say testamentary executor. A previous will named M. Grevy and M. Gambetta, but M. Grévy refused to act. MM. Vacquerie and Meurice are charged with editing all the unpublished works, and will receive 15 per cent on the profits of the first three volumes by way of compensation. The manuscripts left by Victor Hugo are considerable in mass, and of various nature. Vast bundles of papers contain mere notes, verses, half verses, suggestions, &c. Victor Hugo bequeaths all his manuscripts and all his drawings, which are very numerous, to the Bibliothèque Nationale.—General De Chabaud-Latour died last Thursday, at the age of eighty-one. Officer, Deputy, Minister, in 1874, General De Chabaud-Latour has fulfilled innumerable political and administrative functions. He was the author of the plan which was adopted for the fortifications of Paris.—Pel, the hero of the crime of Montreuil, has been condemned to death, the jury having found him guilty of having poisoned his maid-servant, Eliza Boehmer, and of having burnt her body in fragments in a kitchen range.—T. C.

The King and Queen of Italy have contributed 40,000f. for the formation of a fund for the Italian Ladies' Union of the Red Cross.

Prince Frederick Charles of Prussia, familiarly known as the Red Prince, father of the Duchess of Connaught, died on Monday morning at his castle near Potsdam, from an apoplectic fit, with which he was seized on the previous day. The German Court will go into mourning for four weeks. The town of Kissingen has presented to Prince Bismarck a laurel wreath, with the following inscription:—"To the great citizen, on the occasion of his fiftieth anniversary of services to the State. The city of Kissingen, with feelings of gratitude." Princess Bismarck has arrived at Kissingen.

The Dominion House of Commons has passed a resolution making a free grant of 5,000,000 acres of land towards the construction of four branch lines from the Canadian Pacific Railway to Prince Albert, Battleford, and other points. The Franchise Bill, which finally passed through Committee in the Dominion House of Commons on the evening of the 9th inst., after a discussion lasting thirty-seven days, gives the vote to Indians on the tribal reserves in the older provinces who possess personal property to the value of 150 dols., to earners of wages with an annual income of 300 dols., and to tenants of real property paying an annual rental of at least 20 dols. The franchise is further extended to farmers' sons, to owners of real property—in cities to the value of 300 dols. and in towns to the value of 200 dols.—and, finally, to fishermen owning real property in boats and tackle worth 150 dols.

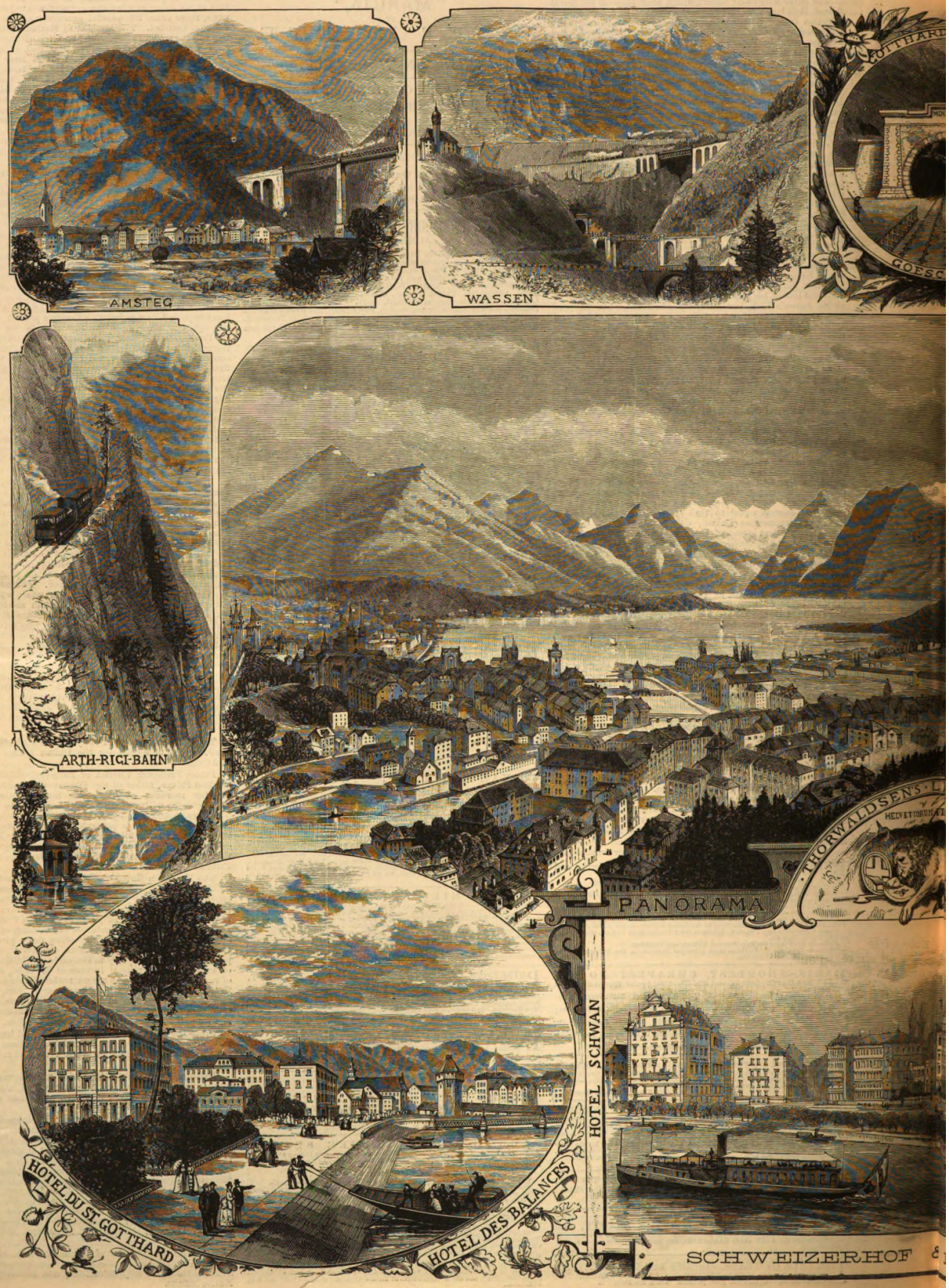
From Durban we learn that the Volksraad has rescinded its resolution of the 6th inst. disqualifying those persons who petitioned for the annexation of the Transvaal to Great Britain from holding office.

Earthquake shocks continue with great severity in Cashmere. Two towns have been utterly ruined, and 400 persons have perished. There has also been great loss of life in the neighbouring villages.

The South Australian Parliament was opened on the 12th inst. by the Governor, Sir William Robinson. In the debate on the Address, Mr. Downer, Attorney-General in the former Administration, proposed an amendment of want of confidence in the Ministry, which was carried by four votes. The Ministers thereupon resigned, and Mr. Downer was intrusted with the formation of a new Cabinet, composed as follows:—Premier and Attorney-General, the Hon. John Downer; Chief Secretary, the Hon. J. B. Spence; Treasurer, the Hon. Simon Newland; Commissioner of Crown Lands and Immigration, the Hon. J. H. Howe; Commissioner of Public Works, the Hon. J. Darling; Minister of Education, the Hon. J. A. Cockburn.

The death was announced on the 13th inst., at Wellington, New Zealand, of the Hon. John Sheehan, member of the New Zealand House of Representatives, and formerly Minister of Native Affairs.

LUCERNE AND IT

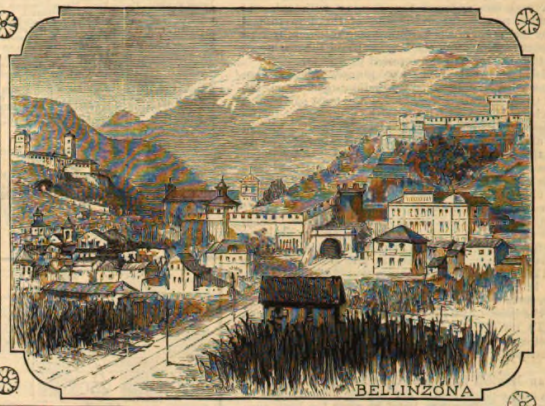


NEIGHBOURHOOD.



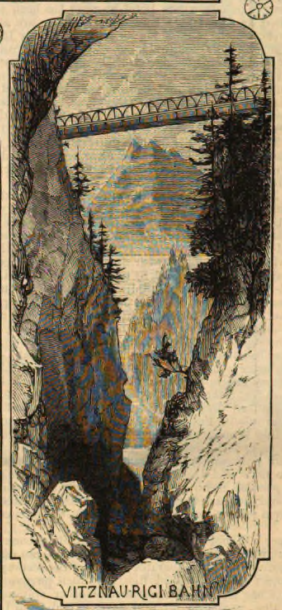


STALVEDRO



BELLINZONA



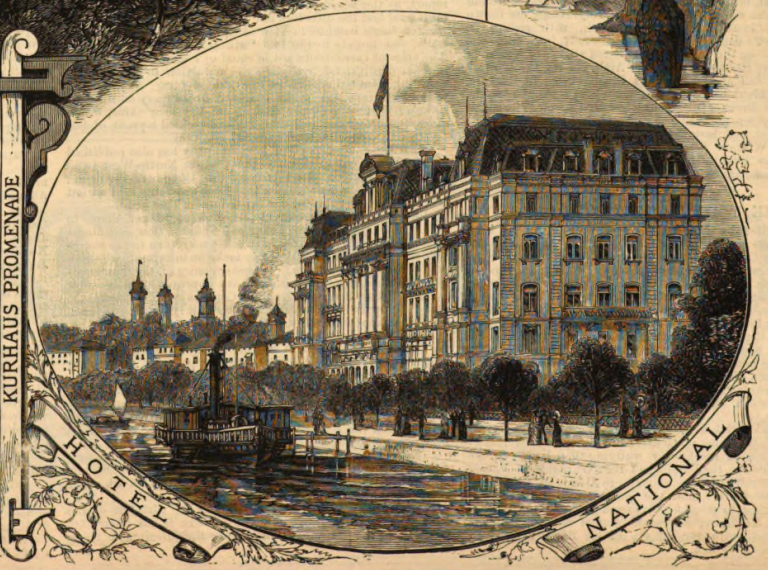


VITZNAU RIGI BAHN

OF LUCERNE



KURHAUS PROMENADE



HOTEL NATIONAL

LUZERNERHOF

LUCERNE.

We present to our readers in this Number of the *Illustrated London News* a double-page Illustration of Lucerne, with its celebrated lake, and with some places in the neighbourhood. It may be considered that no country is more interesting to tourists than central Switzerland, which abounds with all that can charm the eye and the heart. Nature has here arrayed the mountains, valleys, rivers, and lakes with profuse magnificence, and has adorned the scenery with splendid vegetation, which reaches far up the sides of the snow-topped mountains, the freshness of the verdure being continually kept up by rivulets streaming from the heights; and the eye never wearies with the sublimity of these varied prospects.

Lucerne is distant twenty-four hours' journey from London. The town contains about 20,000 inhabitants. From the Schweizerhof Quay (so called from one of the most sumptuous hotels, the Schweizerhof) will be seen the Rigi group to the left, the snow-clad Urner and Engelberger Alps in the centre, and the Pilatus Mountain to the left. At the end of the Quay is the Hof-kirche, or Stifts-kirche, which possesses some fine altars of carved wood, stained-glass windows, a celebrated organ, and some well-executed monuments in the churchyard. Within a few minutes' walk of the lake is that celebrated monument, the "Lion of Lucerne," sculptured in the solid rock, after a model by the Danish sculptor Thorwaldsen, in 1821. It is in memory of some twenty-five officers and 750 soldiers of the Swiss Guard of Paris, who were cruelly massacred in the defence of the Tuileries in 1792. The dying lion is about 28 ft. in length, and reclines in an alcove, its body being transfixed by a broken lance, its paw sheltering the broken lily. It is certainly one of the most interesting and impressive monuments of its kind. To the left of it is the "Gletscher-garten," an interesting relic of the ice period, with thirty-two holes, formed by whirlpools, of different sizes, worn by the action of the ice.

There is an English Protestant church in the rear of the Schweizerhof, and churches of other denominations close at hand. Lucerne is a city where hotel-keeping has been successfully studied as a desirable science; and there are some luxurious hotels, which will be found depicted in our Illustration. There are also restaurants, cafés, a charming casino, with theatre and opéra bouffe, a ball-room, and other attractions; besides the two daily concerts in the garden of the Schweizerhof. Bathing and boating may be enjoyed on the lake, and there are carriages for excursions. There is an English banker, chemist, and library in the town, and various well-stocked shops, with every article likely to be needed by the tourist. The health of the town is proverbially good; and it is free from those epidemics which have recently embarrassed some of our English travellers whither to wander to escape their dreaded influence.

The Lake Navigation Company possesses a fleet of fourteen boats, of which five are saloon-boats, and capable of carrying upwards of a thousand passengers. These steamers traverse the lake, several times daily to Fluelen, Alpnacht, and Kussnacht, and to Weggis and Vitznau for the Rigi Railway. All these vessels are swift, and are fitted with awnings and every comfort to the traveller, having excellent restaurants on board.

The world-famed St. Gothard Railway is one of the most stupendous works of our century. Its chief feature is the great Gothard tunnel, which is 49,200 feet in length, and is not only the greatest, but also the longest of all the Alpine tunnels; yet the passage through is performed in about twenty minutes, or several minutes less than the journey through the Mont Cenis tunnel, which latter is much shorter than the Gothard. The northern entrance lies in the valley of the Reuss at the height of 3637 English feet; the southern outlet, in the valley of the Tessin, is 3755 feet above the sea; the highest top of the mountain range above the tunnel is 5863 feet. The construction of this tunnel, which has double lines of railway, required nine years and three months, from 1872 to 1881. The cost was about sixty millions of francs, equal to £2,400,000 sterling. We must add that the Gothard Company have employed every possible means to ensure the safety and comfort of travellers, and there are through carriages which go direct to all the principal places, thus avoiding much inconvenience to passengers.

As our space will not permit a more complete account of this wonderful railway, we advise our readers who can afford the time to witness the incomparable beauty of the scenery on the whole length of the Gothard line, for which purpose excursion tickets are issued at Lucerne and other stations of the Gothard line, available for four days, to and from Lake Lugano, at very advantageous rates.

Among our Illustrations are views of the Gothard line. The bridge which crosses the Kerstelen torrent at a height of 175 ft. and a length of 460 ft.; "Wassen," with the train winding in long drays in and out up the mountain; the entrance of the tunnel; the sublime gorge of the Tessin, near Stalvedo; and, lastly, Bellinzona, the capital of the canton of Tessin. To the right and left of the Engravings are shown those of the two Rigi railways, which, with risings or inclines up to 25 deg., climb the Rigi, 5900 ft. in height—the one starting from the beautifully situated village of Vitznau; the other, from the idyllic village of Arth, passing through the débris of the fall of the Rossberg, which buried in 1806 the village of Goldau, together with six churches and chapels, and cost the lives of about five hundred men. The small Sketches, representing Tell's chapel and Schiller's monument, awake poetical and historical remembrances of that part of the land of William Tell, who, though his story is doubted by some critics, lives in the heart of the Swiss people, and has been made immortal by the poetic genius of Schiller.

THE WAR IN THE SOUDAN.

"The Last Shot in the Soudan" may or may not yet have been fired; but Mr. Woodville, in his drawing which has been copied in the Coloured Picture presented for our Extra Supplement, and which is "dedicated to our Australian allies," has treated the incident from that interesting point of view. One of the petty attacks made by detached bands of Osman Digna's followers on a marching column of British troops is repulsed by a few skirmishers of the Mounted Infantry, kneeling to fire in the foreground, while the main body halts for a quarter of an hour, till the enemy are driven from the road. The horses are held, two at a time, by a comrade remaining in the saddle; and the movement is directed by a staff-officer behind. Some clusters of hostile Arabs are still hanging on the side of the hill, but are evidently not disposed to come to close quarters.

Our Special Artist, Mr. Walter Paget, who was lately at Souakim with the army of General Sir Gerald Graham, contributes Sketches of the Lancers watering their horses at the Wells of Handoub; the building of the first advanced station on the line of railway from Souakim to Handoub, which has now been abandoned; and the performance of a native harper belonging to Sheikh Mahmoud Ali, the chief of a friendly tribe, for the amusement of some of our Guards. Sir Gerald Graham, with the officers of his Staff, arrived in England on Saturday last.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All communications relating to this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

J S (Inverness).—The mistake was ours in passing a Pawn for a Bishop. It was corrected in a note last week.

J W H (Paignton).—Your solution of No. 2148 is acknowledged this week.

L K (Pisa).—You shall have a report on your problem, if possible, next week.

J H W C (Stratford).—Please refer to the answer to E L G in last week's Number.

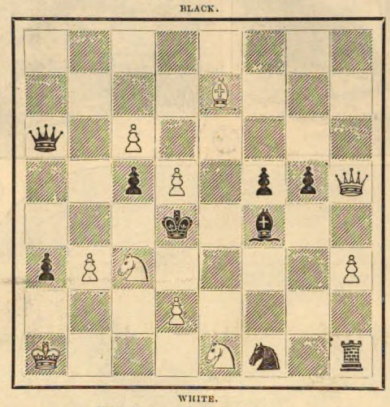
CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2147 received from C P (Paterson, U.S.A.); of No. 2148 from Rev. J W Brown, R J G, L K Hirschl, Emile Frau; of No. 2149 from James Griffiths, Emile Frau, Manuel Samoza Hartley (Felgate Asturias), A H W L, Gurney, R Inverrell, E E slurry, C Oswald, L Falcon (Antwerp), N S Harris, W J Rodman, G W Law, A M Porter, M O'Halloran, A Karberg (Hemburg), G Seymour, J Wyman, C W Milsom, J G Anstice, R Gray, H Blacklock, B Robinson, H Reeve, N S Harris, C Darragh, H Luca, W Bowne, and James Pilkington; of M. MEILING'S Problem from F West; of S. LOYD'S PROBLEM from L K Hirschl.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2150 received from R H Brooks, F Ferris, H Wardell, G W Law, W B (Cliften), R L Southwell, L Desanges, R T Kemp, L L Greenaway, Aaron Harper, A Wigmore, Richard Murphy, A W Scrutton, S Bullen, J H W C, Alpha, H H Noyes, G S Cole, D W Kell, Jupiter Junior, W Hillier, R Tweddell, Joseph Ainsworth, N S Harris, B B Wood, George J Veale, Venator, R Dunipace, H Blacklock, E Casella (Paris), H W (Appledore, Kent), R L Dyke, S Lowndes, E London, Hereward, A C Hunt, C Oswald, N H Mullen, J Alois Schmucke, R J Vines, E Elsbury, F Featherstone, Charles H Hanlon, R J G, Shadforth, F Marshall, Emmo (Darlington), John Hodgson, C A L Bird, and J K (South Hampstead).

SOLUTION OF PROBLEMS.

No. 2148.		S. LOYD'S PROBLEM.	
WHITE.	BLACK.	WHITE.	BLACK.
1. Q to B 8th	Any move	1. Q to B 8th	Any move
2. Mates accordingly.		2. Mates accordingly.	

PROBLEM No. 2152.
By FRITZ HOFFMANN (Munich).
BLACK.



WHITE.
White to play, and mate in three moves.

BRITISH CHESS ASSOCIATION.

The proceedings of the first meeting of the British Chess Association commenced at noon on Monday last, the 15th inst., at Simpson's Divan, 101, Strand. Appended is a summary of the results of the play in the several tournaments up to Tuesday evening, when this part of the Paper was sent to press.

	Games Played.		Score.
Bird	4		4
Donnisthorpe	3		3
De Soyres	4		2½
Guest	2		2
Gunsberg	2		2
Hewitt	2		1
Loman	2		1
Mills	2		0

	Games Played.		Score.
MacDonnell	3		1½
Mortimer	3		2
Mackenzie	3		0
Pollock	4		1
Rabson	3		0
Reeve	2		1
Rumbold	3		0
Wainwright	2		1

For the Poet-Laureate's prize there are six entries, and for the prize presented by Mr. Ruskin there are five competitors.

CITY ECHOES.

Wednesday, June 17.

Now that Mr. Gladstone's resignation is accepted and Lord Salisbury is proceeding to form a Government, we are brought face to face with political conditions which threaten to greatly interfere with business, since, until the General Election, it is not possible to make sure what will be the foreign or the commercial policy of the next few years, while attention will be further diverted by the preparations for the election. Under these circumstances, money is increasingly difficult to employ, and three-months' bills are being discounted at ¾ per cent per annum, while at times day-to-day loans are scarcely to be placed at all. This is in favour of new issues of a good class, and of such proved securities as are for one reason or another still cheap.

Hudson's Bay shares have somewhat improved on the report, as the accounts show that some dividend might have been paid had the directors not felt it necessary to carry forward a large balance in view of the unsettled state of their trade, due largely to the late "rising" among the Indians. The amount carried forward is equal to 1 s. a share. But the absence of dividend is due to the reduction in net revenue resulting from the decline in the value of furs. As compared with a year ago, the prices obtained in January and March show a fall of 25 to 50 per cent in all but bear skins, which did not alter. The outfit thus realised yielded a profit of but £43,000, as compared with £130,217 last year.

Another great Canadian land company has also published its report for the past year—the Canada North-West Land Company, Limited. In this case, also, there is no dividend; but as it has long been known that land was being sold on but a small scale, no expectations existed under that head.

Beyond paying three dividends, each of 6d. per share, in 1881-2, the Consolidated Telephone Construction and Maintenance Company, Limited, have made no return to the shareholders; but it is now proposed to make an interim distribution of 5 per cent per annum. In consequence of the announcement to this effect, the shares have improved, and are now about ⅞. The United Telephone Company are to make the dividend up to 10 per cent for the past year, as compared with 8 per cent for 1883-4, 6 for 1882-3, and 5 for 1881-2.

Holders of East Indian Railway Deferred Annuities, who for the present are entitled to 4 per cent per annum and a fifth of surplus profits, are to receive 2s. 9d. per cent surplus for the half-year ending with December last. This compares with £1 per cent surplus for the corresponding half of 1883.

The Cape Copper quarterly dividend is 10s. per share, which is the lowest payment made for many years. The shares have £8 paid, and the liability is only up to £10. A few months ago their market value was £40; it is now £30.

The Chelsea Waterworks dividend is 8 per cent per annum, which, as it compares with 7½, shows the company to be unaffected by the questions raised as to what valuation the water rate should be levied on.

From a correspondence published by the directors of the East Argentine Railway Company, there is no immediate prospect of the purchase of the line by the Government being effected.

T. S.

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated Aug. 2, 1877), with three codicils (dated July 16, 1880; Feb. 27, 1883; and Nov. 24, 1884), of Mr. Frank John Moore, late of Woodcock Hill, in the parish of Northchurch, Herts, who died on April 16 last, was proved on the 28th ult. by Charles Oliver Bigg, one of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £108,000. The testator bequeaths £500 to his trustees to invest for the purposes of the West Herts Infirmary; his plate to go as heirlooms with his mansion, Woodcock House; his household furniture and effects to the person who shall first become entitled to his real estate; and legacies to godchildren, servants, and others. All his real estate and the residue of the personalty he settles upon Alexander Champion Streatfield, for life, with remainder to his eldest son, for life, with remainder to the first and every other son of the said eldest son successively, according to their respective seniorities in tail male. The testator provides that, if any person who is or shall become entitled to his said property be in holy orders, or a minister of any religious denomination, the property so settled shall go to the next person entitled.

Mr. Henry John Hotham, late of Trinity College, Cambridge, died on April 9 last, at San Remo, Italy, a bachelor, without parent, and intestate; and on the 29th ult. Letters of Administration of his personal estate were granted to the Rev. Frederick Harry Hotham, the brother, and one of the next of kin, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £94,000.

The will (dated Jan. 14), with a codicil (dated Jan. 15, 1885), of Mr. William Richard Swainston, late of the Lord Warden Hotel, Dover, who died on Feb. 3 last, was proved on the 21st ult. by Mrs. Helen Swainston, the widow, and William John Swainston, the son, the surviving executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £52,000. The provisions of the will are in favour of testator's wife and children.

The will (dated Sept. 14, 1883) of the Rev. George Currey, D.D., Master of the Charterhouse, who died on April 30 last, at the Master's Lodge, Charterhouse, was proved on the 8th inst. by William Robert Way and the Rev. Thomas William Gibson, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £40,000. The testator bequeaths £250 to the Clergy Orphan Corporation; £100 each to the Incorporated Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts, the National Benevolent Institution, the Corporation of the Sons of the Clergy, the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, the East London Hospital for Children, and Firs House, Bournemouth; and legacies to servants, Charterhouse servants, and others. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves to his two daughters, Frances Georgina and Emma Augusta, in equal shares.

The will (dated Aug. 13, 1878), with three codicils (dated Aug. 13, 1878; Feb. 26, 1883; and Jan. 8, 1885), of Mrs. Maria Burnley Bathoe (daughter of the late Mr. Joseph Hume, M.P.), late of No. 6, Cleveland-gardens, who died on Jan. 30 last, was proved on the 30th ult. by Hans Sloane Stanley and James Hume Webster, two of the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £31,000. The testatrix confirms the settlement made by her of the property left to her by her late husband. The trust funds under her marriage settlement she leaves, upon trust, for her sister, Mrs. Balfour, for life; at her death she gives thereout legacies to nephews, nieces, and others, amounting to £10,000; and the remainder of such trust funds to the grandchildren of her late father and mother, Joseph and Maria Hume. There are many pecuniary legacies, and very numerous specific bequests, including the bequest of the service of plate presented to her late father by the electors of Middlesex, to her nephew Arthur Errington Hume and his children; and the residue of her real and personal estate she gives to her niece and goddaughter, Marian Hume Greenhow and Constance Elizabeth Oxenden.

The will (dated Aug. 3, 1880), with a codicil (dated Feb. 12, 1884), of the Very Rev. Joseph Williams Blakesley, B.D., Dean of the Cathedral Church of Lincoln, who died on April 18 last, was proved on the 22nd ult. by George Gisby and Miss Margaret Blakesley, the daughter, the executors, the value of the personal estate, exclusive of property in settlement, amounting to over £14,000. The testator gives legacies to his executors, sons, and butler; and the residue of his real and personal estate to his daughters, Margaret, Elizabeth, Mary, and Alicia. All gifts by will to his children are declared to be in addition to and not in substitution of the provision made for them by his marriage settlement, which he confirms.

The will (dated Dec. 29, 1881), with a codicil (dated May 18, 1883), of Colonel the Hon. Ernest George Curzon, formerly of Aldershott, but late of Shorncliffe, who died on March 6 last, at Gibraltar, was proved on the 2nd inst. by Ernest Charles Penn Curzon and Robert Lothian William Curzon, the sons, two of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £13,000. The testator bequeaths legacies to his trustees; and the residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for his wife, the Hon. Mrs. Augusta Latham Curzon, for life, and at her death for all his children.

Earl Beauchamp has again returned 20 per cent in cash on the rent of his agricultural tenants; and the Earl of Devon has signified to his county Limerick tenantry his intention of granting 10 per cent reduction on the half-year's rent.

Captain George Robinson has been awarded the good-service pension of £150 a year, rendered vacant by the promotion of Captain St. G. C. D'Arcy-Irvine to the rank of Rear-Admiral.

Mr. David Brynmor Jones has been appointed County Court Judge of Circuit No. 28 (Mid Wales), in succession to Judge Gwilym Williams, who has been transferred to Circuit No 30 to fill the vacancy caused by the recent resignation of Judge B. T. Williams, Q.C.

The Mayor of Bradford presented publicly on the 12th inst. the honorary testimonial of the Royal Humane Society to James Crunstone, who on April 18 made a gallant attempt to rescue a child from drowning in the canal at Bradford. He is only fourteen, and had previously saved two lives.

An influential meeting was held on the 11th inst. at Prince's Hall, the Lord Mayor presiding, to promote the formation of a Gordon Camp for training poor boys for the Army. Cardinal Manning and the Earl of Shaftesbury were among the supporters of the scheme. The immediate object of the meeting was to strengthen an appeal which is intended to be made for the assistance of the Mansion House Gordon Memorial committee, of which the Prince of Wales is chairman.

At the annual dinner, at Limmers' Hotel on the 13th inst., of the officers of the 1st Battalion Loyal North Lancashire Regiment (old 47th), there sat side by side, in the persons of Lieutenant-General Lowry, C.B., Captain N. G. Phillips, and Major Irby, the Captain, Lieutenant, and Ensign of the same company, who had crossed the Alma with it on Sept. 20, 1854. Captain Phillips was wounded, and Major Irby lost a leg at the battle.

FIRE AT THE INDIAN MUSEUM.

Great alarm and anxiety were caused on Friday last week by a fire breaking out in the Indian section of the South Kensington Museum, adjacent to the International Inventions Exhibition, on the west side of Exhibition-road. The fire was discovered about half-past twelve o'clock, when Mr. Purdon Clarke, the keeper of the Indian Museum, gave the alarm, and hastened, with his assistants, to remove the valuable collection of Indian works of art and antiquities, so that most of the portable articles were saved. The building, which is 330 ft. long and 30 ft. wide, and has only a ground floor, adjoins the "Duval" dining-room of Messrs. Spiers and Pond, connected with the Inventions Exhibition, an apartment which was the "Fish-market" of the Fisheries Exhibition two years ago; it also adjoins the building occupied by the Juries' Department of the Inventions Exhibition, and it abuts on the French annexe. The fire seems to have begun in the roof of the Indian Museum, where a flue runs up from some of the furnaces in the adjacent buildings. The spread of the flames in the interior was promptly checked by the use of hand-grenades, the whole of the fire-extinguishing staff and appliances of the Exhibition being actively employed within five minutes of giving the alarm. Nine private hydrants and one stand-pipe were set at work; and the Metropolitan Fire Brigade, under Captain Shaw, Mr. Simonds, and Superintendent Palmer, speedily brought thirteen steam fire-engines from different stations in London. Their efforts were needful chiefly to quench the fire in the roof; and the firemen, for this purpose, carried the hose to the upper windows of the City and Guilds Technical Institute, and to the roofs of the neighbouring Exhibition Buildings. Among those present, encouraging the work of the firemen and salvors, were the Prince of Wales, the Duke of Cambridge, the Duke of Sutherland, and Sir George Birdwood, of the India Office. Only the roofs of the Indian Museum and of the Jury offices were destroyed, but some damage was done to the interior of those buildings, and a little to the right-hand side of the entrance-hall of the Inventions Exhibition. That entrance was closed to visitors for a short time, but was reopened at four o'clock. We regret to learn that many of the larger pieces of architectural sculpture from the Buddhist shrines of India are much damaged; and that numerous unique specimens of Indian wood-carving, of encaustic tile work, and of other artistic decoration, were entirely destroyed.

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BABY IF THERE IS AN INVALID IN YOUR HOUSE, BABY
BABY then do not fail to use, for his or her benefit, that BABY
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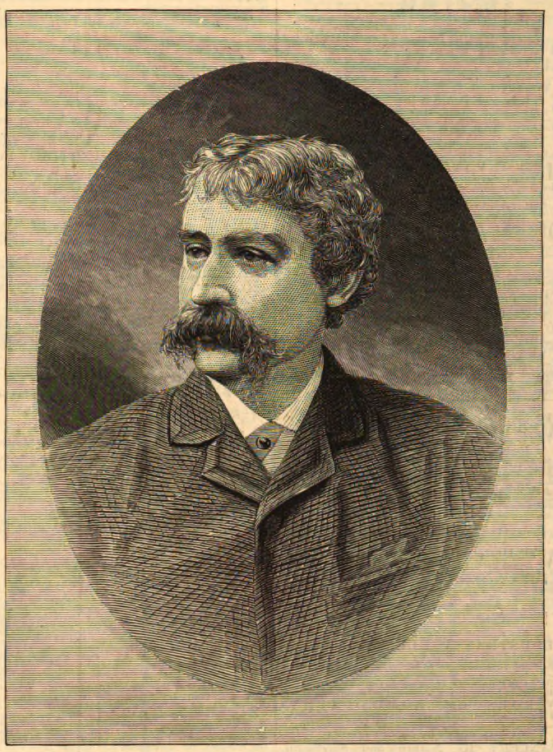
1. Building the first railway station on the Handoub road. 2. Sheikh Mahmoud Ali's harper amusing some of the Guards. 3. Wells at Handoub: Lancers watering horses.

SKETCHES FROM SOUAKIM, BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. WALTER PAGET.

BRET HARTE.

The name of "Bret Harte" is a household word of delightful acceptance in England as well as in America, being associated with the authorship of many popular writings in prose and verse. Our readers will be pleased to know that this clever and successful author has written, for us and for them, the new story of "Maruja," which composes the entire Summer Number of the *Illustrated London News* of this year, and which is enriched by the valuable illustrations of Mr. R. C. Woodville. Mr. Bret Harte's position as American Consul, man of letters, and man of the world is perhaps unique in this country, where he has made personally as many friends as he has found admirers of his talent and genius. Francis Bret Harte was born at Albany, in New York State, in the year 1839. From his father, a graduate of Union College and Professor of Greek at Albany, he received the classical education and teaching to which he is no doubt indebted for the purity and correctness of his style; from his mother, a descendant of the old Knickerbocker families, he inherited the courtesy and elegance of his manner, which the rough adventurous existence of his youth was unable to obliterate. That existence, with its varied experiences and picturesque hardships, is too well known and has been too accurately reflected in Bret Harte's literary work to require more than a passing mention; nor is it necessary to dwell at any length on those first marvellous tales which revealed to the world at once a new country and a new celebrity.

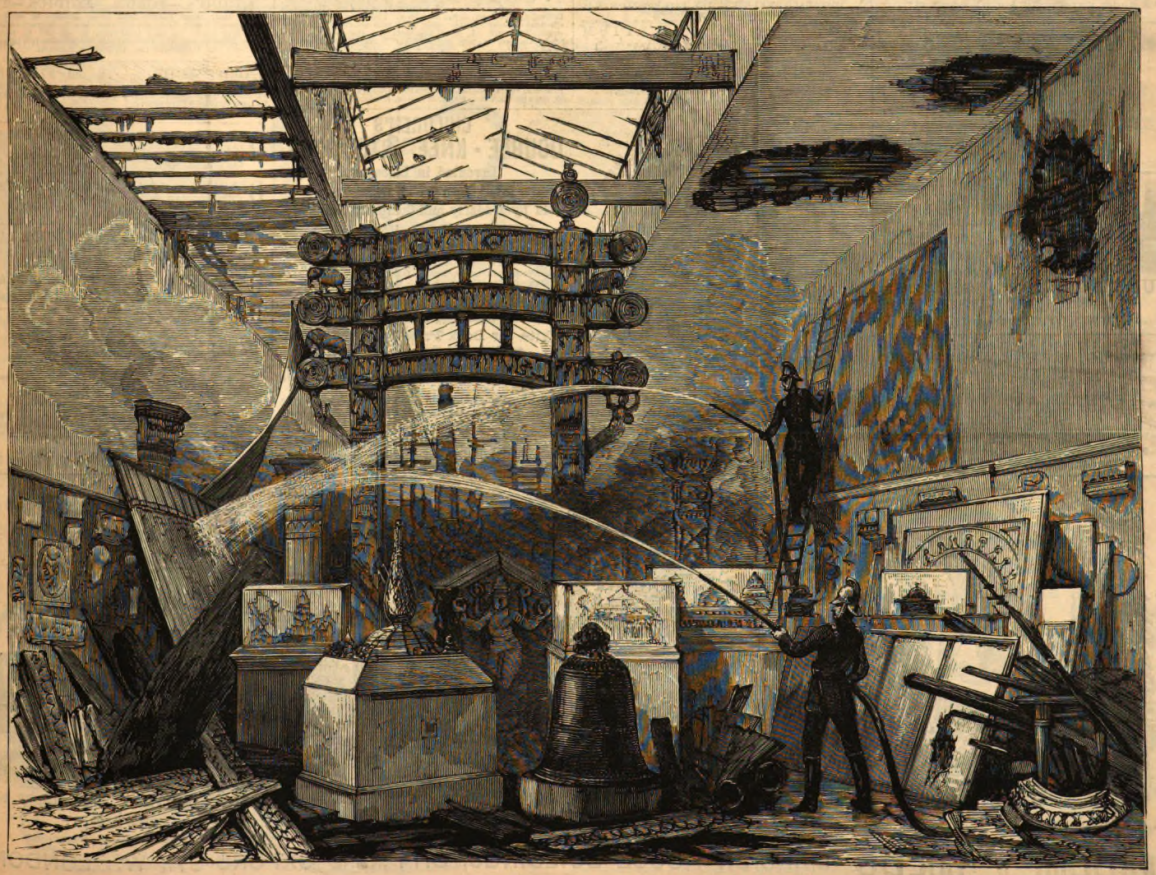
Bret Harte is known in all civilised countries as the author of the "Heathen Chinee" and "The Luck of Roaring Camp." He has been editor and founder of a successful magazine, and has been Professor of Belles Lettres in the University of California. He has served his country during the civil war, and in time of peace; indeed, he had achieved fame and reputation at an age when the ordinary run of men have not yet tried their power. It may be more interesting to follow him in his later career, in the years which have been almost entirely passed in Europe. In 1878 Bret Harte was appointed American Consul at Crefeld, in Germany, and during a two-years' stay in that city he found time, while faithfully discharging duties new to his life and habits, to write the long poem of "A Legend of Cologne," and the tales of "The Twins of Table Mountain," "An Heiress of Red Dog," "A German Spion," "Peter Schröeder," and "A Gentleman of Laporte." In recognition of his services, he was transferred—much to the regret of the German friends he had made—to the more important Consular post of Glasgow. For a while he seemed to allow his pen to rest; but before the world had had time to mourn over a too protracted silence, he once more brilliantly contributed to contemporary literature in the same vein of rich humour and deep pathos essentially his own, and some of those later stories have been universally acknowledged to be among the best and most powerful he ever wrote. *Belgravia*, *Longmans' Magazine*, Macmillan's *Illustrated Magazine*, have in turns and almost consecutively published "Found at Blazing Star," "Flip," "In the Carquinez Woods," "A Blue Grass Penelope," "Left Out on Lone Star Mountain," "Sarah Walker," "A Ship of '49," "The Mission of San Carmel," and "An Apostle of the Tules." Bret Harte has made himself, in American literature, not the accomplished imitator of European types and styles, but the most original and effective truly American author; he is not the less highly esteemed by readers in this country. The Portrait is from a photograph by Mr. T. Fall, of Baker-street.



MR. FRANCIS BRET HARTE, THE AMERICAN POET AND NOVELIST.
AUTHOR OF "MARUJA," IN THE SUMMER NUMBER OF THE "ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS."

Collections were on Sunday made on behalf of the London Hospitals and Dispensaries in the churches and chapels of the metropolis and its suburbs.

The Class-List in the Cambridge Mathematical Tripos was issued last Saturday morning. The first wrangler is Mr. Arthur Berry, of King's; the second, Mr. Augustus Love, of St. John's; and the third, Mr. Herbert Richmond, of King's. There are two lady wranglers—Miss M. E. Rickett and Miss Blanche Hewett, both of Newnham. Miss O. Dymond, Miss A. Barrington, and Miss B. M. Villy are Senior Optimes; and Miss L. M. E. Barrett, Miss A. B. Murray, Miss L. C. Price, and Miss S. Cunnington are Junior Optimes. The two lady wranglers' names were greatly cheered.



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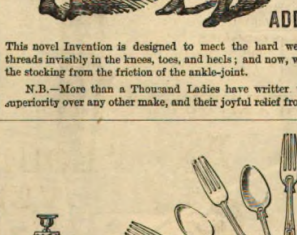
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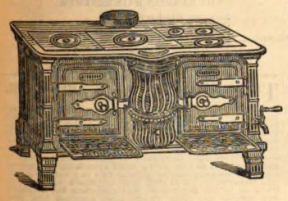


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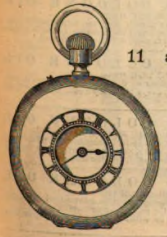
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Because to speak the honest truth
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RAMBLING SKETCHES.—A KENTISH VILLAGE: OTFORD.

A SUMMER SUMMARY.

I cannot fancy that the Tennysonian idlers who lazed and lounged, with their mild-eyed melancholy, in the languid Lotos-land, where it seemed always afternoon,—I cannot imagine that they could appreciate Summer; appreciate it, that is to say, as it thoroughly deserves to be appreciated. I think that no one could do so who lives in a land where there is perpetual summer; those "lands of lasting summer" of Tennyson's "Boadicea," where there is the "eternal summer" of "Don Juan," with the "eternal sunshine" mentioned in "The Deserted Village." I imagine that, to obtain the fullest and keenest idea of the rare delights of Summer, we must first have passed through those three other seasons of Autumnal decay—fall of the leaf, fogs, and mists—bleak, snow-crowned, hail-driven Winter—and a Spring like to that which we have had in this present year of grace, with its perilous, treacherous weather, its Eastertide east winds, its "ethereal mildness" changed to May's real wildness, and its gentle zephyrs reminding us of Hood's lines concerning the blows of Spring the prize-fighter.

When we have passed through these seasonable and unseasonable changes, then we are in a position really to appreciate the exquisite joys of summer—summer in all its glory—summer in all its heat—and summer in what I may be permitted to call its wealth of verdant greenery. To lounge on the mossy grass, screened from the summer sun, under the fretted arches of the green boughs, and to look out from the dense, cool shade, on the widespread landscape blinking in the heat; while, like the poet Keats, we can listen darkling to the glad nightingale singing "of summer in full-throated ease," we are then in a better condition of mind to appreciate the charms of summer than are those who have had no recent reminiscences of biting spring winds, or of freezing winter gales.

I suppose that when the "child of the sun, refulgent Summer," makes us his annual visit, that we ought to get up at unearthly hours in the morning, and go out to meet him as he comes to us smiling over the eastern hills. I suppose that we ought to make it a conscientious duty, regularly and systematically, to take an early morning walk in summer, when the hedges are garlanded with roses and honeysuckles; and the air is odorous with the scent of clover and bean-blossom; and the buttercups and daisies and wild flowers "do paint the meadows with delight"; and the corn is ripening towards the harvest; and the golden glories of the gorse and broom burnish the green commons, over which the geese are trooping in solemn file; and the ferns and foxgloves are garnishing the banks and woodsides; and the white water-lilies, with their glossy palette-shaped leaves, tremble on the surface of the pool in which the cattle are standing knee-deep. I suppose that we ought to rise early and see these beauties of Nature in their dewy freshness, before the heat of the noonday sun has parched them with its drought.

Perhaps Thomson may have done so, once or twice in his life, to supply himself with poetic material wherewith to point his diatribe against the "falsely luxurious" man who will not spring "from the bed of sloth" to see the sun rise on a summer's morning. Yet those familiar lines were penned by the self-same poet whose indolence was so great that he was seen, in Lord Lyttelton's garden at Hagley, with hands in his pocket, leaning against a wall to eat a peach. But he gave us the best and completest summary of summer that has been written in English blank verse—with the varying events of the summer day—the summer insects—the hay-making and sheep-shearing—the song of the nightingale—summer in the torrid zone—the thunderstorms, meteors, and sundry summer scenes, sports, and occupations. Yes, with his "Castle of Indolence," and "the pleasing land of Drowsy-head," with its day-dreams "for ever flashing round a summer sky," Thomson could appreciate summer; and his poem on that season is the best of the series.

Years after Thomson's "Seasons" had achieved fame, a fellow-workman lent the volume to a working shoemaker in a London garret; and, fired with emulation, Robert Bloomfield, from the personal recollections of a few years in his own life, told, in melodious verse, the true history of a Farmer's Boy during the four seasons of the year. Seated, with six or seven other workmen, in that London garret (14, Bell-alley, Coleman-street), Bloomfield thought out his verses, stored them in his memory, and at night committed them to paper. There could be no greater triumph over circumstances than this. John Clare's exquisite descriptions of rural scenes were written with those scenes before his eyes; but it was from his powers of memory that Bloomfield, in a squalid London garret, surrounded with the prosaic belongings of a working shoemaker, could paint the minutiæ of country life with freshness and fidelity. His "Summer," as in the case of Thomson, is perhaps the best of the four divisions of his work.

Summer comes to us, as usual; but times and manners are altered. Nowadays, the Vicar of Wakefield's daughters do not "go in" for haymaking, but are contented to get such a general idea of the proceedings in their father's glebe as may be witnessed from the tennis-lawn in the Vicarage garden. Nor do the Squire's sons care to exchange the intellectually athletic pastimes of tennis, cricket, and lacrosse, for the dull, mechanical process of turning over swathes of newly-cut grass, with the chance of a passing flirtation with an æsthetic amateur in kid gloves and a sunshade, or a genuine rustic beauty whose hands and "innocent nose" are getting tanned and blistered by many hours' continuous exposure to a broiling sun in the dog-days. Both Thomson and Bloomfield depict such a buxom haymaker: the former, poetically; the latter, more truly and graphically. Such a time of year, and such a period of life, with such an occupation, may be truly termed the Hay-day of existence.

On such a summer's day, as we take a country walk, or ride, or drive, we—we, at least, of the male persuasion—envy the airily-clad rustics in their shirt-sleeves, the costume that Shaw, the valiant Life Guardsman, told the Duke of Wellington he should wish to wear, if he ever had to fight another Battle of Waterloo on a hot June day. As the author of "The Farmer's Boy" says,

> Summer's light garb itself now cumbrous grown,
> Each his thin doublet in the shade throws down.

We envy, too, our faithful companion the dog, who incontinently jumps into the roadside brook or pool, and there refreshes himself with a delicious bath at frequent intervals, and emerges, wet and dripping, to pursue his panting course. We, too, should be glad to avail ourselves of an al fresco bath; but it is one thing to wear a suit from Poole's, and another to be able, with impunity, to wash your only suit in pools as often as they are met with in your summer rambles in the country. We should like to follow our dog's example; but, suitable open-air places for such a purpose are not readily found; and, as we have not made any provision for such an event, we do not care to avail ourselves of a plunge in the tempting purling stream, and to dry ourselves upon its bank, using the sun as a bathing-towel.

Together with the days of chivalry, the poetic days are past and gone, when the young and lovely Musidora could retire to the woodland pool, and there divest herself of the silken stockings with which the poet endowed her, and also of those other "troublesome disguises that we wear"—as said the author of "Paradise Lost"—and, then and there, take her summer bath, and "taste the lucid coolness of the flood," risking the chance of being discovered by any love-stricken Damon. That was a "summer" episode, and a Midsummer-day's dream, that has given at least one famous line to posterity—"So stands the statue that enchants the world." But, nowadays, when bed-room baths are happily in vogue, the modern Musidora is not reduced to such a strait; and she can also visit a fashionable watering-place, where, in the newest thing in bathing costumes, she can step from her machine into the curling waves, and, with "the odour of brine from the ocean," fulfil the poet's description,

> Now beneath the wave
> But ill-concealed, and now with streaming locks
> That half-embrace her in a humid veil,
> Rising again.

Thus, laving herself, we will here "lave her"—as Paddy would say; a cool proceeding on a hot summer's day.

CUTHBERT BEDE.

RAMBLING SKETCHES: OTFORD.

One of the most charming spots within thirty miles of London is Otford, in West Kent, in the valley of the Darent. This district also presents many objects of antiquarian interest. The river, in a course of four miles, passes as many castles; you may see, as you walk up the valley, that of Eynesford, Lullingstone Castle, what little remains of Shoreham Castle, and the Palace of Archbishop Warham, known as Otford Castle. Where this valley opens out into the more extensive one of Holmsdale, is situated the village of Otford, an ancient village, as full of interest to the archæologist as to the artist.

It requires, no doubt, a considerable stretch of imagination for the man whose mind is completely occupied with the things of the present to carry his thoughts back to the year 773; in that year, the Saxon chroniclers say, a great battle was fought here, between Offa, King of Mercia, and the King of Kent. The army of the latter was entirely routed, and the King himself was taken prisoner. Again, in the year 1016, another terrible conflict took place, when Edmund Ironside overtook the Danes at Otford, and with fearful slaughter drove them before him as far as the village of Aylesford.

Many relics of those ancient times have come to light; the ploughshare has unearthed the bones of deceased warriors; and, when a cutting for the South-Eastern Railway was made in this neighbourhood, skeletons were found with weapons of warfare beside them.

Taking a leap forward into the twelfth century, we find Otford the country residence of Thomas à Becket, after his accession to the See of Canterbury. As may be supposed, there are many traditions connecting him with the place. They still point out Becket's Well, the spot where, like Moses of old, the sainted prelate is said to have struck his staff, and behold! a stream of living water gushed forth. We are also told that, on one occasion, the village blacksmith made some default in shoeing the Archbishop's mare, for which he received a saintly malediction; and since that time no smith has flourished in the village. But it seems to us that the son of Vulcan has got his revenge at last; for, on peeping into the Castle tower, our Artist found that the very Archiepiscopal palace itself had been turned into a smithy. Moreover, the present blacksmith is by no means an unsuccessful man; for he has been immortalised by Otto Weber in his picture of "The Casting of the Shoe." The blacksmith, however, has been carried away by the spirit of the times, and has modernised the aspect of his smithy since Weber painted it.

As you stand opposite the smithy, you have a good view of the village, which consists of but one street half a mile in length. Look at those cottages opposite, without a bit of fencing to protect their gardens, the great red roses fairly sprawling over the pathway, and those lying right away back among the hops. What a picture they make, with the tall poplars and the hills beyond! There are few scenes more pleasing than such a village-street as this, with perhaps a waggon crawling along, a labourer in his smock-frock, a group of gossiping women, or mischievous boys, and some bent, grey-headed old father of the village with feeble step tottering out into the sunshine.

As you go down toward the river, you will find several picturesque cottages, and, just by the bridge, a row of old poplars, some of which have fallen; but they are sturdy old fellows, and though laid low, snapped off at the roots, and with trunks decayed, they will not give up life, but sprout out afresh in all directions.

And now turn back up the street to the "Bull Inn." No English village is perfect unless it possess a good old inn, and here is one, truly English. The inside is better than the outside, and there is an intelligent hostess who can tell you many interesting things. Here you will find some Gothic chimneypieces and elaborately carved woodwork, taken from the Castle when it was dismantled.

Having allowed you time for a crust of bread and a glass of ale, we must be off to have a look at the church and castle. The former is a very picturesque object seen from the village green or from any point of view. Its old tower and shingle spire are most characteristic. Here, we are told, in the quiet little churchyard, Herbert Schmalz painted his first exhibited picture, "Sunshine and Shadow."

Passing out of the churchyard by a little gate, you can walk round the Castle and take in its aspect from every point of view. As we observed, the tower is used as a smithy. The rest of the ancient palace has been converted into farm-buildings; and it is curious to note how strangely the old and new are jumbled together: here a tower surmounted by a pigeon-house, and there richly carved walls capped with a roof of thatch.

With one more look at castle and church in the fading light of evening, we turn toward the railway-station, musing on things old and new.

W. R.

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RUSSIAN CENTRAL ASIA.

There is no further excuse for our insular English ignorance, which favours so much bitter prejudice and causeless antipathy, with regard to the Russian Empire in Asia. Ample and precise information has been furnished in the books of recent English travellers, who have tested by their personal observation the truth of authoritative Russian accounts. They have compiled minute statistics upon every subject concerning the vast territories, inhabited by a relatively small population, comprised in the dominion of Alexander III. beyond the Ural. One of the most useful works of this kind was that of an American, Eugene Schuyler, published in 1877. It has been followed by the Rev. Henry Lansdell, D.D., an English clergyman, with two important publications, the first of which appeared in 1882. He has frequently visited different parts of Russia, upon a voluntary errand of religious charity, with the simple purpose of distributing Bibles, New Testaments, and evangelical tracts, in various languages, for the use of inmates of prisons, hospitals, barracks, and similar institutions. It is much to the credit of the Russian Government that Dr. Lansdell has had every facility allowed him for this good work; and his prudence in conducting it, with his discreet and upright behaviour in every respect, preserved him the friendly regard of official persons. In 1879, he went all over the habitable parts of Siberia, West and East, from Tiumen and Tobolsk to Tomsk, Krasnoiarsk, and Barnaul, to Irkutsk, and on to Kiakhta, Chita, and Nikolaefsk on the Sea of Okhotsk. We reviewed his book, "Through Siberia," about two years ago, expressing our confidence in the truth of its statements, particularly with regard to the management of the Russian convict prisons, most of which he had personally inspected. It is our belief that the whole system of penal transportation and servitude in Siberia is now incomparably better than was formerly that maintained by the British Government in New South Wales, Van Diemen's Land, and Norfolk Island. Siberia itself is by no means a land of suffering and despair, but it has, like Canada, a wide temperate zone capable of prosperous colonisation. It is a more ancient possession of Russia than the date of any of the North American British dominions, and is now in the way of being made a valuable part of the civilised world.

In August, 1882, Dr. Lansdell was again at Tiumen, the first important town beyond the Ural boundary of Europe, directly east of Perm, intending to make his way southward into Turkestan or Central Asia. He proceeded to Omsk, on the Irtish, and up that river to Semipalatinsk, where the fresh and original interest of his observations seems to begin. They are presented in two new volumes, entitled "Russian Central Asia," with maps, plenty of engravings, and copious appendices, just published by Messrs. Sampson Low and Co. These contain not only his modest and agreeable personal narrative of long and devious journeys, and descriptions of many places and many races of people, but a great amount of pertinent and accurately studied knowledge, historical, geographical, and statistical, much of it drawn from Russian treatises and special reports, with scientific accounts, revised by eminent authorities, of the botany, zoology, geology, and meteorology of that region.

Dr. Lansdell is not a politician, and is chary of passing judgment on the merits of Russian government; but he seems an independent and impartial observer of facts; and the general impression made by his notices of a great variety of social incidents, and the results of official administration, is decidedly favourable. The superior governing persons, to whom he bore introductions from St. Petersburg, are of high character and ability, who bestow as much care on the improvement of the motley Asiatic populations as is compatible with their military police system; and it cannot be doubted that their rule in Turkestan is a beneficial change from the atrocious barbarism which it has superseded. Amidst the furious outcry that we lately heard against what is called Russian aggression, particularly with regard to Khiva, many English writers and speakers seemed unaware that neither Khiva nor Bokhara has yet been annexed; and the vile condition of those native States, under their despicable Khans, is a significant contrast to the good order and growing prosperity of the provinces incorporated with the Russian Empire. The Khans are merely reduced to political vassalage.

Before, however, reaching the confines of Turkestan, our author had to pass from the north through Semirechensk or Semirechia, east and south-east of the Balkash Lake, skirting the mountain ranges of Chinese Tartary, and he visited Kuldja, on the Ili river, a territory which Russia held for a time only, while the Chinese rule in Kashgar was interrupted by a Mussulman revolution. He has much to tell us of the Kirgheses and the Kalmucks, the nomad pastoral tribes in those parts of Central Asia; but it is when he approaches the Syr Daria (the ancient Jaxartes), and reaches Tashkend, the head-quarters of Russian administration in Turkestan, that we find his remarks assume more political importance. The Syr Daria, with the chain of forts along its banks from the Sea of Aral, was the path by which Russian conquest, not without much provocation, slowly advanced from 1847 until the annexation of the Khanate of Khokand in 1876. This act had been preceded, in 1868, by the capture of Samarcand, taken from the Khan of Bokhara, and of the fertile Zarafshan district, which now form, with the adjacent province called Ferghana, including Khokand, the most thriving portion of Russian Central Asia.

Dr. Lansdell is no apologist for Imperial aggrandisement, and pronounces no opinion respecting the morality of these acts; but they appear to be as much justified as similar measures adopted in India during the past half century, and have manifestly been conducive to civilisation. The Princes of the three Turkish Khanates deserve as little sympathy as any barbarous and debauched tyrants on earth; the capital of each was a den of robbers and a slave-market for the traffic in thousands of kidnapped victims, and they favoured marauding excursions on every side. The populations, of course principally Mussulman, are so mixed of different races, owing to successive wars and conquests and the carrying away of captive multitudes, that the claims of national independence are difficult to be assigned. These reflections are our own, not Dr. Lansdell's; but he found nothing to excite his indignation, as a liberal-minded Englishman, in the substitution of Russian for the Turkish Governments. "After seeing," he says, "Bokhara and Khiva under Asiatic rulers, and Tashkend and Samarcand under Europeans, I should be false to my convictions if I withheld my opinion that the natives have been gainers by Russian conquest." He gives us a chapter on the Turkoman oases and Merv, though he was not able to reach that place from the Oxus; and, while suspending or reserving his judgment upon certain political questions, is content to remark, "Now that Merv is annexed, if there are any who would rather see it revert to its old condition of lawlessness, slavery, and blood, I confess I am not of the number." From Khiva, in the month of November, crossing the Desert westward to the Caspian, and embarking at Krasnovodsk for Batoum, he came home by Tiflis and Odessa. We are indebted to him, this second time, for an interesting, trustworthy, and instructive book, upon a topic of which it is desirable that the truth should be known.

NEW BOOKS.

It was Macaulay who called "Don Quixote" "the best novel in the world beyond all comparison"; it is also the most popular novel, and, with the exception of the Bible, the book that has had the widest circulation. The charm of this masterpiece of fiction is to be found in its humour and in the wisdom that is akin to humour. It is at once the most national of romances, and the most universal; and it does not surprise us that in these days of active literary labour, new translations of the work should appear in English. In spite of what has been done hitherto, there is ample room for a version that shall be at once accurate and idiomatic. The latest adventurer in this field is Mr. John Ormsby, and the first volume of a new translation, in four volumes, of *Don Quixote, by Miguel De Cervantes Saavedra* (Smith, Elder), is now before us. Mr. Ormsby is known as a translator of "The Poem of the Cid"; and, in a highly attractive introduction, he shows by no faint indications that he has mastered the literature of his subject, and understands how the work of a consummate humourist like Cervantes should be "turned" in a foreign tongue. He states frankly that there can be no thoroughly satisfactory translation of "Don Quixote" into English or any other language. "It is not that the Spanish idioms are so utterly unmanageable, or that the untranslatable words—numerous enough, no doubt—are so superabundant, but rather that the sententious terseness to which the humour of the book owes its flavour is peculiar to Spanish, and can at best be only distantly imitated in any other tongue." That Mr. Ormsby will succeed in producing a Don Quixote worthy of the subject must be the wish as well as the belief of every reader of the elaborate and masterly essay prefixed to the translation. No doubt the racy flavour of Elizabethan English, which makes Shelton's inaccurate version so attractive, suits the history of the knight errant better than the English of our day. The romance carries us into an old world, and is all the better for an antique dress. It would be affectation, however, in a translator to adopt an artificial style. Mr. Ormsby must write like his contemporaries, and it is enough that the language he employs is manly and unaffected. We may add that the form in which the edition is produced makes it worthy of a place in every library.

It is an obvious remark that married people play "very different parts on the stage of their mundane existence" from people who live and die in single blessedness, but this rather commonplace observation supplies the Rev. James Copner with an excuse for publishing a book, entitled *Sketches of Celibate Worthies* (London Literary Society). It is a most unobjectionable volume. If the writer have nothing new to say of Queen Elizabeth, Horace, Erasmus, Virgil, Sir Isaac Newton, Kant, Bishop Butler, Cowper, Father Mathew, Dr. Thomas Brown, Robert Dick, and Hannah More, all he does say is expressed in a liberal and kindly spirit. The medley of names is curious, and there is evidently no object in linking them together beyond the fact that they are the names of bachelors and spinsters. Two or three of the papers appear to have been originally written for lectures, and as lectures they may have proved attractive, but in none of them is there that weight of matter or charm of style which can justify publication in a volume. Nothing could well be feebler and thinner than the essay upon Cowper; Emanuel Kant is treated as superficially; and the account of Bishop Butler is inadequate. As a volume for light reading, however, the "Sketches" will yield some amusement and instruction.

We are promised before long a Dictionary of Hymnology. Meanwhile the Rev. James King has published a remarkable volume, entitled *Anglican Hymnology*, being an account of the 325 standard hymns of the highest merit according to the verdict of the whole Anglican Church (Hatchards). Mr. King tells us in his introduction how he has worked out this result. In the English language there are about 20,000 hymns and versions of the Psalms, composed by 1500 authors. Many of these are, of course, very poor; many, perhaps, wholly worthless. Mr. King wanted a test of excellence, and undertook the labour of collating fifty-two representative hymnals used in the Church of England at home and abroad. "The fifty-two were regarded as a committee, each member of which could, as it were, give one vote for each approved hymn. Thus, if a hymn was found in fifteen hymnals, then it was credited with fifteen votes or marks of approval; if found in twenty hymnals, twenty marks; if in thirty hymnals, thirty marks; if in fifty hymnals, fifty marks, and so on." In this curious exploration Mr. King discovered that not a single hymn is to be found in all the fifty-two hymnals, and that of the twenty thousand hymns from which selection can be made, only 325 are found in fifteen hymnals and upwards. Pursuing his plan, the writer ranks all hymns found in thirty selections and upwards in the first rank, all hymns found in twenty hymnals but in less than thirty in the second rank, and all hymns found in fifteen hymnals and upwards, and in fewer than twenty, in the third rank. Mr. King's account of the 325 hymns drawn out from the mass by this ingenious method is full of interest, and the amount of carefully collected information stored up in his volume will be appreciated by every reader who finds the subject attractive. We cannot, however, agree altogether with the assertion that "the verdict of fifty-two hymnals towers high above individual opinion, inasmuch as they represent the voice of the whole Anglican Church." The Church, it may be granted, has accepted certain hymnals which contain certain hymns; but it has accepted these selections as a whole, and not because they contain particular hymns—the choice in a large number of instances of individual editors. Moreover, the presence of what may be called popular hymns in the larger number of hymnals is a proof of public favour rather than of quality, and does not necessarily entitle them to be placed in the first rank. Indeed, it can scarcely be doubted that of the 110 hymns placed in accordance with Mr. King's arrangement in the second rank, several, if intrinsic merit be the test, deserve a place in the first.

Professor Henry Morley deserves the thanks of all readers for printing in his "Universal Library" *The Life of Cardinal Wolsey, by George Cavendish, His Gentleman Usher* (Routledge and Sons). Not only is the little volume of interest from its association with Shakspeare, who, there can be no doubt, made use of it when writing his "Henry VIII."; but its intrinsic value is also very great. A vivid picture of the famous Cardinal, and also of the age, is presented in these pages. And it is a picture as strange as it is vivid. We see the ambitious churchman "in his time of authority and glory, when he had more respect to the worldly honour of his person than he had to his spiritual profession," and we see him in his fall, lamenting that he had not served God as diligently as he had done the King. How thoroughly he understood the character of the master towards whom he exhibited to the last a loyalty that in our days seems servile, may be seen in the following estimate given by the Cardinal on his death-bed. "He is sure a Prince of a Royal courage, and hath a Princely heart; and rather than he will either miss or want any part of his will or appetite he will put the loss of one half of his realm in danger. For I assure you I have often kneeled before him in his privy chamber on my knees the space of an hour or two to persuade him from his will and appetite, but I could never bring to pass to dissuade him therefrom!" Almost every page of the narrative shows the difference between that age and ours. The Cardinal delighted in outward splendour. In travelling from place to place a great number of gentlemen in black velvet livery coats, and "with great chains of gold about their necks," followed in his train. His sumpter mules and carriages were guarded by bowmen. "He rode like a Cardinal, very sumptuously on a mule trapped with crimson velvet upon velvet. And before him he had his two great cryosses of silver, two great pillars of silver, the great seal of England, his Cardinal's hat, and a gentleman that carried his valaunce, otherwise called a cloak-bag, which was made altogether of fine scarlet cloth, embroidered over and over with cloth of gold very richly." Sometimes a canopy was borne over him, and his gentlemen ushers cried, "On, my lords and masters, on before; make way for my Lord's Grace." If Wolsey travelled ostentatiously, so also did he love splendour in feasting his friends. Indeed, when in France, his hospitality was so great that we are told "many of the Frenchmen were fain to be led to their beds." Cooks in the present day are often paid better than gentlemen; but the Cardinal had a master cook who went daily in damask satin or velvet, with a chain of gold about his neck. In old days, it will be remembered, our physicians carried a cane with a gold box at the head of it, containing some antidote against infection; the Cardinal carried "a very fair orange whereof the meat or substance within was taken out, and filled up again with the part of a sponge, wherein was vinegar and other confections against the pestilent airs." Another characteristic of the man and of the age is the ready way in which tears are shed in public without that sense of shame that would be felt nowadays; but, indeed, the whole story of the ambitious Cardinal presents a state of society utterly unlike our own. A poem by Thomas Churchyard, called "The Tragedy of Cardinal Wolsey," follows the biography of Cavendish. It cannot be said to add to the value of the book.

It is scarcely a paradox to say that London is of all cities that of which Londoners know the least. Its inhabitants are amongst the diligent of the world in exploring foreign towns and countries, and to aid them have at their command some of the best guide-books published; but should a Londoner desire to learn something outside the circle of his own daily life about the city in which he spends the greater part of the year he must have recourse to Baedeker, or some other equally intelligent foreigner. The country visitor to London is even in a worse plight, for unless he relies wholly upon the advertisements in the daily papers, and limits his experiences to the attractions of the moment, he can learn little of the capital and its ways of living. A little volume just published, *London of To-day*, by Mr. C. Eyre Pascoe (Sampson Low and Marston), proposes to serve as "a guide, philosopher, and friend" to dwellers in and visitors to London with a fulness of information hitherto unattempted. It would be impossible to give in a brief notice even an epitome of the contents of this exceedingly useful volume, which not only sketches the principal changes which have taken place in London during the present century, but, as occasion requires, traces back the origin of existing institutions and buildings to much remoter periods. To the visitor who comes to see the sights, Mr. Pascoe tells him where to find them, how to enjoy them, and at what cost he can see them. He describes the "events of the season," the resources of the suburbs, and has plenty of gossip about the streets, the public places, and the people who frequent them, and the names of those with whom they were in times past associated. The book is fully illustrated, is written in a chatty tone, and will be cordially welcomed, not only by our "country cousins," but by their London hosts, who not unfrequently are very much puzzled how to do the honours of the "sights of London."

Under the title of *Holy Living*, a Year-Book of Thoughts has been compiled from the works of Jeremy Taylor, with an introduction by Archdeacon Farrar (Marcus Ward and Co.). This, it will be remembered, is the name given by the Bishop to one of his most popular and valuable works, and it seems therefore a pity that it should be appropriated to a selection taken from his writings generally. It is well, however, when, as in the present case, the fault-finding of a reviewer ends with the title of his book. In the quality of the contents, as well as in the form of publication, this beautiful volume ought to satisfy the most exacting critic. Taylor ranks with the greatest of our prose writers; with the wealthiest in fancy and the weightiest in thought. His ample rhetoric would overpower him, and the reader might be tempted to exclaim with Hamlet, "Words, words!" were it not that his intellect is as profound as it is discursive, and that his great learning and mastery of language are turned to practical account. Sound good sense is, indeed, as much one of Taylor's characteristics, as versatility of fancy, and this may be seen in the most devotional of his writings. Another characteristic is his love of Nature, and the art with which he draws illustrations from the natural objects around him. He writes on the most serious of topics—but to be with Taylor is to be always in cheerful company. The greatest of his contemporaries was John Milton. They were alike in their love of learning, in their appreciation of literature, and in their love of freedom. Taylor may have read the "Areopagitica" with delight, and Milton, though probably with less pleasure, "The Liberty of Prophesying," which appeared three years later; but political and ecclesiastical differences made an impassable gulf between these men, and neither of them in his copious writings mentions the name of the other. It is interesting, however, to remember that there was one link between the Puritan poet and the chaplain of Charles I. Lady Alice Egerton, a beautiful girl of fifteen, acted the part of the lady in "Comus," at Ludlow Castle, in 1634. She married Jeremy Taylor's friend the Earl of Carberry, and it was her death that led Taylor to dedicate his "Holy Dying" to her husband. The "Holy Living" and the "Holy Dying" are Taylor's popular masterpieces; but, though less read, "The Liberty of Prophesying" is equally memorable; and, indeed, there is nothing in the fifteen volumes of his works that will not reward the thoughtful reader.

Comparative archæology follows, as a natural course, the road which has been opened up by the study of philology and mythology. If archæology is to assert its position as a science instead of remaining the pleasant hunting-ground of the dilettanti, the *Traité d'Archéologie comparée*, par M. Adrien Wagnon (Paris: Rothschild, 1885), worthily inaugurates this new departure, and is fittingly dedicated to M. Perrot. There is, in fact, scarcely a thought expressed by M. Wagnon, of which the germ cannot be traced in one or other of M. Perrot's three works. We do not for a moment charge M. Wagnon with plagiarism, of which his frank admission of his indebtedness wholly exonerates him; but we mean that his mind is one rather fertile than inventive. The aim of both writers is to prove that comparative archæology finally disposes of the once-boasted claim of Greek art to be original. Delicate in idea, complete in execution, it was; but wholly autochthonic, born Athene-like, full-grown, it was not; and of late years, from the eagerness with which this later school of criticism has pressed its conclusions and deductions, in the desire to give full weight to the predecessors of Greece—Egypt, Phœnicia, and Assyria—the fashion has grown to represent the Greek artist as a mere skilful borrower and adapter of time-worn ideas. It is to check this unreasonable generalisation that comparative archæology steps in; and it is here, also, that M. Wagnon's work is so valuable—especially in all that relates to the influence of Egypt. By the skilful juxtaposition of superficial similarities he brings out essential differences, and by carefully collating what is analogous he makes clear the inherent disparity which at first sight escaped and subsequently startled the student. Within the limits of our space, we cannot follow M. Wagnon in detail, as he carefully analyses and compares such works of art as the Apollo of Tenea, the Scribe of the Louvre, the Selinus Metopes, the Assos relief; always arriving at the same result—the recognition of divergent aims; in the Egyptian, that of photographic reality; in the Greek, that of truthful ideality. The Egyptian is content to indicate by symbols what the Greek will only express by actuality: the former is satisfied with the surface, and contemplates placidly the outside show; the latter must get behind and within, must see the cause and express its connection with the aim in view. The two nations stand apart—the watchword of the one was repose and death, of the other activity and life; but without the example of Egyptian patience, it is possible that the eager Greeks may have lost heart in attempting to cope with the difficulties of early *technique*.

There is no doubt that in many lives there are periods which are so monotonous and devoid of interest that the dismissal of a portion of time with no record is desirable; and the dividing a story into parts relieves the author of the necessity of chronicling that which could interest no one. *Anthony Fairfax*: A Novel in three parts (Bentley), possesses as hero a man with such a life as would be pronounced at once monotonous throughout, and unadvisable for selection as a hero's; but treated by the author with ability, the delineation of Anthony Fairfax's character may be accurately described as a finished study in grey. This study is harmonious in design and in detail—everything blends with the life of the man paralysed so mischievously by the action and falsehood of another—that other, however, only a far-away vision in the story. Anthony Fairfax, although not possessing a fine or an ideal character, has some redeeming qualities; but he is morbid, and, had the opportune relative (who is usually so singularly absent in real life) not left him with means and property, he would in all probability have vegetated for a very brief period indeed and—died. Battling against the stream would have been an impossibility with him. Some readers will no doubt think that, with the disposition Helen possessed, the perilous position of her fiancé would have roused her imagination, and that the romance of upholding the character of the maligned man, and siding with him against the gossip of the petty neighbourhood, would have effectually enlisted her sympathy; and her defection is decidedly a disappointment. On the other hand, it has to be taken into consideration that she was hardly in love, and the discovery of the deception, or rather the want of confidence, on Anthony's part, tried her cruelly. Bee's fine character is well and happily conceived, and the author works up to the full development of it with success. Bob, Joe, and Lizzie are necessary nonentities, and the other dramatis personæ are not of much account. To give the crisis and end of the novel would be to deprive the reader of some pleasurable excitement; suffice it, therefore, to say that there is a sound of wedding bells in the final chapter.

It is scarcely too much to say that no more charming volume has appeared in the "Golden Treasury Series" than *Lyrical Poems by Alfred Lord Tennyson, selected and annotated by Francis T. Palgrave* (Macmillan and Co.). The most musical poet of our day is also the wealthiest in poetic thought. He is emphatically a singer, and his lyrical notes are among the sweetest this century has produced. Happily, for the most part, his voice is as clear as it is sweet. Tennyson can be profound, but he is rarely obscure. At the same time, while dear to the general reader, he is doubly dear to the poetical student, not only for what Mr. Matthew Arnold would call his "criticism of life," but for his profound mastery of metre and subtle use of language. It is sometimes asked, rather foolishly perhaps, Whether Lord Tennyson is a great poet? If poetical greatness consists solely in producing a noble tragedy like "Macbeth," or a majestic epic like "Paradise Lost," then our Laureate has no claim to the title; but the temple of poetic fame is reached by many roads; and the man who has written lyrics that already live in thousands of hearts, and promise to retain a lasting place in literature, must be, in the best sense of the term, a great poet. Of all modern singers, with the exception perhaps of Coleridge, Lord Tennyson is the most genuinely poetical. There is no prosaic element in his work; there are none of those barren wastes across which, at times, Wordsworth perversely makes his readers travel. This little volume, edited with great judgment by Mr. Palgrave, contains, no doubt, some of Lord Tennyson's rarest work. Every page is "worthy the reading"; and familiar though the poems may be, they are none the less acceptable in this choice and portable form. That we should miss some favourite pieces in a selection like this is inevitable, but it is assuredly as satisfactory as a selection can be; and we doubt not, to quote the editor's words, that it will "amply and delightfully fulfil its proper function."

Quality and not quantity is what we ask for from the poet, and some of the loveliest poems in the language are also among the briefest. Here are two tiny volumes that deserve a word of praise from the critic and recognition by the public; *An Irish Garland*, by Mrs. Piatt, and *The Children Out of Doors*, a book of verses, by Two in One House (Douglas). The first book, as the title implies, is the work of one writer; in the second Mr. Piatt joins his voice of song to that of his wife. The little poems, for they are all short, are for the most part suggested by sympathy with the poor; but the subject is daintily handled, and there is in some of the lyrics a freshness and sweetness that will win the reader's heart. Mrs. Piatt has been so unfortunate as to receive exaggerated praise from the American press, but that she has cultivated her small plot of verse-land with success may be readily admitted. Tenderness and pathos are evident throughout, and in the dealing with child-life there is alike simplicity and quaint humour. "A Child's Conclusion" might have been written by Mr. George Macdonald. We may add that the "Children Out of Doors," the most thoughtful and significant poem, perhaps, in the volume with that title, is apparently the work of Mr. Piatt. A lyric called "Ruth (for a picture)" is very charming and would be more so perhaps if the subject did not recall the lovelier stanzas written by Thomas Hood.

"Manon," the words by MM. Meilhac and Gille, the music composed by J. Massenet (Novello, Ewer, and Co.), is a handy and inexpensive edition of the English version of the opera produced by the Carl Rosa Company at Liverpool last January, and again at Drury-Lane Theatre on May 9, as noticed by us. The English text has been adapted by Mr. Joseph Bennett.



SKETCHES AT THE BEN NEVIS OBSERVATORY.



PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL.

THE CONGO FREE STATE.

A man who has done a great thing, if he has done it himself, may some day be called a great man. The American newspaper traveller and special correspondent, who came to London in 1874 from the shores of Lake Tanganyika, where he had found the lost hero of African exploration, Dr. Livingstone, has achieved something great since then. In 1876 he went out as chief of the expedition provided jointly by the *New York Herald* and the *Daily Telegraph*, and crossed the unknown interior from east to west. Passing round the Lakes, he followed the Lualaba, a river discovered by Livingstone, till he found it to be the Congo, when he descended that river sixteen hundred miles, and reached the Atlantic coast. He returned to Europe in January, 1878, and published his discoveries, which incited a number of influential persons, under the presidency of King Leopold II. of Belgium, to form an association for opening the Congo to civilisation. Mr. Stanley went out again, in 1879, as manager of this undertaking, and returned last Midsummer, having in five years performed a vast amount of real administrative work. He had been employed in founding a commercial colony, with stations at the most important points, far up the great river, and in negotiating successfully with the various native tribes. The solidity of the results he has obtained, and the value of the prospects he has opened to European enterprise, are now attested by the deliberations of the International Conference held at Berlin, under Prince Bismarck's presidency, from November to February last. They are confirmed by the Treaty for regulating the freedom of trade, the rules of navigation, the prohibition of the slave trade, and the political neutrality of the basin of the Congo; while a newly-created Free State, with precisely defined frontiers, under the flag of the International Association of the Congo, is recognised by European diplomacy. This is as much the creation of Mr. Stanley's individual genius and energy as that of the Spanish West Indies was the work, individually, of Christopher Columbus, apart from the unique character of the maritime discovery of America with regard to the ancient position of geographical science.

Mr. Stanley's experiences and performances since 1879 are related in his new book, "The Congo, and the Founding of its Free State," two volumes published by Messrs. Sampson Low and Co., which are of extraordinary interest as "A Story of Work and Exploration." It is not at all a bragging narrative; and he passes over, with a very slight allusion, the course of his earlier travels and adventures, his search for Livingstone, and his journey from the Lake Region of East Africa to the west coast, with the surprising additions that it made to our geographical knowledge. Mr. Stanley's mind during the past five or six years, seems to have been turned wholly towards the practical realisation of his noble design for the benefit of mankind, by forming peaceful settlements of trade and cultivation in the vast region of the Congo and its tributaries. He is no longer young, and he is devoting, probably, the remainder of his active life and strength to this great and good work.

The narrative and descriptive portions of this book are even more interesting than those which the author had previously given us; because our sympathies are engaged by the efforts he makes to gain, in a fair and peaceable manner, convenient sites for his stations, and to construct proper buildings, to collect stores, and to make roads of communication, instead of merely travelling and exploring. The first station, at Vivi, about a hundred and ten miles from Banana Point at the mouth of the Congo, and some thirty or forty miles above Boma, the head of ordinary commercial navigation, was founded towards the close of the year 1879. Isangila, the next station, at the foot of the lower rapids, is fifty-two miles higher up. The navigation of the river above Isangila for eighty-eight miles, to Manyanga, was found practicable when Mr. Stanley had carried his steel steam-boats overland past the lower falls. It is again interrupted, between Manyanga and Leopoldville, by the upper falls or rapids. Leopoldville, the capital of the new Congo Free State, is just below Stanley Pool, a lake which may be considered to mark the division of the Upper and Lower Congo. The opposite shore of the lake and right bank of the river at Manyanga, and for several hundred miles above this point, belong to the French territory which was occupied by M. De Brazza, and which has been formally recognised as under the dominion of France. The left bank of the Congo, which is the south bank in its lower course and the west bank higher up, according to the great middle bend of the river northward, is assigned to the Free State, with a vast extent of the interior of Central Africa, reaching eastward to Lake Tanganyika, and to eight degrees north of the Equator. The river is navigable for a thousand miles above Leopoldville, as far as Stanley Falls, where the expedition arrived in November, 1883, and formed the remotest station yet created. This was left, at Mr. Stanley's return, in charge of a most worthy Scotchman, Mr. Binnie, whose death we regret to see mentioned in the latest news from Africa. Between Leopoldville and Stanley Falls, of course, there are several important stations; one of these is Bolobo, which was visited by Mr. H. H. Johnston in March, 1883, and is described in his book, "The River Congo," published last year. So far up the mighty river, we have now a tolerably complete and accurate knowledge of the localities and of the various native tribes, of the scenery, the climate, the natural history, botany, and zoology, and of the facilities for trade and for missionary efforts. Above Stanley Falls, it traverses a very different region, which appertains rather to East Central Africa; and Nyangwe, a notable resort of Arab slave-traders from the eastern coast, Lake Moeru and Lake Bangweolo, and the Lualaba, Luapula, and Chamberi, names of the great stream in its upper parts, are familiar to the student of Livingstone's and Cameron's explorations. For the present, however, Mr. Stanley's colonising labours are limited to a reach of about fifteen hundred miles, ascending the river from the west or Atlantic seacoast, the entire length of the river being three thousand miles. He has established a thriving station at the Equator, 412 miles above Leopoldville and 757 miles from the sea. The reader of these volumes will learn how the work was done, and cannot fail to admire Mr. Stanley's courage, address, perseverance, and skilful management, and cordially to approve of his wise, fair, and friendly dealings with the natives. General Gordon himself, if he had been spared to take up this mission, could scarcely have done better; and Mr. Stanley was as much at home on the Congo as ever General Gordon was on the Nile.

We feel no doubt that English trade will benefit largely by the opening of the Congo, but we are particularly anxious that the Congo Free State, and the International Association, should obtain ample financial prosperity. For in the event of its ever being compelled, by pecuniary difficulties, to part with its territory, the French Government would have a right of pre-emption; and that the Congo, with the whole interior of Central Africa, should fall under French sovereignty would be a great political misfortune to Great Britain. The best way to prevent that is by English capitalists subscribing liberally to assist the Free State in constructing about one hundred and fifty miles of railway, to get past the Lower Falls or Rapids, between Isangila and Stanley Pool. We believe that this work can easily be done, at a moderate cost, and that it will be a very paying concern. "They will obtain," says Mr. Stanley, "as much produce as such a railway can convey, from their trading agents on the Upper Congo, who will collect it from over a million native Africans, who are waiting to be told what further produce is needed beyond ivory, palm oil, palm kernels, ground nuts, gum copal, orchilla weed, camwood, cola nuts, gum tragacanth, myrrh, frankincense, furs, skins, hides, feathers, copper, indiarubber, fibre of grasses, beeswax, bark cloth, nutmeg, ginger, castor oil, nuts, &c." If Englishmen do not see that it is worth while to contribute to open up this trade of the Congo, with a free entrance and free market for all our manufactures, England deserves to be left behind in the world's race for commercial advantage.

PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL.

The bond of intimate friendship between two young ladies is never completed without an innocent secret, which may not always, though it often may, relate to some person of the other sex. It is different with men, whose most affectionate and frank regard for each other does not usually prompt them, except for the sake of special counsel and help, to desire any particular communication of merely personal affairs, unless the circumstances be such as to involve a serious obligation and responsibility for action. A brother would scarcely feel himself slighted by discovering, for instance, that his brother intends to marry, the convenient time having arrived, somebody to whom he may have been privately engaged for years past, but whom the family have not known; he never saw her, perhaps never heard of her, but his brother did not want his advice, and why should he have spoken of his attachment to her? Sisters, however, and girls who choose to regard one another in a sisterly way, expect these delicate revelations as an indispensable proof of trustful tenderness; and, so long as they are truly preserved and cherished with considerate sympathy, they may afford mutual support in the changing moods of daily life. We hope that it will be so with the gentle pair whom our Artist has drawn sitting together in the garden, and perusing what seems to be a love-letter, the writer of which, whoever he may be, has also sent his photograph, which one of the ladies holds in her hand. From their different complexions, they do not appear to be sisters; but they may possibly be cousins, like Rosalind and Celia; and one of them may have said to the other, a thousand times already, "O coz, coz, my pretty little coz, that thou didst know how many fathom deep I am in love!"

"A Patriotic Hymn," for chorus and orchestra, by Antonin Dvorák (Novello, Ewer, and Co.). This work has just been published, in a cheap and handy form, with the English text adapted by the Rev. Dr. Troutbeck, and an arrangement of the orchestral accompaniments for the pianofore by Heinrich Von Kaan. Of the merits of the composition we have spoken in our notice of its first performance at St. James's Hall.

A memorial brass, by Mr. James Forsyth, has been placed in Prestwich church, containing the following inscription: "In loving memory of Henry Mildred Birch, B.D., formerly Fellow of King's College, Cambridge, and Assistant Master of Eton College. For thirty-two years Rector of this parish, Canon Residentiary of Ripon Cathedral, Chaplain in Ordinary to the Queen, Chaplain and some time Tutor to his Royal Highness Albert Edward, Prince of Wales. Born Jan. 12, 1830; died June 29, 1884."

THE BEN NEVIS OBSERVATORY.

Nearly two years ago, on July 14, 1883, we gave some Illustrations of the Meteorological Observatory established on the summit of Ben Nevis, 4406 ft. above the sea-level, by Mr. Clement Wragge, acting for the Scottish Meteorological Society, of which the Duke of Richmond and Gordon is president. Mr. Wragge's perseverance and fortitude are greatly to be admired; during three years, through the summer and autumn, regularly four times a week, and on many days in the winter, he went up to the top of the mountain, the highest in the British Isles, to make a valuable series of atmospheric observations, which were combined with those made simultaneously at Fort William and at intermediate stations. He could ride up about halfway, as far as the Loch or Tarn, the elevation of which is 1840 ft., and sometimes to Brown's Well, which lies at the height of 2000 ft. The remaining part of the ascent, being extremely steep and encumbered with loose stones, is very toilsome at all seasons; and in winter and spring, till the month of May, it is covered with frozen snow, which often lies 5 ft. deep, and 30 ft. deep in the hollows. On many days of the year, cold biting winds, drenching or drizzling rains, or thick cloud-fogs, annoy the hardy adventurer who mounts to these exposed altitudes, where the air, when not frosty, was often saturated with a chilly moisture, so that it was difficult to keep the instruments in a fit condition, and even to write legible records. In spite of these unfavourable circumstances, Mr. Wragge and Mr. William Whyte, who took charge of the Observatory for some time, aided by competent assistants, obtained correct daily readings of the thermometer, barometers, clockwork hygrometer, dry bulb thermometer, and radiation thermometer, as well as the rain-guages, the ozone tests, the apparatus for testing the actinism of solar light, and for the direction and force of the winds, and for the state of the clouds. The spectroscopic observations of the rain-band were also taken and noted. A hut, rudely built of piled stones, with a tarpaulin roof and wooden door, was erected for the keeping of these instruments, and to shelter the men in the intervals of outdoor work. The daily course of observations, most of which were repeated five times at intervals of half an hour, used to occupy more than two hours, besides writing and putting the instruments in order. Since we published our former Illustrations, funds were subscribed for building and furnishing a more convenient Observatory, which was completed in time for last year's work; there is now tolerable accommodation for the director and his staff, by whom hourly observations have been taken day and night. Detailed reports of all these observations are regularly made up, and a condensed account of the day's work is telegraphed every evening to the Press Association.

During last summer considerable additions were made to the Observatory buildings. A new sitting-room has been built, also two new bed-rooms, a tourists' shelter, and a tower 30 ft. high, which serves the double purpose of carrying anemometers and preventing the observers from being snowed up, as they were in the winter before last. The tourists' shelter will add materially to the comfort of the staff; who, with every desire to show courtesy and hospitality to strangers, must have their patience a little taxed by the great number of tourists who ascend Ben Nevis in summer weather.

One of the Illustrations we now present is a View of the Observatory in its present condition, with the outdoor instruments in the foreground. The interior of the building is shown in another Illustration, and there is one of the telegraph, with the dispatch of the daily report at 9.15 p.m. Two of the other Sketches need no explanation—namely, a visitor writing his name in the visitors' book, and a snug "dinner party in high life," enjoying the social amenities of that meal in a position far more exalted than that of any fashionable and aristocratic dinner-table in London.

The top of Ben Nevis is haunted, like the Brocken in the Hartz mountain region of Germany, by two inoffensive ghosts, who are affectionately known as "Penny Plain" and "Twopence Coloured." The latter is a distinguished ghost, one of the "spectre" order; indeed, he is a brother of the famous Brocken Spectre. He only appears on rare occasions. On a sunshiny day, when the mountain-top is clear, and there is a bank of fog lying under the great northern precipice, a spectator standing on the edge of the precipice can see his own shadow, enormously magnified, on the fog, with a rainbow-coloured "glory" round his head. "Penny Plain" is a more unpretending ghost; he may be "raised" any night with the aid of a bull's-eye lantern, but his head is surrounded by a white "glory." These apparitions, which are diverting to the novice, are shown in two of our Artist's Sketches.

The Council of the Society of Arts have, with the approval of the President, the Prince of Wales, awarded the Albert Medal to Henry Doulton, "in recognition of the impulse given by him to artistic pottery in this country."

A Bluebook, containing a summary of accidents and casualties which have been reported to the Board of Trade as having occurred upon railways in the United Kingdom during the three months ending March 31, 1885, has been issued, from which it appears that the accidents to trains, rolling stock, permanent way, &c., caused the death—of nine persons, and injury to 106.

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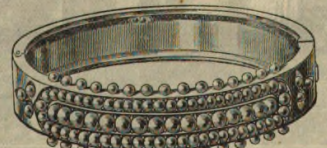
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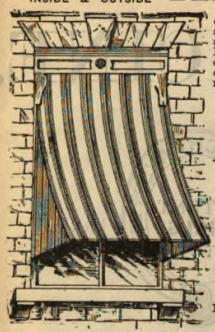
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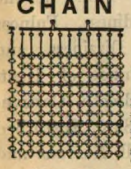
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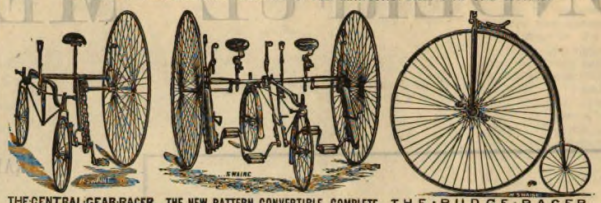


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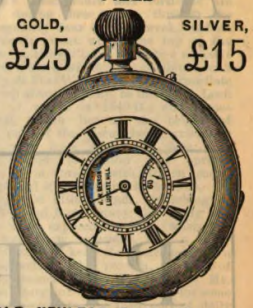
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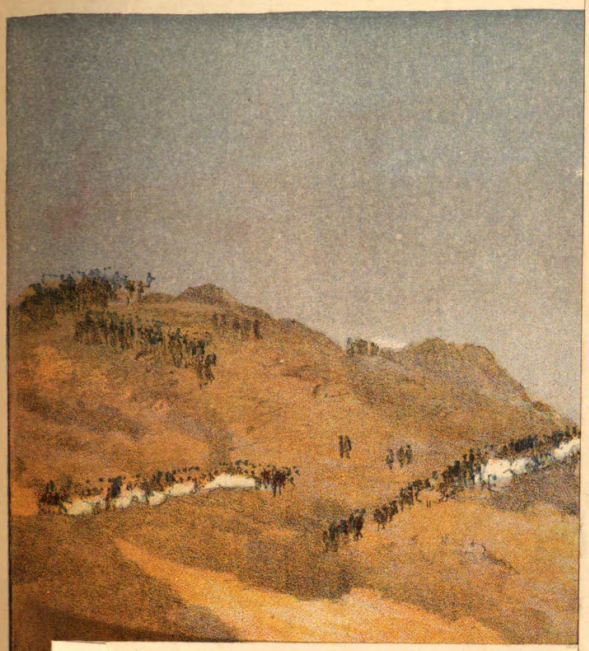
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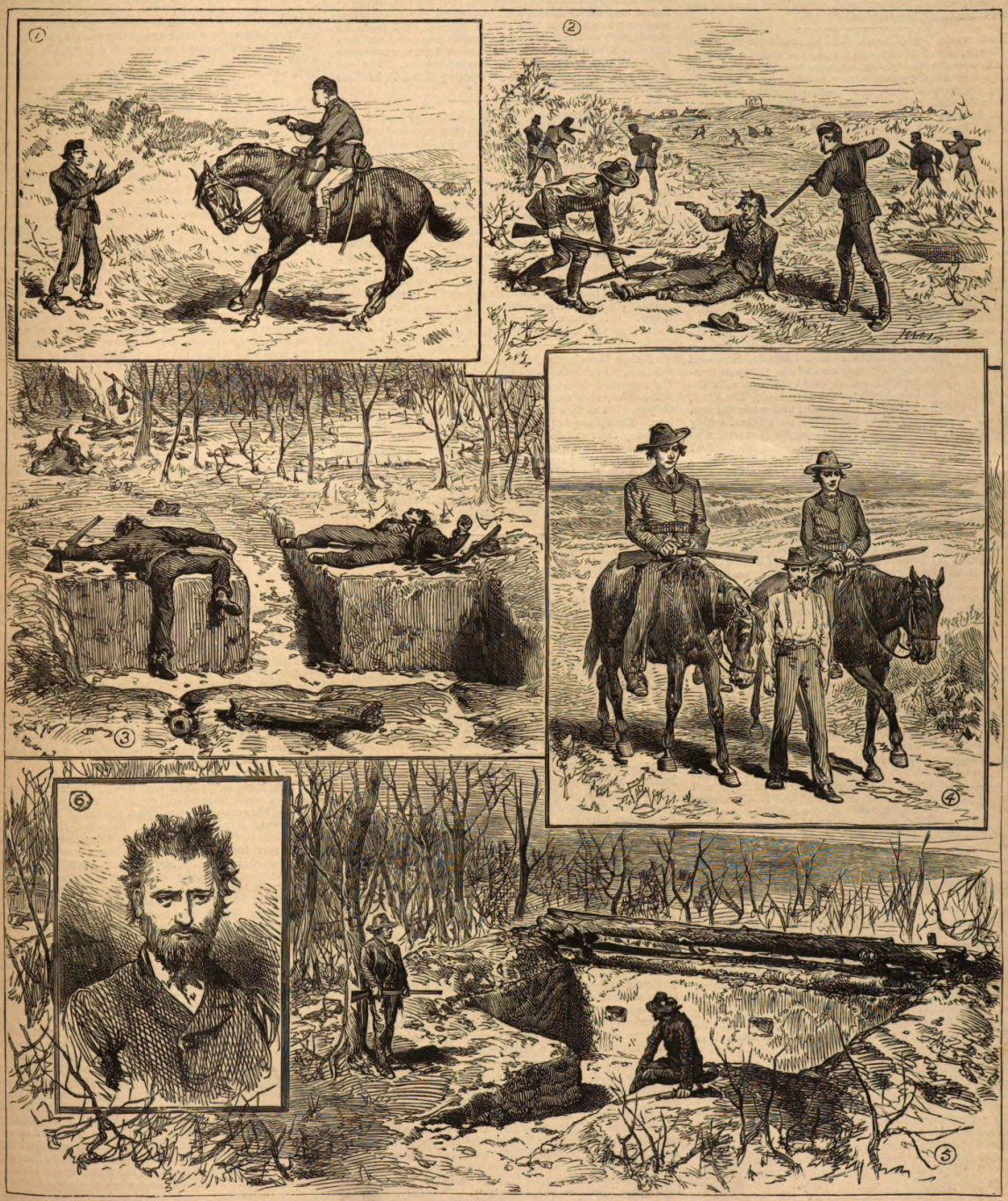


SKETCHES BY CAPTAIN H. DE H. HAIG, R.E., ON THE STAFF OF GENERAL MIDDLETON, C.B.

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THE CAMPAIGN AGAINST THE REBELS IN THE NORTH-WEST TERRITORY OF CANADA.

SKETCHES BY CAPTAIN H. DE H. HAIG, R.E., ON THE STAFF OF GENERAL MIDDLETON, C.B.

OUR NOTE-BOOK

The Queen makes one proviso respecting Princess Beatrice's trousseau dresses, and that is that they should be simple. In this as in so many other respects she is a model to her subjects; and if Englishwomen wear "loud" and extravagant toilettes, it is in defiance of their Sovereign's example.

There are people who find fault with the Princess of Wales for dressing her daughters in dark serges on these chilly, rainy June days, and call in question the cut of their garments. Such critics ought to be ashamed of themselves, for all good mothers vary their children's clothes according to the weather. It should not be forgotten that the instincts of our future Queen are those of a quiet, refined gentlewoman, rather than those of one who wishes to set the fashion.

Last week Royal Ascot, that is, the horse-racing on the heath, came to an end; and, to make a cheerful remark appropriate to the occasion, some of us may not live to see another anniversary. Still, it is generally agreed that, what with the weather (bar the last day), what with the millinery, and what with the four-in-hands, to have seen the sight was quite equal to having seen the Bay of Naples, and for whosoever has seen the Bay of Naples there is but one thing, as we all know, left to do. The racing this year was not so satisfactory as usual, as regards the quality of the horses. The Gold Cup on Thursday, when there was no "procession," out of respect for the funeral of the late "Red Prince," was a very poor affair; there were but four runners and the best of them was only a half-winner of the Derby, though he was certainly a "saint" and unbeaten withal, as he still remains; and the race was run before luncheon (contrary to precedent), as if the idea were to get it over and have done with it. Still there were some interesting exhibitions and some strange surprises. Althorp, the despised, came out in the character of a great "stayer"; Royal Fern recovered a portion of his once considerable reputation; Pepper and Salt and Dandie Dinmont showed how small were Royal Hampton's pretensions for the Derby; The Child of the Mist did honour to the sireship of the now almost forgotten Blair Athol; Saraband redeemed his promise of being one of the foremost two-year-olds; the prim Philosopher could not cope with the Gay Hermit; the ever-victorious two-year-old, The Bard, scored his twelfth victory in succession, and made the sum in stakes to his credit up to £6908 (for an original outlay of 650 gs. as a yearling); the expensive St. Honorat, who cost 4000 gs. at two years of age, came out for the first time in his life, disappointed his friends, and did no more than show small promise; the "dark" Isobar, at his first appearance, took everybody's breath away (except the bookmakers', who roared like Boanerges) by beating Duke of Richmond and four others by something less than a "whole street," and by winning a stake of £1050 after costing 250 gs. as a yearling; Energy maintained his greatness; and Mr. H. T. Barclay "came again," and won the rich Hardwicke Stakes (£2727) with Bendigo. In the four days there were twenty-nine events; and, be it observed, in every case but one the winner is descended in the direct male line from Mr. Darley's Arabian. The one exception is Pepper and Salt (unexpected winner, at odds of 50 to 1 against him, of the Prince of Wales's Stakes)—he descends from Captain Byerley's Turk. The poor old Godolphin Arabian (Barb) had no winner to represent him.

A curious story of a walled-up picture is told respecting one of David's canvases, representing the assassination of Lepelletier Saint-Fargeau, who, in dying, left an only daughter to the tender mercies of the French nation. She grew up one of the loveliest women of her day, and married M. De Boisgelin, a gentleman of good old family, who was anxious that the very memory of his wife's father should disappear. Knowing that David, who by that time had received the title of Baron, had never parted with the aforesaid painting, M. De Boisgelin went to Paris, and asking the artist to name a price, paid it cheerfully, though he was somewhat annoyed by a condition attached to the purchase, binding him down not to destroy it. He carried the picture home to his château, in the department of the Yonne, and, sending for a lawyer, an architect, and a chemist, he had the wainscot in one of the rooms taken down, the painting hung on the wall, and the wood replaced in its original position. The man of law made a formal record of the fact, and the chemist signed a deed declaring that the picture would not perish or be injured in the extraordinary position in which it remains to this day.

The Houses of Lords and Commons will have spacious accommodation at the forthcoming naval review, for the troop-ships Himalaya and Tamar will be placed at their service. Each of these great vessels is a perfect floating town when on duty, so our legislators will be well off for elbow room. It is said that the Spithead forts will play very important parts at the review this year, and the event is causing a considerable amount of interest in naval circles.

The Inflexible is nearly ready for sea, but the result of storing her bunkers with coal has been to convert them into reservoirs of gas. The crew feel very uneasy indeed; as besides the serious explosion which recently sent several poor fellows to Haslar Hospital, there have been three minor explosions within the last few days, though neither of them has done more damage than singeing hair and blackening faces. The ventilation of the bunkers, and the kind of coal with which they are stored, will be made the subjects of a searching inquiry.

It is said that among the effects of Goethe's grandson, who died recently, the poet's autograph journals from 1777 to 1832 have been discovered. If published entire, the world will have a feast of many things—scandals included.

The dresses worn at Ascot were, in reality, very plain this year. Of course, there were a few gorgeous ones; but the inclosure is not what it used to be, in more ways than one. Many an honourable woman wore the same toilette at Ascot as she wears every day in the Park, for it is among patricians that the pressure caused by the number of farms unlet is felt. The dresses are far smarter at Sandown, where the cream of the trading classes can get in on the payment of entrance fees, and where they know that they will not be jostled in a nameless cloud.

One cannot but be sorry to hear that Sir Henry Ponsonby's well-deserved holiday during her Majesty's absence at Balmoral, had to be cut short owing to the Ministerial crisis. He is so urbane, and, like his Royal Mistress, so considerate to all sorts and conditions of men and women who have even the smallest claim on his attention, that his time must be more than occupied, and a brief holiday must be a vast relief.

"See, the conquering hero comes," was originally written in the oratorio of "Jephtha," but afterwards transferred to "Judas Maccabeus." Handel did not himself care very much about this chorus, though he foresaw its popularity, and one day told a friend younger than himself that he would probably live to see it a greater favourite with the people than his finer compositions. The *vox populi* gave its verdict, however, during Handel's lifetime most unmistakably.

The Bi-centenary of Handel's birth, celebrated this week at the Crystal Palace, recalls many anecdotes of that wonderful genius whose temper was as full of fire as his choruses. He once took the famous diva Cuzzoni up in his arms, and, carrying her to an open window, made as if he would throw her out because she flatly refused to sing the aria he had written expressly for her voice in the opera of "Ottone." This treatment had the desired effect; she sang the song in exact accordance with Handel's directions, and with it achieved one of the most brilliant successes of her artistic career. On another occasion, a poet, who never ranked among the immortals, but who wrote many librettos for Handel's music, complained that a certain melody was not suitable to the words. This roused the master's ire, and he thundered out "What! you teach me music? The music, Sir, is good music. It is your words is bad. Hear the passage again. There! go you, make words to that music!"

Bishop Hannington, the junior Prelate on the African "Bench," has been mountaineering with a vengeance. He tramped from his home a couple of hundred miles to Kilimajaro, and ascended it to the height of 8800 ft., though even at that altitude he did not reach the snow-line. The episcopal party seem to have had rather more company than was desirable during their trip, for between the foot of the mountain and the plateau they reached they sighted specimens of every kind of wild beast known to exist on the Dark Continent, with the exception of lions and elephants. The Bishop enjoyed his adventures immensely, and declared that he was not even footsore when he got back to the abode by courtesy called his palace.

Charity is supposed to be a striking virtue of the English people, but it may be doubted whether it bears any proportion to the extraordinary wealth of the country. Considering that the enormous sum assessed for income tax is £600,000,000, the amount devoted to charitable objects should be large indeed. Money given by wealthy persons is no indication of charity unless it involves self-denial, and the amounts collected last Sunday for our hospitals cannot be said to give much indication of this great Christian virtue. For instance, the three services at Westminster Abbey did not yield £200, while the corresponding services at St. Paul's scarcely produced more than £160. Such sums given by such congregations to one of the noblest of metropolitan charities force us to believe, in spite of Shakspeare's assertion, that the quality of mercy *is* sometimes strained.

Many are the details which an aspirant for histrionic honours must acquaint himself with before he can be considered accomplished; and of late years many opportunities have been offered to him. But a society of Americans who have the interest of the drama at heart have founded a seminary for a purpose which less adventurous spirits might have thought could have been included in the ordinary curriculum of a theatrical education. The establishment is to be called a "school of expression," and its object is to give instruction solely in facial movements. Perhaps embryo clowns will be taught to laugh merrily and smile with the rotundity of their class; young ladies will learn to depict the various emotions of love, hate, envy, jealousy, and pleasure by a code of feature-posing. But whatever may be the result of the enterprise, it will be certainly funny to watch a class studying. The facial gymnastics commenced by a professor and subsequently copied by half a dozen pupils, each, of course, having a different natural set of features, will be interesting if not grotesque, and it may be difficult for certain pupils with a keen sense of humour to restrain their risible faculties over the grief, pantomimically simulated to order, of a fellow-student.

Amongst the many rapid and eccentric changes that the recent abrupt alteration of Government has brought about, a philosopher will dwell with curious interest on the post of the Lord Chancellor of Ireland. But a few months ago Sir Edward Sullivan was advanced from the position of Master of the Rolls to the Hibernian woolsack. It was a popular appointment. Sir Edward was a tried and trusty lawyer, and had, as everyone knew, draughted all the recent bills relating to what is called "exceptional legislation" in the sister country. Suddenly, after a return from the Royal Levée at Dublin Castle, the Lord Chancellor was taken ill, and died in a few hours from what is vaguely called "gout in the heart." Lord Spencer cast about for a successor, and his imperative mandate to his Cabinet was to advance Mr. John Naish, D.C. Mr. Naish was a young man, with a high reputation as an Equity Lawyer, but little or no reputation as an orator. However, he had done the State good service as "Law Adviser" to the Castle, and his appointment was also popular with both the public and the Bar. At last, Chancery suitors, infants, lunatics, and minors looked forward to a prolonged reign of peaceful justice. Suddenly the political teetotum spins round; My Lord Chancellor Naish appears on the bench, receives congratulations, invests in a new wig and a black-and-gold gown, appoints his officers, disposes of some routine business, makes his bow, and after a few hours', to his practised mind, very easy work, retires for life on a pension of £4000 a year. "A Lord Chancellor for a week" would almost make a sensational shilling's-worth.

"I wish you would do something for our young soldiers," said Gordon to Lord Tennyson, shortly before he left England for Africa, and that wish it is now intended to realise by the foundation of a camp in which poor and friendless boys may be trained for service in the Army. Such a memorial to one of the greatest of English heroes is singularly appropriate. The profound sorrow felt by Englishmen at his loss needs visible expression, and how can they better show their sympathy than by doing what he would so gladly have seen done? A memorial like this, which is patriotic as well as personal, need not interfere with others. Gordon's fruitful, self-sacrificing life will, no doubt, receive recognition in many ways, and not by a single mark of England's gratitude. But nothing that may be done hereafter in reverent regard for his memory will honour it more appropriately than the formation of the Gordon Boys' Camp.

It has been generally supposed that the owner of a house possesses the most precise and accurate knowledge of its value. He, one would think, is not likely to let his property at a sum smaller than it is worth. Yet the Assessment Commissioners evidently consider that the landlord does not know his own business, since, in the late reassessment, the rent the landlord charges is in most cases less than the value at which the property is assessed. The assessors are grave men; or one might regard it as a stroke of humour on their part, at a time when house property is universally depreciated, to declare that its value shall be fictitiously increased.

Lessons of humility are said to be good for us, and there are plenty of them to be learnt at the "Inventories." Let a man who thinks that he is clever go and look at a beautiful little automatic machine for turning out screws in the "American Waltham Watch" department; and if he does not come away feeling "real mean," he must either be a very superior person indeed, or can have no feeling at all. Conquerors may be all very well at times; Timour the Tartar, or Alexander the Great, or Napoleon the First, may have been "clayver" men, as Shakspeare and Victor Hugo were; but the inventor of that little machine could have given the conquerors, if not the poets, many pounds, as they say in horse-racing, and have beaten them, so far as what the Greeks called "deinotes" is concerned, by many lengths. Scaliger used to say that he would rather have written Horace's "Ode to Melpomene" (the third of the fourth book) than be King of Arragon: who would not rather have invented that wonderful little machine than have written that charming little ode?

At music-halls, at theatres, and in the "stands" at race meetings it is, unfortunately, by no means uncommon to hear of staircases or something else "giving way," so that many poor creatures are killed and many more grievously injured; and now, on the 10th inst., at the Palais de Justice de Thiers, Puy de Dome, a stone staircase gave way, it is said, "while a murder case was being tried which attracted great public interest," and the casualties are reported as "twenty-four killed" and "one hundred and sixty-four injured." It needed but this to complete the resemblance which has been traced between a Court of Justice, whether in France or in England, or anywhere else, perhaps, in the civilised world, and a place of public amusement.

When "crack" racehorses travel, their meat and drink are sometimes more carefully attended to than would be the case if the travellers, instead of being quadrupeds, were Royal personages. Paradox, it is said, in his late trip to Paris, had his own particular tap of water carried over for him in "cases," like a monarch's own particular champagne. The famous Austro-Hungarian mare, Kincsem, in like manner, used to have her own special "oats and hay" taken about with her, it is related; and so fastidious was she in her drink that, when she was from home, her trainer might have "to send miles for something that suited her taste," else she would refuse to quench her thirst with the common stuff of the neighbourhood. Nor is this matter of water to be treated lightly; for it is well known that the "knob" in Melbourne's throat was caused by the water at Hampton Court, and that "goitre," whether permanent or not, may be traced to the same cause.

The question of eating insects which has been lately discussed in various phases of nastiness has now arrived at the point when we are told that cockroaches are as nice as prawns. This recalls a story of a young housekeeper whose kitchen suffered from the nightly inroads of these marauders. She inquired from someone more experienced than herself as to how she should rid herself of the crawling nuisances, and was told that a hedgehog would exterminate them in less than a week. Accordingly, the little prickly beast was procured, and the lady, being a kind-hearted soul, feared that it might be hungry, and for its food she put down on the floor a large basin of bread and milk. Next morning when she went down to see after the success of her attempt she found more cockroaches than she had ever seen before busily enjoying the bread and milk, while the hedgehog was curled up asleep in a corner. When it has been (as it never will be) finally decided that blackbeetles are desirable as food, the result of this experience should teach people how to catch them.

MUSIC.

THE HANDEL FESTIVAL.

This has been the great musical event of the week, the public rehearsal having taken place on the Friday of last week. These celebrations originated in 1857, when experimental performances were given at the Crystal Palace, conducted by the late Sir Michael Costa, the first occasion of the festivals being made of triennial recurrence having been after that of 1859. The three years' interval was regularly observed until this week's celebration, it having been held twelve months in anticipation, for the very justifiable reason that this year is the bi-centenary of Handel's birth. All the festivals were conducted by Sir Michael Costa until the last, in 1884, when his serious illness (that soon after culminated in death) hindered that co-operation which had exercised so large an influence on the success of these great performances. The appointment of Mr. Manns in place of Sir Michael Costa was but a just recognition of the energy and skill manifested by the former in his direction, during many years, of the famous Saturday Afternoon Concerts at the Crystal Palace. To sway the enormous forces assembled at a Handel festival, however, is a far more arduous undertaking than to conduct a concert in which comparatively small numbers are engaged; and it was a matter for congratulation—scarcely for surprise—that Mr. Manns passed through the ordeal with triumphant success.

The arrangements for this year's festival were on a grand and extensive scale, similar to those of previous years. The performers numbered about four thousand, the solo vocalists having been Mesdames Albani, Valleria, Suter, Patey, and Trebelli, Miss A. Marriott; Mr. E. Lloyd, Mr. Maas, Mr. Santley, Mr. F. King, Mr. B. Foote, Mr. Bridson, and Signor Foli.

As on previous occasions, the three grand performances took place on the Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, preceded by a public rehearsal, this having been held (as already said) yesterday (Friday) week. On this preliminary occasion (which had indeed almost the importance and efficiency of a performance) portions of the works of the three programmes of this week were given, thus enabling visitors who could only attend on one day, to hear some prominent items of the whole proceedings. Monday was, as heretofore, devoted to "The Messiah." On Wednesday a miscellaneous selection (sacred and secular) was performed, and on Friday (yesterday) the Festival closed with "Israel in Egypt," Handel's grandest choral work, and the fittest possible climax for such a celebration.

The solo vocalists in "The Messiah" were—Mesdames Albani and Patey; Mr. Maas, Mr. Santley, and Signor Foli; whose performances were worthy of their high reputation. As is inevitable in so vast a building as the Crystal Palace, the choral music produced the greatest effect, especially those sublime movements—"For unto us a child is born," "Hallelujah," and the final, "Worthy is the Lamb."

The second day's programme comprised several pieces that had not been given at any previous Handel Festival. These included a concerto for double orchestra that still remains in manuscript, and one of the sonatas for violin played by all the orchestral violinists. Another instrumental feature was one of the organ concertos performed by Mr. W. T. Best; Mr. A. J. Eyre, organist to the Crystal Palace, having officiated as accompanying organist during the festival. On the selection-day, and of the closing performance, we must speak next week.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

The reopening of Covent-Garden Theatre for Italian operatic performances was, as recorded by us last week, postponed from Tuesday until Saturday, in consequence of the indisposition of Madame Adelina Patti, who was announced to appear as Violetta in "La Traviata," which promise was fulfilled on Saturday, when the great prima donna sang and acted with triumphant success. Indeed, whether as to vocal charm and refinement, or intense dramatic power, Madame Patti has never been heard and seen to greater advantage than on Saturday night. In the earlier music of the opera, including the scena "Ah! fors' è lui," brilliant vocalisation was the chief characteristic; the subsequent scenes with Alfredo and the elder Germont—Violetta's lover and his father—having been replete with tenderness and pathos. Especially fine was the dying scene of Violetta, which was tragic in its truthfulness, without being exaggerated in its details. The reception of the great prima donna was of the most enthusiastic kind. As the elder Germont, Signor De Anna displayed a baritone voice of excellent quality, and sang with much success; Signor Giannini having made a good impression in his rendering of the music of Alfredo. The subordinate characters were generally well sustained.

On Tuesday evening "Semiramide" was given, and included Madame Patti's admirable performance in the title-character, the florid music of which was brilliantly rendered. As on many former occasions, the co-operation of Madame Scalchi as Arsace was an important feature. Semiramide's scena, "Bel raggio," and the duet for her and Arsace, "Eben a te ferisci," were among the specialties of the evening. Signor Del Puente, as Assur, sang and acted well, and Signor Cherubini was favourably received on his first appearance as Oroe. A good orchestra and chorus are engaged, and the performances are skilfully conducted by Signor Arditi.

A meeting in reference to the establishment of a standard musical pitch was held at St. James's Hall last Saturday afternoon, under the auspices of the Royal Academy of Music, Sir G. A. Macfarren, Principal of that institution, having presided. He, Mr. Santley, Dr. Stainer, and other well-known musicians, spoke on the subject, and a resolution was arrived at in favour of the French "Diapason normal." It will be well if this is carried out, so as to establish a somewhat lower pitch than has prevailed at our opera-houses, and in some other directions.

A concert was given at the Albert Palace on Saturday in aid of the funds for the Fawcett Memorial. Effective vocal and instrumental performances were contributed by students of the Royal Normal College and Academy of Music for the Blind, Upper Norwood. Dr. Campbell (the Principal) conducted the choir, and Mr. A. C. Mackenzie directed the orchestra.

The Guildhall School of Music gave a concert at the Mansion House on Saturday, when the vocal and instrumental performances of the students afforded good evidence of the progress made under the direction of Mr. Weist Hill.

An instrumental and vocal concert was given at Prince's Hall on Saturday evening in aid of the funds of the German Teachers' Society. The programme included performances conducted by Herr Richter, violin solos by Mdlle. Eissler, pianoforte pieces rendered by Chevalier Bach and Messrs. G. Ernest and C. Weber, and vocal music contributed by Miss H. Glenn and others. The object of the concert was a meritorious one, and deserved support.

The ninth and last Richter Concert of the eleventh season took place at St. James's Hall on Monday evening, when the programme closed with Beethoven's choral symphony. The work was finely rendered by orchestra, chorus, and solo vocalists, these having been Misses A. Sherwin and Goldstein, Mr. E. Lloyd, and Mr. F. King. The programme otherwise calls for no comment.

The band sent to this country by the Siamese Government performed at the Inventions Exhibition on Monday. The curious nature of their instruments and of their music (which is mostly handed down traditionally by ear) renders their performances highly interesting.

The Benedict memorial performance took place at Drury-Lane Theatre on Tuesday afternoon, for the benefit of Lady Benedict. The programme, which was dramatic as well as musical, included vocal music contributed by Mr. Sims Reeves, Miss B. Francis, Madame Trebelli, Mr. Maas, Mr. Santley, Mr. King, and Mr. Stedman's choir of boys; and dramatic pieces, in which Mr. and Mrs. Kendal, Mrs. John Wood, Mr. Arthur Cecil, Miss K. Rorke, Mr. Wyndham, and Mr. Giddens appeared; and recitations were given by Mr. Bancroft, Mr. George Grossmith, and Mr. Beerbohm-Tree. There was a very large audience. The occasion had a melancholy interest, the performance having been given in lieu of what would have been the fifty-first annual concert of the late Sir Julius Benedict.

Mr. Henry Leslie's Choir will give the second of this season's concerts at St. James's Hall this (Saturday) afternoon, with an interesting programme.

Mr. Kuhe's annual morning concert will take place at St. James's Hall next Monday afternoon, with a strong programme, including vocal and instrumental performances, and recitations by Mr. Henry Irving.

Mdlle. Fernande Carini and Mdlle. Isabelle Levallois give a matinée musicale next Monday, at 127, Queen's-gate, by permission of Captain and Madame Da Fonzeca Vaz, of the Portuguese Legation.

Miss Amina Goodwin and Herr Alexander Kummer gave a pianoforte and violin recital at Marlborough Rooms last Saturday evening.

Madame Frickenhaus and Herr Josef Ludwig gave another of their chamber concerts on Thursday.

Mr. Louis D. Strelitskie will give a concert next Monday evening at Steinway Hall.

Mr. Kuhe announces his annual concert for next Monday morning at St. James's Hall.

The London Musical Society give an entertainment at St. James's Hall next Tuesday evening, the programme being "The Four Passions," by H. Scheitz; "My Spirit was in Heaviness," by Bach; and madrigals by various composers.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

Theatrical management is indeed a strange science. As illustrated by the recent production of a sensation play at Drury-Lane, it may well puzzle less experienced men than Mr. Augustus Harris. The weather is lovely; we have arrived at the "month of roses"; the Inventories Exhibition is in full swing; people seem sighing for open-air concerts, valses by Strauss, garden parties, bicycle trips, and lawn tennis. The streets are hot; squalid London is hideous: so what is the design of the theatrical manager to assist this summer fancy? He does nothing of the kind; he counteracts it. Street fights in the Seven Dials; women knocked down flat on the stage by bullying husbands; cursing costermongers and hand-to-hand fights between London roughs and stalwart policemen; carneying cockneys with gutter language; the noise and fury of an armed sortie from Paris; shells bursting at the foot of Mont Valerien; the roar of cannon; the scream of the Gatling gun; wounded men carried away on stretchers; Sisters of Mercy and army surgeons binding up wounds; the victorious Prussians marching into Paris through the bleeding ranks of the defeated French:—these are the counteracting influences of dramatic art to oppose the beauty of outside nature. But that is not enough. The squalor of the streets has been succeeded by the terrors of war. Let the battle-picture be exchanged for one of domestic terror. A woman is represented as dying in a workhouse ward. The screen is drawn round her bed. The doctor sprinkles her parched lips with water. The nurse prays in a corner. The friends watch anxiously as the life of the pale consumptive woman ebbs away. A fair child, soon to be an orphan, sobs on the white counterpane. An audience released from the flowers and the sunshine is ushered into the presence of simulated death. All these things, and many more, may be found in Mr. Elliot Galer's "True Story," a realistic drama of a very elaborate kind, that has been mounted at great expense, and produced with scrupulous care, by Mr. Augustus Harris at Drury-Lane. So clever a manager presumably understands his audience, and has studied the age in which he lives. "The drama's laws the drama's patrons give." There are some exceptional and original people who prefer the pleasures of imagination to the powers of reality; who consider the sight of the streets of an overcrowded capital sickening enough without desiring to see much more of them; who would rather shut their ears to foul language than enjoy its repetition as a form of amusement; who would rather avoid death-scenes than be thrust into the contemplation of a dramatic Morgue. Such as these are apparently in a minority. For the rest, there is nothing so exciting as a street row; nothing so curious as the contemplation of a costermonger; nothing so beautiful as a battle; nothing so delightful as death. *De gustibus non est disputandum.* Although it is not possible to agree with a prominent critic who has openly declared that "A True Story" is a well-constructed or particularly intelligible play, it is at least a picturesque and exciting one. My intellect may be becoming obscured by the contemplation of many-sided drama, but I must own that I grasped the plot with difficulty, and that my wits went wool-gathering during a "sequel," wherein all the characters got as "completely mixed" as the twins in Mr. Harry Leigh's well-known ballad. From the point of view of realistic melodrama, however, the play is admirably done at Drury-Lane. The storming of Paris is a splendid stage picture; it is hot, fiery, noisy, and exciting, and may possibly make people cool on the principle of vaccination and homœopathy. *Similia similibus curantur.* We drink hot tea to keep cool, poison ourselves to become pure, and contemplate battle-scenes on the eve of the dog days. A Drury-Lane audience, full of enthusiasm, has also pronounced favourable judgment on several of its old favourites. Mr. Harry Jackson and Mr Harry Nicholls are pronounced first-rate—the one as a cadger and the other as a costermonger. They never open their mouths without being greeted with a roar of laughter; and the allied "Harrys" are the idols of Drury-Lane. In one scene Mr. Jackson has an opportunity for a quick departure from buffoonery. He avails himself of it, and acts with great intensity and nature. Popular also, but from another point of view, are Mr. W. Herbert and Miss Fanny Brough, the romantic hero and heroine. The one is manly and unaffected; the other gentle and charming. Mr. Mansfield gives us a very elaborate character sketch of a selfish and sensual old Peer. Mr. Day enacts a well-dressed villain with determined force, and Miss Amy McNeill, from the Surrey, had scarcely been on the stage five minutes before she was recognised as a young actress of exceptional promise and marked intelligence. She has everything in her favour—youth, good looks, and expression. In strong domestic drama she ought to be admirable.

Homer sometimes nods, and the smartest writers occasionally lose the salt of their wit. Mr. Theyre Smith has scarcely kept up his reputation as a composer of pungent dialogue in his little play called "The Castaways," recently produced at the St. James's. From first to last, the joke of bringing together a husband-hunting widow and an old admirer on a desert island in the Pacific, is a little strained and over elaborate. To make the idea natural, Mrs. Kendal ought to copy the characters in the last act of the "Overland Route," and Mr. Kendal should attire himself as a modern Robinson Crusoe. That, however, would never do in a fashionable theatre frequented by the aristocracy. So Mrs. Kendal, as the shipwrecked widow, lolls among the palm-leaves in faultless mourning, and Mr. Kendal is as smart on the lonely tropical island as in the Royal Yacht Squadron Club-house at Cowes. Both actor and actress work very hard, but their labour is rewarded with little laughter. A capital revival of Mr. Pinero's "Money-Spinner" brings Mr. Hare prominently to the front in his old character, the Baron Croodle, an excellent sketch of eccentric manner; and Mr. Mackintosh repeats his able performance of a French detective. The new programme will, no doubt, suffice until the time of the departure of the St. James's company for a long tour in the provinces, where Mr. and Mrs. Kendal and Mr. Hare invariably receive a warm welcome.

The "Comedy" Theatre has changed hands, and its title is no longer a misnomer. Miss Violet Melnotte, weary of the Avenue, has relieved Mr. Alexander Henderson from the cares of management, and has very wisely made a good start with Mr. Sydney Grundy's "Silver Shield," so successfully produced the other morning at the Strand, to the huge delight of the "profession" there assembled. A few changes have been made by the author, and they are all for the better. I cannot at all agree with those critics who blame a writer of comedy for elaborating his dialogue, and for allowing literature to play a prominent part in his plays. There is not one line too much in "The Silver Shield," and not one speech that should be omitted, unless, indeed, we are to dispense with talking altogether on the stage, and to act all our plays in pantomime. Modern playwrights are not allowed to philosophise on the stage at all. If we had a Dumas, an Augier, or a Sardou they would be told that people want action, not talk. To moralise in the theatre is considered a sin, as things are ordered at present. The real reason of this is, only people are afraid to say so, that modern actors and actresses have no idea of speaking, or the skill requisite for the proper delivery of a sentence. They mumble so, and have so fallen into the trick of dropping the voice at the end of every sentence, that they cause the dullness and depression that are ascribed to the author and the author alone. If Mr. Sydney Grundy's comedy be dull, then let no one attempt comedy; for of all the writers for the stage he is the most trenchant and caustic. The acting of the play is fair enough, but not so good as it was, on the whole. Miss Amy Roselle is the only one of the original cast who has clearly improved, and acts better than she did before. Miss Kate Rorke is exceedingly interesting; but Mr. Arthur Roberts and Mr. Percy Compton are not an improvement on their clever predecessors. They are funny in themselves, but they fail to give special character to the common-place manager and the moralising clergyman.

"Loose Tiles," a bright farcical play, has been revived at the Vaudeville, and the adventures of two young fellows in a house that they believe to be a lunatic asylum, are amusingly shown by Mr. Thomas Thorne and Mr. Yorke Stephens. Comic character of a broader type is shown by Miss M. A. Victor, Mr. E. M. Robson, and that clever actress Miss Kate Phillips.

The matinée nuisance flourishes in spite of all remonstrances. Seldom, indeed, has palpably indifferent acting been so popular as it is now. There is a mysterious fascination in the feeble amateur effort that no ridicule will extinguish. The week is not long enough to contain the list of players who desire recognition and plays that demand a hearing. Mr. Norman Forbes, an intelligent young actor, has produced a version of "Gringoire," by Mr. W. G. Wills, and, together with Miss Dorothy Dene and others, has been vigorously applauded by assembled friends. But Mr. Norman Forbes is not actor enough for "Gringoire" as yet. It does not, of course, follow that because Coquelin created the part that nobody else should touch it. Mr. Norman Forbes does not profess to be a Coquelin; but then, on the other hand, he cannot master the supreme difficulties of "Gringoire." But if Miss So-and-So, who has just stepped out of the school-room, can aspire to Juliet, and Mr. Tyro, who has learned Hamlet by heart, considers he can act the Prince of Denmark, why should not a very capable Gratiano, or a possible Horatio, have "a cut in" at such a part as "Gringoire"? There is no law to prevent his doing so; but should such a youthful effort demand serious criticism? Surely actors and actresses can practise in private.

C. S.

THE REBELLION IN NORTH-WEST CANADA.

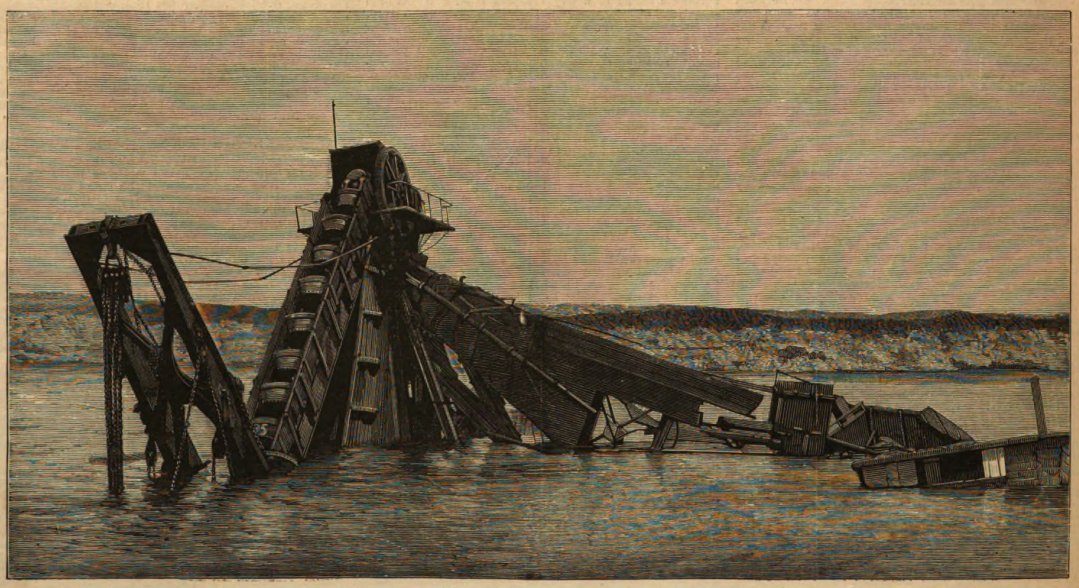
The campaign of General Middleton with the Colonial Militia against the half-breed and Indian rebels on the North Saskatchewan seems to be terminated with entire success. The last of the captives who were detained by the Indian chief called Big Bear have been set at liberty, and General Middleton does not propose to pursue that chief farther to the north, as most of his followers have deserted him, and made their submission to the Government. Our military correspondent, Captain H. De H. Haig, R.E., Assistant Quartermaster-General, has sent us an interesting series of Sketches, mostly taken at Batoche, where General Middleton's small force had four days' sharp fighting, from May 9 to May 12 inclusive, and lost eight men killed and forty-six wounded, the loss of the enemy being sixty-four dead and 173 wounded in that time. The enemy's rifle-pits, of which we give two Illustrations, were elaborately constructed for shelter and for convenience of shooting, with loopholes in the low front rampart; in one instance, the nave of a wheel, as shown in Captain Haig's Sketch, had been stuck in the earthen wall to serve as a neat and clear loophole. At the back of this rifle-pit is seen the cooking-fire of its inmates, with a cow's head lying beside it; the wounded men are sprawling on the bank, at the edge of the pit. Some of them behaved with desperate ferocity, and one, having attempted with his revolver to kill a scout who meant to offer him relief or assistance, was instantly put to death by a soldier of the 90th Regiment. Many prisoners, however, were taken; and the General himself, while riding across the field, met a runaway Indian, dressed in shabby old clothes of the European pattern, who said he was servant to the priest, but who had actually been in the fight, and had subsequently hidden his rifle; this man was consigned to safe custody. The surrender of Louis Riel, the prime instigator of the rebellion, was mentioned by us some time ago; he was brought to General Middleton on May 16, at Gardepin's Crossing, fourteen miles beyond Batoche, and our Correspondent made sketches of him and his escort. He is to be tried for high treason at Regina, the capital of the North-West Territory of the Dominion of Canada.



TENT-PEGGING EXTRAORDINARY AT SOUAKIM.
A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. WALTER PAGET.

TENT-PEGGING ON A CAMEL.

Military sports, in the camps and garrisons of the British Army wherever our troops are stationed, and sometimes at home, partake not unfrequently of the character of martial exercises imitated from the warlike chivalry of Asia, who are expert both in horsemanship and in the use of the lance while riding. It is probable that the tilting tournaments of the Middle Ages were copied from the practice of the Saracens during the Crusades; and we believe that, not many years ago, both the game of polo and the dexterous trick of striking a tent-peg, and lifting it from the ground at the lance's point, were adopted by some of our officers who had observed the skill of Indian or Punjaubee warriors in these favourite performances. Tent-pegging seems to be a rather humorous variation of the ancient custom of carrying off a suspended ring with the lance, which is described among the habitual feats of knightly accomplishment. We know that many of our gallant countrymen have attained a high degree of expertness, and could probably compete with the cavalry of the Mahrattas or the Sikhs. It has not, however, been reported, so far as we are aware, that any of the native Indian tent-peggers ever ventured to try the experiment in riding a camel, which must be incomparably more difficult. A gallant Captain of the Bengal Lancers, at Souakim, one day while the Indian Contingent was there in camp, had the courage to put this question to a practical test in the presence of a crowd of spectators, but the attempt was a decided failure. Our Special Artist, Mr. Walter Paget, furnishes a Sketch of the amusing exhibition, which is not likely soon to be repeated in the Soudan.



THE SUNKEN DREDGER BLOCKING THE SUEZ CANAL.



FISHING UP LOST ANCHORS.

THE BLOCK IN THE SUEZ CANAL.

On Monday last, the channel which has been cut round the sunken dredger in the Suez Canal being completed, the canal was reopened to the world's commercial and general navigation. It is an extraordinary fact, after all we have lately heard upon the subject, that, owing to the block on the Suez Canal, no fewer than 110 steamers have been detained for twelve days. They represent 250,000 tons of shipping and 350,000 tons of cargo. Thousands of sailors and hundreds of passengers have been condemned during the same time to a life of idleness. Among the vessels detained were fifteen mail-steamers. The stoppage was, of course, perfectly accidental, or was perhaps occasioned by some awkwardness or negligence on the part of servants of the Canal Company, or of the contractors for the dredging, but of this we are not precisely informed. The place where the dredger still lies is near the twentieth milepost from Port Said, and in the centre of the channel. We have to thank Messrs. Wills, Manché, and Co., of Port Said and Suez, for sending us a photograph representing the sunken dredger in its actual position.

FISHING UP LOST ANCHORS.

Many summer holiday-makers, basking on the sunny beach, fail to understand the various cares and labours of the ordinary seaside folk. They look on these, perhaps, as a class of able-bodied men, in extremely stiff and much-patched garments, whose grand business is to do nothing at all, unless the mending their nets—an occupation which looks much like idleness in disguise—may be called doing something. Yet these are the men who spend most of their nights out upon the waters, often battling with storm and tempest, and who are ready, at a moment's notice, to man a life-boat, and go forth in the wild darkness to save some shipwrecked crew. The nets we see them so calmly mending on the shore are their stock-in-trade; and we could gather many a tale of how these nets were torn away from the boats, or rent in pieces by some hidden obstacle. A frequent cause of this disaster is a lost anchor, which may have been slipped from some good ship to avoid collision; or from the strain upon the cable having been too great on some fearful night—the ship, suddenly freed from the anchor, with one mighty bound may perhaps have rushed to her destruction. The broken chain and the trusty anchor lie at the bottom—no longer a help, they have become a dangerous obstacle to all passing nets; and so one duty of the boatmen is to remove them. In a large boat, well adapted to carry such weights, the fishermen sally forth to capture their enemy, whose whereabouts is soon determined by landmarks taken by the owners of the injured nets. Then, by means of a stout hawser, and taking advantage of the rising tide, the anchor and chain are soon recovered, and, having been brought to shore, may ultimately be sold.

ART NOTES.

The exhibition of sculpture now on view at Messrs. Bellman and Ivey's Galleries (37, Piccadilly) merits especial attention from all who are inclined to think disparagingly of this branch of English art. There are here brought together upwards of forty works by Mr. T. Nelson Maclean, whose power as a sculptor time has been quietly but steadily ripening, and one cannot fail to recognise that the English School can now reckon an accomplished artist in a path which is strewn with the faded hopes of many competitors. It is useless to discuss here the cause of the decline of sculpture in this country, and of the apparent powerlessness of even Flaxman to give it more than a passing popularity. Like every other art, the sculptor's art cannot flourish without patronage, and either our temperament or our climate is unpropitious to its encouragement. Mr. Maclean is not daunted by the difficulties in his path, and he now presents the varied fruits of many years' laborious study, hoping to show that the sculptor can produce works of art which not only will command passing admiration, but are consistent with the principles of decoration. With this object, he offers not only finished marble figures, but works in bronze, terra-cotta, and plaster, and on each he impresses the mark of robust individualism and of his strong sympathy with the work of the Italian Renaissance. His principal group, which is at least life-size, is suggested by Mr. Alma Tadema's well-known picture of the "Spring Festival," a Roman youth and maiden in the full movement of a religious or national dance. The success with which the thorough *abandon* of the dancers has been seized is scarcely less remarkable than the artistic skill with which the group is composed, the symmetry of the lines sustained, and the sense of rhythmic movement conveyed. These features are repeated in a lesser degree in the "Bacchante" (71); and in such figures as "Ione" (9) and "Meditation" (17), Mr. Maclean is equally successful in catching an almost classic idea of simplicity and repose. "Sappho's Last Appeal" (41) is almost tragic in its passionate expression; whilst in the various portrait studies with which the gallery abounds it is not difficult to trace the various dominant emotions with which the sculptor has had to deal, nor to realise the readiness with which he has triumphed over the obstacles in his path. Whatever exceptions may be taken against Mr. Maclean's work, he can never be charged with monotony or repetition—a rare merit in these days.

There is another representative display of British sculpture at Mr. Bruce Joy's studio (Savile-row), which will repay a visit. Mr. Bruce Joy's strength lies in portraiture, and a glance round the room recalls vividly many well-known faces, amongst whom may be mentioned Miss Mary Anderson, Mr. Gladstone, the Archbishop of Canterbury, and others. The principal work, however, is the colossal figure, in bronze, of the late Lord Frederick Cavendish—which, in its present state, shows to great advantage over the plaster cast at the Royal Academy. The pose is manly and simple, but the adaptation of an Inverness cape to the purposes of a Roman toga seems a somewhat severe strain in the resources of utilitarianism. Mr. Bruce Joy has also some interesting work in his newly-invented composition, "Marmorine," of which the full use has yet to be proved by the test of time and exposure. The bust of Mr. Gladstone, taken from the full-length figure designed by the artist, and erected at Stratford, shows that an excellent surface can be obtained in marmorine; and should it be found to have other qualities in equal proportion, it will doubtless commend itself to sculptors who wish to be independent of the pointer and other mechanical assistants.

Mr. William Linnell and Mr. John Proctor have been elected on the Council of the City of London Society of Artists and Guildhall Academy of Arts.

A portrait of Fred. Archer, the famous jockey, painted by Miss Rosa Corder, and engraved by Mr. Richard Josey, has been published by Mr. Ackermann, of Regent-street, who is now issuing signed artists' proofs.

The Irish Artisans' Exhibition in Dublin was opened on Wednesday. It embraces exhibits in almost every branch of Irish industry and manufacture.

MARRIAGE.

On the 17th inst., at the parish church, Moydon, county Longford, by the Rev. Joseph Chauncy, A.M., Rector of Drumlasin, cousin of the bride, assisted by the Very Rev. the Dean of Ardagh, John Frederick, D.D.L.D., only surviving son of William Kieser, Esq., M.A., Perceval House, Blackheath, to Anna Maria, fourth daughter of Ambrose Bole, Esq., Park Place.

DEATHS.

On the 18th inst., at Tan-y-lon, Criccieth, North Wales, Alfred Frederic, youngest son of the late Thomas Jackson, Esq., of Eltham Park, Kent, in his 43rd year.

On the 18th inst., after five days' illness, at 35, Hertford-street, Mayfair, Robert Bownas Mackie, Esq., M.P., of St. John's, Wakefield, aged 55.

*** *The charge for the insertion of Births, Marriages, and Deaths, is Five Shillings for each announcement.*

INTERNATIONAL INVENTIONS EXHIBITION, SOUTH KENSINGTON, 1885.
Patron.—H.M. the QUEEN.
President.—H.R.H. the PRINCE OF WALES.
Division I., Inventions. Division II., Music.
Admission to the Exhibition 1s. every Week-day, except Wednesday, when it is 2s. 6d.
BAND DAILY (the Strauss Orchestra from Vienna, and the Pomeranian (Bilscher) Hussars).
EVENING FÊTES. Illuminated Fountains and Gardens Lighted every evening by many thousands of Electrical Glow Lamps. Special Evening Fêtes, Wednesdays and Saturdays.
INTERNATIONAL INVENTIONS EXHIBITION, 1885.

MR. KUHE'S GRAND MORNING CONCERT, ST. JAMES'S HALL, MONDAY NEXT, at 2.30. Vocalists: Mdlle. Antoinette Trebelli (her first appearance in public) and Miss Carlotta Elliot; Madame Rose Hersee, Miss Beata Francis, Mdlle. Henriette Polak, Madame Riechelmann; Madame Antoinette Sterling, Miss Alexandra Ehrenberg, and Madame Trebelli. Mr. Sims Reeves, Mr. J. Robertson, and Mr. Edward Lloyd; Mr. Isidore De Lara and Mr. Ernest Birch. Signor Carpi and Mr. F. Barrington Foote. Instrumentalists: Solo Violin, Madame Norman-Neruda; Solo Pianoforte, Mr. Kuhe. Mr. Henry Irving has most kindly consented to recite. Conductor, Mr. W. Ganz, Mr. H. Roche, Mr. Sidney Naylor, Signor Bisaccia, and Mr. Randegger. Tickets, 21s., 10s. 6d., 5s., and 2s. 6d., at Mr. Kuhe's, 60, Welbeck-street, W.; at the Hall; and of the usual Agents.

MADAME TREBELLI has the honour to announce that her daughter, MDLLE. ANTOINETTE TREBELLI, will make her first appearance in public at Mr. Kuhe's Grand Morning Concert, on Monday next.

MR. W. G. CUSINS has the honour to announce that he will give his GRAND ANNUAL MORNING CONCERT at ST. JAMES'S HALL, WEDNESDAY NEXT, JULY 1, at Three o'Clock. Artistes: Madame Albani, Madame Biro De Marion, Madame Sinp Martino, and Madame Scalchi; Mr. Sims Reeves and Mr. Edward Lloyd. Mr. Herbert Reeves and Signor Del Puente. Violin, Madame Norman-Neruda; Violoncello, Monsieur Lasserre; Pianoforte, Mr. W. G. Cusins. Mr. Cusins has great pleasure in announcing that Mrs. Kendal has kindly consented to recite on this occasion. At the Pianoforte, Signor Bisaccia, Mr. T. Pettit, and Mr. Sidney Naylor. Sofa Stalls, 21s.; Reserved Seats, 10s. 6d.; Balcony, 5s.; Area, 3s.; Admission, 1s.; at Austin's Office, 28, James's Hall; the usual Agents; of Mr. W. G. Cusins, 7, Nottingham place, W.

PRINCESS'S THEATRE.—Mr. WILSON BARRETT. Lessee and Manager. LAST NIGHTS (for the present). THE LIGHTS O' LONDON (by Geo. R. Sims) THIS EVENING, at 7.45. Messrs. Leonard Boyne, Willard, Speakman, Huntley, Hudson, Doone, Elliott, De Solla, Evans, Fulton, Bernage, Walton, &c., and George Barrett; Misses Emmeline Ormsby, Walton, Cooke, Wilson, Garth, Mrs. Huntley, &c., and Miss Eastlake. Box Office, 9.30 to Five. No fees. Prices: Private Boxes, one to nine guineas; Stalls, 10s.; Dress Circle, 6s.; Upper Boxes, 3s. Business Manager, Mr. J. H. Cobbe.

LYCEUM THEATRE.—OLIVIA, by W. G. Wills, Every Evening at 8.15. Dr. Primrose, Mr. H. Irving; Olivia, Miss Ellen Terry. At 7.45, BALANCE OF COMFORT. Box-Office (Mr. J. Hurst) open Ten to Five. Seats booked a month in advance, and by letter or telegram.

ST. JAMES'S HALL, PICCADILLY. THE MOORE and BURGESS MINSTRELS' NEW AND BRILLIANTLY SUCCESSFUL PROGRAMME. EVERY NIGHT at EIGHT. Monday, Wednesday, Saturday, at Three and Eight. The eminent American Humorist, Mr. W. F. SWEATNAM, will appear at Every Performance. Tickets and Places, Austin's Office, St. James's Hall. No fees.

MONTE CARLO.—SUMMER SEASON. The series of the Extraordinary Musical Entertainments having terminated with the Winter Season, the usual Concerts, directed by Mr. Romeo-Accursi, will be continued daily until further notice.
SEA-BATHING AT MONACO.
Villas and Private Houses and Apartments for every taste, and at every price.
The beach, like that of Trouville, is covered with the softest sand, and at the Grand Hôtel des Bains comfortable apartments, with board, for families can be had at reasonable prices.

CORPORATION OF LIVERPOOL AUTUMN EXHIBITION OF PICTURES IN OIL AND WATER COLOURS.
The above Exhibition will be OPENED in the WALKER ART GALLERY on MONDAY, SEPT. 7, 1885. Receiving Days, Aug. 1 to 12, inclusive.
Forms and all information may be obtained on application to
CHARLES DYALL, Curator.

HER MAJESTY'S DRAWING-ROOM, BUCKINGHAM PALACE, 1885. THE HOUSE OF LORDS, WESTMINSTER. The two Grand Historical Paintings by F. sargent, contain upwards of 300 Portraits from Special Sittings. On view at 175, New Bond-street Ten to Six. Admission, One Shilling.

THE QUEEN AND LORD BEACONSFIELD. The great Historic Picture of HER MAJESTY GIVING AUDIENCE TO LORD BEACONSFIELD AT OSBORNE. Painted by Mr. Wirgman from studies made by him at Osborne.—168, New Bond-street. Admission, 1s.

ROYAL SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS.—The Hundred and Third Exhibition is NOW OPEN, 5, Pall-mall East, from Ten till Six. Admission, 1s. Illustrated Catalogue, 1s.
ALFRED D. FRIPP, R.W.S., Secretary.

GENERAL GORDON AT KHARTOUM. "THE LAST WATCH." By LOWES DICKINSON. THE GORDON MEMORIAL FUND PICTURE, at British Gallery, Pall-mall (opposite Marlboro' House). Ten to Six. Admission, 1s.

ANNO DOMINI, THE SEARCH FOR BEAUTY, and "The Chosen Five," by EDWIN LONG, R.A. These celebrated Pictures, with other Works, are ON VIEW at the GALLERIES, 168, New Bond-street. Ten to SIX. Admission, 1s.

THE VALE OF TEARS.—DORÉ'S Last Great PICTURE, completed a few days before he died, NOW on VIEW at the DORÉ GALLERY, 35, New Bond-street, with his other great pictures. Ten to Six Daily. 1s.

GREAT EASTERN RAILWAY.—SEASIDE. TOURIST FORTNIGHTLY and FRIDAY or SATURDAY to TUESDAY (First, Second, and Third Class) TICKETS are issued by all Trains to YARMOUTH, LOWESTOFT, Clacton-on-Sea, Walton-on-the-Naze, Harwich, Dovercourt, Aldeburgh, Felixstowe, Southwold, Hunstanton, and Cromer.
TOURIST TICKETS are also issued from LIVERPOOL-STREET by the New Route to Scarborough, Filey, Whitby, and the principal Tourist Stations in Scotland.
For full particulars see bills.
London, June, 1885. WILLIAM BIRT, General Manager.

BRIGHTON.—Frequent Trains from Victoria and London Bridge.
Also Trains in connection from Kensington and Liverpool-street.
Return Tickets, London to Brighton, available for eight days.
Weekly, Fortnightly, and Monthly Tickets, at Cheap Rates. Available to travel by all Trains between London and Brighton.
Cheap First-Class Day Tickets to Brighton every Weekday, from Victoria 10.0 a.m., fare 12s. 6d., including Pullman Car.
Cheap Half-Guinea First-Class Day Tickets to Brighton every Saturday from Victoria and London Bridge, admitting to the Grand Aquarium and Royal Pavilion.
Cheap First-Class Day Tickets to Brighton every Sunday from Victoria at 10.45 a.m. and 12.50 p.m., fare 10s.
Pullman Drawing-room Cars between Victoria and Brighton.
Through Bookings to Brighton from principal Stations on the Railways in the Northern and Midland Districts.

PARIS.—SHORTEST, CHEAPEST ROUTE. Vid NEWHAVEN, DIEPPE, and ROUEN. Tidal Special Express Service (1st and 2nd Class).
From Victoria and London Bridge every Week-day morning. Night Service Week-days and Sundays (1st, 2nd, and 3rd Class).
From Victoria 7.50 p.m., and London Bridge 8.0 p.m. Fares—Single, 34s., 25s., 18s.; Return, 57s., 41s., 32s.
The Normandy and Brittany, splendid fast Paddle Steamers, accomplish the Passage between Newhaven and Dieppe frequently in about 3¼ hours.
A through Conductor will accompany the Passengers by the Special Day Service throughout to Paris, and vice versa.
Trains run alongside steamers at Newhaven and Dieppe.

TICKETS and every information at the Brighton Company's West-End General Offices, 28, Regent-circus, Piccadilly, and 8, Grand Hotel Buildings, Trafalgar-square; City Office, Bay's Agency, Cornhill; Cook's, Ludgate-circus; also at the Victoria and London Bridge Stations.
(By order) J. F. KNIGHT, General Manager.

In his financial statement Sir Julius Vogel, the Colonial Treasurer for New Zealand, estimates the revenue of the colony for 1885-6 at £4,130,000, and the expenditure at £4,100,000, the revenue for the previous year having been £3,820,000 and the expenditure £3,790,000. The Treasurer proposes to increase the succession duties and the duty on tea, wines, and spirits.

BENEVOLENT OBJECTS.

The Scottish gathering in aid of the Scottish charities in London will be held to-day at Stamford-bridge Grounds.

The Prince and Princess of Wales have become patrons of the Royal Military Benevolent Fund, instituted by Mrs. Ellis-Williams, for granting annuities to widows and daughters of Army officers, if in necessitous circumstances.

The centenary festival dinner of the Marylebone Dispensary was held on the 18th inst. at the Langham Hotel—Alderman Sir R. W. Carden in the chair. There was a large company, and donations to the amount of £700 were announced.

On Tuesday the Lord Mayor presided at a festival dinner given at Willis's Rooms in aid of the funds of the London Fever Hospital, situated in the Liverpool-road, Islington, when subscriptions amounting to £2517 were announced.

Princess Louise, who was accompanied by the Marquis of Lorne, on Tuesday laid the foundation-stone of the new wing for out-patients and nurses at the Victoria Hospital for Sick Children, Chelsea. Purses were afterwards presented to the Princess for the building fund.

Last Saturday the annual examination of the scholars in the Commercial Travellers' Schools for Orphan and Necessitous Children took place, in the presence of a considerable number of subscribers. Mr. Samuel Morley, M.P., presided and distributed the prizes.

The ensuing anniversary festival of the Licensed Victuallers' School will be held at the Crystal Palace on Tuesday next. Mr. Spencer Charrington is to preside. The school in Kennington-lane has for many years past maintained and educated 200 orphans, at a cost approaching £7000 per annum.

The annual Caledonian fancy-dress ball, for the benefit of the Royal Caledonian Asylum and Royal Scottish Hospital, took place at Willis's Rooms on Monday, under the immediate patronage of her Majesty, the Prince and Princess of Wales, and other members of the Royal family.

A bazaar and miniature Tussaud Exhibition, held with the object of securing the purchase of a diocesan home, to be employed for the benefit and aid of young working women, at present rented at a large sum, was on Monday opened at Brixton-rise by the Duchess of Edinburgh, who was accompanied by the Duke and their children.

The sixth annual military tournament, in aid of the funds of the various army charities, was inaugurated last Saturday afternoon by a rehearsal of the effects at the Agricultural Hall. The actual tournament was opened on Monday by the Duke of Cambridge, the performances being repeated every day this week.

Madame Cellini's grand amateur concert in aid of the Hospital for Sick Children, Great Ormond-street, took place at St. James's Hall on Thursday evening. It was under the immediate patronage of the Queen and the Princess of Wales, and numerous members of the nobility kindly assisted as vocalists and instrumentalists.

The annual fête and visit of Festival Stewards took place at the Royal Masonic Institution for Boys, Wood-green, last Saturday, when the Lord Mayor attended to distribute the prizes to the boys who had distinguished themselves in recent examinations. The silver medal for good conduct was bestowed upon H. R. Hounslow, the Canonbury gold medal upon Frank Smith, and the silver watch and chain for general good conduct upon W. A. Sutton.

The foundation-stone of Mr. F. N. Charrington's new great Assembly Hall, in the East-End of London, will be laid next Saturday afternoon, July 4, by the Duchess of Westminster, accompanied by his Grace. The old hall, which had been opened nightly for nearly nine years, was only a temporary building, and altogether incapable of holding the thousands who sought admission. The new hall will hold 5000 persons, and will be the largest mission hall in London.

A meeting was held on Tuesday at the Mansion House in support of the Beaumont Trust Scheme for providing opportunities for rational amusement for the population of East London. The trustees have now secured nearly £40,000 of the £100,000 needed. The Lord Mayor presided, and the Prince of Wales moved the first resolution approving of the scheme, and urging the trustees to complete the purchase of the land and commence building. The Archbishop of Canterbury seconded the resolution, which was adopted. The Prince gave £100 to the fund.

Sir Robert Hart has been appointed her Majesty's Minister to China.

Messrs. Richard W. South and Fred Evered give their pleasant drawing-room entertainment every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday evening at the Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly.

The death, in his eighty-seventh year, of Mr. Arthur Hill, formerly Head Master of Bruce Castle School, Tottenham, and one of the brothers of the late Sir Rowland Hill, should not pass unnoticed; their family has indeed rendered good service, in different ways, to social and national improvement. The funeral of Mr. Arthur Hill, at Highgate Cemetery, on Tuesday, was attended by many of his old pupils, as well as by relatives and other personal friends.

Novelties follow each other in quick succession at Mr. and Mrs. German Reed's elegant entertainment, St. George's Hall. There will be an entire change of programme next Monday, the 29th inst. A new first part, entitled "A Pretty Bequest," is written by Malcolm Watson, the music being by Hamilton Clarke. This will be succeeded by a new musical sketch, by Corney Grain, entitled "The Eton v. Harrow," a sketch of the season. W. Herbert Gardner's "A Night in Wales" will conclude the programme.

Subscriptions are being received towards completing the endowment of a Child's Cot at the Convalescent Hospital, Cromwell House, Highgate, to the joint memory of Juliana Horatia Ewing and her mother, the late Mrs. Alfred Gatty, authoress of "Parables from Nature," &c. The first special cot in the Children's Hospital (49, Great Ormond-street) was established by Mrs. Gatty, the endowment of £1000 being collected by her from readers of "Aunt Judy's Magazine." She afterwards established a second cot, one being intended for the use of girls and the other of boys. Both of these cots are permanently endowed. But there is another at the Convalescent Hospital, Cromwell House, Highgate, dedicated to the memory of Mrs. Alfred Gatty, and towards this only £400 has yet been collected in the columns of "Aunt Judy's Magazine." The sum of £600 more is needed to complete the endowment, otherwise the cot will only last until the sum already given has been spent, instead of remaining, like the two cots at the Children's Hospital, so long as the Institution lasts. It has therefore been suggested that the £600 still wanting shall be collected from readers of Mrs. Ewing's books, and the cot "be re-dedicated to the memory of Mother and Daughter, both of whom were true lovers of children, and both of whom learned by their own sufferings the great value of such alleviations of pain as skilful and tender care can supply." Subscriptions may be sent to Miss Gatty, Villa Ponente, Taunton, or to the secretary of the Children's Hospital, 49, Great Ormond-street, Bloomsbury, London.

THE NEW MINISTRY.

The members of the new Cabinet, whose Portraits fill two pages of this week's Paper, are the Marquis of Salisbury, Prime Minister and Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs; Sir Stafford Northcote (to be created Earl of Iddesleigh), First Lord of the Treasury; the Duke of Richmond, President of the Board of Trade; Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, Chancellor of the Exchequer; Sir Richard Cross, Home Secretary; Colonel Stanley, Secretary for the Colonies; Lord Randolph Churchill, Secretary for India; Mr. W. H. Smith, Secretary for War; Lord George Hamilton, First Lord of the Admiralty; the Earl of Carnarvon, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland; Viscount Cranbrook, Lord President of the Council; the Earl of Harrowby, Lord Privy Seal; Sir Hardinge Giffard (with a peerage), Lord Chancellor; Lord John Manners, Postmaster-General; Mr. Edward Stanhope, Vice-President of the Council; and Mr. E. Gibson (with a peerage), Lord Chancellor of Ireland.

The Marquis of Salisbury (the Right Hon. Robert Arthur Talbot Gascoigne Cecil) was born Feb. 3, 1830, and became heir to the title in 1868. He was educated at Eton, and at Christ Church, Oxford; was elected a Fellow of All Souls' College in 1853; and is Chancellor for the University of Oxford, elected in 1869. Was M.P. for Stamford from 1853 to April 12, 1868. Was Secretary of State for India from 1866 to 1867, and from 1874 to 1878; and Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs from 1878 to 1880. His Lordship, with General Peel and Lord Carnarvon, withdrew from Lord Derby's Cabinet on March 2, 1867, on account of a difference of opinion on the Parliamentary Reform Bill. Was Special Ambassador at the Constantinople Conference of 1876; and with Lord Beaconsfield at the Berlin Congress of 1878. Lord Salisbury was then invested with the Order of the Garter, together with Lord Beaconsfield. Is a member of the Council on Education, also of the Council of King's College. For many years was chairman of the Middlesex Sessions. Married, in 1857, daughter of the late Hon. Baron Alderson, and has four sons and two daughters.

Sir Stafford Henry Northcote, Bart. (Lord Iddesleigh), was born Oct. 27, 1818, and succeeded his grandfather in the baronetcy, in 1851. He was educated at Eton and at Balliol College, Oxford; graduated B.A., First Class in Classics, and Third Class in Mathematics in 1839, M.A. 1842, Hon. D.C.L. 1863. Was private secretary to Mr. Gladstone when Mr. Gladstone was President of the Board of Trade (1843-5), and in 1847 Legal Secretary to the Board of Trade. Sat in the House of Commons for Dudley from March, 1855, till April, 1857, for Stamford from July, 1858, till 1866, and since for North Devonshire. Was Financial Secretary to the Treasury from January till June, 1859; President of the Board of Trade from July, 1866, till March, 1867; Secretary of State for India from March, 1867, till December, 1868; Chancellor of the Exchequer from February, 1874, till April, 1880; and leader of the Conservative party in the House of Commons from the elevation of Mr. Disraeli to the Peerage until the present time. Has served on several Commissions, and on the Joint High Commission whose labours resulted in the Treaty of Washington in 1871. Is a member of the Council on Education, and was elected Lord Rector of Edinburgh University in 1883. Was created a Civil Companion of the Bath for his services as one of the Secretaries to the Great Exhibition of 1851, and is also a G.C.B. Married, in 1843, a daughter of Mr. Thomas Farrer, of Lincoln's Inn; his second son, Mr. H. S. Northcote, is M.P. for Ex ter.

The Duke of Richmond and Gordon (Charles Henry Gordon Lennox) was born Feb. 27, 1818; was educated at Westminster School and Christ Church, Oxford; is an hon. D.C.L., and Chancellor of the University of Aberdeen; is a retired Major in the Army, and was Aide-de-Camp to the Duke of Wellington and to Viscount Hardinge; is Lord Lieutenant of the county of Banffshire; and an Elder Brother of the Trinity House. He succeeded his father in October, 1860. Previously, he sat in the House of Commons as M.P. for West Sussex from 1841. Was President of the Poor Law Board in 1859, President of the Board of Trade from 1867 to 1868, Leader of the Conservative party in the House of Lords from 1874 to 1880, and Lord President of the Council from 1874 to 1880. He married, in 1843, the eldest daughter of Mr. Algernon Frederick Greville; his eldest son, the Earl of March, sits for West Sussex.

Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, Bart., was born Oct. 23, 1837, was educated at Eton and Christ Church, Oxford; graduated B.A. in 1858 (First-Class in Law and in Modern History). Was returned for his present constituency, East Gloucestershire, in 1864. Was Parliamentary Secretary to the Poor Law Board from March till August, 1868. Under-Secretary for State for the Home Department from August to December, 1868, Chief Secretary for Ireland from February, 1874, till February, 1878, and Secretary of State for the Colonies from February, 1878, till April, 1880. Has been twice married; last, in 1874, to Lady Lucy Catherine, daughter of the third Earl Fortescue.

Sir Richard Assheton Cross, G.C.B., was born May 30, 1823, and was educated at Rugby and at Trinity College, Cambridge; was called to the Bar at the Inner Temple 1849, and made a Bencher of his Inn 1876; for several years went the Northern Circuit. Sat for Preston from 1857 till 1862, and for South-West Lancashire from 1868 (when he defeated Mr. Gladstone) until the present time. Was Secretary of State for the Home Department from February, 1874, to April, 1880. Is an Ecclesiastical Commissioner for England; also a member of the Council on Education. He has compiled legal works, and is chairman of the Lancashire Quarter Sessions. Married, in 1852, a daughter of the late Mr. T. Lyons, of Appleton Hall, Cheshire.

Colonel Frederick Arthur Stanley is younger brother and heir of the Earl of Derby. Born, Jan. 15, 1841; educated at Eton; entered the Grenadier Guards as Ensign and Lieutenant, April, 1858, became Lieutenant, Captain, and Adjutant, June, 1862, and retired 1865; is Colonel 3rd and 4th Battalion King's Own (Royal Lancashire Regiment). Sat for Preston from July, 1866, till November, 1868, since when he has represented North Lancashire. Was a Civil Lord of the Admiralty from August till November, 1868; Financial Secretary to the War Office from 1874 to 1877; Secretary to the Treasury from 1877 to 1878; and Secretary of State for War from 1878 to 1880. Married, in 1864, Lady Constance, eldest daughter of the fourth Earl of Clarendon.

The Right Hon. William Henry Smith is son of the founder of the firm of W. H. Smith and Son, railway-station newsagents and booksellers. He was born June 24, 1825, was educated at the Grammar School, Tavistock; and was created a D.C.L. at Oxford in 1879. Has sat for Westminster (which he unsuccessfully contested in July, 1865) since November, 1868, when he defeated John Stuart Mill. Was Financial Secretary to the Treasury from February, 1874, till August, 1877, and First Lord of the Admiralty from August, 1877, till March, 1880 (in succession to the late Mr. Ward Hunt). Was a representative of Westminster on the London School Board from 1870 to 1874; and is a member of the Council of King's College. Married, in 1858, a daughter of the late Mr. F. Dawes Danvers.

Lord Randolph Spencer Churchill is third son of the late Duke of Marlborough, and brother of the present Duke. Born Feb. 13, 1849; so he is in his thirty-sixth year. Educated at Merton College, Oxford; graduated B.A. 1870, and M.A. 1872. First elected for Woodstock in February, 1874. At last general election the poll at Woodstock stood thus: Churchill, 512; Hall (L.), 452. The number of electors was 1129. Woodstock is disfranchised under the new Reform Act, and Lord Randolph will contest one of the divisions of Birmingham. He has never before held office. He married, in 1874, Jenny, daughter of Mr. Leonard Jerome, of New York, United States.

Lord George Hamilton, third son of the Duke of Abercorn, was born Dec. 17, 1845, and was educated at Harrow. Entered the Army in the Rifle Brigade 1864, and exchanged into the Coldstream Guards 1868. First elected for Middlesex in November, 1868, when he achieved a great Conservative victory. Was Under-Secretary of State for India from February, 1874, till April, 1878, and Vice-President of the Committee of Education from April, 1878, till April, 1880. Was a Charity Commissioner from May, 1878, till April, 1880. Married, in 1871, Lady Maud Caroline, youngest daughter of the third Earl of Harewood.

The Earl of Carnarvon, Henry Howard Molyneux Herbert, fourth Earl, was born June 24, 1831, and succeeded to the title on Dec. 9, 1849, during his minority. Educated at Eton and at Christ Church, Oxford, where he graduated as a First Class in Classics in 1852, and D.C.L. in 1859; he was nominated in 1859 High Steward of the University of Oxford. Was president of the Society of Antiquaries in 1878; is a pro-Grand Master of the Freemasons. Was Under-Secretary for the Colonies from 1858 to 1859, and was Secretary for the Colonies from 1866 to 1867, and from 1874 to 1878. His Lordship resigned office twice on account of differences with his colleagues on matters of policy—in 1867 in relation to Mr. Disraeli's Reform Bill, and in 1878, upon the order to the Fleet to proceed through the Dardanelles. Been twice married; the present Countess of Carnarvon (married in 1878) is eldest daughter of the late Henry Howard, Esq., of Greystone Castle, Cumberland.

The Earl of Harrowby, Dudley Francis Stewart Ryder, third Earl, was born Jan. 16, 1831, was educated at Harrow and at Christ Church, Oxford. He was M.P. for Lichfield from 1856 to 1859, and for Liverpool (as Lord Sandon) from 1865 to 1882, when he succeeded to the title. Was Vice-President of the Committee of Council on Education from 1874 to 1878, and President of the Board of Trade from 1878 to 1880. Married, in 1861, Lady Mary Cecil, daughter of the second Marquis of Exeter.

Sir Hardinge Stanley Giffard, who will take a Peerage as Lord Chancellor, was born in 1825, and was educated at Merton College, Oxford; was called to the Bar in 1850, at the Inner Temple, went the South Wales circuit, and became Q.C. 1865; appointed chairman of the Carmarthenshire Quarter Sessions 1873. Was first elected M.P. for Launceston in March, 1877; having unsuccessfully contested Cardiff (November, 1868, and February, 1874), Launceston (May, 1874), and Horsham (1876). Was Solicitor-General from November, 1875, when he received the honour of knighthood, till April, 1880.

Viscount Cranbrook, formerly Mr. Gathorne Hardy, was born Oct. 1, 1814, was educated at Shrewsbury School and at Oriel College, Oxford. Was called to the Bar 1840, and is a Bencher of the Inner Temple. Sat in the House of Commons for Leominster from 1856 to 1865, and for the University of Oxford from July, 1865 (when he defeated Mr. Gladstone) till 1878. Has filled the offices of Under-Secretary of State for the Home Department, 1858-9; President of the Poor Law Board, 1866-7; Secretary of State for the Home Department, 1867-8; Secretary of War from 1874 to 1878; and Secretary of State for India from 1878 to 1880. Is a member of the Council on Education.

Lord John Manners is second son of the fifth Duke of Rutland, by Lady Elizabeth, daughter of the fifth Earl of Carlisle. Born at Belvoir Castle, Leicestershire, Dec. 13, 1818. Educated at Eton and at Trinity College, Cambridge. Sat for Newark with Mr. Gladstone from 1841 till July, 1847; unsuccessfully contested Liverpool, 1847, and London, 1849; represented Colchester from February, 1850, till February, 1857; and sat for North Leicestershire since. Was First Commissioner of Works and Buildings from March to December, 1852, from March, 1858, till June, 1859, and (with a seat in the Cabinet) from July, 1866, till December, 1868; and Postmaster-General from February, 1874, till April, 1880, when he was created a G.C.B.

The Right Hon. Edward Stanhope is second son of the fifth Earl Stanhope. Born in 1840; educated at Harrow and at Christ Church, Oxford; elected a Fellow of All Saints' College 1862. Called to the Bar 1865, and went the Home Circuit. Has sat for Mid-Lincolnshire since Feb. 2, 1874. Secretary of the Board of Trade from November, 1875, till April, 1878; and Under-Secretary of State for India from April, 1878, till April, 1880. Is a trustee of the National Portrait Gallery. Married, in 1870, a niece of Lord Egerton of Tatton.

The Right Hon. Edward Gibson was born in 1837, in Dublin, and was educated at Trinity College, Dublin, where he obtained the first gold medal in History, English Literature, and Political Science. Called to the Bar in Ireland 1860, and in 1872 became a Q.C.; went the Leinster Circuit. Unsuccessfully contested Waterford, January, 1874; was elected for the University of Dublin, January, 1875; re-elected February, 1877, and April, 1880. Was Attorney-General for Ireland from February, 1877, till April, 1880.

The following Ministers, not in the Cabinet, have been appointed: Mr. A. J. Balfour, M.P., President of the Local Government Board; Sir W. Hart Dyke, M.P., Chief Secretary for Ireland; Mr. D. Plunket, M.P., First Commissioner of Works; Mr. H. Chaplin, M.P., Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster; Mr. Holmes, M.P., Attorney-General for Ireland; Mr. Monroe, M.P., Solicitor-General for Ireland. There were rumours of other appointments, not yet verified, on Wednesday afternoon.

Our Portraits of the New Cabinet Ministers are from photographs taken by the following photographers: The Marquis of Salisbury, by Elliott and Fry; Sir Stafford Northcote, Elliott and Fry; the Duke of Richmond, by Lock and Whitfield; Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, by A. Bassano; Sir Richard Cross, A. Bassano; Colonel Stanley, the London Stereoscopic Company; Lord Randolph Churchill, A. Bassano; Mr. W. H. Smith, Elliott and Fry; Lord George Hamilton, Fradelle; the Earl of Carnarvon, Stereoscopic Company; Viscount Cranbrook, by W. and D. Downey; Sir Hardinge Giffard, Elliott and Fry; Lord John Manners, A. Bassano; Mr. E. Gibson, A. Bassano; and Mr. E. Stanhope, R. Slingsby, of Lincoln.

The four-days' Lawn-Tennis Tournament at Leamington concluded yesterday week, when the Mayor, Alderman Flavel, presented the prizes to winners on the lawn of the Manor House Hotel, in the presence of a fashionable company.

At a meeting of the Bristol Bishopric Endowment Fund on Monday, it was stated that a friend, whose name was not to be mentioned, had offered to give £10,000, provided £20,000 are raised within two years.

THE SILENT MEMBER.

The Marquis of Salisbury was, perhaps, not unwise after all in taking a long breath before he definitively accepted the difficult task her Majesty intrusted to him on receiving the resignation of Mr. Gladstone and his colleagues. The noble Marquis, in parleying with the Ministers who displayed such alacrity in shuffling off the coil of responsibilities and difficulties they had accumulated in their five years of office, unmistakably gained time to marshal his ideas and choose his Ministers. From this point of view, not altogether wasted has been the interregnum during which Mr. Gladstone has filled an anomalous position, and was at last persuaded to promise a benevolently neutral attitude to the incoming Government.

It is true, the "marking-time" interval witnessed one error of judgment. When an exceptionally large gathering of the Lords met on Friday week to learn whether the Marquis of Salisbury had surmounted the difficulties in his way, his Lordship had only to say that the arrangements had not been concluded, but he seized the opportunity to spring a surprise on the House. He had suddenly detected an irregularity in the Redistribution Bill. He gravely and earnestly warned noble Lords, in the clear, ringing tones which might well be generally adopted, that this was the first time in history that, supposing the Redistribution Bill were passed, the Sovereign would be deprived of her Constitutional right to dissolve for some months—in point of fact till November next. His Lordship, alarmed by this suppositious infringement of the Constitution, prayed their Lordships to refrain from dealing with the Commons' amendments to the measure till Tuesday, to which date the House was adjourned after a division—but not before the Earl of Kimberley, speaking with unwonted force, had indulged in a rhetorical protest addressed more to the constituencies without the walls of the House of Lords than the noble assemblage within. As portending a threatened delay of a measure of just and rational representation the country has set its heart on securing, this ingenious but injudicious plea of the noble Marquis was as unwise, as a matter of Party tactics, as the disqualification of the county householders whose misfortune it has been to accept hospital relief. Each has given demagogues a strong argument to use in favour of a reconstitution of the House of Lords.

Tuesday saw the Ministerial crisis, happily, ended. The House of Lords was remarkably full. The Ministerial bench was still occupied by Earl Granville, the Earl of Derby, Lord Northbrook, Lord Rosebery, and one or two other ex-Ministers. But there was an overwhelming Conservative phalanx opposite, the front Opposition bench being thronged by the Duke of Richmond, Lord Cranbrook, the Earl of Harrowby, Earl Cadogan, and other Conservative leaders, Lord Lathom holding genial converse with one or the other. The Prince of Wales occupied his usual seat on the front cross-bench. Conspicuous by his absence was the Marquis of Salisbury. He was away on a visit to her Majesty at Windsor. On his behalf, Earl Granville explaining that the noble Marquis had accepted office, moved the adjournment till Thursday. This was agreed to, after the Commons' amendments to the Redistribution Bill had been sanctioned, and the measure passed. The brilliant assemblage of Peers and Peeresses had really assisted at an important historic sitting; but the proceedings were actually tame in the extreme.

The brief sitting of the Commons on Tuesday passed off nearly as quietly. The goodly gathering of retiring Ministers on the front Opposition bench comprised Mr. Gladstone (with a white flower in his buttonhole), Sir William Harcourt, Mr. Childers, Lord R. Grosvenor, the Marquis of Hartington, and Sir Charles Dilke. Lord Randolph Churchill was absent from his accustomed seat at the corner of the front bench below the gangway, Sir H. Drummond-Wolff representing him. The front Opposition bench was saved from emptiness by the courteous Conservative "whips," Sir W. Hart-Dyke and Mr. Rowland Winn, by the Lord Mayor and Mr. Bourke. Mr. Gladstone, speaking literally by the book, for he held a Parliamentary handbook while he spoke, sonorously informed the crowded House that the Marquis of Salisbury was in the throes of Cabinet-making, and moved the adjournment till Wednesday afternoon at five, when the writs for the re-election of Ministers would be applied for. Neither Mr. Jesse Collings nor Mr. Henry Labouchere was wholly satisfied with the parting utterance of the Prime Minister (who was warmly cheered by a muster of Liberals assuredly strong enough to have voted Mr. Gladstone back to office had that course been desirable). But both were speedily reassured. Mr. Labouchere was informed by Mr. Gladstone that he had not bartered the liberty of debate in his communications with the incoming Prime Minister. Mr. Jesse Collings was relieved by the assurance that no agreement had been come to to pass over his Elections Medical Relief Bill. Hence the last sitting of the Gladstone Administration passed off smoothly—Mr. Bradlaugh being under the Peers' Gallery to smile a benediction, as he was present—very much present—at the commencement of the present Parliament.

Some of the familiar faces of the House of Commons are delineated in the large Drawing by Mr. Lucien Darwin, issued as a Supplement with the current Number of THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS. As it is pretty certain the places of many hon. members and right hon. gentlemen will know them no longer in the next Parliament, this pictorial record of several of the leading spirits of the late Liberal Government may be deemed of interest. The hardest workers of the talented Mr. Gladstone surrounded himself with will be recognised in the Illustration. The Artist has given Mr. Gladstone himself a harder mouth than he has; but the late Prime Minister will be easily identified nevertheless in the central group, including also Mr. John Bright, and Mr. Childers, the financial authority whose Budget brought about the defeat of his Government. The likeness of Sir William Harcourt is good; and fairly faithful is the clearly-cut face of Mr. Chamberlain, who is likely to occupy a commanding position in the next Liberal Ministry. Pretty true to life also are the counterfeit presentments of Mr. G. O. Trevelyan, another great Minister of the future, Sir Henry James, Mr. Forster, Lord E. Fitzmaurice, Sir Thomas Brassey, and the Marquis of Hartington (as much as is shown of the noble Marquis, a very probable Prime Minister of the future), but his best friends would only know the figure of Mr. Labouchere after close study.

The Rugby School speeches and distribution of prizes took place last Saturday in the Townhall, in the presence of a large and fashionable audience.

At Nottingham on Monday, in the presence of many thousands of spectators, new colours were presented to the 4th Battalion Derbyshire Regiment. The colours were the gift of the Duchess of St. Albans.

The public dinner of the Statistical Society was held on Tuesday evening at the Criterion Restaurant, and was attended by a large number of distinguished British and foreign statisticians.

THE NEW



LORD RANDOLPH CHURCHILL, M.P.
SECRETARY FOR INDIA.



SIR STAFFORD NORTHCOTE (EARL OF IDDESLEIGH).
FIRST LORD OF THE TREASURY



THE MARQUIS OF
PRIME MINISTER AND



SIR RICHARD ASSHETON CROSS, G.C.B., M.P.
HOME SECRETARY.

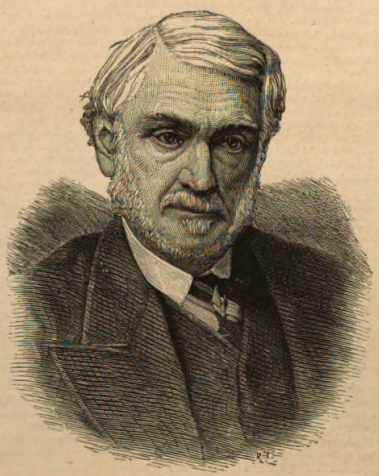


THE EARL OF HARROWBY.
LORD PRIVY SEAL.

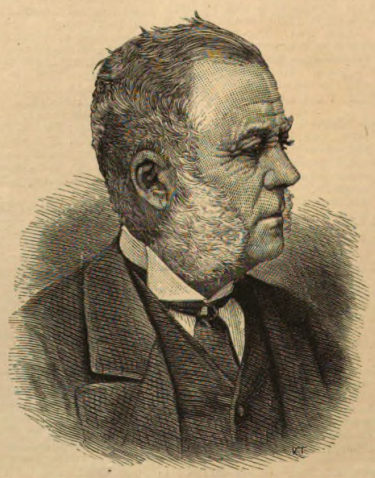


VISCOUNT CRANBROOK.
LORD PRESIDENT OF THE COUNCIL.





LORD JOHN MANNERS, M.P.
POSTMASTER-GENERAL.



THE DUKE OF RICHMOND AND GORDON, K.G
PRESIDENT OF THE BOARD OF TRADE.



SIR HARDINGE GIFFA
LORD CHANCELLOR O

I N I S T R Y.



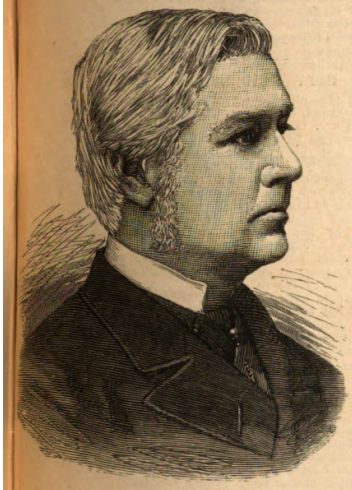
SALISBURY, K.G.
SECRETARY.



SIR MICHAEL HICKS-BEACH, BART., M.P.
CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER.



THE RIGHT HON. W. H. SMITH, M.P.
SECRETARY FOR WAR.



THE RIGHT HON. EDWARD GIBSON, Q.C., M.P.
LORD CHANCELLOR OF IRELAND.



LORD GEORGE HAMILTON, M.P.
FIRST LORD OF THE ADMIRALTY.



THE RIGHT HON. EDWARD STANHOPE, M.P.
VICE-PRESIDENT OF THE COUNCIL.



Q.C., M.P.
ENGLAND.



THE EARL OF CARNARVON.
LORD LIEUTENANT OF IRELAND.



COLONEL FREDERICK A. STANLEY, M.P.
SECRETARY FOR THE COLONIES.

LEAFY JUNE.

What so fair as a day in June? asks the poet; and, looking out at the wondrous expanse of verdure before us, we answer, "Nothing"; and feel very sure that there will be none bold enough to contradict us; for even those whose one idea of June is London and the Season have sufficient cause for agreeing with us, if they see nought save the park and the square-gardens around which their tents are pitched.

The wonderful foliage, unnipped by frost, and nurtured and cherished by the churlish tears of an angry May, has never looked better than it does at this moment; even the prosaic gardens aforementioned are beautiful with lilacs, red, pink, and white may, gueldre roses, and the golden flash of the laburnums—"dropping wells of fire"; while every breeze that floats softly in through the white-curtained windows is laden with a thousand scents, all redolent of country lanes, and suggestive of anything save the treadmill of society, that is being so gallantly worked by its votaries in this the very loveliest month in the whole year; when Kensington Gardens, with its wealth of greenery, its song-birds, its occasional cuckoo, its silences (only broken by the never-ceasing subtle murmur, like a distant ground-sea) and its shades, offers sufficient country, should they turn away from the streets for a little while, and endeavour to see for a moment what the "real country" must be looking like now the flower-girls' baskets are heaped with pinks and pale roses, and the days are long and sweet, and suggestive of cool river-shadows and rich grasses, in which the cattle stand knee-deep, motionless, save for an occasional flick of the tail when the flies are more than ordinarily troublesome and disturbing.

But not even in Kensington Gardens can we see all that leafy June means to those who are courageous enough to go for a while farther afield, eager to note for themselves what the earth is like a little way away from the haunts of men: where, bursting upon us like a revelation, the scene unfolds itself before us, and we comprehend in a moment how much we have forgotten since last we and June met face to face in a quiet corner of England.

Standing on a vantage-ground, we look absorbed and delighted, speechlessly and wonderingly, as we recognise that the whole wide common, where the south-west breeze is rollicking gaily, is one mass of brilliant, glittering gold—here a deeper saffron hue, where the gorse is blooming; there a pale amber, where the graceful broom hangs its drooping head as it contemplates the carpet of yellow flowers beneath it, caused by its blossoms falling and fading among butter-cups and dandelions, all different shades of the same colour; while in a distant hollow the young oak foliage is a golden hue, too, contrasting forcibly and beautifully with the dense dark chestnut-trees, that appear almost black, so full are their leafy crowns with broad foliage trimmed here and there with great clusters of pink or white flowers, that are magnificent enough to be gathered to decorate my lady's chamber.

June is most certainly the time to notice how each tree that flowers—and indeed there are few, if any, that do not—has put out his claim to notice. The sycamore, with his broad indented foliage, has lighter-coloured "bunches of keys" hanging under the leaves; the nut-trees have their flowers; and of course all the world can see the chestnuts, and the beautiful hawthorn, which is like a dense sheet of snow or else a ruddy flush, suggestive of sunrise and broadening light in some distant garden in the country; while the copper beech shows his burnished foliage, relieving the eye, that may possibly be sated by the green-and-gold arrangements of colour that Dame Nature has provided for us. So few people ever see the country in June, that we are more than tempted to dilate on all they lose, to remind them of all they have never seen, most likely, since they were quite small children. Who walks now in the "walled garden," for example, which was the very El Dorado of one's young days? Yet few words will bring back the recollection of the gooseberry-trees, with their green and acrid fruit, bitten, with such sad results, to see if they were never going to become ripe again; of the bushes with the pale transparent tiny currants beginning to turn red; and with the gorgeous rows of blue and yellow and white iris, its occasional rose-tree, and its four old yellow-red and green walls, trimmed with lichens, crowned by self-sown snap-dragons and wall-flowers, and given over to slugs and snails, that "lay low" there until such time as those anxiously watched plums and peaches began to ripen, when they emerged from their seclusion and came down to demolish our hopes at one fell swoop;—or who recollects the first stolen joys of a day's fishing all alone, when the tiny creeping stream was one mass of glittering snowy crow's-foot, and the edge was hidden perilously by vast bunches of yellow marsh-marigolds, or king-cups, and by tall pale marguerites, and a hundred different sorts of grasses, brown or black and pale grey, in which the wind always whispered so mysteriously, and seemed to hint at evil consequences should our day of pleasure ever have to be accounted for to the higher powers?

Even among the roar and rush of London, a single note of a bird can conjure up a thousand pictures, all stored away in one's memory, and remind one of a thousand beauties one has forgotten; in a moment, we see the swifts darting and sweeping round the grey square tower of a church, shrieking in the way that obtains for them their nick-name of "screech-owls," and that prophesies a continuance of fine weather. We hear the corn-crake among the meadows, or a lark—poor caged minstrel!—in some upper window breaks his heart with singing in captivity, but gives us, at the same time, a reminder of days when we were as free as was his country prototype, and when June was nothing save a procession of pictures—a pageant expressly made for us by Summer's hand—by Summer herself, who could never do too much to amuse and delight us.

After all, with very little trouble, leafy June may become a reality to anyone. An hour, or less, in the train, and the silence and golden glories of the common may be the property of us all. Before we can realise that the streets are left behind, we are free among the flowers and the lovely trees; we can see whole rows of patient folk tending strawberries and flowers for our use to-morrow in London; or we can be quite alone, a chorus of thrushes and blackbirds to give us welcome, and the perfect, marvellous, indescribable wealth of June at our feet and around us, reminding us that, after all, there are few things so beautiful as our own English country-side at this the most lovely time of the year.

An enthusiastic welcome was given to Sir Peter Lumsden on Monday night at a large and distinguished gathering of the Royal Geographical Society, before whom he read an elaborate paper descriptive of the country north of Herat. He gave an interesting description of the geography of the Murghab Valley and the customs of its people; and quoted a singular account of two lakes of solid salt covered with an inch or two of water, over which Captain Yate and his party rode on horse-back. The Marquis of Lorne presided; and amongst the speakers who took part in the discussion was M. Lessar.—At the last meeting of the Zoological Society a letter was read from Sir Peter Lumsden giving details of the capture of two young snow leopards sent down from the Afghan frontier to Quettah, and intended for the society's collection.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All communications relating to this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

C J P.—The solution appears three weeks after the publication of the problem. The delay is a necessary concession to solvers resident abroad

H G B (Ealing).—No. 2151 is correctly stated on the diagram.

R L (Middle Temple).—Look at No. 2150 again. It cannot be solved in the way you propose.

D A (Dublin).—Thanks for the promise of more.

W P (West Hartlepool).—You appear to have misplaced the pieces in No. 2145. It is quite correct as printed.

Q E D (Brighton).—The first move is 1. B to K 3rd; but, as we stated some time ago, a White Knight is required at K square.

W B (Stratford).—Thanks. It shall have early attention.

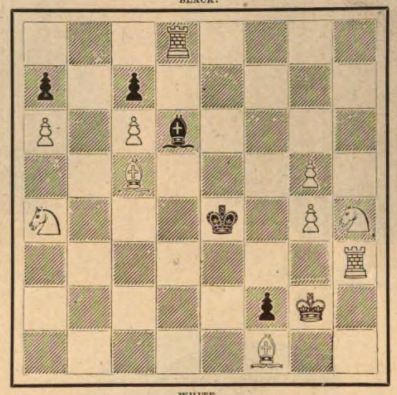
CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2137 received from John Flaxman (Warnambool); of No. 2146 from Trial; of No. 2147 from F E Gibbins (Tiflis), Rev. John Wills (Barnstable, U.S.A.), E J Cobbett (Savage Club); of No. 2148 from F E Gibbins (Tiflis); of No. 2149 from E L G, C J F, T G (Ware), Hereward, W Percy Hind, Lex, Trial, E E H; of No. 2150 from D A (Dublin), T G (Ware), F West, Casino National de Jerez (Cadiz), Congo, Rev. W Anderson (Old Romney), F F Pott, Emile Frau, Winfield Cooper, William Davis, Hermit, J K (South Hampstead); of S. LOYD'S PROBLEM from An Old Lady (Paterson, U.S.A.).

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2151 received from D A (Dublin), Venator, E Casella (Paris), Richard Murphy, J Hall, J K (South Hampstead), C Darrach, W Biddle, D W Kell, Columbus, Otto Fulder (Ghent), S Lowndes, F Marshall, T Sinclair, Aaron Harper, H Lucas, R L Southwell, A W Scrutton, F Ferris, B B Wood, C A L Bull, H Wardell, Jupiter Junior, G S Oldfield, L Falcon (Antwerp), George J Veale, L Sharswood, Ernest Sharswood, G W Law, R T Kemp, J Naylor, W J Rudman, N S Harris, John Hodgson (Maidstone), L Wyman, M O'Halloran, James Pilkington, A Wigmore, N H Mullen, Hereward, Shadforth, A C Hunt, Lex, J A Schumacke, G Hoskisson, Rev. W Anderson (Old Romney), S Bullen, C Oswald, W B (Clifton), William Davis, C S Cole, Julia Short, C W Milsom, E E H, W Hillier, E Louden, F F Pott, Emile Frau, Joseph Ainsworth, Congo, F West, Ben Nevis, C J F, R H Brooks, E L G, A M Colborne, W Dewse, and Emmo (Darlington).

PROBLEM No. 2153.

By D. ALLINGHAM (Dublin).

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

THE BRITISH CHESS ASSOCIATION.

The management and the competitors are, alike, to be congratulated on the rapid and harmonious progress of the principal tourney of the first meeting of this association. The first meeting was, necessarily, a broken one, partly from the preliminary formalities of the inauguration and partly from the half-holiday on the occasion of the inaugural banquet; nevertheless, at the end of it the results of 54 of the 120 games to be played were recorded on the score sheet. Since our last report of the proceedings, the most notable incidents of the tourney are, Mr. Gunsberg's rush to the front, Mr. Bird's consequent retirement to the second place, and Mr. Donnisthorpe's defeat by Mr. Rumboll, of Bath. Mr. Gunsberg's success is due to his display of his correctness, steadiness, and ingenuity of play, and Mr. Bird's retirement is the consequence of his being unusually deficient in all these qualities on the day appointed for his battle with Mr. Gunsberg. We shall hope for that day only, for since then his course of success has been renewed and continued without interruption down to the time of writing. In Mr. Donnisthorpe's case we had a repetition of the Kieseritzky incident of the 1851 tourney, for he lost his Queen by a forked check from Mr. Rumboll's Knight, and thereafter had no resource save that last resource of philosophic minds—"resignation." Appended is the score of the competitors up to Monday night, the 22nd inst., and for a better understanding of it we remind our readers that each competitor has to play fifteen games in all, and that drawn games count half a point to each side.

	GAMES. Played.	Won.		GAMES. Played.	Won.
Gunsberg ...	9	9	Loman ...	6	3½
Bird ...	10	8½	Wainwright ...	6	3½
Donnisthorpe ...	10	6	Hewitt ...	6	3
Pollock ...	10	6	Reeves ...	6	3
MacDonnell ...	6	4½	Rumboll ...	9	2
Guest ...	5	4	Mills ...	7	1½
Mortimer ...	10	4	Mackeson ...	8	0½
De Soyres ...	11	4	Rabson ...	7	0

The competition for the prizes presented by Lord Tennyson and Mr. Ruskin was commenced on Monday last, and a game in each tourney was scored by Mr. Pollock and Mr. Mortimer respectively.

The inaugural banquet was held at "Simpson's" on the 19th inst., Mr. F. H. Lewis presiding on the occasion. He was supported by about thirty members of the association, including representatives of the "Federated Clubs." After the usual loyal toasts, there followed, the "British Chess Association," proposed by Mr. J. I. Minchin and responded to by Mr. Hewitt; the "Chess Masters," coupled with the name of Mr. Bird; the "Federated Clubs," to which Mr. Ashton replied for the metropolitan, and Mr. Walton, of Birmingham, for the provincial clubs; Major Verney replied for the players of "Four-Handed Chess." Mr. Woodgate proposed the "Chess Press," coupled with the names of Messrs. Duffy, MacDonnell, Hoffer, and Gunsberg, for which compliment all four returned thanks. The remainder of the evening was devoted to conversation and music. Among the exponents of the latter was the popular tenor vocalist, Mr. Henry Walsham, who delighted the members by his rendering of "Annie Laurie" and other Scotch ballads.

We regret that owing to unusual pressure on our space we are obliged to defer the Game to next week.

Mr. T. D. Sullivan, M.P., is to be Lord Mayor of Dublin for 1886, having been selected by the Nationalists, who constitute two thirds of the members of the Corporation.

A remarkably comprehensive and cheap Illustrated Narrative of the War in the Soudan, entitled "Gordon and the Mahdi," has been published by Messrs. Vizetelly and Co. For one shilling is presented a profusely illustrated history of the Soudan, from the period of its conquest by Mehemet Ali to the assassination of the heroic defender of Khartoum. The hundred engravings comprise the most interesting War Illustrations that have appeared in this Journal, a clear Map of the Soudan, portraits of the Mahdi, the late General Gordon, Hicks Pasha, General Sir Herbert Stewart, Colonel Burnaby, General Earle, Colonel Stewart, Mr. Cameron, and Ismail Pasha, in the return of whom as Khedive to Cairo is held out hope of the future pacification of Egypt and the Soudan. Regarded simply as a panorama of War in the desert land in which so many brave Englishmen have found a grave, and which many millions of treasure have been sunk, "Gordon and the Mahdi" is likely to be a popular handbook. When it is added that the hundred and sixty richly embellished pages offer a carefully compiled story of General Gordon's first masterly administration of the Soudan as Governor-General, of his fight against the Slave-Trade, of the rise of the Mahdi, the annihilation of Hicks Pasha's army, the sanguinary battles near Souakim, and the gallant but fruitless Nile Expedition of Lord Wolseley to rescue General Gordon, enough has been said to prove that this wonderfully good shilling's-worth should command a wide sale.

THE COURT.

Her Majesty on Saturday last entered the forty-ninth year of her reign, having ascended the Throne on June 20, 1837. Divine service was performed on Sunday morning in the presence of the Queen, Princess Beatrice, the Princess of Leiningen, and several members of her Majesty's household, in the Royal Mausoleum at Frogmore, by the Very Rev. Randall Davidson, Dean of Windsor, who afterwards officiated in the private chapel at the castle at twelve o'clock. An official order has been issued for Court mourning until the 30th inst. for the late Prince Frederick Charles of Prussia. The Princess of Leiningen took leave of her Majesty on Monday afternoon, and left the castle at four o'clock for Kensington Palace, on a visit to Princess Louise, Marchioness of Lorne. The Queen and Princess Beatrice drove out in the afternoon; and her Majesty drove to Frogmore on Tuesday morning with the Princess.

The marriage service at the wedding of Princess Beatrice and Prince Henry of Battenberg, which takes place on Thursday, July 23, at Whippingham church, will be read by the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishop of Winchester. Princess Beatrice and Prince Henry, after their marriage, will stay for a time at Quarr Abbey, the residence of Lady Cochrane.

Last Saturday afternoon the Prince of Wales visited the Windsor Cavalry Barracks, and was present at a party given by the officers of the 2nd Life Guards at the close of the festivities of the Ascot week. The Prince and Princess, who have been staying at Easthampstead Park, Bracknell, Berks, during the Ascot race-week, left Windsor on Monday morning for London. The Prince and Princess, accompanied by Prince Albert Victor and Princess Louise, were present at a ball given by Lord and Lady Carrington at their residence in Whitehall in the evening. Prince Albert Victor, attended by the Rev. J. N. Dalton, arrived at Marlborough House on the termination of his studies at Trinity College, Cambridge. It is announced that "the Rev. J. N. Dalton, C.M.G., who acted as governor to the Prince until the latter attained his majority, in January last, and who continued with him at Cambridge, has now, on the termination of his Royal Highness's University career, retired, after upwards of fourteen years' faithful service as tutor and governor." The Prince and Princess Albert Victor witnessed the opera "Lakmé," at the Gaiety Theatre, in the evening. The Prince, attended by Colonel Clarke, was present on Tuesday afternoon at a meeting at the Mansion House in aid of the Beaumont Trust Fund, and moved the first resolution. The Lord Mayor presided. His Royal Highness afterwards went to the House of Lords. The Prince and Princess, accompanied by Prince Albert Victor, dined with the French Ambassador and Madame Waddington at the Embassy, at Albert-gate.

The Duchess of Edinburgh, who opened a bazaar on Monday afternoon at Brixton-rise, left town in the evening for Germany, viâ Queenborough and Flushing. The Duke, who remains in town for the present, accompanied the Duchess to the railway terminus.

CITY ECHOES.

There has been no perceptible diminution in the amount of cash seeking employment, and rates to borrowers have continued extremely low, advances for short periods being obtained at the nominal figure of five shillings per cent per annum, while for best three months' draughts the discount charges have been usually ⅝ to ¾ per cent. Several fresh loans have been launched, and others are looked for, but so far they have had practically no effect upon the value of money, and in the meantime more gold has been arriving from the Australian Colonies, while next month the supply of money will be largely increased by the dividends on Consols and on foreign loans. Stock Exchange business, however, does not appear to benefit much from this excessive cheapness of money, any prospect of increasing animation being for the time checked by the dead-lock in politics. First-class investment stocks have shown decided firmness, and a feature of interest has been the demand which has prevailed for Chinese loans. American railways are considerably higher, and arrangements to end the war of rates are talked of, but nothing definite has been done yet. Home railway dividend prospects are being estimated, and the conclusions are not encouraging.

A further falling off in the dividend is announced by the Imperial Ottoman Bank, 8 per cent being paid for the past year, compared with 10 per cent for 1883, and 15 for 1881 and for 1882. For the two years 1879 and 1880, 5 per cent per annum was distributed, while for the three preceding years the shareholders received nothing. For the second half of the year 1884 the Colonial Bank pays 10 per cent, or the same rate as for the first half of that year. For the year ended May last the Distillers' Company will pay 12½ per cent, compared with 14 for 1883-4. The Marine Insurance Company's dividend for the past year is maintained at £1 17s. 6d. per share.

Western Australia has succeeded in placing a 4 per cent loan for £525,000 on what may be called satisfactory terms, the whole being taken at an average rate of £98 2s. 6d. per cent, the tenders ranging from the minimum of £97 10s. to £101. Amongst the Australian colonies Western Australia has made about the least progress, although lately it has received a little more attention, the result has been that the loans have not always gone off satisfactorily. In July, 1883, tenders were invited for £254,000 in 4 per cent bonds, but only £100,000 was applied for, the minimum on that occasion being £96 10s. per cent. The remaining £154,000 was, however, successfully placed in March of last year at £97 1s. and above.

A Dominion of Canada loan for £4,000,000 in 4 per cent sterling bonds is before the public. Messrs. Baring Brothers and Co., and Messrs. Glyn, Mills, Currie, and Co. being authorised to receive tenders up to Monday next. The minimum price has been fixed at £99 per cent, and the principal is to be repaid in London within the year 1910 and 1935 upon the Government giving six months' notice. The money is required to meet the charges in connection with the Canadian Pacific Railway, the granting of subsidies for railway purposes, and to provide for the construction of public works.

By a further payment of £2 10s., the dividend of the Australian Agricultural Company for the year 1884 is made up to £5 per share, which compares with £4 10s. for 1883, £2 3s. for 1882, and £1 12s. 6d. for 1881.

With the defeat of the Opposition amendment, another stage has been reached in regard to the resolutions before the Dominion Parliament for readjusting the relations between the Government and the Canadian Pacific Railway Company. The bill may now be regarded as safe.

T. S.

Field-Marshal Lord Napier of Magdala reviewed the Metropolitan Engineer Volunteers last Saturday evening in Regent's Park, in the presence of a large assemblage of spectators. The brigade numbered nearly 1000 officers and men. Besides the above-mentioned corps some 6000 men were out on Saturday evening for inspection or brigade drill.

GORDON'S JOURNALS AT KHARTOUM.

No publication has been awaited with more eager interest than this, which Messrs. Kegan Paul, Trench, and Co., of Paternoster-square, have lost no time in giving to the world since the manuscript materials, sent home by the British military authorities in the Soudan, were placed in the hands of General Gordon's family. The chosen editor was Mr. A. Egmont Hake, a nephew of General Gordon and a literary man of some experience, who had already produced acceptable memoirs of that romantic and illustrious career which will certainly be of classic celebrity among the British Worthies of every generation. Mr. Hake's last contribution, the second volume of "The Story of Chinese Gordon," published by Messrs. Remington and Co. since the lamented death of the hero was known, should by this time have found acceptance with a multitude of readers, as a truthful and spirited narrative of the events in the Soudan, concerning Gordon personally, from the destruction of Hicks Pasha's army in November, 1883, to the capture of Khartoum and the slaughter of its heroic defender, on Jan. 26 this year. It was known that Gordon had written a journal during the siege of Khartoum; but whether this would be permitted to see the light seemed for some time to be uncertain, and several questions were asked in Parliament about its disposal. Six volumes or parts of the Diary, kept by Gordon from Sept. 10 to Dec. 14, were sent by him from Khartoum to Metammeh, when his steam-boats went down, and were delivered on Jan. 22 to Sir Charles Wilson, then commanding the advanced British force after Sir Herbert Stewart was wounded. A preceding Diary, kept by Colonel J. D. Stewart from March 1 to Sept. 9, is unfortunately lost or is now in the possession of the Mahdi, having been taken by the Arabs who murdered Stewart on Sept. 18 between Berber and Abou Hamed. Gordon's journal was sent to England by Lord Wolseley; and, having been examined by our Government, was handed over to Sir Henry Gordon, the writer's brother, who arranged with Messrs. Kegan Paul and Co. for its publication. Sir Henry tells us, in one of the prefatory notes, that only six or seven pages, containing no matter of public interest, have been omitted; but it was General Gordon's express wish that his Diary should be "pruned down," and we perceive that some names of persons are left blank, though it is not difficult to guess who is meant in his censures of British Ministers, diplomatists, and other well-known official folk. We do not entirely agree with these censures; nor can we adopt, in every respect, the views of Mr. Egmont Hake, in his introductory chapter, with reference to the policy of our Government in the Soudan and its responsibility for all the acts and declarations of General Gordon. Mistakes were made, unhappily, on several occasions in the course of these affairs, but not altogether on the side of the British Government; and the future historian will judge more fairly and impartially than most of the contemporary speakers and writers have been able to do.

The Journal now printed, filling nearly four hundred pages (exclusive of lengthy documents in the appendices) is highly characteristic of Gordon, and abounds with his original comments and remarks, as well as with anecdotes and incidents of his situation at Khartoum. It begins on Sept. 10, the day when Colonel Stewart, with Mr. Frank Power and M. Herbin, left Khartoum for Berber, by steam-boat, on their way to Dongola. At that time, the Mahdi with his army was at Rahad, about two hundred miles from Khartoum. The city, in which there were 34,000 people, was blockaded and deprived of supplies by gathering bands of hostile tribes. Gordon says, "I do not call our enemy rebels, but Arabs: for it is a vexed question whether *we* are not rebels, seeing I hold the firman restoring the Soudan to its chiefs." He observes, further, "There is scarcely one great family of the Soudan, families who can trace their pedigree for five hundred years, who have not accepted Mahomet Achmet as Mahdi, to save their property." The people of Khartoum, he states, had every possible facility to leave the city, but they persisted in clinging to it. The problem to be solved was the safe removal of the Egyptian garrisons of Khartoum and Sennaar, and of the refugees, not belonging to the country. It was for this purpose that Gordon determined to await the attack of the Mahdi at Khartoum, hoping to defeat him there, after which he thought the only way to deal with the country was "to let the Turks come in," or to send up Zebehr Pasha, giving him a subsidy of £100,000 a year. It is notorious that her Majesty's Government did not approve of either of these courses, but wished Gordon, if possible, to bring the garrisons away before the Mahdi could arrive near Khartoum. Gordon found that this was impossible, unless a British military expedition came up to Berber, in which case he would have endeavoured to send down the garrisons and refugees to that place. He had, in fact, no means of transport except on the river, and could not think of a march across the Desert. This we believe was his real difficulty, which was not understood in England during the summer and autumn months, when his communications with Government were cut off. At the same time, in the judgment of the best military authorities knowing the Soudan and its climate, a British expedition could not have been sent to Berber in summer. Hence the failure of the plans for the intended evacuation of the Soudan.

When General Gordon was informed of Lord Wolseley's expedition, he resented with great indignation, as was natural, the idea that it was sent for his own personal deliverance. He insists, over and over again, in this journal, that it should undertake the safe return of the garrisons and refugees. Not to execute this purpose, to which he felt pledged in honour, seems to him the "meanest and shabbiest" conduct, and he expresses the strongest contempt for everybody in office who does not think as he does. He forgets that the purpose was originally formed and announced when Government had been led, partly by his representations, to believe that the garrisons and refugees could easily be withdrawn in March or April, without the aid of a military expedition. Our Government had not intended, and had certainly never promised, to extend its efforts for their relief to the use of warlike means; it had not undertaken an unlimited and unconditional responsibility for their safety. But General Gordon, in a very chivalrous spirit, had personally assumed this responsibility, and he expected Ministers to find the means of fulfilling his pledges, which went far beyond the instructions he had received.

It is unnecessary here to quote the many severe and angry reflections in which this brave man relieved his vexed spirit during the painful crisis of affairs at Khartoum, when he had no care or thought of danger to himself. The Mahdi did not arrive to lay close siege to Khartoum until the middle of October, after which period the situation of Gordon became more threatening. He makes a note on the 13th of that month, "It is of course on the cards that Khartoum is taken under the nose of the expeditionary force, which will be *just too late*;" a prophecy too well verified by the result. But he had a garrison of more than eight thousand fighting men, twelve guns, eleven steamers, 21,000 rounds of artillery ammunition, and above two million rounds for the rifles, with store of grain and biscuit for several months; but very little money, except in paper. He expected the advanced force of the British army to reach Khartoum about the 15th of November; we know that to have been impossible, and we believe that Lord Wolseley did not lose any time, but Gordon could not be aware of the difficulties of transport up the Nile with a large regular force. For his own part, he was longing to get out of the Soudan, to retire from the British service, and not to live in England, but to devote the remainder of his life to the work for which he had engaged on the Congo. His recommendation for the future settlement of the Soudan was either to transfer it to the Sultan of Turkey, with a subsidy of two millions sterling, or to appoint Zebehr Pasha as Governor, with half a million paid down and a large yearly allowance. "In both cases," he observes, "the slave trade will flourish." He was utterly opposed to establishing British rule in the Soudan, and equally to its continuing a province of Egypt; and, in the event of Khartoum being taken by the Mahdi, he thought it would be useless to retake it, or to waste life and money in carrying on the campaign. These were Gordon's deliberate opinions within three months of his death.

The final siege of the city does not appear to have been fairly begun until November, as the Mahdi was extremely slow in his operations. There had been much desultory fighting in the previous months, and nearly a thousand of the garrison, altogether, had been killed; but Khartoum had never been in immediate peril of capture by force. "We have had a truly wearisome time for 241 days," writes Gordon on Nov. 8; but he records again the same determination, "that I will not leave here until everyone who wants to go down is given the chance to do so." The first serious conflict with the Mahdi's proper army was on the 12th, when Gordon's steamers and forts were opposed to a large force of the enemy supported by artillery at Omdurman. He was led, by their style of fighting, to suspect that some of them were the former Egyptian regular troops captured in Kordofan and Darfur. The repeated engagements on the White Nile became a matter of anxiety, since the Mahdi's army, with his guns and shells, was very different from the mere horde of savages which had gathered in May on the other side of Khartoum. They had boats to cross the river, and Gordon became anxious for his little steamers, which now and then got aground. The daily narrative from this time has greater military interest, and the attempts to save Omdurman Fort, on the further bank of the Nile, the capture of which by the Mahdi proved ultimately fatal, continue to the latest date in the Journal. The Mahdi's army was estimated at 25,000 men, part of them regular troops, under skilled officers, of whom several were Europeans. General Gordon had now not so much leisure to write lengthy disquisitions on the conduct of Government, and on the inconsistency and irrationality of English public opinion, or to adorn his pages with caricature portraits of the diplomatic agents at Cairo. His great ability as a soldier, his amazing personal energy and industry, and his genius for command were now called into perpetual activity; and the last two months of the siege, by all accounts, witnessed marvellous efforts of defensive warfare.

It would appear, from all that we read in this Journal or that we have learnt elsewhere, likely enough that Gordon might have prolonged the defence successfully till the full relieving force under Lord Wolseley could have reached Khartoum, but for the treachery of his subordinate officers, and the disaffection of the black Soudanese troops. These were the best fighting soldiers of the garrison; the Cairo Bashi-bazouks, the Egyptian fellaheen, and the Shaggiyeh Arabs being of a very cowardly temper. Gordon could not rely upon any of his officers after the departure of Colonel Stewart; he stood alone as an Englishman and Christian, the few remaining Europeans in Khartoum being persons from whom he could seek no assistance; and there was probably a conspiracy of fanatical Mohammedans to betray him, existing some weeks before the tragedy of Jan. 26. They might have readily compassed his assassination, if they had so resolved, without awaiting the treasonable compact with the Mahdi after the surrender of Omdurman; and it may be that this would have taken place at the approach of the British Army. Gordon himself was not suspicious of treachery among those under his command; but, even if he had been apprehensive of it, he might have had no means of guarding against it. To the latest date in his Journal, Dec. 14, there seems to have been very little direct mischief done in Khartoum by the incessant fire of the enemy; and the fortifications, if properly defended, could scarcely have been taken by assault. The rapid decrease of the store of food was by far the most alarming circumstance in Gordon's apparent position; and he writes on that day, "Now, mark this, if the expeditionary force does not come in ten days, the town may fall, and I have done my best for the honour of our country. Good-bye.—C. G. GORDON." He had not the slightest fear of death, on his own account, and he felt worried and disgusted with the miscarriage of his generous enterprise, and with the perverseness and baseness of many people he had had to deal with. Some of his judgments may appear to us mistaken, and his sentiments upon some occasions much overstrained; but his was a very peculiar mind. This volume will be perused with deep interest, and will probably draw forth renewed comment upon the topics which are fresh in public recollection; but it has not altered, in our own mind, the opinions already formed with regard to those transactions. The mission of General Gordon to Khartoum last year was ill-advised from its beginning, as neither he, nor the Ministers in London, nor the Ministers at Cairo, had a decided plan of action. It was left to his own discretion what he should do at Khartoum; but he was not entitled to make the Governments of Egypt and of Great Britain adopt his views with regard to external action on their part, the appointment of Zebehr, or the sending of troops to Berber, which had never been contemplated between Gordon and those authorities. The bitter reproaches cast upon eminent English officials for declining to put themselves entirely under Gordon's directions seem to be quite uncalled-for; he may or may not have been always in the right upon particular measures; but, in his general notions of the degree of authority with which he had been invested, Gordon was frequently much in the wrong. He was a real hero, nevertheless, whose memory will be cherished in the esteem of his countrymen and of mankind.

Mr. H. F. Frost gave a lecture on "Tristan und Isolde," last Tuesday evening, at 26, Leinster-gardens. Musical illustrations from the opera were excellently rendered by Mr. J. S. Shedlock on the pianoforte. The next meeting is fixed for July 17, when Miss Alma Murray will give a dramatic reading.

A thoughtful paper, by Dr. Jabez Hogg, in the current number of the *Journal of Science* reminds us of one favourite occupation Mr. Gladstone is not unlikely to resume when the time is ripe for his long-threatened retirement from the cares of Parliamentary life. In marshalling his reasons for declaring "Homer Colour-Blind," Dr. Hogg claims Mr. Gladstone among the Homeric authorities who support his theory. Will Mr. Gladstone be tempted to break fresh ground in this direction? Of high repute as an oculist, Dr. Hogg aptly improves the occasion in another publication, it may be stated, by showing in an article on "Colour-Blindness in the Mercantile Marine" how widespread is the ignorance of colours among those who would be sailors.

PARISIAN SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

(From our own Correspondent.)

Paris, Tuesday, June 23.

Although the date of the general elections has not yet been fixed, the campaign is already morally opened. Candidates are coming forward, programmes are being published, and public opinion is awakening to the importance of the struggle. The new system of voting by the *scrutin de liste*, instead of by isolated districts, will give results which none can foresee; it will give to the Republic the final consecration of the population, unhampered by official candidatures; or, as the Conservatives expect, it will give them such a proportion of representatives as will enable them to hope some day to overthrow the Republic. The *scrutin de liste* places the elections above merely local questions, nullifies local influence, and renders Governmental interference very difficult. Above all, it permits the scattered units of opinion to join and form a force. Whether in the large towns or in a department, the reactionaries can mass their votes; whereas, under the old system of the *scrutin d'arrondissement*, the reactionaries, being in a minority generally in each separate district, had no chance whatever; their efforts were necessarily isolated, and of no avail. The forthcoming elections, whatever may be their material result, will have, therefore, a great moral result: they will enable public opinion to form a current and Conservative France, to separate itself distinctly from Republican France. For the first time, the Republic will really be submitted to a plébiscite.

How the electoral platform will finally present itself before the country, we cannot say beforehand. No group and no chief can circumscribe the field of battle, for the new system of voting will produce powerful currents of opinion which will pass over personal ambitions, coteries, coalitions, and party cries. The affranchised universal suffrage will probably attach more importance to ideas than to persons. However, the programmes are being prepared on all sides by Conservatives, Bonapartists, Radicals. The most important programme yet published is that of the two most advanced groups of the Chamber—the Extreme Left and the Radical Left; and it is worth noticing that this document is severely criticised alike by the Moderate Republicans and the Irreconcileable Radicals: the former point out the vagueness of this transformed Radicalism; the latter, at the same time, scoff at its timidity, and look upon it as a manner of abdication. In short, the immediate result of this programme has been to diminish and isolate the Radical party.

Meanwhile, the Chamber has begun, with no little ferocity, the discussion of the Budget—that delicate subject which will give the Conservatives the much-coveted opportunity of revealing to the country the immensity of the financial deficit. The communication of the text of the peace with China, which has to be ratified by the Chamber, has also furnished an occasion for airing the question of colonial policy. Thus, during the present week two of the great points on which the elections will turn are brought before the Chamber and before the country.

The ceremony of the reception of M. Victor Duruy at the French Academy last Thursday derived a certain piquancy, from the fact that the Academician who received him beneath the dome of the Institute, Mgr. Perraud, Bishop of Autun, endeavoured to convert M. Duruy to Christianity. M. Duruy is a man, a writer, and a thinker of no mean order; as Minister under the Empire, he was a great reformer of public instruction in France; his history of Rome, from the foundation to the death of Theodosius, is a monument which the French can oppose to the work of Mommsen. Mgr. Perraud certainly admired all M. Duruy's qualities, but he found him guilty of too strong sympathies with paganism, of too sharp regrets of Roman civilisation, and of too severe criticism of the ascetic influence of Christianity. Thereupon the Bishop developed a whole theory of severe and dogmatic Roman Catholicism, and did his best to prove that M. Duruy was a great sinner. It is interesting to note that the whole press, with the exception of three or four ultramontane journals, sides with the pagan historian against his ascetic critic. We are living in a material age, and, consciously or unconsciously, the majority of the Latin Frenchmen are pagans at heart. T. C.

A monument to Cardinal Mezzofanti, the celebrated linguist, was inaugurated last Saturday at the Church of St. Onofrio, Rome, where Tasso was buried. The Italian Cabinet have resigned, in consequence of the small majority obtained on the Estimates for the Ministry for Foreign Affairs.

The Portuguese Chamber has ratified the General Act adopted by the Berlin Conference and the Convention with the African National Association.

The Dutch Chamber has voted in favour of the maintenance of the public lottery. This will bear henceforth the name of "State Lottery," the King being opposed to it on principle, and not wishing to have it called any longer "Royal Lottery." It has hitherto yielded to the Government an annual profit of 490,000 fl.

The King and Queen of the Belgians and Princess Clémentine went, on the 18th inst., to Ostend for the summer.

On Sunday afternoon the Emperor William accorded a special audience to the retiring and incoming American Ministers, Mr. Kasson and Mr. Pendleton, who presented their letters of recall and credentials respectively. Count Herbert Bismarck was present for the first time as the representative of the Foreign Office.—In the evening the Emperor left Berlin for Ems, where he arrived on Monday morning, meeting an enthusiastic reception.—The Empress has accepted a copy of the Revised Bible from the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge. It was presented through the resident English chaplain, the Rev. Archibald White.—The funeral of the late Prince Frederick Charles took place on the 18th inst., at Potsdam, with much ceremony.

The Emperor of Austria-Hungary leaves Vienna to-day (Saturday) to spend a month at Ischl.—On the 20th inst. the Municipal Council of Vienna took formal possession of the beautiful new Townhall erected on the Ring.

The colossal statue of Liberty was yesterday week escorted by a grand procession of vessels of all kinds to the island in New York Harbour, where it is to be erected. The ceremonial presentation of the figure took place subsequently in the City Hall. Here a civic ceremony took place in the afternoon, the Mayor, Mr. Grace, delivering an address of welcome.

According to official reports, 3081 persons lost their lives by the earthquake shocks in Cashmere. Cattle and sheep also perished in large numbers, and 70,000 dwellings were destroyed.

The Victoria Parliament was opened at Melbourne on the 18th inst. by the Governor, Sir Henry Brougham Loch, who congratulated the Legislature upon the flourishing condition of the colony. The bills announced by his Excellency are of local interest only.—A grand demonstration was held in Sydney on the return of the Australian Contingent from the Soudan. The troops landed on Tuesday morning and were received by the Governor, who thanked them in the name of the Queen and the people of the colony for their services. Their action had practically established an Imperial federation.

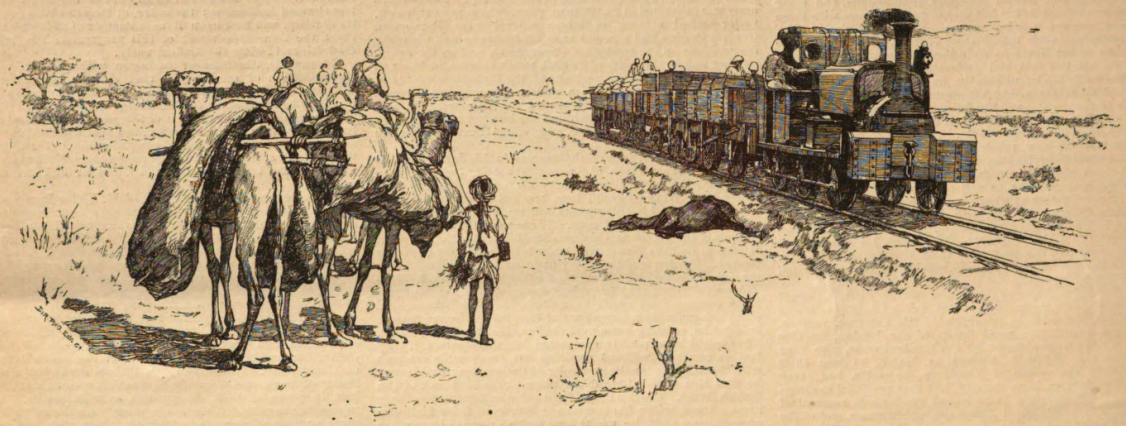


LORD WOLSELEY INSPECTING THE INDIAN CONTINGENT AT SOUAKIM.

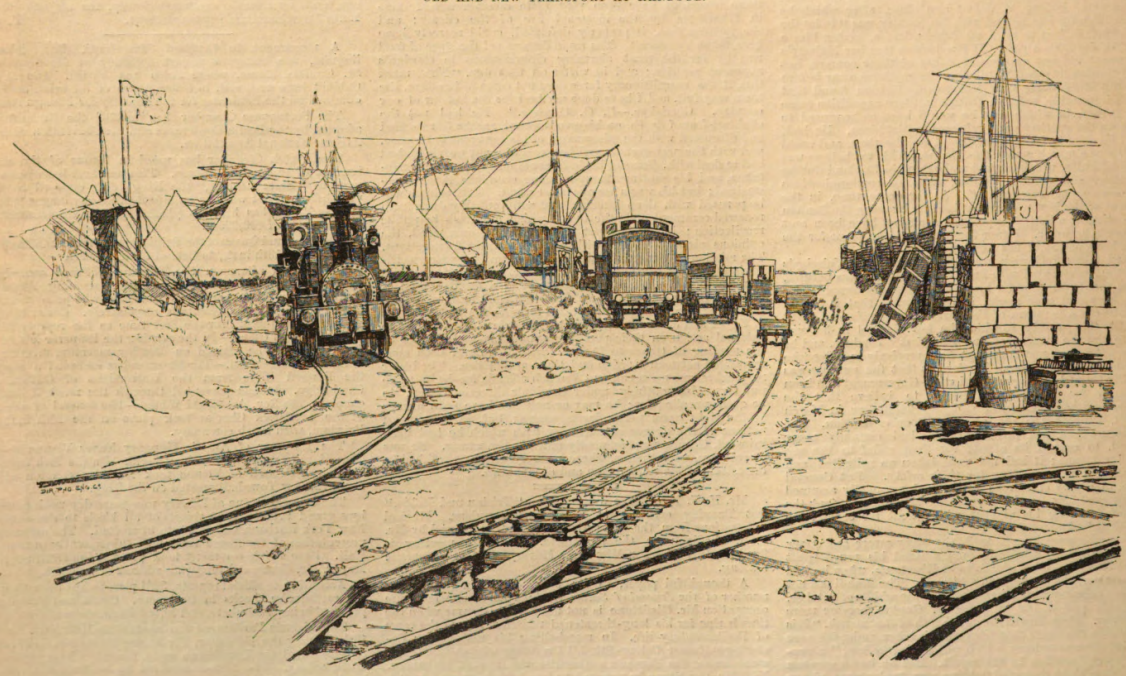


A BENGAL LANCER.

Although no further active military operations are now proceeding in the neighbourhood of Souakim, and the remaining British garrison will confine its services to the defence of the town and seaport, the remembrance of the late campaign against Osman Digna, under the command of Sir Gerald Graham, is still fresh in the public mind. We therefore present a few of the last Sketches taken by our Special Artist, Mr. Walter Paget, shortly before his departure, including that of the review by Lord Wolseley of the Bengal Lancers, part of the Indian Contingent, outside the west redoubt at Souakim. The abortive project of the railway to be constructed from Souakim to Berber on the Nile will have cost a large sum of money; and the materials and plant, it is said, have been offered to the Government of Cyprus, as a free gift, for the proposed line to connect the port of Larnaca with Leukosia and the interior of that island. The natives of the Eastern Soudan may have learned an interesting lesson about the "resources of civilisation" from the brief opportunity that was afforded them of seeing what a railway is like; and, when the train was running as far as Handoub, it was a sight which they naturally beheld with astonishment, and which must have given them some new ideas of the effect of European knowledge and skill. The contrast which our Artist has r presented, in one of his Sketches, between the camel and the locomotive engine, as means of "the old transport" and "the new transport," could not fail to impress the minds of those ignorant people of the Desert with a sentiment of respect for the power of foreign nations; and, if it should incline them to seek an improvement of their own condition in the opening of their country to legitimate trade, the expense of this demonstration may not have been entirely thrown away in the future of the Soudan and of the African Arab race. A View of the Souakim terminus of the line, at Quarantine Island, with the tents occupied by the staff of the contractors, Messrs. Lucas and Aird, is included among these Illustrations.

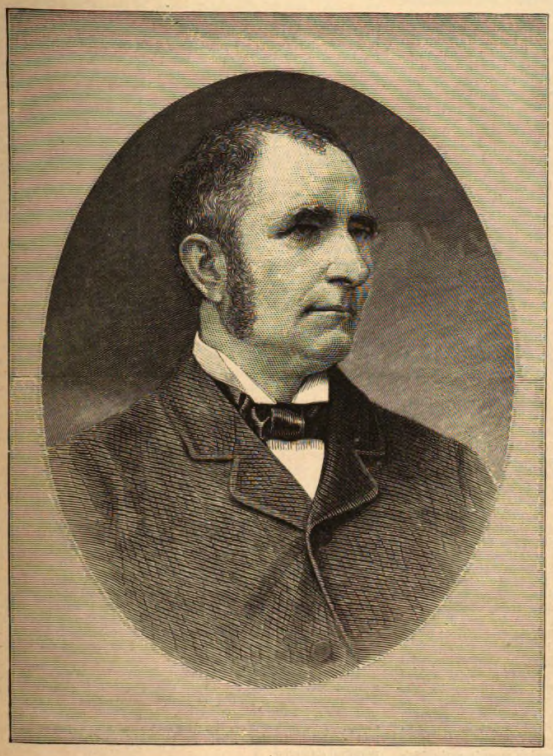


OLD AND NEW TRANSPORT AT HANDOUB.

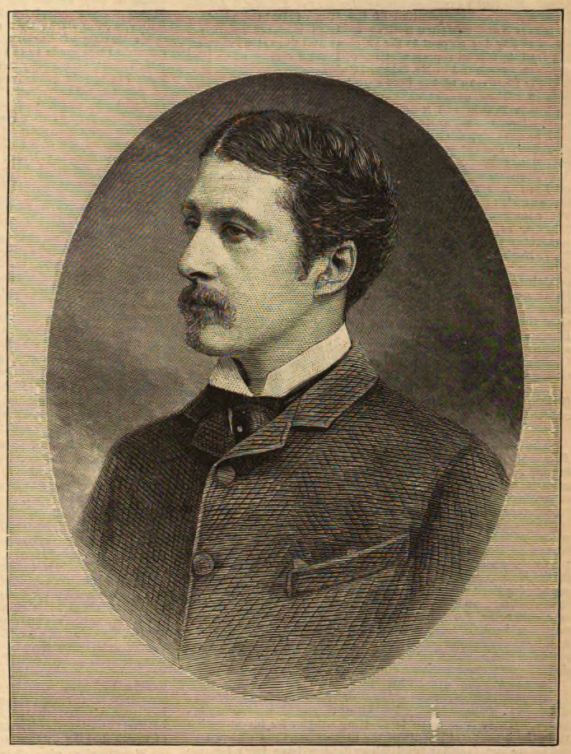


TERMINUS OF THE SOUAKIM AND BERBER RAILWAY AT QUARANTINE ISLAND.

THE WAR IN THE SOUDAN: SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. WALTER PAGET.



SIR RICHARD MARTIN, BART.,
CHAIRMAN OF THE DUBLIN PORT AND DOCKS BOARD.



SIR EDWARD CECIL GUINNESS, BART., D.L.,
FORMERLY HIGH SHERIFF OF DUBLIN CITY.

THE NEW IRISH BARONETS.



GATEWAY AT BALA MURGHAB.
SKETCH BY MR. W. SIMPSON, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST WITH THE AFGHAN BOUNDARY COMMISSION.

NEW IRISH BARONETS.

The visit of their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales to Ireland in April was an event that will be remembered with much gratification by the Royal Family. As the Lord Mayor and Corporation of the City of Dublin, yielding to perverse and mistaken notions of Irish national spirit, refused to pay due respect to the gracious and illustrious visitors, the leading official representatives of Dublin society upon that occasion were found in Mr. Edward Guinness, once High Sheriff, and the Chairman of the Port and Docks Board, Mr. Richard Martin. These gentlemen, supported by the most respectable classes in Dublin and its neighbourhood, successfully exerted themselves to maintain the old Irish virtues of courtesy and hospitality, not to speak of loyalty; and the result was most agreeable to their Royal Highnesses, and to his Excellency Earl Spencer, the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. The Portraits of Sir Edward Guinness, Bart., who is a brother of Lord Ardilaun, and Sir Richard Martin, Bart., who has done much for the benefit of the port and trade of Dublin by the construction of the new docks, are presented in this Number of our Journal. We regret that the same rank of baronetcy has not been bestowed on another gentleman, Mr. E. J. Harland, the Mayor of Belfast, head of the great shipbuilding firm of Messrs. Harland and Wolff: the splendid festivities and the cordial welcome with which the Prince and Princess of Wales were greeted at Belfast, and the commercial importance of that city, deserved a better token of recognition than the knighthood offered to its chief magistrate, which Mr. Harland is said to have declined. A knighthood has also been conferred on Dr. Wycherley, High Sheriff of the county of Cork, and on Professor C. A. Cameron, President of the Royal College of Surgeons of Ireland.

The Portraits of Sir Richard Martin and of Sir Edward Guinness are from photographs by Werner and Son, of Dublin.

The little volume entitled *My Holiday: a Record in Pen and Pencil* (J. F. Shaw and Co.), is an entire novelty. It is intended as a companion for a holiday tour, and contains, first, a page set apart for an entry of the date of leaving and returning home, then a series of Japanese designs, forming backgrounds to frames intended for pencil or other sketches, or they will form suitable mounts for photographs illustrating places visited. For those who sketch in water colours, a few leaves of Whatman's drawing-paper are provided, and four pages are set apart for botanical notes. The second portion of the book consists of writing-paper for a diary, followed by a page for the autographs of friends who may have been met in travelling; and, lastly, on the cover and on the titlepage is a space for the "author's" name. As something quite new, the book is sure to recommend itself to those who are now planning their annual "outing," and as it will be a really useful adjunct to a tourist's baggage, it is well worth noting down among the "things wanted."

Amongst the untrodden by-paths of literature, Mr. Lawrence Hutton, the author of *Literary Landmarks of London* (T. Fisher Unwin), has hit upon one of uncommon interest. There is no more fascinating subject for investigation than the homes and haunts of the literary worthies with whose works we are familiar, and whose names have truly become "literary landmarks." Probably no city in the world is so full of such associations as London. Fleet-street alone would supply material for a volume, the very name conjuring up visions of Shakspeare and Ben Jonson; of Addison and Steele; of Dr. Johnson and Goldsmith. The author expressly states that he has not attempted anything in the nature of a biography, but has confined himself to supplying a guide to such localities as are associated with the lives of eminent literary men. This he has done with so much accuracy and completeness that his work may be safely recommended as a reliable authority on a most interesting subject.

The results of a journey from Italy to Japan have been garnered up in a small volume by Lord Ronald Gower, entitled *Notes of a Tour from Brindisi to Yokohama*, 1883-4 (Kegan Paul and Co.). Externally, the book is of the slightest texture—it contains only eighty pages—but the writer seems to have enjoyed the expedition, and in a measure his readers will enjoy it also. In India he notices how strangers are welcomed as old friends, and observes that it is worth while going there if only to see the best side of the English character. When at Ahmedabad he visits the old pleasure-palace of the Kings, and remarks that in point of splendour it realises all one's dreams of Eastern magnificence. From Jeypore an excursion was made to the palace of Ambar, the situation of which is "grand beyond words," while "days might be passed in merely going from one exquisite room into another of this fairy-like palace." At Delhi Lord Ronald took an Indian bath, which must be as painful as a surgical operation, the victim being twisted and turned, "now with one's feet over and behind one's head, and now with the operator dancing a war-dance on one's chest and back." Of course, when at Agra, the Taj-Mahal was inspected, and pronounced "absolute perfection," the common verdict of travellers; but the writer suggests that it is even too finished, too perfect. A week was spent at Government House, Calcutta, at the crisis of the Ilbert Bill affair. At a ball the traveller met Mr. Ilbert, and was surprised to see a comparatively youthful man with a pleasant expression and intellectual head; but what most struck him was the absence of good looks among the ladies. At Colombo, in company with Lord Rosebery, he visited Arabi, and who gave him the impression of having the welfare of his country at heart. What more the author has to say of Arabi, of Ceylon, and finally of Japan, has the advantage in this age of big books of being written in the briefest compass. No reader will be likely to complain that Lord Ronald Gower is tedious.

On the occasion of the centenary of the Baptist Chapel, Bow, on Sunday, the Lord Mayor, at the evening service, preached to a crowded congregation.

Saturday was Founder's Day at Dulwich College, and the occasion was celebrated much in the usual way, by "speeches" from pupils and glees and madrigals from the choir.

In consequence of information which her Majesty's Postmaster-General has received by telegraph from the Austrian Post Office, the extension of the money order system to Austria-Hungary, which was to have taken effect from July 1, has been postponed until Aug. 1.

At the annual meeting of the Victoria (Philosophical) Institute (the Earl of Shaftesbury in the chair) the report was read by the honorary secretary, Captain Frank Petrie, showing that the number of home and foreign members had increased to upwards of eleven hundred. The institute's object, to promote scientific inquiry, and especially in cases where questions of science are held by those who advance them to be subversive of religion, is aided by scientific men, whether in its ranks or not. The address was delivered by Dr. J. Leslie Porter, President of Queen's College, Belfast, the subject being "Egypt: Historical and Geographical." Among the speakers were Sir H. Barkly and Professor Stokes, of Cambridge, who gave an important account of the progress of physical science during the past quarter of a century; and, reviewing the results, specially noted that as scientific truth developed, so had men to give up the idea that there was any opposition between the Book of Nature and the Book of Revelation, both of which had the same source.

Shortly after nine o'clock on Thursday morning, the 18th inst., one of the most disastrous colliery explosions of recent years occurred in the Clifton Hall Colliery, Pendlebury, near Manchester. There were at the time 349 men and boys engaged in the three chief seams. From two of these workings almost all the men escaped, though many sustained injuries; but in the third 147 men were entombed. Mr. Knowles, one of the proprietors of the colliery, stated on Monday to the meeting of the Manchester Relief Committee that 180 lives were lost in the disaster, and that 85 widows, 279 children, and 36 other persons are left destitute. The necessary relief will absorb the Colliery Club fund of £10,800, and £15,000 more is required to be raised. Sir Henry Ponsonby telegraphed to Mr. Ellis Lever, of Bowdon, expressing her Majesty's deep regret at the disaster. The Lord Mayor receives contributions at the Mansion House and forwards them to Manchester, where the Mayor has opened a relief fund.

THE AFGHAN BOUNDARY COMMISSION.

Sir Peter Lumsden's lecture to the Royal Geographical Society, last Monday evening, on the country of the Murghab, the Kushk, and the Heri-Rud, north of Herat, recalled many of the descriptive notices of that topography which accompanied the Sketches of our Special Artist, Mr. William Simpson, during his sojourn there with the Afghan Boundary Commission. Bala Murghab, the place where they abode in camp from the middle of December to February, has already been made tolerably familiar to the readers of the *Illustrated London News*. We present one more Illustration, that of an old gateway, belonging to the period when Bala Murghab was a Turkish town of some importance on the road from Herat to Maimene and Balkh, in one direction, or to Bokhara in another. The British Commission is now encamped near Herat, and is being consulted by the Ameer's Government about the fortifications of that city.

Intelligence has been received at Simla that the Russian telegraph line has been completed to Sarakhs.

Miss Jennie Young gives a concert-lecture on the potter's art this (Saturday) afternoon at Steinway Hall.

The Bishop of Lincoln has reopened the ancient parish church at Somerby, near Brigg, after restoration from plans by Mr. M. Townsend, of Peterborough. This is the first re-opening ceremony conducted by the Bishop since his elevation to the see.

Earl Spencer left Dublin for London on Monday evening. The new flag adopted by the Dublin Corporation was hoisted at the City Hall on Monday. It is green with a yellow harp, and at the corner next the staff, are the three castles on a blue ground. The colour of the old flag was blue.

Six steamers arrived at Liverpool during the past week with live stock and fresh meat on board from American and Canadian ports; the total imports being 1323 cattle, 6007 quarters of beef, and 615 carcases of mutton, showing a large decrease in comparison with the arrivals of the preceding week.

A concert of vocal and instrumental music was given last Saturday afternoon at the Albert Palace, in aid of the funds of the Fawcett Memorial Committee, by artists and a select choir from the Royal Normal College and Academy of Music for the Blind, Upper Norwood. The Skinners' Company have contributed fifty guineas, and the Fishmongers' Company twenty guineas, to this fund.

Sir James M'Garel-Hogg, entertaining members of the Metropolitan Board of Works last Saturday evening at Willis's Rooms, announced that the new street from Oxford-street to Piccadilly-circus would be opened before the end of the year, and that the new thoroughfare to be formed between Charing-cross and Tottenham-court-road would be one of the handsomest in the Metropolis.

In the case brought by Baron Henry De Worms, M.P., against Mr. Hughes for libel, the Queen's Bench jury on Tuesday returned a verdict for the plaintiff with £500 damages, with costs. They also found for the plaintiff on a counter-claim. In another case, the proprietors of a newspaper which had published the libel apologised, and agreed to pay nominal damages.

In London 2375 births and 1284 deaths were registered last week. Allowing for increase of population, the births were 266, and the deaths 164, below the average numbers in the corresponding weeks of the last ten years. The deaths included 21 from smallpox, 95 from measles, 7 from scarlet fever, 16 from diphtheria, 42 from whooping-cough, 6 from enteric fever, 2 from ill-defined forms of continued fever, 24 from diarrhœa and dysentery, 3 from cholera. The deaths referred to diseases of the respiratory organs, which had declined from 305 to 231 in the four preceding weeks, further fell last week to 196, and were 46 below the corrected weekly average. Different forms of violence caused 56 deaths; 44 were the result of negligence or accident, among which were 17 from fractures and contusions, 7 from burns and scalds, 10 from drowning, and 6 of infants under one year of age from suffocation. Eleven cases of suicide were registered.

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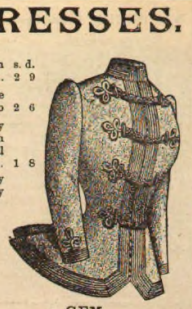
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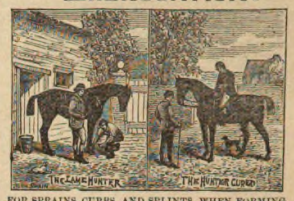
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DRAWN BY F. BARNARD.

Heriot was off the sofa and after him in a moment. He found the man sitting in the dark, with his face buried in his hands, and sobbing like a baby.

ADRIAN VIDAL.

BY W. E. NORRIS,

AUTHOR OF "MDLLE. DE MERSAC," "MATRIMONY," "THIRLBY HALL," &c.

CHAPTER XLIV.

A LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT.

Heriot had an old and faithful servant who had been with him since his college days, had accompanied him in all his wanderings, had nursed him through many illnesses, and had ended by becoming his friend and to some extent also his confidant. A few hours after Adrian had left him he sent for this man and said: "Sit down here, Graves, beside me; I want to have a talk with you."

"Better let me get you to bed, Sir," answered Graves, after scrutinising his master's face. "You've had about enough talking for one day, if you aint had too much. That there Mr. Vidal, he comes here and he sets and he sets just as if you was made of cast iron. I was very near knocking at the door and sending of him away this afternoon, I can tell you."

"Come, now, Graves, you can't accuse him of having given me too much of his company lately."

"No; that he aint!" growled Graves, who was not particularly devoted to his master's friend. "He don't trouble himself so much as to inquire at the door for weeks together, and when he do come there's no getting rid of him. He's tired you out, that's plain enough to see. Now, if you please, Sir, you'll just go to bed and let me read you to sleep. Here's the evening paper just come in with a leading article that would send you off beautiful in five minutes."

"I have no doubt it would, if anything would; but I don't want to go to sleep just yet. Sit down, as I tell you, and don't irritate me. The doctor particularly said that I was not to be irritated. How old are you, Graves?"

"Let me see," murmured Graves. "Forty-six—forty-eight—yes, Sir, I'm as near eight-and-forty as it makes no difference."

"Are you really? Well, now, don't you think that at eight and forty it is about time for a young fellow to begin to contemplate marriage?"

"No, Sir," answered Graves, with a decisive shake of his head. "I don't. I know what married servants is, and I hope I know my duty to my employer. No incumbrances for me, thank you."

"But what about your duty to Mrs. Anderson? How long is it that you have been keeping company with her? Twenty years?"

"Scarcely so much, I think, Sir; but that don't make no odds. She knows I aint one to change. She don't want to go running off to church at once, like a housemaid who's afraid of her sweetheart giving her the slip; and if she did, want would have to be her master. I've told her often enough that I'm not going to leave you so long as you need me. 'And,' says I, 'if that don't suit you, mum, why, you're welcome to look elsewhere."

"That was rather ungallant of you, Graves. Poor Mrs. Anderson may be excused for being a little impatient after such a number of years, and I am glad to think that her patience won't be tried much longer. My time is nearly up, Graves."

"It aint nothing of the sort, Sir."

"Graves, I thought you had more sense. I am at the point of death, and you know it. That is why I want you to tell me what you will do after I am gone."

"I aint going to speak about no such thing, Sir—nor yet think about it," returned the man, doggedly.

"My dear old friend, do you suppose I don't know that you will be sorry to lose me? But we must part, you see; it can't be helped; and I should like to have some idea of what your future is to be. Do you think of lodgings, for instance?"

"Well, Sir," answered Graves, reluctantly, "Mrs. Anderson, she have spoke of it; but my own notion was occasional waiting. It aint wealth; but it's a small certainty, and it don't entail no risk. Now, I've known a great number of men as has left service and taken to letting lodgings; but I never knowed one yet as had capital enough to start clear. What with the crushing rent you have to pay in Mayfair or Belgravia—for it aint much good to go anywhere else—and what with the cost of furnishing, you're a lucky man if you ever manage to pay off your debts; that's my experience."

"Yes; but of course you know that I shall leave you something. Don't protest: I am sure that you have never wished that I should die: only you must, in common prudence, have counted upon coming into some additional capital at my death. And what I wanted to say to you was that I have had you put down in my will for a sufficient sum to pay for furniture and to give you a small income, but not quite sufficient to keep you in idleness. A man without an occupation is a miserable man, Graves."

"There's no doubt of it, Sir."

"Do you remember how, in Spain and Italy, and all those southern countries, we used to watch the people sitting for hours together in the sun doing nothing; and how we used to wonder what they were thinking of all the time?"

"They was thinking of no good, Sir, that you may depend," answered Graves. "A pack of cut-throat villains, the whole lot of 'em—Italians, Spaniards, and Greeks, there aint a pin to choose. When they aint thinking of a murder or a robbery, it's long odds that they're thinking about nothing at all."

"Well," said Heriot, smiling, "I dare say they often contrive to have no thoughts. They have raised laziness to the level of a fine art; they are satisfied to exist, and don't know what boredom is. It isn't so with us northern people. We have no sun, worth speaking of, to sit in; and we must be doing something, or else we lose our spirits and our health. I have never been fit to follow an occupation myself; but I have very frequently felt the want of one. In spite of books and friends, and such interests as I could create for myself, I haven't always been able to fill up the hours; and I shouldn't feel that I was doing any man a kindness by making him altogether independent of work."

"I don't think you would, Sir."

"Yet, when one has a good deal of money to leave, and only a few people to leave it to, one is a little puzzled. You see, there is a certain class of persons who would work all the better, perhaps, if their daily bread didn't actually depend upon it. Artists, for instance, and—and authors. If a man is in a hurry to get his job done and be paid, he can't give as much time as he ought to detail and finish; and therefore I think that, to enable him to show himself at his best, one should try to place him out of the reach of money worries. Don't you see what I mean?"

"Maybe I do, Sir; but there's some authors as isn't fit to be trusted with much money, in my opinion. Some authors would do a deal better if the money was settled on their wives—and tied up tight too."

"That idea has occurred to me; but I have seen some objections to it. The question, after all, is rather one of amount than of mode of bequest. Now, tell me honestly, Graves—because there may be time for me to alter my will yet—what should you say was a satisfactory sum, neither too much nor too little, for a man in your position to inherit?"

Graves looked distressed. "If you please, Sir, I'd rather not name a figure. I hope it'll be many a long day before I inherit anything from you, and I believe I've saved enough to keep my head above water without any legacies."

"Yes; but you wouldn't gratify Mrs. Anderson by taking lodgings unless you had rather more capital, and I don't fancy the occasional waiting business for you. This isn't a subject about which you need feel the slightest delicacy; for what doesn't go to you and to one or two other persons after my death will go to charities. Would £5000 be enough, do you think?"

"Too much, Sir, by half."

"I shouldn't like to make it less. One must allow a margin for contingencies; and it is possible, though I hope it isn't at all likely, that your lodgings might turn out a failure. So that is what you will get, Graves—that and a few trifles that I thought you might like to have as reminders of an old friend. And now about the other bequests. What would be your notion of the proper income for a literary gentleman who had better not be too rich and certainly ought not to be poor?"

"In addition to what he has got already, do you mean?" Heriot nodded.

"Five or six hundred a year, Sir," replied Graves, without the least hesitation.

"What! for a married man who may have a large family? I thought you would have put it at quite double that amount. To tell you the truth, I have made it rather more than double, and I am not sure that I haven't been stingy."

Graves shook his head. "I should have liked to have seen it settled on the lady, Sir," said he.

"Be satisfied, then," returned Heriot, laughing; "half of it *is* settled on the lady. My old friend, Mrs. Irvine, will come into a round sum—you won't object to that, I suppose—and then there is that Children's Hospital that Mrs. Vidal is interested in; I thought she would be glad that it should be remembered. All the rest goes to different charities. There! I've altered my will I don't know how often, and I've given no end of bother to the lawyers; but I doubt whether I shall bother them again. Graves, you have known me a long time; you knew me before I was an invalid; you have been with me since I began to suffer, all those years ago, and you have seen me in pain and out of spirits and out of temper"——

"Never!" burst out Graves, suddenly. "Never seed you out of temper once, I'll swear!"

"Haven't you?" said Heriot, consideringly. "Perhaps not—perhaps I haven't shown it in the ordinary way. And now tell me, do you think that, upon the whole, I have borne it all like a man?"

Something prevented Graves from answering at once; but presently he said, in a gruff voice, "Yes; you've bore it like a man."

"Well, do you know, Graves, that is what I think myself. I hope it isn't arrogant. A soldier, you know, who has been through several campaigns and hasn't shirked death or wounds is entitled to call himself a brave man. You may say that he has no business to brag, because he has only done his duty, and he would have been a very despicable being if he had run away; still, I think it must sometimes be a satisfaction to him to be able to say to himself, 'Anyhow, I am not a coward.' That is the way that I look at my life. I haven't been a coward; though I have often enough felt afraid. Lately I have felt more afraid than I used; the machine is worn out, you see."

He was silent for a minute or two, and then added, "Mr. and Mrs. Vidal will be here to-morrow afternoon; you must tell them that I don't feel well enough to see them. I shall never see them again. After keeping up for so long, it would not do to run the risk of breaking down at the finish and giving them a painful recollection of me, and I feel as if I were losing hold of myself. Well, I think I'll go to bed now, Graves."

Graves got up, without replying, and began to bustle about; but all of a sudden he stopped in the midst of his preparations, stood still for a moment, and then hurried off into the adjoining room, where he had slept during his master's illness, slamming the door behind him.

Heriot was off the sofa and after him in a moment. He found the man sitting in the dark, with his face buried in his hands, and sobbing like a baby.

"Why, Graves, what's the matter? What an old fool you are!" he exclaimed, laughing, though his own voice was a little unsteady. "You mustn't do this sort of thing, you know. Didn't you hear the doctor say that I was to be spared all agitation?"

"What do you go to upset me for, then?" returned the other, angrily. "You've no regard for a man's feelings. Now, you won't find me making a fool of myself like this again; so I tell you. And you'll just please let me get you to bed, Sir, and stop talking. It's enough to give anyone an illness to go on like you've been doing to-night."

Graves continued to grumble under his breath until his master was between the sheets, when he reverted to the leading article which he had recommended before as a soporific, and proposed to begin reading it aloud. But Heriot answered that he thought he could get to sleep without that.

"Good-night, Graves," he said, holding out his wasted hand. "I'm sorry that I distressed you just now; but I couldn't help it. It had to be said some time. And, Graves, if the pain comes on in the night and you hear me call out, you'll come in at once with the medicine, won't you?"

Graves nodded. "You shan't have to wait, Sir. But you'll have a quiet night, please God. Your eyes looks heavy, and I think you're going to sleep well."

And so it proved. Several times after this Graves returned, and was reassured by the sound of slow and regular breathing. Then, being a light sleeper, and knowing that the slightest sound would awaken him, he lay down and took a few hours of rest. He was not disturbed; but when, with the first glimmer of dawn, he stole on tiptoe into his master's room, there was nothing but stillness and emptiness there. Upon the bed, as if in slumber, lay what had once been called Heriot; but the real Heriot, having faithfully performed the task allotted to him in this world of pain and weariness, had received his message of recall during the night, and, silently responding to it, had passed away to the land where all things are forgotten.

CHAPTER XLV.

NEW LEAVES.

It was on a sunny, hazy afternoon in the autumn that Adrian and Clare wandered out to the headland overlooking Polruth Bay, where one of them had been wont to sit in days gone by, and amuse herself with dreams which time had only in part fulfilled. As she sat down in the old place now, she seemed to see before her a future less romantic, perhaps, but more assured and more peaceful. She had lived and learnt, and had gained something and lost something by that process, as all must. The events of the past two years had changed her both outwardly and inwardly more than they had changed her husband, who had stretched himself upon the turf at her feet, and was unrolling one of a number of architectural drawings which he had brought with him. This paper, labelled "South Elevation," he spread out and secured by placing stones on its four corners, and then—

"Just look here a moment, will you, Clare?" he said. "You see, here's the front door, with the dining-room windows on one side and the library on the other. He calls it south; but I've been over the ground, and it isn't south a bit; it's as nearly as possible south-west. Now the question is whether, when there's a gale (which, I suppose, will be about every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday during the winter) we shall be able to use our front door at all without having all our teeth blown down our throats."

"When there is a gale we will use the back door," answered Clare; "but it is a great mistake to imagine that there are more gales in Cornwall than anywhere else. If it does happen to blow, it blows rather hard, that is all. And during the winter the front door will be locked, because we shall be in London."

"Shall we indeed? And where are we going to live in London, if it isn't an impertinent question?"

"In our own house, of course. Adrian, did you really suppose that I contemplated planting you down in Cornwall for the rest of your days?"

"My dear girl, wealthy as we are, I don't think we can quite afford to have two houses, and if it is a question between Cornwall and London, I give my vote for Cornwall without hesitation."

"Then I give mine for London. It would not make me at all happy to have my own way in everything. This house is only being built to please me, and I should never enjoy living in it if I felt the whole time that I was keeping you away from your friends and your club and all the amusements that you are accustomed to. You know you hate the country."

"That is just where you are mistaken, my dear. I love the country. I suppose no man ever was more sick of a place than I am of London, and I decided to have a house hereabouts, because I happen to prefer Cornwall to any other county in England. As for this particular house, I take it that it is being built, not to please either you or me, but to please your mother, who in an evil hour fell in with 'the most promising young architect you ever saw,' and of course had to find some employment for him, since nobody else seemed to be disposed to give him any. As far as I can judge, there is considerably more promise than performance about him. If he ever carries out his fell designs, we shall find ourselves the proud possessors of the ugliest and most incommodious dwelling in England. I have been studying his features, which seem to express a happy combination of knavery and stupidity; and I have been wondering whether it might not be worth while to pay him a certain sum in advance, upon the chance of his bolting off with the money and never being heard of again."

Clare laughed. "Considering that you are his employer," she remarked, "I should think you might venture to dismiss him without tempting him to rob you. Are you going to let your wife and your mother-in-law reduce you to a state of slavery? Georgina thinks that is your only chance. Did I tell you that I had a letter from her this morning? She assures me that since her marriage she has become more than ever convinced that either the husband or the wife should be a benevolent despot, and that the one whose will is strongest should always be placed in command."

"Oh, indeed. And has she discovered that De Wynt's strength of will is phenomenal?"

"So she says; and as she has no doubt at all about my will being stronger than yours, she concludes that you must be made to obey, or else we shall both suffer for it. Her view is—But after all, I don't think I will repeat her view to you," said Clare, with a slight laugh.

But Adrian lifted his handsome young face, upon which care had left no faintest indication of its passage, and looked up at his wife, smiling. "Let us hear her view," he said. "It is always amusing and sometimes profitable to be told what other people think of us."

"What she thinks is not amusing," answered Clare, who had grown grave. "She says that we are not suited to one another, and that you will never understand me, nor I you. It isn't true, though. You don't think it is true, do you, Adrian?"

"My dear Clare, do you believe that one human being ever did completely understand another? As to our not being suited to each other, surely we may be allowed to be the best judges of that. I remember poor old Heriot saying the same thing to me once. It was long ago—before we were married."

"Did he?" asked Clare, a look of pain coming over her face. "But he changed his mind afterwards—I am sure he did. I often wish that he could see us now. And yet, I don't know—it seems rather cruel that we should be happy, and that we should be making plans and discussing what we shall do with his money, and seeming to forget him—though we don't really forget. I wonder whether he would have approved of our establishing ourselves down here. I wonder what he thought our future would be."

The secret which Heriot had kept so long and so well had been duly divulged to Clare, in accordance with his wish; but it had hardly affected her so painfully as it would have done had she realised its full meaning. Heriot, during his lifetime, had never seemed to her to be a man who could love or be loved in that particular way, nor could she feel that his love for her had been anything more than what he himself had called it—a dream. Perhaps the uppermost feeling in her mind was one of thankfulness that she had not been told sooner; and it is not improbable that Heriot may have foreseen that this would be so.

Adrian, who was pulling up tufts of the sweet-smelling herbage and crushing them between his fingers, did not answer for a minute or two. He had felt Heriot's death more, perhaps, than Clare had done; he certainly missed his friend more than she did; but he hated all painful topics, and could not speak about them without an effort.

"That queer fellow, Graves, gave me an account of a long talk that he had with his master the last evening that they were together," he remarked, presently. "The man told it very well; I could fancy that I heard poor old Heriot's voice. His wish seems to have been that we should be well enough off to be independent, but that I should not fancy myself too rich to work. Well, I have no thought of giving up work; only I shan't write any more novels."

"Oh, Adrian, why not? Not because the last one didn't succeed quite so well as the one before?"

"That wouldn't be a bad reason. One ends by finding out what one can do and what one can't. I might go on writing novels indefinitely, and by taking pains I might, I think, always manage to attract a certain number of readers; but no amount of pains would ever lift me into the front rank of novelists. I have the descriptive faculty, but I haven't the creative; and that is like saying of a painter that he is an excellent copyist. You can make a living by copying; it's a vocation like another; but I can't conceive anyone adopting it unless with a view to making a living. Now, I am not obliged to work for my living any more. We have what I suppose may be called a comfortable competence, and I think I am entitled to take up any kind of employment which may never bring me in any money at all, and which, at all events, can't do so for a considerable time."

"What kind of employment do you mean?" asked Clare, wonderingly.

"I am going to write a history. Don't open your eyes at me; it isn't such a wild piece of presumption as it sounds. Do you know why there are comparatively few historians? Why, simply because very few literary men can afford to wait an indefinite time for payment. What, after all, are the qualifications of an historian? Accuracy and diligence, to begin with. Everybody can be accurate and diligent if he will. After that, he should have a pleasant style, he should be able to sift the grain from the chaff, and he should know how to put life into the personages whom he describes. Now, between ourselves, and as nobody is listening to us, I don't mind saying candidly that I believe I possess these gifts in some measure. I may not be a Gibbon or a Macaulay"——

"I don't see why you should not be," interrupted Clare; and indeed she spoke with perfect sincerity.

"But, without aiming quite so high as that, one may perhaps earn a little credit for oneself and spend a few years very pleasantly in erecting a monument which may or may not prove more perennial than bronze. I've decided upon my subject; I mean to take the period of the First Empire. I shall not call it a life of Napoleon, though of course his will be the central figure; but just think of the list of his contemporaries! Pitt, Fox, Wellington, Talleyrand, Goethe, Madame de Staël—there's no end to them. And then the materials that one has to work upon! One's great difficulty will be the boiling of them down. Now, I know what you are going to say; it isn't new ground. But what of that? The history of such a period is always new; no one writer can exhaust all that there is to be said about it. Besides, I haven't any very formidable rivals. The "Histoire du Consulat et de l'Empire" is a tolerably well-known book; but how many English people have read it, do you suppose?"

"I have not," answered Clare.

"You will have it to read now," Adrian said, laughing. "For years to come, your days will be passed among the dead. I shall get you to take notes for me, and to write from dictation, and to do a hundred other disagreeable things; and every now and then we shall have to go up to London to consult authorities. That will be better fun than having a house there, won't it? Of course, too, we shall have to visit Paris at intervals—not to speak of Italy and Spain and every battlefield from Waterloo to the Borodino. Do you know, Clare, I believe we shall be inconsolable when this great work is completed."

Clare allowed herself to be gained by her husband's enthusiasm. New horizons opened out before her as he talked on; she saw herself becoming his companion, his helpmate, and his friend, and acknowledged to herself that such a life was at least more useful and dignified than the existence of perpetual love-making, which she had once longed for and still regretted a little. She was beginning, "I wouldn't change places with any woman living now," when her sentence was interrupted by the sudden appearance of her mother, who was seen hurrying up the slope in a state of much agitation and breathlessness.

"Oh, here you are!" panted Mrs. Irvine; "I have been looking for you everywhere to tell you of a most painful thing that has happened. I have just heard that that wretched young man has been arrested at Bodmin on a charge of embezzlement. Is it not too heartrending?"

"I have no doubt that I should feel it to be so," answered Adrian, to whom this appeal seemed to be addressed, "if I knew who the wretched young man was. Can it be—but no; that would be too good to be true. It isn't our friend the architect?"

Mrs. Irvine nodded solemnly. "It is, indeed; and I feel that I shall never be able to believe in the honesty of any distressed person again."

"Oh, yes, you will," said Adrian, encouragingly. "I will venture to predict that the very next distressed person who turns up will command your full confidence. Only I do trust that no more casual architects will appear in these parts until Clare and I have got a roof over our heads."

"You need have no fear," replied Mrs. Irvine, who had taken her son-in-law's arm, and was leading him down towards the village. "If a hundred architects were to come and beg me to find employment for them, I should tell them that they might as well talk to one of their own stone walls as to me. I have been taken in too often. Do you remember how poor dear Mr. Heriot used to laugh at me about the people whom I had tried to befriend and who had turned out badly? I always maintained that I had been exceptionally unlucky in my experiences; but I am beginning to see that there are more rogues than honest folk in the world. I shall turn over a new leaf now and subscribe to the Charity Organisation Society."

"We are all going to turn over new leaves," Adrian remarked. "You are going to give up indiscriminate charity; Mr. Irvine is going to give up enriching the curiosity-dealers; Georgina is going to give up savage life; and Clare and I are going to give up writing novels and frequenting fashionable society and—and other things which it is unnecessary to specify. I wonder whether all of us, or any of us, will keep our resolutions?"

And then, as Mrs. Irvine, who had paused to exchange greetings with an ancient mariner, was evidently not attending to him, he turned to his wife and said, "What do you think, Clare?"

"Perhaps, if we keep the resolutions that you didn't mention, it will be sufficient," she answered.

THE END.

NEW TALE BY MR. BUCHANAN.

In our next Number, being the first of a New Volume, will be commenced an Original Tale, entitled THE MASTER OF THE MINE, *by* ROBERT BUCHANAN, *to be continued weekly until completed.*

A BOUT WITH THE GLOVES.

In the duels of chivalry, we are told, the glove was sometimes made the gage of conflict; and a lady might even give her own glove as a prize to be fought for between two rival suitors. Fighting *with* the gloves, as practised among pugilists, has quite a different purpose; the fists being so attired, and the gloves being so prudently padded, that a boxing-match may take place, and the most vigorous blows may be exchanged, without much peril of disfiguring and painful bruises. This combat of the young dogs, shown in our Artist's Drawing, in its use or misuse of the glove reminds us more of the former custom of human duellists, as the glove is what they are just now fighting for, though any other small article of apparel, which they could tear to pieces, might serve as well to invite their sportive contention. A third dog, sitting as umpire, gravely overlooks the proceeding, which may not, however, be approved by the master of these animals, the owner of the gloves and boots, when he views the mischievous result of the struggle.

The Duke of Richmond and Gordon has been appointed an Ecclesiastical Commissioner for England.

The Pope has appointed Monsignor Butt Roman Catholic Bishop of Portsmouth.

The Earl of Lindsay has been elected a respresentative Peer of Scotland, in room of the late Earl of Selkirk.

Mr. Alfred Tristrum Lawrence, of the Oxford Circuit, has been appointed Recorder of Windsor.

Mr. E. Birkbeck, M.P. for North Norfolk, has been appointed a Public Works Loan Commissioner.

Lady John Manners opened a handsome new coffee-tavern at Leicester last week, in presence of a large company. The house, which is the twelfth in Leicester, cost over £10,000.

A new shelter for cabmen, the gift of Miss Paris, which is stationed opposite St. George's Hospital, Hyde Park-corner, was opened last week by Mr. F. A. Bevan.

The College of Physicians have appointed a committee to superintend the reproduction in autotype of the original manuscript notes of William Harvey's lectures, delivered in the Royal College of Physicians, in and after 1616, and has guaranteed the cost of one hundred copies. A printed transcript will be furnished with each page of the autotype—the bad handwriting, the curious phraseology, and the abbreviations used by the great physiologist rendering some interpretation necessary. These lectures contain the first suggestions of Harvey's discovery of the circulation, so that this manuscript may be regarded as the most interesting monument of English natural science. The number of copies to be produced will be limited to 500. Messrs. Churchill have liberally undertaken to publish the work without the usual commission, as soon as 350 copies are subscribed for. At least 200 more subscribers are required before the work can be put in hand. Any communications on the subject may be addressed to Dr. E. H. Sieveking, of 17, Manchester-square, London; or to Messrs. Churchill, 11, New Burlington-street, London. The cost of each copy, including the transcript, and bound, will be £2 2s. to subscribers, and £2 12s. 6d. after publication.

OBITUARY.

SIR WILLIAM MILMAN, BART.



Sir William Milman, third Baronet, of Levaton, in the county of Devon, died at Tenby, on the 17th inst., in his seventy-second year. He was second son of Sir William George Milman, second Baronet, by Elizabeth Hurry, his wife, only daughter of Mr. Robert Alderson, Recorder of Ipswich, and succeeded to the title at the decease of his father, Aug. 21, 1857 (his elder brother, Francis, having died vitâ patris). He was educated at Westminster, and at Brasenose College, Oxford, where he graduated in 1837. In 1841 he was called to the Bar, and joined the Oxford circuit. He married, Oct. 26, 1841, Matilda Frances, eldest daughter of the Rev. John Pretyman, Rector of Sherington, Bucks, and leaves three surviving sons and four surviving daughters. The eldest son, now Sir Francis John Milman, late Royal Artillery, was born in 1842, and married, in 1870, Katherine Grace, second daughter of Mr. Stephen C. Moore, of Barne, in the county of Tipperary, by whom he has issue.

SIR RICHARD GETHIN, BART.



Sir Richard Gethin, seventh Baronet, late of Percy Mount, in the county of Sligo, died on the 11th inst., in his sixty-first year. He was eldest son of Captain Richard Gethin, eldest son of Sir Percy Gethin, sixth Baronet; and (his father having died *v.p.* in 1835) he succeeded to the baronetcy at his grandfather's decease, Oct. 10, 1837. The Gethins of Gethinsgrott were of Welsh ancestry. The baronetcy was conferred, Aug. 1, 1665, on Sir Richard Gethin, of Gethinsgrott, M.P. for Limavady. The Baronet whose death we record held commissions, successively, in the 20th Foot, the 1st Dragoon Guards, and the 83rd Regiment. In 1856 he served as Captain in the Turkish Contingent during the Crimean War. He married, June 25, 1846, Frances, youngest daughter of Mr. George Weller Poley, of Boxted Hall, Suffolk (which marriage was dissolved in 1862). The only surviving son, now Sir Richard Charles Percy Gethin, eighth Baronet, barrister-at-law, was born Nov. 30, 1847, and married, June 5, 1876, Catharine, eldest daughter of Mr. Frederick Edward Burton Scott, of Cloughton, Cheshire, by whom he has issue.

GENERAL CONWAY.

General Thomas Sydenham Conway, C.B., died at his residence, Bury-street, St. James's, on Sunday, the 7th inst., at the age of seventy-five. He entered the Army in February, 1828, and served throughout the operations in Scinde; commanded the Light Company at the defence of the Residency at Hyderabad; and was present at the battles of Meeanee and Hyderabad, for which he had a medal. He also served in the Mahratta war. He became Major in 1843, in which year he was made a Companion of the Bath, and attained the rank of General in July, 1881.

MAJOR-GENERAL WALTER FANE.

Major-General Walter Fane, C.B., Madras Staff Corps, died at Fulbeck, Lincolnshire, on the 16th inst., aged fifty-seven. He was the youngest son of the Rev. Edward Fane, Prebendary of Lincoln, and grandson of Thomas, eighth Earl of Westmoreland, entered the Army in 1845, and attained the rank of Major-General in 1879. He served in the Punjaub Irregular Cavalry 1849 to 1857, and in 1859 participated in the pursuit and capture of Tantia Topee in Central India; subsequently raised a regiment of Irregular Cavalry for service in China, and commanded Fane's Horse in the engagement at Sinho and at the capture of Pekin. In requital he received the Companionship of the Bath. He married, Aug. 4, 1879, Agnes, daughter of Sir Henry Bold Hoghton, Bart.

MR. MACKIE, M.P.

Mr. Robert Bownas Mackie, F.S.A., J.P., of St. John's House, Wakefield, M.P. for that town, died on the 18th inst. He was born in 1829, the eldest son of the late Mr. Robert J. Mackie, of St. John's, and was educated at Wesley College, Sheffield. He was formerly a partner in the firm of Robert Mackie and Co., corn merchants, of Wakefield. That borough he unsuccessfully contested in 1874, but was returned, in the Liberal interest, in 1880. He married, in 1852, Fanny, daughter of the late Mr. William Shaw, of Stanley Hall, and became a widower in 1853. His brother, Colonel Edward Alexander Mackie, J.P., of Manor House, Heath, is Honorary Colonel 1st Volunteer Battalion King's Own Light Infantry, South Yorkshire Regiment.

We have also to record the deaths of—

Professor Fleeming Jenkin, Professor of Engineering in the University of Edinburgh, unexpectedly, on the 12th inst., from blood-poisoning, after undergoing a surgical operation of a trivial kind.

The Rev. Edwin Paxton Hood, recently in Paris. He was formerly editor of the *Eclectic Review*, and author of a biography of Wordsworth, a life of the Rev. Dr. Binney, and of other popular works.

The Venerable Henry Fearon, M.A., B.D., Hon. Canon of Peterborough, Rector of Loughborough, and formerly and for twenty-one years Archdeacon of Leicester, on the 12th inst., in his eighty-third year.

Mr. James Moncrieff Arnott, of Chapel, in the county of Fife, aged ninety-one. He was elected a Fellow of the Royal College of Surgeons in 1843, and had been Surgeon in Ordinary to H.R.H. the late Prince Consort.

The Rev. Frederick Rouch, Minor Canon of Canterbury Cathedral, and Vicar of Littlebourne, one of the oldest beneficed clergymen of the Church of England. He was born towards the close of the last century and graduated at Oxford in 1820.

Mr. Xavier De Castanos Royds Peel, of Donant, in the county of Pembroke, at Glenafon, near Haverfordwest, on the 29th ult., aged seventy-six. He was son of the late Mr. Jonathan Haworth Peel, of Cottsmere, who was nephew of Sir Robert Peel, the first Baronet.

General William Clarke Francis Gosling, Royal (late Madras) Artillery, on the 14th inst., in his sixty-third year. He entered the Army in 1840, and attained the rank of General in 1883. He was in the Crimean campaign; and in 1858 served with General Whitelock's field force in Bundelcund.

Colonel William Gerard Byron, 2nd Battalion the King's Royal Rifle Corps, at his residence in York-street, Portman-square, aged forty-eight. Colonel Byron was descended from a younger son of the fourth Lord Byron; he entered the Army in 1855, was present at the siege of Lucknow, served in the Afghan war, and accompanied Sir F. Roberts to Candahar.

Admiral John Lort Stokes, at his residence, Scotchwell, in the county of Pembroke, on the 11th inst. He was born in 1812, and entered the Royal Navy in 1824. In 1846 he attained the rank of Captain, and was appointed to the command of the Acheron; he became Rear-Admiral in 1864, Vice-Admiral (retired) 1871, and Admiral in 1876.

Rev. Augustus Sutton, M.A., Prebendary of Lincoln Cathedral, Rector and Patron of West Tolf, Norfolk, at his residence, on the 10th inst. He was born June 18, 1825, the fifth son of Sir Richard Sutton, second Baronet, of Norwood Park; was admitted to priest's orders in 1848, and married, in 1851, Charlotte, daughter of Mr. John Carter, of Northwold, Norfolk, by whom he leaves issue.

The Rev. William Wyndham Malet, for forty years Vicar of Ardeley, Stevenage, Herts, on the 12th inst., at the Vicarage, aged eighty-two, third son of Sir Charles Warre Malet, Bart., and first cousin of Sir Henry Baldwin Malet, Ambassador at Berlin. Originally on the Bombay establishment of the Hon. East India Company's Civil Service, he was ordained in 1836. He published several works.

In the Obituary Notice of Mr. Charles Fieschi Heneage, in a recent issue, it was omitted to be stated that he married secondly, in 1872, Campbell Macaulay Mary, daughter of the late Mr. Alexander Greig, who survives him.

THE WEST PACIFIC ISLANDS.

The entire breadth of the Pacific Ocean is a hundred and fifty degrees of longitude; and two thirds of its space, to the south-east of Asia and to the east of Australia, is dotted with hundreds of islands, of which there are more than seventy distinct groups. If the geographical region of islands be taken to embrace the Malay Archipelago, beginning from the west at Sumatra, and ending at the Marquesas, or at Pitcairn Island, it embraces more than one-third of the main circumference of the globe within the south tropical zone. Different portions of this vast region, in the Pacific, have received the geographical names of Micronesia, Melanesia, and Polynesia, while Australia, Papua or New Guinea, and the islands of New Zealand, are of too great size and importance to be confounded with the world of smaller islands. The Fiji Islands, situated directly north of New Zealand, just within the 180th degree of latitude, mark the dividing line between the western and eastern series of archipelagos; the former being those of Melanesia and Micronesia, including the Pellew Islands, the Caroline Islands, the Ladrone Islands, the Marshall and Gilbert Islands north of the Equator; and south of the Equator, New Britain and New Ireland, the Admiralty Islands, the Solomon Islands, the Santa Cruz, Banks's, New Hebrides, and Loyalty Islands, with New Caledonia. The name Melanesia has been given to these last-mentioned island groups, collectively, on account of the black colour of the native people, who are also woolly-haired, and belong to an entirely different race from the Polynesians of the Samoa and Tonga Islands, and all those farther to the east, and from the Maories of New Zealand. But this remark does not apply to all the islanders of Micronesia, north of the Equator, where the inhabitants of the Pellew, Caroline, Marshall, and Gilbert Islands show a considerable admixture either of Malay, or of some race akin to the Maori, and to the Hawaiians of the Sandwich Islands, with the Negroid type of Melanesian humanity. The same is observed on the eastern coast of New Guinea.

The westernmost group is the Pellew Islands, distant only six hundred miles from the Philippines. A century ago the amiable disposition of the native race was much lauded in England, as exemplified in the person of Prince Le Boo, son of King Abba Thulle, when that youth, who died here, was brought among us by Captain Wilson, of the Antelope, who visited the Pellew Islands in 1783. One of our Illustrations shows the front of a wooden house, with its decorative carvings, which are very elaborate, like those of the Maori chiefs in New Zealand. The Pellew islanders have a strict and complicated social code, and a privileged aristocracy who must not be addressed in the language of the common people, but in a special language used at the Court. The Caroline Islands, which are scattered over a space of more than two thousand miles, are mostly formed by circular reefs of coral, surrounding lagoons, probably craters at the summit of submarine volcanoes, which are called "atolls"; but some of the islands, such as Yap, are large and rocky. They produce the bread-fruit tree, sweet potato, cocoa-nut, plantain, sugar-cane, and several other articles of food, besides the useful bamboo. The people, who are mostly of the brown Polynesian race, tattoo themselves, and wear ornaments of shell or flowers stuck in the holes they pierce in their noses and ears; they are much addicted to chewing betel. One extraordinary thing among them is the use of large round slabs of stone, with a hole made in the centre, as a substitute for money; this cumbrous currency, which is shown in two of our Illustrations, might perhaps be trundled or rolled from buyer to seller, but could not be carried in the purse, and nobody would fear to have his pocket picked by stealth. The aggregate population of the Caroline Islands does not exceed thirty thousand, and there are about ten thousand in the Marshall Islands, speaking a different language. The Gilbert or Kingsmill Islands are much more thickly peopled, and rely on fishing mainly for their support. The most valuable article of vegetable food here is the fruit of the pandang; there are no native quadrupeds on these islands except the goats, pigs, dogs, and cats that have been introduced by European visitors. We present also a view of the coast of Blanche Bay, in the larger island of New Britain, which has, with New Ireland, recently been annexed to the German Empire. These two islands, close to the north-eastern shore of New Guinea, are of limestone rock formation, and almost mountainous, the hills rising to nearly 30,0 ft. They are densely wooded, and the animals, birds, and insects are similar to those of New Guinea. The people seem to be a mixture of Papuans and of the brown race from the islands of Polynesia; they have a great diversity of languages, and are divided into castes which refuse to intermarry with each other. One singular custom they have is that of confining young girls of the higher class in a sort of cage or closed basket, made of palm leaves, during several years before they are given in marriage.

Colonel Stanley opened a new pier at Staunes-on-the-Sea last week. It is 350 yards long, and has cost about £18,000. Beyond the pier is an extension for steamers.

Lord Carlingford presided at the festival dinner of the friends and supporters of St. Mary's Hospital, Paddington, on Wednesday, at the Langham Hotel.

The anniversary festival of the Infant Orphan Asylum at Wanstead took place on Thursday at the Asylum—Lord Brooke, M.P., in the chair.

The parish of All Saints', South Lambeth, is in high favour with Royalty. Next Wednesday Princess Louise is going to open a bazaar in Mrs. Merryweather's grounds, Clapham-road; and Princess Frederica has also consented to open a large People's Flower Show and Industrial Exhibition at Springfield House, Wandsworth-road, on July 15. Both events will make the neighbourhood en fête. The objects of the Flower Show and Exhibition are to beautify the homes of the poor in this crowded parish, and to encourage both parents and children to grow flowers or to cultivate that industry in which they take especial interest. The prizes will be distributed by Lieut.-General Sir Frederick Fitzwygram, Bart, M.P., to successful competitors, on Saturday, the 18th, and all exhibitors receive a free ticket for admission on that day.

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated June 30, 1880), with four codicils (dated May 10, 1883; two on April 22, 1884; and July 9, 1884), of Mr. James Alexander, formerly of the firm of Messrs. Redfern, Alexander, and Co., merchants, of No. 3, Great Winchester-street, and of No. 10, Porchester-terrace, Bayswater, but late of Avenue House, Hampstead, who died on the 13th ult., was proved on the 16th inst. by John Anderson, Alexander Littlejohn, Benjamin Thomas Harding, and Philip Vanderbyl, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £365,000. The testator gives his leasehold residence at Hampstead, with all the pictures, plate, books, wines, household furniture and effects, horses and carriages, and pecuniary legacies amounting to £4000, to his wife, Mrs. Margaret Frances Wheeler Alexander, and £2000 per annum, for life, to be reduced one half in the event of her marrying again; £1000 and a house in Porchester-terrace to his daughter, Mrs. Sarah Eliza Vanderbyl; £500 to his executors Mr. Anderson, Mr. Littlejohn, and Mr. Harding; £30,000, upon trust, for his five grandchildren, as his said daughter and her husband shall jointly appoint; and many other legacies to relatives, clerks, servants, and others. He also bequeaths £19,100 in charitable legacies, of which the following is a complete list—viz., £3000 for the religious, educational, and charitable objects in connection with the Conference Hall, Mildmay-park, as Mrs. Pennefather, or her successor, shall determine; £3000 to the Refuge for Deserted Mothers and their Children; £2000 to the London Bible and Domestic Female Missions; £1000 each to the Royal Hospital for Incurables, Putney, the National Benevolent Institution, the United Kingdom Beneficent Association, the London Homœopathic Hospital, the Marylebone Presbyterian Church, and the National Refuges of Homeless and Destitute Boys, the Training-Ships Chichester and Arethusa, and Boys' and Girls' Country Homes;—£500 each to the Foreign Missions Fund of the Presbyterian Church of England, Trinity Presbyterian Church, Hampstead; the Home of Industry, Commercial-street, Spitalfields; the Evangelisation Society, the London City Mission, the British and Foreign Bible Society, and the East-End Juvenile Mission, Stepney Causeway;—£200 to the Sustentation Fund of the Presbyterian Church of England, the English Presbyterian College, Soho Hospital for Women, Soho-square; and the Royal Normal College for the Blind, Upper Norwood;—£100 each to the National Hospital for the Paralysed and Epileptic, Queens-square, Bloomsbury; the Surgical Aid Society, the Tract Society, and the Samaritan Free Hospital for Women and Children; and £500 to his wife, to be distributed by her for such religious and charitable purposes as she shall select. The residue of his real and personal estate is, in the events which have happened, to be held, upon trust, for his daughter, Mrs. Vanderbyl, for life, and then for her children as she shall appoint.

The will (dated March 20, 1858) of Admiral of the Fleet Sir George Rose Sartorius, G.C.B., Grand Cross of St. Bento D'Avis, Grand Cross of Tower and Sword, late of East Grove, Lymington, in the county of Southampton, who died on April 13 last, was proved on the 5th inst. by John Peter Theobald, the sole executor, the value of the personal estate exceeding £3800. The testator bequeaths to his wife, Dame Sophy Sartorius, his money, plate, pictures, books, household furniture, and other personal chattels. His real estate in Portugal and all his leasehold and personal estate, not specifically bequeathed to his wife, he leaves, upon trust, for her for life, and then for his children or their issue, as she shall appoint, and, in default of appointment, to his children, in equal shares.

The will (dated Oct. 23, 1884) of Mr. Frederick Swindell, late of No. 14, Royal-crescent, Brighton, who died on the 17th ult., was proved on the 8th inst. by Frederick Charles Swindell and James Dixon, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £146,000. The testator leaves to his wife, Mrs. Mary Georgiana Swindell, all his jewellery, plate, furniture, pictures, and other articles of household use and ornament, his carriages and horses, except race-horses or horses being reared for racing purposes, an immediate legacy of £200, and a further legacy of £20,000; to his brother Thomas £5000; and other legacies. All his real estate and the residue of the personalty he leaves to his adopted son, Frederick Charles Swindell.

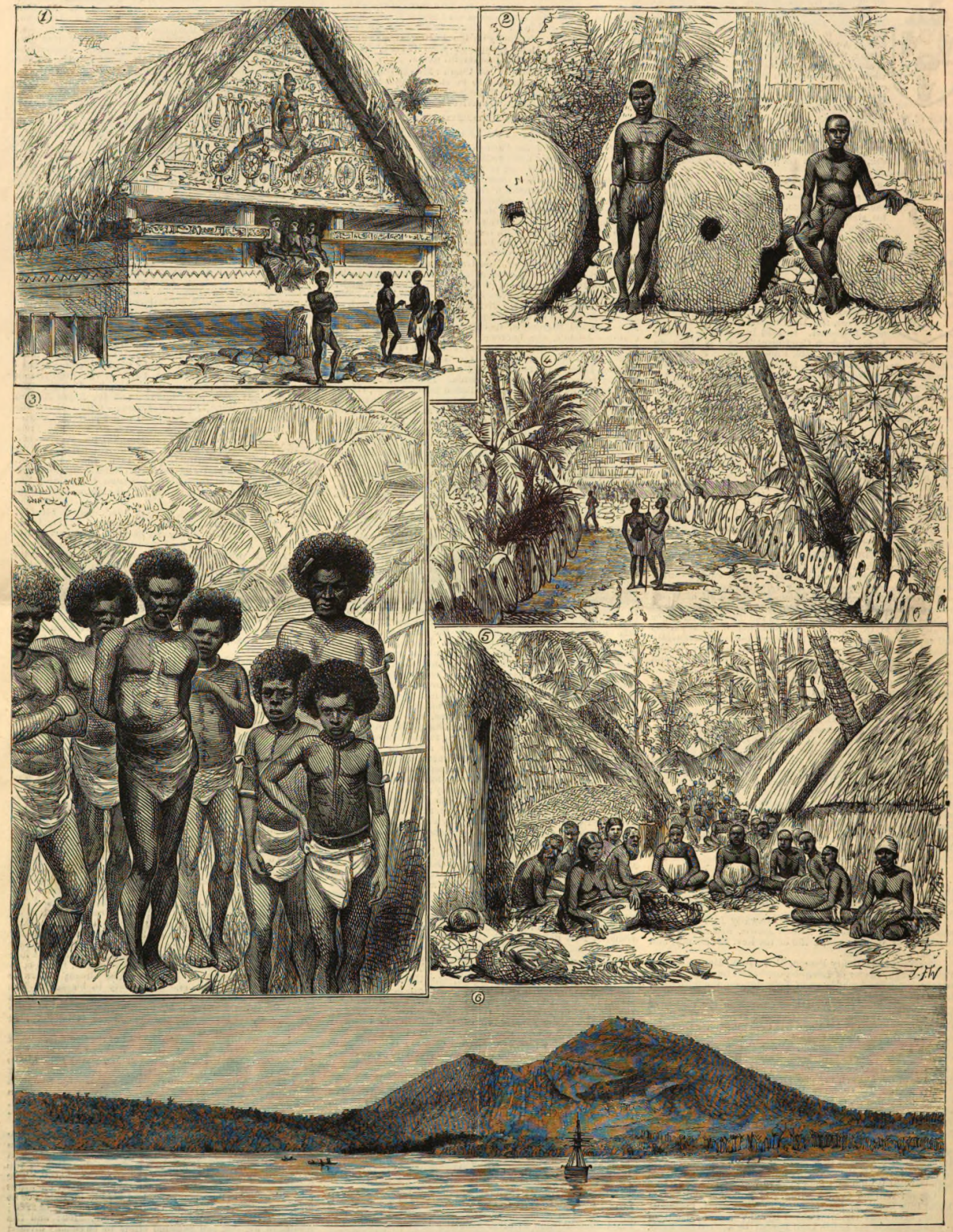
The Scotch Confirmation, under seal of office of the Commissariot of Dumbarton, of the trust disposition and settlement (dated Oct. 7, 1874), with a holograph codicil, of Mr. James Cruikshank, formerly of Glasgow, and afterwards of Overdale, Bearsden, Dumbartonshire, who died at Harrogate on Oct. 9 last, granted to James Lamont, Alexander Sheriff Cooper, James Grant, Francis James Cruikshank, and James Brown Cruikshank, the executors nominate and assumed, was sealed in London on the 5th inst., the value of the personal estate in England, Scotland, and Ireland amounting to £119,000.

The will (dated Feb. 8, 1885) of Mr. Richard Ansdell, R.A., late of Collingwood Tower, Frimley, Surrey, who died on April 20 last, was proved on the 10th inst. by Mrs. Maria Ansdell, the widow, and Thomas Chester Ansdell and Gerrard Ansdell, the sons, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £49,000. The testator bequeaths £2000 to his wife; £50 each to his daughters, Mrs. Leech and Mrs. Larnach, to purchase a memento of him, they being already otherwise sufficiently provided for; and an annuity to his sister. The residue of his real and personal estate is to be held upon trust to pay the income to his wife, for life, and, subject to such life interest, for his six sons and the children of his deceased daughter, Mrs. Maria Morley.

The Scotch Confirmation, under seal of the Commissariot of Lanarkshire, of the deed of settlement (dated Nov. 28, 1868), with a codicil (dated June 8, 1881), of Mr. David Dickie, late of No. 18, Woodlands-terrace, Glasgow, Goods Manager of the Glasgow and South-Western Railway Company, who died at Moffat, on March 21 last, granted to Mrs. Mary Johnston or Dickie, the widow, and four others, the executors nominate, was sealed in London on the 29th ult., the value of the personal estate in England and Scotland exceeding £42,000.

The will (dated Nov. 18, 1882) of Mr. Isaac Whitaker, late of Hessle, Yorkshire, who died on April 19 last, was proved on the 1st inst. by Benjamin Whitaker, the brother, and Benjamin West, the surviving executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £40,000. The testator leaves to his wife, Mrs. Caroline Whitaker, his wines and consumable stores and £400, and for life his residence at Hessle, with the furniture and effects, and an annuity of £800; to his executor Mr. West, for his trouble, £100; and the residue of his real and personal estate to be equally divided between his brothers, John, Joseph, and Benjamin.

We have much pleasure in calling the attention of the public to the annual excursion to Hastings, next Saturday, July 4, in aid of the funds of the Printing Machine Managers' Superannuation Fund. The excursion will be from Saturday to Monday—one, two, or three days, at the option of the ticket-holder—and the fare, there and back, is 6s. for three days, or 5s. for one day.



1. Decorated wooden house in the Pellew Islands.
2. Chiefs of Yap Island, Western Caroline Islands; with perforated large stones used for money.
3. Solomon Islanders, at Blanche Harbour, Treasury Island.
4. House on Yap Island, with stone money in the avenue.
5. Scene in a fortified village on the Majura Atoll, Marshall Islands.
6. Active volcano in Blanche Bay, New Britain.

SKETCHES IN THE WEST PACIFIC ISLANDS.



A BOUT WITH THE GLOVES.—DRAWN BY S. T. DADD.

NEW BOOKS.

The author of the oft-repeated literary canon, had he not been a Frenchman, would doubtless have included the obscure as well as the wearisome style in the list of the inadmissible. Had he done so, we fear that Mr. H. Parker's *Nature of the Fine Arts* (London, Macmillan and Co.) must have come under the ban. We have honestly attempted to arrive at some clear idea of the author's aim; but without success. He explains at very great length how very modern is the limitation we now apply to the fine arts, and, after a still larger number of pages, leaves us as hopelessly vague as to the frontier lines of science and art as we were at the outset. Perhaps one of the most interesting and intelligible chapters of his work is that in which he discusses the value of artistic as compared with literary criticism of art. But even here, instead of keeping before us his own opinions, Mr. Parker overloads and obscures his views with long quotations from works which the world has been at some pains to forget. Nevertheless, the views he expresses on this point are often quaint. He puts very sensibly before us the question, "whether a pleasure in colours or combinations of colours and forms, of which no rational explanation is forthcoming, is or is not contemptible"; and he protests strongly, and we must also think with justice, against the claims put forward by painters that "the dignity of their art" is lowered if it is to be limited by intellectual restrictions. In discussing the origin and development of taste, Mr. Parker's theories are more startling; and although he seems to follow Shaftesbury in tracing it to physical causes, he does not subscribe wholly to that philosopher's view that all tastes have their seat in brutish pleasures. Colour-tastes, he thinks, were not originally strong among the race, but were the product of association. Green, for instance, which is the colour with which man in his earlier stages must have been most familiar, is not, Mr. Parker holds, "a very attractive colour." Blue, on the other hand, the colour of the sea and sky, is universally desirable; and its most harmonious blending with green is produced by the aid of gold or orange (the sun's rays), as seen in tropical countries. Whilst "yellow is the sacred colour of sun-worship, red is consecrated to the worship of humanity." In like manner, Mr. Parker speculates, almost at equal length, on the origin of the taste and sound, but seldom leads us to any definite results drawn from his use of the doctrine of evolution; but in treating the relations of Art and Nature, he speaks with some greater clearness, holding, with Shakspeare, the "works of art are new-born gawds . . . made and moulded of things past." They gratify that love of novelty which is part of our artificial nature; and it is this truth which gives force to the accusation that artists have the strongest propensity and the greatest interest in corrupting the Fine Arts. Mr. Parker ridicules the idea of its being possible to decide what is utterly bad or entirely noble in art, and holds that the science of taste, which has flourished so long unchallenged, has really no right to the name of science, but is a tangled skein of dogmas, moral principles, and scientific truths, out of which no science can be constructed.

The increased facilities offered by the British Museum for viewing specimens of its numismatic collection have already borne fruit. On the one hand, we hear of the foundation of a Medallists' society; and on the other, the rise of a popular literature. The want of some authoritative guide or help, long felt, has been now fairly met by a volume of papers, entitled *Coins and Medals* (London: Elliot Stock), edited by Mr. Stanley Lane-Poole. Each paper has been contributed by a well-known specialist, whose accurate knowledge of his subject may be accepted without discussion. In an interesting preliminary chapter on the study of coins in general, their application to the history and social life of nations is concisely urged by Mr. Reginald Stuart Poole, who shows that it is to coins that we owe the knowledge of many a lost town or king, of many a forgotten deity; whilst by them we obtain glimpses of an art which preceded all others. In the chapter on Greek coins, Mr. Barclay V. Head shows that from the earliest times down to the age of Alexander the Great Greek coins bore mythological or religious representations, being probably for the most part struck within the precincts of the temples. Philip of Macedon, though ruler of the greater part of the civilised world, in his reorganisation of the currency of his empire, stamped upon his gold money the head of the Pythian Apollo, and on the silver that of the Olympian Zeus. Under his son a change first becomes noticeable—the features of the god Herakles, under the graver of the courtier artist, assume more and more the likeness of Alexander, already in his lifetime the object of almost divine honours. Alexander's generals completed the revolution thus inaugurated, and thenceforwards the sequence of the Sovereigns who ruled over the ruins of the Macedonian Empire is unbroken. Roman coins, which are discussed by Mr. H. A. Grueber, date back, by tradition, to the age of Servius Tullius; but no specimens belonging to this period exist. The brick-shaped piece of copper, which for a long time seems to have been the chief if not only form of currency, continued to be issued far down in the Consular period, perhaps even after the introduction of the multiples and fractional parts of the *as*, which remained the unit of the monetary system. For a lengthy period no gold or silver coins were struck in Rome, the want being supplied by the gold and silver money of the Campania—the first silver coinage dating from B.C. 269, and the gold only from B.C. 84-82, when Sulla issued a money bearing his own name, and that of his proquæstor, L. Manlius. It is supposed that these coins, as well as those struck by Julius Cæsar in B.C. 49, were issued in Greece as rewards to their respective soldiers. Five years later, the head of Cæsar was, by order of the Senate, engraved upon the coins, and thenceforwards the head of some prominent person appeared. For instance, Brutus, immediately after the murder of Julius Cæsar, caused a coin to be struck having on one side his own head, and on the other a cap of Liberty between two daggers, and the inscription EID. MAR. We regret that space does not permit us to follow Professor Percy Gardner in his survey of Early Oriental and Indian coins, nor Mr. Stanley Lane-Poole himself in that of Mohammedan coins, a subject he has made his own, and in which his wide reading and research are brought to bear upon a very obscure branch of numismatics. Professor Terrien De La Couperie discourses pleasantly on the coins of China and Japan, and Mr. Warwick Wroth sums up with clearness and conciseness the development of medals as distinct from coins, a branch which Italian and French artists brought to the highest degree of perfection. We must not omit to mention, in conclusion, Mr. C. F. Keary's chapters on the coins of Christian Europe and English coins. They are, perhaps, somewhat sketchy, but students have the work of the late Mr. Edward Hawkins on the "Medallic History of Great Britain," just issued by the Trustees of the British Museum, and in it they will find all they need. It seems perhaps strange to us, who have for nearly fifty years lived in the contemplation of an unvarying type upon our Victorian shillings and half-crowns, to know that since the Restoration of Charles II., if not from an earlier date, the flight of years over our rulers' faces can be easily traced, as well as the various impressions conveyed by them to the different artists employed by the Mint authorities. It seems somewhat absurd to find that her Majesty's face, as now commonly circulated among her subjects, remains unchanged during nearly half a century, and that in colonies, whether of old standing or recent acquisition, no other effigy is known. We believe, too, that on more than one occasion fresh dies have been submitted for her approval, but without success.

In connection with this same subject we are glad to call attention to a work which has appeared almost simultaneously in France—M. F. Lenormant's *Monnaies et Medailles* (Paris, Quantin), forming another volume of that excellent series of art publications to which we have already called attention. M. Lenormant touches more upon the artistic part played by coins and medals from remote antiquity down to the present time, and whilst his work may sometimes fall short in the special knowledge which the contributors to Mr. Lane-Poole's work can bring to their subject, it has the advantage of having a definite aim worked out by a single hand. The two books, however, deserve to be taken together, more especially as, from his general point of view, the French author is able to devote more attention to the magnificent revival of medal engraving due to Vittorio Pisano and his immediate disciples, who not only found protection and encouragement in Rome and at the Courts of Italy, but were invited to foreign countries to celebrate in bronze the achievements of their hosts. In looking through the proofs of the rise and fall of the art of die-cutting, it is curious to observe that, in the coinage of both France and England, one family, that of the Roettiers—originally brought over from Holland by Charles—marked the period of the decline. If Louis XIV., who enticed away Joseph Roettiers, then engraver to the Mint, in the Tower of London, hoped by so doing to revenge himself upon the English, who had welcomed Nicolas Briot on his withdrawal from Paris, "Le Roi Soleil" must have been much disappointed. To Briot the English coinage is indebted to the designs in use during the last years of Charles I., and throughout the Commonwealth; whilst the four generations of Roettiers who succeeded each other at the Paris Monnaie destroyed in the French coinage all signs of individuality and artistic beauty.

Flower-painting will probably never lose its popularity, either as an art or an occupation, especially for ladies; and it is, therefore, not surprising that handbooks and aids to its acquirement should abound. At this moment two aspirants, Miss Blanche Hanbury and Miss Kate Sadler, put forward very well supported claims for a hearing. The *Instructions for Flower-Painting* (Winsor and Newton, London), by the former, form one of Mr. Vere Foster's "Advanced Series of Drawing-Books" (Blackie and Son, London, Edinburgh, &c.), are clearly expressed and simple in language. To the precepts given are added excellent examples by Miss Ada Hanbury, whose skill in flower-painting is too well recognised to need any expression of opinion on our part. Her cyclamens and narcissi are especially noteworthy, as showing the pitch of exact representation which may be acquired. Whether this be the result of the instructions, or whether the rules have been gathered from a careful study of the results obtained, matters very little, since both are placed before the reader. With Miss Sadler's *Practical Instructions for Copying Flower-Studies* (Winsor and Newton, London), a somewhat different plan is followed, each flower is *hors texte* in a portfolio apart, and can therefore be kept before the student's eye, whilst the handy book of instructions may be consulted at ease. We will not attempt to decide between the two methods, and as to the results, tastes will differ; but Miss Sadler, at all events, does not hesitate to lay down one general rule for painting after having drawn the outline of the flower. "Take some Chinese white in your brush, and fill in the whole of your outline with it . . . the foremost and lightest parts of the flowers should have two coats of white." In both books the particular colours requisite are carefully given and their use explained.

It is difficult to suppose that a work, even when as elaborately produced as is Mr. David Paton's *Sketches in and Around Johnstone* (Alex. Gardner, Paisley), is likely to have more than a local interest. Some of the places included, such as Merchistoun Castle, Craigends, and Barrochan, have either interesting associations or architectural beauty to commend them to tourists, as well as to neighbours; and Mr. Paton may be congratulated upon the care and skill he has displayed in making this volume attractive, in spite of the almost obtrusive simplicity of some of the buildings represented.

Miss A. M. Hopkinson's new novel, *Sweet Christabel* (J. and R. Maxwell), is an easy, pleasant story to read, without much romance or adventure, but without any taint of vulgarity. The heroine is not one of the mawkish girls so often called sweet because they have neither will nor opinion of their own, but a wholesome creature of flesh and blood, with a warm heart and strong feelings. All Christabel's troubles, and not a little of her strength, is caused by the fact that her father is the eminently respectable and highly cultured head of the elder branch of the Vanstone family, whose life is embittered by the accident of his only child being a girl, and his property entailed on distant cousins who for generations have been considerably worse than "ne'er-do-weels." He therefore condemns his daughter to lose her fortune if she should ever be so foolish as to marry a member of that part of the family; and the interest of the tale turns on Piers Vanstone, the eldest son of the hated heir to the ancestral acres, who is at least as good as his progenitors had been worthless. Of course, he meets and loves Christabel, and she reciprocates the feeling; and in the long-run, as honour forbids him to ask her to be his wife, she puts precedents behind her, and virtually makes the offer herself. Very cheerfully does the bride resign her wealth to her step-mother and go to India with her husband, where they live, in moderate comfort and much mutual love, till a somewhat eccentric connection leaves Piers sufficient money to enable him to leave the Army and take his wife and her children to live at Vanstone Abbey, the beloved home of her childhood. There are some very good studies of character in the book—Mrs. Gore, the pretty butterfly widow, who marries Christabel's father; Lord Henry Musgrave, who ultimately becomes her third spouse; and Mrs. Loftus, a kind-hearted woman with comical yet benevolent ideas, and a most erratic method of expressing them. It is something of a society novel, for the authoress writes of the class of people with whom she is familiar, and never ventures out of her depth.

In the month of February last Mr. David Masson delivered some lectures before the members of the Philosophical Institution of Edinburgh, which are now published in a small volume entitled *Carlyle Personally and in his Writings* (Macmillan and Co.). This is a vigorous but somewhat declamatory attack on Mr. Froude's notion of the duties of a biographer. "That I should have lived," exclaims the lecturer, "to hear the great and good man I had myself the privilege of knowing characterised off-hand by many immediately after his death as a boor or a brute . . . or even dismissed into oblivion more generously with the brief reflection what a noble phenomenon he had been all in all, and how much remained to be said of him when people should be at leisure! Here's a fine revolution! O the horror of it, and of the way in which it has come to pass!" And Mr. Masson attributes all the mischief to Carlyle's biographer. He holds Mr. Froude inexcusable for publishing "blistering scandals" about persons still living, and still less excusable for the "dissection" of Mrs. Carlyle. "Let it be supposed that Carlyle had given his sanction, had Mrs. Carlyle given *hers?* Sanction! I knew the lady; and if there can be such a thing as indignation in the unseen world over aught that passes here below; O what a face I see, what a voice I hear, as *she* looks down on this transaction!" Then Mr. Masson considers, with some justice, that the sayings of Carlyle assume in Mr. Froude's hands a solemnity, or fierceness of invective, not intended by the speaker, who "would dissolve his fiercest objurgations and tumults of wrath in some sudden phantasy of the sheerly absurd and a burst of uproarious laughter." And he instances the account of Carlyle's rectorial visit to Edinburgh as "a dull and dismalised blur of the facts and circumstances." But Mr. Masson, while maintaining that the life of the "Chelsea Philosopher" was happier than it is represented to be in Mr. Froude's pages, ends by calling him "the moody, agonised, and melancholy Carlyle." We may add that, in the course of an active literary life, Professor Masson has only known two men to whom he can conscientiously apply the supreme epithet of "great"—Chalmers and Carlyle. Possibly, a Scotchman's judgment of Scotchmen is not always free from partiality.

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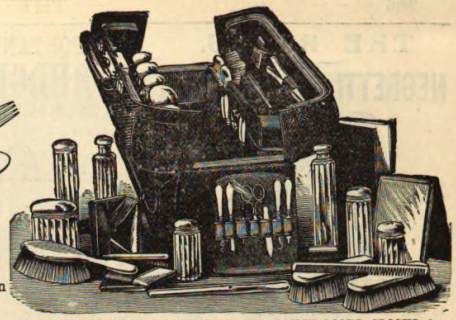
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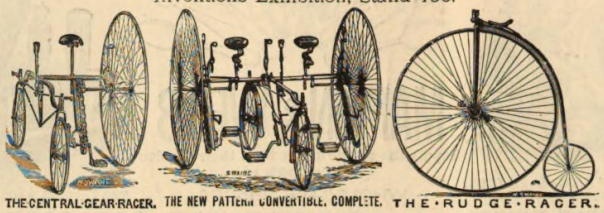
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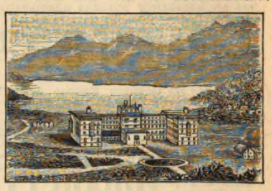
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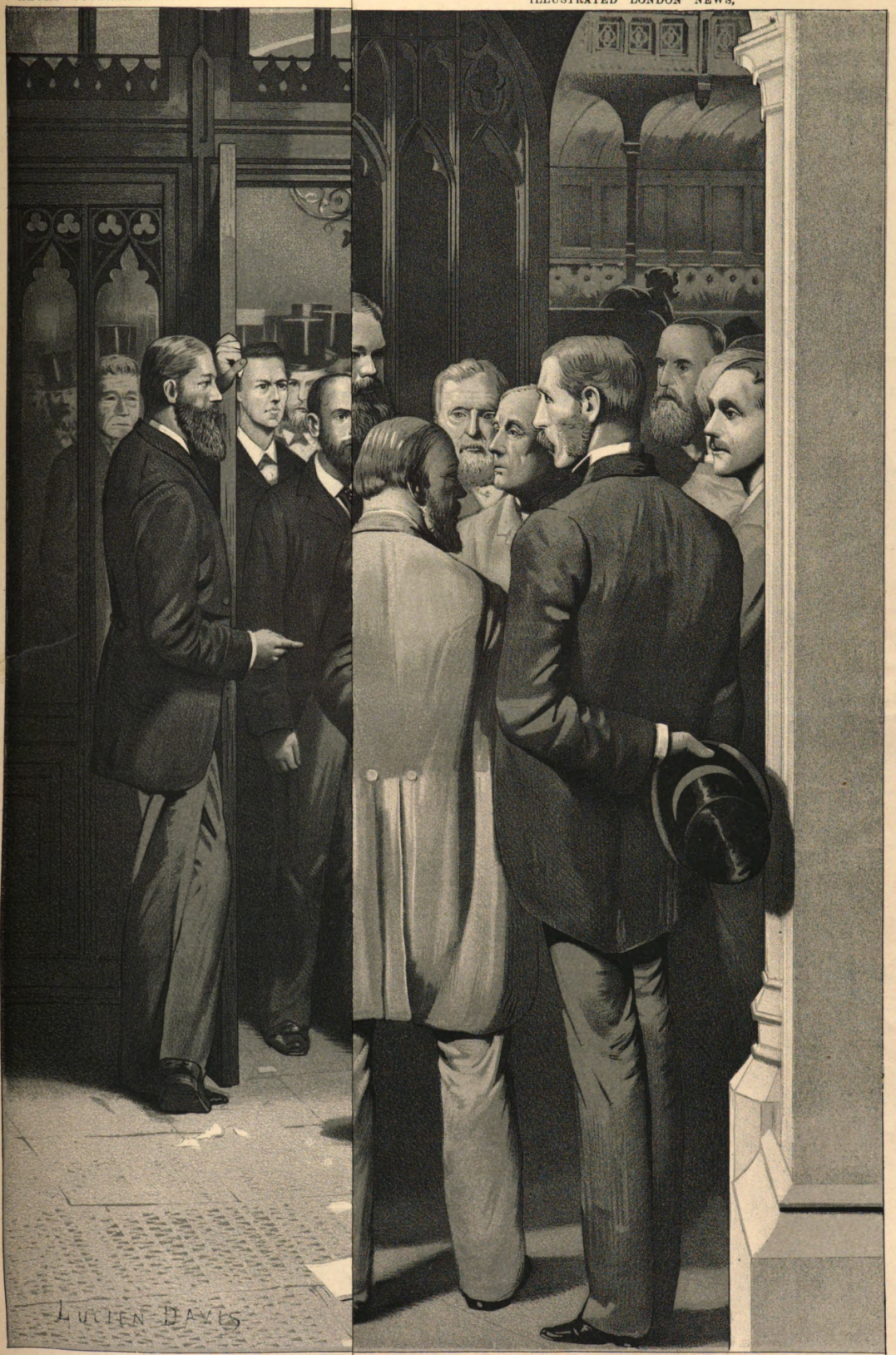
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MARUJA.

By Bret Harte.

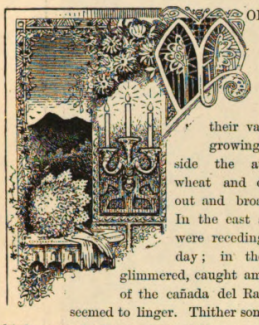


For some moments man and beast kept an equal pace and gait with a strange similarity of appearance and expression.—CHAP. I.

M A R U J A.

By Bret Harte.

Author of "The Luck of Roaring Camp," "Gabriel Conroy," "Flip," &c.



MORNING was breaking on the high road to San José. The long lines of dusty, level track were beginning to extend their vanishing point in the growing light; on either side the awakening fields of wheat and oats were stretching out and broadening to the sky. In the east and south the stars were receding before the coming day; in the west a few still glimmered, caught among the bosky hills of the cañada del Raimundo, where night seemed to linger. Thither some obscure, low-flying birds were slowly winging; thither a grey coyote, overtaken by the morning, was awkwardly limping. And thither a tramping wayfarer turned, ploughing through the dust of the highway still unslaked by the dewless night, to climb the fence and likewise seek the distant cover.

For some moments man and beast kept an equal pace and gait with a strange similarity of appearance and expression; the coyote bearing that resemblance to his more civilised and harmless congener, the dog, which the tramp bore to the ordinary pedestrian, but both exhibiting the same characteristics of lazy vagabondage and semi-lawlessness; the coyote's slouching amble and uneasy stealthiness being repeated in the tramp's shuffling step and sidelong glances. Both were young, and physically vigorous, but both displayed the same vacillating and awkward disinclination to direct effort. They continued thus half a mile apart unconscious of each other, until the superior faculties of the brute warned him of the contiguity of aggressive civilisation, and he cantered off suddenly to the right, fully five minutes before the barking of dogs caused the man to make a detour to the left to avoid entrance upon a cultivated domain that lay before him.

The trail he took led to one of the scant water-courses that issued, half spent, from the cañada, to fade out utterly on the hot June plain. It was thickly bordered with willows and alders, that made an arboured and feasible path through the dense woods and undergrowth. He continued along it as if aimlessly; stopping from time to time to look at different objects in a dull mechanical fashion, as if rather to prolong his useless hours, than from any curious instinct, and to occasionally dip in the unfrequent pools of water the few crusts of bread he had taken from his pocket. Even this appeared to be suggested more by a coincidence of material in the bread and water, than from the promptings of hunger. At last he reached a cup-like hollow in the hills lined with wild clover and thick with resinous odours. Here he crept under a manzanita-bush and disposed himself to sleep. The act showed he was already familiar with the local habits of his class, who used the unfailing dry starlit nights for their wanderings, and spent the hours of glaring sunshine asleep or resting in some wayside shadow.

Meanwhile, the light quickened, and gradually disclosed the form and outline of the adjacent domain. An avenue cut through a park-like wood, carefully cleared of the undergrowth of gigantic ferns peculiar to the locality, led to the entrance of the cañada. Here began a vast terrace of lawn, broken up by enormous bouquets of flower-beds bewildering in colour and profusion, from which again rose the flowering vines and trailing shrubs that hid pillars, verandah, and even the long façade of a great and dominant mansion. But the delicacy of floral outlines running to the capitals of columns and at times mounting to the pediment of the roof, the opulence of flashing colour or the massing of tropical foliage, could not deprive it of the imperious dignity of size and space. Much of this was due to the fact that the original casa—an adobe house of no mean pretensions, dating back to the early Spanish occupation—had been kept intact, sheathed in a shell of dark-red wood, and still retaining its patio, or inner courtyard, surrounded by low galleries, while additions, greater in extent than the main building, had been erected—not as wings and projections, but massed upon it on either side, changing its rigid square outlines to a vague parallelogram. While the patio retained the Spanish conception of al fresco seclusion, a vast colonnade of verandah on the southern side was a concession to American taste, and its breadth gave that depth of shadow to the inner rooms which had been lost in the thinner shell of the new erection. Its cloistered gloom was lightened by the red fires of cardinal flowers dropping from the roof, by the yellow sunshine of the jessamine creeping up the columns, by billows of heliotropes, breaking over its base as a purple sea. Nowhere else did the opulence of this climate of blossoms show itself as vividly. Even the Castilian roses, that grew as vines along the east front, the fuchsias, that attained the dignity of trees, in the patio, or the four or five monster passion-vines that bestarred the low western wall, and told over and over again their mystic story—paled before the sensuous glory of the south verandah.

As the sun arose, that part of the quiet house first touched by its light seemed to waken. A few lounging peons and servants made their appearance at the entrance of the patio, occasionally reinforced by an earlier life from the gardens and stables. But the south façade of the building had not apparently gone to bed at all: lights were still burning dimly in the large ball-room; a tray with glasses stood upon the verandah near one of the open French windows, and further on, a half-shut yellow fan lay like a fallen leaf. The sound of carriage-wheels on the gravel terrace brought with it voices and laughter and the swiftly passing vision of a char-à-bancs filled with muffled figures bending low to avoid the direct advances of the sun.

As the carriage rolled away, four men lounged out of a window on the verandah, shading their eyes against the level beams. One was still in evening dress, and one in the uniform of a captain of artillery; the others had already changed their gala attire; the elder of the party having assumed those extravagant tweeds which the tourist from Great Britain usually offers as a gentle concession to inferior yet more florid civilisation. Nevertheless, he beamed back heartily on the sun, and remarked, in a pleasant Scotch accent, that: Did they know it was very extraordinary how clear the morning was, so free from clouds and mist and fog? The young man in evening dress fluently agreed to the facts, and suggested, in idiomatic French-English, that one comprehended that the bed was an insult to one's higher nature and an ingratitude to their gracious hostess, who had spread out this lovely garden and walks for their pleasure; that nothing was more beautiful than the dew sparkling on the rose, or the matin song of the little birds.

The other young man here felt called upon to point out the fact that there was no dew in California, and that the birds did not sing in that part of the country. The foreign young gentleman received this statement with pain and astonishment as to the fact, with passionate remorse as to his own ignorance. But still, as it was a charming day, would not his gallant friend, the Captain here, accept the challenge of the brave Englishman, and "walk him" for the glory of his flag and a thousand pounds?

The gallant Captain, unfortunately, believed that if he walked out in his uniform he would suffer some delay from being interrogated by wayfarers as to the locality of the circus he would be pleasantly supposed to represent, even if he escaped being shot as a rare California bird by the foreign sporting contingent. In these circumstances, he would simply lounge around the house until his carriage was ready.

Much as it pained him to withdraw from such amusing companions, the foreign young gentleman here felt that he, too, would retire for the present to change his garments, and glided back through the window at the same moment that the young officer carelessly stepped from the verandah and lounged towards the shrubbery.

"They've been watching each other for the last hour. I wonder what's up?" said the young man who remained.

The remark, without being confidential, was so clearly the first sentence of natural conversation that the Scotchman, although relieved, said, "Eh, man?" a little cautiously.

"It's as clear as this sunshine that Captain Carroll and Garnier are each particularly anxious to know what the other is doing or intends to do this morning."

"Why did they separate, then?" asked the other.

"That's a mere blind. Garnier's looking through his window now at Carroll, and Carroll is aware of it."

"Eh!" said the Scotchman, with good-humoured curiosity. "Is it a quarrel? Nothing serious, I hope. No revolvers and bowie-knives, man, before breakfast, eh?"

"No," laughed the younger man. "No! To do Maruja justice, she generally makes a fellow too preposterous to fight. I see, you don't understand. You're a stranger; I'm an old habitué of the house—let me explain. Both of these men are in love with Maruja; or, worse than that, they firmly believe her to be in love with *them*."

"But Miss Maruja is the eldest daughter of our hostess, is she not?" said the Scotchman; "and I understood from one of the young ladies that the Captain had come down from the Fort particularly to pay court to Miss Amita, the beauty."

"Possibly. But that wouldn't prevent Maruja from flirting with him."

"Eh! but are you not mistaken, Mr. Raymond? Certainly a more quiet, modest, and demure young lassie I never met."

"That's because she sat out two waltzes with you, and let you do the talking, while she simply listened."

The elder man's fresh colour for an instant heightened, but he recovered himself with a good-humoured laugh. "Likely—likely. She's a capital good listener."

"You're not the first man that found her eloquent. Stanton, your banking friend, who never talks of anything but mines and stocks, says she's the only woman who has any conversation; and we can all swear that she never said two words to him the whole time she sat next to him at dinner. But she *looked* at him as if she had. Why, man, woman, and child all give her credit for any grace that pleases themselves. And why? Because she's clever enough not to practise any one of them—as graces. I don't know the girl that claims less, and gets more. For instance, you don't call her pretty . . . ?"

"Wait a bit. Ye'll not get on so fast, my young friend: I'm not prepared to say that she's not," returned the Scotchman, with good-humoured yet serious caution.

"But you would have been prepared yesterday, and have said it. She can produce the effect of the prettiest girl here, and without challenging comparison. Nobody thinks of her—everybody experiences her."

"You're an enthusiast, Mr. Raymond. As an habitué of the house, of course, you"——

"Oh, my time came with the rest," laughed the young man, with unaffected frankness. "It's about two years ago now."

"I see—you were not a marrying man."

"Pardon me—it was because I was."

The Scotchman looked at him curiously.

"Maruja is an heiress. I am a mining engineer."

"But, my dear fellow, I thought that in your country"——

"In *my* country, yes. But we are standing on a bit of old Spain. This land was given to Doña Maria Saltonstall's ancestors by Charles V. Look around you. This verandah, this larger shell of the ancient casa, is the work of the old Salem whaling captain that she married, and is all that is American here. But the heart of the house, as well as the life that circles around the old patio, is Spanish. The Doña's family, the Estudillos and Guitierrez, always looked down upon this alliance with the Yankee captain, though it brought improvement to the land, and increased its value forty-fold, and since his death ever opposed any further foreign intervention. Not that that would weigh much with Maruja if she took a fancy to anyone; Spanish as she is throughout, in thought and grace and feature, there is enough of the old Salem witches' blood in her to defy law and authority in following an unhallowed worship. There are no sons; she is the sole heiress of the house and estate—though, according to the native custom, her sisters will be separately portioned from the other property, which is very large."

"Then the Captain might still make a pretty penny on Amita," said the Scotchman.

"If he did not risk and lose it all on Maruja. There is enough of the old Spanish jealousy in the blood to make even the gentle Amita never forgive his momentary defection."

Something in his manner made the Scotchman think that Raymond spoke from baleful experience. How else could this attractive young fellow, educated abroad and a rising man in his profession, have failed to profit by his contiguity to such advantages, and the fact of his being an evident favourite?

"But with this opposition on the part of the relatives to any further alliances with your countrymen, why does our hostess expose her daughters to their fascinating influence?" said the elder man, glancing at his companion. "The girls seem to have the usual American freedom."

"Perhaps they are therefore the less likely to give it up to the first man who asks them. But the Spanish duenna still survives in the family—the more awful because invisible. It's a mysterious fact that as soon as a fellow becomes particularly attached to any one—except Maruja—he receives some intimation from Perco."

"What! the butler? That Indian-looking fellow? A servant?"

"Pardon me—the mayordomo. The old confidential servitor who stands in *loco parentis*. No one knows what he says. If the victim appeals to the mistress, she is indisposed;—you know she has such bad health. If in his madness he makes a confidante of Maruja, that finishes him."

"How?"

"Why, he ends by transferring his young affections to her—with the usual result."

"Then you don't think our friend the Captain has had this confidential butler ask his intentions yet?"

"I don't think it will be necessary," said the other, drily.

"Umph! Meantime, the Captain has just vanished through yon shrubbery. I suppose that's the end of the mysterious espionage you have discovered. No! De'il take it! but there's that Frenchman popping out of the myrtle-bush. How did the fellow get there? And, bless me! here's our lassie, too!"

"Yes!" said Raymond, in a changed voice, "It's Maruja!"

She had approached so noiselessly along the bank that bordered the verandah, gliding from pillar to pillar as she paused before each to search for some particular flower, that both men felt an uneasy consciousness. But she betrayed no indication of their presence by look or gesture. So absorbed and abstracted she seemed that, by a common instinct, they both drew nearer the window, and silently waited for her to pass or recognise them.

She halted a few paces off to fasten a flower in her girdle. A small youthful figure, in a pale yellow dress, lacking even the maturity of womanly outline. The full oval of her face, the straight line of her back, a slight boyishness in the contour of her hips, the infantine smallness of her sandalled feet and narrow hands, were all suggestive of fresh, innocent, amiable youth—and nothing more.

Forgetting himself, the elder man mischievously crushed his companion against the wall in mock virtuous indignation. "Eh, Sir," he whispered, with an accent that broadened with his feelings. "Eh, but look at the puir wee lassie! Will ye no be ashamed o' yerself for putting the tricks of a Circe on sic a honest gentle bairn. Why, man, you 'll be seein' the sign of a limb of Satan in a bit thing with the mother's milk not yet out of her! She a flirt, speerin' at men, with that modest downcast air? I 'm ashamed of ye, Mister Raymond. She 's only thinking of her breakfast, puir thing, and not of yon callant. Another sacrilegious word and I'll expose you to her. Have ye no pity on youth and innocence?"

"Let me up," groaned Raymond, feebly, "and I 'll tell you how old she is. Hush—she 's looking."

The two men straightened themselves. She had, indeed, lifted her eyes towards the window. They were beautiful eyes, and charged with something more than their own beauty. With a deep brunette setting even to the darkened cornea, the pupils were blue as the sky above them. But they were lit with another intelligence. The soul of the Salem whaler looked out of the passion-darkened orbits of the mother, and was resistless.

She smiled recognition of the two men with sedate girlishness, and a foreign inclination of the head over the flowers she was holding. Her straight, curveless mouth became suddenly charming with the parting of her lips over her white teeth, and left the impress of the smile in a lighting of the whole face even after it had passed. Then she moved away. At the same moment Garnier approached her.

"Come away, man, and have our walk," said the Scotchman, seizing Raymond's arm. "We 'll not spoil that fellow's sport."

"No; but she will, I fear. Look, Mr. Buchanan, if she hasn't given him her flowers to carry to the house while she waits here for the Captain!"

"Come away, scoffer!" said Buchanan, good-humouredly, locking his arm in the young man's and dragging him from the verandah towards the avenue, "and keep your observations for breakfast."

CHAPTER II.



In the mean time, the young officer who had disappeared in the shrubbery, whether he had or had not been a spectator of the scene, exhibited some signs of agitation. He walked rapidly on, occasionally switching the air with a wand of willow, from which he had impatiently plucked the leaves, through an alley of ceanothus until he reached a little thicket of evergreens, which seemed to oppose his further progress. Turning to one side, however, he quickly found an entrance to a labyrinthine walk, which led him at last to an open space and a rustic summer-house that stood beneath a gnarled and venerable pear-tree. The summer-house was a quaint stockade of dark madroño boughs thatched with red-wood bark, strongly suggestive of deeper woodland shadow. But in strange contrast, the floor, table, and benches were thickly strewn with faded rose-leaves, scattered as if in some riotous play of children. Captain Carroll brushed them aside hurriedly with his impatient foot, glanced around hastily, then threw himself on the rustic bench at full length, and twisted his moustache between his nervous fingers. Then he rose as suddenly, with a few white petals impaled on his gilded spurs, and stepped quickly into the open sunlight.

He must have been mistaken! Everything was quiet around him, the far-off sound of wheels in the avenue came faintly, but nothing more.

His eye fell upon the pear-tree, and even in his preoccupation he was struck with the signs of its extraordinary age. Twisted out of all proportion, and knotted with excrescences, it was supported by iron bands and heavy stakes, as if to prop up its senile decay. He tried to interest himself in the various initials and symbols deeply carved in bark, now swollen and half obliterated. As he turned back to the summer-house, he for the first time noticed that the ground rose behind it into a long undulation, on the crest of which the same singular profusion of rose-leaves were scattered. It struck him as being strangely like a gigantic grave, and that the same idea had occurred to the fantastic dispenser of the withered flowers. He was still looking at it, when a rustle in the undergrowth made his heart beat expectantly. A slinking grey shadow crossed the undulation and disappeared in the thicket. It was a coyote. At any other time the extraordinary appearance of this vivid impersonation of the wilderness, so near a centre of human civilisation and habitation, would have filled him with wonder. But he had room for only a single thought now. Would *she* come?

Five minutes passed. He no longer waited in the summer-house, but paced impatiently before the entrance to the labyrinth. Another five minutes. He was deceived, undoubtedly. She and her sisters were probably waiting for him and laughing at him on the lawn. He ground his heel into the clover, and threw his switch into the thicket. Yet he would give her *one*—only one moment more.

"Captain Carroll!"

The voice had been and was to *him* the sweetest in the world; but even a stranger could not have resisted the spell of its musical inflection. He turned quickly. She was advancing towards him from the summer-house.

"Did you think I was coming that way—where everybody could follow me?" she laughed, softly. "No; I came through the thicket over there," indicating the direction with her flexible shoulder, "and nearly lost my slipper and my eyes—look!" She threw back the inseparable lace shawl from her blonde head, and showed a spray of myrtle clinging like a broken wreath to her forehead. The young officer remained gazing at her silently.

"I like to hear you speak my name," he said, with a slight hesitation in his breath. "Say it again."

"Car-roll, Car-roll, Car-roll," she murmured gently to herself two or three times, as if enjoying her own native trilling of the r's. "It 's a pretty name. It sounds like a song. Don Carroll, eh! El Capitan Don Carroll."

"But my first name is Henry," he said, faintly.

"'Enry—that 's not so good. Don Enrico will do. But El Capitan Carroll is best of all. I must have it always: El Capitan Carroll!"

"Always?" He coloured like a boy.

"Why not?" He was confusedly trying to look through her brown lashes; she was parrying him with the steel of her father's glance. "Come! Well! Captain Carroll! It was not to tell me your name—that I knew already was pretty—Car-roll!" she murmured again, caressing him with her lashes; "it was not for this that you asked me to meet you face to face in this—cold"—she made a movement of drawing her lace over her shoulders—"cold daylight. That belonged to the lights and the dance and the music of last night. It is not for this you expect me to leave my guests, to run away from Monsieur Garnier, who pays compliments, but whose name is not pretty—from Mr. Raymond, who talks *of* me when he can't talk *to* me. They will say, this Captain Carroll could say all that before them."

"But if they knew," said the young officer, drawing closer to her with a paling face but brightening eyes, "if they knew I had anything else to say, Miss Saltonstall—something—pardon me—did I hurt your hand?—something for *her* alone—is there one of them that would have the right to object? Do not think me foolish, Miss Saltonstall—but—I beg—I implore you to tell me before I say more."

"Who would have a right?" said Maruja, withdrawing her hand but not her dangerous eyes. "Who would dare forbid you talking to me of my sister? I have told you that Amita is free—as we all are."

Captain Carroll fell back a few steps and gazed at her with a troubled face. "Is it possible that you have misunderstood, Miss Saltonstall?" he faltered. "Do you still think it is Amita that I"——he stopped and added passionately, "Do you remember what I told you?—have you forgotten last night?"

"Last night was—last night!" said Maruja, slightly lifting her shoulders. "One makes love at night—one marries in daylight. In the music, in the flowers, in the moonlight, one says everything; in the morning one has breakfast—when one is not asked to have councils of war with captains and commandantes. You would speak of my sister, Captain Car-roll—go on. Doña Amita Carroll sounds very, very pretty. I shall not object." She held out both her hands to him, threw her head back, and smiled.

He seized her hands passionately. "No, no! you shall hear me—you shall understand me. I love *you*, Maruja—you, and you alone. God knows I cannot help it—God knows I would not help it if I could. Hear me. I will be calm. No one can hear us where we stand. I am not mad. I am not a traitor! I frankly admired your sister. I came here to see her. Beyond that, I swear to you, I am guiltless to her—to you. Even she knows no more of me than that. I saw you, Maruja. From that moment I have thought of nothing—dreamed of nothing else."

"That is—three, four, five days and one afternoon ago! You see, I remember. And now you want—what?"

"To let me love you, and you only. To let me be with you. To let me win you in time, as you should be won. I am not mad, though I am desperate. I know what is due to your station and mine—even while I dare to say I love you. Let me hope, Maruja, I only ask to hope."

She looked at him until she had absorbed all the burning fever of his eyes, until her ears tingled with his passionate voice, and then—she shook her head.

"It cannot be, Carroll—no! never!"

He drew himself up under the blow with such simple and manly dignity that her eyes dropped for the moment. "There is another, then?" he said, sadly.

"There is no one I care for better than you. No! Do not be foolish. Let me go. I tell you that because you can be nothing to me—you understand, to *me*. To my sister Amita, yes."

The young soldier raised his head coldly. "I have pressed you hard, Miss Saltonstall—too hard, I know, for a man who has already had his answer; but I did not deserve this. Good-bye."

"Stop," she said, gently. "I meant not to hurt you, Captain Carroll. If I had, it is not thus I would have done. I need not have met you here. Would you have loved me the less if I had avoided this meeting?"

He could not reply. In the depths of his miserable heart, he knew that he would have loved her the same.

"Come," she said, laying her hand softly on his arm, "do not be angry with me for putting you back only five days to where you were when you first entered our house. Five days is not much of happiness or sorrow to forget, is it, Carroll—Captain Carroll?" Her voice died away in a faint sigh. "Do not be angry with me, if—knowing you could be nothing more—I wanted you to love my sister, and my sister to love you. We should have been good friends—such good friends."

"Why do you say, 'Knowing it could be nothing more'?" said Carroll, grasping her hand suddenly. "In the name of Heaven, tell me what you mean!"

"I mean I cannot marry unless I marry one of my mother's race. That is my mother's wish, and the will of her relations. You are an American, not of Spanish blood."

"But surely this is not your determination?"

She shrugged her shoulders. "What would you? It is the determination of my people."

"But knowing this"—— he stopped; the quick blood rose to his face.

"Go on, Captain Carroll. You would say, Knowing this, why did I not warn you? Why did I not say to you when we first met 'You have come to address my sister; do not fall in love with me—I cannot marry a foreigner.'"

"You are cruel, Maruja. But, if that is all, surely this prejudice can be removed? Why, your mother married a foreigner—an American."

"Perhaps that is why," said the girl, quietly. She cast down her long lashes, and with the point of her satin slipper smoothed out the soft leaves of the clover at her feet. "Listen; shall I tell you the story of our house? Stop! some one is coming. Don't move; remain as you are. If you care for me, Carroll, collect yourself, and don't let that man think he has found *us* ridiculous." Her voice changed from its tone of slight caressing pleading to one of suppressed pride. "*He* will not laugh much, Captain Carroll; truly, no."

The figure of Garnier, bright, self-possessed, courteous, appeared at the opening of the labyrinth. Too well-bred to suggest, even in complimentary raillery, a possible sentimental situation, his politeness went further. It was so kind in them to guide an awkward stranger by their voices to the places where he could not stupidly intrude!

"You are just in time to interrupt or to hear a story that I have been threatening to tell," she said, composedly; "an old Spanish legend of this house. You are in the majority now, you two, and can stop me if you choose. Thank you. I warn you it is stupid; it isn't new; but it has the excuse of



She halted a few paces off to fasten a flower in her girdle.—CHAP. I.



"Captain Carroll!" He turned quickly. She was advancing towards him from the summer-house.—CHAP. II.

being suggested by this very spot." She cast a quick look of subtle meaning at Carroll, and throughout her recital appealed more directly to him, in a manner delicately yet sufficiently marked to partly soothe his troubled spirit.

"Far back, in the very old times, Caballeros," said Maruja, standing by the table in mock solemnity, and rapping upon it with her fan, "this place was the home of the coyote. Big and little, father and mother, Señor and Señora Coyotes, and the little muchacho coyotes, had their home in the dark cañada, and came out over these fields, yellow with wild oats and red with poppies, to seek their prey. They were happy. For why? They were the first; they had no history, you comprehend, no tradition. They married as they liked" (with a glance at Carroll), "nobody objected; they increased and multiplied. But the plains were fertile; the game was plentiful; it was not fit that it should be for the beasts alone. And so, in the course of time, an Indian chief, a heathen, Koorotora, built his wigwam here."

"I beg your pardon," said Garnier, in apparent distress, "but I caught the gentleman's name imperfectly."

Fully aware that the questioner only wished to hear again her musical enunciation of the consonants, she repeated "Koorotora" with an apologetic glance at Carroll and went on. "This gentleman had no history or tradition to bother him either; whatever Señor Coyote thought of the matter, he contented himself with robbing Señor Koorotora's wigwam when he could, and skulking around the Indian's camp at night. The old chief prospered, and made many journeys round the country, but always kept his camp here. This lasted until the time when the holy Fathers came from the South and Portala, as you have all read, uplifted the wooden Cross on the seacoast over there, and left it for the heathens to wonder at. Koorotora saw it on one of his journeys, and came back to the cañada full of this wonder. Now, Koorotora had a wife."

"Ah, we shall commence now. We are at the beginning. This is better than Señora Coyota," said Garnier, cheerfully.

"Naturally, she was anxious to see the wonderful object. She saw it, and she saw the holy Fathers, and they converted her against the superstitious heathenish wishes of her husband. And more than that, they came here"——

"And converted the land also; is it not so? It was a lovely site for a mission," interpolated Garnier, politely.

"They built a mission and brought as many of Koorotora's people as they could into the sacred fold. They brought them in in a queer fashion sometimes, it is said; dragoons from the Presidio, Captain Carroll, lassooing them and bringing them in at the tails of their horses. All except Koorotora. He defied them; he cursed them and his wife in his wicked heathenish fashion, and said that they too should lose the mission through the treachery of some woman, and that the coyote should yet prowl through the ruined walls of the church. The holy Fathers pitied the wicked man—and built themselves a lovely garden. Look at that pear-tree! There is all that is left of it!"

She turned with a mock heroic gesture, and pointed her fan to the pear-tree. Garnier lifted his hands in equally simulated wonder. A sudden recollection of the coyote of the morning recurred to Carroll uneasily. "And the Indians," he said, with an effort to shake off the feeling; "they too have vanished."

"All that remained of them is in yonder mound. It is the grave of the chief and his people. He never lived to see the fulfilment of his prophecy. For it was a year after his death that our ancestor, Mañuel Guitierrez, came from old Spain to the Presidio with a grant of twenty leagues to settle where he chose. Doña Maria Guitierrez took a fancy to the cañada. But it was a site already in possession of the Holy Church. One night, through treachery, it was said, the guards were withdrawn and the Indians entered the mission, slaughtered the lay brethren, and drove away the priests. The Commandant at the Presidio retook the place from the heathens, but on representation to the Governor that it was indetensible for the peaceful Fathers without a large military guard, the official ordered the removal of the mission to Santa Cruz, and Don Mañuel settled his twenty leagues grant in the cañada. Whether he or Doña Maria had anything to do with the Indian uprising no one knows, but Father Pedro never forgave them. He is said to have declared at the foot of the altar that the curse of the Church was on the land, and that it should always pass into the hands of the stranger."

"And that was long ago, and the property is still in the family," said Carroll, hurriedly, answering Maruja's eyes.

"In the last hundred years there have been no male heirs," continued Maruja, still regarding Carroll. "When my mother, who was the eldest daughter, married Don José Saltonstall against the wishes of the family, it was said that the curse would fall. Sure enough, Caballeros, it was that year that the forged grants of Michelторrena were discovered; and in our lawsuit your Government, Captain, handed over ten leagues of the llano land to the Doctor West, our neighbour."

"Ah, the grey-headed gentleman who lunched here the other day? You are friends, then? You bear no malice?" said Garnier.

"What would you?" said Maruja, with a slight shrug of her shoulders. "He paid his money to the forger. Your corregidores upheld him, and said it was no forgery," she continued, to Carroll.

In spite of the implied reproach, Carroll felt relieved. He began to be impatient of Garnier's presence, and longed to renew his suit. Perhaps his face showed something of this, for Maruja added, with mock demureness, "It 's always dreadful to be the eldest sister; but think what it is to be in the direct line of a curse! Now, there 's Amita—*she* 's free to do as she likes, with no family responsibility; while poor me!" She dropped her eyes, but not until they had again sought and half-reproved the brightening eyes of Carroll.

"But," said Garnier, with a sudden change from his easy security and courteous indifference to an almost harsh impatience, "you do not mean to say, Mademoiselle, that you have the least belief in this rubbish, this ridiculous canard?"

Maruja's straight mouth quickly tightened over her teeth. She shot a significant glance at Carroll, but instantly resumed her former manner.

"It matters little what a foolish girl like myself believes. The rest of the family, even the servants and children, all believe it. It is a part of their religion. Look at these flowers around the pear-tree and scattered on that Indian mound. They regularly find their way there on saints' days and festas. *They* are not rubbish, Monsieur Garnier; they are propitiatory sacrifices. Pereo would believe that a temblor would swallow up the casa if we should ever forego these customary rites. Is it a mere absurdity that forced my father to build these modern additions around the heart of the old adobe house, leaving it untouched, so that the curse might not be fulfilled even by implication?"

She had assumed an air of such pretty earnestness and passion; her satin face was illuminated as by some softly sensuous light within more bewildering than mere colour, that Garnier, all devoted eyes and courteous blandishment, broke out—"But this curse must fall harmlessly before the incarnation of blessing; Miss Saltonstall has no more to fear than the angels. She is the one predestined through her charm, through her goodness, to lift it for ever."

Carroll could not have helped echoing the aspirations of his rival, had not the next words of his mistress thrilled him with superstitious terror.

"A thousand thanks, Señor. Who knows? But I shall have warning when it falls. A day or two before the awful invader arrives, a coyote suddenly appears in broad daylight, mysteriously, near the casa. This midnight marauder, now banished to the thickest cañon, comes again to prowl around the home of his ancestors. Caramba! Señor Captain, what are you staring at? You frighten me! Stop it, I say!"

She had turned upon him, stamping her little foot in quite a frightened, childlike way.

"Nothing," laughed Carroll, the quick blood returning to his cheek. "But you must not be angry with one for being quite carried away with your dramatic intensity. By Jove! I thought I could see the *whole* thing while you were speaking; the old Indian, the priest and the coyote!" His eyes sparkled. The wild thought had occurred to him that perhaps, in spite of himself, he was the young woman's predestined fate, and in the very selfishness of his passion he smiled at the mere material loss of lands and prestige that would follow it. "Then the coyote has always preceded some change in the family fortunes?" he asked boldly.

"On my mother's wedding-day," said Maruja, in a lower voice, "after the party had come from church to supper in the old casa, my father asked, 'What dog is that under the table?' When they lifted the cloth to look, a coyote rushed from the very midst of the guests and dashed out across the patio. No one knew how or when he entered."

"Heaven grant that we do not find he has eaten our breakfast!" said Garnier, gaily, "for I judge it is waiting us. I hear your sister's voice among the others crossing the lawn. Shall we tear ourselves away from the tombs of our ancestors, and join them?"

"Not as I am looking now, thank you," said Maruja, throwing the lace over her head. "I shall not submit myself to a comparison of their fresher faces and toilettes by you two gentlemen. Go you both and join them. I shall wait and say an *Ave* for the soul of Koorotora and slip back alone the way I came."

She had steadily evaded the pleading glance of Carroll, and though her bright face and unblemished toilette showed the inefficiency of her excuse, it was evident that her wish to be alone was genuine and without coquetry. They could only lift their hats and turn regretfully away.

As the red cap of the young officer disappeared amidst the evergreen foliage, the young woman uttered a faint sigh, which she repeated a moment after as a slight nervous yawn. Then she opened and shut her fan once or twice, striking the sticks against her little pale palm, and then, gathering the lace under her oval chin with one hand and catching her fan and skirt with the other, bent her head and dipped into the bushes. She came out on the other side near a low fence, that separated the park from a narrow lane which communicated with the high road beyond. As she neared the fence a slinking figure limped along the lane before her. It was the tramp of the early morning.

They raised their heads at the same moment and their eyes met. The tramp, in that clearer light, showed a spare, but bent figure, roughly clad in a miner's shirt and canvas trousers, splashed and streaked with soil, and half hidden in a ragged blue cast-off army overcoat lazily hanging from one shoulder. His thin sun-burnt face was not without a certain sullen suspicious intelligence, and a look of half-sneering defiance. He stopped, as a startled, surly animal might have stopped at some unusual object, but did not exhibit any other discomposure. Maruja stopped at the same moment on her side of the fence.

The tramp looked at her deliberately, and then slowly lowered his eyes. "I 'm looking for the San José road, hereabouts. Ye don't happen to know it?" he said, addressing himself to the top of the fence.

It had been said that it was not Maruja's way to encounter man, woman, or child, old or young, without an attempt at subjugation. Strong in her power and salient with fascination, she leaned gently over the fence, and with the fan raised to her delicate ear, made him repeat his question under the soft fire of her fringed eyes. He did so, but incompletely, and with querulous laziness.

"Lookin'—for—San José road—here'bouts."

"The road to San José," said Maruja, with gentle slowness, as if not unwilling to protract the conversation, "is about two miles from here. It is the high road to the left fronting the plain. There is another way, if"——

"Don't want it! Mornin'."

He dropped his head suddenly forward, and limped away in the sunlight.

CHAPTER III.



BREAKFAST, usually a movable feast at La Mision Perdida, had been prolonged until past mid-day; the last of the dance guests had flown, and the home party—with the exception of Captain Carroll, who had returned to duty at his distant post—were dispersing; some as riding cavalcades to neighbouring points of interest; some to visit certain remarkable mansions which the wealth of a rapid civilisation had erected in that fertile valley. One of these in particular, the work of a breathless millionaire, was famous for the spontaneity of its growth and the reckless extravagance of its appointments.

"If you go to Aladdin's Palace," said Maruja, from the top step of the south porch, to a waggonette of guests, "after you 've seen the stables with mahogany fittings for one hundred horses, ask Aladdin to show you the enchanted chamber, inlaid with California woods and paved with gold quartz."

"We would have a better chance if the Princess of China would only go with us," pleaded Garnier, gallantly.

"The Princess will stay at home with her mother, like a good girl," returned Maruja, demurely.

"A bad shot of Garnier's this time," whispered Raymond to Buchanan, as the vehicle rolled away with them. "The Princess is not likely to visit Aladdin again."

"Why?"

"The last time she was there, Aladdin was a little too Persian in his extravagance: offered her his house, stables, and himself."

"Not a bad catch—why, he 's worth two millions, I hear."

"Yes; but his wife is as extravagant as himself."

"His *wife*, eh? Ah, are you serious; or must you say something derogatory of the lassie's admirers too?" said Buchanan, playfully threatening him with his cane. "Another word, and I 'll throw you from the waggon."

After their departure, the outer shell of the great house fell into a profound silence, so hollow and deserted that one might have thought the curse of Koorotora had already descended upon it. Dead leaves of roses and fallen blossoms from the long line of vine-wreathed columns lay thick on the empty stretch of brown verandah, or rustled and crept against the sides of the house, where the regular breath of the afternoon "trades" began to arise. A few cardinal flowers fell like drops of blood before the open windows of the vacant ball-room, in which the step of a solitary servant echoed faintly. It was Maruja's maid, bringing a note to her young mistress, who, in a flounced morning dress, leaned against the window. Maruja took it, glanced at it quietly, folded it in a long fold, and put it openly in her belt. Captain Carroll, from whom it came, might have carried one of his despatches as methodically. The waiting-woman noticed the act, and was moved to suggest some more exciting confidences.

"The Doña Maruja has, without doubt, noticed the bouquet on her dressing-room table from the Señor Garnier?"

The Doña Maruja had. The Doña Maruja had also learned with pain that, bribed by Judas-like coin, Faquita had betrayed the secrets of her wardrobe to the extent of furnishing a ribbon from a certain yellow dress to the Señor Buchanan to match with a Chinese fan. This was intolerable!

Faquita writhed in remorse, and averred that through this solitary act she had dishonoured her family.

The Doña Maruja, however, since it was so, felt that the only thing left to do was to give her the polluted dress, and trust that the Devil might not fly away with her.

Leaving the perfectly consoled Faquita, Maruja crossed the large hall and, opening a small door, entered a dark passage through the thick adobe wall of the old casa, and apparently left the present century behind her. A peaceful atmosphere of the past surrounded her not only in the low vaulted halls terminating in grilles or barred windows; not only in the square chambers whose dark rich but scanty furniture was only a foil to the central elegance of the lace-bordered bed and pillows; but in a certain mysterious odour of dried and dessicated religious respectability that penetrated everywhere, and made the grateful twilight redolent of the generations of forgotten Guitierrez who had quietly exhaled in the old house. A mist as of incense and flowers that had lost their first bloom veiled the vista of the long corridor, and made the staring blue sky, seen through narrow windows and loopholes, glitter like mirrors let into the walls. The chamber assigned to the young ladies seemed half oratory and half sleeping-room, with a strange mingling of the convent in the bare white walls, hung only with crucifixes and religious emblems, and of the seraglio in the glimpses of lazy figures, reclining in the deshabille of short silken saya, low camisa, and dropping slippers. In a broad angle of the corridor giving upon the patio, its balustrade hung with brightly coloured serapes and shawls, surrounded by voluble domestics and relations, the mistress of the casa half reclined in a hammock and gave her noonday audience.

Maruja pushed her way through the clustered stools and cushions to her mother's side, kissed her on the forehead, and then lightly perched herself like a white dove on the railing. Mrs. Saltonstall, a dark, corpulent woman, redeemed only from coarseness by a certain softness of expression and refinement of gesture, raised her heavy brown eyes to her daughter's face.

"You have not been to bed, Mara?"

"No, dear. Do I look it?"

"You must lie down presently. They tell me that Captain Carroll returned suddenly this morning."

"Do you care?"

"Who knows?" Amita does not seem to fancy José, Estéban, Jorge, or any of her cousins. She won't look at Juan Estudillo. The Captain is not bad. He is of the Government. He is"——

"Not more than ten leagues from here," said Maruja, playing with the Captain's note in her belt. "You can send for him, dear little mother. He will be glad."

"You will ever talk lightly—like your father! She was not then grieved—our Amita—eh?"

"She and Dorotea and the two Wilsons went off with Raymond and your Scotch friend in the waggonette. She did not cry—to Raymond."

"Good," said Mrs. Saltonstall, leaning back in her hammock. "Raymond is an old friend. You had better take your siesta now, child, to be bright for dinner. I expect a visitor this afternoon—Dr. West."

"Again! What will Pereo say, little mother?"

"Pereo," said the widow, sitting up again in her hammock, with impatience, "Pereo is becoming intolerable. The man is as mad as Don Quixote; it is impossible to conceal his eccentric impertinence and interference from strangers, who cannot understand his confidential position in our house or his long service. There are no more mayordomos, child. The Vallejos, the Briones, the Castros, do without them now. Dr. West says, wisely, they are ridiculous survivals of the patriarchal system."

"And can be replaced by intelligent strangers," interrupted Maruja, demurely.

"The more easily if the patriarchal system has not been able to preserve the respect due from children to parents. No, Maruja! No; I am offended. Do not touch me! And your hair is coming down, and your eyes have rings like owls. You uphold this fanatical Pereo because he leaves *you* alone and stalks your poor sisters and their escorts like the Indian, whose blood is in his veins. The saints only can tell if he did not disgust this Captain Carroll into flight. He believes himself the sole custodian of the honour of our family—that he has a sacred mission from this Don Fulano of Koorotora to avert its fate. Without doubt he keeps up his delusions with aguardiente, and passes for a prophet among the silly peons and servants. He frightens the children with his ridiculous stories, and teaches them to decorate that heathen mound as if it were a shrine of Our Lady of Sorrows. He was almost rude to Dr. West yesterday."

"But you have encouraged him in his confidential position here," said Maruja. "You forget, my mother, how you got him to 'dueña' Enriquita with the Colonel Brown, how you let him frighten the young Englishman who was too attentive to Dorotea, how you set him even upon poor Raymond, and failed so dismally that I had to take him myself in hand."

"But if I choose to charge him with explanations that I cannot make myself without derogating from the time-honoured hospitality of the casa, that is another thing. It is not," said Doña Maria, with a certain massive dignity that, inconsistent as it was with the weakness of her argument, was not without impressiveness, "it is not yet, Blessed Santa Maria, that we are obliged to take notice ourself of the pretensions of every guest beneath our roof like the match-making, daughter-selling English and Americans. And *then* Pereo had tact and discrimination. Now he is mad! There are strangers and strangers. The whole valley is full of them—one can discriminate, since the old families year by year are growing less."

"Surely not," said Maruja, innocently. "There is the excellent Ramierrez, who has lately almost taken him a wife from the singing-hall in San Francisco; he may yet be snatched from the fire. There is the youthful José Castro, the sole padroño of our national bull-fight at Soquel, the famous horse-breaker, and the winner of I know not how many races. And have we not Vincente Peralta, who will run, it is said, for the American Congress. He can read and write—truly I have a letter from him here." She turned back the folded slip of Captain Carroll's note and discovered another below.

Mrs. Saltonstall tapped her daughter's hand with her fan. "You jest at them, yet you uphold Pereo! Go, now, and sleep yourself into a better frame of mind. Stop! I hear the Doctor's horse. Run and see that Pereo receives him properly."

Maruja had barely entered the dark corridor when she came upon the visitor—a grey, hard-featured man of sixty—who had evidently entered without ceremony. "I see you did not wait to be announced," she said, sweetly. "My mother will be flattered by your impatience. You will find her in the patio."

"Pereo did not announce me, as he was probably still under the effect of the aguardiente he swallowed yesterday," said the Doctor, drily. "I met him outside the Tienda on the highway the other night, talking to a pair of cut-throats that I would shoot on sight."

"The mayordomo has many purchases to make, and must meet a great many people," said Maruja. "What would you? We cannot select *his* acquaintances; we can hardly choose our own," she added, sweetly.

The Doctor hesitated, as if to reply, and then, with a grim "Good-morning," passed on towards the patio. Maruja did not follow him. Her attention was suddenly absorbed by a hitherto unnoticed motionless figure, that seemed to be hiding in the shadow of an angle of the passage, as if waiting for her to pass. The keen eyes of the daughter of Joseph Saltonstall were not deceived. She walked directly towards the figure, and said, sharply, "Pereo!"

The figure came hesitatingly forward into the light of the grated window. It was that of an old man, still tall and erect, though the hair had disappeared from his temples, and hung in two or three straight, long dark elf-locks on his neck. His face, over which one of the bars threw a sinister shadow, was the yellow of a dried tobacco-leaf, and veined as strongly. His garb was a strange mingling of the vaquero and the ecclesiastic—velvet trousers, open from the knee down, and fringed with bullion buttons; a broad red sash around his waist, partly hidden by a long, straight chaqueta; with a circular sacerdotal cape of black broadcloth slipped over his head through a slit-like opening braided with gold. His restless yellow eyes fell before the young girl's; and the stiff, varnished, hard-brimmed sombrero he held in his wrinkled hands trembled.

"You are spying again, Pereo," said Maruja, in another dialect than the one she had used to her mother. "It is unworthy of my father's trusted servant."

"It is that man—that coyote, Doña Maruja, that is unworthy of your father, of your mother, of *you!*" he gesticulated, in a fierce whisper. "I, Pereo, do not spy. I follow, follow the track of the prowling, stealing brute until I run him down. Yes, it was *I*, Pereo, who warned your father he would not be content with the half of the land he stole! It was I, Pereo, who warned your mother that each time he trod the soil of La Mision Perdida he measured the land he could take away!" He stopped pantingly, with the insane abstraction of a fixed idea glittering in his eyes.

"And it was *you*, Pereo," she said, caressingly, laying her soft hand on his heaving breast, "*you* who carried me in your arms when I was a child. It was you, Pereo, who took me before you on your pinto horse to the rodeo, when no one knew it but ourselves, my Pereo, was it not?" He nodded his head violently. "It was you who showed me the gallant caballeros, the Pachecos, the Castros, the Alvarados, the Estudillos, the Peraltas, the Vallejos." His head kept time with each name as the fire dimmed in his wet eyes. "You made me promise I would not forget them for the Americanos who were here. Good! That was years ago! I am older now. I have seen many Americans. Well, I am still free!"

He caught her hand, and raised it to his lips with a gesture almost devotional. His eyes softened; as the exaltation of passion passed, his voice dropped into the querulousness of privileged age. "Ah, yes!—you, the first-born, the heiress—of a verity, yes! You were ever a Guitierrez. But the others? Eh, where are they now? And it was always: 'Eh, Pereo, what shall we do to-day? Pereo, good Pereo, we are asked to ride here and there; we are expected to visit the new people in the valley—what say you, Pereo? Who shall we dine to-day?' Or: 'Enquire me of this or that strange caballero—and if we may speak.' Ah, it is but yesterday that Amita would say: 'Lend me thine own horse, Pereo, that I may outstrip this swaggering Americano that clings ever to my side,' ha! ha! Or the grave Dorotea would whisper: 'Convey to this Señor Presumptuous Pomposo that the daughters of Guitierrez do not ride alone with strangers!' Or even the little Liseta would say, he! he! 'Why does the stranger press my foot in his great hand when he helps me into the saddle? Tell him that is not the way, Pereo.' Ha! ha!" He laughed childishly, and stopped. "And why does Señorita Amita now—look—complain that Pereo, old Pereo, comes between her and this Señor Raymond—the maquinista? Eh, and why does *she*, the lady mother, the Castellaña, shut Pereo from her councils?" he went on, with rising excitement. "What are these secret meetings, eh?—what these appointments, alone with this Judas—without the family—without *me!*"

"Hearken, Pereo," said the young girl, again laying her hand on the old man's shoulder; "you have spoken truly—but you forget—the years pass. These are no longer strangers; old friends have gone—these have taken their place. My father forgave the Doctor—why cannot you? For the rest, believe in me—me—Maruja"—she dramatically touched her heart over the international complications of the letters of Captain Carroll and Peralta. "I will see that the family honour does not suffer. And now, good Pereo, calm thyself. Not with aguardiente, but with a bottle of old wine from the Mision refectory that I will send to thee. It was given to me by thy friend, Padre Miguel, and is from the old vines that were here. Courage, Pereo! And thou sayest that Amita complains that thou comest between her and Raymond. So! What matter? Let it cheer thy heart to know that I have summoned the Peraltas, the Pachecos, the Estudillos, all thy old friends, to dine here to-day. Thou wilt hear the old names, even if the faces are young to thee. Courage! Do thy duty, old friend; let them see that the hospitality of La Mision Perdida does not grow old, if its mayordomo does. Faquita will bring thee the wine. No; not *that* way; thou needest not pass the patio, nor meet that man again. Here, give me thy hand, I will lead thee. It trembles, Pereo! These are not the sinews that only two years ago pulled down the bull at Soquel with thy single lasso! Why, look! I can drag thee; see!" and with a light laugh and a boyish gesture, she half pulled, half dragged him along, until their voices were lost in the dark corridor.

Maruja kept her word. When the sun began to cast long shadows along the verandah, not only the outer shell of La Mision Perdida, but the dark inner heart of the old casa, stirred with awakened life. Single horsemen and carriages began to arrive; and, mingled with the modern turn-outs of the home party and the neighbouring Americans, were a few of the cumbrous vehicles and chariots of fifty years ago, drawn by gaily trapped mules with bizarre postillions, and occasionally an outrider. Dark faces looked from the balcony of the patio, a light cloud of cigarette-smoke made the dark corridors the more obscure, and mingled with the forgotten incense. Bare-headed pretty women, with roses starring their dark hair, wandered with childish curiosity along the broad verandah and in and out of the French windows that opened upon the grand saloon. Scrupulously shaved men with olive complexion, stout men with accurately curving whiskers meeting at their dimpled chins, lounged about with a certain unconscious dignity that made them contentedly indifferent to any novelty of their surroundings. For a while the two races kept mechanically apart; but, through the tactful gallantry of Garnier, the cynical familiarity of Raymond, and the impulsive recklessness of Aladdin, who had forsaken his enchanted Palace on the slightest of invitations, and returned with the party in the hope of again seeing the Princess of China, an interchange of civilities, of gallantries, and even of confidences, at last took place. Jovita Castro had heard (who had not?) of the wonders of Aladdin's Palace, and was it of actual truth that the ladies had a bouquet and a fan to match their dress presented to them every morning, and that the gentlemen had a champagne cocktail sent to their rooms before breakfast? "Just you come, Miss, and bring your father and your brothers, and stay a week and you'll see," responded Aladdin, gallantly. "Hold on! What's your father's first name? I'll send a team over there for you to-morrow." "And is it true that you frightened the handsome Captain Carroll away from Amita?" said Dolores Briones, over the edge of her fan to Raymond. "Perfectly," said Raymond, with ingenuous frankness. "I made it a matter of life or death. He was a soldier, and naturally preferred the former as giving him a better chance for promotion." "Ah! we thought it was Maruja you liked best." "That was two years ago," said Raymond, gravely. "And you Americanos can change in that time?" "I have just experienced that it can be done in less," he responded, over the



"You have not been to bed, Mara?" "No dear; do I look it?"—CHAP. III.



Two or three of these groups had resolved themselves into detached couples.—Chap. III.

fan, with bewildering significance. Nor were these confidences confined to only one nationality. "I always thought you Spanish gentlemen were very dark, and wore long moustaches and a cloak," said pretty little Miss Walker, gazing frankly into the smooth round face of the eldest Pacheco—"why, you are as fair as I am." "Eaf I tink that, I am for ever mizzarable," he replied, with grave melancholy. In the dead silence that followed he was enabled to make his decorous point. "Because I shall not ezcape ze fate of Narcissus." Mr. Buchanan, with the unrestrained and irresponsible enjoyment of a traveller, entered fully into the spirit of the scene. He even found words of praise for Aladdin, whose extravagance had at first seemed to him almost impious. "Eh, but I'm not prepared to say he is a fool, either," he remarked to his friend the San Francisco banker. "Those who try to pick him up for one," returned the banker, "will find themselves mistaken. His is the prodigality that loosens others' purse-strings besides his own. Everybody contents himself with criticising his way of spending money, but is ready to follow his way of making it."

The dinner was more formal, and when the mistress of the house, massive in black silk, velvet and gold embroidery, moved like a pageant to the head of her table, where she remained like a sacerdotal effigy, not even the presence of the practical Scotchman at her side could remove the prevailing sense of restraint. For a while the conversation of the relatives might have been brought with them in their antique vehicles of fifty years ago, so faded, so worn, and so springless it was. General Pico related the festivities at Monterey, on the occasion of the visit of Sir George Simpson early in the present century, of which he was an eye-witness, with great precision of detail. Don Juan Estudillo was comparatively frivolous, with anecdotes of Louis Philippe, whom he had seen in Paris. Far-seeing Pedro Guitierrez was gloomily impressed with a Mongolian invasion of California by the Chinese, in which the prevailing religion would be supplanted by heathen temples, and polygamy engrafted on the Constitution. Everybody agreed, however, that the vital question of the hour was the settlement of land titles—Americans who claimed under pre-emption and the native holders of Spanish grants were equally of the opinion. In the midst of this the musical voice of Maruja was heard asking, "What is a tramp?"

Raymond on her right, was ready but not conclusive. A tramp, if he could sing, would be a troubadour; if he could pray, would be a pilgrim friar—in either case a natural object of womanly solicitude. But as he could do neither, he was simply a curse.

"And you think that is not an object of womanly solicitude? But that does not tell me *what* he is."

A dozen gentlemen, swept in the radius of those softly-inquiring eyes, here started to explain. From them it appeared that there was no such thing in California as a tramp, and there were also a dozen varieties of tramp in California.

"But is he always very uncivil?" asked Maruja.

Again there were conflicting opinions. You might have to shoot him on sight, and you might have him invariably run from you. When the question was finally settled, Maruja was found to have become absorbed in conversation with someone else.

Amita, a taller copy of Maruja, and more regularly beautiful, had built up a little pile of bread crumbs between herself and Raymond, and was listening to him with a certain shy, girlish interest that was as inconsistent with the serene regularity of her face as Maruja's self-possessed, subtle intelligence was incongruous to her youthful figure. Raymond's voice, when he addressed Amita, was low and earnest; not from any significance of matter, but from its frank confidential quality.

"They are discussing the new railroad project, and your relations are all opposed to it; to-morrow they will each apply privately to Aladdin for the privilege of subscribing." "I have never seen a railroad," said Amita, slightly colouring; "but you are an engineer, and I know they must be something very clever."

Notwithstanding the coolness of the night, a full moon drew the guests to the verandah, where coffee was served, and where, mysteriously muffled in cloaks and shawls, the party took upon itself the appearance of groups of dominoed masqueraders, scattered along the verandah and on the broad steps of the porch in gipsy-like encampments, from whose cloaked shadow the moonlight occasionally glittered upon a varnished boot or peeping satin slipper. Two or three of these groups had resolved themselves into detached couples, who wandered down the acacia walk to the sound of a harp in the grand saloon or the occasional uplifting of a thin Spanish tenor. Two of these couples were Maruja and Garnier followed by Amita and Raymond.

"You are restless to-night, Maruja," said Amita, shyly endeavouring to make a show of keeping up with her sister's boyish stride, in spite of Raymond's reluctance. "You are paying for your wakefulness to-day."

The same idea passed through the minds of both men. She was missing the excitement of Captain Carroll's presence.

"The air is so refreshing away from the house," responded Maruja, with a bright energy that belied any suggestion of fatigue or moral disquietude. "I'm tired of running against those turtle-doves in the walks and bushes. Let us keep on to the lane. If you are tired, Mr. Raymond will give you his arm."

They kept on, led by the indomitable little figure who, for once, did not seem to linger over the attentions, both piquant and tender, with which Garnier improved his opportunity. Given a shadowy lane, a lovers' moon, a pair of bright and not unkindly eyes, a charming and not distant figure—what more could he want? Yet he wished she hadn't walked so fast. One might be vivacious, audacious, brilliant, at an Indian trot; but impassioned—never! The pace increased; they were actually hurrying. More than that, Maruja had struck into a little trot; her lithe body swaying from side to side, her little feet straight as an arrow before her; accompanying herself with a quaint musical chant, which she obligingly explained had been taught her as a child by Pereo. They stopped only at the hedge, where she had that morning encountered the tramp.

There is little doubt that the rest of the party was disconcerted: Amita, whose figure was not adapted to this Camilla-like exercise; Raymond, who was annoyed at the poor girl's discomfiture; and Garnier, who had lost a golden opportunity, with the faint suspicion of having looked ridiculous. Only Maruja's eyes, or rather the eyes of her lamented father, seemed to enjoy it.

"You are too effeminate," she said, leaning against the fence, and shading her eyes with her fan, as she glanced around in the staring moonlight. "Civilisation has taken away your legs. A man ought to be able to trust to his feet all day, and to nothing else."

"In fact—a tramp," suggested Raymond.

"Possibly. I think I should like to have been a gipsy, and to have wandered about, finding a new home every night."

"And a change of linen on the early morning hedges," said Raymond. "But do you think seriously that you and your sister are suitably clad to commence to-night? It is bitterly cold," he added, turning up his collar. "Could you begin by showing a pal the nearest haystack or hen-roost?"

"Sybarite!" She cast a long look over the fields and down the lane. Suddenly she started. "What is that?"

She pointed to a tall erect figure slowly disappearing on the other side of the hedge.

"It's Pereo, only Pereo. I knew him by his long serape," said Garnier, who was nearest the hedge, complacently. "But what is surprising, he was not there when we came, nor did he come out of that open field. He must have been walking behind us on the other side of the hedge."

The eyes of the two girls sought each other simultaneously, but not without Raymond's observant glance. Amita's brow darkened as she moved to her sister's side, and took her arm with a confidential pressure that was returned. The two men, with a vague consciousness of some *contretemps*, dropped a pace behind, and began to talk to each other, leaving the sisters to exchange a few words in a low tone as they slowly returned to the house.

Meanwhile, Pereo's tall figure had disappeared in the shrubbery, to emerge again in the open area by the summer-house and the old pear-tree. The red sparks of two or three cigarettes in the shadow of the summer-house, and the crouching forms of two shawled women came forward to greet him.

"And what hast thou heard, Pereo?" said one of the women.

"Nothing," said Pereo, impatiently. "I told thee I would answer for this little primogenita with my life. She is but leading this Frenchman a dance, as she has led the others, and the Doña Amita and her Raymond are but wax in her hands. Besides, I have spoken with the little 'Ruja to-day, and spoke my mind, Pepita, and she says there is nothing."

"And whilst thou wert speaking to her, my poor Pereo, the devil of an American Doctor was speaking to her mother, thy mistress—our mistress, Pereo! Would'st thou know what he said? Oh, it was nothing."

"Now, the curse of Koorotora on thee, Pepita!" said Pereo, excitedly. "Speak, fool, if thou knowest anything!"

"Of a verity, no. Let Faquita, then, speak: she heard it." She reached out her hand, and dragged Maruja's maid, not unwilling, before the old man.

"Good! 'Tis Faquita, daughter of Gomez, and a child of the land. Speak, little one. What said this coyote to the mother of thy mistress?"

"Truly, good Pereo, it was but accident that befriended me."

"Truly, for thy mistress's sake, I heped it had been more. But let that go. Come, what said he, child?"

"I was hanging up a robe behind the curtain in the oratory when Pepita ushered in the Americano. I had no time to fly."

"Why should'st thou fly from a dog like this?" said one of the cigarette-smokers who had drawn near.

"Peace!" said the old man.

"When the Doña Maria joined him they spoke of affairs. Yes, Pereo, she, thy mistress, spoke of affairs to this man—ay, as she might have talked to *thee*. And, could he advise this? and could he counsel that? and should the cattle be taken from the lower lands, and the fields turned to grain? and had he a purchaser for Los Osos?"

"Los Osos! It is the boundary land—the frontier—the line of the arroyo—older than the Mision," muttered Pereo.

"Ay, and he talked of the—the—I know not what it is!—the r-r-rail-r-road."

"The railroad," gasped the old man. "I will tell thee what it is! It is the cut of a burning knife through La Mision Perdida—as long as eternity, as dividing as death. On either side of that gash life is blasted; wherever that cruel steel is laid the track of it is livid and barren; it cuts down all barriers; leaps all boundaries, be they cañada or cañon; it is a torrent in the plain, a tornado in the forest; its very pathway is destruction to whoso crosses it—man or beast; it is the heathenish God of the Americanos; they build temples for it, and flock there and worship it whenever it stops, breathing fire and flame like a very Moloch."

"Eh! St. Anthony preserve us!" said Faquita, shuddering; "and yet they spoke of it as 'shares' and 'stocks,' and said it would double the price of corn."

"Now, Judas pursue thee and thy railroad, Pereo," said Pepita, impatiently. "It is not such bagatela that Faquita is here to relate. Go on child, and tell all that happened."

"And then," continued Faquita, with a slight affectation of maiden bashfulness, in the closer-drawing circle of cigarettes, "and then they talked of other things and of themselves; and, of a verity, this grey-bearded Doctor will play the goat and utter gallant speeches, and speak of a life-long devotion and of the time he should have a right to protect"——

"The right, girl! Did'st thou say the right? No, thou did'st mistake. It was not *that* he meant?"

"Thy life to a quarter peso that the little Faquita does not mistake," said the evident satirist of the household. "Trust to Gomez' muchacha to understand a proposal."

When the laugh was over, and the sparks of the cigaretto, cleverly whipped out of the speaker's lips by Faquita's fan, had disappeared in the darkness, she resumed, pettishly, "I know not what you call it when he kissed her hand and held it to his heart."

"Judas!" gasped Pereo. "But," he added, feverishly, "she, the Doña Maria, thy mistress, *she* summoned thee at once to call me to cast out this dust into the open air; thou didst fly to her assistance? What! thou sawest this, and did nothing—eh?" He stopped, and tried to peer into the girl's face. "No! Ah, I see; I am an old fool. Yes; it was Maruja's own mother that stood there. He! he! he!" he laughed piteously; "and she smiled and smiled and broke the coward's heart, as Maruja might. And when he was gone, she bade thee bring her water to wash the filthy Judas stain from her hand."

"Santa Ana!" said Faquita, shrugging her shoulders. "She did what the veriest muchacha would have done. When he had gone, she sat down and cried."

The old man drew back a step, and steadied himself by the table. Then, with a certain tremulous audacity, he began: "So! that is all you have to tell—nothing! Bah! A lazy slut sleeps at her duty, and dreams behind a curtain! Yes, dreams!—you understand—*dreams!* And for this she leaves her occupations, and comes to gossip here! Come," he continued, steadily working himself into a passion, "come, enough of this! Get you gone!—you, and Pepita, and Andreas, and Victor—all of you—back to your duty. Away! Am I not master here? Off! I say!"

There was no mistaking the rising anger of his voice. The cowed group rose in a frightened way and disappeared one by one silently through the labyrinth. Pereo waited until the last had vanished, and then, cramming his stiff sombrero over his eyes with an ejaculation, brushed his way through the shrubbery in the direction of the stables.

Later, when the full glory of the midnight moon had put out every straggling light in the great house, when the long verandah slept in massive bars of shadow, and even the trade winds were hushed to repose, Pereo silently issued from the stable-yard in vaquero's dress, mounted and caparisoned. Picking his way cautiously along the turf-bordered edge of the gravel path, he noiselessly reached a gate that led to the lane. Walking his spirited mustang with difficulty until the house had at last disappeared in the intervening foliage, he turned with an easy canter into a border bridle-path that seemed to lead to the cañada. In a quarter of an hour he had reached a low amphitheatre of meadows, shut in a half circle of grassy treeless hills.

Here, putting spurs to his horse, he entered upon a singular exercise. Twice he made a circuit of the meadow at a wild gallop with flying serape and loosened rein and twice returned. The third time his speed increased, the ground seemed to stream from under him; in the distance the limbs of his steed became invisible in their furious action, and, lying low forward on his mustang's neck, man and horse passed like an arrowy bolt around the circle. Then something like a light ring of smoke up curved from the saddle before him and, slowly uncoiling itself in mid air, dropped gently to the ground as he passed. Again, and once again, the shadowy coil sped upward and onward, slowly detaching its snaky rings with a weird

deliberation that was in strange contrast to the impetuous onset of the rider, and yet seemed a part of his fury. And then turning, Perco trotted gently to the centre of the circle.

Here he divested himself of his serape and, securing it in a cylindrical roll, placed it upright on the ground and once more sped away on his furious circuit. But this time he wheeled suddenly before it was half completed and bore down directly upon the unconscious object. Within a hundred feet he swerved slightly; the long detaching rings again writhed in mid air and softly descended as he thundered past. But when he had reached the line of circuit again he turned and made directly for the road he had entered. Fifty feet behind his horse's heels at the end of a shadowy cord, the luckless serape was dragging and bounding after him!

"The old man is quiet enough this morning," said Andreas, as he groomed the sweat-dried skin of the mustang the next day. "It is easy to see, friend Pinto, that he has worked off his madness on thee."

CHAPTER IV.



THE Rancho of San Antonio might have been a characteristic asylum for its blessed patron, offering as it did a secure retreat from temptations for the carnal eye, and affording every facility for uninterrupted contemplation of the sky above, unbroken by tree or elevation. Unlike La Mision Perdida, of which it had been part, it was a level plain of rich adobe, half the year presenting a billowy sea of tossing verdure breaking on the far-off horizon line, half the year presenting a dry and dusty shore, from which the vernal sea had ebbed, to the low sky that seemed to mock it with a visionary sea beyond. A row of rough, irregular, and severely practical sheds and buildings housed the machinery and the fifty or sixty men employed in the cultivation of the soil, but neither residential mansion nor farmhouse offered any nucleus of rural comfort or civilisation in the midst of this wild expanse of earth and sky. The simplest adjuncts of country life were unknown: milk and butter were brought from the nearest town; weekly supplies of fresh meat and vegetables came from the same place; in the harvest season, the labourers and harvesters lodged and boarded in the adjacent settlement and walked to their work. No cultivated flower bloomed beside the unpainted tenement, though the fields were starred in early spring with poppies and daisies—the humblest garden plant or herb had no place in that prolific soil. The serried ranks of wheat pressed closely round the straggling sheds and barns and hid the lower windows. But the sheds were fitted with the latest agricultural machinery; a telegraphic wire connected the nearest town with an office in the wing of one of the buildings, where Dr. West sat, and in the midst of the wilderness severely checked his accounts with nature.

Whether this strict economy of domestic outlay arose from an ostentatious contempt of country life and the luxurious habits of the former landholders, or whether it was a purely business principle of Dr. West, did not appear. Those who knew him best declared that it was both. Certain it was that unqualified commercial success crowned and dignified his method. A few survivors of the old native families came to see his strange machinery that did the work of so many idle men and horses. It is said that he offered to "run" the distant estate of Joaquin Padilla from his little office amidst the grain of San Antonio. Some shook their heads, and declared that he only sucked the juices of the land for a few brief years to throw it away again; that in his fierce haste he skimmed the fatness of ages of gentle cultivation on a soil that had been barely tickled with native oaken ploughshares.

His own personal tastes and habits were as severe and practical as his business; the little wing he inhabited contained only his office, his living room or library, his bed-room, and a bath-room. This last inconsistent luxury was due to a certain cat-like cleanliness which was part of his nature. His iron-grey hair—a novelty in this country of young Americans—was always scrupulously brushed, and his linen spotless. A slightly professional and somewhat old-fashioned respectability in his black clothes was also characteristic. His one concession to the customs of his neighbours was the possession of two or three of the half-broken and spirited mustangs of the country, which he rode with the fearlessness, if not the perfect security and ease, of a native. Whether the subjection of this lawless and powerful survival of a wild and unfettered nature around him was part of his plan, or whether it was only a lingering trait of some younger prowess, no one knew; but his grim and decorous figure, contrasting with the picturesque and flowing freedom of the horse he bestrode, was a frequent spectacle in road and field.

It was the second day after his visit to La Mision Perdida. He was sitting by his desk at sunset in the faint afterglow of the western sky, which flooded the floor through the open door. He was writing, but presently lifted his head, with an impatient air, and called out, "Harrison!"

The shadow of Dr. West's foreman appeared at the door.

"Who 's that you 're talking to?"

"Tramp, Sir."

"Hire him, or send him about his business. Don't stand gabbling there."

"That 's just it, Sir. He won't hire for a week or a day. He says he 'll do an odd job for his supper and a shakedown, but no more."

"Pack him off! . . . Stay. . . . What 's he like?"

"Like the rest of 'em; only a little lazier, I reckon."

"Umph! Fetch him in."

The foreman disappeared, and returned with the tramp already known to the reader. He was a little dirtier and grimier than on the morning he had addressed Maruja at La Mision Perdida; but he wore the same air of sullen indifference, occasionally broken by furtive observation. His laziness—or weariness—if the term could describe the lassitude of perfect physical condition, seemed to have increased; and he leaned against the door as the Doctor regarded him with slow contempt. The silence continuing, he deliberately allowed himself to slip down into a sitting position in the doorway, where he remained.

"You seem to have been born tired," said the Doctor, grimly.

"Yes."

"What have you got to say for yourself?"

"I told *him*," said the tramp, nodding his head towards the foreman, "what I 'd do for a supper and a bed. I don't want anything but that."

"And if you don't get what you want on your own conditions, what 'll you do?" asked the Doctor, drily.

"Go."

"Where did you come from?"

"States."

"Where are you going?"

"On."

"Leave him to me," said Dr. West to his foreman. The man smiled, and withdrew.

The Doctor bent his head again over his accounts. The tramp, sitting in the doorway, reached out his hand, pulled a young wheat-stalk that had sprung up near the doorstep, and slowly nibbled it. He did not raise his eyes to the Doctor, but sat, a familiar culprit awaiting sentence, without fear, without hope, yet not without a certain philosophical endurance of the situation.

"Go into that passage," said the Doctor, lifting his head as he turned a page of his ledger, "and on the shelf you 'll find some clothing stores for the men. Pick out something to fit you."

The tramp arose, moved towards the passage, and stopped. "It 's for the job only, you understand?" he said.

"For the job," answered the Doctor.

The tramp returned in a few moments with overalls and woollen shirt hanging on his arm and a pair of boots and socks in his hand. The Doctor had put aside his pen. "Now go into that room and change. Stop! First wash the dust from your feet in that bath-room."

The tramp obeyed, and entered the room. The Doctor walked to the door, and looked out reflectively on the paling sky. When he turned again he noticed that the door of the bath-room was opened, and the tramp, who had changed his clothes by the fading light, was drying his feet. The Doctor approached, and stood for a moment watching him.

"What 's the matter with your foot?"* he asked, after a pause.

"Born so."

The first and second toe were joined by a thin membrane.

"Both alike?" asked the Doctor.

"Yes," said the young man, exhibiting the other foot.

"What did you say your name was?"

"I didn't say it. It 's Henry Guest, same as my father's."

"Where were you born?"

"Dentville, Pike County, Missouri."

"What was your mother's name?"

"Spalding, I reckon."

"Where are your parents now?"

"Mother got divorced from father, and married again down South, somewhere. Father left home twenty years ago. He 's somewhere in California—if he aint dead."

"He isn't dead."

"How do you know?"

"Because I am Henry Guest, of Dentville: and"—he stopped, and shading his eyes with his hand as he deliberately examined the tramp, added coldly—"your father, I reckon."

There was a slight pause. The young man put down the boot he had taken up. "Then I 'm to stay here?"

"Certainly not. Here my name is only West, and I have no son. You 'll go on to San José, and stay there until I look into this thing. You haven't got any money, of course?" he asked, with a scarcely suppressed sneer.

"I 've got a little," returned the young man.

"How much?"

The tramp put his hand into his breast, and drew out a piece of folded paper containing a single gold coin.

"Five dollars. I 've kept it a month; it doesn't cost much to live as I do," he added, drily.

"There 's fifty more. Go to some hotel in San José, and let me know where you are. You 've got to live, and you don't want to work. Well, you don't seem to be a fool; so I needn't tell you that if you expect anything from me, you must leave this matter in my hands. I have chosen to acknowledge you to-day of my own free will—I can as easily denounce you as an impostor to-morrow, if I choose. Have you told your story to anyone in the valley?"

"No."

"See that you don't, then. Before you go, you must answer me a few more questions."

He drew a chair to his table, and dipped a pen in the ink, as if to take down the answers. The young man, finding the only chair thus occupied, moved the Doctor's books aside, and sat down on the table beside him.

The questions were repetitions of those already asked, but more in detail, and thoroughly practical in their nature. The answers were given straightforwardly and unconcernedly, as if the subject was not worth the trouble of invention or evasion. It was difficult to say whether questioner or answerer took least pleasure in the interrogation, which might have referred to the concerns of a third party. Both, however, spoke disrespectfully of their common family with almost an approach to sympathetic interest.

"You might as well be going now," said the Doctor, finally rising. "You can stop at the fonda, about two miles further on, and get your supper and bed, if you like."

The young man slipped from the table, and lounged to the door. The Doctor put his hands in his pockets and followed him. The young man, as if in unconscious imitation, had put *his* hands in his pockets also, and looked at him.

"I 'll hear from you, then, when you are in San José?" said Dr. West, looking past him into the grain with a slight approach to constraint in his indifference.

"Yes—if that 's agreed upon," returned the young man, pausing on the threshold. A faint sense of some purely conventional responsibility in their position affected them both. They would have shaken hands if either had offered the initiative. A sullen consciousness of gratuitous rectitude in the selfish mind of the father; an equally sullen conviction of twenty years of wrong in the son, withheld them both. Unpleasantly observant of each other's awkwardness, they parted with a feeling of relief.

Dr. West closed the door, lit his lamp, and, going to his desk, folded the paper containing the memoranda he had just written and placed it in his pocket. Then he summoned his foreman. The man entered, and glanced around the room as if expecting to see the Doctor's guest still there.

"Tell one of the men to bring round 'Buckeye.'"

The foreman hesitated. "Going to ride to-night, Sir?"

"Certainly; I may go as far as Saltonstall's. If I do, you needn't expect me back till morning."

"Buckeye 's mighty fresh to-night, boss. Regularly bucked his saddle clean off an hour ago, and there aint a man dare exercise him."

"I 'll bet he don't buck his saddle off with me on it," said the Doctor, grimly. "Bring him along."

The man turned to go. "You found the tramp pow'ful lazy, didn't ye?"

"I found a heap more in him than in some that call themselves smart," said Dr. West, unconsciously setting up an irritable defence of the absent one. "Hurry up that horse!"

The foreman vanished. The Doctor put on a pair of leather leggings, large silver spurs, and a broad soft-brimmed hat, but made no other change in his usual half-professional conventional garb. He then went to the window and glanced in the direction of the highway. Now that his son was gone, he felt a faint regret that he had not prolonged the interview. Certain peculiarities in his manner, certain suggestions of expression in his face, speech, and gesture, came back to him now with unsatisfied curiosity. "No matter," he said to himself; "he 'll turn up soon again—as soon as I want him, if not sooner. He thinks he 's got a mighty soft thing here, and he isn't going to let it go. And there 's that same d——d sullen dirty pride of his mother, for all he doesn't cotton to her. Wonder I didn't recognise it at first. And hoarding up that five dollars! That 's Jane's brat, all over! And, of course," he added, bitterly, "nothing of *me* in him. No; nothing! Well, well, what 's the difference?" He turned towards the door with a certain sullen defiance in his face, so like the man he believed he did not resemble that his foreman coming upon him suddenly might

* This apparent classical plagiarism is actually a fact of identification on record in the California Law Reports. It is therefore unnecessary for me to add that the attendant circumstances and characters are purely fictitious.—B. H.



"Now the curse of Koorotora on thee, Pepita!' said Perco, excitedly. "Speak, fool, if thou knowest anything!"—CHAP. III.

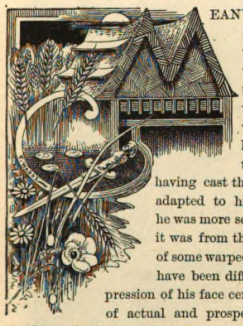


The long detaching rings again writhed in mid air, and softly descended as he thundered past.—Chap. III.

have been startled at the likeness. Fortunately, however, Harrison was too much engrossed with the antics of the irrepressible Buckeye, which the ostler had just brought to the door, to notice anything else. The arrival of the horse changed the Doctor's expression to one of more practical and significant resistance. With the assistance of two men at the head of the restive brute he managed to vault into the saddle. A few wild plunges only seemed to settle him the firmer in his seat—each plunge leaving its record in a thin red line on the animal's flanks, made by the cruel spurs of its rider. Any lingering desire of following his son's footsteps was quickly dissipated by Buckeye, who promptly bolted in the opposite direction, and before Dr. West could gain active control over him they were half a mile on their way to La Mision Perdida.

Dr. West did not regret it. Twenty years ago he had voluntarily abandoned a legal union of mutual unfaithfulness and misconduct, and allowed his wife to get the divorce he might have obtained for equal cause. He had abandoned to her the issue of that union—an infant son. Whatever he chose to do now was purely gratuitous; the only hold which this young stranger had on his respect was that *he* also recognised that fact with a cold indifference equal to his own. At present the half-savage brute he bestrode occupied all his attention. Yet he could not help feeling his advancing years tell upon him more heavily that evening; fearless as he was, his strength was no longer equal when measured with the untiring youthful malevolence of his unbroken mustang: for a moment he dwelt regretfully on the lazy half-developed sinews of his son; for a briefer instant there flashed across him the thought that those sinews ought to replace his own; ought to be *his* to lean upon—that thus, and thus only, could he achieve the old miracle of restoring his lost youth by perpetuating his own power in his own blood, and he, whose profound belief in personality had rejected all hereditary principle, felt this with a sudden exquisite pain. But his horse, perhaps recognising a relaxing grip, took that opportunity to "buck." Curving his back like a cat and throwing himself into the air with an unexpected bound, he came down with four stiff, inflexible legs, and a shock that might have burst the saddle-girths, had not the wily old man as quickly brought the long rowels of his spurs together and fairly locked his heels under Buckeye's collapsing barrel. It was the mustang's last rebellious struggle. The discomfited brute gave in, and darted meekly and apologetically forward, and, as it were, left all its rider's doubts and fears far behind in the vanishing distance.

CHAPTER V.



MEANWHILE, the subject of Dr. West's meditations was slowly making his way along the high road towards the fonda. He walked more erect and with less of a shuffle in his gait; but whether this was owing to his having cast the old skin of garments adapted to his slouch, and because he was more securely shod, or whether it was from the sudden straightening of some warped moral quality, it would have been difficult to say. The expression of his face certainly gave no evidence of actual and prospective good fortune; if anything, the lines of discontent around his brow and mouth were more strongly drawn. Apparently, his interview with his father had only the effect of reviving and stirring into greater activity a certain dogged sentiment that, through long years, had become languidly mechanical. He was no longer a beaten animal, but one roused by a chance success into a dangerous knowledge of his power. In his honest workman's dress, he was infinitely more to be feared than in his rags; in the lifting of his downcast eye, there was the revelation of a baleful intelligence. In his changed condition civilisation only seemed to have armed him against itself.

The fonda, a long low building, with a red-tiled roof extending over a porch or white-washed verandah, in which drunken vaqueros had been known to occasionally disport their mustangs, did not offer a very reputable appearance to the eye of young Guest as he approached it in the gathering shadows. One or two half-broken horses were securely fastened to the stout cross-beams of some heavy posts driven in the roadway before it, and a primitive trough of roughly excavated stone stood near it. Through a broken gate at the side there was a glimpse of a grass-grown and deserted court-yard piled with the disused packing-cases and barrels of the tienda or general country shop which huddled under the same roof at the other end of the building. The opened door of the fonda showed a low studded room fitted up with a rude imitation of an American bar on one side, and containing a few small tables, at which half a dozen men were smoking, drinking, and playing cards. The faded pictorial poster of the last bull-fight at Monterey, and an American "Sheriff's notice" were hung on the wall and in the doorway. A thick yellow atmosphere of cigaretto smoke, through which the inmates appeared like brown shadows, pervaded the room.

The young man hesitated before this pestilential interior, and took a seat on a bench on the verandah. After a moment's interval, the yellow landlord came to the door with a look of inquiry, which Guest answered by a demand for lodging and supper. When the landlord had vanished again in the cigaretto fog, the several other guests, one after the other, appeared at the doorway, with their cigarettes in their mouths and their cards still in their hands, and gazed upon him.

There may have been some excuse for their curiosity. As before hinted, Guest's appearance in his overalls and woollen shirt was somewhat incongruous, and, for some inexplicable reason, the same face and figure which did not look inconsistent in rags and extreme poverty now at once suggested a higher social rank both of intellect and refinement than his workman's dress indicated. This, added to his surliness of manner and expression, strengthened a growing suspicion in the mind of the party that he was a fugitive from justice—a forger, a derelict banker, or possibly a murderer. It is only fair to say that the moral sense of the spectators was not shocked at the suspicion, and that a more active sympathy was only withheld by his reticence. An unfortunate incident seemed to complete the evidence against him. In impatiently responding to the landlord's curt demand for prepayment of his supper, he allowed three or four pieces of gold to escape from his pocket on the verandah. In the quick glances of the party, as he stooped to pick them up, he read the danger of his carelessness.

His sullen self-possession did not seem to be shaken. Calling to the keeper of the tienda, who had appeared at his door in time to witness the Danaë-like shower, he bade him approach, in English.

"What sort of knives have you got?"

"Knives, Señor?"

"Yes; bowie-knives or dirks. Knives like that," he said, making an imaginary downward stroke at the table before him.

The shopkeeper entered the tienda, and presently reappeared with three or four dirks in red leather sheaths. Guest selected the heaviest, and tried its point on the table.

"How much?"

"Tres pesos."

The young man threw him one of his gold pieces, and slipped the knife and its sheath in his boot. When he had received his change from the shopkeeper, he folded his arms and leaned back against the wall in quiet indifference.

The simple act seemed to check aggressive, but not insinuating, interference. In a few moments one of the men appeared at the doorway.

"It is fine weather for the road, little comrade!"

Guest did not reply.

"Ah! the night, it ess splendid," he repeated, in broken English, rubbing his hands, as if washing in the air.

Still no reply.

"You shall come from Sank Hosay?"

"I sha'ant."

The stranger muttered something in Spanish, but the landlord, who reappeared to place Guest's supper on a table on the verandah, here felt the obligation of interfering to protect a customer apparently so aggressive and so opulent. He pushed the inquisitor aside with a few hasty words, and, after Guest had finished his meal, offered to show him his room. It was a dark vaulted closet on the ground-floor, gaining light from the stable-yard through a barred iron grating. At the first glimpse it looked like a prison cell; looking more deliberately at the black tresselled bed, and the votive images hanging on the wall, it might have been a tomb.

"It is the best," said the landlord. "The Padre Vincento will have none other on his journey."

"I suppose God protects him," said Guest; "that door don't." He pointed to the worm-eaten door, without bolt or fastening.

"Ah, what matter! Are we not all friends?"

"Certainly," responded Guest, with his surliest manner, as he returned to the verandah. Nevertheless, he resolved not to occupy the cell of the reverend Padre; not from any personal fear of his disreputable neighbours, though he was fully alive to their peculiarities, but from the nomadic instinct which was still strong in his blood. He felt he could not yet bear the confinement of a close room or the propinquity of his fellow-man. He would rest on the verandah until the moon was fairly up, and then he would again take to the road.

He was half reclining on the bench, with the slowly closing and opening lids of some tired but watchful animal, when the sound of wheels, voices, and clatter of hoofs on the highway arrested his attention, and he sat upright. The moon was slowly lifting itself over the limitless stretch of grain-fields before him on the other side of the road, and dazzling him with its level lustre. He could barely discern a cavalcade of dark figures and a large vehicle rapidly approaching, before it drew up tumultuously in front of the fonda. It was a pleasure party of ladies and gentlemen on horseback and in a four-horsed char-à-bancs returning to La Mision Perdida. Buchanan, Raymond, and Garnier were there; Amita and Dorotea in the body of the char-à-bancs, and Maruja seated on the box. Much to his own astonishment and that of some others of the party, Captain Carroll was among the riders. Only Maruja and her mother knew that he was recalled to refute a repetition of the gossip already circulated regarding his sudden withdrawal; only Maruja alone knew the subtle words which made that recall so potent yet so hopeless.

Maruja's quick eyes, observant of everything, even under the double fire of Captain Carroll and Garnier, instantly caught those of the erect figure on the bench in the verandah. Surely that was the face of the tramp she had spoken to! and yet there was a change, not only in the dress but in the general resemblance. After the first glance, Guest withdrew his eyes and gazed at the other figures in the char-à-bancs without moving a muscle.

(*Continued on page 19.*)

TO THE CORPULENT.

"It is a very singular thing that a disease of such significance as corpulency, entailing as it does so many inconveniences and vexations, to say nothing of the more serious consequent dangers, should have been allowed to work mischief in the world all these years almost unheeded; so strange, indeed, that one is almost forced to the opinion that corpulency must be a disease of recent times, which has only now assumed sufficient importance to be classed as a disease, and to receive the serious attention of scientific men.

"That corpulency is a disease, is very clear, and there is no reason why it should not be regarded in an equally serious light as consumption or any other disease. Yet it is made light of and ridiculed, and the unfortunate possessor of too much fat, instead of securing the sympathy of his fellow men and women, gets the credit of being a person of gross and intemperate habits, a glutton in fact. Thus, when we see a picture of a fat monk or squire, there is almost invariably present also a big venison pasty, a fat capon, and flagon of wine; so it is that, unconsciously, and, as it seems, unjustly, we always associate a big corporation with big feeding. In a work on the subject of corpulence, recently published by Mr. F. C. Russell, of Woburn House, Store-street, Bedford-square (formerly of Gower-street), London, whose treatment for the cure of corpulency has, as we have said, become so popular that "doing Russell" has become almost a household word, he clearly proves from his experiences in a vast number of cases brought under his notice, that stout persons are usually the most temperate. He also makes it very clear that corpulency is a disease, and a dangerous one too, and while insisting that it should be treated as such, strongly disapproves of the system of attempting to remove superfluous fat by a course of emaciating drugs; pointing out with truth that even where it is possible to get rid of a few pounds of fat by this dangerous means, the reduction is only temporary, and the fat returns more rapidly than it left, and one does not want to be taking physic for ever. In contrast to this doubtful method of procedure, Mr. Russell attacks the disease, as it were, at the fountain head. The medicine he prescribes does not lower, but builds up and tones the system; in short, Mr. Russell's aim is to *eradicate, to cure* the disease, and that his treatment is the true one seems beyond all doubt. We have now before us many hundreds of communications from persons of all ranks of life, including among them many well-known noblemen, gentlewomen, and professional men, all testifying in the most grateful terms as to great and lasting benefit derived from Mr. Russell's remedy. Want of space does not permit us to quote largely from these letters, but we gather that in one severe case as much as eight pounds of superfluous fat has been got rid of in one week, the writer of the letter going on to say that he never felt in such health and spirits in his life. Three pounds, however, seems to be about the average reduction, depending apparently upon the severity of the case. Mr. Russell's remedy consists of a medicine which has the advantage of being agreeable to take, besides being entirely vegetable in its composition, and perfectly harmless; and from the letters referred to above we may sum up the chief points of Mr. Russell's remedy as follows:—

"Firstly. It is beyond all doubt efficacious.

"Secondly. It is perfectly harmless, on which point all seem to be unanimous. The expressions, 'admirable tonic,' 'splendid stuff,' &c., occurring frequently in the letters referred to.

"Thirdly. It is agreeable to take—a great consideration, for not everybody can take nauseous medicines.

"Fourthly. It does not necessitate semi-starvation.

"Fifthly. The effects are permanent.

"Sixthly. It is a most exhilarating and strengthening tonic.

"Seventhly. It appears that it is particularly beneficial in cases where obesity is accompanied with gout and rheumatism. All this we gather from the unsolicited testimony of a vast number of respectable people, and it is evident that the British public has not been slow to avail itself of Mr. Russell's treatment; indeed, we may look to see in a few years a marked diminution in the number of corpulent persons in England, and then there seems no longer any necessity to carry about with us the incubus of corpulency when it may so easily be got rid of; and we advise those who have not done so, to send to Mr. Russell, Woburn House, Store-street, Bedford-square, London, for his interesting book, which, it seems, is to be had by forwarding eight stamps, sufficient to cover cost of postage and printing. The book contains, among other useful information, the Recipe, showing the harmless nature of the drugs used.

"We understand, by-the-way, that a slight modification of the original formula has made the remedy, if possible, even more certain in its effects than formerly."

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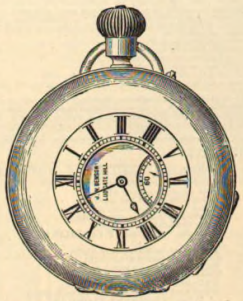
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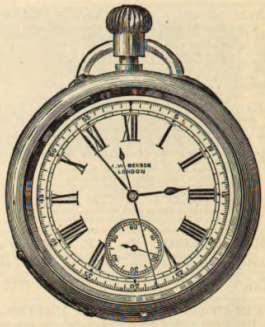
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THE BEAUTEOUS SONG. By ODOARDO BARRI. This sublime inspiration has raised the reputation of its well-known composer to the highest pinnacle; it has been sung with success by innumerable artistes; but we have everywhere been received with the greatest favour.
It is published in four keys, and can be sung by Soprano, Contralto, Tenor, or Baritone.

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PEACE, TROUBLED HEART.—CIRO PINSUTI. The well-spring of pure and sympathetic melody possessed by this Composer is seemingly inexhaustible, as the same hand that penned "The touch of a vanished hand" and "A voice that is still" has now given us another gem of the purest water, set to words by H. L. D'Arcy Jaxone, of which the following is the last verse:—

Oh, troubled heart! now take thy rest;
Oh, weary head! sleep on His breast;
Oh, darkened life, resplendent shine,
Lit with a radiance all divine;
Each cross and care that life hath given
Are stepping-stones from earth to Heaven.

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CERISE WALTZ By CHARLES DEACON. Played at Covent Garden Theatre, the Criterion, the Grand, the Haymarket, Her Majesty's, the Olympic, the Strand, Toole's, &c.; also by Coote and Tinney's Band, Mr. Ed. St. Quentin's Band, Mr. Adam's Band, &c.
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FROM TEN GUINEAS.
J. B. CRAMER and CO., by new mechanical appliances recently added to their Factory, combine in their Instruments durability and moderate cost with great power, purity of tone, and general excellence.

FOUR OCTAVES (Table), portable, and never requires Tuning .. 10 Guineas.
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FLORILINE.
For the TEETH and BREATH.
A few drops of the FRAGRANT FLORILINE on a wet toothbrush produces a delightful foam, which cleanses the Teeth from all impurities, strengthens and hardens the gums, prevents tartar, and arrests the progress of decay. It gives to the teeth a peculiar and beautiful whiteness, and imparts a delightful fragrance to the breath. It removes all unpleasant odour arising from decayed teeth, a disordered stomach, or tobacco smoke. The FRAGRANT FLORILINE is purely vegetable and equally adapted to old and young.
The FRAGRANT FLORILINE should be used in all cases of bad breath, and particularly by gentlemen after smoking. The Florilline combines, in a concentrated form, the most desirable, cleansing, and astringent properties. At the same time, it contains nothing which can possibly injure the most sensitive and delicate organisation, and imparts a delightful fragrance to the breath. It removes all unpleasant odour arising from decayed teeth, a disordered stomach, or tobacco smoke. The FRAGRANT FLORILINE is purely vegetable and equally adapted to old and young.
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It beautifies the teeth and gums.
It arrests the decay of the teeth.
It acts as a detergent after smoking.
It renders the gums hard and healthy.
It neutralises the offensive secretions of the mouth.
It imparts to the breath a fragrance purely aromatic and pleasant.
Put up in large bottles (only one size) and in elegant toilet-case, complete, at 2s. 6d.
Sold by all Chemists and Perfumers.
Wholesale by the ANGLO-AMERICAN DRUG COMPANY, Limited, Farringdon-road, London.

FLORILINE.
For the TEETH and BREATH.
Sweet as the ambrosial air,
With its perfume rich and rare;
Sweet as violets at the morn,
Which the emerald nooks adorn;
Sweet as rosebuds bursting forth
From the richly-laden earth,
Is the "FRAGRANT FLORILINE."

The teeth it makes a pearly white,
So pure and lovely to the sight;
The gums assume a rosy hue,
The breath is sweet as violets blue;
While scented as the flowers of May,
Which cast their sweetness from each spray,
Is the "FRAGRANT FLORILINE."

Sure, some fairy with its hand
Cast around its mystic wand,
And produced from fairy's bower
Scented perfumes from each flower;
For in this liquid gem we trace—
All that can beauty add and grace—
Such is the "FRAGRANT FLORILINE."

FLORILINE.
For the TEETH and BREATH.
Is the best liquid dentifrice in the world; it thoroughly cleanses partially decayed teeth from all parasites or living "animalculæ," leaving them pearly white, imparting a delightful fragrance to the breath. Price 2s. 6d. per Bottle. The Fragrant Florilline removes instantly all odours arising from a foul stomach or tobacco smoke.
For children and adults whose teeth show marks of decay its advantages are paramount. The "Florilline" should be thoroughly brushed into all the cavities; no one need fear using it too often or too much at a time. Among the ingredients being soda, honey, spirits of wine, borax, and extracts from sweet herbs and plants, it forms not only the very best dentifrice for cleansing ever discovered, but one that is perfectly delicious to the taste and as harmless as sherry. The taste is so pleasing that, instead of taking up the toothbrush with dislike, as is often the case, children will on no account allow the "Florilline" regularly each morning, if only left to their own choice. Children cannot be taught the use of the toothbrush too young; early neglect invariably produces premature decay of the teeth. "Florilline" is sold by all Chemists and Perfumers throughout the world, at 2s. 6d. per Bottle.

FLORILINE.
For the TEETH and BREATH.
If teeth are white and beautiful,
It keeps them so intact;
If they're discoloured in the least,
It brings their whiteness back;
And by its use what good effects
Are daily to be seen;
Thus hence it is that general praise
Greets "FRAGRANT FLORILINE!"

One trial proves conclusive quite,
That by inadequate use
The very best effects arise
That science can produce.
It is the talk of every one,
An all-absorbing theme;
Whilst general now becomes the use
Of "FRAGRANT FLORILINE."

It makes the breath as sweet as flowers,
The teeth a pearly white;
The gums it hardens, and it gives
Sensations of delight.
All vile secretions it removes,
However long they've been;
The enamel, too, it will preserve,
The "FRAGRANT FLORILINE."

FLORILINE.
For the TEETH and BREATH.
It may or may not be generally known that microscopical examinations have proved that animal or vegetable parasites gather, unobserved by the naked eye, upon the teeth and gums of at least nine persons in every ten; any individual may easily satisfy himself in this matter by placing a powerful microscope over a partially-decayed tooth, when the living animalculæ will be found to resemble a partially-decayed cheese more than anything else we can compare it to. We may also state that the FRAGRANT FLORILINE is the only remedy yet discovered able perfectly to free the teeth and gums from these parasites without the slightest injury to the teeth or the most tender gums.
Read this.—From the "Weekly Times," March 26, 1871.—"There are so many toilet articles which obtain all their celebrity from being constantly and extensively advertised that it makes it necessary when anything new and good is introduced to the public that special attention should be called to it. The most delightful and effective dentifrice for cleansing and beautifying the teeth that we in a long experience have ever used is the new Fragrant Florline. It is a pleasure to use it, and its properties of imparting a fragrance to the breath and giving a pearly whiteness to the teeth make it still more valuable. Of all the numerous nostrums for cleansing the teeth which from time to time have been fashionable and popular, nothing to be compared with the Florilline has hitherto been produced, whether considered as a beautifier or a valuable cleanser and preserver of the teeth and gums."
From the "Young Ladies' Journal":—"An agreeable dentifrice is always a luxury. As one of the most agreeable may be reckoned the Florilline. It cleanses the teeth and imparts a pleasant odour to the breath. It has been analysed by several eminent professors of chemistry, and they concur in their testimony to its usefulness. We are frequently asked to recommend a dentifrice to our readers; therefore we cannot do better than advise them to try the Fragrant Florline."

FLORILINE.
For the TEETH and BREATH.
I have heard a strange statement, dear Fanny, to-day,
That the reason that teeth do decay
Is traced to some objects that form in the gums,
And eat them in time quite away.
Animalcules, they say, are engendered—that is,
If the mouth is not wholesome and clean;
And I also have heard to preserve them the best
Is the fragrant, the sweet "FLORILINE!"

Oh, yes; itis true that secretions will cause
Living objects to form on your teeth,
And certainly and slientiy do they gnaw on
In cavities made underneath;
But a certain preservative has now been found
To keep your mouth wholesome and clean;
And you're perfectly right, for your teeth to preserve,
There's nothing like sweet "FLORILINE!"

'Tis nice and refreshing, and pleasant to use,
And no danger its use can attend;
For clever physicians and dentists as well
Their uniform praises now lend.
They say it 's the best preparation that's known,
And eviden proofs have they seen,
That nothing can equal the virtues that dwell
In the fragrant, the sweet "FLORILINE!"

FLORILINE.
For the TEETH and BREATH.
The "Christian World" of March 17, 1871, says, with respect to Florline:—"Florline bids fair to become a household word in England, and one of peculiarly pleasant meaning. It would be difficult to conceive a more efficacious and agreeable preparation for the teeth. Those who once begin to use it will certainly never willingly give it up."
Dr. G. H. Jones, of 57, Great Russell-street, London, Surgeon-Dentist and Doctor of Dental Surgery, F.R.M.S., F.R.S.L., F.R.G.S., F.S.A., &c., in his pamphlet, "Painless Dentistry," says:—
"I consider 'Fragrant Florline' is, without exception, an excellent preparation for the teeth and gums."
The words "Fragrant Florline" are a Trade-Mark.
Sold retail everywhere; and wholesale by the ANGLO-AMERICAN DRUG COMPANY, Limited, Farringdon-road, London.

DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S CHLORODYNE
IS THE GREAT SPECIFIC FOR
CHOLERA,
DIARRHŒA,
DYSENTERY.
GENERAL BOARD OF HEALTH, London, REPORT that it ACTS as a CHARM, one dose generally sufficient.
COUGHS,
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ASTHMA,
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DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S CHLORODYNE.
Dr. J. C. BROWNE (late Army Medical Staff) DISCOVERED a REMEDY to denote which he coined the word CHLORODYNE. Dr. Browne is the SOLE INVENTOR, and, as the composition of Chlorodyne cannot possibly be discovered by analysis (organic substances defying elimination), and since the formula has never been published, it is evident that any statement to the effect that a compound is identical with Dr. Browne's Chlorodyne must be false.
This caution is necessary, as many persons deceive purchasers by false representations.

DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S CHLORODYNE.
Vice-Chancellor Sir W. PAGE WOOD stated publicly in Court that Dr. J. COLLIS BROWNE was UNDOUBTEDLY the INVENTOR of CHLORODYNE; that the whole story of the defendant Freeman was deliberately untrue, and he regretted to say it had been sworn to.—See the "Times," July 13, 1864.

DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S CHLORODYNE.
Dr. GIBBON, Army Medical Staff, Calcutta, states:—"TWO DOSES COMPLETELY CURED ME OF DIARRHŒA."
From SYMES and CO., Pharmaceutical Chemists, Simla.
"Jan. 5, 1880.
"To J. T. Davenport, London.
"Dear Sir,—We congratulate you upon the widespread reputation this justly-esteemed medicine has earned for itself all over the East, as the remedy of general utility, we much question whether a better is imported, and we shall be glad to hear of its finding a place in every Anglo-Indian home. The other brands, we are happy to say, are now relegated to the native bazaars, and, judging from their sale, we fancy their sojourn there will be evanescent. We could multiply instances ad infinitum of the extraordinary efficacy of DR. COLLIS BROWNE'S CHLORODYNE in Diarrhœa and Dysentery, Spasms, Cramps, Neuralgia, the Vomiting of Pregnancy, and as a general sedative, that have occurred under our personal observation during many years. In Choleraic Diarrhœa, and even in the more terrible forms of Cholera itself, we have witnessed its surprisingly controlling power. We have never used any other form of this medicine than Collis Browne's, from a firm conviction that it is decidedly the best, and also from a sense of duty we owe to the profession and the public, who are of opinion that the substitution of any other than Collis Browne's is a deliberate breach of faith on the part of the chemist to patient and patient alike.—We are, Sir, faithfully yours.
"SYMES and CO.,
"Members of the Pharm. Society of Great Britain, His Excellency the Viceroy's Chemists."

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From Dr. B. J. BOULTON and CO., Horncastle.
"We have made pretty extensive use of Chlorodyne in our practice late y, and look upon it as an excellent direct Sedative and Anti-Spasmodic. It seems to allay pain and irritation in whatever organ, and from whatever cause. It induces a feeling of comfort and quietude not obtainable by any other remedy, and it seems to possess this great advantage over all other sedatives, that it leaves no unpleasant after-effects."

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From W. VESALIUS PETTEGREW, M.D., Hon. F.R.C.S., England; Lecturer on Anatomy and Physiology at St. George's School of Medicine.
"I have no hesitation in stating that I have never met with any medicine so efficacious as an anti-spasmodic and sedative. I have used it in consumption, asthma, diarrhœa, and other diseases, and am perfectly satisfied with the results."

DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S CHLORODYNE
IS THE TRUE PALLIATIVE IN
NEURALGIA,
GOUT,
CANCER,
TOOTHACHE,
RHEUMATISM.

DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S CHLORODYNE
Is a liquid medicine which assuages PAIN of EVERY KIND, affords a calm, refreshing sleep WITHOUT HEADACHE, and INVIGORATES the nervous system when exhausted.

DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S CHLORODYNE
RAPIDLY CUTS SHORT ALL ATTACKS OF
EPILEPSY,
SPASMS,
COLIC,
PALPITATION,
HYSTERIA.

IMPORTANT CAUTION.—The IMMENSE SALE of this REMEDY has given rise to many UNSCRUPULOUS IMITATIONS. Be careful to observe Trade Mark.
Of all Chemists, 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., and 4s. 6d.
SOLE MANUFACTURER,
J. T. DAVENPORT, 33, GREAT RUSSELL-STREET, W.C.

VALUABLE DISCOVERY for the HAIR.
If your hair is turning grey or white, or falling off, use THE MEXICAN HAIR RENEWER; for it will positively restore, in every case, grey or white hair to its original colour, without leaving the disagreeable smell of most "Restorer." It makes the hair charmingly beautiful, as well as promoting the growth of the hair on bald spots, where the glands are not decayed.
This preparation has never been known to fail in restoring the hair to its natural colour and gloss in from eight to twelve days.
It promotes growth, and prevents the hair falling out, eradicating dandruff, and leaving the scalp in a clean, healthy condition.
It imparts peculiar vitality to the roots of the hair, restoring it to its youthful freshness and vigour. Daily applications of this preparation for a week or two will surely restore faded, grey, or white hair to its natural colour and richness.
It is not a dye, nor does it contain any colouring matter or offensive substance whatever. Hence it does not soil the hands, the scalp, or even white linen, but produces the colour within the substance of the hair.
It may be had of any respectable Chemist, Perfumer, or Dealer in Toilet Articles in the Kingdom, at 3s. 6d. per Bottle. In case the dealer has not "The Mexican Hair Renewer" in stock and will not procure it for you, it will be sent direct by rail, carriage paid, on receipt of 4s. in stamps, to any part of England.
Sold Wholesale by the ANGLO-AMERICAN DRUG COMPANY, Limited, 33, Farringdon-road, London.

THE MEXICAN HAIR RENEWER.
WHAT BEAUTIFIES THE HAIR?

What gives luxuriance to each tress,
And praises each one's fancies?
What adds a charm of perfect grace,
And Nature's gift enhances?
What gives a bright and beauteous gloss,
And what says each reviewer?
"That quite successful is the use
Of 'THE MEXICAN HAIR RENEWER!'"

What gives luxuriance to each tress,
And makes it bright and glowing?
What keeps it free from dandruff, too,
And healthy in its growing?
What does each wonders? Ask the press,
And what says each reviewer?
"That none can equal or approach
'THE MEXICAN HAIR RENEWER!'"

What gives luxuriance to each tress,
Like some bright halo beaming?
What makes the hair a perfect mass
Of splendid ringlets teeming?
What gives profusion in excess?
Why, what says each reviewer?
"The choicest preparation is
'THE MEXICAN HAIR RENEWER!'"

What gives luxuriance to each tress,
And makes it so delightful?
Because to speak the honest truth
Is only just and rightful.
What say the people and the press,
And what says each reviewer?
"That most superb for ladies' use
Is 'THE MEXICAN HAIR RENEWER!'"

THE MEXICAN HAIR RENEWER
has gained for itself the highest reputation, and a decided preference over all other "hair dressings," as evinced from certificates and testimonials from the most respectable sources. Being compounded with the greatest care—combining, as it does, all the most desirable qualities of the best hair preparations of the day, without the objectionable ones—it may be relied on as the very best known to chemistry for restoring the natural colour to the hair, and causing new hair to grow on bald spots, unless the hair glands are decayed; for, if the glands are dead and gone, no stimulant can restore them; but if, as is often the case, the glands are only torpid, THE MEXICAN HAIR RENEWER will renew their vitality, and a new growth of hair will follow. Read the following Testimonial:—
Messrs. Wm. Hayes and Co., Chemists, 12, Grafton-street, Dublin, write:—"We are recommending THE MEXICAN HAIR RENEWER to all our customers as the best of the kind, as we have been told by several of our friends who tried it that it has a wonderful effect in restoring and strengthening their Hair."

THE MEXICAN HAIR RENEWER.
AN IMPORTANT QUESTION FOR LADIES.

Would you have luxuriant hair,
Beautiful, and rich, and rare;
Would you have it soft and bright,
And attractive to the sight?
This you really can produce
If you put in constant use
THE MEXICAN HAIR RENEWER.

The hair it strengthens and preserves,
And thus a double purpose serves;
It beautifies—improves it, too,
And gives it a most charming hue,
And thus in each essential way,
It public favour gains each day.
THE MEXICAN HAIR RENEWER.

If a single thread of hair
Of a greyish tint is there,
This "Renewer" will restore
All its colour as before,
And thus it is that vast renown
Does daily now its virtues crown—
THE MEXICAN HAIR RENEWER.

No matter whether faded grey,
Or falling like the leaves away,
It will renew the human hair,
And make it like itself appear.
It will revive it, beautify,
And every ardent wish supply—
THE MEXICAN HAIR RENEWER.

THE MEXICAN HAIR RENEWER.
The constitution of the person and the condition of the scalp have much to do with the length of time it requires for the hair to grow; also thin or thick hair will depend much upon the vital force remaining in the hair-glands. New hairs are first seen to start around the margin of the bald spots near the unscarred hair, and extending upwards until the spots are covered more or less thickly with short hair. Excessive brushing should be guarded against as soon as the small hairs make their appearance; but the scalp may be sponged with rain water to advantage occasionally. The scalp may be pressed and moved on the bone by the finger ends, which quickens the circulation and softens the spots which have remained hard. On applying this hair-dressing it enlivens the scalp, and in cases where the hair begins to fall a few applications will arrest it, and the new growth presents the luxuriance and colour of youth. It may be relied on as the best hair-dressing known for restoring grey or faded hair to its original colour without dyeing it, producing the colour within the substance of the hair, impar ing a peculiar vitality to the roots, preventing the hair from falling, keeping the head cool, clean, and free from dandruff, causing new hairs to grow, unless the hair-glands are entirely decayed. THE MEXICAN HAIR RENEWER makes the hair soft, glossy, and luxuriant.

THE WORDS "THE MEXICAN HAIR RENEWER" are a Trade-Mark; and the public will please see the words are on every case surrounding the Bottle, and the name is blown in the Bottle.
The Mexican Hair Renewer, Price 3s. 6d. Directions in German, French, and Spanish.
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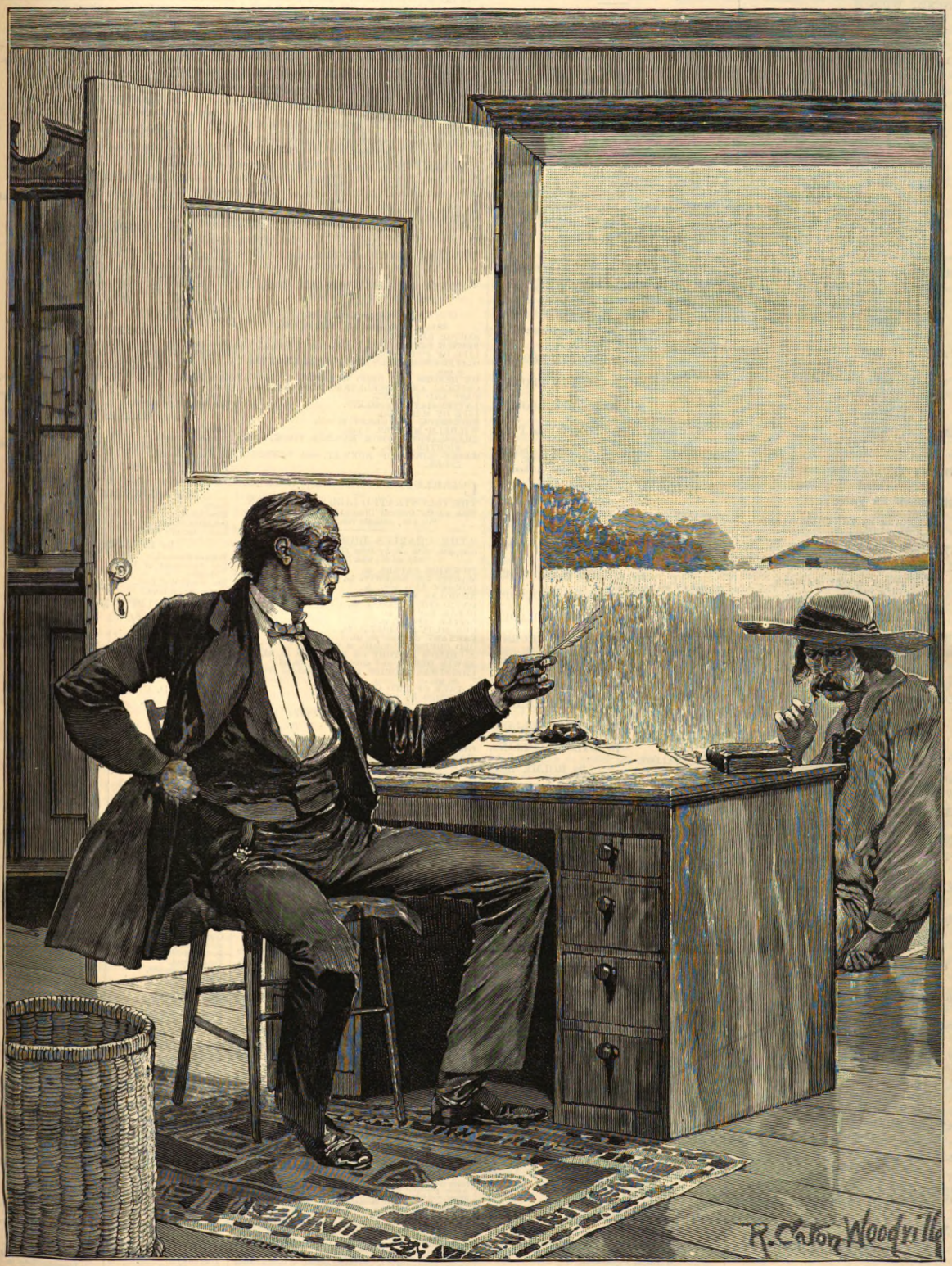
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Maruja's whims and caprices were many and original, and when, after a sudden little cry and a declaration that she could stand her cramped position no longer, she leaped from the box into the road, no one was surprised. Garnier and Captain Carroll quickly followed.

"I should like to look into the fonda while the horses are being watered," she said, laughingly, "just to see what it is that attracts Pereo there so often." Before anyone could restrain this new caprice, she was already upon the verandah.

To reach the open door, she had to pass so near Guest that her soft white flounces brushed his knees, and the flowers in her girdle left their perfume in his face. But he neither moved nor raised his eyes. When she had passed, he rose quietly and stepped into the road.

On her nearer survey, Maruja was convinced it was the same man. She remained for an instant with a little hand on the door-post. "What a horrid place, and what dreadful people!" she said in audible English as she glanced quickly after Guest. "Really, Pereo ought to be warned against keeping such company. Come, let us go."

She contrived to pass Guest again in regaining the carriage; but in the few moments' further delay he walked on down the road before them, and by the time they were ready to start he was slowly sauntering some hundred yards ahead. They passed him at a rapid trot, but the next moment the char-à-bancs was suddenly pulled up.

"My fan!" cried Maruja. "Blessed Santa Maria!—my fan!"

A small black object, seen distinctly in the moonlight, was lying on the road, directly in the track of the sauntering stranger. Garnier attempted to alight; Carroll reined in his horse.

"Stop, all of you!" said Maruja; "that man will bring it to me."

It seemed as if he would. He stopped and picked it up, and approached the carriage. Maruja stood up in her seat with her veil thrown back, her graceful hand extended, her eyes and mouth tremulous with an irresistible smile. The stranger came nearer, singled out Captain Carroll, tossed the fan to him with a slight nod, and passed on the other side.

"One moment," said Maruja, almost harshly, to the driver. "One moment," she continued, drawing her purse from her pocket brusquely. "Let me reward this civil gentleman of the road! Here, Sir;" but, before she could continue, Carroll wheeled to her side, and interposed. "Pray collect yourself, Miss Saltonstall," he said, hurriedly; "you cannot tell who this man may be. He does not seem to be one who would insult you, or whom *you* would insult gratuitously."

"Give me the fan, Captain Carroll," she said, with a soft and caressing smile. "Thank you." She took it, and, breaking it through the middle between her gloved hands, tossed it into the highway. "You are right—it smells of the fonda—and the road. Thank you, again. You are so thoughtful for me, Captain Carroll," she murmured, raising her eyes gently to his, and then suddenly withdrawing them with a half sigh. "But I am keeping you all. Go on."

The carriage rolled away and Guest returned from the hedge to the middle of the road. San José lay in the opposite direction from the disappearing cavalcade; but on leaving the fonda he had determined to lead his inquisitors astray by doubling and making a circuit of the hostelry through the fields hidden in the tall grain. This he did, securely passing them within sound of their voices, and was soon well on his way again. He avoided the highway, and striking a trail through the meadows, diverged to the right, where the low towers and brown walls of a ruined mission church rose above the plain. This would enable him to escape any direct pursuit on the high road, besides, from its slight elevation, giving him a more extended view of the plain. As he neared it, he was surprised to see that, although it was partly dismantled, and the roof had fallen in the central aisle, a part of it was still used as a chapel, and a light was burning behind a narrow opening, partly window and partly shrine. He was almost upon it, when the figure of a man who had been kneeling beneath, with his back towards him, rose, crossed himself devoutly, and stood upright. Before he could turn, Guest disappeared round the angle of the wall, and the tall erect figure of the solitary worshipper passed on without heeding him.

But if Guest had been successful in evading the observation of the man he had come so suddenly upon, he was utterly unconscious of another figure that had been tracking *him* for the last ten minutes through the tall grain, and had even succeeded in gaining the shadow of the wall behind him; and it was this figure, and not his own, that eventually attracted the attention of the tall stranger. The pursuing figure was rapidly approaching the unconscious Guest: in another moment it would have been upon him, when it was suddenly seized from behind by the tall devotee. There was a momentary struggle, and then it freed itself, with the exclamation, "Pereo!"

"Yes—Pereo!" said the old man, panting from his exertions. "And thou art Miguel. So thou wouldst murder a man for a few pesos!" he said, pointing to the knife which the desperado had hurriedly hid in his jacket, "and callest thyself a Californian!"

"'Tis only an Americano—a runaway, with some ill-gotten gold," said Miguel, sullenly, yet with unmistakable fear of the old man. "Besides, it was only to frighten him, the braggart. But since thou fearest to touch a hair of those interlopers"——

"Fearest!" said Pereo, fiercely, clutching him by the throat, and forcing him against the wall. "Fearest! sayest thou. I, Pereo, fear? Dost thou think I would soil these hands, that might strike a higher quarry, with blood of thy game?"

"Forgive me, padrono," gasped Miguel, now thoroughly alarmed at the old man's awakened passion; "pardon; I meant that, since thou knowest him"——

"I know him?" repeated Pereo, scornfully, contemptuously throwing Miguel aside, who at once took that opportunity to increase his distance from the old man's arm. "I know him? Thou shalt see. Come hither, child," he called, beckoning to Guest. "Come hither, thou hast nothing to fear now."

Guest, who had been attracted by the sound of altercation behind him, but who was utterly unconscious of its origin or his own relation to it, came forward impatiently. As he did so, Miguel took to his heels. The act did not tend to mollify Guest's surly suspicions, and pausing a few feet from the old man, he roughly demanded his business with him.

Pereo raised his head with the dignity of years and habits of command. The face of the young man confronting him was clearly illuminated by the moonlight. Pereo's eyes suddenly dilated, his mouth stiffened, he staggered back against the wall.

"Who are you?" he gasped, in uncertain English.

Believing himself the subject of some drunkard's pastime, Guest replied, savagely, "One who has enough of this d——d nonsense, and will stand no more of it from anyone, young or old," and turned abruptly on his heel.

"Stay, one moment, Señor, for the love of God!"

Some keen accent of agony in the old man's voice touched even Guest's selfish nature. He halted.

"You are—a stranger here?"—faltered Pereo. "Yes?"

"I am."

"You do not live here?—you have no friends?"

"I told you I am a stranger. I never was here before in my life," said Guest, impatiently.

"True; I am a fool," said the old man, hurriedly, to himself. "I am mad—mad! It is not *his* voice. No! It is not *his* look, now that his face changes. I am crazy." He stopped, and passed his trembling hands across his eyes. "Pardon, Señor," he continued, recalling himself with a humility that was almost ironical in its extravagance. "Pardon, pardon! Yet, perhaps it is not too much to have wanted to know who was the man one has saved."

"Saved!" repeated Guest, with incredulous contempt.

"Ay!" said Pereo, haughtily, drawing his figure erect; "ay, saved! Señor." He stopped and shrugged his shoulders. "But let it pass—I say—let it pass. Take an old man's advice, friend; show not your gold hereafter to strangers lightly, no matter how lightly you have come by it. Good-night!"

Guest for a moment hesitated whether to resent the old man's speech, or to let it pass as the incoherent fancy of a brain maddened by drink. Then he ended the discussion by turning his back abruptly and continuing his way to the high road.

"So!" said Pereo, looking after him with abstracted eyes, "so! it was only a fancy. And yet—even now, as he turned away, I saw the same cold insolence in his eye. Caramba! Am I mad—mad—that I must keep for ever before my eyes, night and day, the image of that dog in every outcast, every ruffian, every wayside bully that I meet? No, no, good Pereo! Softly! this is mere madness, good Pereo," he murmured to himself; "thou wilt have none of it; none, good Pereo. Come, come!" He let his head fall slowly forward on his breast, and in that action, seeming to take up again the burden of a score more years upon his shoulders, he moved slowly away.

When he entered the fonda half an hour later, the awe in which he was held by the half superstitious ruffians appeared to have increased. Whatever story the fugitive Miguel had told his companions regarding Pereo's protection of the young stranger, it was certain that it had its full effect. Obsequious to the last degree, the landlord was so profoundly touched, when Pereo, not displeased with this evidence of his power over his countrymen, condescendingly offered to click glasses with him, that he endeavoured to placate him still further.

"It is a pity your worship was not here earlier," he began, with a significant glance at the others, "to have seen a gallant young stranger that was here. A spice of wickedness about him, truly—a kind of Don Cæsar—but bearing himself like a very caballero always. It would have pleased your worship, who likes not those canting Puritans such as our neighbour yonder."

"Ah," said Pereo, reflectively, warming under the potent fires of flattery and aguardiente, "possibly I *have* seen him. He was like"——

"Like none of the dogs thou hast seen about San Antonio," interrupted the landlord. "Scarcely did he seem Americano, though he spoke no Spanish."

The old man chuckled to himself viciously. "And thou, thou old fool, Pereo, must needs see a likeness to thine enemy in this poor runaway child—this fugitive Don Juan! He! he!" Nevertheless, he still felt a vague terror of the condition of mind which had produced this fancy, and drank so deeply to dispel his nervousness that it was with difficulty he could mount his horse again. The exaltation of liquor, however, appeared only to intensify his characteristics; his face became more lugubrious and melancholy, his manner more ceremonious and dignified; and, erect and stiff in his saddle from the waist upwards, but leaning from side to side with the motion of his horse, like the tall mast of some labouring sloop, he "loped" away towards the House of the Lost Mission. Once or twice he broke into sentimental song. Strangely enough, his ditty was a popular Spanish refrain of some matador's aristocratic inamorata:—

Do you see my black eyes?
I am Mañuel's Duchess,

sang Pereo, with infinite gravity. His horse's hoofs seemed to keep time with the refrain, and he occasionally waved in the air the long leather thong of his bridle-rein.

It was quite late when he reached La Mision Perdida. Turning into the little lane that led to the stable-yard, he dismounted at a gate in the hedge which led to the summer house of the old Mision garden, and, throwing his reins on his mustang's neck, let the animal precede him to the stables. The moon shone full on the inclosure as he emerged from the labyrinth. With uncovered head he approached the Indian mound, and sank on his knees before it.

The next moment he rose with an exclamation of terror, and his hat dropped from his trembling hand. Directly before him, a small, grey, wolfish-looking animal had stopped halfway down the mound on encountering his motionless figure. Frightened by his outcry, and unable to retreat, the shadowy depredator had fallen back on his slinking haunches with a snarl, and bared teeth that glittered in the moonlight.

In an instant the expression of terror on the old man's ashen face turned into a fixed look of insane exaltation. His white lips moved; he advanced a step further, and held out both hands towards the crouching animal.

"So! It is thou—at last! And comest thou here thy tardy Pereo to chide? Comest *thou*, too, to tell the poor old man his heart is cold, his limbs are feeble, his brain weak and dizzy?—that he is no longer fit to do thy master's work? Ay, gnash thy teeth at him! Curse him!—curse him in thy throat! But listen!—listen, good friend—I will tell thee a secret—ay, good grey friar, a secret—such a secret! A plan, all mine—fresh from this old grey head; ha! ha!—all mine! To be wrought by these poor old arms; ha! ha! All mine! Listen!"

He stealthily made a step nearer the affrighted animal. With a sudden sidelong snap, it swiftly bounded by his side, and vanished in the thicket; and Pereo, turning wildly, with a moan sank down helplessly on the grave of his forefathers.

CHAPTER VI.



To the open chagrin of most of the gentlemen and the unexpected relief of some of her own sex, Maruja, after an evening of more than usual caprice and wilfulness, retired early to her chamber. Here she beguiled Enriquita, a younger sister, to share her solitude for an hour, and with a new and charming melancholy presented her with mature counsel and some younger trinkets and adornments.

"Thou wilt find them but folly, 'Riquita; but thou art young, and wilt outgrow them as I have. I am sick of the Indian beads, everybody wears them; but they seem to suit thy complexion. Thou art not yet quite old enough for jewellery; but take thy choice of these."

"'Ruja," replied Enriquita, eagerly, "surely thou wilt not give up this necklace of carved amber, that was brought thee from Manilla?—it becomes thee so! Everybody says it. All the caballeros, Raymond and Victor, swear that it sets off thy beauty like nothing else." "When thou knowest men better," responded Maruja, in a deep voice, "thou wilt care less for what they say, and despise what they do. Besides, I wore it to-day—and—I hate it." "But what fan wilt thou keep thyself? The one of sandal-wood thou hadst to-day?" continued Enriquita, timidly eyeing the pretty things upon the table. "None," responded Maruja, didactically, "but the simplest, which I shall buy myself. Truly, it is time to set oneself against this extravagance. Girls think nothing of spending as much upon a fan as would buy a horse and saddle for a poor man." "But why so serious to-night, my sister?" said the little Enriquita, her eyes filling with ready tears. "It grieves me," responded Maruja, promptly, "to find thee, like



The young man threw him one of his gold pieces, and slipped the knife in his boot.—CHAP. V.



"Stop, all of you," said Maruja; "that man will bring it to me."—CHAP. V.

the rest, giving thy soul up to the mere glitter of the world. However, go, child, take the beads, but leave the amber; it would make thee yellower than thou art, which the blessed Virgin forbid! Good-night."

She kissed her affectionately, and pushed her from the room. Nevertheless, after a moment's survey of her lonely chamber, she hastily slipped on a pale satin dressing-gown, and, darting across the passage, dashed into the bed-room of the youngest Miss Wilson, haled that sentimental brunette from her night toilette, dragged her into her own chamber, and, enwrapping her in a huge mantle of silk and grey fur, fed her with chocolates and chestnuts, and, reclining on her sympathetic shoulder, continued her arraignment of the world and its follies until nearly daybreak.

It was past noon when Maruja awoke, to find Faquita standing by her bedside with ill-concealed impatience.

"I ventured to awaken the Doña Maruja," she said, with vivacious alacrity, "for news! Terrible news! The American, Dr. West, is found dead this morning in the San José road!"

"Dr. West dead!" repeated Maruja, thoughtfully, but without emotion.

"Surely dead—very dead. He was thrown from his horse and dragged by the stirrups—how far, the Blessed Virgin only knows. But he is found dead—this Dr. West—his foot in the broken stirrup, his hand holding a piece of the bridle! I thought I would waken the Doña Maruja, that no one else should break it to the Doña Maria."

"That no one else should break it to my mother?" repeated Maruja, coldly. "What mean you, girl?"

"I mean that no stranger should tell her," stammered Faquita, lowering her bold eyes.

"You mean," said Maruja, slowly, "that no silly, staring, tongue-wagging gossip should dare to break upon the morning devotions of the lady mother with open-mouthed tales of horror! You are wise, Faquita! I will tell her myself. Help me to dress."

But the news had already touched the outer shell of the great house, and little groups of the visitors were discussing it upon the verandah. For once, the idle badinage of a pleasure-seeking existence was suspended; stupid people with facts came to the fore; practical people with inquiring minds became interesting; servants were confidentially appealed to; the local express man became a hero, and it was even noticed that he was intelligent and good-looking.

"What makes it more distressing," said Raymond, joining one of the groups, "is, that it appears the Doctor visited Mrs. Saltonstall last evening, and left the casa at eleven. Sanchez, who was perhaps the last person who saw him alive, says that he noticed his horse was very violent, and the Doctor did not seem able to control him. The accident probably happened half an hour later, as he was picked up about three miles from here, and from appearances must have been dragged with his foot in the stirrup fully half a mile before the girth broke and freed the saddle and stirrup together. The mustang, with nothing on but his broken bridle, was found grazing at the rancho as early as four o'clock, an hour before the body of his master was discovered by the men sent from the rancho to look for him."

"Eh, but the man must have been clean daft to have trusted himself to one of those savage beasts of the country," said Mr. Buchanan. "And he was no so young either—about sixty, I should say. It didna look even respectable, I remember, when we met him the other day, careering over the country for all the world like one of those crazy Mexicans. And yet he seemed steady and sensible enough when he didna let his schemes of 'improvements' run away with him like you furious beastie. Eh well, puir man—it was a sudden ending! And his family—eh?"

"I don't think he has one—at least here," said Raymond. "You can't always tell in California. I believe he was a widower."

"Ay, man, but the heirs; there must be considerable property?" said Buchanan, impatiently.

"Oh, the heirs. If he's made no will, which doesn't look like so prudent and practical a man as he was—the heirs will probably crop up some day."

"*Probably!* crop up some day," repeated Buchanan, aghast.

"Yes. You must remember that *we* don't take heirs quite as much into account as you do in the old country. The loss of the *man* and how to replace *him*, is much more to us than the disposal of his property. Now, Doctor West was a power far beyond his actual possessions—and we will know very soon how much those were dependent upon him."

"What do you mean?" asked Buchanan, anxiously.

"I mean that five minutes after the news of the Doctor's death was confirmed, your friend Mr. Stanton sent a messenger with a despatch to the nearest telegraphic office, and that he himself drove over to catch Aladdin before the news could reach him."

Buchanan looked uneasy; so did one or two of the native Californians who composed the group, and who had been listening attentively. "And where is this same telegraphic office?" asked Buchanan, cautiously.

"I'll drive you over there presently," responded Raymond, grimly. "There'll be nothing doing here to day. As Dr. West was a near neighbour of the family, his death suspends our pleasure-seeking until after the funeral."

Mr. Buchanan moved away. Captain Carroll and Garnier drew nearer the speaker. "I trust it will not withdraw from us the society of Miss Saltonstall," said Garnier, lightly—"at least, that she will not be inconsolable."

"She did not seem to be particularly sympathetic with Dr. West the other day," said Captain Carroll, colouring slightly with the recollection of the morning in the summer-house, yet willing, in his hopeless passion, even to share that recollection with his rival. "Did you not think so, Monsieur Garnier?"

"Very possibly; and, as Miss Saltonstall is quite artless and childlike in the expression of her likes and dislikes," said Raymond, with the faintest touch of irony, "you can judge as well as I can."

Garnier parried the thrust lightly. "You are no kinder to our follies than you are to the grand passions of these gentlemen. Confess, you frightened them horribly. You are—what is called—a bear—eh? You depreciate in the interests of business."

Raymond did not at first appear to notice the sarcasm. "I only stated," he said, gravely, "that which these gentlemen will find out for themselves before they are many hours older. Dr. West was the brain of the county, as Aladdin is its life-blood. It only remains to be seen how far the loss of that brain affects the county. The Stock Exchange market in San Francisco will indicate that to-day in the shares of the San Antonio and Soquel Railroad and the West Mills and Manufacturing Co. It is a matter that may affect even our friends here. Whatever West's social standing was in this house, lately he was in confidential business relations with Mrs. Saltonstall." He raised his eyes for the first time to Garnier as he added, slowly, "It is to be hoped that if our hostess has no social reasons to deplore the loss of Dr. West, she at least will have no other."

With a lover's instinct, conscious only of some annoyance to Maruja in all this, Carroll anxiously looked for her appearance among the others. He was doomed to disappointment, however. His half-timid inquiries only resulted in the information that Maruja was closeted with her mother. The penetralia of the casa was only accessible to the family; yet, as he wandered uneasily about, he could not help passing once or twice before the quaint low archway with its grated door that opened from the central hall. His surprise may be imagined when he suddenly heard his name uttered in a low voice; and, looking up, he beheld the soft eyes of Maruja at the grating.

She held the door partly open with one little hand, and made a sign for him to enter with the other. When he had done so, she said, "Come with me," and preceded him down the dim corridor. His heart beat thickly; the incense of this sacred inner life, with its faint suggestion of dead rose-leaves, filled him with a voluptuous languor; his breath was lost, as if a soft kiss had taken it away; his senses swam in the light mist that seemed to suffuse everything. His step trembled as she suddenly turned aside, and, opening a door, ushered him into a small vaulted chamber.

In the first glance it seemed to be an oratory or chapel. A large gold and ebony crucifix hung on the wall. There was a *prie-dieu* of heavy dark mahogany in the centre of the tiled floor; there was a low ottoman or couch, covered with a mantle of dark violet velvet, like a pall; there were two quaintly carved stiff chairs; a religious, almost ascetic, air pervaded the apartment; but no dreamy eastern seraglio could have affected him with an intoxication so profoundly and mysteriously sensuous.

Maruja pointed to a chair, and then, with a peculiarly feminine movement, placed herself sideways upon the ottoman, half reclining on her elbow on a high cushion, her deep billowy flounces partly veiling the funereal velvet below. Her oval face was pale and melancholy, her eyes moist as if with recent tears; an expression as of troubled passion lurked in their depths and in the corners of her mouth. Scarcely knowing why, Carroll fancied that thus she might appear if she were in love, and the daring thought made him tremble.

"I wanted to speak with you alone," she said, gently, as if in explanation; "but don't look at me so. I have had a bad night, and now this calamity"—she stopped and then added, softly, "I want you to do a favour for—my mother?"

Captain Carroll with an effort at last found his voice. "But *you* are in trouble, *you* are suffering. I had no idea this unfortunate affair came so near to you."

"Nor did I," said Maruja, closing her fan with a slight snap. "I knew nothing of it until my mother told me this morning. To be frank with you, it now appears that Dr. West was her most intimate business adviser. All her affairs were in his hands. I cannot explain how, or why, or when; but it is so."

"And is that all?" said Carroll, with boyish openness of relief. "And you have no other sorrow?"

In spite of herself, a tender smile, such as she might have bestowed on an impulsive boy, broke on her lips. "And is that not enough? What would you? No—sit where you are! We are here to talk seriously. And you do not ask what is this favour my mother wishes?"

"No matter what it is, it shall be done," said Carroll, quickly. "I am your mother's slave if she will but let me serve at your side. Only," he paused, "I wish it was not business—I know nothing of business."

"If it were only business, Captain Carroll," said Maruja slowly, "I would have spoken to Raymond or the Señor Buchanan; if it were only confidence, Pereo, our mayordomo, would have dragged himself from his sick bed this morning to do my mother's bidding. But it is more than that—it is the functions of a gentleman—and my mother, Captain Carroll, would like to say of—a friend."

He seized her hand and covered it with kisses. She withdrew it gently.

"What have I to do?" he asked, eagerly.

She drew a note from her belt. "It is very simple. You must ride over to Aladdin with that note. You must give it to him *alone*—more than that, you must not let anyone who may be there, think you are making any but a social call. If he keeps you to dine—you must stay—you will bring back anything he may give you and deliver it to me secretly for her."

"Is that all?" asked Carroll, with a slight touch of disappointment in his tone.

"No," said Maruja, rising impulsively. "No, Captain Carroll—it is *not* all! And you shall know all, if only to prove to you how we confide in you—and to leave you free, after you have heard it, to do as you please." She stood before him, quite white, opening and shutting her fan quickly, and tapping the tiled floor with her little foot. "I have told you Dr. West was my mother's business adviser. She looked upon him as more—as a friend. Do you know what a dangerous thing it is for a woman who has lost one protector to begin to rely upon another? Well, my mother is not yet old. Dr. West appreciated her—Dr. West did not depreciate himself—two things that go far with a woman, Captain Carroll, and my mother is a woman." She paused, and then, with a light toss of her fan, said: "Well, to make an end, but for this excellent horse and this too ambitious rider, one knows not how far the old story of my mother's first choice would have been repeated, and the curse of Koorotora again fallen on the land."

"And you tell me this—you, Maruja—you who warned me against my hopeless passion for you?"

"Could I foresee this?" she said, passionately; "and are you mad enough not to see that this very act would have made *your* suit intolerable to my relations."

"Then you did think of my suit, Maruja?" he said, grasping her hand.

"Or anyone's suit," she continued hurriedly, turning away with a slight increase of colour in her cheeks. After a moment's pause, she added, in a gentler and half-reproachful voice, "Do you think I have confided my mother's story to you for this purpose only? Is this the help you proffer?"

"Forgive me, Maruja," said the young officer, earnestly. "I am selfish, I know—for I love you. But you have not told me yet how I could help your mother by delivering this letter, which anyone could do."

"Let me finish, then," said Maruja. "It is for you to judge what may be done. Letters have passed between my mother and Dr. West. My mother is imprudent; I know not what she may have written or what she might not write in confidence. But you understand, they are not letters to be made public nor to pass into any hands but hers. They are not be left to be bandied about by his American friends; to be commented upon by strangers; to reach the ears of the Guitierrez. They belong to that grave which lies between the Past and my mother; they must not rise from it to haunt her."

"I understand," said the young officer, quietly. "This letter, then, is my authority to recover them?"

"Partly, though it refers to other matters. This Mr. Prince, whom you Americans call Aladdin, was a friend of Dr. West; they were associated in business, and he will probably have access to his papers. The rest we must leave to you."

"I think you may," said Carroll, simply.

Maruja stretched out her hand. The young man bent over it respectfully and moved towards the door.

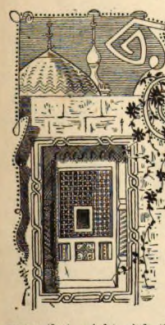
She had expected him to make some protestation—perhaps even to claim some reward. But the instinct which made him forbear even in thought to take advantage of the duty laid upon him, which dominated even his miserable passion for her, and made it subservient to his exaltation of honour; this epaulette of the officer, and blood of the gentleman, this simple possession of knighthood not laid on by perfunctory steel, but springing from within—all this, I grieve to say, was partly unintelligible to Maruja, and not entirely satisfactory. Since he had entered the room they seemed to have changed their situations; he was no longer the pleading lover that trembled at her feet. For one base moment she thought it was the result of his knowledge of her mother's weakness; but the next instant, meeting his clear glance, she coloured with shame. Yet she detained him vaguely a moment before the grated door in the secure shadow of the arch. He might have kissed her there! He did not.

In the gloomy stagnation of the great house, it was natural that he should escape from it for a while, and the saddling of

his horse for a solitary ride attracted no attention. But it might have been noticed that his manner had lost much of that nervous susceptibility and anxiety which indicates a lover; and it was with a return of his professional coolness and precision that he rode out of the patio as if on parade. Erect, observant, and self-possessed, he felt himself "on duty," and, putting spurs to his horse, cantered along the high road, finding an inexpressible relief in motion. He was doing something in the interest of helplessness and of *her*. He had no doubt of his right to interfere. He did not bother himself with the rights of others. Like all self-contained men, he had no plan of action, except what the occasion might suggest.

He was more than two miles from La Mision Perdida, when his quick eye was attracted by a saddle-blanket lying in the roadside ditch. A recollection of the calamity of the previous night made him rein in his horse and examine it. It was without doubt the saddle-blanket of Dr. West's horse, lost when the saddle came off, after the Doctor's body had been dragged by the runaway beast. But a second fact forced itself equally upon the young officer. It was lying nearly a mile from the spot where the body had been picked up. This certainly did not agree with the accepted theory that the accident had taken place further on, and that the body had been dragged until the saddle came off where it was found. His professional knowledge of equitation and the technique of accoutrements exploded the idea that the saddle could have slipped here, the saddle-blanket fallen, and the horse have run nearly a mile hampered by the saddle hanging under him. Consequently, the saddle, blanket, and unfortunate rider must have been precipitated together, and at the same moment, on or near this very spot. Captain Carroll was not a detective; he had no theory to establish, no motive to discover, only as an officer, he would have simply rejected any excuse offered on those terms by one of his troopers to account for a similar accident. He troubled himself with no further deduction. Without dismounting, he gave a closer attention to the marks of struggling hoofs near the edge of the ditch, which had not yet been obliterated by the daily travel. In doing so, his horse's hoof struck a small object partly hidden in the thick dust of the highway. It seemed to be a leather letter or memorandum case adapted for the breast pocket. Carroll instantly dismounted and picked it up. The name and address of Dr. West were legibly written on the inside. It contained a few papers and notes, but nothing more. The possibility that it might disclose the letters he was seeking was a hope quickly past. It was only a corroborative fact that the accident had taken place on the spot where he was standing. He was losing time; he hurriedly put the book in his pocket, and once more spurred forward on his road.

CHAPTER VII.



THE exterior of Aladdin's Palace, familiar as it already was to Carroll, struck him that afternoon as looking more than usually unreal, ephemeral and unsubstantial. The Moorish arches, of the thinnest white pine, the arabesque screens and lattices that looked as if made of pierced cardboard, the golden minarets that seemed to be glued to the shell-like towers, and the hollow battlements that visibly warped and cracked in the fierce sunlight—all appeared more than ever like a theatrical scene that might sink through the ground or vanish on either side to the sound of the prompter's whistle. Recalling Raymond's cynical insinuations, he could not help fancying that the house had been built by a conscientious genie with a view to the possibility of the lamp and the ring passing, with other effects, into the hands of the sheriff.

Nevertheless, the servant who took Captain Carroll's horse summoned another domestic, who preceded him into a small waiting-room off the gorgeous central hall, which looked not unlike the private bar-room of a first-class hotel, and presented him with a sherry cobbler. It was a peculiarity of Aladdin's Palace that the host seldom did the honours of his own house, but usually deputed the task to some friend, and generally the last newcomer. Carroll was consequently not surprised when he was presently joined by an utter stranger, who again pressed upon him the refreshment he had just declined. "You see," said the transitory host, "I'm a stranger myself here, and haven't got the ways of the regular customers; but call for anything you like, and I'll see it got for you. Jim" (the actual Christian name of Aladdin) "is headin' a party through the stables. Would you like to join 'em—they aint more than half through now—or will you come right to the billiard-room—the latest thing out in stained glass and iron—ez pretty as fresh paint? or will you meander along to the bridal suite, and see the bamboo and silver dressing-room, and the white satin and crystal bed that cost fifteen thousand dollars as it stands. Or," he added, confidentially, "would you like to cut the whole cussed thing, and I'll get out Jim's 2.32 trotter and his spider-legged buggy, and we'll take a spin over to the Springs afore dinner?" It was, however, more convenient to Carroll's purpose to conceal his familiarity with the Aladdin treasures, and to politely offer to follow his guide through the house. "I reckon Jim's pretty busy just now," continued the stranger; "what with old Doc West going under so suddent, just ez he'd got things boomin' with that railroad and his manufactory company. The stocks went down to nothing this morning; and, 'twixt you and me, the boys say," he added, mysteriously sinking his voice, "it was jest the tightest squeeze there whether there wouldn't be a general burst up all round. But Jim was over at San Antonio afore the Doctor's body was laid out, just ran that telegraph himself for about two hours; had a meeting of trustees and directors afore the Coroner came; had the Doctor's books and papers brought over here in a buggy, and another meeting before luncheon. Why, by the time the other fellows began to drop in to know if the Doctor was really dead, Jim Prince had discounted the whole affair two years ahead. Why, bless you, nearly everybody is in it. That Spanish woman over there, with the pretty daughter—that high-toned Greaser with the big house—you know who I mean . . ."

"I don't think I do," said Carroll, coldly. "I know a lady named Saltonstall, with several daughters."

"That's her; thought I'd seen you there once. Well, the Doctor's got her into it, up to the eyes. I reckon she's mortgaged everything to him."

It required all Carroll's trained self-possession to prevent his garrulous guide from reading his emotion in his face. This, then, was the secret of Maruja's melancholy. Poor child! how bravely she had borne up under it; and *he*, in his utter selfishness, had never suspected it. Perhaps that letter was her delicate way of breaking the news to him, for he should certainly now hear it all from Aladdin's lips. And this man, who evidently had succeeded to the control of Dr. West's property, doubtless had possession of the letters too! Humph! He shut his lips firmly together, and strode along by the side of his innocent guide, erect and defiant.

He did not have long to wait. The sound of voices, the opening of doors, and the trampling of feet indicated that the other party were being "shown over" that part of the building Carroll and his companion were approaching. "There's Jim and his gang now," said his cicerone; "I'll tell him you're here, and step out of this show business myself. So long! I reckon I'll see you at dinner." At this moment Prince and a number of ladies and gentlemen appeared at the further end of the hall; his late guide joined them, and apparently indicated Carroll's presence, as, with a certain lounging, off-duty, officer-like way the young man sauntered on.

Aladdin, like others of his class, objected to the military, theoretically and practically; but he was not above recognising their social importance in a country of no society, and of even being fascinated by Carroll's quiet and secure self-possession and self-contentment in a community of restless ambition and aggressive assertion. He came forward to welcome him cordially; he introduced him with an air of satisfaction; he would have preferred if he had been in uniform, but he contented himself with the fact that Carroll, like all men of disciplined limbs, carried himself equally well in mufti.

"You have shown us everything," said Carroll, smiling, "except the secret chamber where you keep the magic lamp and ring. Are we not to see the spot where the incantation that produces these marvels is held, even if we are forbidden to witness the ceremony? The ladies are dying to see your sanctum—your study—your workshop—where you really live."

"You 'll find it a mere den, as plain as my bed-room," said Prince, who prided himself on the Spartan simplicity of his own habits, and was not averse to the exhibition. "Come this way." He crossed the hall, and entered a small, plainly furnished room, containing a table piled with papers, some of which were dusty and worn-looking. Carroll instantly conceived the idea that these were Dr. West's property. He took his letter quietly from his pocket; and when the attention of the others was diverted, laid it on the table, with the remark, in an undertone, audible only to Prince, "From Mrs. Saltonstall."

Aladdin had that sublime audacity which so often fills the place of tact. Casting a rapid glance at Carroll, he cried, "Hallo!" and wheeling suddenly round on his following guests, with a bewildering extravagance of playful brusqueness, actually bundled them from the room. "The incantation is on!" he cried, waving his arms in the air; "the geni is at work. No admittance except on business! Follow Miss Wilson," he added, clapping both hands on the shoulders of the prettiest and shyest young lady of the party, with an irresistible paternal familiarity. "She's your hostess. I'll honour her drafts to any amount;" and before they were aware of his purpose, or that Carroll was no longer among them, Aladdin had closed the door, that shut with a spring lock, and was alone with the young man. He walked quickly to his desk, took up the letter, and opened it.

His face of dominant, self-satisfied good-humour became set and stern. Without taking the least notice of Carroll, he rose, and, stepping to a telegraphic instrument at a side table, manipulated half a dozen ivory knobs with a sudden energy. Then he returned to the table, and began hurriedly to glance over the memoranda and indorsements of the files of papers piled upon it. Carroll's quick eye caught sight of a small packet of letters in a writing of unmistakable feminine delicacy, and made certain they were the ones he was in quest of. Without raising his eyes, Mr. Prince asked, almost rudely,

"Who else has she told this to?"

"If you refer to the contents of that letter, it was written and handed to me about three hours ago. It has not been out of my possession since then."

"Humph! Who 's at the casa? There 's Buchanan, and Raymond, and Victor Guitierrez, eh?"

"I think I can say almost positively that Mrs. Saltonstall has seen no one but her daughter since the news reached her, if that is what you wish to know," said Carroll, still following the particular package of letters with his eyes, as Mr. Prince continued his examination. Prince stopped.

"Are you sure?"

"Almost sure."

Prince rose, this time with a greater ease of manner, and, going to the table, ran his fingers over the knobs, as if mechanically. "One would like to know at once all there is to know about a transaction that changes the front of four millions of capital in about four hours, eh, Captain?" he said, for the first time really regarding his guest. "Just four hours ago, in this very room, we found out that the widow Saltonstall owed Dr. West about a million, tied up in investments, and we calculated to pull her through with perhaps the loss of half. If she 's got this assignment of the Doctor's property that she speaks of in her letter, as collateral security, and it's all regular, and she—so to speak—steps into Dr. West's place, by G—d, Sir, we owe *him* about three millions, and we've got to settle with *her*—and that's all about it. You've dropped a little bombshell in here, Captain, and the splinters are flying round as far as San Francisco, now. I confess it beats me regularly. I always thought the old man was a little keen over there at the casa—but she was a woman, and he was a man for all his sixty years, and *that* combination I never thought of. I only wonder she hadn't gobbled him up before."

Captain Carroll's face betrayed no trace of the bewilderment and satisfaction at this news of which he had been the unconscious bearer, nor of resentment at the coarseness of its translation.

"There does not seem to be any memorandum of this asssignment," continued Prince, turning over the papers.

"Have you looked here?" said Carroll, taking up the packet of letters.

"No—they seem to me some private letters she refers to in this letter, and that she wants back again."

"Let us see," said Carroll, untying the packet. There were three or four closely written notes in Spanish and English.

"Love-letters, I reckon," said Prince—"that 's why the old girl wants 'em back. She don't care to have the wheedling that fetched the Doctor trotted out to the public."

"Let us look more carefully," said Carroll, pleasantly, opening each letter before Prince, yet so skilfully as to frustrate any attempt of the latter to read them. "There does not seem to be any memorandum here. They are evidently only private letters."

"Quite so," said Prince.

Captain Carroll retied the packet and put it in his pocket. "Then I 'll return them to her," he said, quietly.

"Hullo!—here—I say," said Prince, starting to his feet.

"I said I would return them to her," repeated Carroll, calmly.

"But I never gave them to you! I never consented to their withdrawal from the papers."

"I 'm sorry you did not," said Carroll, coldly; "it would have been more polite."

"Polite! D——n it, Sir! I call this stealing."

"Stealing, Mr. Prince, is a word that might be used by the person who claims these letters to describe the act of anyone who would keep them from *her*. It really cannot apply to you or me."

"Once for all, do you refuse to return them to me?" said Prince, pale with anger.

"Decidedly."

"Very well, Sir! We shall see." He stepped to the corner and rang a bell. "I have summoned my manager, and will charge you with the theft in his presence."

"I think not."

"And why, Sir?"

"Because the presence of a third party would enable me to throw this glove in your face, which, as a gentleman, I couldn't do without witnesses." Steps were heard along the passage;



The pursuing figure was rapidly approaching the unconscious Guest: in another moment it would have been upon him.—CHAP. V.



Carroll suddenly heard his name uttered in a low voice; and, looking up, he beheld the soft eyes of Maruja at the grating.—CHAP. VI.

Prince was no coward in a certain way; neither was he a fool. He knew that Carroll would keep his word; he knew that he should have to fight him; that whatever the issue of the duel was, the cause of the quarrel would be known, and scarcely redound to his credit. At present there were no witnesses to the offered insult and none would be wiser. The letters were not worth it. He stepped to the door, opened it, said: "No matter," and closed it again.

He returned with an affectation of carelessness. "You are right. I don't know that I'm called upon to make a scene here which the *law* can do for me as well elsewhere. It will settle pretty quick whether you've got the right to those letters, and whether you've taken the right way to get them, Sir."

"I have no desire to evade any responsibility in this matter, legal or otherwise," said Carroll, coldly, rising to his feet.

"Look here," said Prince, suddenly, with a return of his brusque frankness, "you might have *asked* me for those letters, you know."

"And you wouldn't have given them to me," said Carroll.

Prince laughed. "That's so! I say, Captain. Did they teach you this sort of strategy at West Point?"

"They taught me that I could neither receive nor give an insult under a white flag," said Carroll, pleasantly. "And they allowed me to make exchanges under the same rule. I picked up this pocket-book on the spot where the accident occurred to Dr. West. It is evidently his. I leave it with you, who are his executor."

The instinct of reticence before a man with whom he could never be confidential kept him from alluding to his other discovery.

Prince took the pocket-book, and opened it mechanically. After a moment's scrutiny of the memoranda it contained, his face assumed something of the same concentrated attention it wore at the beginning of the interview. Raising his eyes suddenly to Carroll, he said quickly,

"You have examined it?"

"Only so far as to see that it contained nothing of importance to the person I represent," returned Carroll, simply.

The capitalist looked at the young officer's clear eyes. Something of embarrassment came into his own as he turned them away.

"Certainly. Only memorandums of the Doctor's business. Quite important to us, you know. But nothing referring to *your* principal." He laughed. "Thank you for the exchange. I say—take a drink!"

"Thank you—no!" returned Carroll, going to the door.

"Well, good-bye."

He held out his hand. Carroll, with his clear eyes still regarding him, passed quietly by the outstretched hand, opened the door, bowed, and made his exit.

A slight flush came into Prince's cheek. Then, as the door closed, he burst into a half laugh. Had he been a dramatic villain, he would have added to it several lines of soliloquy, in which he would have rehearsed the fact that the opportunity for revenge had "come at last"; that the "haughty victor who had just left with his ill-gotten spoil had put into his hands the weapon of his friend's destruction"; that the "hour had come"; and possibly he might have said, "Ha! ha!" But, being a practical, good-natured, selfish rascal, not much better or worse than his neighbours, he sat himself down at his desk and began to carefully consider how *he* could best make use of this memoranda jotted down by Dr. West of the proofs of the existence of his son, and the consequent discovery of a legal heir to his property.

CHAPTER VIII.



WHEN Faquita had made sure that her young mistress was so securely closeted with Doña Maria that morning as to be inaccessible to curious eyes and ears, she saw fit to bewail to her fellow-servants this further evidence of the decay of the old feudal and patriarchal mutual family confidences. "Time was, thou rememberest, Pepita, when an affair of this kind was openly discussed at chocolate with everybody present, and before us all. When Joaquin Padilla was shot at Monterey, it was the Doña herself who told us, who read aloud the letters describing it and the bullet-holes in his clothes, and made it quite a gala-day—and he was a first-cousin of Guitierrez. And now, when this American goat of a doctor is kicked to death by a mule, the family must shut themselves up, that never a question is asked or answered." "Ay," responded Pepita; "and as regards that, Sanchez there knows as much as they do, for it was he that almost saw the whole affair."

"How?—sawest it?" inquired Faquita, eagerly.

"Why, was it not he that was bringing home Pereo, who had been lying in one of his trances or visions—blessed St. Antonio preserve us!" said Pepita, hastily crossing herself—"on Koorotora's grave, when the Doctor's mustang charged down upon them like a wild bull, and the Doctor's foot half out of the stirrups, and he not yet fast in his seat? And Pereo laughs a wild laugh and says: 'Watch if the coyote does not drag yet at his mustang's heels'; and Sanchez ran and watched the Doctor out of sight, careering and galloping to his death!—ay, as Pereo prophesied. For it was only half an hour afterwards that Sanchez again heard the tramp of his hoofs—as if it were here—and knowing it two miles away—thou understandest, he said to himself 'it is over.'"

The two women shuddered and crossed themselves.

"And what says Pereo of the fulfilment of his prophecy?" asked Faquita, hugging herself in her shawl with a certain titillating shrug of fascinating horror.

"It is even possible he understands it not. Thou knowest how dazed and dumb he ever is after these visions—that he comes from them as one from the grave, remembering nothing. He has lain like a log all the morning."

"Ay; but this news should awaken him, if aught can. He loved not this sneaking Doctor. Let us seek him; mayhap, Sanchez may be there. Come! The mistress lacks us not just now; the guests are provided for. Come!"

She led the way to the eastern angle of the casa communicating by a low corridor with the corral and stables. This was the old "gate-keep" or quarters of the mayordomo, who, among his functions, was supposed to exercise a supervision over the exits and entrances of the house. A large steward's room or office, beyond it a room of general assembly, half guard-room, half servants' hall, and Pereo's sleeping-room, constituted his domain. A few peons were gathered in the hall near the open door of the apartment where Pereo lay.

Stretched on a low pallet, his face yellow as wax, a light burning under a crucifix near his head, and a spray of blessed palm, popularly supposed to avert the attempts of evil spirits to gain possession of his suspended faculties, Pereo looked not unlike a corpse. Two muffled and shawled domestics, who sat by his side, might have been mourners, but for their voluble and incessant chattering.

"So thou art here, Faquita," said a stout virago. "It is a wonder thou couldst spare time from prayers for the repose of the American Doctor's soul to look after the health of thy superior, poor Pereo! Is it, then, true that Doña Maria said she would have nought more to do with the drunken brute of her mayordomo?"

The awful fascination of Pereo's upturned face did not prevent Faquita from tossing her head as she replied, pertly, that she was not there to defend her mistress from lazy gossip. "Nay, but *what* said she?" asked the other attendant.

"She said Pereo was to want for nothing; but at present she could not see him."

A murmur of indignation and sympathy passed through the company. It was followed by a long sigh from the insensible man. "His lips move," said Faquita, still fascinated by curiosity. "Hush! he would speak."

"His lips move, but his soul is still asleep," said Sanchez, oracularly. "Thus they have moved since early morning, when I came to speak with him, and found him lying here in a fit upon the floor. He was half dressed, thou seest, as if he had risen to go forth, and had been struck down so"——

"Hush! I tell thee he speaks," said Faquita.

The sick man was faintly articulating through a few tiny bubbles that broke upon his rigid lips. "He—dared—me! He—said—I was old—too old."

"Who dared thee? Who said thou wast too old?" asked the eager Faquita, bending over him.

"He, Koorotora himself! in the shape of a coyote."

Faquita fell back with a little giggle, half of shame, half of awe.

"It is ever thus," said Sanchez, sententiously; "it is what he said last night, when I picked him up on the mound. He will sleep now—thou shalt see. He will get no further than Koorotora and the coyote—and then he will sleep."

And to the awe of the group, and the increased respect for Sanchez's wisdom, Pereo seemed to fall again into a lethargic slumber. It was late in the evening when he appeared to regain perfect consciousness. "Ah—what is this?" he said, roughly, sitting up in bed, and eyeing the watchers around him, some of whom had succumbed to sleep, and others were engaged in playing cards. "Caramba! are ye mad? Thou, Sanchez, here; who shouldst be at thy work in the stables! Thou, Pepita, is thy mistress asleep or dead, that thou sittest here? Blessed San Antonio! would ye drive me mad?" He lifted his hand to his head with a dull movement of pain, and attempted to rise from the bed.

"Softly, good Pereo; lie still," said Sanchez, approaching him. "Thou hast been ill—so ill. These, thy friends, have been waiting only for this moment to be assured that thou art better. For this idleness there is no blame—truly none. The Doña Maria has said that thou shouldst lack no care; and truly, since the terrible news there has been little to do."

"The terrible news?" repeated Pereo.

Sanchez cast a meaning glance upon the others, as if to indicate this confirmation of his diagnosis.

"Ay, terrible news! The Doctor West was found this morning dead two miles from the casa."

"Dr. West dead!" repeated Pereo, slowly, as if endeavouring to master the real meaning of the words. Then, seeing the vacuity of his question reflected on the faces of those around him, he added, hurriedly, with a feeble smile, "O—ay—dead! Yes! I remember. And he has been ill—very ill, eh?"

"It was an accident. He was thrown from his horse, and so killed," returned Sanchez, gravely.

"Killed—by his horse! sayest thou?" said Pereo, with a sudden fixed look in his eye.

"Ay, good Pereo. Dost thou not remember when the mustang bolted with him down upon us in the lane, and then thou didst say he would come to evil with the brute? He did—blessed San Antonio!—within half an hour!"

"How—thou sawest it?"

"Nay; for the mustang was running away and I did not follow. Bueno! it happened all the same. The Alcalde, coroner, who knows all about it, has said so an hour ago! Juan brought the news from the rancho where the inquest was. There will be a funeral the day after to-morrow! and so it is that some of the family will go. Fancy Pereo, a Guitierrez at the funeral of the Americano Doctor! Nay, I doubt not that the Doña Maria will ask thee to say a prayer over his bier."

"Peace, fool! and speak not of thy lady mistress," thundered the old man, sitting upright. "Begone to the stables. Dost thou hear me? Go!"

"Now, by the Mother of Miracles," said Sanchez, hastening from the room as the gaunt figure of the old man rose, like a sheeted spectre, from the bed, "that was his old self again! Blessed San Antonio! Pereo has recovered."

The next day he was at his usual duties, with perhaps a slight increase of sternness in his manner. The fulfilment of his prophecy related by Sanchez, added to the superstitious reputation in which he was held, although Faquita voiced the opinions of a growing sceptical party in the statement that it was easy to prophesy the Doctor's accident, with the spectacle of the horse actually running away before the prophet's eyes. It was even said that Doña Maria's aversion to Pereo since the accident arose from a belief that some assistance might have been rendered by him. But it was pointed out by Sanchez that Pereo had, a few moments before, fallen under one of those singular epileptic-like strokes to which he was subject, and not only was unfit, but even required the entire care of Sanchez at the time. He did not attend the funeral, nor did Mrs. Saltonstall; but the family was represented by Maruja and Amita, accompanied by one or two dark-faced cousins, Captain Carroll, and Raymond. A number of friends and business associates from the neighbouring towns, Aladdin and a party from his house, the farm labourers, and a crowd of working men from his mills in the foothills, swelled the assemblage, that met in and around the rude agricultural sheds and outhouses which formed the only pastoral habitation of the rancho of San Antonio. It had been a characteristic injunction of the deceased that he should be buried in the midst of one of his most prolific grain fields, as a grim return to that nature he was impoverishing, with neither mark nor monument to indicate the spot, and that even the temporary mound above him should at the fitting season of the year be levelled with the rest of the field by the obliterating ploughshares. A grave was accordingly dug about a quarter of a mile from his office amidst a "volunteer" crop so dense that the large space mown around the narrow opening to admit of the presence of the multitude seemed like a golden amphitheatre.

A distinguished clergyman from San Francisco officiated. A man of tact and politic adaptation, he dwelt upon the blameless life of the deceased, on his practical benefit for civilisation in the county, and even treated his grim Pantheism in the selection of his grave as a formal recognition of the text "dust to dust." He paid a not ungrateful compliment to the business associates of the deceased, and without actually claiming in the usual terms "a continuance of past favours" for their successors, managed to interpolate so strong a recommendation of the late Doctor's commercial projects as to elicit from Aladdin the expressive commendation that his sermon was "as good as five per cent in the stock."

Maruja, who had been standing near the carriage, languidly silent and abstracted even under the tender attentions of Carroll, suddenly felt the consciousness of another pair of eyes fixed upon her. Looking up, she was surprised to find herself regarded by the man she had twice met, once as a tramp and once as a wayfarer at the fonda, who had quietly joined a group not far from her. At once impressed by the idea that this was the first time that he had really looked at her, she felt a singular shyness creeping over her, until, to her own astonishment and indignation, she was obliged to lower her eyes before his gaze. In vain she tried to lift them with her old supreme power of fascination. If she had ever blushed, she felt she would have done so now. She knew that her face must betray her consciousness; and at last she—Maruja, the self-poised and all-sufficient goddess—actually turned in half-hysterical

and girlish bashfulness to Carroll for relief in an affected and exaggerated absorption of his attentions. She scarcely knew that the clergyman had finished speaking, when Raymond approached them softly from behind. "Pray don't believe," he said, appealingly, "that all the human virtues are about to be buried—I should say sown—in that wheat-field. A few will still survive, and creep about above the Doctor's grave. Listen to a story just told me, and disbelieve—if you dare—in human gratitude. Do you see that picturesque young ruffian over there?"

Maruja did not lift her eyes. She felt herself breathlessly hanging on the speaker's next words.

"Why, that's the young man of the fonda, who picked up your fan," said Carroll, "isn't it?"

"Perhaps," said Maruja, indifferently. She would have given worlds to have been able to turn coldly and stare at him at that moment with the others, but she dared not. She contented herself with softly brushing some dust from Captain Carroll's arm with her fan, and a feminine suggestion of tender care which thrilled that gentleman.

"Well," continued Raymond, "that Robert Macaire over yonder, came here some three or four days ago as a tramp, in want of everything but honest labour. Our lamented friend consented to parley with him, which was something remarkable in the Doctor; still more remarkable, he gave him a suit of clothes and, it is said, some money, and sent him on his way. Now, more remarkable than all, our friend, on hearing of his benefactor's death, actually tramps back here to attend his funeral. The Doctor being dead, his executors not of a kind to emulate the Doctor's spasmodic generosity, and there being no chance of future favours, the act must be recorded as purely and simply gratitude. By Jove! I don't know but that he is the only one here who can be called a real mourner. I'm here because your sister is here; Carroll comes because *you* do, and you come because your mother cannot."

"And who tells you these pretty stories?" asked Maruja, with her face still turned towards Carroll.

"The foreman, Harrison, who, with an extensive practical experience of tramps, was struck with this exception to the general rule."

"Poor man; one ought to do something for him," said Amita, compassionately.

"What!" said Raymond, with affected terror, "and spoil this perfect story? Never! If I should offer him ten dollars, I'd expect him to kick me; if he took it, I'd expect to kick *him*."

"He is not so bad-looking, is he, Maruja?" asked Amita of her sister. But Maruja had already moved a few paces off with Carroll, and seemed to be listening to him only. Raymond smiled at the pretty perplexity of Amita's eyebrows over this pronounced indiscretion.

"Don't mind them," he whispered; "you really cannot expect to dueña your elder sister. Tell me, would you actually like me to see if I could assist the virtuous tramp? You have only to speak." But Amita's interest appeared to be so completely appeased with Raymond's simple offer that she only smiled, blushed, and said "No."

Maruja's quick ears had taken in every word of these asides, and for an instant she hated her sister for her aimless declination of Raymond's proposal. But becoming conscious—under her eyelids—that the stranger was moving away with the dispersing crowd, she rejoined Amita with her usual manner. The others had re-entered the carriage, but Maruja took it into her head to proceed on foot to the rude building whence the mourners had issued. The foreman Harrison, flushed and startled by this apparition of inaccessible beauty at his threshold, came eagerly forward. "I shall not trouble you now, Mr. Har-r-r-rison," she said, with a polite exaggeration of the consonants; "but some day I shall ride over here, and ask you to show me your wonderful machines."

She smiled, and turned back to seek her carriage. But before she had gone many yards she found that she had completely lost it in the intervening billows of grain. She stopped with an impatient little Spanish ejaculation. The next moment the stalks of wheat parted before her and a figure emerged. It was the stranger.

She fell back a step in utter helplessness. He, on his side, retreated again into the wheat, holding it back with extended arms to let her pass. As she moved forward mechanically, without a word he moved backward, making a path for her until she was able to discern the coachman's whip above the bending heads of the grain just beyond her. He stopped here and drew to one side, his arms still extended, to give her free passage. She tried to speak, but could only bow her head, and slipped by him with a strange feeling—suggested by his attitude—that she was evading his embrace. But the next moment his arms were lowered, the grain closed around him and he was lost to her view. She reached the carriage almost unperceived by the inmates, and pounced upon her sister with a laugh.

"Blessed Virgin!" said Amita, "where did you come from?"

"From there!" said Maruja, with a slight nervous shiver, pointing to the clustering grain.

"We were afraid you were lost."

"So was I," said Maruja, raising her pretty lashes heavenwards, as she drew a shawl tightly round her shoulders.

"Has anything happened? You look strange," said Carroll, drawing closer to her.

Her eyes were sparkling, but she was very pale.

"Nothing, nothing!" she said, hastily, glancing at the grain again.

"If it were not that the haste would have been absolutely indecent, I should say that the late Doctor had made you a ghostly visit," said Raymond, looking at her curiously.

"He would have been polite enough not to have commented on my looks," said Maruja. "Am I really such a fright?"

Carroll thought he had never seen her so beautiful. Her eyelids were quivering over their fires as if they had been brushed by the passing wing of a strong passion.

"What are you thinking of?" said Carroll, as they drove on.

She was thinking that the stranger had looked at her admiringly, and that his eyes were blue. But she looked quietly into her lover's face, and said, sweetly, "Nothing, I fear, that would interest you!"

CHAPTER IX.



THE news of the assignment of Dr. West's property to Mrs. Saltonstall was followed by the still more astonishing discovery that the Doctor's will further bequeathed to her his entire property, after payment of his debts and liabilities. It was given in recognition of her talents and business integrity during their late association, and as an evidence of the confidence and "undying affection" of the testator. Nevertheless, after the first surprise, the fact was accepted by the community as both natural and proper under that singular instinct of humanity which acquiesces without scruple in the union of two large fortunes, but sharply questions the conjunction of poverty and affluence, and looks only for interested motives where there is disparity of wealth. Had Mrs. Saltonstall been a poor widow instead of a rich one; had she been the Doctor's housekeeper instead of his business friend, the bequest would have been strongly criticised—if not legally tested. But this combination, which placed the entire valley of San Antonio in the control of a single individual, appeared to be perfectly legitimate. More than that, some vague rumour of the Doctor's past, and his early entanglements, only seemed to make this eminently practical disposition of his property the more respectable, and condoned for any moral irregularities of his youth.

The effect upon the collateral branches of the Guitierrez family and the servants and retainers was even more impressive. For once, it seemed that the fortunes and traditions of the family were changed; the female Guitierrez, instead of impoverishing the property, had augmented it; the foreigner and intruder had been despoiled; the fate of La Mision Perdida had been changed; the curse of Koorotora had proved a blessing; his prophet and descendant, Pereo, the mayordomo, moved in an atmosphere of superstitious adulation and respect among the domestics and common people. This recognition of his power he received at times with a certain exaltation of grandiloquent pride beyond the conception of any but a Spanish servant, and at times with a certain dull, pained vacancy of perception and an expression of frightened bewilderment which also went far to establish his reputation as an unconscious seer and thaumaturgist. "Thou seest," said Sanchez to the partly sceptical Faquita, "he does not know more than an infant what is his power. That is the proof of it." The Doña Maria alone did not participate in this appreciation of Pereo, and when it was proposed that a feast or celebration of rejoicing should be given under the old pear-tree by the Indian's mound, her indignation was long remembered by those that witnessed it. "It is not enough that we have been made ridiculous in the past," she said to Maruja, "by the interference of this solemn fool, but that the memory of our friend is to be insulted by his generosity being made into a triumph of Pereo's idiotic ancestor. One would have thought those coyotes and Koorotora's bones had been buried with the cruel gossip of your relations"—(it had been the recent habit of Doña Maria to allude to "the family" as being particularly related to Maruja alone)—"over my poor friend. Let him beware that his ancestor's mound is not uprooted with the pear-tree and his heathenish temple destroyed. If, as the engineer says, a branch of the new railroad can be established for La Mision Perdida, I agree with him that it can better pass at that point with less sacrifice to the domain. It is the one uncultivated part of the park, and lies at the proper angle."

"You surely would not consent to this, my mother?" said Maruja, with a sudden impression of a newly found force in her mother's character.

"Why not, child?" said the relict of Mr. Saltonstall and the mourner of Dr. West, coldly. "I admit it was discreet of thee in old times to have thy sentimental passages there with caballeros who, like the guests of the hidalgo that kept a skeleton at his feast, were reminded of the mutability of their hopes by Koorotora's bones and the legend. But with the explosion of this idea of a primal curse, like Eve's, on the property," added the Doña Maria, with a slight bitterness, "thou mayest have thy *citas*—elsewhere. Thou canst scarcely keep this Captain Carroll any longer at a distance by rattling those bones of Koorotora in his face. And of a truth, child, since the affair of the letters, and his discreet and honourable conduct since, I see not why thou shouldst. He has thy mother's reputation in his hands."

"He is a gentleman, my mother," said Maruja, quietly.

"And they are scarce, child, and should be rewarded and preserved. That is what I meant, silly one; this Captain is not rich—but then, thou hast enough for both."

"But it was Amita that first brought him here," said Maruja, looking down with an air of embarrassed thoughtfulness, which Doña Maria chose to instantly accept as exaggerated coyness.

"Do not think to deceive me or thyself, child, with this folly. Thou art old enough to know a man's mind, if not thine own. Besides, I do not know that I shall object to her liking for Raymond. He is very clever, and would be a relief to some of thy relatives. He would be invaluable to us in the emergencies that may grow out of these mechanical affairs that I do not understand—such as the mill and the railroad."

"And you propose to take a few husbands as partners in the business?" said Maruja, who had recovered her spirits. "I warn you that Captain Carroll is as stupid as a gentleman could be. I wonder that he has not blundered in other things as badly as he has in preferring me to Amita. He confided to me only last night that he had picked up a pocket-book belonging to the Doctor and given it to Aladdin without a witness or receipt, and evidently, of his own accord."

"A pocket-book of the Doctor's?" repeated Doña Maria.

"Ay; but it contained nothing of thine," said Maruja. "The poor child had sense enough to think of that. But I am in no hurry to ask your consent and your blessing yet, little mother. I could even bear that Amita should precede me to the altar, if the exigencies of thy 'business' require it. It might also secure Captain Carroll for me. Nay, look not at me in that cheapening, commercial way—with compound interest in thine eyes. I am not so poor an investment, truly, of thy original capital."

"Thou art thy father's child," said her mother, suddenly kissing her; "and that is saying enough, the Blessed Virgin knows. Go now," she continued, gently pushing her from the room, "and send Amita hither." She watched the disappearance of Maruja's slightly rebellious shoulders, and added to herself, "And this is the child that Amita really believes is pining with lovesickness for Carroll, so that she can neither sleep nor eat. This is the girl that Faquita would have me think hath no longer any heart in her dress or in her finery! Soul of Joseph Saltonstall!" ejaculated the widow, lifting her shoulders and her eyes together, "thou hast much to account for."

Two weeks later she again astonished her daughter. "Why dost thou not join the party that drives over to see the wonders of Aladdin's Palace to-day? It would seem more proper that thou shouldst accompany thy guests than Raymond and Amita."

"I have never entered his doors since the day he was disrespectful to my mother's daughter," said Maruja, in surprise.

"Disrespectful!" repeated Doña Maria, impatiently. "Thy father's daughter ought to know that such as he may be ignorant and vulgar, but cannot be disrespectful to her. And there are offences, child, it is much more crushing to forget than to remember. As long as he has not the presumption to *apologise*, I see no reason why thou mayst not go. He has not been here since that affair of the letters. I shall not permit him to be uncivil over *that*—dost thou understand? He is of use to me in business. Thou mayst take Carroll with thee; he will understand that."

"But Carroll will not go," said Maruja. "He will not say what passed between them, but I suspect they quarrelled."

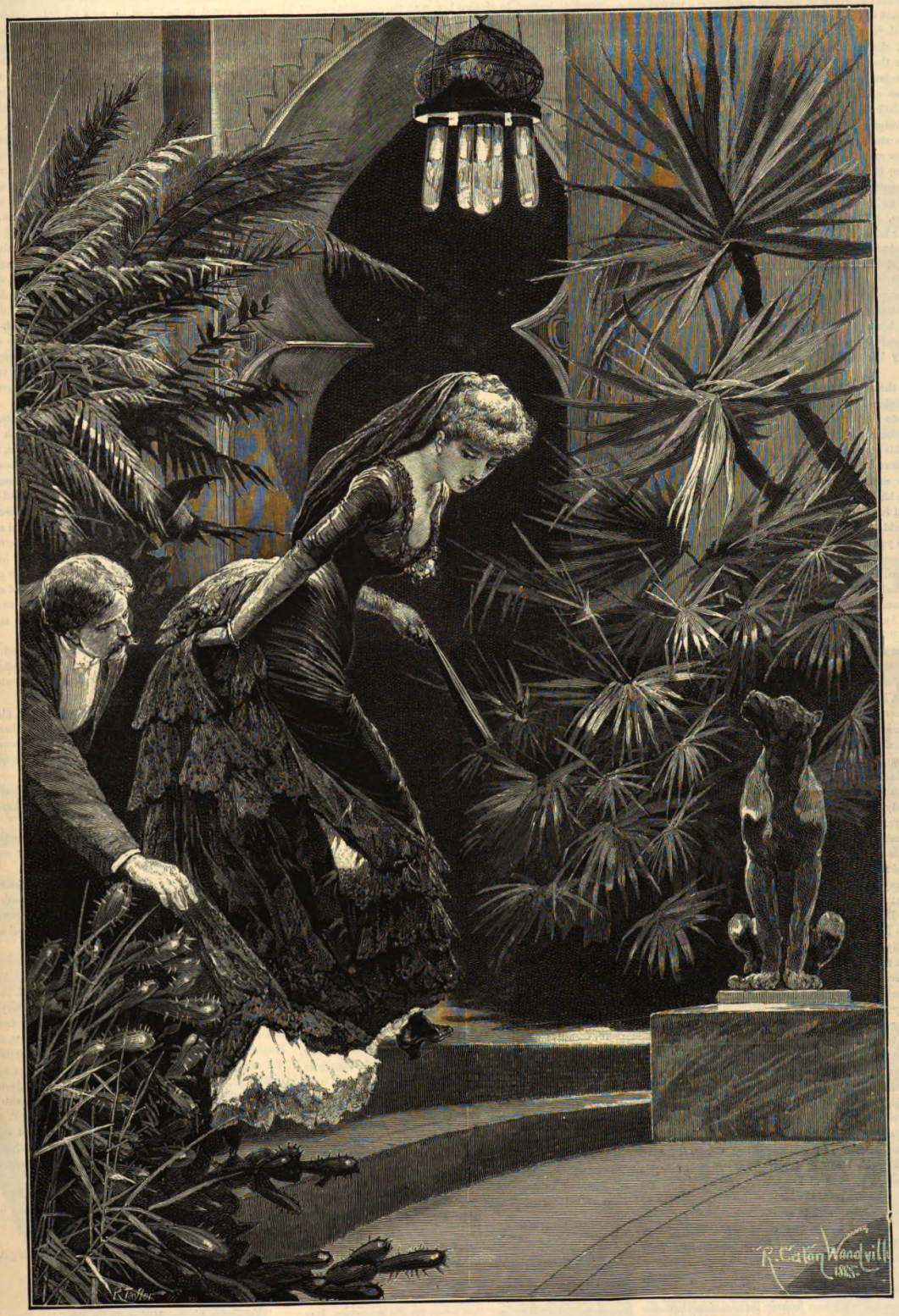
"All the better, then, that thou goest alone. He need not be reminded of it. Fear not but that he will be only too proud of thy visit to think of aught else."

Maruja, who seemed relieved at this prospect of being unaccompanied by Captain Carroll, shrugged her shoulders and assented.

When the party that afternoon drove into the courtyard of Aladdin's Palace, the announcement that its hospitable proprietor was absent and would not return until dinner did not abate either their pleasure or their curiosity. As already intimated to the reader, Mr. Prince's functions as host were characteristically irregular, and the servant's suggestion that Mr. Prince's private secretary would attend to do the honours created little interest, and was laughingly waived by Maruja. "There really is not the slightest necessity to trouble the



Captain Carroll was more than two miles from La Mision Perdida, when his quick eye was attracted by a saddle-blanket lying in the roadside.—CHAP. VI.



"Allow me! Perhaps I have more patience even if I have less time."—CHAP. IX.

gentleman," she said, politely. "I know the house thoroughly, and I think I have shown it once or twice before for your master. Indeed," she added, turning to her party, "I have been already complimented on my skill as a cicerone." After a pause, she continued, with a slight exaggeration of action and in her deepest contralto, "Ahem, ladies and gentlemen, the hall and court in which we are now standing is a perfect copy of the Court of Lions at the Alhambra, and was finished in fourteen days in white pine, gold, and plaster at a cost of ten thousand dollars. A photograph of the original structure hangs on the wall: you will observe, ladies and gentlemen, that the reproduction is perfect. The Alhambra is in Granada, a province of Spain, which is said in some respects to resemble California, where you have probably observed the Spanish language is still spoken by the old settlers. We now cross the stable-yard on a bridge which is a facsimile in appearance and dimensions of the Bridge of Sighs at Venice connecting the Doge's Palace with the State Prison. Here, on the contrary, instead of being ushered into a dreary dungeon, as in the great original, a fresh surprise awaits us. Allow me, ladies and gentlemen, to precede you for the surprise. We open a door thus—and—presto!"——

She stopped, speechless, on the threshold; the fan fell from her gesticulating hand.

In the centre of a brilliantly-lit conservatory, with golden columns, a young man was standing. As her fan dropped on the tessellated pavement, he came forward, picked it up, and put it in her rigid and mechanical fingers. The party, who had applauded her apparently artistic climax, laughingly pushed by her into the conservatory, without noticing her agitation.

It was the same face and figure she remembered as last standing before her, holding back the crowding grain in the San Antonio field. But here he was apparelled and appointed like a gentleman, and even seemed to be superior to the garish glitter of his new surroundings.

"I believe I have the pleasure of speaking to Miss Saltonstall," he said, with the faintest suggestion of his former manner in his half-resentful sidelong glance. "I hear that you offered to dispense with my services, but I knew that Mr. Prince would scarcely be satisfied if I did not urge it once more upon you in person. I am his private secretary."

At the same moment, Amita and Raymond, attracted by the conversation, turned towards him. Their recognition of the man they had seen at Dr. West's was equally distinct. The silence became embarrassing. Two pretty girls of the party pressed to Amita's side, with half-audible whispers. "What is it?" "Who's your handsome and wicked-looking friend?" "Is this the surprise?"

At the sound of their voices, Maruja recovered herself coldly. "Ladies," she said, with a slight wave of her fan, "this is Mr. Prince's private secretary. I believe it is hardly fair to take up his valuable time. Allow me to thank you, Sir, FOR PICKING UP MY FAN!"

With a single subtle flash of the eye she swept by him, taking her companions to the other end of the conservatory. When she turned, he was gone.

"This was certainly an unexpected climax," said Raymond, mischievously. "Did you really arrange it beforehand? We leave a picturesque tramp at the edge of a grave; we pass over six weeks and a Bridge of Sighs, and hey, presto! we find a private secretary in a conservatory! This is quite the regular Aladdin business."

"You may laugh," said Maruja, who had recovered her spirits, "but if you were really clever you'd find out what it all means. Don't you see that Amita is dying of curiosity?"

"Let us fly at once and discover the secret, then," said Raymond, slipping Amita's arm through his. "We will consult the oracle in the stables. Come."

The others followed, leaving Maruja for an instant alone. She was about to rejoin them when she heard footsteps in the passage they had just crossed, and then perceived that the young stranger had merely withdrawn to allow the party to precede him before he returned to the other building through the conservatory, which he was just entering. In turning quickly to escape, the black lace of her over-skirt caught in the spines of a snaky-looking cactus. She stopped to disengage herself with feverish haste in vain. She was about to sacrifice the delicate material in her impatience, when the young man stepped quietly to her side.

"Allow me. Perhaps I have more patience, even if I have less time," he said, stooping down. Their ungloved hands touched. Maruja stopped in her efforts and stood up. He continued until he had freed the luckless flounce, conscious of the soft fire of her eyes on his head and neck.

"There," he said rising, and encountering her glance. As she did not speak, he continued: "You are thinking, Miss Saltonstall, that you have seen me before, are you not? Well—you *have;* I asked you the road to San José one morning when I was tramping by your hedge."

"And as you probably were looking for something better—which you seem to have found—you didn't care to listen to *my* directions," said Maruja, quickly.

"I found a man—almost the only one who ever offered me a gratuitous kindness—at whose grave I afterwards met you. I found another man who befriended me here—where I meet you again."

She was beginning to be hysterically nervous lest anyone should return and find them together. She was conscious of a tingling of vague shame. Yet she lingered. The strange fascination of his half-savage melancholy, and a reproachfulness that seemed to arraign her, with the rest of the world, at the bar of his vague resentment, held the delicate fibres of her sensitive being as cruelly and relentlessly as the thorns of the cactus had gripped her silken lace. Without knowing what she was saying, she stammered that she "was glad he connected her with his better fortune," and began to move away. He noticed it with his sidelong lids, and added, with a slight bitterness:

"I don't think I should have intruded here again, but I thought you had gone. But I—I—am afraid you have not seen the last of me. It was the intention of my employer, Mr. Prince, to introduce me to you and your mother. I suppose he considers it part of my duties here. I must warn you that, if you are here when he returns, he will insist upon it, and upon your meeting me with these ladies at dinner."

"Perhaps so—he is my mother's friend," said Maruja; "but you have the advantage of us—you can always take to the road, you know."

The smile with which she had intended to accompany this speech did not come as readily in execution as it had in conception, and she would have given worlds to have recalled her words. But he said, "That's so," quietly, and turned away, as if to give her an opportunity to escape. She moved hesitatingly towards the passage and stopped. The sound of the returning voices gave her a sudden courage.

"Mr."——

"Guest," said the young man.

"If we do conclude to stay to dinner, as Mr. Prince has said nothing of introducing you to my sister, you must let *me* have that pleasure."

He lifted his eyes to hers with a sudden flush. But she had fled.

She reached her party, displaying her torn flounce as the cause of her delay, and there was a slight quickness in her breathing and her speech which was attributed to the same grave reason. "But, only listen," said Amita, "we've got it all out of the butler and the grooms. It's such a romantic story!"

"What is?" said Maruja, suddenly.

"Why, the private tramp's."

"The peripatetic secretary," suggested Raymond.

"Yes," continued Amita, "Mr. Prince was so struck with his gratitude to the old Doctor, that he hunted him up in San José, and brought him here. Since then Prince has been so interested in him—it appears he was somebody in the States, or has rich relations—that he has been telegraphing and making all sorts of inquiries about him, and has even sent out his own lawyer to hunt up everything about him. Are you listening?"

"Yes."

"You seem abstracted."

"I am hungry."

"Why not dine here; it's an hour earlier than at home. Aladdin would fall at your feet for the honour. Do!"

Maruja looked at them with innocent vagueness, as if the possibility were just beginning to dawn upon her.

"And Clara Wilson is just dying to see the mysterious unknown again. Say yes, little Maruja."

Little Maruja glanced at them with a large maternal compassion. "We shall see."

Mr. Prince, on his return an hour later, was unexpectedly delighted with Maruja's gracious acceptance of his invitation to dinner. He was thoroughly sensible of the significance which his neighbours had attached to the avoidance by the Saltonstall heiress of his various parties and gorgeous festivities ever since a certain act of indiscretion—now alleged to have been produced by the exaltation of wine—had placed him under ban. Whatever his feelings were towards her mother, he could not fail to appreciate fully this act of the daughter, which rehabilitated him. It was with more than his usual extravagance—shown even in a certain exaggeration of respect towards Maruja—that he welcomed the party, and made preparations for the dinner. The telegraph and mounted messengers were put into rapid requisition. The bridal suite was placed at the disposal of the young ladies for a dressing-room. The attendant genii surpassed themselves. The evening dresses of Maruja, Amita, and the Misses Wilson, summoned by electricity from La Mision Perdida, and dispatched by the fleetest conveyances, were placed in the arms of their maids, smothered with bouquets, an hour before dinner. An operatic concert troupe, passing through the nearest town, were diverted from their course by the slaves of the ring to discourse hidden music in the music-room during dinner. "Bite my finger, Sweetlips," said Miss Clara Wilson, who had a neat taste for apt quotation, to Maruja, "that I may see if I am awake. It's the Arabian Nights all over again!"

The dinner was a marvel, even in a land of gastronomic marvels; the dessert a miracle of fruits, even in a climate that bore the products of two zones. Maruja, from her seat beside her satisfied host, looked across a bank of yellow roses at her sister and Raymond, and was timidly conscious of the eyes of young Guest, who was seated at the other end of the table, between the two Misses Wilson. With a strange haunting of his appearance on the day she first met him, she stole glances of half-frightened curiosity at him while he was eating, and was relieved to find that he used his knife and fork like the others, and that his appetite was far from voracious. It was his employer who was the first to recall the experiences of his past life, with a certain enthusiasm and the air of a host anxious to contribute to the entertainment of his guests. "You'd hardly believe, Miss Saltonstall, that that young gentleman over there walked across the Continent—and two thousand odd miles, wasn't it?—all alone, and with not much more in the way of traps than he's got on now. Tell 'em, Harry, how the Apaches nearly gobbled you up, and then let you go because they thought you as good an Injun as any one of them, and how you lived a week in the desert on two biscuits as big as that." A chorus of entreaty and delighted anticipation followed the suggestion. The old expression of being at bay returned for an instant to Guest's face, but, lifting his eyes, he caught a look of almost sympathetic anxiety from Maruja's, who had not spoken.

"It became necessary for me, some time ago," said Guest, half explanatorily, to Maruja, "to be rather explicit in the details of my journey here, and I told Mr. Prince some things which he seems to think interesting to others. That is all. To save my life on one occasion, I was obliged to show myself as good as an Indian, in his own way, and I lived among them and travelled with them for two weeks. I have been hungry, as I suppose others have on like occasions, but nothing more."

Nevertheless, in spite of his evident reticence, he was obliged to give way to their entreaties, and, with a certain grim and uncompromising truthfulness of statement, recounted some episodes of his journey. It was none the less thrilling that he did it reluctantly, and in much the same manner as he had answered his father's questions, and as he had probably responded to the later cross-examination of Mr. Prince. He did not tell it emotionally, but rather with the dogged air of one who had been subjected to a personal grievance for which he neither asked nor expected sympathy. When he did not raise his eyes to Maruja's, he kept them fixed on his plate.

"Well," said Prince, when a long-drawn sign of suspended emotion among the guests testified to his powers as a caterer to their amusement, "what do you say to some music with our coffee to follow the story?"

"It's more like a play," said Amita to Raymond. "What a pity Captain Carroll, who knows all about Indians, isn't here to have enjoyed it. But I suppose Maruja, who hasn't lost a word, will tell it to him."

"I don't think she will," said Raymond, drily, glancing at Maruja, who, lost in some intricate pattern of her Chinese plate, was apparently unconscious that her host was waiting her signal to withdraw. At last she raised her head, and said, gently but audibly, to the waiting Prince,

"It is positively a newer pattern; the old one had not that delicate straw line in the arabesque. You must have had it made for you."

"I did," said the gratified Prince, taking up the plate. "What eyes you have, Miss Saltonstall. They see everything."

"Except that I'm keeping you all waiting," she returned, with a smile, letting the eyes in question fall with a half-parting salutation on Guest as she rose. It was the first exchange of a common instinct between them, and left them as conscious as if they had pressed hands.

The music gave an opportunity for some desultory conversation, in which Mr. Prince and his young friend received an invitation from Maruja to visit La Mision, and the party, by a common consent, turned into the conservatory, where the genial host begged them each to select a flower from a few especially rare exotics. When Maruja received hers, she said, laughingly, to Prince, "Will you think me very importunate if I ask for another?" "Take what you like—you have only to name it," he replied, gallantly. "But that's just what I can't do," responded the young girl, "unless," she added, turning to Guest, "unless you can assist me. It was the plant I was examining to-day." "I think I can show it to you," said Guest, with a slight increase of colour, as he preceded her towards the memorable cactus near the door, "but I doubt if it has any flower."

Nevertheless, it had. A bright red blossom, like a spot of blood drawn by one of its thorns. He plucked it for her, and she placed it in her belt.

"You are forgiving," he said, admiringly.

"*You* ought to know that," she returned, looking down.

"*I*?—why?"

"You were rude to me twice."

"Twice!"

"Yes—once at the Mision of La Perdida; once in the road at San Antonio."

His eyes became downcast and gloomy. "At the Mision that morning, I, a wretched outcast, only saw in you a beautiful girl intent on overriding me with her merciless beauty.

(*Continued on page* 34.)

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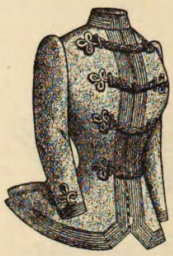
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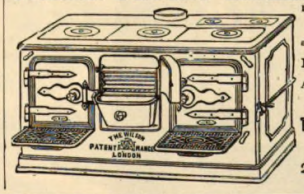
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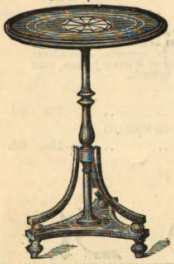
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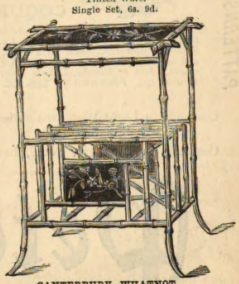
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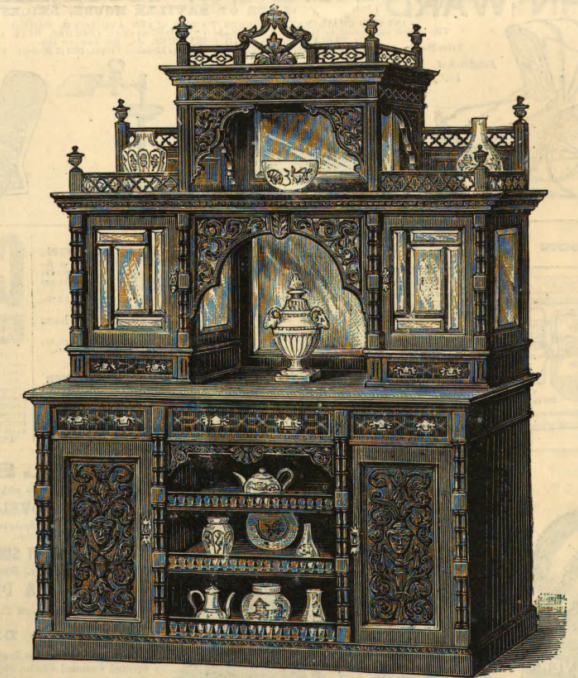
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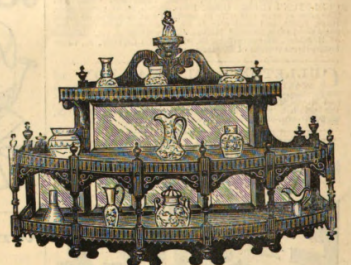
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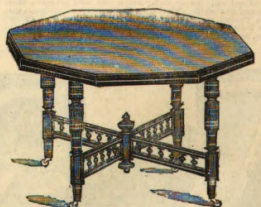
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The next moment the train had passed; rider and horse, crushed and battered out of all life, were rolling in the ditch.—CHAP. XIII.

At San Antonio, I handed the fan I picked up to the man whose eyes told me he loved you."

She started impatiently. "You might have been more gallant, and found more difficulty in the selection," she said, pertly. "But since when have you gentlemen become so observant and so punctilious? Would you expect him to be as considerate of others?"

"I have few claims that anyone seems bound to respect," he returned, brusquely. Then, in a softer voice, he added, looking at her, gently,

"You were in mourning when you came here this afternoon, Miss Saltonstall."

"Was I? It was for Dr. West—my mother's friend."

"It was very becoming to you."

"You are complimenting me. But I warn you that Captain Carroll said something better than that; he said mourning was not necessary for me. I had only to 'put my eye-lashes at half-mast.' He is a soldier, you know."

"He seems to be as witty as he is fortunate," said Guest, bitterly.

"Do you think he is fortunate?" said Maruja, raising her eyes to his. There was so much in this apparently simple question that Guest looked in her eyes for a suggestion. What he saw there for an instant made his heart stop beating. She apparently did not know it, for she began to tremble too.

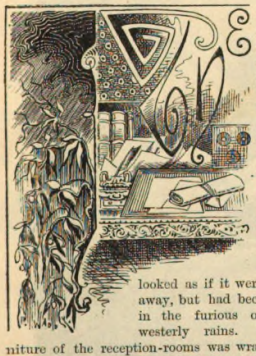
"Is he not?" said Guest, in a low voice.

"Do you think he ought to be?" she found herself whispering.

A sudden silence fell upon them. The voices of their companions seemed very far in the distance; the warm breath of the flowers appeared to be drowning their senses; they tried to speak, but could not; they were so near to each other that the two long blades of a palm served to hide them. In the midst of this profound silence a voice that was like and yet unlike Maruja's said twice, "Go! go!" but each time seemed hushed in the stifling silence. The next moment the palms were pushed aside, the dark figure of a young man slipped like some lithe animal through the shrubbery, and Maruja found herself standing, pale and rigid, in the middle of the walk in the full glare of the light, and looking down the corridor toward her approaching companions. She was furious and frightened; she was triumphant and trembling; without thought, sense, or reason, she had been kissed by Henry Guest, and—had returned it.

The fleetest horses of Aladdin's stud that night could not carry her far enough or fast enough to take her away from that moment, that scene, and that sensation. Wise and experienced, confident in her beauty, secure in her selfishness, strong over others' weaknesses, weighing accurately the deeds and words of men and women, recognising all there was in position and tradition, seeing with her father's clear eyes the practical meaning of any divergence from that conventionality which as a woman of the world she valued, she returned again and again to the trembling joy of that intoxicating moment. She thought of her mother and sisters, of Raymond and Garnier, of Aladdin—she even forced herself to think of Carroll—only to shut her eyes with a faint smile, and dream again the brief but thrilling dream of Guest that began and ended in their joined and parted lips. Small wonder that, hidden and silent in her enwrappings, as she lay back in the carriage with her pale face against the cold starry sky, two other stars came out and glistened and trembled on her passion-fringed lashes.

CHAPTER X.



The rainy season had set in early. The last three weeks of summer drought had drained the great valley of its life-blood; the dead stalks of grain rustled like dry bones over Dr. West's grave. The dessicating wind and sun had wrought some disenchanting cracks and fissures in Aladdin's Palace, and otherwise disjoined it, so that it not only looked as if it were ready to be packed away, but had become finally untenable in the furious onset of the south-westerly rains. The gorgeous furniture of the reception-rooms was wrapped in macintoshes, the conservatory was changed into an aquarium, the Bridge of Sighs crossed an actual canal in the stable-yard. Only the billiard-room and Mr. Prince's bed-room and office remained intact, and in the latter, one stormy afternoon, Mr. Prince himself sat busy over his books and papers. His station-waggon, splashed and streaked with mud, stood in the court-yard, just as it had been driven from the station, and the smell of the smoke of newly-lit fires showed that the house had been opened only for this hurried visit of its owner.

The tramping of horse hoofs in the courtyard was soon followed by steps along the corridor, and the servant ushered Captain Carroll into the presence of his master. The Captain did not remove his military overcoat, but remained standing erect in the centre of the room with his forage cap in his hand.

"I could have given you a lift from the station," said Prince, "if you had come that way. I've only just got in myself."

"I preferred to ride," said Carroll, drily.

"Sit down by the fire," said Prince, motioning to a chair, "and dry yourself."

"I must ask you first the purport of this interview," said Carroll, curtly, "before I prolong it further. You have asked me to come here in reference to certain letters I returned to their rightful owner some months ago. If you seek to reclaim them again, or to refer to a subject which must remain forgotten, I decline to proceed further."

"It *does* refer to the letters, and it rests with you whether they shall be forgotten or not. It is not my fault if the subject has been dropped. You must remember that until yesterday you have been absent on a tour of inspection and could not be applied to before."

Carroll cast a cold glance at Prince, and then threw himself into a chair, with his overcoat still on and his long military boots crossed before the fire. Sitting there in profile, Prince could not but notice that he looked older and sterner than at their last interview, and his cheeks were thinned as if by something more than active service.

"When you were here last summer," began Prince, leaning forward over his desk, "you brought me a piece of news that astounded me, as it did many others. It was the assignment of Dr. West's property to Mrs. Saltonstall. That was something there was no gainsaying; it was a purely business affair, and involved nobody's rights but the assignor. But this was followed a day or two after by the announcement of the Doctor's will, making the same lady the absolute and sole inheritor of the same property. That seemed all right too; for there were, apparently, no legal heirs. Since then, however, it has been discovered that there is a legal heir—none other than the Doctor's only son. Now, as no allusion to the son's existence was made in that will—which was a great oversight of the Doctor's—it is a fiction of the law that such an omission is an act of forgetfulness, and therefore leaves the son the same rights as if there had been no will at all. In other words, if the Doctor had seen fit to throw his scapegrace son a hundred dollar bill, it would have been legal evidence that he remembered him. As he did not, it's a fair legal presumption that he forgot him, or that the will is incomplete."

"This seems to be a question for Mrs. Saltonstall's lawyers—not for her friends," said Carroll, coldly.

"Excuse me; that remains for you to decide—when you hear all. You understand at present, then, that Dr. West's property, both by assignment and will, was made over in the event of his death not to his legal heirs, but to a comparative stranger. It looked queer to a good many people, but the only explanation was, that the Doctor had fallen very much in love with the widow—that he would have probably married her—had he lived."

With an unpleasant recollection that this was almost exactly Maruja's explanation of her mother's relations to Dr. West, Carroll returned, impatiently, "If you mean that their private relations may be made the subject of legal discussion in the event of litigation in regard to the property, that again is a matter for Mrs. Saltonstall to decide—and not her friends. It is purely a matter of taste."

"It may be a matter of discretion, Captain Carroll."

"Of discretion!" repeated Carroll, superciliously.

"Well," said Prince, leaving his desk and coming to the fire-place with his hands in his pockets, "what would you call it, if it could be found that Dr. West, on leaving Mrs. Saltonstall's that night, did *not* meet with an accident, was *not* thrown from his horse, but was coolly and deliberately murdered!"

Captain Carroll's swift recollection of the discovery he himself had made in the road, and its inconsistency with the accepted theory of the accident, unmistakably showed itself in his face. It was a moment before he recovered himself.

"But even if it can be proved to have been a murder and not an accident, what has that to do with Mrs. Saltonstall or her claim to the property?"

"Only that she was the one person directly benefited by his death."

Captain Carroll looked at him steadily, and then rose to his feet. "Do I understand that you have called me here to listen to this infamous aspersion of a lady?"

"I have called you here, Captain Carroll, to listen to the arguments that may be used to set aside Dr. West's will, and return the property to the legal heir. You are to listen to them or not, as you choose; but I warn you that your opportunity to hear them in confidence and convey them to your friend will end here. *I* have no opinion in the case. *I* only tell you that it will be argued that Dr. West was unduly influenced to make a will in Mrs. Saltonstall's favour; that, after having done so, it will be shown that just before his death he became aware of the existence of his son and heir, and actually had an interview with him; that he visited Mrs. Saltonstall that evening with the records of his son's identity and a memorandum of his interview in his pocket-book; and that an hour after leaving the house he was foully murdered. That is the theory which Mrs. Saltonstall has to consider. I told you I have no opinion. I only know that there are witnesses to the interview of the Doctor and his son; there is evidence of murder, and the murderer is suspected; there is the evidence of the pocket-book, with the memorandum picked up on the spot, which you handed me yourself."

"Do you mean to say that you will permit this pocket-book, handed you in confidence, to be used for such an infamous purpose?" said Carroll.

"I think you offered it to me in exchange for Dr. West's letters to Mrs. Saltonstall," returned Prince, drily. "The less said about that, the less is likely to be said about compromising letters written by the widow to the Doctor, which she got you to recover—letters which they may claim had a bearing on the case, and even lured him to his fate."

For an instant Captain Carroll recoiled before the gulf which seemed to open at the feet of the unhappy family. For an instant a terrible doubt possessed him, and in that doubt he found a new reason for a certain changed and altered tone in Maruja's later correspondence with him, and the vague hints she had thrown out of the impossibility of their union. "I beg you will not press me to greater candour" she had written, "and try to forget me before you learn to hate me." For an instant he believed—and even took a miserable comfort in the belief—that it was this hideous secret, and not some coquettish caprice, to which she vaguely alluded. But it was only for a moment, the next instant the monstrous doubt passed from the mind of the simple gentleman, with only a slight flush of shame at his momentary disloyalty.

Prince, however, had noticed it, not without a faint sense of sympathy. "Look here!" he said, with a certain brusqueness, which in a man of his character was less dangerous than his smoothness. "I know your feelings to that family—at least to one of them—and if I've been playing it pretty rough on you, it's only because you played it rather rough on *me* the last time you were here. Let's understand each other. I'll go so far as to say *I* don't believe that Mrs. Saltonstall had anything to do with that murder, but, as a business man, I'm bound to say that these circumstances and her own indiscretion are quite enough to bring the biggest pressure down on her. I wouldn't want any better 'bear' on the market value of her rights than this. Take it at its best. Say that the Coroner's verdict is set aside, and a charge of murder against unknown parties is made"——

"One moment, Mr. Prince," said Carroll. "I shall be one of the first to insist that this is done, and I have confidence enough in Mrs. Saltonstall's honest friendship for the Doctor to know that she will lose no time in pursuing his murderers."

Prince looked at Carroll with a feeling of half envy and half pity. "I think not," he said, drily; "for all suspicion points to one man as the perpetrator, and that man was Mrs. Saltonstall's confidential servant—the mayordomo Pereo." He waited for a moment for the effect of this announcement on Carroll, and then went on, "You now understand that even if Mrs. Saltonstall is acquitted of any connivance with or even knowledge of the deed she will hardly enjoy the prosecution of her confidential servant for murder."

"But how can this be prevented? If, as you say, there are actual proofs, why have they not been acted upon before? What can keep them from being acted upon now?"

"The proofs have been collected by one man, have been in possession of one man, and will only pass out of his possession when it is for the benefit of the legal heir—who does not yet even know of their existence."

"And who is this one man?"

"Myself."

"You?—You?" said Carroll, advancing towards him. "Then this is *your* work!"

"Captain Carroll," said Prince, without moving, but drawing his lips tightly together and putting his head on one side, "I don't propose to have another scene like the one we had at our last meeting. If you try on anything of that kind, I shall put the whole matter into a lawyer's hands. I don't say that you won't regret it; I don't say that *I* sha'nt be disappointed too, for I have been managing this thing purely as a matter of business with a view to profiting by it. It so happens that we can both work to the same end, even if our motives are not the same. I don't call myself an officer and a gentleman, but I reckon I've run this affair about as delicately as the best of them, and with a d——d sight more horse sense. I want this thing hushed up and compromised to get some control of the property again, and to prevent it depreciating, as it would, in litigation; you want it hushed up for the sake of the girl and your future mother-in-law. I don't know anything about your laws of honour, but I've laid my cards on the table for you to see, without asking what you've got in your hand. You can play the game or leave the board, as you choose." He turned and walked to the window—not without leaving on Carroll's mind a certain sense of firmness, truthfulness, and sincerity which commanded his respect.

"I withdraw any remark that might have seemed to reflect on your business integrity, Mr. Prince," said Carroll, quietly. "I am willing to admit that you have managed this thing better than I could, and if I join you in an act to suppress these revelations, I have no right to judge of your intentions. What do you propose to have me do?"

"To state the whole case to Mrs. Saltonstall, and to ask her to acknowledge the young man's legal claim without litigation."

"But how do you know that she would not do this without—excuse me—without intimidation?"

"I only reckon that a woman clever enough to get hold of a million, would be clever enough to keep it—against others."

"I hope to show you are mistaken. But where is this heir?"

"Here."

"Here?"

"Yes. For the last six months he has been my private secretary. I know what you are thinking of, Captain Carroll. You would consider it indelicate—eh? Well, that's just where we differ. By this means I have kept everything in my own hands—prevented him from getting into the hands of outsiders—and I intend to dispose of just as much of the facts to him as may be necessary for him to prove his title. What bargain I may make with *him*—is my affair."

"Does he suspect the murder?"

"No. I did not think it necessary for his good or mine. He can be an ugly devil if he likes, and although there wasn't much love lost between him and the old man, it wouldn't pay to have any revenge mixed up with business. He knows nothing of it. It was only by accident that, looking after his movements while he was here, I ran across the tracks of the murderer."

"But what has kept him from making known his claim to the Saltonstalls? Are you sure he has not?" said Carroll, with a sudden thought that it might account for Maruja's strangeness.

"Positive. He's too proud to make a claim unless he could thoroughly prove it, and only a month ago he made me promise to keep it dark. He's too lazy to trouble himself about it much anyway—as far as I can see. D——d if I don't think his being a tramp has made him lose his taste for everything! Don't worry yourself about *him*. He isn't likely to

make confidences with the Saltonstalls, for he don't like 'em, and never went there but once. Instinctively or not, the widow didn't cotton to him; and I fancy Miss Maruja has some old grudge against him for that fan business on the road. She isn't a girl to forgive or forget anything, as I happen to know," he added, with an uneasy laugh.

Carroll was too preoccupied with the danger that seemed to threaten his friends from this surly pretender to resent Prince's tactless allusion. He was thinking of Maruja's ominous agitation at his presence at Dr. West's grave. "Do they suspect him at all?"—he asked, hurriedly.

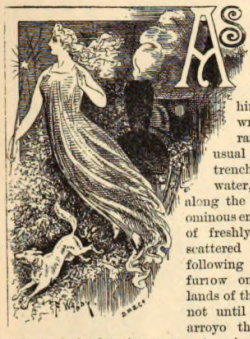
"How should they? He goes by the name of Guest—which was his father's real name until changed by an act of legislation when he first came here. Nobody remembers it. We only found it out from his papers. It was quite legal, as all his property was acquired under the name of West."

Carroll rose and buttoned his overcoat. "I presume you are able to offer conclusive proofs of everything you have asserted?"

"Perfectly."

"I am going to the Mision Perdida now," said Captain Carroll, quietly. "To-morrow I will bring you the answer—Peace or War." He walked to the door, lifted his hand to his cap with a brief military salutation, and disappeared.

CHAPTER XI.



As Captain Carroll urged his horse along the miry road to La Mision Perdida, he was struck with certain changes in the landscape before him other than those wrought by the winter rains. There were the usual deep gullies and trenches, half-filled with water, in the fields and along the road, but there were ominous embankments and ridges of freshly turned soil, and a scattered fringe of timbers following a cruel, undeviating furrow on the broad grazing lands of the Mision. But it was not until he had crossed the arroyo that he felt the full extent of the late improvements. A quick rumbling in the distance, a light flash of steam above the willow copse, that drifted across the field on his right, and he knew that the railroad was already in operation. Captain Carroll reined in his frightened charger, and passed his hand across his brow with a dazed sense of loss. He had been gone only four months—yet he already felt strange and forgotten.

It was with a feeling of relief that he at last turned from the high road into the lane. Here everything was unchanged, except that the ditches were more thickly strewn with the sodden leaves of fringing oaks and sycamores. Giving his horse to a servant in the courtyard, he did not enter the patio, but, crossing the lawn, stepped upon the long verandah. The rain was dripping from its eaves and striking a minute spray from the vines that clung to its columns; his footfall awoke a hollow echo as he passed, as if the outer shell of the house were deserted; the formal yews and hemlocks that in summer had relieved the dazzling glare of six months' sunshine had now taken gloomy possession of the garden, and the evening shadows, thickened by rain, seemed to lie in wait at every corner. The servant, who had with old-fashioned courtesy placed the keys and the "disposition" of that wing of the house at his service, said that Doña Maria would wait upon him in the salon before dinner. Knowing the difficulty of breaking the usual rigid etiquette, and trusting to the happy intervention of Maruja—though here, again, custom debarred him from asking for her—he allowed the servant to remove his wet overcoat, and followed him to the stately and solemn chamber prepared for him. The silence and gloom of the great house, so grateful and impressive in the ardent summer, began to weigh upon him under this shadow of an overcast sky. He walked to the window and gazed out on the cloister-like verandah. A melancholy willow at an angle of the stables seemed to be wringing its hands in the rising wind. He turned for relief to the dim fire that flickered like a votive taper in the vault-like hearth, and drew a chair towards it. In spite of the impatience and preoccupation of a lover, he found himself again and again recurring to the story he had just heard, until the vengeful spirit of the murdered Doctor seemed to darken and possess the house. He was striving to shake off the feeling, when his attention was attracted to stealthy footsteps in the passage. Could it be Maruja? He rose to his feet with his eye upon the door. The footsteps ceased—it remained closed. But another door, which had escaped his attention in the darkened corner, slowly swung on its hinges, and, with a stealthy step, Pereo, the mayordomo, entered the room.

Courageous and self-possessed as Captain Carroll was by nature and education, this malevolent vision, and incarnation of the thought uppermost in his mind, turned him cold. He had half drawn a derringer from his breast, when his eye fell on the grizzled locks and wrinkled face of the old man, and his hand dropped to his side. But Pereo, with the quick observation of insanity, had noticed the weapon, and rubbed his hands together with a malicious laugh.

"Good! good! good!" he whispered, rapidly, in a strange bodiless voice, "'twill serve! 'twill serve! And you are a soldier too—and know how to use it! Good, it is a Providence!" He lifted his hollow eyes to heaven, and then added, "Come! come!"

Carroll stepped towards him. He was alone and in the presence of an undoubted madman—one strong enough, in spite of his years, to inflict a deadly injury, and one whom he now began to realise might have done so once before. Nevertheless, he laid his hand on the old man's arm, and, looking him calmly in the eye, said, quietly, "Come? Where, Pereo? I have only just arrived."

"I know it," whispered the old man, nodding his head violently. "I was watching them, when you rode up. That is why I lost the scent; but together we can track them still—we can track them. Eh, Captain, eh! Come! Come!" and he moved slowly backward, waving his hand towards the door.

"Track whom, Pereo?" said Carroll, soothingly. "Whom do you seek?"

"Whom?" said the old man, startled for a moment and passing his hand over his wrinkled forehead. "Whom? Eh! Why the Doña Maruja and the little black cat—her maid—Faquita!"

"Yes, but why seek them? Why track them?"

"Why?" said the old man, with a sudden burst of impotent passion. "*You* ask me why! Because they are going to the rendezvous again. They are going to seek him. Do you understand—to seek *him*—the Coyote!"

Carroll smiled a faint smile of relief—"So—the Coyote!"

"Ay," said the old man in a confidential whisper; "the Coyote! But not the *big* one—you understand—the little one. The big one is dead—dead—dead! But the little one lives yet. You shall do for *him* what I, Pereo—listen"—he glanced around the room furtively—"what I—the good old Pereo, did for the big one! Good, it is a Providence. Come!"——

Of the terrible thoughts that crossed Carroll's mind at this unexpected climax one alone was uppermost. The trembling irresponsible wretch before him meditated some vague crime—and Maruja was in danger. He did not allow himself to dwell upon any other suspicion suggested by that speech; he quickly conceived a plan of action. To have rung the bell and given Pereo into the hands of the servants would have only exposed to them the lunatic's secret—if he had any—and he might either escape in his fury or relapse into useless imbecility. To humour him and follow him, and trust afterwards to his own quickness and courage to avert any calamity, seemed to be the only plan. Captain Carroll turned his clear glance on the restless eyes of Pereo, and said, without emotion, "Let us go, then, and quickly. You shall track them for me; but remember, good Pereo, you must leave the rest to me."

In spite of himself, some accidental significance in this ostentatious adjuration to lull Pereo's suspicions struck him with pain. But the old man's eyes glittered with gratified passion as he said, "Ay, good! I will keep my word. Thou shalt work thy will on the little one as I have said. Truly it is a Providence! Come!" Seeing Captain Carroll glance round for his overcoat, he seized a poncho from the wall, wrapped it round him, and grasped his hand. Carroll, who would have evaded this semblance of disguise, had no time to parley, and they turned together through the door by which Pereo had entered into a long dark passage, which seemed to be made through the outer shell of the building that flanked the park. Following his guide in the profound obscurity, perfectly conscious that any change in his madness might be followed by a struggle in the dark, where no help could reach them, they presently came to a door that opened upon the fresh smell of rain and leaves. They were standing at the bottom of a secluded alley, between two high hedges that hid it from the end of the garden. Its grass-grown walk and untrimmed hedges showed that it was seldom used. Carroll, still keeping close to Pereo's side, felt him suddenly stop and tremble. "Look!" he said, pointing to a shadowy figure some distance before them, "look, 'tis Maruja, and alone!"

With a dexterous movement, Carroll managed to slip his arm securely through the old man's, and even to throw himself before him, as if in his eagerness to discern the figure.

"'Tis Maruja—and alone!" said Pereo, trembling. Alone! Eh! And the Coyote is not here!" He passed his hand over his staring eyes. "So." Suddenly he turned upon Carroll. "Ah, do you not see, it is a trick! The Coyote is escaping with Faquita! Come! Nay; thou wilt not? Then will I!" With an unexpected strength born of his madness he freed his arm from Carroll and darted down the alley. The figure of Maruja, evidently alarmed at his approach, glided into the hedge, as Pereo passed swiftly by, intent only on his one wild fancy. Without a further thought of his companion or even the luckless Faquita. Carroll also plunged through the hedge, to intercept Maruja, But by that time she was already crossing the upper end of the lawn, hurrying towards the entrance to the patio. Carroll did not hesitate to follow. Keeping in view the lithe, dark, active little figure, now hidden by an intervening cluster of bushes, now fading in the gathering evening shadows, he nevertheless did not succeed in gaining upon her until she had nearly reached the patio. Here he lost ground, as, turning to the right instead of entering the courtyard, she kept her way toward the stables. He was near enough, however, to speak. "One moment, Miss Saltonstall," he said, hurriedly; "there is no danger. I am alone. But I must speak with you."

The young girl seemed only to redouble her exertions. At last she stopped before a narrow door hidden in the wall, and fumbled in her pocket for a key. That moment Carroll was upon her.

"Forgive me, Miss Saltonstall—Maruja; but you must hear me! You are safe, but I fear for your maid, Faquita!"

A little laugh followed his speech; the door yielded and opened to her vanishing figure. For an instant the lace shawl muffling her face was lifted, as the door closed and locked behind her. Carroll drew back in consternation. It was the laughing eyes and saucy face of Faquita!

CHAPTER XII.



When Captain Carroll turned from the high road into the lane, an hour before, Maruja and Faquita had already left the house by the same secret passage and garden-door that opened afterwards upon himself and Pereo. The young women had evidently changed dresses; Maruja was wearing the costume of her maid; Faquita was closely veiled and habited like her mistress; but it was characteristic that, while Faquita appeared awkward and over-dressed in her borrowed plumes, Maruja's short saya and trim bodice, with the striped shawl that hid her fair head, looked infinitely more coquettish and bewitching than on its legitimate owner.

They passed hurriedly down the long alley, and at its further end turned at right angles to a small gate half hidden in the shrubbery. It opened upon a venerable vineyard, that dated back to the occupation of the padres, but was now given over to the chance cultivation of peons and domestics. Its long, broken rows of low vines, knotted and overgrown with age, reached to the thicketed hillside of buckeye that marked the beginning of the cañada. Here Maruja parted from her maid, and, muffling the shawl more closely round her head, hastily passed between the vine rows to a ruined adobe building near the hillside. It was originally part of the refectory of the old Mision, but had been more recently used as a viñadero's cottage. As she neared it, her steps grew slower, until, reaching its door, she hesitated, with her hand timidly on the latch. The next moment she opened it gently; it was closed quickly behind her, and with a little stifled cry she found herself in the arms of Henry Guest.

It was only for an instant; the pleading of her white hands disengaged from his neck, where at first they had found themselves, and uplifted before her face, touched him more than the petitioning eyes or the sweet voiceless mouth, whose breath even was forgotten. Letting her sink into the chair from which he had just risen, he drew back a step with his hands clasped before him, and his dark half-savage eyes bent earnestly upon her. Well might he have gazed. It was no longer the conscious beauty, proud and regnant, seated before him; but a timid, frightened girl, struggling with her first deep passion.

All that was wise and gentle that she had intended to say, all that her clear intellect and experience had taught her, died upon her lips with that kiss. And all that she could do of womanly dignity and high-bred decorum was to tuck her small feet under her chair in the desperate attempt to lengthen her short skirt, and beg him not to look at her.

"I have had to change dresses with Faquita, because we were watched," she said, leaning forward in her chair and drawing the striped shawl around her shoulders. "I have had to steal out of my mother's house and through the fields, as if I was a gipsy. If I only were a gipsy, Harry, and not"——

"And not the proudest heiress in the land," he interrupted, with something of his old bitterness. "True, I had forgot."

"But I never reminded *you* of it," she said, lifting her eyes to his. "I did not remind you of it on that day—in—in—in the conservatory, nor at the time you first spoke of—of—love to me—nor from the time I first consented to meet you here. It is *you*, Harry, who have spoken of the difference of our condition, *you* who have talked of my wealth, my family, my position—until I would gladly have changed places with Faquita as I have garments, if I had thought it would make you happier."

"Forgive me, darling!" he said, dropping on one knee before her and bending over the cold little hand he had taken, until his dark head almost rested in her lap. "Forgive me! You are too proud, Maruja, to admit, even to yourself, that you have given your heart where your hand and fortune could not follow. But others may not think so. I am proud, too, and will not have it said that I have won you before I was worthy of you."

"You have no right to be more proud than I, Sir," she said, rising to her feet, with a touch of her old supreme assertion. "No—don't, Harry—please Harry—there!" Nevertheless, she succumbed; and when she went on, it was with her head resting on his shoulder. "It 's this deceit and secrecy that is so shameful, Harry. I think I could bear everything with you, if it were all known—if you came to woo me like—like—the others. Even if they abused you—if they spoke of your doubtful origin of your poverty—of your hardships! When they aspersed you, I could fight them; when they spoke of your having no father that you could claim, I could even lie for you, I think, Harry, and say that you had; if they spoke of your poverty, I would speak of my wealth; if they talked of your hardships, I should only be proud of your endurance—if I could only keep the tears from my eyes!" They were there now. He kissed them away.

"But if they threatened you? If they drove me from the house?"

"I should fly with you," she said, hiding her head in his breast.

"What if I were to ask you to fly with me now?" he said, gloomily.

"Now!" she repeated, lifting her frightened eyes to his.

His face darkened with its old look of savage resentment. "Hear me, Maruja," he said, taking her hands tightly in his own. "When I forgot myself—when I was mad that day in the conservatory, the only expiation I could think of was to swear in my inmost soul that I would never take advantage of your forgiveness, that I would never tempt you to forget yourself, your friends, your family, for me, an unknown outcast. When I found you pitied me, and listened to my love—



THE LOCK-GATE: PLEASURE.

DRAWN BY H. CAFFIERI.



THE LOCK-GATE: TOIL.

DRAWN BY H. CAFFIERI.

I was too weak to forego the one ray of sunshine in my wretched life—and thinking that I had a prospect before me in an idea I promised to reveal to you later, I swore never to beguile you or myself in that hope by any act that might bring you to repent it—or myself to dishonour. But I taxed myself too much, Maruja. I have asked too much of you. You are right, darling; this secrecy—this deceit—is unworthy of us! Every hour of it—blest as it has been to me—every moment—sweet as it is—blackens the purity of our only defence, makes you false and me a coward! It must end here—to-day! Maruja, darling, my precious one! God knows what may be the success of my plans. We have but one chance now. I must leave here to-day, never to return, or I must take you with me. Do not start, Maruja—but hear me out. Dare you risk all? Dare you fly with me now, to-night, to the old Padre at the ruined Mission, and let him bind us in those bonds that none dare break? We can take Faquita with us—it is but a few miles—and we can return and throw ourselves at your mother's feet. She can only drive us forth together. Or we can fly from this cursed wealth, and all the misery it has entailed—for ever!"

She raised her head, and with her two hands on his shoulders gazed at him with her father's searching eyes, as if to read his very soul.

"Are you mad, Harry!—think what you propose! Is this not tempting me? Think again, dearest," she said, half convulsively seizing his arm when her grasp had slipped from his shoulder.

There was a momentary silence as she stood with her eyes fixed almost wildly on his set face. But a sudden shock against the bolted door and an inarticulate outcry startled them. With an instinctive movement, Guest threw his arm round her.

"It 's Pereo," she said, in a hurried whisper, but once more mistress of her strength and resolution. "He is seeking *you!* Fly at once. He is mad, Harry; a raving lunatic. He watched us the last time. He has tracked us here. He suspects you. You must not meet him. You can escape through the other door that opens upon the cañada. If you love me—fly!"

"And leave *you* exposed to his fury—are you mad! No. Fly yourself by the other door, lock it behind you and alarm the servants. I will open this door to him, secure him here, and then be gone. Do not fear for me. There is no danger—and if I mistake not," he added, with a strange significance, "he will hardly attack me!"

"But he may have already alarmed the household. Hark!"

There was the noise of a struggle outside the door, and then the voice of Captain Carroll, calm and collected, rose clearly for an instant. "You are quite safe, Miss Saltonstall. I think I have him secure, but perhaps you had better not open the door until assistance comes."

They gazed at each other without a word. A grim challenge played on Guest's lips. Maruja lifted her little hands deliberately, and clasped them round his defiant neck.

"Listen, darling," she said, softly and quietly, as if only the security of silence and darkness encompassed them. "You asked me just now if I would fly with you—if I would marry you without the consent of my family—against the protest of my friends—and at once! I hesitated, Harry, for I was frightened and foolish. But I say to you now that I will marry you when and where you like—for I love you, Harry, and you alone."

"Then let us go at once," he said, passionately seizing her, "we can reach the road by the cañada before assistance comes—before we are discovered. Come!"

"And you will remember in the years to come, Harry," she said, still composedly, and with her arms still around his neck, "that I never loved any but you—that I never knew what love was before, and that since I have loved you—I have never thought of any other. Will you not?"

"I will—and now"——

"And now," she said, with a superb gesture towards the barrier which separated them from Carroll, "OPEN THE DOOR!"

CHAPTER XIII.



WITH a swift glance of admiration at Maruja, Guest flung open the door. The hastily-summoned servants were already bearing away the madman, exhausted by his efforts. Captain Carroll alone remained there, erect and motionless, before the threshold.

At a sign from Maruja, he entered the room. In the flash of light made by the opening door, he had been perfectly conscious of her companion, but not a motion of his eye or the movement of a muscle of his face betrayed it. The trained discipline of his youth stood him in good service, and for the moment left him master of the situation.

"I think no apology is needed for this intrusion," he said, with cool composure. "Pereo seemed intent on murdering somebody or something, and I followed him here. I suppose I might have got him away more quietly, but I was afraid you might have thoughtlessly opened the door." He stopped, and added, "I see now how unfounded was the supposition."

It was a fatal addition. In the next instant, the Maruja who had been standing beside Guest, conscious-stricken and remorseful in the presence of the man she had deceived, and calmly awaiting her punishment, changed at this luckless exhibition of her own peculiar womanly weapons. The old Maruja, supreme, ready, undaunted and passionless, returned to the fray.

"You were wrong, Captain," she said, sweetly; "fortunately, Mr. Guest—whom I see you have forgotten in your absence—was with me, and I think would have felt it his duty to have protected me. But I thank you all the same, and I think even Mr. Guest will not allow his envy of your good fortune in coming so gallantly to my rescue to prevent his appreciating its full value. I am only sorry that on your return to La Mision Perdida you should have fallen into the arms of a madman before extending your hands to your friends."

Their eyes met. She saw that he hated her—and felt relieved.

"It may not have been so entirely unfortunate," he said, with a coldness strongly in contrast with his gradually blazing eyes, "for I was charged with a message to you, in which this madman is supposed by some to play an important part."

"Is it a matter of business?" said Maruja, lightly, yet with a sudden instinctive premonition of coming evil in the relentless tones of his voice.

"It is business, Miss Saltonstall—purely and simply business," said Carroll, drily, "under whatever *other* name it may have been since presented to you."

"Perhaps you have no objection to tell it before Mr. Guest," said Maruja, with an inspiration of audacity; "it sounds so mysterious that it must be interesting. Otherwise, Captain Carroll, who abhors business, would not have undertaken it with more than his usual enthusiasm."

"As the business *does* interest Mr. Guest, or Mr. West, or whatever name he may have decided upon since I had the pleasure of meeting him," said Carroll—for the first time striking fire from the eyes of his rival—"I see no reason why I should not, even at the risk of telling you what you already know. Briefly, then, Mr. Prince charged me to advise you and your mother to avoid litigation with this gentleman, and admit his claim, as the son of Dr. West, to his share of the property."

The utter consternation and bewilderment shown in the face of Maruja convinced Carroll of his fatal error. She *had* received the addresses of this man without knowing his real position! The wild theory that had seemed to justify his resentment—that she had sold herself to Guest to possess the property—now recoiled upon him in its utter baseness. She had loved Guest for himself alone; by this base revelation he had helped to throw her into his arms.

But he did not even yet know Maruja. Turning to Guest, with flashing eyes, she said, "Is it true—are you the son of Dr. West, and"—she hesitated—"kept out of your inheritance by *us?*"

"I *am* the son of Dr. West," he said, earnestly, "though I alone had the right to tell you that at the proper time and occasion. Believe me that I have given no one the right—least of all any tool of Prince—to *trade* upon it."

"Then," said Carroll, fiercely, forgetting everything in his anger, "perhaps you will disclaim before this young lady the charge made by your employer that Pereo was instigated to Dr. West's murder by her mother?"

Again he had overshot the mark. The horror and indignation depicted in Guest's face was too plainly visible to Maruja as well as himself to permit a doubt that the idea was as new as the accusation. Forgetting her bewilderment at these revelations, her wounded pride, a torturing doubt suggested by Guest's want of confidence in her—indeed everything but the outraged feelings of her lover, she flew to his side. "Not a word," she said, proudly, lifting her little hand before his darkening face. "Do not insult me by replying to such an accusation in my presence. Captain Carroll," she continued, turning towards him, "I cannot forget that you were introduced into my mother's house as an officer and a gentleman. When you return to it as such, and not as a *man of business*, you will be welcome. Until then, farewell!"

She remained standing, erect and passionless, as Carroll, with a cold salutation, stepped back and disappeared in the darkness; and then she turned, and, with tottering step and a little cry, fell upon Guest's breast. "O Harry—Harry!—why have you deceived me!"

"I thought it for the best, darling," he said, lifting her face to his. "You know now the prospect I spoke of—the hope that buoyed me up! I wanted to win you myself alone, without appealing to your sense of justice or even your sympathies! I did win you. God knows, if I had not, you would never have learned through me that a son of Dr. West had ever lived. But that was not enough. When I found that I could establish my right to my father's property, I wanted you to marry me before *you* knew it; so that it never could be said that you were influenced by anything but love for me. That was why I came here to-day. That was why I pressed you to fly with me!"

He ceased. She was fumbling with the buttons of his waistcoat. "Harry," she said, softly, "did you think of the property when—when—you kissed me in the conservatory?"

"I thought of nothing but *you*," he answered, tenderly.

Suddenly she started from his embrace. "But Pereo!—Harry—tell me quick—no one—nobody can think that this poor demented old man could—that Dr. West was—that——it 's all a trick—isn't it? Harry—speak!"

He was silent for a moment, and then said, gravely, "There were strange men at the fonda that night, and—my father was supposed to carry money with him. My own life was attempted at the Mision the same evening for the sake of some paltry gold pieces that I had imprudently shown. I was saved solely by the interference of one man. That man was Pereo, your mayordomo!"

She seized his hand and raised it joyfully to her lips. "Thank you for those words! And you will come to him with me at once; and he will recognise you; and we will laugh at those lies; won't we, Harry?"

He did not reply. Perhaps he was listening to a confused sound of voices rapidly approaching the cottage. Together they stepped out into the gathering night. A number of figures were coming towards them, among them Faquita, who ran a little ahead to meet her mistress.

"Oh, Doña Maruja, he has escaped!"

"Who? Not Pereo!"

"Truly. And on his horse. It was saddled and bridled in the stable all day. One knew it not. He was walking like a cat, when suddenly he parted the peons around him, like grain before a mad bull—and behold! he was on the pinto's back and away. And, alas! there is no horse that can keep up with the pinto. God grant he may not get in the way of the r-r-railroad; that, in his very madness, he will even despise."

"My own horse is in the thicket," whispered Guest, hurriedly, in Maruja's ear. "I have measured him with the pinto before now. Give me your blessing, and I will bring him back if he be alive."

She pressed his hand and said, "Go." Before the astonished servants could identify the strange escort of their mistress, he was gone.

It was already quite dark. To any but Guest, who had made the topography of La Mision Perdida a practical study, and who had known the habitual circuit of the mayordomo in his efforts to avoid him, the search would have been hopeless. But rightly conjecturing that he would in his demented condition follow the force of habit, he spurred his horse along the high road until he reached the lane leading to the grassy amphitheatre already described, which was once his favourite resort. Since then it had participated in the terrible transformation already wrought in the valley by the railroad. A deep cutting through one of the grassy hills had been made for the line that now crossed the lower arc of the amphitheatre.

His conjecture was justified on entering it by the appearance of a shadowy horseman in full career round the circle, and he had no difficulty in recognising Pereo. As there was no other exit than the one by which he came, the other being inaccessible by reason of the railroad track, he calmly watched him twice make the circuit of the arena, ready to ride towards him when he showed symptoms of slackening his speed.

Suddenly he became aware of some strange exercise on the part of the mysterious rider, and as he swept by on the nearer side of the circle, he saw that he was throwing a lasso! A horrible thought that he was witnessing an insane rehearsal of the murder of his father flashed across his mind.

A far-off whistle from the distant woods recalled him to his calmer senses at the same moment that it seemed also to check the evolutions of the furious rider. Guest felt confident that the wretched man could not escape him now. It was the approaching train, whose appearance would undoubtedly frighten Pereo toward the entrance of the little valley guarded by him. The hillside was already alive with the clattering echoes of the oncoming monster, when, to his horror, he saw the madman advancing rapidly towards the cutting. He put spurs to his horse, and started in pursuit; but the train was already emerging from the narrow passage, followed by the furious rider, who had wheeled abreast of the engine, and was, for a moment or two, madly keeping up with it. Guest shouted to him, but his voice was lost in the roar of the rushing caravan.

Something seemed to fly from Pereo's hand. The next moment the train had passed; rider and horse, crushed and battered out of all life, were rolling in the ditch, while the murderer's empty saddle dangled at the end of a lasso, caught on the smoke-stack of one of the murdered man's avenging improvements!

* * * *

The marriage of Maruja and the son of the late Dr. West was received in the valley of San Antonio as one of the most admirably conceived and skilfully matured plans of that lamented genius. There were many who were ready to state that the Doctor had confided it to them years before; and it was generally accepted that the widow Saltonstall had been simply made a trustee for the benefit of the prospective young couple. Only one person, perhaps, did not entirely accept these views; it was Mr. James Prince—otherwise known as Aladdin. In later years, he is said to have stated authoritatively "that the only combination in business that was uncertain—was man and woman."

THE END.

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A combination of Fry's Pure Cocoa Extract with Allen and Hanburys' Concentrated Extract of Malt.

"This is an excellent preparation of Cocoa and Malt Extract. Its dietetic and digestive value is beyond all dispute, and it is very agreeable in flavour."—*Lancet.*

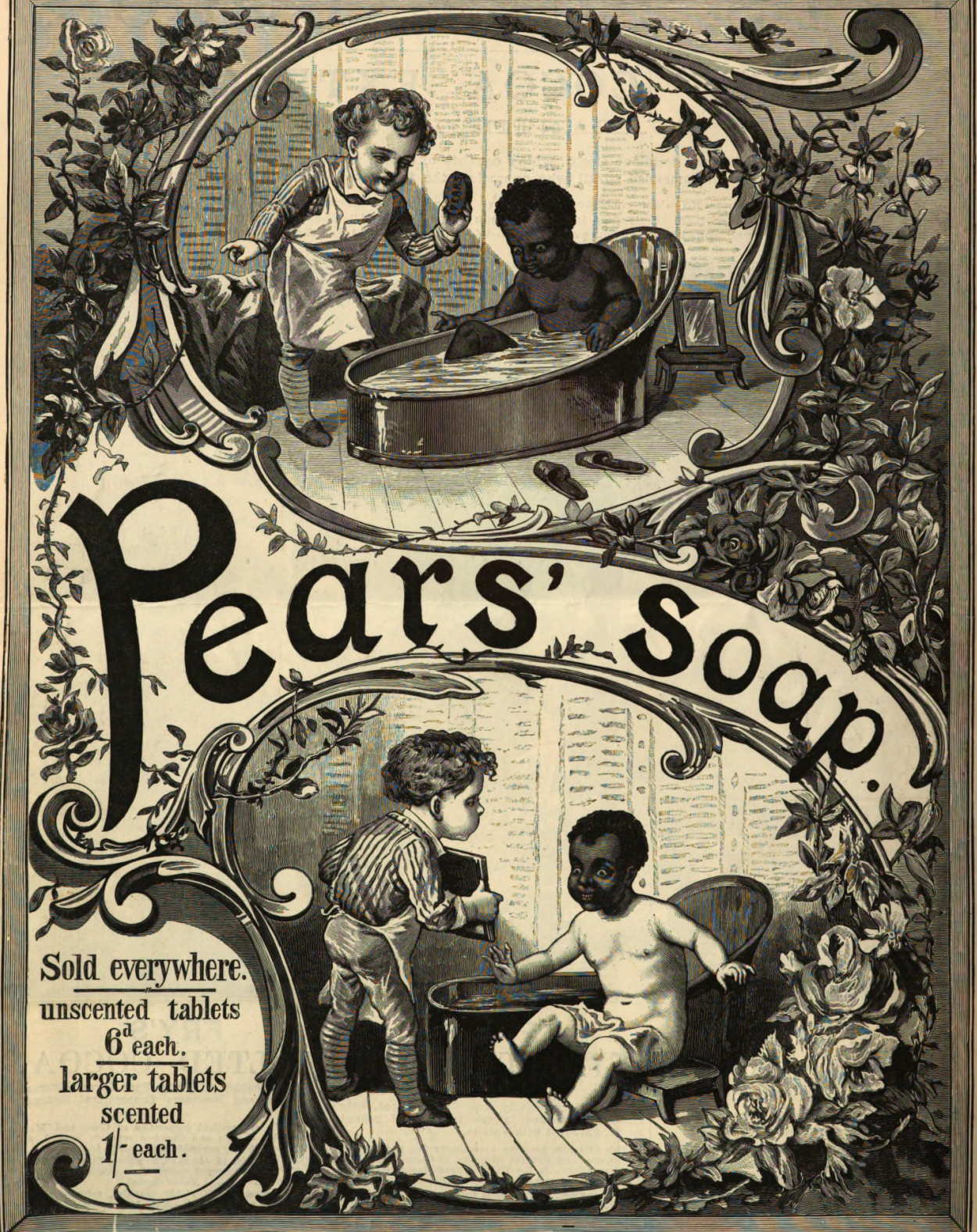
The combination of Allen and Hanburys' Extract of Malt with Fry's Cocoa Extract meets the requisite indications of digestibility."—*British Medical Journal.*

"The preparation is highly nutritive, refreshing, and very agreeable to the palate."—*Medical Times and Gazette.*

Twenty-One Exhibition Prize Medals awarded to J. S. Fry & Sons, Bristol, London, & Sydney, N.S.W.

The Illustration above represents the Interior of a Coffee Tavern.

For improving & preserving the complexion.



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